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ISBN: 978-1-64383-111-4

Printed in the United States of America  
04 LSCOW 2020

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# Red Scarf Girl & Narrative

This unit starts by challenging you to write about your own experience. You'll learn how to zoom in on the details that make even your most boring experiences something worth reading about; how to choose the verbs that capture just the way he mashed up his food, or she mumbled through her answer, or they stomped down the street; and how to use all your senses to make real for your reader just the way things felt for you.

Then you'll read someone else's account of her experience when she was about your age—but growing up in the middle of China's Cultural Revolution. You'll see and hear and even act out what her life was like—and discover for yourself how Ji-li's world turned upside down.



## Welcome!

SUB-UNIT 1 • 1 LESSON



## Get Started

SUB-UNIT 2 • 12 LESSONS



## Red Scarf Girl: A Memoir of the Cultural Revolution

SUB-UNIT 3 • 12 LESSONS



## Write an Essay

SUB-UNIT 4 • 5 LESSONS



## Overview

Let's talk about you, shall we? Remember the incredible tension you felt when somebody passed you the ball during those final seconds of the basketball game? What about the flash of joy you felt when you figured out the one math problem that was driving you crazy? At the time, the details from that experience probably slipped right by as you moved on to the next thing. Now, given a little focus, these are exactly the details and the moments that can make your audience laugh, gasp, and maybe even cry a little bit. All you need to do is take a deep breath, focus, and write about what grabbed your attention.

### Suggested Reading

Read one of the hundreds of books in the Amplify Library!

## Lesson 1—The Most Disgusting Food You've Ever Eaten

With a partner, complete the following activities:

1. Tell your partner if you think eating fish is delicious, okay, or disgusting.
2. Share two details from your experience eating fish to support your answer.
3. Based on your responses, does fish taste the same to both of you or different?

Think about the last food you ate that was really disgusting.



Go to page 8 in your Writing Journal and complete the writing activities to describe what made this food so disgusting.

## Lesson 1—The Most Disgusting Food You've Ever Eaten (continued)



Shutterstock

Be prepared to share with the class your responses to the following questions:

1. Did the person in the photo just eat something she found delicious or disgusting?
2. Share three specific details from the photograph that show her point of view—what she's feeling.

1. Picture the most disgusting food you've ever tasted.
  - Did you spit it out?
  - Did you try to swallow it...with tears in your eyes?
  - Did you smile as you ate it because you needed to pretend to like it?
2. Make a "disgusted face" while your partner writes down five observations/details about that facial expression on page 9 in your Writing Journal.
3. Now, switch and have your partner make a "disgusted face" while you write down five observations/details about their facial expression in your partner's journal.



**Go to page 9 in your partner's journal and record the details you observed in their facial expression.**

---

## Lesson 1—The Most Disgusting Food You've Ever Eaten (continued)

### *Rules for Writing*

1. Use the whole time to write.
2. Ask for help once, if necessary, then continue writing.
3. Keep focused on your own work—don't distract your classmates.
4. NO: talking, trips for water, or surfing.



1. Review the Rules for Writing with your teacher.
2. Review the observations you have made about the experience of eating food you think tastes disgusting.



Go to page 10 in your Writing Journal to write about a moment when you ate a disgusting food. Use the suggestions on page 9 to help you begin your writing if needed.



Take note of any of the following that apply:

- You can picture what your face looked like when you were eating your disgusting food.
- You can think of some words to describe what the disgusting food felt and tasted like in your mouth.
- You can remember what you said or did when you were eating the disgusting food.
- You can write a description so that your reader can really understand your point of view about how gross this food was.

## Word Cloud



## Lesson 2—Giving and Getting Feedback

Listen as your teacher reads your classmates' writing.

Raise your hand to respond to the writing by answering this question:

What is one vivid detail the writer used to capture the “disgusted” point of view?

### **Vivid Details: Some Examples**

**Sensory Details:** How something looks, sounds, smells, tastes, or feels

**Actions:** What someone (or something) does

**Dialogue:** What someone says

Read the paragraph.

**Sample Writing: 7th Grade Mile Run**

“One more lap to go!” I barely heard the words of Ms. Strauss over the sound of my desperate breathing and my legs screaming “Stop!” “Stop!” “Stop!” to my numb brain. Kids whizzed by me barely sweating, looking like they run all the time, looking like their shoes have rocket boosters. Meanwhile, the bones in my feet must have turned into some kind of rock, because it became impossible to lift them more than two inches off the track. I was not running; I was doing a zombie shuffle. “What would happen if my pounding heart actually bursts through my chest?” I wondered. “Would I still have to finish the required one mile run?”

Notice the vivid details the writer uses to develop his point of view.



Go to page 11 of your Writing Journal and note some of the specific details the writer uses.

## Lesson 2—Giving and Getting Feedback (continued)

### *Rules for Writing*

1. Use the whole time to write.
2. Ask for help once, if necessary, then continue writing.
3. Keep focused on your own work—don't distract your classmates.
4. NO: talking, trips for water, or surfing.



1. Review the Rules for Writing with your teacher.
2. Think about the things that usually keep you from getting your work done. Share with your teacher which of the following distracts you the most:
  - A. Talking with your friends
  - B. Getting up to do something like get a drink of water
  - C. Stopping work before time is up
  - D. Asking the teacher questions—instead of figuring out what to do on your own
  - E. Surfing the Internet
  - F. Other

Think of a moment in which you were finally able to do something you'd never been able to do before.



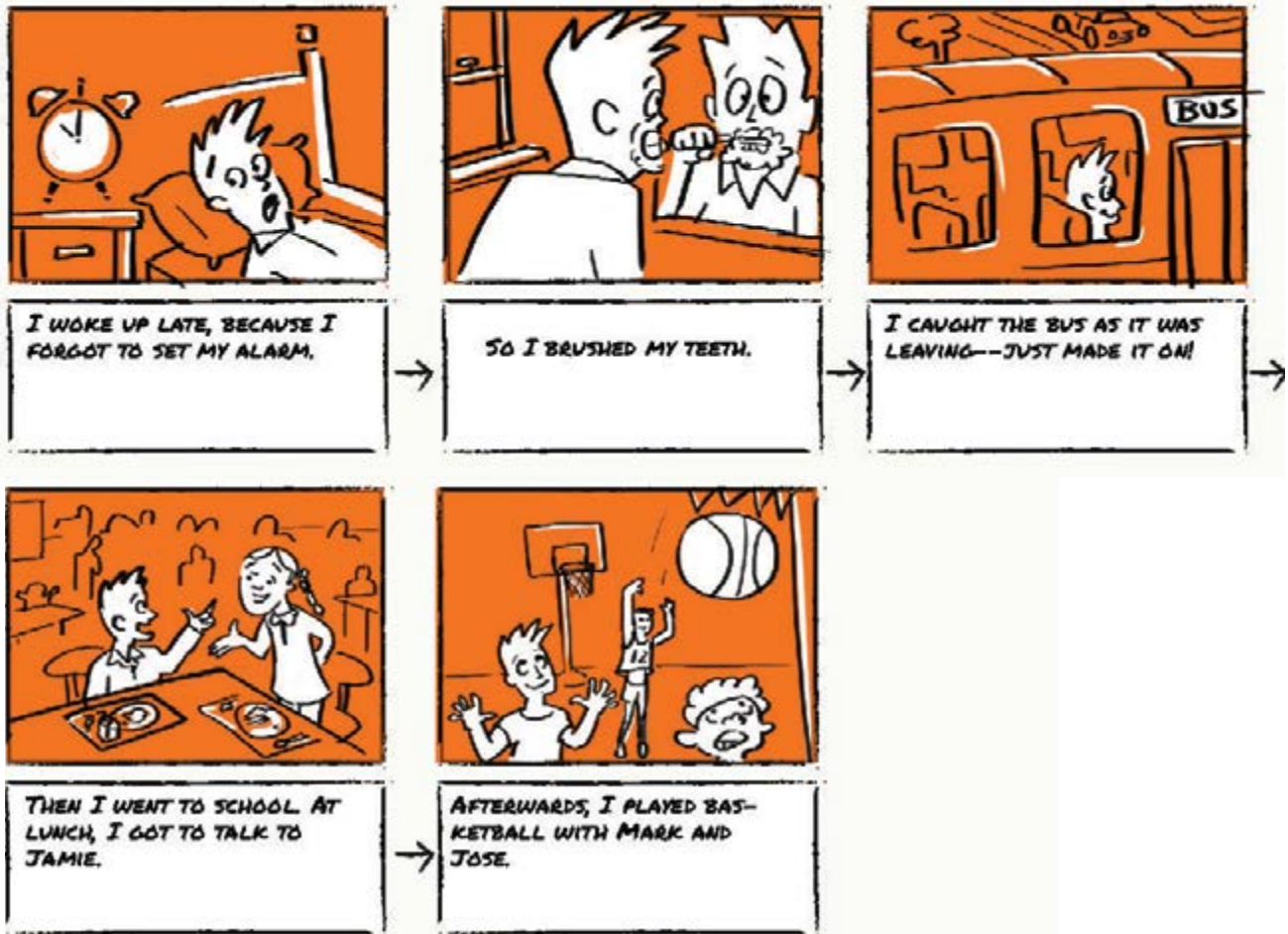
Go to page 12 in your Writing Journal and write about this moment.

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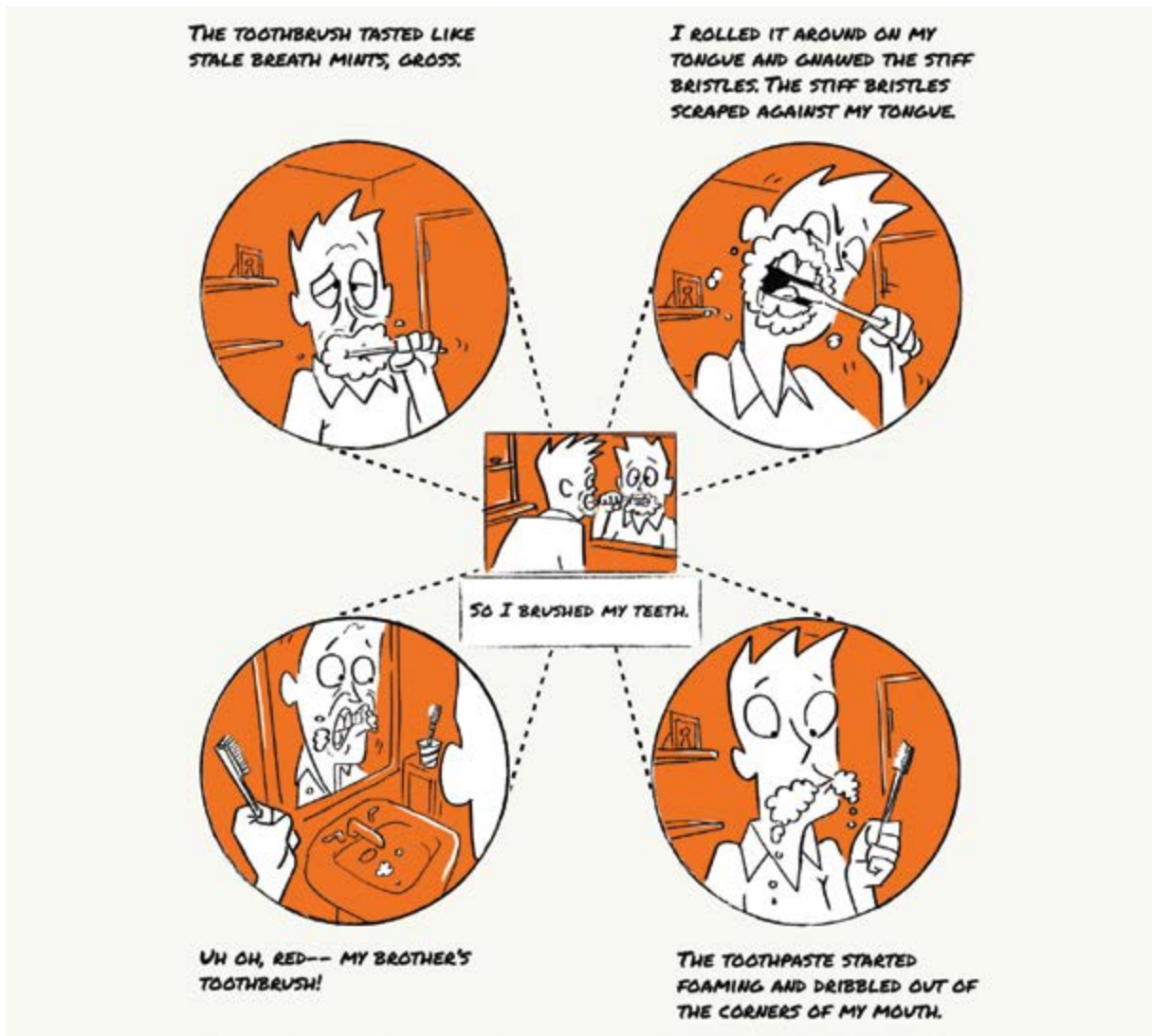


## Lesson 3—Zooming In: The Power of Focus (continued)

Look at this cartoon. Discuss how the cartoonist skims across moments.



1. Look at this second cartoon. Compare it to the first cartoon.



2. What does the cartoonist do when he creates the second cartoon? Consider all that apply:
  - He decides to focus on just one small moment.
  - He observes the moment closely with precise details.
  - He uses the details from his point of view—how he experienced and felt about this moment.

## Lesson 3—Zooming In: The Power of Focus (continued)

3. Read the first sample writing.

### Sample Writing: 7th Grade Mile Run

I have never run a mile before, but I felt okay for the first three laps. “Maybe this won’t be so bad,” I was thinking. But the fourth lap was brutal, and I barely made it. I almost had to crawl over the line. But it was sweet to finish! My friends huddled around to congratulate me. Now I know I can run a mile!

4. How many different moments did the writer describe?

5. In the second sample writing below, the writer took one moment from the sample writing above and added more detail. Read the revised writing.

### Sample Writing: 7th Grade Mile Run

Moment selected for focus: But the fourth lap was brutal, and I barely made it.

“One more lap to go!” I barely heard the words of Ms. Strauss over the sound of my desperate breathing and my legs screaming “Stop!” “Stop!” “Stop!” to my numb brain. Kids whizzed by me barely sweating, looking like they run all the time, looking like their shoes have rocket boosters. Meanwhile, the bones in my feet must have turned into some kind of rock, because it became impossible to lift them more than two inches off the track. I was not running; I was doing a zombie shuffle. “What would happen if my pounding heart actually bursts through my chest?” I wondered. “Would I still have to finish the required one mile run?”

6. Think about which moment from the first sample writing the writer described in more detail.

7. Read the definition of Focus:

**Definition of Focus**

To focus is to write exclusively about one moment or idea in order to fully develop it.

Listen as your teacher reads your classmates' writing.

Share in the class discussion any examples you see of focused writing in your classmates' writing.

## Lesson 3—Zooming In: The Power of Focus (continued)

1. Read your writing from Lesson 2 on page 12 of our Writing Journal with your partner.
2. Tell your partner how many moments you wrote about.
3. Identify a Moment:
  - If you focused on more than one moment, underline one moment where you can use additional vivid details to develop your focus.
  - If you already focused on just one moment, identify a moment before or after this moment that you can develop.
4. Observe Closely: Decide which two or three vivid details create a picture of the moment you identified for your reader.



**On page 13 of your Writing Journal, write about these vivid details.**

---



Zoom in on the moment in which you were finally able to do something you'd never done before.



**Describe this moment in detail on page 14 of your Writing Journal.**

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## Lesson 4—Choosing Your Moment

Review the comments your teacher made on a recent piece of your writing.

Complete the following activities with your assigned partner or group.

1. Share with your group what you notice when you're bored and time moves slowly.
2. Work with your partner/group to imagine and add one or more additional vivid details for each boring moment.

Use the Vivid Details Chart on page 10 if needed.



**Complete the chart and Activity 2 on page 15 of your Writing Journal.**

---

What was the most boring moment in your life?



**Complete questions 1 and 2 on page 16 of your Writing Journal.**

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Now that you've listed several ideas about your most boring moment, you're ready to write about it.



**Go to page 17 in your Writing Journal and describe your most boring moment.**

---

## Lesson 5—The Impact of Showing

Work with your partner to record the differences between telling and showing.



Record your observations on page 19 of your Writing Journal.

### Emotion Chart



THRILLED



DEVASTATED



ANGRY



PROUD



CALM



EMBARRASSED



CONFUSED

#### Version A

1a. The man was angry.

2a. I felt calm.

3a. I was so confused.

#### Version B

1b. The man stomped into the room, and spit out between gritted teeth, "I just can't take it anymore." He banged his fist on the desk, knocking a stack of papers to the ground.

2b. I sat very still and closed my eyes as the soft, sweet air swept across my skin and gently lifted the hair off my forehead.

3b. I was so confused. Where is the exit to this parking garage? Where is my parking ticket? Where did I park my car? My eyes started to blur as I stared out over rows and rows of cars that all looked the same.

**Definition of Showing**

To show is to use descriptive details and precise verbs to create a vivid picture in the reader's mind.

Read these sentences. Share in the class discussion if these sentences are showing or telling.

1. Valentina looked straight at me, grabbed my ice cream cone out of my hands, and dropped it deliberately on the sidewalk, her mouth a hard straight line.
2. "N-nice to meet you," Delmar stuttered, his eyes on his shoes.
3. The boys in the back of the truck were excited.
4. Kanya nibbled on her thumbnail and then wiped her palms across her skirt, taking in a shallow, shaky breath.
5. Jamal felt proud of his academic awards and accomplishments.
6. My grandmother was upset that she lost her keys.

## Lesson 5—The Impact of Showing (continued)

Practice revising sentences to *show* and *tell* a distinct impact when describing something.



On page 20 of your Writing Journal complete Activities 1–3.

Share the details you added in your sentences to show rather than tell in the class discussion.



On page 21 of your Writing Journal complete Activities 4–6.

Think about a time when you felt a strong emotion.



Go to page 22 in your Writing Journal, and write about a brief moment when you felt a strong emotion.

## Lesson 6—Getting the Verb Right

Review the comments your teacher made on a recent piece of your writing.

### Strong Verbs Charades!

1. Choose one strong verb from the list your teacher created on the board, but don't tell anyone which one you chose.
2. Your teacher will call on several students to act out a verb on the list. When it is your turn, move across the front of the room in the way your chosen verb suggests. See if the class can guess your verb by your movements.
3. You score a point if your class can guess within two tries the verb you acted out.

## Lesson 6—Getting the Verb Right (continued)

### Definition of Strong Verbs

Strong verbs describe actions precisely. They can capture the image, emotion, and impact of the action.

**Weak Verbs:** The student **put** his backpack onto his shoulder and **closed** the door.

**Strong Verbs:** The student **yanked** his backpack onto his shoulder and **slammed** the door.

### Strong Verbs That Show Emotion

A strong verb can describe precisely what someone does in a way that shows the emotion the person feels.

1. Read each telling sentence on page 27.
2. Tell your partner which sentence in each pair contains the verb that best shows the emotion stated in the telling sentence.



## Sentences

Telling: Natasha was angry.

- ☐ Natasha fiddled with the loose threads on her jacket.
- ☐ Natasha yanked on the loose threads on her jacket.

Telling: Jamal and Dani were very hungry.

- ☐ Jamal and Dani gobbled the appetizers.
- ☐ Jamal and Dani sampled the appetizers.

Telling: The fish heads were disgusting.

- ☐ The fish heads were stacked in the old trash barrel.
- ☐ The fish heads were rotting in the old trash barrel.

Listen as your teacher reads your classmates' writing.

Share in the class discussion any examples you see of strong verbs in your classmates' writing.

Think about a funny moment that lasted for less than three minutes.



Turn to page 23 in your Writing Journal and write about this moment.

## Lesson 7—Experiments in Revision

Which of these descriptions creates a more vivid image in your mind? Share your thoughts in the class discussion.

- It was so windy, and I was really, really cold.
- I bit down hard to stop my teeth from chattering as the icy wind forced its way under the collar of my jacket.



Go to page 24 in your Writing Journal to practice showing by rewriting a sentence.

Review the Revision Assignment process below with your teacher.

1. Teacher (or student) marks a part of the student writing for the student to experiment with.

2. Student completes RA below the original writing response.

3. Student compares the original version to the revised version to see if they like the sentences they added.

You really sound like you didn't like this! Can you show me why it was gross, so I can feel it too?

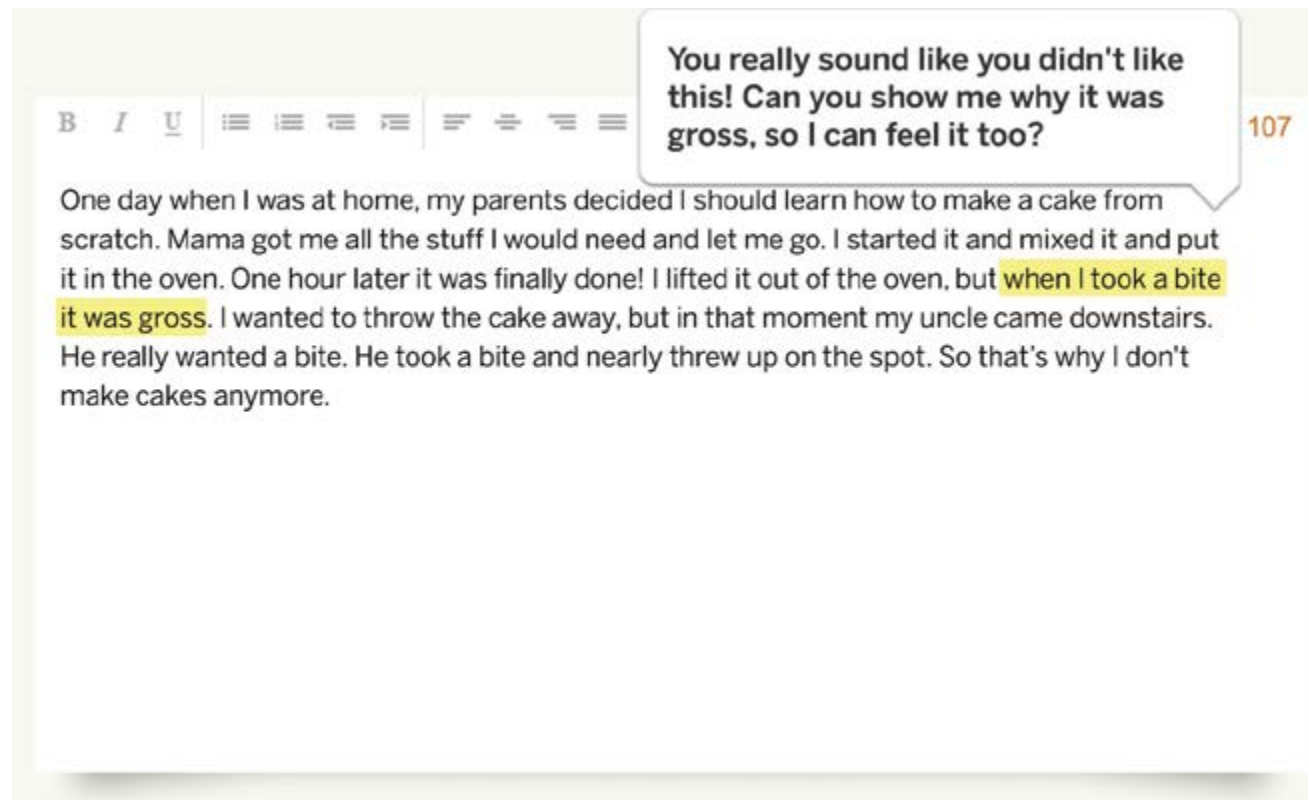
One day when I was at home, my parents decided I should learn how to make a cake from scratch. Mama got me all the stuff I would need and let me go. I started it and mixed it and put it in the oven. One hour later it was finally done! I lifted it out of the oven, but when I took a bite it was gross. I wanted to throw the cake away, but in that moment my uncle came downstairs. He really wanted a bite. He took a bite and nearly threw up on the spot. So that's why I don't make cakes anymore.

Word Count: 148

One day when I was at home, my parents decided I should learn how to make a cake from scratch. Mama got me all the stuff I would need and let me go. I started it and mixed it and put it in the oven. One hour later it was finally done! I lifted it out of the oven, but when I took a bite it was gross. I wanted to throw the cake away, but in that moment my uncle came downstairs. He really wanted a bite. He took a bite and nearly threw up on the spot. So that's why I don't make cakes anymore.

It tasted like swimming in the ocean with your mouth open and tons of trash filtering in. It smelled like rotting garbage, too. The inside of it was pale gray and had pockets of uncooked flour falling out of the middle.

1. Below is a sample of a student's writing with a teacher comment. Take a look at the part that's highlighted.



**B I U** [bulleted list] [numbered list] [decrease indent] [increase indent] [text color] [background color] [link]

**You really sound like you didn't like this! Can you show me why it was gross, so I can feel it too?**

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One day when I was at home, my parents decided I should learn how to make a cake from scratch. Mama got me all the stuff I would need and let me go. I started it and mixed it and put it in the oven. One hour later it was finally done! I lifted it out of the oven, but when I took a bite it was gross. I wanted to throw the cake away, but in that moment my uncle came downstairs. He really wanted a bite. He took a bite and nearly threw up on the spot. So that's why I don't make cakes anymore.

2. Add two sentences to this writing that show why the bite was gross.



Go to page 24 in your Writing Journal to add two sentences.

## Lesson 7—Experiments in Revision (continued)

1. Look at the place in your writing your teacher highlighted in Lesson 4. This is a place where you focus on one moment but could develop that moment further.
2. Write three or four more sentences to focus on just this highlighted moment, using precise details so that your reader can picture it. Skip a line and write your new sentences below your original response.



Go to page 18 in your Writing Journal to add the revisions highlighted by your teacher in Lesson 4.

3. Share your thoughts on the following questions in the class discussion.
  - Which of your versions does a better job of focusing: your original version or your new version?
  - Which do you think will create a clearer picture of this precise moment in your reader's mind?

Think of a time were you were exhausted.



On page 25 of your Writing Journal write about this moment by showing, not just telling.

## Lesson 8—Focusing on the Details

Listen as your teacher reads your classmates' writing.

Share in the class discussion any examples you see of focused details in your classmates' writing.

1. Look at the image below and notice the details the artist included to create this moment.



The Hunters in the Snow, 1565, by Pieter Bruegel the Elder

## Lesson 8—Focusing on the Details (continued)

2. Notice four specific details from the image that you could use to describe what's happening in this scene.
3. Share with a partner some of the details you notice about this scene.
4. Write about this image using details that vividly describe the moment so that your reader can picture exactly what is happening.



Go to page 26 in your Writing Journal and write about this image.

Review the Rules for Writing

### Rules for Writing

1. Use the whole time to write.
2. Ask for help once, if necessary, then continue writing.
3. Keep focused on your own work—don't distract your classmates.
4. NO: talking, trips for water, or surfing.

Think of a brief moment when you ate outside.



On page 27 of your Writing Journal write about this moment.

## Lesson 9—The Role Played by Setting

Work Visually: Drawing a Setting

### “A Farm Picture” by Walt Whitman

Through the ample open door of the peaceful country barn,  
A sunlit pasture field with cattle and horses feeding,  
And haze and vista, and the far horizon fading away.

Draw a picture of the setting described in Whitman’s poem on the paper your teacher provided. When you’re finished, share your drawing with a partner.

Read the following text and think about the following questions:

#### Two Friends, Version 1

Their feet pounded as they chased each other.

“You’re it!” She tapped her friend’s shoulder and took off in the opposite direction to avoid being caught.

Where are they?

#### Two Friends, Version 2

Their feet pounded against the shiny hardwood floors as they chased each other. The squeak of their sneakers echoed through the palatial room full of marble statues.

“You’re it!” She tapped on her friend’s shoulder and took off in the opposite direction to avoid being caught. She darted to the right of a cracked marble bust surrounded by burgundy velvet ropes.

Compare the two versions.

## Lesson 9—The Role Played by Setting (continued)

1. Picture yourself in a kitchen. It could be a kitchen in your home or someone else's home.
2. Using the chart below, brainstorm sensory details that describe a kitchen. You don't need to write in the chart. Your teacher will ask for your ideas and include them on the class chart on the board.

See	Taste	Touch	Smell	Hear
Example: Breadcrumbs on the counter			Example: Smoky smell of bacon grease	

Imagine that you are standing in the middle of a kitchen you know really well.

What does the kitchen look like, smell like, and what is happening? Describe it clearly so that someone could picture it.



On page 29 of your Writing Journal make a list of details about this kitchen.

Now that you've listed your details describing this kitchen, write about a brief moment that happened in this kitchen.



On page 30 of your Writing Journal describe this moment.



## Lesson 10—A Picture Made of Words: Focusing on an Object

Review the comments your teacher made on a recent piece of your writing.

Telling	Showing
My sneakers are pretty worn out.	It may be time for me and these boots to part ways. The right sole hangs freely from the front of my toes and looks like some crazy kid who just won't shut up as it flaps up and down while I hurry between classes.

1. Read the telling and showing sentences above that describe the state of the writer's sneakers. Think about one detail the writer uses to show what his sneakers look like.
2. Identify one object that you can see clearly up close (perhaps your backpack, sneakers, or jacket).



Complete Activities 1–4 on page 31 of your Writing Journal.

Picture something that you made. Use vivid details to describe this item, so that your reader can picture the object.



On page 32 of your Writing Journal describe the object.

## Lesson 11—Showing What You've Told

Review the comments your teacher made on a recent piece of your writing.

1. Read the sentences in the chart below. In group A, the writer tells you the emotion or what is happening in that moment. In group B, the writer uses precise details to show the same thing.
2. Read each sentence in group B and highlight all the details that help you picture the moment in your mind.

Group A	Group B
I was so bored at my cousin's wedding reception.	I lined the pastel, sugar-coated almonds up in a row, fiddled with the toothpicks sticking out of my meatballs, and took a deep, slow breath— <i>two more hours to go</i> .
The death metal music was very loud, and he hated it.	"SCREEEEEEEWAWAWAWAWA!" it blared in his ear, like a buzz saw combined with an electric drill, only far, far worse.
My aunt said good-bye quickly before she left our lives for good.	"Good-bye," Aunt Rosa choked, her eyes shining with tears.



On page 33 in your Writing Journal rewrite the sentences to include precise details.

Think about a time when you were very uncomfortable.



**Turn to page 34 of your Writing Journal and write about this moment.**

Reread your writing and look for a place to add 3–5 more sentences to show how uncomfortable you felt, using a different method than before.

You might add...

- dialogue.
- what you were thinking.
- sensory details.



**Go to page 35 in your Writing Journal to write 3–5 more sentences about how uncomfortable you felt.**

## Lesson 12—Paint a Picture in the Reader's Mind: Revisions

Review the comments your teacher made on a recent piece of your writing.

1. Which sentence below is stronger? Share your thoughts in the class discussion.
  - Every click of the roller coaster car up the track made my stomach wiggle harder.
  - I felt nervous as the roller coaster went up the track.
2. Which example below gives you a mental image of someone being happy? Share your thoughts in the class discussion.
  - She was very happy about being chosen to play the lead in the school play.
  - “Oh my gosh, I can’t believe I was chosen for the lead in the school play! This is my dream come true!” she shrieked, her cheeks flushing and a wide smile spreading across her face.

Your teacher has highlighted a place in your writing from either Lesson 4 or Lesson 8 to work with in today's Revision Assignment.

1. Look at the place in your writing that your teacher highlighted. This is a place where you focused on one moment but could develop that moment further.
2. Write three or four more sentences to focus on just this highlighted moment, using precise details so that your reader can picture it. Skip a line and write your new sentences below your original response.



**Go to page 18 or 28 in your Writing Journal to revise the areas highlighted by your teacher in Lesson 4 or Lesson 8.**

---

## Overview

This story takes place in a world that is very different from your own, though similar in ways that you're sure to recognize: there's love within families; struggle between classmates; uncertain relationships among neighbors. The events of China's Cultural Revolution took place in a faraway world and time—but you'll learn about them through the eyes of a girl who was just about your age when she had to face a world that was turning upside down all around her.

This memoir tells the story of a time in the author's life when her love for her family clashed with her devotion to her own country; when being a "good student" meant denouncing her teachers; and when many of the rules she'd grown up believing about right and wrong were suddenly reversed. This is Ji-li Jiang's story, and through it all, you'll see a girl becoming a young woman as she makes hard choices that will change her life's direction forever.

## Suggested Reading

In *My Name Is Number 4* (1997), author Ting-xing Ye is sent to a prison camp after losing her parents. *Snow Falling in Spring* (2008) by Moying Li begins during the Cultural Revolution and follows its narrator all the way to college in America. And for a glimpse of China before the Cultural Revolution, try the award-winning *Homesick* (1982) by Jean Fritz, the memoir of an American girl growing up in China during the 1920s.

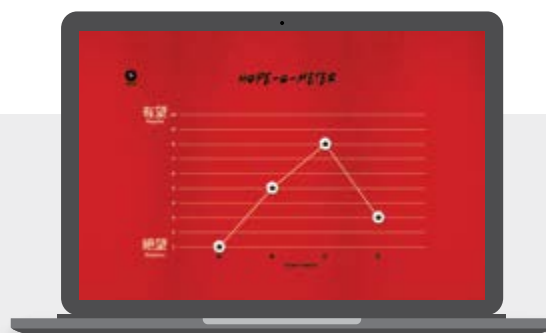
## Apps in this Sub-Unit



Hope-O-Meter

Use the Hope-o-meter app to determine and rate Ji-li's level of hopefulness based on a passage you have highlighted. "Hopefulness" is a way to measure Ji-li's feelings. But you'll find that it encompasses a range of other interesting emotions, which you'll name more precisely. By tracking Ji-li's level of hopefulness, you'll uncover the complexity of her emotions. Going back to the text will help you figure out what she's feeling at this moment and how it is different from what she was just feeling at another.

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Katelgnatenko/iStockphoto (RSG - Cover Background Image)





# *Red Scarf Girl: A Memoir of the Cultural Revolution*

*Ji-li Jiang*

# Red Scarf Girl: A Memoir of the Cultural Revolution

by Ji-li Jiang

## Prologue

- <sup>1</sup> I was born on Chinese New Year.
  - <sup>2</sup> Carefully, my parents chose my name: Ji-li, meaning lucky and beautiful. They hoped that I would be the happiest girl in the world.
  - <sup>3</sup> And I was.
  - <sup>4</sup> I was happy because I was always loved and respected. I was proud because I was able to **excel** and always expected to succeed. I was trusting, too. I never doubted what I was told: "Heaven and earth are great, but greater still is the kindness of the Communist Party; father and mother are dear, but dearer still is Chairman Mao."
  - <sup>5</sup> With my red scarf, the **emblem** of the Young Pioneers, tied around my neck, and my heart bursting with joy, I achieved and grew every day until that fateful year, 1966.
  - <sup>6</sup> That year I was twelve years old, in sixth grade.
  - <sup>7</sup> That year the Cultural Revolution started.
- 

**excel:** to do better  
than most

**emblem:** symbol



# The Liberation Army Dancer

## Paragraphs 1–76

- <sup>1</sup> Chairman Mao, our beloved leader, smiled down at us from his place above the blackboard. The sounds and smells of the **tantalizing** May afternoon drifted in through the window. The sweet breeze carried the scent of new leaves and tender young grass and rippled the paper slogan below Chairman Mao's picture: STUDY HARD AND ADVANCE everyday. In the corner behind me the breeze also rustled the papers hanging from the Students' Garden, a beautifully decorated piece of cardboard that displayed exemplary work. One of them was my latest perfect math test.
- <sup>2</sup> We were having music class, but we couldn't keep our minds on the teacher's directions. We were all confused by the two-part harmony of the Young Pioneers' Anthem. "We are Young Pioneers, **successors** to Communism. Our red scarves flutter on our chests," we sang over and over, trying to get the timing right. The old black pump organ wheezed and squeaked as impatiently as we did. We made another start, but Wang Dayong burst out a beat early, and the whole class broke into laughter.
- <sup>3</sup> Just then Principal Long appeared at the door. She walked in, looking less serious than usual, and behind her was a stranger, a beautiful young woman dressed in the People's Liberation Army uniform. A Liberation Army soldier! She was slim and stood straight as a reed. Her eyes sparkled, and her long braids, tied with red ribbons, swung at her waist. There was not a sound in the classroom as all forty of us stared at her in awe.
- <sup>4</sup> Principal Long told us to stand up. The woman soldier smiled but did not speak. She walked up and down the aisles, looking at us one by one. When she finished, she spoke quietly with Principal Long. "Tong Chao and Jiang Ji-li," Principal Long announced. "Come with us to the gym." A murmur rose behind us as we left the room. Tong Chao looked at me and I looked at him in wonder as we followed the swinging braids.
- <sup>5</sup> The gym was empty.
- <sup>6</sup> "I want to see how flexible you are. Let me lift your leg," the Liberation Army woman said in her gentle voice. She raised my right leg over my head in front of me. "Very good! Now I'll support you. Lean over backward as far as you can." That was easy. I bent backward until I could grab my ankles like an acrobat. "That's great!" she said, and her braids swung with excitement.

**tantalizing:**  
tempting

**successors:** people  
that replace those  
leaving their jobs

- 7 “This is Jiang Ji-li.” Principal Long leaned forward proudly. “She’s been studying martial arts since the second grade. She was on the Municipal Children’s Martial Arts Team. Their demonstration was even filmed.”
- 8 The Liberation Army woman smiled sweetly. “That was very good. Now you may go back to your classroom.” She patted me on my head before she turned back to test Tong Chao.
- 9 I went back to class, but I could not remember the song we were singing. What did the Liberation Army woman want? Could she want to choose me for something? It was too much to contemplate. I hardly moved when the bell rang to end school. Someone told me that the principal wanted to see me. I walked slowly down the hall, surrounded by my shouting and jostling classmates, seeing only the beautiful soldier, feeling only the electric tingle of her soft touch on my head.
- 10 The office door was heavy. I pushed it open cautiously. Some students from the other sixth-grade classes were there already. I recognized Wang Qi, a girl in class two, and one of the boys, You Xiao-fan of class four. I didn’t know the other boy. The three of them sat nervously and respectfully opposite Principal Long. I slipped into a chair next to them.
- 11 Principal Long leaned forward from her big desk. “I know you must be wondering about the Liberation Army soldier,” she said. She sounded cheerful and excited. “Why did she come? Why did she want you to do back bends?” She looked at us one by one and then took a long sip from her tea mug as if she wanted to keep us guessing, “She was Comrade Li from the Central Liberation Army Arts Academy.”
- 12 I slowly took a deep breath.
- 13 “She is recruiting students for the dance training class. She selected you four to audition. It’s a great honor for Xin Er Primary School. I’m very proud of all of you, and I know you’ll do your best.”
- 14 I did not hear the rest of her words. I saw myself in a new Liberation Army uniform, slim and standing straight as a reed, long braids swinging at my waist. A Liberation Army soldier! One of the heroes admired by all, who helped Chairman Mao liberate China from oppression and defeated the Americans in Korea. And a performer, just like my mother used to be, touring the country, the world, to tell everyone about the New China that Chairman Mao had built and how it was becoming stronger and stronger.

- <sup>15</sup> I couldn't help giving Wang Qi a silly smile.
- <sup>16</sup> "Mom! Dad! Grandma!" I panted up the steep, dark stairs, in too much of a hurry to turn on the light, and tripped over some pots stored on the steps. I couldn't wait to tell them my news. I knew they would all be as excited as I was.
- <sup>17</sup> Our apartment was bright and warm and welcoming. **Burgundy** curtains shut the darkness outside and made the one big room even cozier. In front of the tall French window our square **mahogany** table was covered with steaming dishes and surrounded by my family, who were laughing and chattering when I rushed in. They all looked up expectantly.
- <sup>18</sup> "Everybody, guess what! Today a Liberation Army woman came to school and she tested me and she wants me to audition for the Central Liberation Army Arts Academy. Just think! I could be in the Liberation Army! And I could be a performer, too! Isn't it great?" I picked up our cat, Little White, and gave her a big kiss.
- <sup>19</sup> "It's lucky I studied martial arts for so long. When the Liberation Army woman saw my back bend, she just loved it." I twirled around on my toes and snapped my heels together in a salute. "Comrade Grandma, Jiang Ji-li reporting!"
- <sup>20</sup> My younger brother, Ji-yong, jumped up from the table and saluted me. My little sister, Ji-yun, started to twirl around as I had done, but she slipped and fell. We jumped to the floor with her and rolled around together.
- <sup>21</sup> "Ji-li," I heard Dad call. I looked up. Mom and Dad and Grandma were looking at each other **solemnly**. "It might be better not to do the audition." Dad spoke slowly, but his tone was serious, very serious.
- <sup>22</sup> "What?"
- <sup>23</sup> "Don't do the audition, Ji-li." He looked straight at me this time, and sounded much more forceful.
- <sup>24</sup> "Don't do the audition? Why not?"
- <sup>25</sup> Dad shook his head.
- <sup>26</sup> I grabbed Mom's arm. "Mom, why not?"
- <sup>27</sup> She squeezed my hand and looked at me worriedly. "Your father means that the recruitment requirements are very strict."

**burgundy:** deep red

**mahogany:** deep brown, wooden

**solemnly:** seriously

- 28 “Wow. You really scared me, Dad.” I laughed with relief. “I know that. Principal Long told us it would be very competitive. I know it’s just an audition, but who knows? I might be lucky, right?” I picked up a steamed bun and took a bite.
- 29 “I’m not just talking about talent,” Dad said. “There are more important requirements, political considerations...”
- 30 “Oh, Dad, that’s no problem.” I took another big bite of the bun. I was an Outstanding Student, an Excellent Young Pioneer, and even the *da-dui-zhang*, the student chairman of the whole school. What more could they want? My mouth was full, so I stretched out my arm to show Dad my *da-dui-zhang* badge, a plastic tag with three red stripes.
- 31 I saw a pain in Dad’s eyes that I had never seen before.
- 32 “The problem isn’t with you yourself, Ji-li. What I mean is that the political background investigations at these academies are very severe.”
- 33 “Political background investigation? What’s that?”
- 34 “That is an investigation into the class **status** of your ancestors and all members of your family.” He leaned back in his chair, and the lampshade put his face in shadow. “Ji-li, the fact is that our family will not be able to pass these investigations,” he said slowly. “And you will not be allowed to be a member of a Liberation Army performing troupe.”
- 35 For a long time I did not speak. “Why?” I whispered at last.
- 36 He started to say something but stopped. He leaned forward again, and I could see the sorrow on his face. “It’s very complicated, and you wouldn’t understand it now even if I told you. Maybe we should wait until you’re grown up. The point is that I don’t think you’ll be admitted. So just drop it, all right?”
- 37 I did not say anything. Putting down the half-eaten bun, I walked to the mirror on the big wardrobe that divided the room and pressed my forehead against its cool surface. I could not hold back any longer. I burst out crying.
- 38 “I want to do it. I want to try. What will I tell Principal Long? And my classmates?” I wailed.

status: position

39 “Maybe we should let her try. She probably won’t be chosen anyway.”  
Grandma looked at Dad.

40 Dad stood up, heaving a deep sigh. “This is for her own good. Her classmates and teachers will just be surprised if she says that her father won’t let her go. But what if she passes the audition and can’t pass the political background investigation? Then everybody will know that the family has a political problem.” Dad’s voice grew louder and louder as he went on.

41 Ji-yong and Ji-yun were looking up at Dad, wide-eyed. I bit my lip to force myself to stop crying and went to bed without saying another word.

42 \* \* \*

43 The hallway outside the principal’s office was very quiet. It was noon, and nearly everyone was home for lunch. The big red characters PRINCIPAL’S OFFICE made me nervous. I put my hand on the knob, hesitated, and lowered it. I walked back to the stairs, trembling and covered with sweat.

44 I rehearsed the words I was going to say one more time. Then I rushed back to the office door and pushed it open.

45 Principal Long was reading a newspaper. She raised her head and peered through her glasses to see who had interrupted her. “Principal Long, here is a note from my father.” Hastily I gave her the note, damp with sweat from my palm. I hurried out of the office before she could look at it or ask me any questions. I ran down the hallway, **colliding** with someone and running blindly on, thinking only that she must be very disappointed.

46 At one o’clock when the bell finally rang to start class, I heaved a long sigh and walked out of the library. My best friend, An Yi, and our homeroom teacher were standing outside the main building. As soon as they saw me, An Yi shouted, “Where have you been? Aren’t you supposed to go to the audition at one? Hurry up! You’re going to be late.”

47 I opened my mouth but couldn’t say a word.

48 “Why, what’s wrong?” Teacher Gu asked.

49 “I... I’m not going.” I bowed my head and twisted my fingers in my red scarf.

50 “What? Are you crazy? This is the chance of a lifetime!”

51 I did not raise my head. I didn’t want to see An Yi’s face.

**colliding:** crashing

- 52 “Really? Why not?” Teacher Gu sounded concerned.
- 53 I tried hard not to cry. “Father wouldn’t let me....”
- 54 An Yi was about to say something else, but Teacher Gu cut her off. “All right. This is her family’s decision. We won’t talk about it any further.” She put her hand on my shoulder and gave me a little squeeze. Then she went away with An Yi without another word.
- 55 Across the yard I saw Principal Long, Wang Qi, and the two boys coming out of the gym. I dodged behind a tree and heard them chatting and laughing as they went by. They were going to the audition. I could have been going with them. My eyes blurred with tears.
- 56 I thought of the way Teacher Gu had looked at me. There had been a mixture of disappointment, doubt, and **inquiry** in her eyes. I was sure that Principal Long must have looked the same way after she read Dad’s note. So must Wang Qi, You Xiao-fan, and all my classmates.
- 57 I didn’t want to think any longer. I just wished that I could find a place to hide, so I wouldn’t have to see their faces.
- 58 Until that spring I believed that my life and my family were nearly perfect.
- 59 My father was a stage actor, six feet tall and slightly stoop shouldered. Because of his height and his serious face he usually played the villain at the children’s theater where he worked. He was the vicious landlord, the foolish king. But at home he was our humorous, kind, and wise Dad. He loved reading, and he loved including the whole family in his discoveries. He demonstrated the exercises of the great acting teacher Stanislavsky, he imitated Charlie Chaplin’s funny walk, and when he was reading about **calculus**, he explained Zeno’s paradox and the infinite series. We thought Dad knew everything.
- 60 Mom had been an actress when she met Dad, and she was still as pretty as an actress. When I was little, she stopped acting and worked in a sports-equipment store. Every evening we eagerly waited for her to come home from work. We rushed out to greet her and opened her handbag, where there was sure to be a treat for us. Mom spoiled us, Grandma said.
- 61 Grandma was truly amazing. She had graduated from a modern-style high school in 1914, a time when very few girls went to school at all. After Liberation she had helped to found Xin Er Primary School—my school—

**inquiry:**  
questioning

**calculus:** a type  
of mathematics

and become its vice-principal. She retired from teaching when I was born so that she could take care of me while Mom worked. But whenever we met her old students, now adults, they still bowed respectfully and called her Teacher Cao, which made me so proud.

62 Ji-yong was eleven, one year younger than me, and Ji-yun was one year younger than Ji-yong. Once Mom told me that she had her three children in three years because she wanted to finish the duty of having babies sooner, so she could devote herself wholeheartedly to the revolution. While I was tall and thin, like Dad, Ji-yong and Ji-yun were shorter and plumper, like Mom. Ji-yong was nicknamed Iron-Ball because he was dark skinned and sturdy. He liked to play in the alley and paid little attention to his studies. Ji-yun had two dimples, which gave her an especially sweet smile. She was easygoing and did not always strive to be the best, as I did. But I had learned that she could be very stubborn.

63 And then there was Song Po-po. She had originally been our nanny. When we grew up, she stayed and became our housekeeper. As long as I could remember, she had been living in the small room downstairs. She had raised the three of us, and we all felt she was like another grandmother. She was as dear to us as we were to her.

64 We lived in a big building in one of Shanghai's nicer neighborhoods. My Fourth Aunt, who had been married to Dad's half-brother, lived downstairs with her daughter, my cousin You-mei, and You-mei's daughter, a lovely baby called Hua-hua. My uncle had died in Hong Kong a few years before. You-mei's husband had a job in another city and was allowed to visit Shanghai only twice a year.

65 Song Po-po told us our extended family used to occupy two whole buildings, ten rooms all together. "Then they all moved away, and only your family and your Fourth Aunt's family were left. Your family only has one room now. It's just too bad." She shook her head sadly.

66 But I didn't feel that way at all. I loved our top-floor room. A huge French window and a high ceiling made it bright all year round, warmer during the winter and cooler in summer. The kitchen on the landing outside the room was small, but I didn't mind. Our room was ten times as big as many of my classmates' homes, and a hundred times brighter. Best of all, we had a private bathroom, a full-size room with a sink, a toilet, and a tub. It was almost as large as some families' entire homes. Many did not



have a bathroom at all, or even a flush toilet, and very few had a full-size bathroom that they did not have to share with other families.

<sup>67</sup> My family was also special in another way.

<sup>68</sup> Sometimes on Saturday evenings some of Dad's **colleagues** would visit. They called these gatherings "Jiang's salon." I did not know what salon meant, but I loved them; they were wonderful parties. Mom would make her famous beef soup, and Grandma would make her steamed buns. We children would help Song Po-po polish the mahogany table and Grandma's four prized red-and-gold dowry trunks until we could see our reflections in the wood and leather. When the guests arrived, we would greet them as "Uncle" and "Aunt" as a sign of respect and bring tea to each of them. Most of them were actors from Dad's theater, and they were all talented. There was Uncle Zhu, a young actor who had excellent handwriting. Every time he came, he would take some time to help me with my calligraphy. There were Uncle Tian and Aunt Wu, so young and handsome and well dressed that the neighbors noticed every time they rolled up to our building on their new bicycles, and called them the "beautiful couple." There was Uncle Fan, who had been Dad's friend since college. When he arrived, the discussions immediately became more interesting. His enthusiasm about whatever movie or play he had seen recently was contagious. And there was Uncle Bao, a playwright, who smoked cigars and let me sit on his lap. Although he spoke less than the others, his comments were always worth waiting for.

<sup>69</sup> Conversation flowed, so fascinating that we did not want to go to bed, no matter how late they stayed.

<sup>70</sup> Until the audition I felt like the luckiest girl in the world.

<sup>71</sup> An Yi said that I seemed to have changed into a different person. Between classes I would avoid my classmates. After school I would stay in the library until it closed, just to elude the family's overconcerned looks.

<sup>72</sup> One time our cat, Little White, cut her leg deeply on a piece of glass. We all rushed to find bandages to bind up the wound, but Little White ran into the attic and hid there for days, licking her wounds by herself. Just like Little White, I wanted to be left alone.



- <sup>73</sup> None of the other three students passed the audition, but this did not make me feel better. It had not been just an audition for me. I was afraid that the rest of my life would not be what I had imagined.
- <sup>74</sup> I had had many beautiful dreams. I dreamed of being a doctor in a white coat, with a stethoscope dangling from my neck, saving lives one after another. I dreamed of being an architect, designing the most beautiful bridges in the world. I dreamed of being an actress, holding bunches of flowers, bowing again and again to answer curtain calls. Until now I had never doubted that I could achieve anything I wanted. The future had been full of infinite possibilities. Now I was no longer sure that was still true.
- <sup>75</sup> One afternoon, a week after the audition, I came home from school and saw a boy blowing big, splendid soap bubbles that shimmered with colors in the sunlight. One by one they drifted away and burst. In a few seconds they were all gone.
- <sup>76</sup> I thought about my beautiful dreams and wondered if they would drift away just like those lovely soap bubbles.
-

# Destroy the Four Olds!

## Paragraphs 8–29

- 8 Our beloved Chairman Mao had started the Cultural Revolution in May. Every day since then on the radio we heard about the need to end the evil and **pernicious** influences of the “Four Olds”: old ideas, old culture, old customs, and old habits. Chairman Mao told us we would never succeed at building a strong socialist country until we destroyed the “Four Olds” and established the “Four News.” The names of many shops still stank of old culture, so the signs had to be smashed to make way for the coming of new ideas.
- 9 The Great **Prosperity** Market was on Nanjing Road, Shanghai’s busiest shopping street, only two blocks from our alley. Nanjing Road was lined with big stores, and always bustled with activity. The street was full of bicycles and pedicabs and trolleys, and the sidewalks were so crowded with shoppers, they spilled off the sidewalk into the street. We were still quite a distance away when we heard the hubbub and ran faster.
- 10 A big crowd had gathered outside the Great Prosperity Market, one of the most successful food stores in the city. It was full of good things to eat, with rare **delicacies** from other **provinces** and delicious items like dried duck **gizzards** strung up in its window. But today the window was bare. The store was deserted. All eyes were riveted on a dense ring of people in the street. Some young men were cheering excitedly for the people inside the circle, but half the crowd were merely craning their necks and watching.
- 11 We wriggled our way between the bodies.
- 12 Lying on the dirty ground inside the circle was a huge wooden sign, at least twelve feet long. It was still impressive, although the large golden characters GREAT PROSPERITY MARKET had lost their usual shine and looked dull and lifeless on the red background.
- 13 Two muscular young men in undershirts, probably salesmen from the store, were gasping next to it.
- 14 “Come on. Try again!” shouted the taller of the two.
- 15 He spat into his palms and rubbed them together. Then, with the help of the other, he lifted the board to shoulder height. “One, two, three!” They threw the board to the ground.
- 16 The board bounced twice but did not break. The two men threw the board again. Nothing happened.

**pernicious:**  
sneakily harmful

**prosperity:**  
good fortune  
and success

**delicacies:**  
valuable and  
special food

**provinces:**  
counties or states  
of a country

**gizzards:** stomach  
parts

- 17 “Put one end on the curb. Stamp on it. That’s bound to work,” someone suggested.
- 18 “Good idea!”
- 19 “Come on! Try it!”
- 20 **Amid** a clamor of support, the two men moved the board half onto the sidewalk. Then they jumped onto it. “One... two... three...” We heard their shoes strike the hard wood. But the board did not yield.
- 21 “Damn! This fourolds is really hard. Hey! Come on. Let’s do it together!” the tall fellow shouted at the crowd.
- 22 I looked at An Yi to see if she would like to join me, but while I was hesitating, the board became fully occupied. Ji-yong had moved faster and was one of the dozen people on it. They stamped, bounced, and jumped with excitement. One stepped on another’s shoes. Hips and shoulders bumped. We all laughed.
- 23 The board refused to break. Even under a thousand pounds it did not give way. The crowd became irritated and started shouting suggestions.
- 24 “Take it to a carpenter and let him use it for something!”
- 25 “Let’s get a truck and drive over it!”
- 26 Someone started pushing through the circle.
- 27 “Hey, I’ve got an ax. Let me through! I’ve got an ax!”
- 28 We stood back to give the man room. He lifted the ax to his shoulder and paused. The blade flashed in the sunlight as it began to move faster and faster in a shining arc until it crashed into the sign. The wood groaned with the impact, and we all cheered. The man gave the sign another blow, and another. At last the sign gave way. With another groan and a crack it broke in two.
- 29 Everyone cheered. People rushed forward to stamp on what remained of the sign. An Yi and I had found a few classmates in the crowd, and we all embraced, jumped, and shouted. Although what we had smashed was no more than a piece of wood, we felt we had won a victory in a real battle.

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**amid:** in the middle of  
**clamor:** noise

# Destroy the Four Olds!

## Paragraphs 54–74

- <sup>54</sup> The sight of some high school students distracted me. Two boys and a pigtailed girl were walking toward us. They were young, no more than three or four years older than me. They walked slowly through the bustling crowd, looking closely at people's pants and shoes. My sister and I stared at them with admiration. We knew they must be student inspectors. The newspapers had pointed out that the fourolds were also reflected in clothing, and now high school students had taken responsibility for eliminating such dress. For example, any pants with a leg narrower than eight inches for women or nine inches for men would be considered fourolds.
- <sup>55</sup> A bus pulled up at the bus stop behind us. Quite a few people got on and off. As the bus pulled away, we saw a crowd gathered at the curb. "Oh boy, they found a target." I took Ji-yun by the hand and dashed over.
- <sup>56</sup> "... tight pants and pointed shoes are what the Western bourgeoisie admire. For us proletarians they are neither good-looking nor comfortable. What's more, they are detrimental to the revolution, so we must oppose them resolutely." One of the boys, the one who was wearing glasses, was just finishing his speech.
- <sup>57</sup> The guilty person was a very handsome man in his early thirties. He wore dark-framed glasses, a cream-colored jacket with the zipper half open, and a pair of sharply creased light-brown pants. He had also been wearing fashionable two-tone shoes, "champagne shoes" we called them, of cream and light-brown leather. They were lying on the ground next to him as he stood with one foot on the ground and the other resting in the lap of the student measuring his pants.
- <sup>58</sup> The man kept arching his foot as if the pebbles on the sidewalk hurt him. He looked nervous, standing in his white socks while the inspectors surrounded him, holding his hands submissively along his trouser seams. Occasionally he raised his hands a little to balance himself. His handsome face blushed scarlet, then turned pale. A few times he bit his lips.
- <sup>59</sup> One of the boys was trying to squeeze an empty beer bottle up the man's trouser leg. This was a newly invented measurement. If the bottle could not be stuffed into the trouser leg, the pants were considered fourolds and treated with "revolutionary operations"—cut open.

- <sup>60</sup> The boy tried twice. The girl waved her scissors with unconcealed delight. “Look! Another pair of too-tight pants. Now let’s get rid of the fouroids!” She raised the scissors and deftly cut the pants leg open. Then, with both hands, she tore the pants to the knee so the man’s pale calf was exposed.
- <sup>61</sup> The crowd stirred. Some people pushed forward to have a closer look, some nervously left the circle when they saw the scissors used, and some glanced at their own pants. As the girl started on the other leg of the trousers, the boy with the glasses picked up the man’s shoes and waved them to the crowd. “Pointed shoes! Fouroids!” he shouted.
- <sup>62</sup> “But I bought them in the Number One Department Store here. It’s run by the government. How can they be fouroids?” the man cried out in despair.
- <sup>63</sup> “What makes you think that government-owned stores are free of fouroids? That statement itself is fouroids. Didn’t you see all the shop signs that were knocked down? Most of those stores belonged to the government.” With a snort the boy dropped the man’s foot and stood up. The man lost his balance and nearly fell over.
- <sup>64</sup> The crowd gave a burst of appreciative laughter.
- <sup>65</sup> Encouraged, the three students enthusiastically began cutting open the shoes. All eyes were focused on them. No one paid any attention to their owner. I looked at the man.
- <sup>66</sup> He stood on the sidewalk, awkward and humiliated, trouser legs flapping around his ankles, socks falling down. A tuft of hair hung over his forehead. He looked at his pants, pushed up his glasses nervously, and quickly glanced around. Our eyes met. Immediately he turned away.
- <sup>67</sup> The students cheered and triumphantly threw the mutilated shoes into the air.
- <sup>68</sup> The man quivered. Suddenly he turned around and began to walk away.
- <sup>69</sup> “Wait.” One boy picked up the shoes and threw them at the man. “Take your fouroids with you. Go home and thoroughly remold your ideology.”
- <sup>70</sup> The man took his broken shoes in hand and made his way out of the crowd, his cut pants flapping.
- <sup>71</sup> Someone chortled. “He’ll have holes in his socks when he gets home.”

<sup>72</sup> I watched the spectators disperse. The students strutted proudly down the street.

<sup>73</sup> Ji-yun tugged on my arm. "Come on. It's over."

<sup>74</sup> I took her hand and we headed home in silence. "That poor guy," I finally said. "He should know better than to dress that way, but I'd just die if somebody cut my pants open in front of everybody like that."

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# Writing *Da-Zi-Bao*

## Paragraphs 2–61

- <sup>2</sup> One Monday, all school classes were suspended indefinitely. All students were directed instead to participate in the movement by writing big posters, *da-zi-bao*, criticizing the educational system. Rolls of white paper, dozens of brushes, and many bottles of red and black ink were brought into the classrooms. The teachers were nowhere to be seen.
- <sup>3</sup> The classrooms buzzed with revolutionary **fervor**. Students spread large sheets of paper on desks and gathered around, eagerly shouting suggestions. Some roamed the rooms, reading comments aloud over people's shoulders, calling to others. Girls and boys ran outside to put up their *da-zi-bao* and ran back in to write more. Desks, Ping-Pong tables, and even the floor were taken over for writing *da-zi-bao*. When the white paper was gone, the students used old newspaper instead. *Da-zi-bao* were everywhere: in classrooms, along the hallways, and even on the brick walls of the school yard. The row of tall parasol trees that lined the inside of the school yard was **festooned** with more *da-zi-bao*, hanging like flowers from the branches. Long ropes strung across the playground were covered with still more *da-zi-bao*, looking like laundry hung out to dry.
- <sup>4</sup> I stared at the large sheet of paper spread out in front of me, wondering what to write. It was strange. When I had read the newspaper, I had been **enraged** by the revisionist educational system that had been poisoning our youth for so many years. But now that I actually had to criticize the teachers who taught us every day, I could not find anything really bad to say about any of them.
- <sup>5</sup> I went over to An Yi's desk. Just as I guessed, the papers in front of her and her seatmate, Zhang Jie, were also blank.
- <sup>6</sup> "I just can't think of anything to write," I complained.
- <sup>7</sup> "Neither can we. I might as well just give up." An Yi put her brush down and stretched.
- <sup>8</sup> "Hey, everybody has to write something. You're no exception. Do you want everyone to think you have a bad political attitude?" Zhang Jie was joking, but it made us think.

**fervor:** intense feeling

**festooned:** decorated

**enraged:** angry

- 9 “Why don’t we go out to the playground to see what everybody else is writing?” Zhang Jie went on. “It’s better to copy something than not to write anything at all. What do you say?”
- 10 We walked out to the school yard. The classroom had been crowded, but there were even more students outside. Du Hai was shouting, “Hey, this is great! Everybody, look at what **Pauper**’s done. She put the principal’s name upside down.”
- 11 Ragged-looking Pauper smiled with satisfaction. “I saw my big sister writing one last night. She wrote the name upside down and then put a big red X over it. She said that’s what the court used to do to criminals.”
- 12 The three of us stopped before a *da-zi-bao* signed “An Antirevisionist.” An Yi read aloud, “Although teachers do not hold bombs or knives, they are still dangerous enemies. They fill us with **insidious** revisionist ideas. They teach us that scholars are superior to workers. They promote personal ambition by encouraging competition for the highest grades. All these things are intended to change good young socialists into **corrupt** revisionists. They are invisible knives that are even more dangerous than real knives or guns. For example, a student from Yu-cai High School killed himself because he failed the university entrance examination. Brainwashed by his teachers, he believed his **sole** aim in life was to enter a famous university and become a scientist—”
- 13 “Hey!” I stopped her in surprise. “This was all copied from the *Youth Post*. I read it the other day.”
- 14 “So what? It’s always okay to copy *da-zi-bao*,” Zhang Jie said. She turned to another *da-zi-bao*. “Look! This one is by Yin Lan-lan.”
- 15 Yin Lan-lan had written, “As one of its victims, I **denounce** the revisionist educational system. Being from a working-class family, I have to do a lot more housework than students from rich families. So I have difficulty passing exams. I was forced to repeat grades three times. And I was not allowed to be a Young Pioneer or to participate in the school choir. The teachers think only of grades when evaluating a student. They forget that we, the working class, are the masters of our socialist country.”
- 16 “Yin Lan-lan? A victim?” I was **flabbergasted**. Yin Lan-lan had flunked three times. She rarely spoke up in class. When she was asked to answer a question, she would just stand there without saying a word. She was not very bright.

**Pauper:**

a nickname that is a word that means poor

**insidious:** sneakily dangerous

**corrupt:** evil

**sole:** only

**denounce:** publicly express disapproval

**flabbergasted:** shocked



- <sup>17</sup> “She failed three courses out of five. How could she blame the teachers for that?” An Yi sneered.
- <sup>18</sup> Zhang Jie slumped her shoulders and bowed her head in imitation of Yin Lan-lan. We burst out laughing and immediately looked around to see if anyone was watching us. Zhang Jie made a face.
- <sup>19</sup> Sheet after sheet, article after article, each *da-zi-bao* was a bitter accusation. One was titled, “Teacher Li, Abuser of the Young.” The student had failed to hand in her homework on time, and Teacher Li had told her to copy the assignment over five times as punishment. Another student said his teacher had deliberately ruined his students’ eyesight by making them read a lot, so they could not join the Liberation Army. Still another accused Teacher Wang of attempting to corrupt a young revolutionary by buying her some bread when he learned that she had not eaten lunch.
- <sup>20</sup> The more I read, the more puzzled I became. Did the teachers really intend to ruin our health and corrupt our minds? If so, why hadn’t I ever noticed? Was I so badly taken in that I was unable to see them for what they really were? I remembered Du Hai’s **taunt**. You “*teachers’ obedient little lamb*.” I thought of Teacher Gu, who was like a **stern** but loving mother to me. I thought of An Yi’s mother, Teacher Wei, who had won so many Model Teacher awards because of her dedication to her work. No matter how I tried, I just could not relate them to the villains described in the *da-zi-bao*.
- <sup>21</sup> To fulfill my responsibility as a revolutionary, I listed all my teachers. One by one, I considered them carefully. Unfortunately, none of them seemed to hate the Party or oppose Chairman Mao. I could not write a *da-zi-bao* about any of them.
- <sup>22</sup> Finally I decided to copy an article from the newspaper instead.
- <sup>23</sup> A few days later, when I got to school, I was told we were going to post *da-zi-bao* on the houses of some of the bourgeoisie living near the school. The class was divided into two groups. One was going to confront Old Qian, a stern and frightening man who stalked our alleys speaking to no one. The other group was going to challenge Jiang Xi-wen, an unpleasant woman who lived in a house behind the school yard. I was assigned to the group going to Jiang Xi-wen’s house. Of course, this was not coincidence, not at all. They all knew that she was my relative.

**taunt:** insult  
**obedient:**  
cooperative and  
order-following  
**stern:** strict

- <sup>24</sup> Aunt Xi-wen was really my father's cousin, but I always called her Aunt. She was at least fifty years old, but she dressed stylishly and wore makeup, so she looked closer to thirty. I knew my classmates did not like her one bit. "What makes her think she's so wonderful?" they sneered. "Just look at those clothes she got from her sister in America. Look at her makeup. Bourgeois! Disgusting!" I had always disapproved of her too. Chairman Mao taught us that "inner beauty is much more valuable than outward appearance." How could she ignore what Chairman Mao said? Song Po-po had told me that even Aunt Xi-wen's youngest son often grumbled about his mother's behavior.
- <sup>25</sup> Just a few weeks earlier Aunt Xi-wen had complained to the school because some students had climbed into her yard to pick mulberry leaves for their silkworms. This latest **affront** was too much for the students to bear.
- <sup>26</sup> About twenty of us formed a straggling column. Yin Lan-lan was first in line. She carried the *da-zi-bao*, and Du Hai, carrying a brush and a bucket of paste, followed her. Behind them two students struck a gong and beat a drum.
- <sup>27</sup> "Let's go!" Yin Lan-lan waved her arm vigorously, and the group marched off.
- <sup>28</sup> I watched her with interest. Yin Lan-lan had changed a great deal. No longer hesitant and clumsy, she had become vocal, aggressive, and confident. She stood up straight and threw out her chest, whereas before she had always slouched. She and Du Hai had taken the leading roles in this movement. The usual leaders of the class, including me, were holding back for some reason. Yu Jian, chairman of the class and one of the best students, was somewhere in the middle of the line, while I dawdled so that I could be in the back of the group. I didn't want Aunt Xi-wen to see me. Although I did not approve of her, and although I supported today's revolutionary action, she was still my relative. But I dared not ask to switch to the other group. I would certainly be criticized for letting my family relationships interfere with my political principles. I had no choice but to go.
- <sup>29</sup> Someone rang the bell. We waited in the narrow passageway outside the door, whispering among ourselves. Before long Aunt Xi-wen came to the door. She was not wearing makeup, and she looked older and less attractive than usual. She seemed taken **aback** at the sight of us. Her welcoming expression turned into one of nervous surprise.

**affront:** insult  
**dawdled:** delayed  
leaving  
**aback:** surprised

- 30 Du Hai took the lead. “Down with the bourgeois Jiang Xi-wen! Long live Mao Ze-dong Thought!” he shouted. We repeated the **slogans**. Then Yin Lan-lan recited, “Our great leader, Chairman Mao, has taught us, ‘Every reactionary is the same; if you do not hit him, he will not fall. This is also like sweeping the floor; as a rule, where the broom does not reach, the dust will not vanish by itself.’” Her voice was loud and forceful. “Today, we proletarian revolutionary young guards have come to revolt against you bourgeoisie. Jiang Xi-wen, this is our *da-zi-bao*. You are to post it on your door now.” She shook the white paper in front of Aunt Xi-wen’s nose.
- 31 Aunt Xi-wen tried to smile to show her support of the proletarian revolutionary young guards, but the smile froze before it was fully formed. It was hard to tell whether she was smiling or crying.
- 32 “Yes, yes, I will,” she said repeatedly. She took the paste and began to brush it on the door. I could see the brush quivering in her hand. It was an unusually hot and **humid** day, and with the twenty of us crowded into her entryway, it felt even hotter. Aunt Xi-wen gave the door a few more good swipes of paste before she stopped and wiped the sweat off her forehead. Then she took the *da-zi-bao* and stuck it to the door, smoothing it out without hesitation in spite of the ink that blacked her hands.
- 33 “Now read it out loud,” Yin Lan-lan shouted as soon as Aunt Xi-wen finished.
- 34 Aunt Xi-wen had not expected this. She **gaped** at us in alarm. She did not want to read the terrible things written about her, but she did not dare refuse. Her face was ugly with **distress**. She knew that no one would challenge anything we revolutionaries did to her.
- 35 I did not want her to see me. I bent down and pretended to tie my shoelaces. But I could not block out her voice, dry, hoarse, and trembling: “... refusal to let students pick mulberry leaves was an attack on proletarian students.... The more you try to improve your outward appearance, the filthier your heart becomes.... Your black bourgeois bones are clearly visible to our proletarian eyes.... Remold yourself **conscientiously**....” I kept my eyes on my shoelaces and tried not to listen.
- 36 “Hey, what’s the matter with you?” Someone pushed me and I realized that it was over.

**slogans:** short memorable phrases

**humid:** damp and hot

**gaped:** stared with mouth open

**distress:** pain and suffering

**conscientiously:** with care

- <sup>37</sup> On the way back to school everyone joked and laughed at Aunt Xi-wen's humiliation. "Jiang Ji-li, your aunt really lost face today, didn't she?" Du Hai shouted. I could feel every classmate staring at me. I raised my head and said loudly, "It serves her right." I made an effort to laugh and joke along with the others.
- <sup>38</sup> "Look at that!" someone said with surprise. I raised my head. The door of Grandpa Hong's bookstall had been sealed with several *da-zi-bao*. It was too far away to read them. All I could make out were a few words from the titles of the posters: "**Propagating** Feudal, Capitalistic, and Revisionist Ideals"; "Poisoning our Youth." My mind was full of all the stories I had read there. Now the stories were finished. They were part of the bad system that was going to destroy socialism. I shook my head hard, as if to shake all the evil stories out of my mind.
- <sup>39</sup> "Ji-li, come on. Come to school right now. Someone's written a *da-zi-bao* about you. Come on, let's go." An Yi dashed into our apartment, full of alarm. She dragged me to my feet and pulled me to the stairs.
- <sup>40</sup> "Wait." I shook off her grasp. "Hold on. What did you say?"
- <sup>41</sup> "Your name appeared in a *da-zi-bao*."
- <sup>42</sup> I could not believe it. "My name? Why? I'm not a teacher. Why would they write a *da-zi-bao* about me?" I could feel my heart race.
- <sup>43</sup> "I don't know. But I saw it with my own eyes. Du Hai and Yin Lan-lan and a couple of others were writing it. I couldn't read it, but I saw your name in the title." She wheezed heavily and looked at me, wide-eyed.
- <sup>44</sup> We hurried off to the school playground, where the newest *da-zi-bao* were posted, and searched **frantically**. "There it is!" Suddenly I caught sight of it.
- <sup>45</sup> The large red characters were like blood on the poster.
- <sup>46</sup> "Let's Look at the Relationship Between Ke Cheng-li and His Favorite Student, Jiang Ji-li."
- <sup>47</sup> I suddenly felt dizzy. Relationship? Me? A relationship with a male teacher? The whole world faded before my eyes. The only things I could see were the name *Jiang Ji-li* and the word *relationship*. A shaft of evening sunlight flashed on my name. The characters danced before my eyes, growing larger and redder, almost swallowing me up.

**propagating:**  
spreading

**frantically:**  
anxiously and  
excitedly

- 48 An Yi was shaking me. Her eyes were full of tears and she was staring at me anxiously. I could not speak. I grabbed her arm and we ran out of the school yard.
- 49 We stopped at the back door of a small cigarette shop nearby. An Yi tried to say something, but I wouldn't let her. We leaned against the wall for a long time without saying a word.
- 50 "Let's go home." An Yi touched me softly on the elbow. It was getting dark.
- 51 "You go ahead. I'm going to read the—" The word "*da-zi-bao*" stuck in my throat.
- 52 An Yi nodded worriedly and left.
- 53 A half-moon brightened the sky, and the school yard was laced with the ghostly shadows of the parasol trees. I picked my way through the shadows and found the *da-zi-bao* again.
- 54 Now, under the cover of darkness, I could let myself cry. I wiped the tears away with my hand, but the more I wiped, the more they came. I pressed my handkerchief to my face. Finally my eyes cleared enough to see.
- 55 "Ke Cheng-li doesn't like working-class kids. He only likes rich kids. He made Jiang Ji-li the teacher's assistant for math class and gave her higher grades, and he also let her win all the math contests and awarded her a lot of notebooks. We have to ask the question, What is the relationship between them after all?"
- 56 The blood rushed into my head. I felt like throwing up. I leaned against the wall and rested my head on it.
- 57 A shadow approached. I tensed and got ready to run. The shadow called out, "Ji-li, it's me. I came back. I was getting worried."
- 58 An Yi's voice made the tears gush out of my eyes again. "Oh, An Yi. How could they say these things? How could they say them? A relationship between Teacher Ke and me? It's all lies." My voice was hoarse. "It... it... it's so unfair. I have never gotten one point, not a single point, that I didn't deserve. And I spent so much time helping Yin Lan-lan and the others with their arithmetic, and now they go and insult me like this. It's disgusting. I—" I could not go on. I bit my handkerchief to hold back my sobs.

- <sup>59</sup> An Yi kept silent for a while. She walked beside me with her hand tightly clasping my shoulder. "There were a lot of *da-zi-bao* about my mom, too," she said at last in a soft voice. "They said she was a monster and a class enemy."
- <sup>60</sup> I stopped. I was afraid to look at her. Her hand squeezed my shoulder, and I felt her sobbing quietly.
- <sup>61</sup> We stood together like that for a long time, in the darkness and the silence.
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# The Red Successors

## Paragraphs 1–108

- <sup>1</sup> When Mom and Dad heard about the *da-zi-bao*, they immediately suggested that I stay home from school for a few days. Since there were no classes, other students were staying home too. Nobody would connect my absence with the *da-zi-bao*.
- <sup>2</sup> As it turned out, I came down with a fever and stayed home for ten days.
- <sup>3</sup> I lay in bed all day and watched Grandma and Song Po-po work around the house. I was too tired and too depressed to do any more than watch them and watch a patch of sunlight as it moved across the room. As the fever subsided, I began to feel better, but Grandma said I should stay home a few more days to make sure I was completely well. For the first time in my life I was happy to miss school.
- <sup>4</sup> Both Song Po-po and Grandma tried their best to cheer me up. Song Po-po combed my hair and made me treats. Grandma sat by my bed, took out my stamp collection, and tried to get me to take an interest in it. Finally, Grandma bought some lovely soft gray wool for me and taught me how to knit a sweater for Dad. I worked on it every day while the others were in school, but slowly, with many pauses, while I stared out the window.
- <sup>5</sup> Why would anyone say such terrible things about me? Why did Yin Lan-lan and Du Hai hate me? What had I ever done to hurt them? I asked myself these questions again and again, but I never found an answer.
- <sup>6</sup> Every day An Yi came to visit me, sometimes bringing me a bowl of sweet green bean soup from her grandmother. Every day she told me what was happening at school. Classes had started again. They were studying Chairman Mao's latest directives and related documents from the Central Committee. There would be one more month of school before graduation. An Yi said that not many of our classmates had seen the *da-zi-bao* about me. And there were now so many *da-zi-bao*, posted one on top of another, that no one was likely to find mine.
- <sup>7</sup> Red Guards were everywhere. Since the newspapers had praised them as the pioneers of the Cultural Revolution, every high school and college had organized Red Guards to rebel against the old system. When the Central Committee had announced that Red Guards could travel free to other provinces to "establish revolutionary ties" with other Red Guards, An Yi



told me, our entire school had gone into an uproar. Most of the students had never been out of Shanghai, so this was terribly exciting news. A large crowd of students from our school had gathered outside the school committee offices and shouted nonstop: “We—want—to be—Red Guards! We—want—to establish—revolutionary ties!” Only college and high school students were allowed to be Red Guards, but our school district had finally granted our school permission to establish the Red Successors. Just as the name indicated, the Red Successors were the next generation of revolutionaries, and when they were old enough, they would become Red Guards. Ten Red Successors were to be elected from each class. An Yi brought me a note from Teacher Gu saying she hoped I was feeling better and would come back to school for the election on Saturday.

- 8 Friday afternoon a thunderstorm struck. The darkness gathered until I could not see my book. The first flash of lightning drew me to the window as the downpour began. I sat on a porcelain stool, leaning my forehead against the cool windowpane. The torrent overflowed the gutters, and a curtain of rainwater leaped off the roof. Wind-blown spray blurred the window. The alley was washed clean. Dirt and trash were swept away by the flood. I stared at the downpour and pictured all the *da-zi-bao* in the school yard. I opened the window and shivered with delight as the clean chill air swept over me.
- 9 A blast soaked my face and I laughed. From behind me a hand reached out to pull the window shut. Grandma smiled down at me. She knew exactly what I was thinking. She gently wrapped my robe around my shoulders. I lay **contentedly** in her arms as the rain washed away my humiliation and shame.
- 10 By morning the storm had passed.
- 11 When we got to school, we found that all the *da-zi-bao* were gone. **Sodden** fragments littered the school yard, with only a few torn and illegible **remnants** dangling on the ropes. The paper with my name on it had disappeared. I sighed with relief and went to class feeling better than I had in a long time.
- 12 During the time I was home, summer had arrived. The windows of the classroom were all open, and the fragrance from the oleander bushes outside filled the air, heavy, rich, and warm. The classroom itself looked nicer. All the *da-zi-bao* had been taken down and replaced by

**contentedly:**  
happily

**sodden:** soggy

**remnants:** leftover  
pieces



other things. A big color poster, at least six feet by three feet, hung in the middle of the back wall. It showed a big red flag with Chairman Mao's picture and a long line of people marching under the flag. On the right side of the room, the slogan LONG LIVE THE GREAT PROLETARIAN CULTURAL REVOLUTION covered almost the entire wall. I was cheered by the revolutionary atmosphere.

- 13 Teacher Gu walked in, and the election for the Red Successors began.
- 14 I lowered my head and pretended to check my nails. I wanted everyone to see that I did not care if I was not chosen. My parents and Grandma had warned me against disappointment, so I was prepared. And anyway, the Red Successors were not nearly as glorious as the Red Guards.
- 15 Yu Jian, the chairman of our class, was the first one nominated. Then I heard my name called. My heart raced and I held my breath. I could hardly believe it. I was nominated! After everything that had happened, I was still regarded as somebody in the class! Now I could admit it to myself: I had never wanted anything as much as I wanted to win this election.
- 16 I looked gratefully at the student who had nominated me.
- 17 Teacher Gu was about to write the names of all the candidates on the blackboard when Yin Lan-lan raised her hand. "When the Red Guards were elected at my sister's school, the class status of the candidates was taken into account. Shouldn't we do the same?"
- 18 "Right! Those who don't have good class backgrounds shouldn't be elected," somebody else agreed.
- 19 My heart fell. Class status. There was that phrase again.
- 20 At a loss for anything to say, I turned around and looked at Yu Jian.
- 21 Yu Jian stood up without hesitation. "My class status is office worker. But before Liberation my father used to be an apprentice. He had to work at the shop counter when he was in his teens, and he suffered all kinds of **exploitation** by the owner. My father is a member of the Communist Party now, and my mother will join pretty soon." All hands were raised to elect him a Red Successor.
- 22 It was my turn now. My mind was blank. I did not know what to say. I stood up slowly, the back of my blouse suddenly soaked with sweat.

**exploitation:** acts of taking advantage of others

- <sup>23</sup> “My class status is also office worker. My father is an actor....” I stumbled, trying to remember what Yu Jian had said. “He... is not a Party member, and neither is my mother. And... I don’t know what else.” I sat down.
- <sup>24</sup> “Jiang Ji-li, what is your father’s class status?” a loud voice asked.
- <sup>25</sup> I slowly stood back up and looked around. Du Hai was staring at me. He sat sideways, one arm resting on the desk behind him.
- <sup>26</sup> “My father’s class status...?” I did not see what Du Hai meant at first. “You mean what did my grandfather do? I don’t know. I only know that he died when my father was seven.”
- <sup>27</sup> There was a trace of a grin on Du Hai’s face. He stood up lazily and faced the class.
- <sup>28</sup> “I know what her grandfather was.” He paused dramatically, sweeping his eyes across the class. “He was a—LANDLORD.”
- <sup>29</sup> “Landlord!” The whole class erupted.
- <sup>30</sup> “What’s more, her father is a—RIGHTIST.”
- <sup>31</sup> “Rightist!” The class was in **pandemonium**.
- <sup>32</sup> I was numb. Landlord! One of the bloodsuckers who exploited the farmers! The number-one enemies, the worst of the “Five Black Categories,” even worse than criminals or counterrevolutionaries! My grandfather? And Dad, a rightist? One of the reactionary intellectuals who attacked the Party and socialism? No, I could not believe it.
- <sup>33</sup> “You’re lying! You don’t know anything!” I **retorted**.
- <sup>34</sup> “Of course I know.” Du Hai smirked openly. “My mother is the Neighborhood Party Committee Secretary. She knows everything.”
- <sup>35</sup> I could say nothing now. Through my tears I could see everyone staring at me. I wished I had never been born. I pushed the desk out of my way and ran out of the classroom.
- <sup>36</sup> Outside, it was so bright that I could barely see. Shading my eyes with my hand, I jumped blindly into the dazzling sunshine and ran home.
- <sup>37</sup> Grandma was frightened by the tears streaming down my face. “What happened, sweetie? Are you hurt?” She put her spatula down and grasped my hand, asking again and again.

**pandemonium:**  
noisy, confusing  
disorder

**retorted:** answered  
harshly

38 At first I couldn't answer. Finally, still sobbing, I managed to tell her what had happened.

39 "It isn't true, is it?" I sobbed. "Grandpa wasn't a landlord, was he? Dad isn't a rightist, is he?"

40 "Of course your father is not a rightist. Don't listen to your classmates," Grandma said immediately, but she sounded nervous.

41 "And Grandpa wasn't a landlord either, right?" I looked straight into Grandma's eyes.

42 Grandma heaved a sigh and hugged me to her chest.

43 "Whatever he was, it doesn't have anything to do with you. He's been dead for over thirty years."

44 It was true, then. Grandpa was a landlord.

45 I did not want to listen anymore. I turned away.

46 When I opened my eyes the next morning, Dad was standing by the bed.

47 "Get up, Ji-li. I'm taking the three of you for a walk." He patted my cheek.

48 "I don't feel like going." I rolled over and faced the wall, my eyes swollen and my head heavy and aching.

49 "You must come. I have something to tell you," he said gently but firmly.

50 Ji-yong and Ji-yun each took one of Dad's hands, while I listlessly followed. Mom and Dad had spent a long time talking in the bathroom last night, the only place in our home where they could have a private conversation, and I was sure this walk had something to do with what happened to me yesterday.

51 It was Sunday. The workday streams of people and bicycles were gone, and the street was quiet and peaceful.

52 We stopped at the China-Soviet Friendship Mansion. The square in front of the mansion was empty except for the white doves, cooing and chasing each other around the fountain.

53 We sat on the broad steps in front of the entrance. I leaned against a pillar.

- 54 Dad came right to the point. “Grandma told me that Ji-li wasn’t elected a Red Successor because her classmates asked about our family class status.” He turned and looked straight at me.
- 55 I bowed my head and fiddled with my red scarf.
- 56 “Things like that will probably happen again because of this Cultural Revolution, so I want to tell you something about our family.” Dad’s voice, like his face, was calm.
- 57 He had been born into a large, wealthy family, he told us, with five generations, more than a hundred people, living together in one big compound. The family had once owned **vast** amounts of land, many businesses, and other kinds of property. By the time Dad was born, most of the money was lost to **extravagance** and bad luck, and soon the big family was broken up. When Dad was only seven, his father died, and Dad and Grandma lived by themselves. There was not much money left. Dad went to St. John’s University in Shanghai on a scholarship, and he tutored some private students to make money, but even so Grandma had to sell some of her jewelry to pay for their daily expenses. When Dad graduated from St. John’s in 1949, the Communist Party had just **liberated** China from Chiang Kai-shek’s rule, and Dad was appointed a vice-principal of a primary school.
- 58 “This is the true family background,” Dad said. “I am not a rightist, and anyone who says I am can go to my work unit and confirm it. As for your Grandpa, he was a businessman and a landlord.”
- 59 “Dad,” Ji-yong asked suddenly, “did Grandpa whip the farmers if they couldn’t pay their rent?”
- 60 “Or make their daughters be his maids?” Ji-yun added.
- 61 Dad looked into their horrified eyes and slowly shook his head. “Grandpa lived in Shanghai all his life and was never in charge of finances. He was already sick when he married Grandma, and he was **bedridden** until he died eight years later. Of course, I’m not saying that he wasn’t guilty. All landlords **exploit**, and that is certainly a crime....”
- 62 “Why did Grandpa want to **exploit** people?” I interrupted. I just had to know.

**vast:** very large

**extravagance:**  
overspending

**liberated:** free

**bedridden:** kept  
in bed

**exploit:** take  
advantage

63 Dad looked at me and did not answer. After a moment's silence he took all of us in his arms and said, "Now listen. What I want you to know is, whether or not your Grandpa was a landlord or an **exploiter**, *it isn't your responsibility*. Even I don't have a clear memory of him, so it doesn't have to matter to you at all. *You can still hold your heads up*. Understand?"

64 "But it's still true that because of him I can't be a Red Successor."

65 "Yes. Your classmates may talk, and our neighbors may talk. We can't help that. You may not be able to join the Red Successors. We can't do anything about that, either. But you don't have to be ashamed, because it isn't your fault. You didn't do anything wrong. Do you see that?"

66 Looking at Dad's tender eyes, I felt a little better.

67 In a few weeks I would graduate. I would enter an elite school and study even harder. Maybe I had a bad class status, but I would have good grades. No one could take those away from me.

68 "It's not my fault," I repeated to myself. "It's not my fault."

69 The ten Red Successors were elected, Du Hai and Yin Lan-lan among them. Immediately after the election the two of them strutted around with their red armbands **prominently** displayed, giving orders to the rest of the class. Du Hai squinted more than ever to show that he should be taken seriously. Yin Lan-lan rushed everywhere, with her head up and her chest thrust out proudly. Yang Fan was elected too, and now she echoed everything Du Hai and Yin Lan-lan said. Yu Jian was also part of the group, though his class background was not red. But he seemed uncomfortable following Du Hai and Yin Lan-lan.

70 I became more quiet and pretended to have no interest at all in their activities.

71 One afternoon after a class I was hurrying to erase the blackboard. "Come on, Pauper!" I called to my partner, Deng Yi-yi. It was our turn to be classroom assistants. "We'll be late getting the tools for Handicrafts."

72 "Hey! Don't call people by nicknames!" someone barked. I turned around. Yang Fan was standing in the doorway right behind me.

73 "Oh, I'm sorry. I forgot. I promise I'll never call you that again," I told Deng Yi-yi with an apologetic smile.

**exploiter:**  
someone who  
takes advantage  
of others

**prominently:** very  
visibly

- 74 Yang Fan gave a **haughty sneer** but seemed **content** with my response.
- 75 “It isn’t simply a matter of calling people by nicknames. It’s a matter of your looking down on working-class people.” Yin Lan-lan and two other Red Successors appeared in the doorway behind Yang Fan, all wearing stern expressions. The classroom was suddenly dead quiet.
- 76 “Deng Yi-yi is from a poor family and she isn’t neatly dressed, so you look down on her and call her Pauper. This is connected with your class standing, Jiang Ji-li. You should **reflect** on your class origin and thoroughly remold your **ideology**.”
- 77 “It wasn’t I who gave her that nickname. Everybody calls her that! And I already apologized.” I struggled to control my anger.
- 78 “What other people do is a totally different question,” said Ying Lan-lan. “Other people don’t have a landlord grandfather and a rightist father. They don’t need to remold themselves.”
- 79 “Shut up! Don’t you dare say my father is a rightist! Who says he’s a rightist? Why don’t you go to my father’s work unit and ask them?”
- 80 Yin Lan-lan was shocked. I was so confident, she could tell I was not lying. “Well... what about your grandfather then?”
- 81 “What about him? He died when my father was just seven. I never even saw him. Why do I have to remold myself? What does he have to do with me?”
- 82 “What? Your grandfather was a landlord and you don’t need to remold yourself?” Raising her voice and waving her arm with the new Red Successor armband, she screamed almost hysterically to the whole classroom, “Hey, listen everybody! Jiang Ji-li just said that she had nothing to do with her landlord grandfather and she doesn’t need to remold herself! She’s denying the existence of class struggle!”
- 83 She turned back to me, still shouting. “Chairman Mao said, ‘In a class society everyone is a member of a particular class, and every kind of thinking, without exception, is stamped with the brand of a particular class.’ There is no doubt that your grandfather’s reactionary class standing had a bad influence on your father’s thoughts, and he naturally passed them on to you. And your grandmother is a landlord’s wife. She tells everybody how much she loves you, and she must have a bad influence on you too. And you say you don’t need to remold yourself?”

**haughty:**  
self-important

**sneer:**  
disrespectful look

**content:** happy

**reflect:** think about  
and look back on

**ideology:** belief  
system

- 84 A large crowd was watching from the doorway. I opened my mouth, but no words would come out. The bell rang to begin class. Du Hai, who had been watching the whole time, suddenly announced, "Jiang Ji-li, stay after school. We Red Successors want to talk with you."
- 85 "Uh-oh," I heard someone say.
- 86 For the next two periods I did not hear anything the teacher said. The terrible words "landlord" and "class standing," Yin Lan-lan's cold face, Du Hai's sly, squinty eyes, spun in my mind. I had always been a school leader, a role model. How could I have suddenly become so bad that I needed to be remolded thoroughly? I had never even met my grandfather. My head ached, and I pressed my fingers hard on my temples.
- 87 I walked into the gym. Yu Jian stood by the parallel bars, discussing something with Yang Fan and Yin Lan-lan, who were sitting on the balance beam. Du Hai was beside them, bending over and writing something. Several other Red Successors leaned over his shoulder. When they saw me, they all stopped. Everybody looked at me seriously but hesitantly, as if they did not know how to start.
- 88 "Jiang Ji-li," said Du Hai at last, in long, drawn-out tones, "the purpose of our talk today is to point out your problems." He tilted his head slightly, trying to seem very experienced.
- 89 I suddenly remembered one day when he had had to stand in the front of the classroom. He was being punished for tying a piece of paper to a cat's tail and setting it on fire.
- 90 "Your problems are very serious, you know. For instance..." He looked at the paper in his hand. "You and your grandmother often take a pedicab, which reveals your **extravagant** bourgeois lifestyle. And your family has a housekeeper. That's definitely exploitation. And you never do any housework—"
- 91 "Yes, we sometimes take a pedicab instead of a bus, but only when someone is sick and has to see the doctor." Timidly, I tried to explain. "And I've had several talks with my mother about Song Po-po, but she said that Song Po-po doesn't have any other job, so she needs to work for us."
- 92 "Shut up!" Yin Lan-lan cut me off with a ruthless wave of her hand. "Today we are going to talk to you, not the other way round. Nobody asked you to talk. So just listen. Understand?"

**extravagant:**  
wasteful



- 93 I went numb. I stared at her, unable to hear another word. Was this the person I knew? I had helped Yin Lan-lan with her math three times a week for years, explaining each problem to her over and over until she got it right. And Yang Fan. My friends and I had carried her on our backs to and from school for three months when she had broken her leg two years ago. And all of them. What had I ever done to them? Why were they suddenly treating me like an enemy?
- 94 One after another they continued to criticize me. I stared at their moving lips, understanding nothing.
- 95 Was it my fault that my family was a little better off than theirs? Many a time I had wished that my parents were workers in a textile mill and that we were poor. I had always begged Mom to let me wear patched pants. I had insisted on washing my own clothes even though we had a housekeeper. When my class did **collective** labor every week, I always volunteered for the heaviest jobs. Hadn't Du Hai and Yin Lan-lan ever noticed that? Suddenly I wished that I had been born into a different family. I hated Grandpa for being a landlord.
- 96 "Why won't you answer?" Yin Lan-lan jumped up from the balance beam and roared at me.
- 97 "What?" I looked timidly into the enraged circle of faces in front of me.
- 98 The Red Successors exploded.
- 99 "You weren't even listening, were you?" shouted Yin Lan-lan. "I tell you, Jiang Ji-li, you'd better stop thinking you're the *da-dui-zhang*. It's the Cultural Revolution now, and there are no *da-dui-zhangs* anymore. You're not the chair of anything now."
- 100 "It's different now. The teachers won't be protecting you anymore."
- 101 "No wonder you didn't write any *da-zi-bao* criticizing the teachers. You have serious problems with your class standing."
- 102 "Your grandfather was a big landlord, and you'd better watch out. We won't put up with any of your landlord tricks."
- 103 It was so unfair. I was being punished for something I had not done. "No tears. Not now," I told myself, but I could not hold them back. I started to cry.

collective: shared



- <sup>104</sup> The Red Successors did not know what to do. They looked at one another and did not say anything. After a minute Du Hai said in a softer voice, “You can go home now. We’ll talk later. You’d better think seriously about your problems.”
- <sup>105</sup> I walked out of the gym, my mind made up. We were going to graduate in a few weeks, and I would never speak another word to any of them.
- <sup>106</sup> Alone in the corner of the school yard I saw a little wildflower. She had six delicate petals, each as big as the nail of my little finger. They were white at the center and shaded blue at the edges.
- <sup>107</sup> She was as lonely as I was.
- <sup>108</sup> I did not know her name. Softly I stroked her petals, thinking that I would take care of her, as I wished someone would take care of me.
-

# Graduation

## Paragraphs 8–25

- 8 “Good morning, Teacher Gu.”
- 9 I met her in the hallway, but I tried to avoid any more than a polite greeting.
- 10 “Ji-li, wait a minute.” She would not let me go.
- 11 I avoided her eyes as I waited for her to speak.
- 12 Teacher Gu had been our homeroom teacher for two years. In those two years she had been more than a teacher to us; she had been a **devoted** friend. I knew that she had a daughter just my age, and I often felt she was like a mother to me, too.
- 13 Before the Cultural Revolution she had been a Model Teacher. Now she was the subject of many *da-zi-bao* calling her an **opportunist**, a black executioner, a **corruptor** of the young. Even though I did not believe these accusations, I did not want to be seen with her. I did not want to give the Red Successors another excuse to attack me. Besides, I was ashamed of my own black background. For nearly a month I had tried to avoid her.
- 14 “Ji-li, don’t be so unhappy.”
- 15 “I’m not unhappy,” I tried to say, but when my eyes met hers, my voice broke. I turned away. I did not know how to face her after all my recent humiliations.
- 16 “I have some good news for you.” She gently turned my face toward her.
- 17 My eyes darted down the hall to make sure no Red Successor saw us together.
- 18 “You know the junior high school admissions policy has been changed,” Teacher Gu said. “Instead of an entrance exam, teachers are assigning students to their schools.” She paused. “Ji-li, all the sixth-grade teachers agreed to assign you to Shi-yi Junior High.”
- 19 “Shi-yi...?” My dream! In spite of everything it was coming true!
- 20 “That’s right,” she said. “You looked like you needed some good news to cheer you up.” She patted me on the head and turned toward the office building.

**devoted:** loyal

**opportunist:** someone who takes unfair advantage of other people or situations

**corruptor:** ruiner

- <sup>21</sup> I could not move as I watched her walk away. Shi-yi! Even though I could not be a Red Successor, I would go to Shi-yi! I saw the badge of Shi-yi Junior High sparkling on my blouse. I had almost given up, but my teachers had not. The lonely flower had not been forgotten after all. I was happier than I had been for weeks.
- <sup>22</sup> Then I felt myself blush. I had tried to avoid Teacher Gu. I had not wanted anyone to see me talking to her. I had not supported her as she had supported me.
- <sup>23</sup> “Teacher Gu!” I called after her. “Thank you!” She turned and smiled at me, and I thought of something else. “Teacher Gu, what school was An Yi assigned to?” Seeing her hesitate I added, “She’s been sick. She needs some good news too.”
- <sup>24</sup> “The same as you. Don’t tell anyone, okay?”
- <sup>25</sup> I ran all the way to An Yi’s house. People turned to look at me as I raced by, but I could not stop grinning. I would always work hard, I told myself. I would never let my teachers down.
-

# A Search in Passing

## Paragraphs 1–121

- <sup>1</sup> It was already past eight o'clock when Dad's colleagues Uncle Tian and his wife, Aunt Wu, came to visit. They had not come for several months, and things were very different now. Mom did not make her famous beef soup, and Grandma did not make steamed buns. They barely greeted us children when they came in. Instead of loud, lively chatter and **jovial** laughter, their conversation was all hushed whispers. As soon as they mentioned "the current situation," Dad told us to go downstairs to play with my little cousin Hua-hua.
- <sup>2</sup> We went reluctantly. Hua-hua was sleepy and did not want to play patty-cake or any of our usual games, but we stayed at my Fourth Aunt's apartment until we heard the footsteps going down the stairs.
- <sup>3</sup> It was late. We were getting ready for bed when Dad talked to us.
- <sup>4</sup> "Children, tomorrow I want you to go to the park with Grandma. You'll have to take something for lunch."
- <sup>5</sup> Grandma's been sick, I thought. Is this so she can rest?
- <sup>6</sup> "A picnic!" Ji-yun shouted. "Oh boy!"
- <sup>7</sup> "That's right," Dad answered. "A picnic." His voice sounded odd somehow. "You all go and have a good time."
- <sup>8</sup> The morning was still **relatively** cool when we set off for the park, but the sun was bright and it was sure to be hot before long. I carried a book and a bag that rattled with the dishes we had packed for lunch. Ji-yong and Ji-yun skipped ahead and were already running across the grass by the time Grandma and I arrived.
- <sup>9</sup> The park was almost empty. A few old men sat on benches playing chess, and in the shady places some old people did *tai-chi* exercises. We strolled around the lawn, and then Grandma picked a shaded bench and pulled out her knitting. "You go ahead and play," she said. "I'll be right here."
- <sup>10</sup> "Let's play tag," Ji-yun said excitedly. We had not been to the park in ages, and the three of us raced around the nearly deserted paths having a wonderful time. We were evenly matched. Ji-yun may have been the youngest, but she was very fast.

**jovial:** cheerful  
**relatively:** more  
or less

- <sup>11</sup> Grandma called us to lunch. It was hot now. We gladly rested in the shade while she unpacked hard-boiled eggs and made sandwiches for us. We ate and shared a bottle of juice. We laughed about a trip the whole family had taken to another park last spring, when Ji-yong had dropped the knife out of a rowboat so we had to eat our apples without peeling them. Finally Ji-yong and Ji-yun lay down on some benches and went to sleep. I helped Grandma tidy up before sitting down to read my book. Grandma took out her knitting again but did not set to work. Instead she sighed and stared into space. Her face was pale.
- <sup>12</sup> I put my hand on her shoulder.
- <sup>13</sup> She turned to me and smiled a little. "Don't worry about me. I'm fine. I've just been worrying too much." She took my hand and patted it gently. "Every time I hear drums and gongs, I'm afraid that they're coming to our house. My heart starts racing, and the closer they come, the worse it gets."
- <sup>14</sup> "Now, after seeing poor Old Qian kneeling on that washboard, I haven't been able to sleep. As soon as I close my eyes, I see the Red Guards coming in. I couldn't bear it if they made me kneel like that. Or if they beat me...." She smiled sadly. "Your father and Uncle Tian thought this would help me relax. I can sit in the park all day, and then even if the Red Guards come, I'll be safe here."
- <sup>15</sup> "But what if the Red Guards are at our house when we get back?"
- <sup>16</sup> "Your father thought of that too. Did you see the mop on the balcony? That's our sign. If the Red Guards come, the mop won't be there and I'll know not to go in."
- <sup>17</sup> I was intrigued by the idea of secret signs, but I was scared too. I glanced around to see if someone was watching us.
- <sup>18</sup> "It's really not much of a solution," Grandma went on. "I can't stay here all night, and I can't even stay in the park every day for months. Really, I just hope that I'll get used to the situation and won't have to come here anymore." She shook her head sadly.
- <sup>19</sup> The breeze blew a strand of hair over her ear, and I gently patted it back into place. She had more gray in her hair, I noticed. And more wrinkles on her face.

- <sup>20</sup> She doesn't seem like a landlord's wife, I suddenly thought. In the movies the landlord's wife was ugly, cruel, and stupid. Grandma was beautiful, kind, and smart.
- <sup>21</sup> I remembered coming home from kindergarten and showing Grandma the songs and dances we had learned. Grandma sat before us with her knitting, nodding her head in time to the music. Sometimes we insisted that she sing with us, and she would join in with an unsteady pitch and heavy Tianjin accent, wagging her head and moving her arms just as we did.
- <sup>22</sup> When we tired of singing, we would pester Grandma to show us her feet. When she was young it was the custom to tightly bind girls' feet in bandages to make them as small as possible—sometimes as small as three inches long. This was considered the height of a woman's beauty. Grandma's feet were half bound, and when she was only seven she fought to have them released. As a result her feet were smaller than natural feet but larger than bound ones. We loved to touch them and play with them. If she refused to let us, we would tickle her until she panted with laughter.
- <sup>23</sup> All my friends loved coming to our home because she was so friendly. She had lived in our alley for over thirty years without a single disagreement with any of the neighbors. Everyone loved her and respected her.
- <sup>24</sup> Dad had said that she had never been classified as a landlord's wife. She couldn't be, I told myself.
- <sup>25</sup> Mom got home from work that evening looking nervous. She whispered to Dad and Grandma, and as soon as we finished dinner, she told us to go outside and play.
- <sup>26</sup> "We have something to take care of," she said. I knew this had something to do with the Cultural Revolution. I wished she would just say so. We were too old to be fooled like little children. But I didn't say anything and went outside with the others.
- <sup>27</sup> When it was nearly dark, Ji-yun and I went back home, leaving Ji-yong with his friends.
- <sup>28</sup> As we entered the apartment, I smelled smoke, acrid and choking. I looked around in alarm. But Grandma was sitting alone in the main room, showing no sign of worry.

**acrid:** strongly  
bitter

- 29 “Grandma, is there a fire?” we shouted anxiously. “Don’t you smell the smoke?”
- 30 “Hush, hush!” Grandma pulled us to her quickly. “It’s nothing. They’re just burning some pictures.” We looked puzzled. “Your mother heard today that photos of people in old-fashioned long gowns and **mandarin** jackets are considered fourolds. So your parents are burning them in the bathroom.”
- 31 “Can we go watch?” I loved looking at pictures, especially pictures of all those uncles and aunts I had never met.
- 32 Grandma shook her head. I winked at Ji-yun, and we both threw ourselves into her arms, begging and pleading. As always, she gave in, and went to the bathroom door to ask Mom and Dad.
- 33 Mom opened the door a crack and let us in.
- 34 The bathroom was filled with thick smoke that burned our eyes and made us cough. Dad passed us a glass of water. “We can’t open the window any wider,” he said. “The neighbors might notice the smoke and report us.”
- 35 Mom and Dad were sitting on small wooden stools. On the floor was a tin washbowl full of ashes and a few pictures disappearing into flames. At Dad’s side was a stack of old photo albums, their black covers stained and faded with age. Dad was looking through the albums, page by page, tearing out any pictures that might be fourolds. He put them in a pile next to Mom, who put them into the fire.
- 36 I picked up one of the pictures. It was of Dad, sitting on a camel, when he was about six or seven years old. He was wearing a wool hat and pants with suspenders, and he was laughing. Grandma, looking very young and beautiful and wearing a fur coat, was standing beside him.
- 37 “Mom, this one doesn’t have long gowns or anything,” Ji-yun said. “Can’t we keep it?”
- 38 “The Red Guards might say that only a rich child could ride a camel. And besides, Grandma’s wearing a fur coat.” She threw it into the fire.
- 39 Mom was right, I thought. A picture like that was fourolds.
- 40 The flames licked around the edges of the picture. The corners curled up, then turned brown. The brown spread quickly toward the center, swallowing Grandma, then the camel, and finally Dad’s woolen hat.

**mandarin:** round-collared silk

<sup>41</sup> Picture after picture was thrown into the fire. Each in turn curled, melted, and disappeared. The ashes in the washbowl grew deeper. Finally there were no more pictures left. Mom poured the ashes into the toilet and flushed them away.

<sup>42</sup> That night I dreamed that the house was on fire.

<sup>43</sup> By the third day Ji-yong and Ji-yun had tired of spending their days in the park, so they stayed home with our Fourth Aunt. I was bored too, but I wanted to keep Grandma company. So I brought a book and bought a **pomegranate**. Pomegranates had so many seeds that they took a good long time to eat, and I had plenty of time to spare.

<sup>44</sup> I sat on our usual bench, prying the juicy red seeds out of the fruit and slowly sucking on them one by one, staring at the fleecy white clouds. One cloud looked like a two-humped camel, and another looked like an old man whose long, white beard nearly reached the ground. The camel was leading the old man slowly past.

<sup>45</sup> Grandma coughed and I looked at her, but she was staring into the distance.

<sup>46</sup> In the three months since the Cultural Revolution had started, changes had been so constant that I often felt lost. One day the Conservative **faction** were revolutionaries that defended Chairman Mao's ideas; the next day, the opposite Rebel faction became the heroes of the Cultural Revolution. I heard that even Chairman of the Nation Liu Shao-qi and General Secretary Deng Xiao-ping were having problems. No one knew what would happen tomorrow.

<sup>47</sup> I wondered what I would be doing if I had been born into a red family instead of a black one. Searching people's houses? Hating landlords and rightists? Of course I would hate them; I hated them even now. I hated my grandfather, just as I hated all of Chairman Mao's enemies. But I had felt sorry for Old Qian even though he was wrong. And I did not know if I could hate Grandma if she was officially classified as a landlord's wife. The harder I tried to figure things out, the more confused I felt. I wished I had been born into a red family so I could do my revolutionary duties without worrying.

<sup>48</sup> When we got home, the mop was still hanging from the balcony.

**pomegranate:** red seed-filled fruit

**faction:** smaller group that disagrees with other groups



- 49 A week had passed, and still nothing had happened. I waited anxiously, not knowing what I waited for.
- 50 It was late in the afternoon.
- 51 “Ji-yong’s been fighting again,” Ji-yun announced as soon as she saw him walk in. His T-shirt was covered with dirt, and one sleeve was half torn off. He carried a broken-strapped sandal.
- 52 “What happened?” Grandma rushed in from the kitchen.
- 53 “They robbed me! They took my army cap.” He wiped his face with his sleeve and angrily threw his sandal on the floor.
- 54 “Robbed you? You must have done something to upset them,” I scolded. “Why would anybody just grab your cap for no reason? You shouldn’t be so **ornery** to people. Don’t go making more trouble for us.”
- 55 “How can you say that? I was just minding my own business, looking for crickets. They wanted to trade a cricket for my cap, and when I said no, they just took it.”
- 56 “Who were they? Do you know them?”
- 57 Ji-yong nodded grimly. “They won’t get away with this, I swear!”
- 58 The army cap was one of Ji-yong’s treasures. It wasn’t one of the ordinary olive-green caps you could buy in a store. It was a real army cap that he had gotten from his friend Ming-ming’s father, a Liberation Army veteran. It had been washed and sun bleached until it was nearly white, and anybody could see at a glance that it was the real thing. All the boys envied his cap. No wonder he was so angry.
- 59 “Well, it’s only a hat. Forget about it. It’s not worth stirring up trouble.” Grandma took out her sewing kit to mend his shirt.
- 60 “Just wait, I’ll get it back,” he said, more to himself than to us. “Chairman Mao didn’t say that I can’t wear an army cap.”
- 61 I turned to him attentively. “What do you mean? Who said that you couldn’t?”
- 62 “They said it. They said, ‘What’s a black **whelp** like you doing with a real army cap?’” His eyes flashed with anger.

**ornery:**  
bad-tempered

**whelp:** an insulting term for a child of a family belonging to any one of the “Five Black Categories”

- <sup>63</sup> Now I understood. Calling him a black whelp was the real cause of the incident.
- <sup>64</sup> Of course a boy like Ji-yong would rather fight than take an insult like that. I wished I could protect him, but there was nothing I could do. I suddenly remembered that An Yi's uncle used to be a mechanic in the army. Maybe he would still have an old cap. I decided to ask An Yi about it.
- <sup>65</sup> In a little while Ji-yong disappeared. I was sure he had gone to find his buddies, Xiao-cheng and Ming-ming.
- <sup>66</sup> Xiao-cheng and Ming-ming were our neighbors. Despite the fact that they were both three years older than Ji-yong and all three of them attended different schools, the three boys were close friends. In our alley they were known as "the three musketeers" because they were always together.
- <sup>67</sup> Xiao-cheng's father had been our District Superintendent. Now he was suspended and under investigation for being a capitalist follower. Ming-ming's father had been the Party Secretary of the Shanghai Institute of Political Science and Law, and had been under arrest at the Institute for several weeks. He had been accused of being a traitor.
- <sup>68</sup> Their family problems drew the three black whelps together more than ever.
- <sup>69</sup> The next afternoon when Grandma and I came back from the park, Ji-yong was not at home. He was not home at dinnertime, either. I went to Xiao-cheng's and Ming-ming's houses, but none of the boys were there.
- <sup>70</sup> "Where did he go?" Grandma scolded. "How could he miss dinner?"
- <sup>71</sup> I was worried. I was sure that he and his friends had gone to get the cap back. I should have mentioned An Yi's uncle, I thought, but I knew it would not have made any difference. If Ji-yong decided to do something, nothing I said would stop him. He was going to get hurt, and probably get the family in more trouble.
- <sup>72</sup> At eight thirty he came in. He had a black eye, and he was limping, but he had a smile on his face.
- <sup>73</sup> "Were you fighting again?" Mom snapped. "Don't you think we have enough to worry about without you fighting too?"
- <sup>74</sup> "We got my cap back!" He raised it triumphantly.

75 "Look, the brim's been torn off." Ji-yun snatched the cap out of his hand.

76 "You got a black eye for a rag like this?" I asked.

77 "It was worth it," he said. "They won't dare push me around anymore."

78 I bit back the scolding I wanted to give him and got him a cold towel for his eye.

79 Early in the morning Song Po-po rushed upstairs to tell us the news. All the neighbors were saying that a knife had been found in the **communal** garbage bin. The Neighborhood Dictatorship Group had declared this to be an illegal weapon, so the entire bin had been searched and some incompletely burned pictures found. In one of them they recognized my Fourth Aunt. Because my Fourth Uncle had fled to Hong Kong right before Liberation, her family was on the Neighborhood Party Committee's list of black families. The weapon was automatically associated with the pictures, and that was enough for Six-Fingers to report to the powerful Neighborhood Party Committee.

80 All day we were terrified. Grandma and the three of us went to the park immediately after breakfast. This time none of us wanted to play. We just sat together on Grandma's bench.

81 "Will the Red Guards come?" Ji-yun asked.

82 "Maybe they will, sweetie," Grandma answered. "We just don't know."

83 She took out her knitting. I tried to do the same, but I kept finding myself staring into space with no idea of where I was in the pattern. Ji-yun and Ji-yong ran off to play but always came back to the bench after a few minutes. At four o'clock Grandma sent me to see if anything was happening at home.

84 I cautiously walked into the alley, alert for anything unusual, but there was no sound of drums or gongs or noise at all. The mop was still on the balcony. I looked into our lane. There were no trucks. Everything seemed calm, and I told Grandma it was safe to go home.

85 Mom and Dad both came home earlier than usual. Dinner was short and nearly silent. Soon after dinner we turned the lights off and got into bed, hoping that the day would end peacefully after all. I lay for a long while without sleeping but finally drifted into a restless doze. When I heard pounding on the door downstairs, I was not sure whether it was real or a dream.

**communal:** shared

- 86 It was real.
- 87 I heard my cousin You-mei ask bravely, "Who's there?"
- 88 Six-Fingers's voice replied, "The Red Guards. They're here to search your house. Open up!"
- 89 They rushed into Fourth Aunt's apartment downstairs.
- 90 At first we could not hear much. Then we heard more: doors slamming, a cry from Hua-hua, crash after crash of dishes breaking overhead, and the **indistinct** voices of the Red Guards.
- 91 By this time we were all awake, but no one turned on a light or said anything. We all lay and held our breaths and listened, trying to determine what was going on downstairs. No one even dared to turn over. My whole body was tense. Every sound from my Fourth Aunt's room made me stiffen with dread.
- 92 Thirty minutes passed, then an hour. In spite of the fear I began to feel sleepy again.
- 93 I was jolted awake by shouts and thunderous knocks. Someone was shouting Dad's name. "Jiang Xi-reng! Get up! Jiang Xi-reng!"
- 94 Dad went to the door. "What do you want?"
- 95 "Open up!" Six-Fingers shouted. "This is a search in passing! The Red Guards are going to search your home in passing."
- 96 We often asked somebody to buy something in passing or get information in passing, but I had never heard of searching a house in passing.
- 97 Dad opened the door.
- 98 The first one in was Six-Fingers, wearing an undershirt and dirty blue shorts and flip-flops. Behind him were about a dozen teenaged Red Guards. Though the weather was still quite warm, they all wore tightly belted army uniforms. Their leader was a zealous, loud-voiced girl with short hair and large eyes.
- 99 "What's your relationship with the Jiangs living downstairs?" the girl yelled, her hand aggressively on her hip.
- 100 "He is her brother-in-law," Six-Fingers answered before Dad could open his mouth.

- 101 “Oh, so you’re a close relative,” she said, as if she only now realized that.  
“**Leniency** for confession, **severity** for resistance! Hand over your weapons now, or we will be forced to search the house.” She stood up straight and stared at Dad.
- 102 “What weapons?” Dad asked calmly. “We have no—”
- 103 “Search!” She cut Dad off with a shouted order and shoved him aside. At the wave of her arm the Red Guards behind her stormed in. Without speaking to each other, they split into three groups and charged toward our drawers, cabinets, and chests. The floor was instantly strewn with their contents.
- 104 They demanded that Mom and Dad open anything that was locked, while we children sat on our beds, staring in paralyzed fascination. To my surprise, it was not as frightening as I had imagined through the weeks of waiting. Only Little White was panicked by the crowd and the noise. She scurried among the open chests until she was kicked by a Red Guard. Then she ran up into the attic and did not come down.
- 105 I watched one boy going through the wardrobe. He took each piece of clothing off its hanger and threw it onto the floor behind him. He went carefully through a drawer and unrolled the neatly paired socks, tossing them over his shoulder one by one.
- 106 I turned my head and saw another boy opening my desk drawer. He swept his hand through it and jumbled everything together before removing the drawer and turning it upside down on the floor. Before he could examine the contents, another one called him away to help move a chest.
- 107 All my treasures were scattered on the floor. The butterfly fell out of its glass box; one wing was crushed under a bottle of glass beads. My collection of candy wrappers had fallen out of their notebook and were crumpled under my stamp album.
- 108 My stamp album! It had been a birthday gift from Grandma when I started school, and it was my dearest treasure. For six years I had been getting canceled stamps from my friends, carefully soaking them to get every bit of envelope paper off. I had collected them one by one until I had complete sets. I had even bought some inexpensive sets with my own allowance. I loved my collection, even though I knew I should not. With the start of the Cultural Revolution all the stamp shops were closed

**leniency:** mercy

**severity:**  
harshness

down, because stamp collecting was considered bourgeois. Now I just knew something terrible was going to happen to it.

109 I looked at the Red Guards. They were still busy moving the chest. I slipped off the bed and tiptoed across the room. If I could hide it before they saw me... I stooped down and reached for the book.

110 “Hey, what are you doing?” a voice demanded. I spun around in alarm. It was the Red Guard leader.

111 “I... I didn’t do anything,” I said guiltily, my eyes straying toward the stamp album.

112 “A stamp album.” She picked it up. “Is this yours?”

113 I nodded fearfully.

114 “You’ve got a lot of fourolds for a kid,” she sneered as she flipped through it. “Foreign stamps too,” she remarked. “You little **xenophile**.”

115 “I... I’m not...” I blushed as I fumbled for words.

116 The girl looked at Ji-yong and Ji-yun, who were still sitting on their beds, watching, and she turned to another Red Guard. “Get the kids into the bathroom so they don’t get in the way of the revolution.” She threw the stamp album casually into the bag of things to be **confiscated** and went back downstairs. She didn’t even look at me.

117 Inside the bathroom we could still hear the banging of furniture and the shouting of the Red Guards. Ji-yun lay with her head in my lap, quietly sobbing, and Ji-yong sat in silence.

118 After a long time the noise died down. Dad opened the bathroom door, and we fearfully came out.

119 The apartment was a mess. The middle of the floor was strewn with the contents of the overturned chests and drawers. Half of the clothes had been taken away. The rest were scattered on the floor along with some old copper coins. The chests themselves had been thrown on top of each other when the Red Guards decided to check the walls for holes where weapons could be hidden. Grandma’s German clock lay upside down on the floor with the little door on its back torn off.

**xenophile:**  
person who loves  
foreign countries  
and cultures

**confiscated:** taken  
away by force

<sup>120</sup> I looked for my things. The wing of the butterfly had been completely knocked off the body. The bottle holding the glass beads had smashed, and beads were rolling all over the floor. The trampled candy wrappers looked like trash.

<sup>121</sup> And the stamp album was gone forever.

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# Fate

## Paragraphs 1–104

- <sup>1</sup> A new campaign, “Return to class to promote the revolution,” finally took Ji-yong and Ji-yun back to school. Although classes had not gone back to normal, my brother and sister were in school, and that was something.
- <sup>2</sup> I was not so lucky. It was almost November, but the junior high school teachers were still out of the city establishing revolutionary ties, and no one could enroll us new students.
- <sup>3</sup> I was bored. After finishing the marketing, I read, practiced calligraphy, knitted, and spent a lot of time with An Yi. I was bored, but I never stopped being frightened. I worried about Dad, I worried about Grandma. I worried about An Yi’s mother, too. Teacher Wei’s situation was very bad. She was a junior high school math teacher, and before the Cultural Revolution she had been a Model Teacher. Her study wall was covered with certificates of merit. Now she was called a black model, and because her father was a capitalist and her mother had committed suicide, she was criticized all the more. The Red Guards at her school held struggle meetings to criticize her almost every day. During those struggle meetings they beat her and whipped her with their belts.
- <sup>4</sup> I had seen her coming home, surrounded by an escort of six or seven shouting Red Guards. Her head was bowed down by a sign that read, reactionary monster wei dong-li. She beat a gong and shouted, “I am a reactionary teacher. I am a reactionary monster.” While I watched, she stopped shouting and tried to catch her breath. Immediately one of the Red Guards kicked her. Another cuffed her, and she began to croak out her chant once more.
- <sup>5</sup> No matter what I did and where I went, the Cultural Revolution followed me.
- <sup>6</sup> One cold, windy afternoon I saw Aunt Xi-wen sweeping the street.
- <sup>7</sup> She seemed ten years older than the last time I had seen her. Her cheeks were hollow, and she had big bags beneath her eyes. Her once long and curled hair had been cut short and straight, like a country woman’s. Outside her padded coat she wore an old blue blouse, loose and faded, with a big patch on the elbow.
- <sup>8</sup> She kept her eyes on her work and moved the big broom back and forth **laboriously**. A gust of wind threatened to scatter the pile of trash she had



collected, and she scurried to cover it with her broom to keep it from being blown away. Somehow she tripped over the broom and fell.

9 It looked like a serious fall. She moved her hand and struggled to get up, but she couldn't seem to stand. I was about to go to help her when I saw her youngest son, my cousin Shan-shan, walking toward us. Shan-shan would help her, and I didn't want to embarrass her by making her realize that I had seen her sweeping the alley. I drew back and walked around them quietly.

10 After a few steps I turned around to see if they were all right. I could hardly believe my eyes. Shan-shan had walked right past his mother! She was lying there, injured, and he had not stopped to help her. He couldn't possibly have missed her. He must not have wanted to expose himself to criticism by helping someone from a black category.

11 What a son! I took a step toward Aunt Xi-wen and stopped. Maybe I shouldn't help her either. People would probably say something if they saw me, especially since I was from a black family too... .

12 Before I could decide, Old Mrs. Wang passed by and saw Aunt Xi-wen on the ground. Mrs. Wang hurried over and helped Aunt Xi-wen up. Then Mrs. Wang picked up the broom and dustpan and helped Aunt Xi-wen walk home.

13 Now I remembered that Shan-shan had written a *da-zi-bao* after their house had been searched, formally breaking relations with his mother. I had admired him for his courage and firmness then.

14 It was not easy to break with your mother. I could not imagine actually doing it. They had to live in the same room. Would he eat the food she had cooked? Would he speak to her at all?

15 And what could it be like for Aunt Xi-wen?

16 One December afternoon when An Yi and I came home from a walk, we saw a big crowd gathered in the middle of our alley. An Yi turned pale and ran to the crowd, dragging me with her.

17 People, mostly neighbors from the alley, were standing in neat circles, almost as if they had formed ranks intentionally. An oddly familiar voice was shouting, "Down with the oppressor Sang Hong-zhen! Down with the

black executioner!" Sang Hong-zhen? Du Hai's mother? The Neighborhood Party Committee Secretary? I looked at An Yi in amazement.

18 An Yi's whole body relaxed, and she even smiled. "Oh, I was so scared! I thought they were from my mother's school." We squirmed into the crowd.

19 Du Hai's mother was standing on a stool, her head lowered to her chest. Two torn shoes, the symbol of immorality, were hung around her neck, along with a sign that read, sang hong-zhen, oppressor of the young, deserves ten thousand deaths. Her disheveled hair dangled around her shocked, gray face. I hardly recognized the once-powerful Neighborhood Party Committee Secretary.

20 A short man was standing in front of her, shouting so angrily that saliva foamed over his lips. "This damned executioner conned me into going to Xinjiang!" He turned his face toward us. It was a coarse face, and I recognized it at once. He was Xu A-san, who used to live next to Six-Fingers and moved far away to Xinjiang a few years ago. No wonder the voice was familiar.

21 "She lied to me! She told me Xinjiang was like a flower garden. She said we would live comfortably and eat well. And then what did we find when we got there? Nothing! Not a damned thing! Not even a building to live in. Not even lumber or bricks. We had to build a lousy hut out of dirt. I fell off the roof when we were building it, and now I'm a cripple."

22 Xu A-san slapped his leg heavily and continued. "When I wrote to her to ask if she could help me come back, she sent my letter to my boss in Xinjiang. They stopped my salary for six months and forced me to write a self-criticism to admit that I was wrong.

23 "She fooled us into going to Xinjiang and then didn't care whether we lived or died. Is that any way to treat a sixteen-year-old boy? While I was sick and begging for my food in Xinjiang, what was she doing here? She was running around with men and having a good time." The blue veins on his neck stood out, and his pointing finger almost touched her nose. "Thank heaven for the Cultural Revolution. Now I've come back to expose this damned woman and bring the revolution here to our own neighborhood!"

24 Many of the crowd were moved to tears by Xu A-san's story. I had never liked him or trusted him, but if what he said was true, she was really

wicked. Besides, she was Du Hai's mother. What did I care about her problems? Xu A-san was still shouting slogans, but An Yi and I pushed our way out of the struggle meeting.

25 "I wish I could see Du Hai's face now," I couldn't help gloating.

26 "Well, you know the old saying. 'The wheel of fate makes a full turn every sixty years,'" An Yi said. "It's their turn to suffer now."

27 "Does that mean soon it will be our turn to be on top?" I asked thoughtfully.

28 We walked on in silence. I watched our feet on the pavement. They were perfectly in step.

29 "Maybe it's really true." It seemed clear to me all of a sudden. "It's just because of fate that we're being hurt. It's just fate that made us be born into black families. And now the wheel of fate is turning. Maybe our families will be free of trouble soon."

30 When I looked around me, fate seemed to be the only explanation for what was happening.

31 A few days later Ji-yun was already home from school when I got back from shopping. I tiptoed up behind her and suddenly put my hand in front of her eyes, holding the colored handkerchief I had just bought for her. "Ta-dah!"

32 To my surprise she did not jump up or cry out with joy.

33 "Don't you like it? Look at these kittens. Aren't they cute? It's for you." Collecting colored handkerchiefs was her favorite hobby.

34 She still did not move.

35 I went in front of her and was about to tickle her when I saw her face. She had been crying. Her eyes were red and swollen, and she had a balled-up handkerchief in her hand.

36 "What's the matter?"

37 She did not say a word.

38 "Why were you crying?"

39 There was still no answer.

40 She must be having one of her fits of temper. Ever since she was little she would cry and refuse to say why. I knew how to deal with that.

41 "I'm going to go ask your teacher." I turned around as if to go.

42 "No! Don't." She pulled at my clothes.

43 "Well then, what's wrong?"

44 "I... My... schoolbag is gone."

45 "You lost your schoolbag? What happened?"

46 She began crying again.

47 "For goodness' sake, stop crying and tell me what happened." She kept crying, and I got angry. "You're really a big girl now, aren't you? You can't even take care of your schoolbag, and then you just cry about it."

48 She started wailing, her chest heaving. Grandma rushed in and asked me what was wrong.

49 "I don't know. She just told me that she lost her schoolbag and then she started crying," I said as I threw the handkerchief angrily onto the table.

50 "I didn't lose it... It's in the school yard right under the classroom window," Ji-yun said through her sobs.

51 "What?" Grandma and I asked together. "Why didn't you pick it up?"

52 "No. I'm not going to pick it up. Some boys in my class threw it out the window. They called me a black whelp. They stood on my desk and said if I stared at them, they would dig my eyes out. They threw it out the window and told me to go pick it up. I won't go."

53 I did not know what to say. I wished I had not scolded her.

54 "Why didn't you tell your teacher? She'd make them bring it back," Grandma said.

55 "That would only make it worse. Last week they were pushing Wei-wei and me around and she told her mother, and she told the teacher, and they were punished. But then they just bullied her even more, and now she has to stay home." Ji-yun's voice was calmer. She had almost stopped crying.

56 "You should have told Mom and Dad," I said at last. "They would have done something about this."

57 “No! They’d just make it worse.”

58 I looked at her with a bad feeling growing inside me. I noticed her lumpy and clumsy braids and felt guilty. She had done them herself. I suddenly felt that I had been too hard on her. I was more like a *da-dui-zhang* than a sister. When I took her to her piano lesson, I scolded her if she did not play well. If she was playing at a friend’s house after school, I made her come home and do her homework. In spite of this she trusted me and relied on me for everything. She would ask my advice on what to do or what to wear. If she went to a movie, she wanted me to go with her.

59 Now she had to learn to take care of herself. It didn’t seem fair. She was only ten years old, and too small to protect herself.

60 I took out the new schoolbag and pencil box I had bought for junior high school. “Here.” I put them into her hand. “Let me braid your hair first, and then we’ll figure out what else you need and go shopping.”

61 I pondered Ji-yun’s fate. She was so little. Why did she have to suffer? And now that the wheel of fate was turning, why hadn’t her fate improved?

62 It had to change soon.

63 \* \* \*

64 A subdued Chinese New Year had passed. So had my thirteenth birthday, which came and went without any celebration. There was a chill to the air that cut into the skin and numbed the body.

65 I could see Ji-yong and Xiao-cheng standing at the entrance to the alley. They did not seem to feel the cold. Xiao-cheng leaned against a green mailbox, gesturing to Ji-yong. Even at this distance I could feel the confidence in his movements.

66 Ji-yong had told us that Xiao-cheng’s father was having a very difficult time now. Almost every day he was criticized in struggle meetings. In addition, as the highest official of our district before the Cultural Revolution, he was often taken as a companion target to struggle meetings against his junior officers. It could not have been easy for Xiao-cheng to appear so calm.

67 As I approached them, a row of big trucks came slowly down the street and stopped in front of us.

- 68 We were all shocked. Xiao-cheng's father was standing in the first truck.
- 69 He was wearing a tall **dunce** cap covered with red X's, the sign for a criminal. His wrists were tied together behind his back, and his arms were lifted high behind him. His head had been forced down so that we could not see his face. Around his neck was a heavy wooden sign: capitalist executioner shan yi-dan. The name had been written in black ink and crossed out in red paint.
- 70 We stood there, speechless. The people on the truck shouted slogans, and the trucks moved on. I didn't dare to turn my head and look at Xiao-cheng. I knew that he was very close to his father. I searched for something to say to comfort him, but he spoke first.
- 71 "Well, I guess the old man came out to greet his public again."
- 72 I stared at him in astonishment. Xiao-cheng's eyes were still following the departing trucks. His lips were set in a mocking smile. I turned and went home without a word.
- 73 Was he really used to seeing his father treated like this? Surely he was just hiding his real feelings? I leaned against the balcony railing, trying to clear my head in the chilly air. I didn't notice Ji-yong until he leaned on the railing next to me. His face looked very strained.
- 74 "Ming-ming's father is dead," he said weakly.
- 75 "What?" I shivered.
- 76 "The Institute called his mother early this morning. They said that he hanged himself."
- 77 "Hanged himself?"
- 78 Ji-yong nodded. "The Institute didn't even let her see the body except through a window. Then they had the body cremated. Xiao-cheng was saying that they probably beat him to death before he 'hanged himself'... There's Ming-ming. I've got to go."
- 79 Ming-ming and Xiao-cheng were waiting down in the alley. When Ji-yong got there, the three of them walked off together.
- 80 I went inside, but I still felt very cold.
- 81 An Yi opened the door. Before I could mention Ming-ming's father, I noticed her eyes. They were red and swollen.

82 “What happened?”

83 She went back inside their apartment without answering, leaving the door open for me.

84 I had not been inside their apartment for a long time. Since Grandma had died, her ninety-year-old sister sat blankly in front of the window all day and never left the room. The mahogany furniture that had filled the place was gone, confiscated. The room seemed larger, and our steps echoed. An Yi and I sat by the window on the old stools that were now their only seats.

85 “What’s wrong?” I asked again.

86 “My mom...” She dropped her eyes.

87 “Beaten again?”

88 “Worse than that. Yesterday the teachers who were under investigation had to climb the factory chimney.” She choked and could not continue.

89 “Climb the chimney?” I was aghast. “What kind of remodeling is that? Did she... did she do it?”

90 “She didn’t dare not to. That would be resisting the revolution—she would have been beaten to...” An Yi choked again. “Luckily the factory was off yesterday. You know how hot... the chimney gets... . She couldn’t have...”

91 I couldn’t say a word.

92 “I’m really afraid, Ji-li.” An Yi looked straight into my eyes. “If Mom is a little late coming back from school, we’re so worried. Dad paces up and down, and I just can’t do anything. Sometimes Dad can’t stand it anymore, and he goes to school to meet her. I’m so scared. I don’t know what’ll happen next. Ji-li, sometimes I’m really afraid to go home.” The expression in her eyes made me want to cry.

93 I saw her mother clinging to the high chimney. I shivered. I saw her grandma standing by the window in her black clothes; Old Qian, collapsed at the foot of the propaganda wall; Xiao-cheng’s father, arms wrenched behind his back; Ming-ming’s father, dangling in the air, his tongue dangling out of his bruised, purple face.

94 Fate.



- 95 An Yi dried her tears. We sat in silence for a long time before I asked, "Did... do you ever blame your mother for all this?"
- 96 "I don't know. Sometimes I think she's just too pushy, like when she dismissed her students' Lei Feng Study Group. That's what first made them call her a reactionary. It made trouble for all of us. But she really did do it for her students' own good. That Lei Feng Study Group was a joke. They didn't study his good deeds. They just fooled around every day, and their grades got worse and worse. She wasn't reactionary at all."
- 97 "I hate my grandfather!" I said suddenly. "If he hadn't been a landlord, none of this would have happened to me... . But I guess the only thing I can do is stop thinking about it. It's just my fate that I was born in these times."
- 98 "That's it," An Yi agreed. "But why doesn't our fate change?"
- 99 I had an idea. "Listen, let's predict the future. My cousin told me how to do it. We write different things on different pieces of paper and put them on the windowsill. The first one to blow off will come true."
- 100 Predicting the future was fourolds, but we could not help doing it anyway. We prepared three pieces of paper: everything will get better, bad luck will continue, and some good and some bad things will happen. We folded them, put a little water on each one, and then stuck them on the sill.
- 101 We waited for the wind to blow from heaven while I prayed silently, "May Allah bless us. May Allah bless us. May Allah bless us." A breeze rustled the folded papers, but none blew off. Another breeze came. One of the papers blew off the sill. An Yi caught it before it hit the floor.
- 102 "Which one?" I asked. "Which one?"
- 103 She unfolded the paper. "Some good and some bad."
- 104 We looked at each other, and neither of us said anything.
-



# Junior High School at Last

## Paragraphs 77–91

- 77 Time always passed too quickly in math class. Teacher Li was closing her notebook when she remembered a note that was in it.
- 78 “Oh, there’s a message. Jiang Ji-li and Bai Shan, please stay after class. Teacher Zhang would like to speak with you.” She put the note back in her book and turned to clean the blackboard.
- 79 Suddenly I felt nervous again. Had I done something wrong? Did this have something to do with my class status?
- 80 My classmates were also uneasy. They all turned their eyes toward Teacher Li. The whole room felt tense.
- 81 Teacher Li finished erasing the blackboard and turned around, brushing her right sleeve with her left hand. “What’s wrong?” she asked in surprise.
- 82 No one said anything. Chang Hong glanced anxiously at me and twisted her pencil.
- 83 “Oh, are you worried about Teacher Zhang seeing Jiang Ji-li and Bai Shan? It’s nothing bad. He just wants to talk to them about joining the propaganda group for the blackboard newspaper, because they both have beautiful handwriting.”
- 84 The class burst out laughing. I laughed with them, at Teacher Li who had not made the message clear, at my own fears, at the whole false alarm.
- 85 I saw several classmates turning to look at me. Bai Shan’s deskmate whispered in his ear and got a joking punch in return.
- 86 Then I stopped laughing.
- 87 I remembered primary school, the praises and the honors. But what had I gotten in the end? People were jealous because I was favored. I remembered the humiliating talk with the Red Successors, the terrible accusations of the *da-zi-bao*. Why should I go through that again? High grades, propaganda group—and then what? When they found out about my family background, they would treat me just as Du Hai and Yin Lannan had. And Bai Shan and I were conspicuous enough in class. If we did the blackboard newspaper together, people would start to gossip about us.

- <sup>88</sup> Class was over. I grabbed Chang Hong's arm as she was leaving.
- <sup>89</sup> "Will you do me a favor? Tell Teacher Zhang that I couldn't wait to see him."
- <sup>90</sup> "Why not?" She looked surprised.
- <sup>91</sup> "I have to go home and make dinner, and I have a lot of housework to do every day. I don't have time to do the blackboard newspaper." Without waking for her response, I picked up my schoolbag and headed for the door.
-

# Locked Up

## Paragraphs 1–111

- <sup>1</sup> Winter vacation had started, and we children all stayed at home.
- <sup>2</sup> At eleven o'clock one night Mom and Dad were still in the bathroom, where they had been talking ever since Dad had come home from work. Ji-yong and Ji-yun were asleep, and Grandma was in bed reading the newspaper. I was trying to finish *Jane Eyre*.
- <sup>3</sup> Someone knocked softly on the door. I listened, and it came again: two soft taps, followed by a whispered, "Lao Jiang! Lao Jiang!" Only Dad's friends from the theater called him that.
- <sup>4</sup> "Who is it?" I walked to the door and called quietly.
- <sup>5</sup> "It's me, Fan Wen-chong."
- <sup>6</sup> I opened the door, happy to see him. "Uncle Fan, it's so late— Oh my!" I stopped when I saw his face. It was swollen, bruised, and bloody. Standing in the dark doorway, he looked like a monster. He swayed back and forth weakly, and as I stared, his face crumpled into tears. I turned away and ran to my bed.
- <sup>7</sup> The whole family was startled by my cry. Grandma was trembling as she got out of bed and pulled him into the bathroom to wash his bruises. Ji-yong and Ji-yun huddled together at the bathroom door, while Mom and Dad went downstairs to bring his bicycle into the building before the neighbors could see it.
- <sup>8</sup> I huddled on a corner of the bed, not wanting to look at him again, not wanting to see his humiliation. I thought of his expressive face, handsome and vigorous. I remembered his huge success in many shows, the flowers and admirers. His students and other actors used to defer to him so respectfully. Where were his dignity and authority now? Where was Uncle Fan?
- <sup>9</sup> I curled up as if I were the one being showered with blows.
- <sup>10</sup> "Come on, get back into bed. Children shouldn't be so nosy." Grandma dragged Ji-yong and Ji-yun back into the room.
- <sup>11</sup> "Grandma, how's Uncle Fan?" I whispered.

- <sup>12</sup> “He’s all right.” She looked very tired. “You go to sleep now. Don’t mention this to anyone, anyone at all. Understand?” Grandma tucked our quilts around us, then turned out the light and went back to the bathroom.
- <sup>13</sup> The frequent tossing and turning told me that no one had gone back to sleep.
- <sup>14</sup> “Ji-li, Uncle Fan groaned when Grandma washed his face.” Ji-yun broke the silence.
- <sup>15</sup> “His hands were shaking,” Ji-yong said after a while.
- <sup>16</sup> “Grandma told you to go to sleep and not be so nosy. Why don’t you just shut up?” I did not know why I was suddenly so angry.
- <sup>17</sup> Lying in the darkness, I could hear the faint voices in the bathroom. I tried to close my eyes, but when I did, all I could see was Uncle Fan’s deformed face. Suddenly the voices in the bathroom grew louder. I held my breath and listened closely.
- <sup>18</sup> “That’s nonsense! How could you do that?” Dad said.
- <sup>19</sup> “You know. They use psychological pressure.”
- <sup>20</sup> “That doesn’t mean that you should make up a story about something you never did!” Dad’s voice grew still louder.
- <sup>21</sup> “So what if I never listened to foreign radio broadcasts? They’ll stop beating me if I confess to it, won’t they? ‘Leniency to those who confess, and severity to those who resist.’ Look at my face, Lao Jiang. I can’t stand it anymore... .”
- <sup>22</sup> The voice trailed off, and I thought I heard sobbing.
- <sup>23</sup> I pulled my quilt over my head and tried to block out the sounds. This was not my Uncle Fan. My Uncle Fan would not listen to foreign radio broadcasts or worry about psychological pressure. Most of all, I knew that my Uncle Fan would never cry.
- <sup>24</sup> I began crying to myself under the quilt. I did not know why
- <sup>25</sup> Three days after he had come to our house, Uncle Fan had been detained. Since then, every evening, Mom and Grandma had fidgeted, going to the kitchen on the landing, finding something to do on the roof, unable to relax as they waited for Dad to come home.

- <sup>26</sup> It was getting darker and darker. Ji-yun sat under the light doing her math homework. I worked on the sweater I was knitting for Dad, sharing the sofa with Ji-yong, who was intent on making a periscope.
- <sup>27</sup> My fingers moved mechanically. My mind was far away from what I was doing.
- <sup>28</sup> I had just read an article in the paper. It told of a “historical counterrevolutionary,” who as a local official before Liberation had killed two Communist guerrillas. The paper explained that because he had confessed and had a positive attitude, he was pardoned. Meanwhile an “active counterrevolutionary” was convicted of slandering the Red Guards. He refused to confess and was imprisoned.
- <sup>29</sup> So this was their policy of psychological pressure. No wonder Uncle Fan thought he should confess to something he had not done. Had he confessed to listening to foreign broadcasts? If he had, why hadn’t he been treated with leniency? Why had he been detained? I could not figure it out.
- <sup>30</sup> Finally we heard steps on the stairs, and we all held our breaths while we watched the door. It opened, and there was Dad. I looked at his face, body, and legs. No bruises. We all sighed with relief.
- <sup>31</sup> “I can’t take it anymore. Today at the meeting they were obviously referring to me.” As soon as he walked in the door, Dad started talking excitedly and nervously to Mom and Grandma, not even caring that we children were listening. “They stressed again and again that they already had enough information and they would give the person one last chance to confess. If he continued to hold back, they would have to name him publicly, and he would lose his chance at leniency.”
- <sup>32</sup> The adults went into the bathroom together and closed the door, but we could still hear them talking.
- <sup>33</sup> “Well, do you want to confess then? It might be better than being punished.” Grandma’s voice sounded unusually old.
- <sup>34</sup> “But I have no idea what they want me to confess.”
- <sup>35</sup> After a pause Mom’s voice said, “How about leaving the Party—”
- <sup>36</sup> Dad cut her short. “No. I did nothing wrong. How can I confess?”

- 37 I stopped knitting and looked up in alarm. Leaving the Party? What was that? Ji-yong and Ji-yun had tilted their heads to hear better.
- 38 “What about Fan Wen-chong coming to our house?” Mom asked. “He might have confessed he visited us. Maybe that’s what they meant when they said they already had the information... . They could say we were establishing counterrevolutionary ties.”
- 39 “Of course you won’t mention that. That would be betraying a friend.” Grandma was firm. “We promised not to tell anyone. Wen-chong has been a friend for over thirty years, and he certainly won’t say anything. We won’t say anything either.”
- 40 “But what if the theater decides to punish him?” Mom asked.
- 41 There was no answer. I could hear Dad pacing around the room, and I could smell the cigarette smoke coming through the crack under the door.
- 42 I started to knit again. It was the same story day after day: restlessness, anxiety, the adults’ arguments. It was nearly Chinese New Year, and no one even mentioned it.
- 43 I wanted to know what was going on, but I was afraid to hear any more bad news. I suddenly wished I could live at school. Then I could forget what was happening, and I could laugh again. I wished that I had been born into a trouble-free family.
- 44 Very early on Chinese New Year’s morning Grandma shook me awake. She was in tears.
- 45 “Your dad never came home last night. He’s been locked up.” Grandma laid her head on my pillow and continued to weep.
- 46 I stared at Grandma’s face, and my fingers tightened on the sleeve of my pajamas. He had not come home for the New Year’s Eve dinner, though we had waited until ten o’clock. We had gone to bed hoping that he would come later.
- 47 “He knew that he would be **detained** sooner or later. He told me not to worry too much.” Grandma’s voice was steady, but her tears kept dropping on my hand. Now I began crying too.
- 48 “Why?” Ji-yong was awake too. “What did they lock him up for?”

**detained:** kept in  
police custody

- 49 “I have no idea. I’m sure your father hasn’t done anything wrong,” Grandma said.
- 50 Mom’s weak voice was calling me. I jumped out of bed, threw on my padded coat, and ran over to her. Dad’s side of the quilt was untouched and the pillow was smooth. Mom lay in bed with her eyes tightly shut, her face a waxy yellow. I knew what that meant. She was having an attack of **Mènière’s** disease. She had had it for years, and an attack could come on at any time. The world would spin around her and she would feel weak and **nauseous**. Even opening her eyes would make her helplessly dizzy.
- 51 “How are you feeling, Mom?” I gently stroked the hand that was outside the quilt. “Would you like some soy milk? I’ll tell Ji-yong to go buy some.”
- 52 “No, no. I want you to give Uncle Tian a call. He might know what happened to your dad.” Mom fumbled under her pillow for her address book and handed it to me.
- 53 A little before seven I bundled up and dashed out into the cold.
- 54 In other years on New Year’s morning the streets would be littered with shreds of colored firecracker paper. Soon after breakfast people loaded with gifts would begin to stream out of their homes to wish friends and relatives a happy New Year. This year firecrackers were fouroids, and few people were in the mood to celebrate. Streets were so quiet that the city seemed almost deserted.
- 55 Following Mom’s instructions, I went to a telephone **kiosk** a few blocks from our alley so the neighbors would not overhear me asking about Dad. I waited, shivering, for the workers in Uncle Tian’s kiosk to fetch him.
- 56 “Uncle Tian, it’s me, Ji-li,” I said eagerly as soon as he got to the phone.
- 57 “Oh, Ji—” He stopped abruptly. “How are you?” he asked in his actor’s voice. I could tell he was afraid people at his phone kiosk were listening.
- 58 “Mom asked me to call to wish you Happy New Year, and to ask about things at work, and about Dad and all.” He was so guarded that I wanted to be vague too.
- 59 “Yesterday at the meeting they mentioned his name. He’s stubborn, you know. He wouldn’t talk about radio or establishing ties, so they lost patience. He— I’ve got to go. ‘Bye.” He hung up.

**Mènière’s:** a disease of the inner ear that affects hearing and balance

**nauseous:** sick to one’s stomach

**kiosk:** booth

- <sup>60</sup> Strong gusts of wind blew against me. I lowered my head and leaned forward to fight my way home.
- <sup>61</sup> Grandma was waiting for me on the stairs. Inside, I told Mom and Grandma what Uncle Tian had said. Mom looked even paler.
- <sup>62</sup> “Establishing counterrevolutionary ties and listening to foreign radio? It must be Fan Wen-chong who told them,” Grandma said slowly. “It must be. The radio was his idea, and he’s the only one who’s come here.” Her voice grew indignant. “Foreign radio! How could we listen to foreign radio? We haven’t had a short-wave radio for thirty years, since the Japanese invaded. Fan’s lying!”
- <sup>63</sup> “Mother, Mother. Calm down.” Mom patted Grandma **feebly**. “We don’t want the neighbors to hear. Don’t worry too much. When I feel better, I’ll go to the theater and ask.”
- <sup>64</sup> I went out to the kitchen to be alone.
- <sup>65</sup> It was freezing cold, and there was no food prepared, not even hot water. The frost patterns on the window were as beautiful as always, but I could not appreciate them. Every other New Year’s morning the kitchen would be bustling. Mom and Grandma would be making dumplings and my birthday noodles; we kids would be running in and out in our new clothes. Every guest who came to our home on New Year’s Day would also bring me a birthday gift. I always felt the whole country was celebrating my birthday.
- <sup>66</sup> Today I was fourteen. I started to write “Happy Birthday” on the frosted windows. The melted ice dripped down the window slowly and crookedly, like tears.
- <sup>67</sup> Late that evening I woke up and saw Grandma on her knees, mumbling quietly. “May Allah protect my son,” I heard her say. Then she wearily climbed into bed.
- <sup>68</sup> I sat on a bench outside the conference room of the district office of Mom’s store. Nervously, I fiddled with my coat buttons. On our way here Mom had been so still and quiet that I was frightened too. She had fainted again yesterday. She was really too weak to go out, but still her office had called to insist that she come. And Grandma had insisted that she take me with her.

**feebly:** weakly



- 69 Mom's office was in a building that had been a big house before Liberation. The narrow hallway was painted white, but the paint showed some stains. I stared at them. I could not hear what they were saying inside, but I knew it would not be anything good since they had received Mom so coldly and treated me so brusquely.
- 70 I could not help thinking of Dad. We had not seen him for days. I pictured him stubbornly refusing to confess. What was he supposed to confess? Uncle Fan's visit? Was that a crime? I was frightened. They would probably beat him, I thought. I saw Uncle Fan's battered face. And the terrible image of a still, dangling shape... Ming-ming's father...
- 71 I heard a man's voice raised above the others, and the words "your husband." They were talking about Dad! Without thinking, I slid down the bench to hear better. "Your refusal to help us is a very bad sign. Your husband's unit would not take such a step without very good evidence, and it is not likely that he could do it without your knowing. Your own position is very tenuous, you know."
- 72 A woman's voice was speaking, and I strained to hear. "... if you're as stubborn as your husband, we may have to take stronger actions. I'm sure you don't want that any more than we do.
- 73 I could not hear Mom's reply. I leaned even closer to the door. Mom's voice was only the faintest murmur.
- 74 The man's voice, even louder than before, was like an assault.
- 75 "Then there is nothing more to say until you decide to be reasonable. I'm sure your husband's unit will resume paying his salary when he confesses, and we will return yours to its former level when you decide to cooperate. I'm sure we will speak again soon." The door banged open and a cold-faced man strode out. He did not even glance at me. Two women also walked out of the room. One of them looked straight at me and sneered before she turned back to her companion.
- 76 Mom did not come out. I peeked in the door. She had collapsed on the table. "Mom! Mom!" I shouted in panic as I ran to her. Her eyes were closed tightly and her forehead was covered with beads of sweat despite the cold weather. "How are you feeling, Mom? Do you want some water?" I wiped her forehead with my handkerchief and stroked her back gently. Finally, without raising her head, she said weakly, "Don't worry, I'm all right."

77 Mom sat silently on my bike luggage rack, weak and pale. She bent over my seat and rested her arm on my shoulder. I clenched the handlebar tightly and walked the bike very slowly. I heard the distant whistle of a passing train, and I wished I could get on it and go far away, to a place without struggle meetings, without class status, without confessions.

78

\* \* \*

79 We had not seen or heard from Dad in a week since he had been detained. Mom asked me to take some clothes to him.

80 The Children's Art Theater was on Hua-shan Road, in a neighborhood that hardly seemed part of the city. Before Liberation only the wealthiest had lived here, in grand mansions set back from the street behind sturdy walls. Two rows of trees stretched their branches toward the sky, reaching across the trolley wires and holding hands with their sisters on the other side, giving the street a huge green parasol in the summertime.

81 I had always liked visiting Dad's theater. I enjoyed walking on the beautiful street, and I loved poking around inside the building, with its fascinating secrets.

82 But today the trees were bare. Not a soul could be seen on the street, and the theater seemed like a dark cave that waited to swallow anyone who dared approach.

83 When I left home, I tried to seem relaxed. I did not want Mom and Grandma to worry. But inside I was trembling. I did not want to go. But Grandma had been married to a landlord and Mom was in trouble because of Dad. I did not dare imagine what might happen if they went.

84 I stopped outside the office to gather my courage once more. Finally I tiptoed up to the reception desk. It was tall, almost too tall for me to see over. I raised my head and looked timidly at the receptionist.

85 "What do you want?" he asked without any expression.

86 "I came to see my father, Jiang Xi-reng." I held up the parcel Grandma had packed.

87 "Oh, Jiang Xi-reng's daughter." Neither his face nor his voice showed any emotion at all. "You're not allowed to see him. Leave your things here."

88 I hesitated for a second. Then I struggled to raise my package to the counter.

- 89 He emptied it onto the desk and quickly sorted through it: a few clothes, a woolen sweater I had just finished knitting, toothpaste, soap, a towel, and a jar of Grandma's fresh beef chili sauce. He put everything back in the bag except the chili sauce.
- 90 "No food is allowed." His cold tone told me no discussion was allowed either.
- 91 I took the still-warm jar in my hands and bit my lips. "Please, can I see my dad? Just for a moment? I won't say anything to him, I promise."
- 92 "I said no!" he snapped. "That's the rule."
- 93 "What's the matter?" Someone came out of the door behind the desk: a short, thin man with closely cropped hair. I did not know his name, but I recognized him as the foreman of the scene shop.
- 94 "This is Jiang Xi-reng's daughter. She's pestering me to see her father."
- 95 "Jiang Xi-reng..." He narrowed his eyes and looked at me with a calculating expression. His face was so thin that the skin seemed stretched over his cheekbones. His eyes were not large, but they were fierce and penetrating.
- 96 He frightened me. I stepped back from the desk and turned to go.
- 97 "All right. Follow me." His answer stunned me and astonished the receptionist. I followed close behind him into a hallway, hoping that he would not change his mind.
- 98 We went up and down and made several turns before we finally reached the dance studio. Three walls of the huge hall were covered by mirrors. The fourth contained a row of French windows looking out onto the spacious theater grounds below. The man pointed out the window.
- 99 There was Dad.
- 100 Even at a distance and in the poor light I recognized him immediately. He was carrying a large concrete pipe on his shoulder with Uncle Fan and two other men. His back was more stooped than I remembered, and he was awkwardly using his hands to take the weight of the pipe off his shoulder.
- 101 I wiped the tears away from my eyes and pressed my forehead against the window, trying to see more clearly.

- <sup>102</sup> At least he was still alive. At least he was still able to work. He wasn't lying on the floor, bruised and cut from beatings, as Grandma had imagined. But it was cold, and he was wearing only his old coffee-colored jacket. I hoped they would let him wear the new sweater I had brought him.
- <sup>103</sup> "All right, you've seen your father." The thin man's voice was cold. "Now I want to have a talk with you."
- <sup>104</sup> He led me into the small conference room next door and motioned for me to sit down across the table from him
- <sup>105</sup> "You saw your father. He is being remolded through labor. We have evidence that he has committed a serious counterrevolutionary crime." He paused and fixed me with his eyes. "But he is very stubborn and refuses to confess. And your mother. Humph. She's another despicable thing!"
- <sup>106</sup> "She's not a thing, she's a human being," I wanted to scream, but I knew that I should not provoke him. He could have me arrested, he could never let me see Dad again, he could beat Dad... I stared at the table.
- <sup>107</sup> "You are different from your parents. You were born and raised in New China. You are a child of Chairman Mao. You can choose your own destiny: You can make a clean break with your parents and follow Chairman Mao, and have a bright future; or you can follow your parents, and then... you will not come to a good end." As he spoke the last phrase, he paused meaningfully after each word.
- <sup>108</sup> I nodded. I could hardly breathe. All I wanted was to get away from there as fast as I could.
- <sup>109</sup> "Do you have anything to say?"
- <sup>110</sup> I shook my head quickly.
- <sup>111</sup> "You think it over. If you think of something, you can always come to talk to us," he said.
-

# An Educable Child

## Paragraphs 1–100

- <sup>1</sup> Grandma cried whenever she thought about Dad, and Mom was not getting any better, so I stayed home to help. While Ji-yong and Ji-yun were in school during the day, I shopped and sewed and worried. It was hard for me to keep my mind off Dad and the scene-shop foreman's threats.
- <sup>2</sup> The German clock struck four times. I was finishing the last sleeve of a jacket for Ji-yun before starting to make dinner when I heard a soft voice calling me from the alley. Who could it be? An Yi always came directly upstairs, and none of my junior high school friends knew where I lived. I put down the sleeve and went to the French window.
- <sup>3</sup> It was Lin-lin, eye-catching in her yellow corduroy jacket. She was shivering in the freezing wind. After a false spring the weather had turned cold again.
- <sup>4</sup> "This is a surprise," I said as I led her inside. "How did you get my address?"
- <sup>5</sup> "From Teacher Zhang. He wanted somebody to bring you a message about a meeting at school tomorrow, and I volunteered. You haven't been to school for days. I wondered if you were sick or something." She gave me her shy smile and fidgeted with the fringe of her scarf as if expecting a reproach.
- <sup>6</sup> I gave her a glass of hot water to warm her up.
- <sup>7</sup> "You're sewing?" she said when she saw the patterns and cloth spread all over the bed and table.
- <sup>8</sup> "Uh-huh." I smiled and nodded.
- <sup>9</sup> "You can sew? Did you make all these? Did your mom teach you how?"
- <sup>10</sup> I laughed. "No one taught me." I showed her the instruction book that I had found in a bookstore. "I learned from here. I just make a paper pattern, and when it looks right I pin it to the cloth and cut."
- <sup>11</sup> "That's great! I tried to learn once, but I just couldn't do it. I tried so hard to make a dress, but in the end I had to ask my mother to finish it for me."
- <sup>12</sup> My shoulders were aching from bending over the sewing machine all day, and I swung my arms back and forth to relax them. "If you had to do it,

you'd learn." I meant what I said. If Lin-lin's family had to live on just sixty **yuan** a month, and half of their clothes had been confiscated, she would learn to sew too.

13 She blinked her eyes and changed the subject. "Why haven't you come to school all this time?"

14 "My mom's been sick."

15 "Is it serious?"

16 "Yes. She has Mènière's syndrome. Sometimes she gets so dizzy that she passes out."

17 "My mother has intestinal **angina**. When she gets an attack, her belly hurts so much that she rolls around on her bed."

18 Before I could answer, Ji-yong walked in, with Grandma following him eagerly.

19 "How was it? Did you see your dad?" Grandma did not even notice our presence.

20 Ji-yong gloomily shook his head. "In the reception room they were packing apples to sell to the staff, and I asked them if I could buy some for Dad. One of them said, 'Buy apples for your father? You think he's in the hospital or something?' and they all laughed. I'm never going back there."

21 I looked at Lin-lin with embarrassment. She immediately stood up and said, "It's late. I'd better be going."

22 I went downstairs to see her off. Neither of us spoke.

23 "Thanks for coming." I opened the door for her.

24 "Oh, I almost forgot. Here is your math exercise notebook. I put the assignment sheet in it. Don't forget the meeting tomorrow. Four o'clock in the auditorium."

25 My hand was still on the doorknob. Suddenly, without thinking, I said, "My dad has been detained for interrogation."

26 I surprised myself when I said it. I had not meant to tell her, and I did not know why I trusted her so much after such a short time.

27 We looked at each other for a while. Finally she said softly, "I understand. Our house was searched too."

**yuan:** units of Chinese money

**angina:** disorder that causes pain in a specific part of the body

- 28 She turned and walked away. I watched her doll-like figure retreating through the cold wind, and somehow I felt much warmer.
- 29 The meeting had already begun when I arrived at the auditorium. I sat down right by the door. The leader of the school Revolutionary Committee, Chairman Jin, was making a speech on the current revolutionary situation. On the stage beside him were Teacher Hou, a Revolutionary Committee member, and, to my surprise, Chang Hong.
- 30 What sort of meeting was this? I looked around to see who was there. There were several Red Guard Committee members and key people from the propaganda group, along with several members of the Revolutionary Performance Team and the Mao Ze-dong Thought Study Group. Bai Shan was sitting near the door, bending over the paper in his lap.
- 31 Was this about the propaganda group again? I had told Chang Hong once already that I wouldn't join. No, that would not require such a formal meeting. While I was still guessing, Chairman Jin finished his summary of the steadily improving revolutionary situation.
- 32 "Comrades." He suddenly raised the pitch of his voice. "In order to support the Cultural Revolution and promote class struggle, our school's Red Guard Committee has decided to make a Class Education Exhibition to expose the class enemies' evil and remind us of the misery of the old society and our happiness today. This will inspire our students' revolutionary enthusiasm and further promote the Cultural Revolution in our school.
- 33 "Every student here today was handpicked for both academic and political excellence. You will represent all the teachers and students of our school when we celebrate the Communist Party Birthday on July first...."
- 34 Academic and political excellence? There must have been a mistake. Even though my classmates didn't know me very well, the teachers certainly knew about my family background. My personal file recorded everything. I imagined the sneers. "Political excellence? A black whelp criticizing landlords?"
- 35 In the middle of Chang Hong's speech on behalf of the Red Guard Committee, I slipped unnoticed out of the auditorium and headed for Teacher Zhang's office.

- 36 The stairway in the old office building was dark and narrow. At a landing I almost bumped into someone coming down. It was Teacher Zhang himself.
- 37 "Teacher Zhang," I stammered, caught unprepared. "I... I was coming to see you."
- 38 "Oh? Is there something I can help you with? Would you like to come to my office?"
- 39 "That's all right. It won't take long." I swallowed and calmed down a little. "I was told to attend the meeting about the exhibition. Did you know that?" I started cautiously.
- 40 "I was the one who suggested your name. Did you go? How was it?" he asked lightly.
- 41 "Oh. The meeting was fine, but... but..." I struggled to find the appropriate words. "But I'm not really a leader, am I?" I shook my head slightly and tried to smile.
- 42 He didn't answer my question. "I was told you were in the Children's Arts Troupe. Is that true?"
- 43 "Um..."
- 44 "Your **Mandarin** is excellent, and you won several speech contests. Is that right?"
- 45 "Well, that was in primary school, a long time ago.... How did you know?" I felt like he was cornering me.
- 46 "I think you're the perfect one to represent our class as a guide at the exhibition."
- 47 "Oh, no, no!" I blurted out. My own grandfather was a landlord. How could I condemn the evil landlords of the old society? What if Yin Lan-lan or Du Hai saw me?
- 48 "Teacher Zhang, I'm sure there's someone in our class who can do a better job. You'd better find someone else."
- 49 "I've thought it over. I think you are the best one. Jiang Ji-li, this is an important political assignment. I hope you will accept it and try to win honor for our class. All right?"



- 50 I almost lost the courage to refuse again, but I thought of my landlord grandfather, of Dad detained at the theater.
- 51 “Teacher Zhang, did... did you ever look at my file?” It took an effort to ask the question. If he knew about the speech contests, then he must know about Grandpa and about the Red Guards searching our apartment.
- 52 His face was expressionless as he moved his hand from the railing and put it in his pocket. He did not reply immediately.
- 53 “We cannot choose our families or our class status. But we can choose our own futures.” He spoke very slowly and clearly. “No, you are not a leader, but you are still an ‘educable child.’ You can overcome your family background.” He paused. “You have self-esteem, and you always try to excel. That’s why I believe you are brave enough to face and eventually overcome the difficulties of life.”
- 54 It was very dark on the stairs. Everything appeared dim except for his piercing, shining eyes. I felt an older brother’s sincerity and trust in his look. “Brave enough to face and eventually overcome the difficulties of life,” I repeated to myself, and felt something catch in my throat.
- 55 “I’ll do it,” I said simply, and walked away. I was afraid I would cry if I said another word.
- 56 The sun was setting, and the western sky was a sheet of gold and rose. I stopped, my heart full of awe at the **immensity** of the world.
- 57 I had wanted to give up. I had almost stopped trying to be brave, to be an educable child. I saw another part of myself, a part full of fear that I had to struggle against. I would not allow myself to stop trying to follow Chairman Mao. Whatever my family background was, I would overcome all difficulties. My future would be bright.
- 58 As it grew dark, the whole city seemed to slow down. The school, too, was no longer its bustling daytime self. Only the propaganda group office was ablaze with light, like a brightly lit cabin in the middle of a dark and silent forest.
- 59 On the other side of the room Bai Shan and some other boys were painting a picture in preparation for the Class Education Exhibition. We girls were sitting around a big table, gluing dyed **millet** grains onto a huge sheet of paper to make a portrait of Chairman Mao.

**immensity:**  
hugeness

**millet:** kind of  
seeded plant

- 60 “It’s taken us six hours just to finish two eyebrows and the ears. This is going to be a long job!” a girl said. She spoke quickly and loudly, sounding just like her nickname, Ducky.
- 61 “If I’d known that it was going to take this long, I would have said let’s just draw something,” Fang Fang grumbled.
- 62 “Come on, we all agreed to do this.” Chang Hong moved quickly to put down the disagreement. She pointed at Ducky with her tweezers. “You said that we should do something new and different.” She turned to Fang Fang. “And you said that the three-dimensional millet grains would look better and show our loyalty to Chairman Mao better than a drawing. Do you remember?”
- 63 “I didn’t say I wanted to quit. I just said it’s slow,” Ducky said sulkily.
- 64 “We’d better stop arguing and get back to work,” I said. “Otherwise we’ll never finish.” I looked up at the boys’ table and hoped that they were not laughing at our **squabbling**.
- 65 “Let’s take a break,” Chang Hong suggested. “Have some steamed buns while I go make some tea. If we just march on resolutely, we are bound to succeed.” She threw a bag of buns on the table and ran out.
- 66 No one said anything. Ducky took a bun and bit into it.
- 67 That afternoon we couldn’t wait to start. We had all bustled around boiling water and dying millet and getting snacks. The enthusiasm had reminded me of the glorious revolutionary activities that I had seen in the movies. We were proud to be part of the revolution, excited to be doing such an important job. Now, only a few hours later, the enthusiasm had completely disappeared. We had not anticipated that the job would take so long. Now it seemed that we would have to work all night to finish before tomorrow’s meeting.
- 68 I couldn’t help yawning. This would be the fourth time I had worked all night since we had started to prepare the exhibition. Although it was months away, there were so many things to do, so many deadlines to meet: deciding on the contents of the exhibition, writing the script, designing the layout, decorating the exhibition hall... I was amazed at how I could do so much and still leave time for study and housework.
- 69 “Jiang Ji-li,” one of the boys called me. I was surprised to find that it was

**squabbling:**  
pointless arguing

Bai Shan. It was the first time that I had ever heard him call me by name. "The painting is done. When Chang Hong comes back, tell her we've gone home." He started to go, then stopped and gestured toward the painting. "Don't touch it. It's not dry yet."

70 As soon as the boys left, we rushed to look at their picture. It was a Chinese ink painting. The rising sun was spreading its rays and a rooster was crowing loudly and joyfully.

71 "'The Rooster Sings, for the East Is Turning Red,'" Ducky read loudly. "Wow, what a great picture!"

72 "And the handwriting is so beautiful too," I added. "Bai Shan is really talented, isn't he? He does everything so well."

73 "You like him, don't you, Ji-li? I think he likes you too. He's always looking at you," Ducky said suddenly.

74 "Don't be so childish," I snapped. Having my name connected with a boy's was the last thing I needed. Things were hard enough as it was. "Spare me your dirty gossip, all right?"

75 Just in time, Chang Hong came rushing in. "Here's the tea. What's up? Oh, they're finished? Let me have a look." She elbowed her way to the front.

76 "What do you think? It's really wonderful, isn't it?" Ducky gushed.

77 "Hmm..." Chang Hong considered. "Why isn't the sun painted red? Since the title is 'The Rooster Sings, for the East Is Turning Red,' the sun should be red, shouldn't it?" Her hand was almost touching the painting.

78 Ever since Bai Shan had left self-study class that day, Chang Hong had seemed to disapprove of him. She was, after all, a Red Guard Committee member, and she suspected him of disrespect toward Chairman Mao.

79 I gently moved her hand away. "This is an ink painting. It only uses black ink."

80 By three o'clock in the morning we could hardly stay awake. Tea and snacks could no longer stimulate our exhausted minds. We yawned in turn, as if we were counting off in formation. As soon as Chang Hong suggested that we take turns sleeping, Ducky and Fang Fang leaned their heads on the table and fell fast asleep. Chang Hong and I washed our faces in cold water and soldiered on toward Chairman Mao's collar

81 Outside our office the world seemed to disappear. The dark silence seemed to gradually thicken, until even time could not move as usual. Each minute seemed endless. My eyes were dry and heavy, and I could not control my hands. I had to try over and over to pick up each grain of millet. I wished I could go home to sleep under my own warm quilt.

82 Home... I sighed.

83 There was still no news about Dad. Mom had secretly asked Uncle Tian for information, but all we knew was that Dad still refused to confess and had been the victim of several struggle meetings. I could not think of those meetings without thinking of the scene-shop foreman's icy stare. I could not help wondering what Dad had done.

84 I sighed again.

85 "What's the matter?" Chang Hong raised her sleepy eyes.

85 "Oh, I'm just sleepy I guess."

87 A moment later Chang Hong said to me softly, "Ji-li, I envy you so much."

88 "Envy me? Why?" I was surprised beyond politeness.

89 "You're so good in school, and so talented—"

90 "Oh, that doesn't mean anything." Looking into her earnest eyes, I blurted out, "I envy you. You have such a good family, and such a good political status."

91 She looked down at the table blankly. After a long while she spoke again, slowly and softly. "My brother has **epilepsy**. He's eleven, but he can't dress himself or feed himself." She paused. "He has seizures every day, at least one or two, sometimes more."

92 "That's terrible!" I could say nothing more.

93 "I love him very much." She raised her eyes again to look at me. "I'm his favorite. Sometimes he won't eat when my mother tries to feed him, but if I do it, he will."

94 I could hardly believe that this person was the revolutionary Chang Hong I knew.

95 "Will he... will he die?" I could not stop myself from asking.

**epilepsy:** a disorder that can be marked by sudden violent uncontrollable movement and loss of awareness

- <sup>96</sup> She looked down at the table again. It seemed like a long time before she answered. “The doctors say he won’t live past his teens. We just don’t know. He’s not in very good shape these days.”
- <sup>97</sup> “Why don’t you stay home with him? In case...”
- <sup>98</sup> “I’ve thought about that.” She looked away from my face to the litter on the table. “But we can’t allow personal matters to interfere with revolutionary duties. Especially for an important political assignment like the exhibition.”
- <sup>99</sup> Watching her sincere and earnest eyes, I completely forgot that she was a Red Guard Committee member. Through the quiet of the early morning we talked and talked, like friends or sisters.
- <sup>100</sup> By the time our classmates arrived at school the next morning, we had finally completed the picture—made with thousands of millet grains and thousands of yawns. But we could not enjoy our accomplishment or the praise of teachers and classmates. We put our heads on the table and fell fast asleep.
-

# Half-City Jiangs

## Paragraphs 35–64

- <sup>35</sup> I heard Pudge's snide voice again. "Jiang Ji-li, is your family related to Chiang Kai-shek too?" My other classmates had stood in excited knots, looking at me over their shoulders, before turning back to their gossip. I remembered the **jeering** chant of the neighborhood boys who had followed me down the alley: "*Half-City Jiangs! Half-City Jiangs! Down with the landlord Half-City Jiangs!*"
- <sup>36</sup> No! I did not want to have this damned name anymore! I had had enough. All my bad luck and humiliation came from the name Jiang. I had seen stories in the paper about people who had changed their names. They had started life anew. If I just dropped my family name, I could be named Ji Li and be lucky, just as it meant.
- <sup>37</sup> I stepped forward. "Comrade?" I called toward the dark reception room. No one answered.
- <sup>38</sup> I looked at the directory and headed up the stairs to the household registration office.
- <sup>39</sup> The sign on the door said, RESIDENCE REGISTRATION, and below that was an even larger sign that said, NO ENTRANCE WITHOUT PERMISSION. There was a barred window about two feet square and a huge slogan, which occupied one whole wall: CLASS STRUGGLE IS THE KEY.
- <sup>40</sup> I looked through the window. The office was empty, but the lights were on, and I could hear a radio playing behind a plywood **partition**.
- <sup>41</sup> "Comrade."
- <sup>42</sup> There was no answer.
- <sup>43</sup> "Comrade?" I raised my voice and knocked loudly on the counter.
- <sup>44</sup> A chair moved inside the office, and a man came out from behind the plywood partition. It was Officer Ma, the policeman in charge of residence registration for our neighborhood.
- <sup>45</sup> "What do you want?" he asked impatiently before he even looked at me. "Can't you let me have lunch in peace?" He waved his chopsticks at me.

**jeering:** unkind,  
teasing

**partition:** divider

- 46 “I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m terribly sorry,” I said, shrinking back with my schoolbag in front of me like a shield.
- 47 “What is it?” He stared down at me through the window, picking his teeth with his finger.
- 48 “I can wait until you’ve finished lunch,” I said apologetically.
- 49 “I asked you what you want, but I don’t care if you don’t want to tell me.” He turned around.
- 50 “Wait! I... I want to change my name,” I said timidly.
- 51 “What?”
- 52 “I want to change my name.”
- 53 “Change your name? Why?” He picked his teeth again.
- 54 “I... I don’t have a good class status. So I want to change my family name.”
- 55 He took his finger out of his mouth and began to pay attention. “Good. Revolutionary action.” He opened the door. “Come in, come in. I’ll be ready in no time.”
- 56 I looked at him nervously. When he came into our alley, he held his head high and spoke in **domineering** tones. He seemed to swagger, and enjoyed having power. I did not trust this sudden friendliness.
- 57 He pointed me to a chair. “Making a clean break with your black family, that’s good. We absolutely support you.”
- 58 Break with my family? I did not understand him.
- 59 “Chairman Mao says you can’t choose your class status but you can choose your future. You couldn’t choose the family you were born into, but now that you’ve grown up, it’s time for you to choose your future. You can tell your parents you’ll follow Chairman Mao, not them. If they give you any trouble, just come here and tell us. We’ll go to their work units and hold struggle meetings against them... .”
- 60 He went on and on, waving his chopsticks. I was totally confused. I had only wanted to break with all those landlords in my family, not with Mom and Dad. Would changing my name mean breaking off relations with them? I thought of Aunt Xi-wen lying in the alley, and Shan-shan walking right past her.

**domineering:**  
forceful and bossy

<sup>61</sup> “Well, I’ll go wash my hands and be back to register you in a minute.”  
He walked out of the office.

<sup>62</sup> I sat in the empty room, picturing telling Mom and Dad that I had  
changed my name.

<sup>63</sup> I jumped up and ran out. The street was still the same. The sun was  
shining warmly, and there were few people in sight. I slowly loosened my  
fist from the strap of my schoolbag. It was dripping with sweat.

<sup>64</sup> The street was still the same. The sun was shining warmly, and there  
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# The Class Education Exhibition

## Paragraphs 1–59

- <sup>1</sup> The mournful sound of a Chinese fiddle echoed around the booths in the school exhibition hall.
- <sup>2</sup> It's only a preview, I thought. I was a veteran of many speech contests and I should not have been so nervous. But the school leaders and district leaders were coming to evaluate us, and because of that article in the *Workers' Revolt*, the preview became especially important to me.
- <sup>3</sup> The article had been like a bomb blowing holes in my life. In our alley, at school, and at Mom's office people gossiped about our family. I had thought I was going to be kicked out of the exhibition. Each night as I lay in bed, I told myself that I would rather quit than be rejected; I would talk to Chang Hong the next day. Then each day in school I had been seized by a new determination not to give in to pressure. I knew that I could represent the class better than anyone else. Why should I quit? Why let those old landlords ruin my life? Finally I had decided. Everyone already knew the worst about me. Let them think what they would. I would do an excellent job to prove myself. I had to win my honor back.
- <sup>4</sup> The exhibition hall seemed like a new building. The partitions between the cafeteria and the gym had been taken down, and the space had been redivided into twelve booths. The pictures, photos, drawings, and clay statues displayed in each booth gave the hall a strong serious atmosphere. I was narrating the part on the horrors of the old China.
- <sup>5</sup> "Now let's look at two more of Liu Wen-cai's slaves," I said, gesturing to the statues of the infamous landlord and his victims.
- <sup>6</sup> "This is the blind old grandfather. Every day, in bitter cold or in scorching sun, his little granddaughter led him out to beg for their food. With the little food that he managed to receive, how could he repay his debt to the landlord? Each year the debt increased. Finally, Liu Wen-cai forced him to give his granddaughter in payment. How could he do that? She was his eyes, his whole life. But what else could he do to escape from this brutal landlord? With tears in his sightless eyes, he said to her, 'My dearest, you must go with Mr. Liu. It is not because I do not love you, it is that black-hearted landlord who is tearing us apart.'" My voice trembled slightly, and I became more and more emotional as I spoke.

- 7 “The poor granddaughter had never been separated from her grandfather before. He was the one who tucked her quilt around her each night, and he was the one who comforted her when she cried.” I pointed to the statues. “Look at her, crying piteously as she is pulled away by the landlord, her hand stretching out to her grandfather....”
- 8 I was nearly in tears as I finished my presentation. Dozens of evaluators were wiping their eyes as Teacher Yu moved them on to the next booth. Even Bai Shan, who was in charge of the exhibit’s design and had heard my presentation several times in rehearsal, was blinking back tears.
- 9 I heaved a long sigh and collapsed onto my stool. I wiped my sweaty hands on my pants and picked up a book to fan myself.
- 10 “Ji-li.” I heard someone outside the window calling me. I raised the bamboo blind and saw An Yi and Lin-lin.
- 11 “What are you doing here?”
- 12 “We wanted to see your presentation, but they wouldn’t let us in. We had to stand here and listen to you. You did a terrific job!” An Yi’s face was glowing.
- 13 “It’s true. You were very good.” Lin-lin was more reserved but just as sincere.
- 14 “Well, it’s such a touching story that anyone could make it work.” I leaned farther out the window.
- 15 Someone patted me on the back.
- 16 “What are you doing? Get in here! Chairman Jin is coming.”
- 17 Hastily I drew back inside. The visitors who had just left were standing in front of me again. Chang Hong whispered to me, “Chairman Jin wants to talk to you.”
- 18 I shivered. I knew this would happen, I thought. Now he was going to say I was a landlord’s granddaughter, and humiliate me in front of everyone. I should have quit after all. I should have—I was so **flustered** that I knocked over a stool as I approached Chairman Jin.
- 19 Chairman Jin towered over me. I looked up into his serious eyes and immediately lowered mine.
- 20 “This Class Education Exhibition is a very powerful weapon,” he said. “Appropriately used, it can strengthen class identification and deepen the

**flustered:**  
confused and  
nervous

hatred of class enemies. Your presentation was very emotional, and the audience was deeply affected. I hope you can help the others to improve their presentations, and make the exhibition a success.”

21 I was puzzled. Was he praising me? I looked around the group and saw nothing but approval in their eyes.

22 “By the way, I suggest you add a quotation from Chairman Mao’s works to the end of the presentation, so you can finish on an inspiring note.” Chairman Jin clasped his hands behind his back and looked at the others as if he were asking for their opinions. Everyone nodded. Chang Hong was taking notes with a proud smile on her face.

23 They went on to another booth to make their suggestions. I slowly sat down, shouting to myself, “I did it!”

24 During Math class a few days later, Teacher Hou from the Revolutionary Committee popped his head into my classroom. He barely glanced at Teacher Li before saying **curtly**, “Jiang Ji-li, come to our office right away. Someone wants to talk to you.”

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

26 I tried not to panic. Maybe it was not bad. Maybe it was about the exhibition. Maybe Chairman Jin wanted me to help the others with their presentations. At the end of the long, dark hallway Teacher Hou silently motioned me into the office and then walked away.

27 I wiped my hands on my trousers and slowly opened the door. The thin-faced foreman from Dad’s theater was right in front of me.

28 My face must have shown my **dismay**.

29 “Sit down, sit down. Don’t be afraid.” Chairman Jin pointed to the empty chair. “These comrades from your father’s work unit are just here to have a study session with you. It’s nothing to worry about.”

30 I sat down dumbly.

31 I had thought about their coming to my home but never imagined this. They were going to expose my family in front of my teachers and classmates. I would have no pride left. I would never be an educable child again.

**curtly**: briefly and rudely

**dismay**: fear and disappointment

- <sup>32</sup> Thin-Face sat opposite me, with a woman I had never seen before. Teacher Zhang was there too, his eyes encouraging me.
- <sup>33</sup> Thin-Face came straight to the point. “Your father’s problems are very serious.” His cold eyes nailed me to my seat. “You may have read the article in the *Workers’ Revolt* that exposed your family’s filthy past.” I slumped down in my chair without taking my eyes off his face. “In addition to coming from a landlord family, your father committed some serious mistakes during the Antirightist Movement several years ago, but he still obstinately refuses to confess.” His cold manner became a little more animated. “Of course we won’t tolerate this. We have decided to make an example of him. We are going to have a struggle meeting of the entire theater system to criticize him and force him to confess.” He suddenly pounded the table with his fist. The cups on the table rattled.
- <sup>34</sup> I tore my eyes away from him and stared at a cup instead.
- <sup>35</sup> “As I told you before, you are your own person. If you want to make a clean break with your black family, then you can be an educable child and we will welcome you to our revolutionary ranks.” He gave Chairman Jin a look, and Chairman Jin chimed in, “That’s right, we welcome you.”
- <sup>36</sup> “Jiang Ji-li has always done well at school. In addition to doing very well in her studies, she participates in educational reform,” Teacher Zhang added.
- <sup>37</sup> “That’s very good. We knew that you had more sense than to follow your father,” Thin-Face said with a brief, frozen smile. “Now you can show your revolutionary determination.” He paused. “We want you to testify against your father at the struggle meeting.”
- <sup>38</sup> I closed my eyes. I saw Dad standing on a stage, his head bowed, his name written in large black letters, and then crossed out in red ink, on a sign hanging from his neck. I saw myself standing in the middle of the stage, facing thousands of people, **condemning** Dad for his crimes, raising my fist to lead the chant, “Down with Jiang Xi-reng.” I saw Dad looking at me hopelessly, tears on his face.
- <sup>39</sup> “I... I...” I looked at Teacher Zhang for help. He looked away.
- <sup>40</sup> The woman from the theater spoke. “It’s really not such a hard thing to do. The key is your class stance. The daughter of our former Party Secretary resolved to make a clean break with her mother. When she went onstage

**condemning:**  
harshly criticizing

to condemn her mother, she actually slapped her face. Of course, we don't mean that you have to slap your father's face. The point is that as long as you have the correct class stance, it will be easy to testify." Her voice grated on my ears.

41 "There is something you can do to prove you are truly Chairman Mao's child." Thin-Face spoke again. "I am sure you can tell us some things your father said and did that show his landlord and rightist mentality." I stared at the table, but I could feel his eyes boring into me. "What can you tell us?"

42 "But I don't know anything," I whispered. "I don't know—"

43 "I am sure you can remember something if you think about it," Thin-Face said. "A man like him could not hide his true beliefs from a child as smart as you. He must have made comments critical of Chairman Mao and the Cultural Revolution. I am sure you are loyal to Chairman Mao and the Communist Party. Tell us!"

44 "But my father never said anything against Chairman Mao," I protested weakly. "I would tell you if he did." My voice grew stronger with conviction. "He never said anything against the Party."

45 "Now, you have to choose between two roads." Thin-Face looked straight into my eyes. "You can break with your family and follow Chairman Mao, or you can follow your father and become an enemy of the people." His voice grew more severe. "In that case we would have many more study sessions, with your brother and sister too, and the Red Guard Committee and the school leaders. Think about it. We will come back to talk to you again."

46 Thin-Face and the woman left, saying they would be back to get my statement. Without knowing how I got there, I found myself in a narrow passageway between the school building and the school-yard wall. The gray concrete walls closed around me, and a slow drizzle dampened my cheeks. I could not go back to the classroom, and I could not go home. I felt like a small animal that had fallen into a trap, alone and helpless, and sure that the hunter was coming.

47 All night I hardly slept. I saw Thin-Face's hard eyes, and I saw tears on Dad's cheeks. In the early morning I finally fell into a troubled sleep. I awoke just half an hour before I had to report to the exhibition. I washed and dressed and ran out the door, still rubbing my swollen eyes.

- 48 I pushed yesterday's events out of my mind. Today was the opening of the exhibition, and I was determined to do a good job.
- 49 I approached the exhibition hall. Through the open door I could see everyone sitting in a circle. The briefing had already started. I broke into a run. Someone stepped toward me from the shadow of the holly bush beside the door: Bai Shan.
- 50 I knew he had been taking an interest in me, but I had never showed I noticed. I did not want to be gossiped about. I ran by, wondering what he was doing there.
- 51 "Jiang Ji-li," he said softly. "Brace yourself."
- 52 I paused, but I was already inside. Chairman Jin looked up at me. Following his eyes, all the students turned toward me as well. Chairman Jin stared at me, and I stopped, rooted to the floor. For an eternity I was surrounded by a deafening silence.
- 53 "Jiang Ji-li," Chairman Jin said at last. "Yesterday we—that is the Revolutionary Committee—discussed your situation. Because of your political situation we decided to let Fang Fang replace you. You can go home now. I'll talk to you later."
- 54 His face was cold and closed. I looked at the others, those who had laughed and joked and prepared the presentation with me for months. Some looked sympathetic, and some turned their eyes away. I could not bear to see any more. I ran out of the hall.
- 55 "Jiang Ji-li!" I heard someone calling my name, but I just lowered my head and kept running.
- 56 "Jiang Ji-li!" Someone passed and stopped in front of me: Bai Shan again.
- 57 I turned my eyes away. I struggled to look calm, to keep him from seeing my shame. I did not want his pity.
- 58 He looked at me for a few seconds before he spoke. "Here, this is yours." He handed me something. It was dark green. A book. A dictionary, with "Jiang" written in the corner. I had left it in the exhibition booth.
- 59 I did not say a word. I did not look at him. I did not take the book. I just ran away.

# The Incriminating Letter

## Paragraphs 2–77

- <sup>2</sup> Someone knocked very softly at the door: two knocks, a pause, and three more. Mom opened the door without even asking who was there, and I heard Uncle Tian's voice. He and Mom disappeared into the bathroom.
- <sup>3</sup> Before long the bathroom door opened again and Mom showed Uncle Tian out. "I'll let you know when I've finished revising it." She closed the door behind him and came back in. "It's late. Go to sleep," she said to me softly. She put some pieces of paper onto her nightstand and went back into the bathroom.
- <sup>4</sup> I turned off the light and closed my eyes. What were those papers? Why had she said, "I'll let you know when it's finished"? What was going on?
- <sup>5</sup> It was very quiet in the room. Ji-yong and Ji-yun had fallen asleep a while ago. Grandma was dozing on her bed, with her glasses on her nose and the newspaper on her chest. I heard Mom washing and knew she would be in the bathroom for at least fifteen minutes. Impulsively I slipped out of bed and, without even putting on my slippers, tiptoed over to Mom's bed.
- <sup>6</sup> Several sheets of paper were folded together on the nightstand. I picked up the one on top and held it under the soft light of Mom's bedside lamp. I held my breath as I read the first words: "Respected Comrades of the Municipal Party Committee."
- <sup>7</sup> I pressed the letter against my chest. The beginning of it made me too nervous to read any further. I heard Mom turning the water tap and looked guiltily over my shoulder. Then I read the rest of the letter as fast as I could.
- <sup>8</sup> The letter complained about the situation in the theater. The faction in power, the Rebels, did whatever they wanted, ignoring the **policy** directives from the Central Committee of the Party, the letter said. They treated people with nonpolitical problems, like Aunt Wu, as class enemies, and they had humiliated her, shaving half of her head in a yin-yang hairdo. They frequently beat their prisoners and had already beaten two to death. They even recorded the screams and moans of the prisoners being tortured, and played the tapes to frighten other prisoners under interrogation.
- <sup>9</sup> "We urgently hope," the letter concluded, "that the Municipal Party

**policy:** set of rules



Committee will investigate this situation and correct it before it is too late." The letter was signed, "The Revolutionary Masses."

- <sup>10</sup> I tiptoed back to bed. My heart pounded inside my chest. Although the letter was merely reporting facts to a superior, it was a complaint about the Rebels at the theater. If they found out about it, Mom and Uncle Tian would be in serious trouble. And what would happen to Dad and Aunt Wu? What if Thin-Face found out? Would he blame me for not telling him?
- <sup>11</sup> I heard Mom go to bed. Lying in the darkness with my eyes open, I could not stop imagining all the horrors that could result from this letter. I was scared, and I did not know what to do.
- <sup>12</sup> It was dusk. I was shelling soybeans. Ji-yun and her classmate Xiao Hong-yin were laughing and chatting in the room and Ji-yong was busy making a slingshot. Running water was gurgling from the roof. Grandma was washing clothes. Mom had gone to answer a telephone call.
- <sup>13</sup> The kitchen was getting dark, but I did not bother to turn the light on. I stared out the window. Another day had passed, and still Thin Face had not shown up. What was he waiting for? What should I say when he came? What would he do to me?
- <sup>14</sup> I sighed and shelled more beans.
- <sup>15</sup> How was Dad? Surely they must have struggled with him enough. Had they beaten him? Since I had read Mom's letter two days ago, I had seen Dad in my mind, not just carrying concrete pipes and wiping away tears, but being tortured.
- <sup>16</sup> Had he really done something wrong? Why wouldn't he confess if he had? Was he really a rightist as they said?...
- <sup>17</sup> Suddenly pounding feet on the stairs jerked me back to reality. Mom ran up the stairs panic-stricken, yelling, "The letter, the letter." Grandma and I followed Mom into the room.
- <sup>18</sup> "The theater people are coming to search the house. The Dictatorship Group is watching the entrance to the alley. They wouldn't even let me answer the phone." We all stared at her as she reached under her pillow. "Quick!" Mom thrust a letter into my hand. "Hide this. We can't let them find it. I'll try to slow them down." She staggered downstairs. Xiao Hong-yin hurried out behind her.



- <sup>19</sup> I stood there dumbly. Searches were not allowed now without permission of the police. How could they be searching us? We had already been searched once before.
- <sup>20</sup> The loud voices on the stairs shook me awake. I looked at the letter—the thick, heavy letter that Mom and Uncle Tian had written to the Municipal Party Committee. My hand began to shake.
- <sup>21</sup> I rushed into the room and looked around desperately. No, the room would be thoroughly ransacked. I ran back out to the kitchen. Behind the sink? No. I dashed into the bathroom. Toilet tank? No. Where? Where should I hide it? I could not think. I could feel the blood throbbing in my temples.
- <sup>22</sup> Suddenly I remembered Little White's litter box. I dashed up to the roof. By the time I had smoothed out the ashes and walked downstairs, the searchers were already at the door.
- <sup>23</sup> Mom stood in the doorway, trying to keep Thin-Face from rushing in. "The Municipal Party Committee has directed that no searches are allowed without permission of the police."
- <sup>24</sup> Thin-Face sneered. He fished a piece of paper out of his pocket and thrust it in front of Mom's nose. "Read this. The authorities have determined that Jiang Xi-reng is a landlord who has escaped detection and gone unpunished. You're a damned landlord's wife." He threw the paper in Mom's face and rushed into the room with his crew.
- <sup>25</sup> What a ransacking!
- <sup>26</sup> They had brought big lights and thick wires from the theater and strung them through the room and on the roof and balcony. The whole apartment blazed like a movie set. We could hear the hubbub from the crowd of spectators outside in the alley.
- <sup>27</sup> Thin-Face and his crew were methodical and thorough. They emptied every trunk and every drawer, tore the beds and sofa apart, and even searched the dusty attic carefully.
- <sup>28</sup> One woman found the rags cut from Grandma's old gowns. "We can piece these together and use them for the Landlord Jiang Xi-reng's struggle meeting. It is excellent proof of his luxurious lifestyle," she said excitedly, and the whole box was carried away. Someone else saw the round

porcelain stool under the window. It was cracked, so we had not been able to sell it like the other one. "This is a valuable antique from the Qian-long period," he said. The stool was taken away.

29

\* \* \*

30 The search went on and on. Ji-yun, Ji-yong, and I sat in a corner of the room, trembling at the slamming of the wardrobe and the chests. My mind was entirely on the letter under the ashes. Suddenly Ji-yong stood up and walked toward one of the ransackers.

31 "I borrowed that book." He pointed toward a pile that the man was going to carry away.

32 "What? What did you say?" The young man turned around and arrogantly looked down on Ji-yong.

33 "I borrowed that book. I need to return it."

34 The young man pulled the book out of the pile. "The Wild Animals I Have Raised," he read aloud. He scrutinized the book and then looked back at Ji-yong.

35 "Do you know what kind of book this is?"

36 "No. What kind is it?"

37 "It's a translation that propagates the bourgeois theory of humanitarianism."

38 "I don't care what it propagates. I borrowed it and I have to return it tomorrow." Ji-yong was feeling obstinate.

39 "You've got some nerve for a little black bastard. How dare you plead for this damned revisionist book?" He held the book in front of Ji-yong's face and very slowly began tearing the cover off.

40 Ji-yong rushed toward him and tried to grab the book. The man grabbed Ji-yong's collar and pulled my brother toward him, and then suddenly pushed away. Ji-yong staggered several steps backward and fell on a heap of clothes. He tried to stand up and rush at the man again, but Ji-yun and I jumped on him and held him down.

41 "He hit me! Let me go! Let me go!" His eyes were filled with tears. He struggled violently under our arms. I could feel his gasps against my face.

- 42 While we were struggling to hold Ji-yong down, Six-Fingers bustled in. He pulled Thin-Face into a corner and whispered something, then left.
- 43 Thin-Face watched us struggling like a hunter watching the animals in his trap. Ji-yong stopped fighting, and I straightened up.
- 44 “We’ve seen a lot of each other lately, haven’t we?” He gave a grimace meant to suggest a smile. “According to reliable sources, you hid a very important letter just before we arrived.” He paused and examined our reactions carefully. “Here is the opportunity for you to help Chairman Mao’s revolution. Who can win the most honor by telling us first?”
- 45 I felt an intense rush of heat, as if my whole body were flushed.
- 46 “This was reported by a member of the revolutionary masses.” He was talking only to me now. “We even know where it was hidden, but before I go get it, I’ll give you one last chance to prove your loyalty to Chairman Mao. And then...”
- 47 It must have been Ji-yun’s classmate Xiao Hong-yin, I thought. She was there when Mom gave me the letter. She must have reported it. But she didn’t see me hide the letter. They couldn’t know where it was.
- 48 Seeing that there was no response, Thin-Face took off his smiling mask. He stepped in front of me, bent over, and suddenly shouted in my face, “Don’t you know, or is it just that you don’t want to talk?”
- 49 I shivered. Ji-yun grasped my shirt and buried her face in my back. Thin-Face’s head was only inches from mine. His bloodshot eyes bulged out so much that the whites seemed much larger than usual. His skin was red with rage. He looked so savage that I shrank back, sure that he was going to hit me. I shut my eyes and clenched my teeth. “I don’t know.”
- 50 My heart pounded. I waited. Nothing happened. I opened my eyes.
- 51 “So you don’t want to talk,” he snarled. “I think I can figure out a way to help you.” He straightened up and shouted to the young man who had torn the book. “Bring the two landlords’ wives in here!”
- 52 Grandma was leaning heavily on Mom as they came into the room.
- 53 Thin-Face was in front of them immediately. “Leniency for those who confess, severity for those who resist. I’m sure you remember that. Now. Where did you hide the letter? Confess!”

- 54 Mom's face changed color. Grandma looked at him and replied timidly, "Letter? What letter?"
- 55 "Damn you!" Thin-Face slapped her face with all his strength. Grandma staggered into Mom's arms.
- 56 "Grandma!" We all sprang to our feet and rushed to Grandma.
- 57 "She's over seventy, you— How could you?" Shielding Grandma with her own body, Mom shouted back at Thin-Face.
- 58 "Over seventy! So what? Damned old landlord's wife!" Thin-Face held his hand. He must have hurt it when he slapped Grandma. "Old landlord's wife, kneel down and face the wall. Stay there until you confess. You—" He turned to the rest of us. "You all sit here and watch. Don't go near her. If you care about her, confess. Otherwise she'll stay there forever. We'll see who's stronger." He walked out.
- 59 Grandma knelt down facing the wall. I could see the red marks of Thin-Face's fingers on her face. Her whole body was trembling so violently that I could see her linen shirt shaking.
- 60 "Grandma..." Ji-yun cried out suddenly. Tears were rolling down my cheeks too.
- 61 "Don't you cry for her. She's an exploiting landlord's wife." The young man stepped up to Ji-yun. "If you keep crying, I'll make your mother kneel down too."
- 62 I looked at Mom. Her face was terribly **haggard**. She looked as if she were about to faint. She took out her handkerchief and wiped Ji-yun's face. "Don't cry, dear, don't cry. Everything will be all right," she said softly.
- 63 Grandma was sitting limply on her legs now, supporting her weight on her hands just like Old Qian had that day. A few white hairs clung to her red cheek.
- 64 Maybe I should tell, I thought frantically. Grandma was so frail... . But then would we all get into bigger trouble? What should I do? What should I do, Mom? I stole several glances at Mom, but she hung her head and stared at the ground.
- 65 After a long while the young man went into the bathroom. No one else was watching us. Mom whispered in my ear, "Where's the letter?"

**haggard:** tired and looking unwell

- 66 “In Little White’s litter box. Are you going to tell them?”
- 67 Mom shook her head hesitantly. She looked at Grandma and murmured, “I’m afraid she can’t stand any more. It looks like they won’t give up till they find it.”
- 68 We were interrupted by a hubbub. Heavy footsteps rushed up to the roof. For a few minutes there was silence. Then suddenly we heard a crowd of people pounding down the stairs, roaring with coarse laughter.
- 69 “The cat did a great job. We should give her a reward.”
- 70 “But the letter stinks of cat piss.”
- 71 The letter!
- 72 I sagged weakly to the chair. Little White must have revealed the letter by raking up the ashes after she had used her box.
- 73 Thin-Face dashed into the room, his face lit with a sinister smile of victory. “What did I say? Who won? Who was stronger, you or the iron fist of the Proletarian Dictatorship? Humph!” He waved the letter in Mom’s face. “So you thought you could reverse the verdict, did you? Hah!” he grunted in satisfaction. “Chen Ying, tomorrow you will report to your work unit that you are a landlord’s wife now. We will inform them of what happened today, and will invite you as a companion to your husband’s struggle meeting.”
- 74 He stood over Grandma, who was still on the floor. “Old landlord’s wife, starting tomorrow you will sweep the alley like the other landlords’ wives. You have been lucky that we didn’t expose you earlier. Go register at the Neighborhood Dictatorship Group at eight.”
- 75 He turned and was about to walk out when he saw me.
- 76 “You,” he snorted. Even in his elation his eyes froze me. “You have just missed your opportunity to be an educable child. Too bad. We will let your school know all about your firm class stance.”
- 77 It was now four thirty in the morning. The alley was deserted. The huge truck, loaded with most of our possessions, blew its horn in the deadly silence and triumphantly left.
-

# Sweeping

## Paragraphs 11–20

- <sup>11</sup> Five days after the ransack, Mom was still very sick. I was helping her wash her hair.
- <sup>12</sup> “Ji-li,” Mom said suddenly. “If anything happens to your Grandma and me, remember, you’re the oldest. Make sure you take good care of your brother and sister.”
- <sup>13</sup> I felt tears in my eyes. “Mom, what are you talking about?”
- <sup>14</sup> Mom sat up straight and opened her eyes. “You know our situation. Anything can happen.” She paused before she said, “Maybe we should let my sister adopt Ji-yun. Your aunt’s family has no bad connections. Maybe Ji-yun would be better off—”
- <sup>15</sup> “No!” The cry jerked out before I knew it. “Mom, don’t. Please. I will take care of both of them. I promise.”
- <sup>16</sup> As soon as I said it, I realized that I had made my promise to them—to everyone in my family—long ago. I had promised during the days that Grandma and I had hidden in the park; I had promised when I had not testified against Dad; I had promised when I had hidden the letter. I would never do anything to hurt my family, and I would do everything I could to take care of them. My family was too precious to forget, and too rare to replace.
- <sup>17</sup> Grandma lifted her head and stretched her back. I ducked behind the curtain so that she wouldn’t see me. Every day I watched until she was finished. When I was seven, Grandma watched and waited for me at this very window when I walked back from school every afternoon. Now it was my turn to watch her and take care of her. I no longer worried that she was a landlord’s wife. She was my grandmother.
- <sup>18</sup> Once my life had been defined by my goals: to be a *da-dui-zhang*, to participate in the exhibition, to be a Red Guard. They seemed unimportant to me now. Now my life was defined by my responsibilities. I had promised to take care of my family, and I would renew that promise every day. I could not give up or withdraw, no matter how hard life became. I would hide my tears and my fear for Mom and Grandma’s sake. It was my turn to take care of them.

- <sup>19</sup> The clouds **dispersed** and the sky lightened a bit. Grandma picked up her broom and turned stiffly around to come home.
- <sup>20</sup> "Another day." I took a deep breath and shook my head. "I will do my job. I will."
- 

**dispersed:**  
scattered

## Epilogue

- <sup>1</sup> Many friends have asked me why, after all I went through, I did not hate Chairman Mao and the Cultural Revolution in those years. The answer is simple: We were all brainwashed.
- <sup>2</sup> To us Chairman Mao was God. He controlled everything we read, everything we heard, and everything we learned in school. We believed everything he said. Naturally, we knew only good things about Chairman Mao and the Cultural Revolution. Anything bad had to be the fault of others. Mao was blameless.
- <sup>3</sup> When I started to write this book, I asked An Yi's mother if she had hated Mao when she was forced to climb the factory chimney. "I didn't hate him," she told me. "I believed that the Cultural Revolution was necessary to prevent revisionism and capitalism from taking over China. I knew that I was wronged, but mistakes happen under any system. If the country was better for the movement that persecuted me, I was still in favor of it. It was only after Mao's death that I knew I was deceived."
- <sup>4</sup> It was only after Mao's death in 1976 that people woke up. We finally learned that the whole Cultural Revolution had been part of a power struggle at the highest levels of the Party. Our leader had taken advantage of our trust and loyalty to **manipulate** the whole country. This is the most frightening lesson of the Cultural Revolution: Without a sound legal system, a small group or even a single person can take control of an entire country. This is as true now as it was then.
- <sup>5</sup> Thirty years have passed since I was the little girl with the red scarf who believed she would always succeed at everything. I grew up and moved to the United States, but still, whatever I did, wherever I went, vivid memories of my childhood kept coming back to me. After thinking so much about that time, I wanted to do something for the little girl I had been, and for all the children who lost their childhoods as I did. This book is the result.
- <sup>6</sup> This book tells of my experiences between the ages of twelve and fourteen. I have presented my family as it was, but in order to protect the privacy of friends and neighbors mentioned in the story, I have changed their names and some details of their stories.
- <sup>7</sup> And what happened since then?

manipulate:  
control



- <sup>8</sup> A few months after our **ransack** the revolutionary situation in the theater changed again. The Rebels who had taken control lost power to a new group. Most of those who had been detained were released, including Uncle Fan, Aunt Wu, and Uncle Tian, who was detained right after our ransack because of the letter. Dad finally returned home too. He was still considered a landlord, and was put to work as a janitor; Mom still had to write self-criticism reports because she would not break with Dad; and Grandma still had to sweep the alley twice a day, but at least we were all together again.
- <sup>9</sup> Our class status continued to hold us back. Because of our political background I was denied another opportunity to become a stage actress, just as Ji-yong was not allowed to become a trumpeter nor Ji-yun a singer. But we never gave up. When the schools reopened after the Cultural Revolution, we all went to universities to finish our education. Both Ji-yun and I became teachers, while Ji-yong worked in a watch factory.
- <sup>10</sup> In 1980 my father was finally cleared. Not only was the charge that he was an “escaped landlord” dropped, but an old decision made during the Antirightist Movement was reversed as well. Only then did I learn the whole story. As a university student Dad had risked his life by joining the Communist Party when it was still an illegal, underground organization. During the Antirightist Movement of 1958, Dad had expressed some disagreement with Party policies, and as a result he was forced to resign from the Party. Although he was never officially classified as a rightist, he was denied promotions and major roles, and his career was ruined. In 1980 he was “rehabilitated” and appointed Vice President of the Children’s Art Theater. I looked at his gray hair and felt sad rather than happy. I knew he loved acting more than anything, and knew that nothing could make up for all the years he had lost.
- <sup>11</sup> The years of disappointments finally made me move to the United States. Now the whole family is here, except for Grandma, who died in 1992 at the age of ninety-eight. Ji-yong lives in Seattle, where he works in the tourist industry. Ji-yun teaches in a community college nearby, and my parents live with her family and enjoy the company of their two grandsons. And at long last my father has been able to do some acting.
- <sup>12</sup> Song Po-po died of a stroke not long after I came to America.

**ransack:** a sudden attack of a place, in search of things to take or steal

- <sup>13</sup> Sometimes when I think of all we went through, I can't help feeling that it was only by the grace of God that we were saved. My parents and Grandma all admitted that at times during those dark years they contemplated suicide. Without God's blessing they could never have survived.
- <sup>14</sup> As for the others in my story, in the early 1970s nearly all of my **contemporaries** were sent to the countryside for "reeducation." According to Mao, this was supposed to benefit both the young students and the farmers. The students would learn to respect the working masses, and the farmers would learn new technology from the students. Like the Cultural Revolution, this did not work out as it was supposed to. After ten years of sacrifice in the **primitive** countryside most of these young people returned to the city with little education, few skills, and no beliefs. All regretted the waste of their youth, and all have struggled to start over again.
- <sup>15</sup> Chang Hong worked for many years on a state-run farm near Mongolia. Her brother died while she was there. At the farm she met her husband. **Ironically**, he was a black whelp, the son of a former capitalist. Eventually they returned to Shanghai, where Chang Hong was able to move into a factory job.
- <sup>16</sup> An Yi's asthma prevented her from being sent to the countryside, and all these years she has been working in a small factory. Bai Shan spent years in the remote countryside near the Russian border, but now he is the business manager of the Shanghai branch of a foreign company. Lin-lin went back to school and became a doctor at a factory clinic. In the recent economic upheavals her factory closed, and the last time I saw her she was still unemployed. Du Hai is working in a factory near our childhood homes, and I saw him once at a distance. I've never heard what happened to Yin Lan-lan.
- <sup>17</sup> Except for a few who actually killed people, hardly any "revolutionaries" have been punished for what they did during the Cultural Revolution. Those who persecuted others, even beat or tortured them, were victims too, after all. They all believed they were doing it for Chairman Mao. In fact, many were caught on the wrong side in the power struggles and were persecuted in their turn, just as Du Hai's mother was.
- <sup>18</sup> I once **fervently** believed in Mao and the Chinese Communist Party. After all the experiences I have told about in this story, and many more painful and frustrating experiences afterward, I left China and moved to the

**contemporaries:**

people of the same age

**primitive:** simple, basic, and rough

**ironically:** unexpectedly

**fervently:** intensely

United States in 1984. I was thirty years old. I started at the bottom. I had no money, no friends, and hardly any English. I was willing to take on the struggle to establish myself in a new country because I knew that was the price I would have to pay for the freedom to think, speak, and write whatever I pleased.

- 19 During my first few years in the United States I was continually astonished at the freedom Americans enjoy. One Halloween evening I was watching the parade at Waikiki Beach in Honolulu. I was amazed to see that all the celebrators were enjoying themselves so freely. They had no fear of being criticized by their bosses or arrested by the government for expressing themselves, even if they criticized or mocked the president.
- 20 After my graduation from the University of Hawaii in 1987 I worked for a hotel and resort chain for several years, then for a health care company. Despite my success and promotions, I was not entirely happy. I realized that although I have adopted a new country, I cannot forget China. I wonder about China's present, and I worry about her future. I have realized that despite all my suffering, I cannot stop loving the country where I was born and raised. Feeling as I do, it seemed natural for me to start my own company, East West Exchange, to promote cultural exchanges between the United States and China. If I can help Americans to understand China, and the Chinese to learn about the United States, even a little, I will feel very rewarded. I will have contributed something to my country, China, and my home, America.
- 21 I hope this book will be part of that mission.

Grateful acknowledgment is made for permission to reprint excerpts from: *Red Scarf Girl: A Memoir of the Cultural Revolution* by Ji-li Jiang

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•

**displayed:** showed

**severe:** harsh

**occupy:** take up space in

**splendid:** beautiful and excellent

**riveted:** fixed

**merely:** only

**indefinitely:** for an unlimited amount of time

**parasol:** umbrella used to shield from the sun

**elite:** best

**classified:** labeled

**dread:** fear

**gesturing:** motioning

**contemplated:** thought about

**astonished:** surprised

**mission:** important goal

••

**tender:** delicate

**slogan:** short memorable phrase

**rustled:** noisily fluttered or stirred

**exemplary:** the best of its kind

**fateful:** important and life-changing

**Revolution:** act of major political change

**Anthem:** uplifting song associated with the group

**organ:** piano-like instrument

**aisles:** rows

**murmur:** unclear speaking sound

**contemplate:** think about

**jostling:** rough-pushing

**cautiously:** carefully

**comrade:** fellow member or friend

**liberate:** free

**oppression:** cruel and unjust control

**expectantly:** hopefully

**tone:** way of speaking

**recruitment:** sign-up

**competitive:** hard to achieve because of the difficulty caused by other people with the same goal

**political:** government-related

**troupe:** artistic group

**wailed:** cried in pain

**characters:** word symbols

**Hastily:** quickly

**heaved:** breathed deeply

**vicious:** cruel

**humorous:** funny

**devote:** give over every part of

**strive:** try

**dowry:** gift given by a family for marriage

**calligraphy:** artistic or decorative handwriting

**contagious:** easily spread from person to person

**elude:** escape from

**stethoscope:** instrument used to listen to heartbeats or breathing

**customs:** traditions

**established:** set up

**bustled:** moved noisily

**pedicabs:** carriages powered by bicycles

**hubbub:** noise

**yield:** give in to pressure

**occupied:** taken up

**irritated:** annoyed

**impact:** hit

**bustling:** energetic and noisy

**detrimental:** harmful

**oppose:** go against

**resolutely:** firmly

**submissively:** in a show of weakness

**trouser:** pants

**seams:** stitching

**scarlet:** red

**unconcealed:** plainly visible

•• (continued)

**deftly:** skillfully

**exposed:** shown

**trousers:** pants

**appreciative:** thankful

**tuft:** patch

**triumphantly:** in a winning manner

**mutilated:** seriously damaged

**quivered:** shook

**remold:** re-shape

**chortled:** laughed

**spectators:** watchers

**disperse:** leave

**strutted:** confidently walked

**suspended:** stopped

**roamed:** wandered

**exception:** change from the norm

**Ragged:** poor

**intended:** done for the purpose of

**deliberately:** purposefully

**intend:** want

**taken:** misled

**stalked:** threateningly walked

**coincidence:** events that happen at the same time by accident, but seem to have a connection

**vigorously:** energetically

**recited:** repeated aloud

**quivering:** shaking

**shaft:** long narrow shape

**subsided:** quieted down

**directives:** orders

**porcelain:** hard, white ceramic

**illegible:** unreadable

**fragrance:** pleasant scent

**regarded:** thought of

**apprentice:** person learning a trade from a skilled expert

**listlessly:** without energy

**fiddled:** nervously touched

**compound:** shared group of buildings

**sly:** sneaky

**remolded:** reshaped

**temples:** the areas of the head between the eyes and ears

**Timidly:** shyly

**ruthless:** cruel

**labor:** work

**timidly:** shyly

**executioner:** person who carries out the legal punishment of death

**pester:** constantly annoy

**flushed:** turned red

**to spare:** left over

**prying:** forcefully pulling

**fleecy:** woolly

**scolded:** show disapproval to

**grimly:** seriously and harshly

**veteran:** former soldier

**stirring:** exciting and emotional

**zealous:** passionate

**strewn:** spread messily

**scurried:** moved in short hurried movements

**casually:** in a careless or unplanned way

**escort:** accompanying group

**cuffed:** hit

**croak:** deeply and roughly speak

**expose:** show the truth about

**formally:** officially

**relations:** ties

**ranks:** organizations of military soldiers

**intentionally:** on purpose

**oppressor:** person who tries to unfairly control others

**disheveled:** messy

**saliva:** spit

**conned:** tricked

**coarse:** rough

**cripple:** disabled person

**gloating:** taking pleasure in his misfortune

**pondered:** wondered

**subdued:** quiet or less intense

**companion:** partner

**cremated:** burned into ashes

**aghast:** shocked

**remolding:** re-shaping

**conspicuous:** easily visible

**vague:** unclear

**indignant:** hurt and angry

**short-wave:** long distance communicating

**wearily:** tiredly

•• (continued)

**fringe:** edge

**reproach:** statement of disapproval

**presence:** being present

**reception:** receiving

**retreating:** moving away

**steadily:** continuously and evenly

**Comrades:** fellow members or friends

**Exhibition:** show

**sneers:** disrespectful looks

**stammered:** spoke with uncontrolled pauses

**condemn:** disapprove of

**piercing:** sharp and deep

**sincerity:** honesty

**ablaze:** burning

**sulkily:** quietly and angrily

**stimulate:** excite

**earnest:** serious

**seizures:** violent uncontrollable movement and loss of awareness

**directory:** informational list

**plywood:** type of thin wood

**units:** teams

**partitions:** dividers

**infamous:** famous for bad behavior

**brutal:** harsh or cruel

**piteously:** in a heartbreaking way

**evaluators:** judges

**reserved:** quiet and unexcitable

**affected:** emotionally moved

**obstinately:** stubbornly

**animated:** lively

**stance:** position and attitude

**former:** past

**resolved:** decided

**grated:** was unpleasant

**mentality:** way of thinking

**critical:** showing the faults

**conviction:** belief

**dampened:** wet

**briefing:** informational meeting

**Impulsively:** automatically and without thought

**urgently:** with a sense of emergency

**Masses:** large groups of people

**ransacked:** messily searched through

**detection:** getting caught

**methodical:** orderly

**grimace:** pained look

**sources:** providers of information

**clenched:** tightened

**exploiting:** unfairly making use of

**sinister:** evil

**verdict:** decision

**elation:** joy

**testified:** given proof in a court

**precious:** valued

**persecuted:** punished and mistreated

**deceived:** lied to

**vivid:** clear

**policies:** rules and actions

**resign:** quit

**rehabilitated:** fixed

**reeducation:** working "with the farmers as part of their education"

**asthma:** a disease that causes difficulty in breathing

**upheavals:** disruptions

**mocked:** made fun of

**formal:** official

**foreman:** leader

...

**excel:** to do better than most**emblem:** symbol**tantalizing:** tempting**successors:** people that replace those leaving their jobs**burgundy:** deep red**mahogany:** deep brown, wooden**solemnly:** seriously**status:** position**colliding:** crashing**inquiry:** questioning**calculus:** a type of mathematics**colleagues:** coworkers**pernicious:** sneakily harmful**prosperity:** good fortune and success**delicacies:** valuable and special food**provinces:** counties or states of a country**gizzards:** stomach parts**amid:** in the middle of**clamor:** noise**fervor:** intense feeling**festooned:** decorated**enraged:** angry**Pauper:** a nickname that is a word that means poor**insidious:** sneakily dangerous**corrupt:** evil**sole:** only**denounce:** publicly express disapproval**flabbergasted:** shocked**taunt:** insult**obedient:** cooperative and order-following**stern:** strict**affront:** insult**dawdled:** delayed leaving**aback:** surprised**slogans:** short memorable phrases**humid:** damp and hot**gaped:** stared with mouth open**distress:** pain and suffering**conscientiously:** with care**propagating:** spreading**frantically:** anxiously and excitedly**contentedly:** happily**sodden:** soggy**remnants:** leftover pieces**exploitation:** acts of taking advantage of others**pandemonium:** noisy, confusing disorder**retorted:** answered harshly**vast:** very large**extravagance:** overspending**liberated:** free**bedridden:** kept in bed**exploit:** take advantage**exploiter:** someone who takes advantage of others**prominently:** very visibly**haughty:** self-important**sneer:** disrespectful look**content:** happy**reflect:** think about and look back on**ideology:** belief system**extravagant:** wasteful**collective:** shared**devoted:** loyal**opportunist:** someone who takes unfair advantage of other people or situations**executioner:** person who carries out the legal punishment of death**corruptor:** ruiner**jovial:** cheerful**relatively:** more or less**acrid:** strongly bitter**mandarin:** round-collared silk**pomegranate:** red seed-filled fruit**faction:** smaller group that disagrees with other groups**ornery:** bad-tempered**whelp:** an insulting term for a child of a family belonging to any one of the "Five Black Categories"**communal:** shared**indistinct:** unclear**leniency:** mercy**severity:** harshness**xenophile:** person who loves foreign countries and cultures



... (continued)

**confiscated:** taken away by force

**laboriously:** in a hard-working way

**dunce:** fool's

**detained:** kept in police custody

**Mènière's:** a disease of the inner ear that affects hearing and balance

**nauseous:** sick to one's stomach

**kiosk:** booth

**feebly:** weakly

**yuan:** units of Chinese money

**angina:** disorder that causes pain in a specific part of the body

**Mandarin:** Chinese dialect

**immensity:** hugeness

**millet:** kind of seeded plant

**squabbling:** pointless arguing

**epilepsy:** a disorder that can be marked by sudden violent uncontrollable movement and loss of awareness

**partition:** divider

**domineering:** forceful and bossy

**flustered:** confused and nervous

**curtly:** briefly and rudely

**dismay:** fear and disappointment

**condemning:** harshly criticizing

**policy:** set of rules

**haggard:** tired and looking unwell

**dispersed:** scattered

**manipulate:** control

**ransack:** a sudden attack of a place, in search of things to take or steal

**contemporaries:** people of the same age

**primitive:** simple, basic, and rough

**ironically:** unexpectedly

**fervently:** intensely



Use the Vocab App to play mini games related to the words in this lesson.





## Lesson 1—The World of *Red Scarf Girl*

Watch the video your teacher will present to understand the world of the novel you are about to read.



From the Collection of Dennis Hickey; IISH/Stefan R. Landsberger Collections (Propaganda Reel)

1. Look carefully at the following poster.



Mao Ze-dong was the leader of China's Communist Party while Ji-li was growing up. Posters like this one of Chairman Mao were all around her.

2. Tell your partner what you think the artist wanted people to feel about Chairman Mao when they saw this image?
3. Share with your partner which details the artist included in this image to get people to feel that way.

IISH/Stefan R. Landsberger Collections

Think of a detail in the poster that you think the artist included for a specific reason. How do you think that detail might have shaped the way people felt when they saw this poster?

Be prepared to share your thoughts on the detail you noticed in the class discussion.

## Lesson 1—The World of Red Scarf Girl (continued)

1. Look carefully at the following poster.



2. Tell your partner what you think the artist wanted people to feel about Chairman Mao when they looked at this image.
3. Share with your partner which details the artist included in this image to get people to feel that way.

Courtesy of Maopost.com

Think of a detail in the poster that you think the artist included for a specific reason. How do you think that detail might have shaped the way people felt when they saw this poster?

Be prepared to share your thoughts on the detail you noticed in the class discussion.



Watch the video of Ji-li reading her Prologue from her memoir. Discuss your impressions of the Prologue in the class discussion.



Written by Ji-Li Jiang, directed by Mel Metcalfe, produced by Mel Metcalfe, Elizabeth Sun, and Ji-Li Jiang

Review the Prologue on page 42 and highlight in paragraphs 1–7:

1. Two words or phrases Ji-li uses to describe how she feels.
2. A word or phrase that shows that Ji-li expects her life will get better or worse.



Respond to the Writing Prompt on page 38 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 2—Ji-li's Troubles Begin

1. Listen to the audio your teacher plays.
2. Follow along as your classmates read aloud the following passage:

### **Cinderella**

Cinderella was in a rush. After all, she only had until midnight before her coach would turn into a pumpkin. She raced up the palace steps in her delicate glass slippers. Prince Charming spotted her in the crowd of beautiful single women and knew instantly that she was special. He asked her to dance and, mesmerized by her beauty, fell madly in love with her. Just as he was about to kiss her, the clock struck twelve and Cinderella had to make a run for it.

“Wait,” called the Prince, “I don’t even know your name!” He darted down the steps after her, but Cinderella had already disappeared into the night. Devastated at having lost his one true love, the Prince turned to go back inside. But something caught his eye. There, on the last stair, shining in the black night, was a single glass slipper.

Find the detail you highlighted in the previous Solo reading.

Share the detail you highlighted in the class discussion.

Read along as your teacher reads paragraphs 16–41 of “The Liberation Army Dancer” on pages 45–47. If you’re one of the actors, find the highlighted dialogue which you’ll be speaking in the script that your teacher gave you.

## Lesson 2—Ji-li's Troubles Begin (continued)

1. Review paragraphs 18–20 from “The Liberation Army Dancer” on page 45. Then answer the questions on the poll your teacher will project.
2. Highlight a quote in these paragraphs to support the number you chose in the poll.

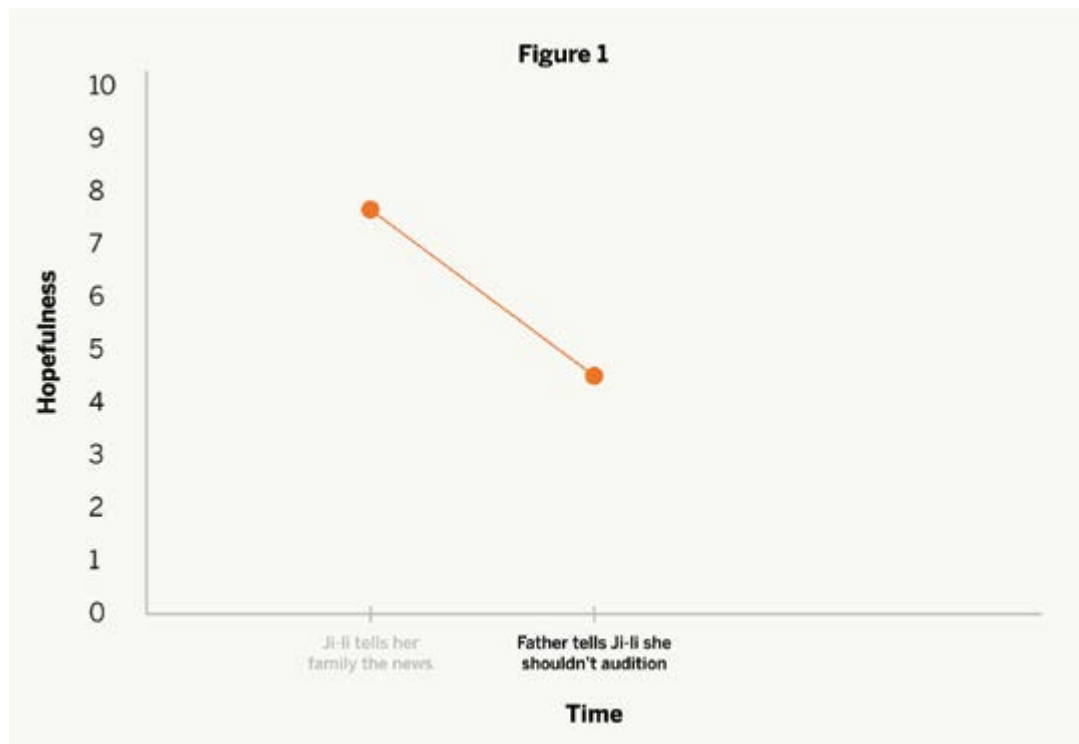
**Hopefulness**  
**Graph 1**



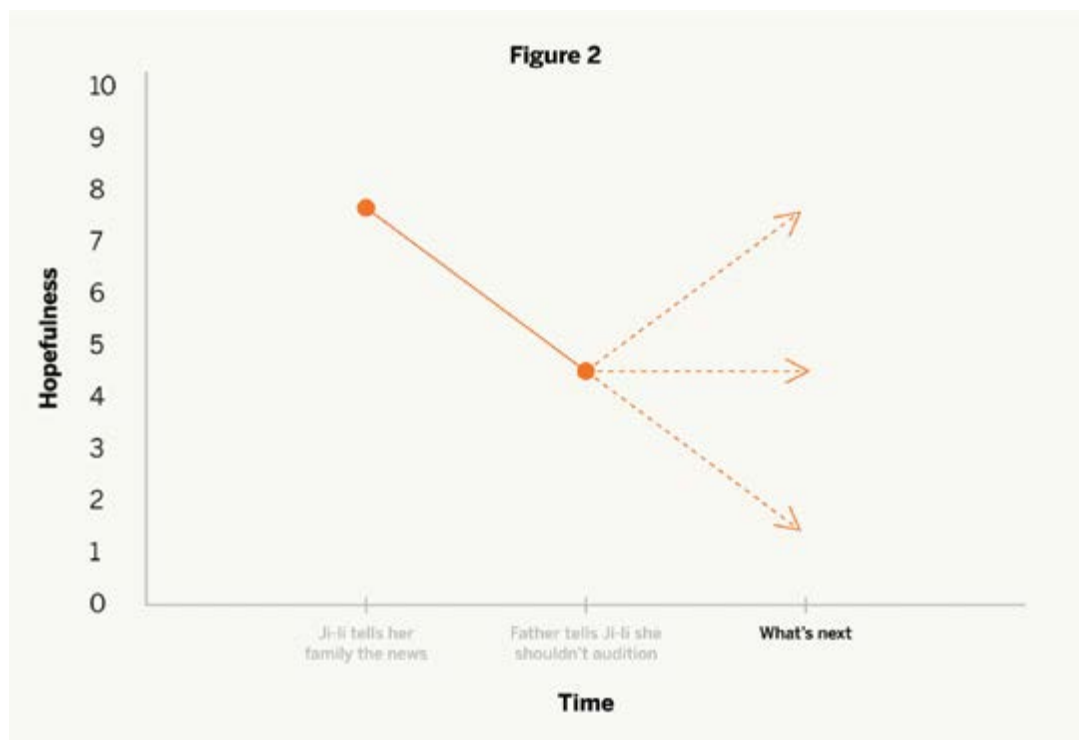
1. Review paragraphs 34–38 from “The Liberation Army Dancer” on page 46. Then answer the questions on the poll your teacher will project.
2. Highlight a quote in these paragraphs to support the number you chose in the poll.



Hopefulness  
Graph 2



Hopefulness  
Graph 3



## Lesson 3—Destroy the Four Olds!

1. Highlight any words and phrases that describe the Four Olds in paragraph 8 of “Destroy the Four Olds!” on page 52.
2. Determine what you think the Four Olds are. Share with a partner your thoughts on the following questions:
  - In paragraph 9, Jiang writes that Nanjing Road normally “bustled with activity” and was “so crowded with shoppers, they spilled off the sidewalk into the street.” What word *best* describes the feeling created by this description?
  - In paragraph 10, Jiang writes that the Great Prosperity Market’s windows are now “bare,” and the store is “deserted.” What word *best* describes the feeling created by this description?

Your teacher may assign you a role in acting out a scene.

**Actors, get ready!**

Speaking roles:

- Crowd member 1
- Crowd member 2
- Man with an ax

Review your script to figure out how you want to speak your lines—and what you want to do while you're speaking.

**The crowd:**

Remember to notice how the actors are speaking their lines and how they are moving. Get ready to cheer and stamp on the sign at the end!

There are a lot of strange things happening in this scene. What are you most curious about?

Share your responses in the class discussion.

## Lesson 3—Destroy the Four Olds! (continued)

Analyze the poster:



1. Look closely at the section of the poster your group was assigned.
2. Discuss what you see with your group.
3. Be prepared to share your finding with the class.

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## Lesson 4—The Pull of Compassion

1. Go to paragraphs 54–55 from “Destroy the Four Olds” on page 54. Highlight evidence that shows how Ji-li and her sister feel when they see the student inspectors.
2. In paragraphs 56–59, highlight evidence that shows how the man is feeling.
3. In paragraphs 61–71, highlight what the people in the crowd are doing. Highlight where in the text the students feel powerful.
4. In paragraphs 72–74, highlight the clues that show how Ji-li is feeling.

## Lesson 4—The Pull of Compassion (continued)

On page 40 in your Writing Journal, you will describe Ji-li's mix of emotions in the last moment of a scene:

"That poor guy," I finally said. "He should know better than to dress that way, but I'd just die if somebody cut my pants open in front of everybody like that." (74)



Go to page 40 of the Writing Journal to respond to the Writing Prompt.

---

## Lesson 5—Revolution in the Classroom

### Sharing a Highlight

1. Find the details you highlighted in the previous Solo.
2. Raise your hand if you'd like to share what you noticed about why Ji-li had trouble writing da-zi-bao against her teachers.
3. Before you start reading paragraphs 2–22 from “Writing *Da-Zi-Bao*” on pages 57–59, share which paragraph you're reading from so your classmates can read along.

Read the sentence below from paragraph 3.

“The classrooms buzzed with revolutionary fervor.”

1. Highlight two examples in the text that describe how the classrooms “buzzed.”
2. Describe to your partner how the atmosphere at Ji-li's school has changed.

Think about the following poll question and be prepared to share your answer in the class discussion.

**Poll:** What are *da-zi-baos*?

- A. Posters praising Chairman Mao
- B. Newspaper articles criticizing the schools
- C. Student posters attacking the school teachers
- D. Orders to suspend classes

## Lesson 5—Revolution in the Classroom (continued)



Written by Ji-Li Jiang, directed by Mel Metcalfe, produced by Mel Metcalfe, Elizabeth Sun, and Ji-Li Jiang

In paragraphs 10–22 of “Writing *Da-Zi-Bao*,” on pages 58–59, highlight four or five details that show what Ji-li and her friends thought about what Yin Lan-lan had written.



Answer questions 1 and 2 on page 41 of your Writing Journal.



Most of Ji-li's classmates had no trouble writing *da-zi-bao* that criticize their teachers, but Ji-li couldn't.

Why was it so hard for Ji-li? How did Ji-li's position differ from those around her?



Go to page 42 in your Writing Journal to write a summary that describes why some of her classmates were so eager to write *da-zi-bao*.

---

## Lesson 6—Revising to Go Deeper

1. Read your writing from Lesson 5 and highlight where you used details from the book to explain your idea.
2. Reread that part of the book and highlight one or two more details that connect to your idea.
3. Look at the details that you just highlighted in the book. Write three to five more sentences that use those details to explain your idea on page 41 of the Writing Journal.

Skip a few lines, and then write your sentences below what you wrote in the last lesson.

1. In the last lesson, we read that most of Ji-li's classmates were eager to write *da-zi-bao* about their teachers, while Ji-li was unable to write anything critical.
2. Highlight a phrase or sentence in paragraphs 23–36 of “Writing *Da-Zi-Bao*” on pages 59–61 where Ji-li is unable or unwilling to join the crowd.

## Lesson 7—The Election of the Red Successors

1. Find the detail you highlighted in the previous Solo. The details you highlighted were in paragraphs 1–45 of “The Red Successors.”
2. Raise your hand if you’d like to share what you noticed.
3. Before you start reading the detail you highlighted, share which chapter you are reading from so that we can all read along.

### Actors, get ready!

Your teacher may assign you a role in acting out a scene.

Speaking roles:

- Yu Jian
- Ji-li
- Du Hai
- Yin Lan-lan
- Student who agrees with Yin Lan-lan

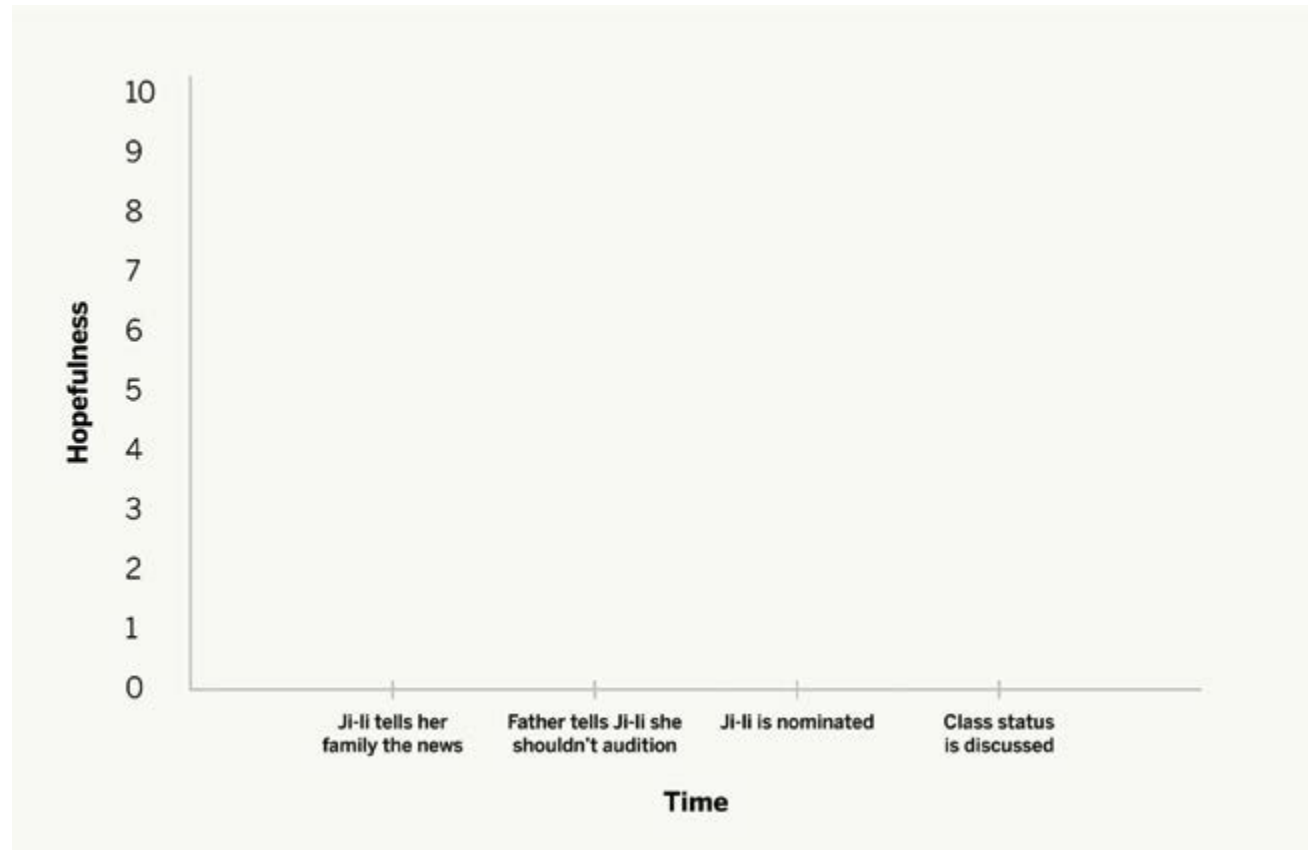
Review your script to figure out how you want to speak your lines—and what you want to do while you’re speaking.

### Everyone else

You’ll play Ji-li’s classmates.

1. Review paragraphs 29, 31, and 35 on page 68. Find the three places where you need to participate.
2. Highlight what you’ll do or say when you’re acting.

## Hopefulness Graph



How to use the Hopefulness Graph:

1. Highlight a moment when Ji-li felt especially hopeful (or especially hopeless).
2. Rate her hopefulness level at that moment.
3. Be ready to explain your rating.

## Lesson 7—The Election of the Red Successors (continued)

Use paragraphs 13–35 of “The Red Successors” on pages 67–68 for today's writing.



Go to page 44 in your Writing Journal to write about what happens to Du Hai's feelings as he gains power over Ji-li.

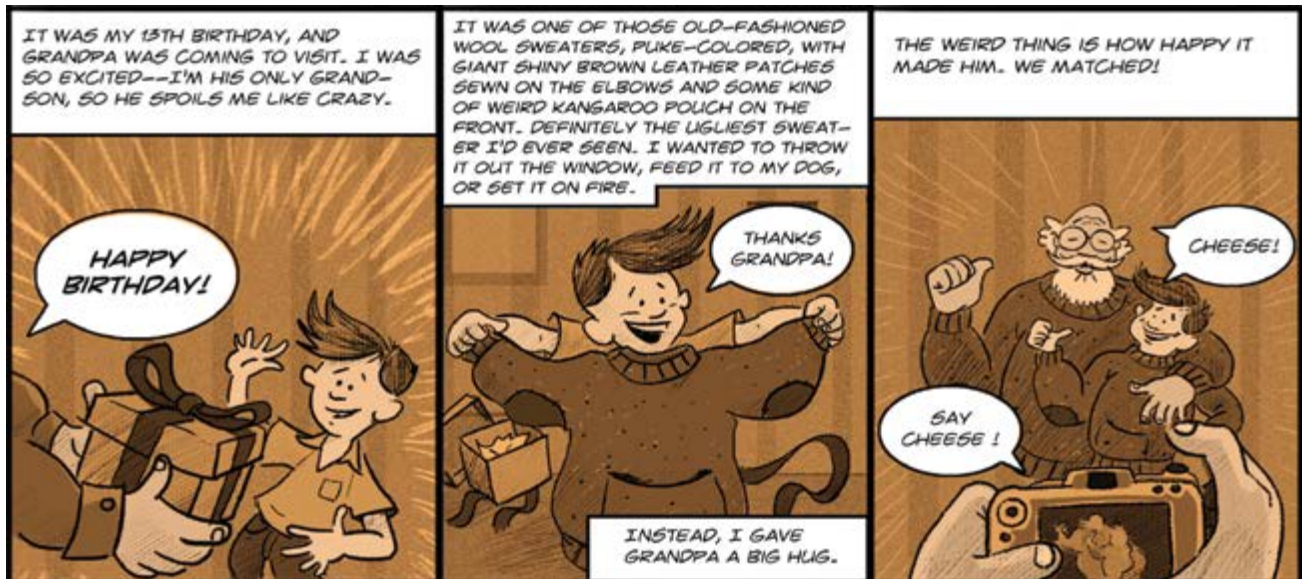
## Lesson 8—Reading Ji-li's Thoughts

Compare the two versions of this comic.

### Version 1:



### Version 2:



## Lesson 8—Reading Ji-li's Thoughts (continued)

### Actors, get ready!

Speaking roles:

- Ji-li
- Teacher Gu
- Narrator

Review your script to figure out how you want to **speak** your lines—and what you want to **do** while you're speaking.

Reread paragraphs 12 and 13 of "Graduation" on page 76 and highlight two or three details that clearly show Ji-li's point of view toward Teacher Gu.



Complete questions 1 and 2 on page 45 of your Writing Journal.



Use paragraphs 8–25 of “Graduation” on pages 76–77 for today’s writing. Ji-li’s voice broke when she looked at Teacher Gu. What do you think is happening in this moment? Use evidence from the text to explain your answer.



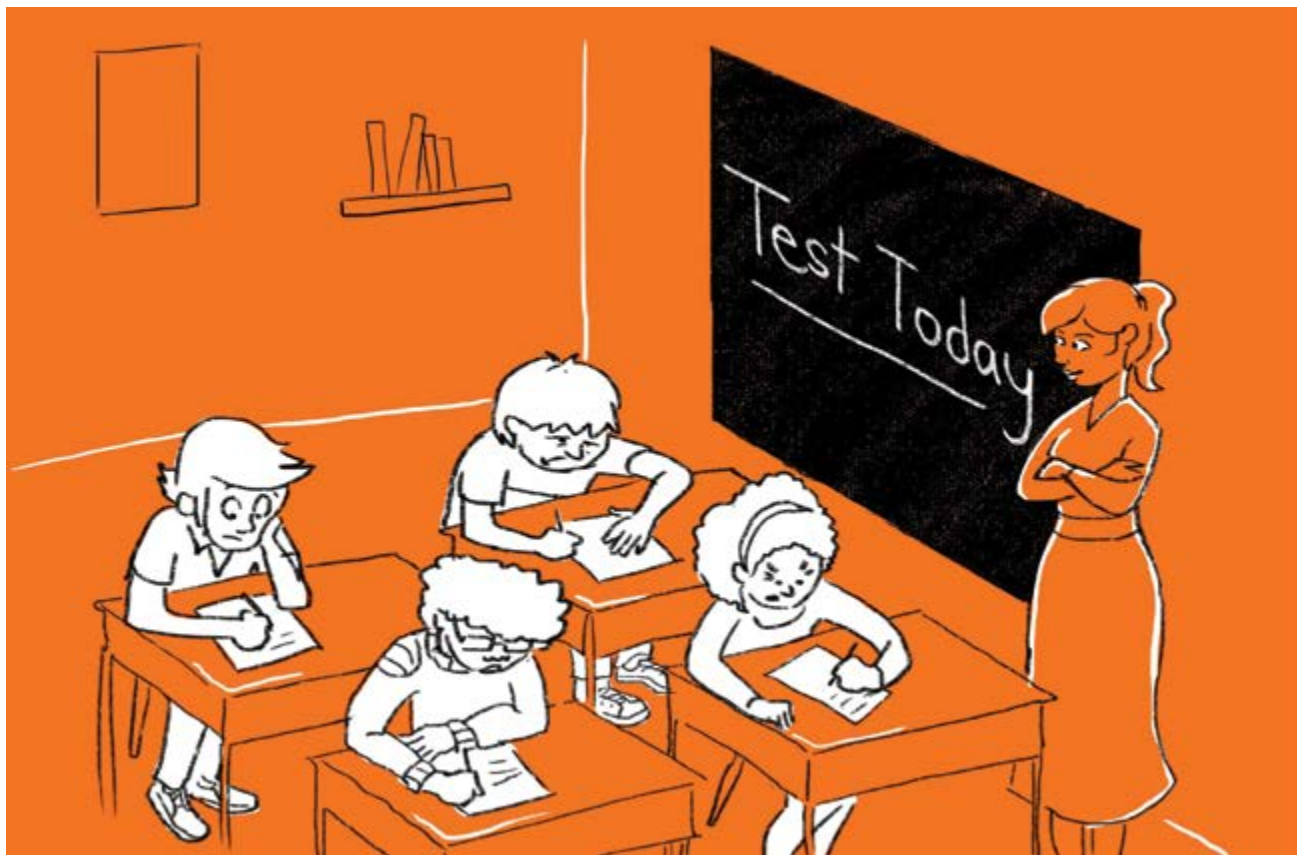
Go to page 46 in your Writing Journal and write about why Ji-li’s voice broke when she looked in Teacher Gu’s eyes.

## Lesson 9—The Revolution Hits Home

What does this place feel like?

What's the atmosphere?

What's the mood?



What does this place feel like now?  
How is it similar to or different from the first time you saw it?



## Lesson 9—The Revolution Hits Home (continued)

### How does Ji-li describe her home?

1. Highlight the details that describe the setting in paragraphs 64–70 of “The Liberation Army Dancer” on pages 49–50.
2. Think about what those details tell us about how Ji-li feels when she’s in her home at the beginning of the story.

### How does Ji-li describe her home now?

3. Highlight the details that describe the setting in paragraphs 119–121 of “A Search in Passing” on pages 88–89.
4. Look at those details and think about what they tell us about Ji-li’s feelings for her home.

Compare how Ji-li felt in her home at the beginning of the story to how she felt after the Red Guards searched her home. Use details from the setting to support your ideas.



Go to page 47 in your Writing Journal and write about this comparison.

---

## Lesson 10—The Moves a Writer Makes

**Read paragraphs 44–52 of “Locked Up” on pages 104–105.**

1. Determine what mood or emotion Ji-li is trying to make the reader feel in this scene.
2. Highlight one detail Ji-li uses to make you feel that emotion.
3. Explain how the detail that you highlighted impacts the reader and creates this mood.

**Read paragraphs 53–54 of “Locked Up.”**

4. Determine what mood or emotion Ji-li is trying to make the reader feel in this scene.
5. Highlight one detail Ji-li uses to make you feel that emotion.
6. Explain how the detail that you highlighted impacts the reader and creates this mood.

**Read paragraphs 55–67 of “Locked Up.”**

7. Determine what mood or emotion Ji-li is trying to make the reader feel in this scene.
8. Highlight one detail Ji-li uses to make you feel that emotion.
9. Explain how the detail that you highlighted impacts the reader and creates this mood.

Use paragraphs 44–67 of “Locked Up” on pages 104–106 for today’s writing.



**Go to page 48 in the Writing Journal to write about Ji-li’s birthday and the emotions it stirred up.**

Read your writing on the page 48 of your Writing Journal where you described Ji-li’s birthday. Find a place where you used details from the book to develop your idea.

Reread that part of the book and identify one or two additional details that connect to your overall feeling of Ji-li’s birthday.

Write 3–5 more sentences that use those details to explain your idea.



**Go to page 49 in your Writing Journal to add details to your writing about Ji-li’s birthday.**

## Lesson 11—What's In a Name?

Read paragraphs 35 and 36 of “Half-City Jiangs” on page 120.

Ji-li is pulled between the attraction of being part of Mao's Cultural Revolution and her love for her family. After we read the passage, you will be asked to “take a stand.”

Be prepared to choose a place on the Conflict Line your teacher has drawn at the front of the room to show which of these 2 forces you think is pulling harder.



**Go to page 50 in your Writing Journal to write about where Ji-li stands between her family and the Cultural Revolution.**

Follow along as your teacher reads aloud paragraphs 37–42 of “Half-City Jiangs” on page 120.

If you were turning this book into a movie, what would you choose as the setting for this scene? What kinds of emotions would you try to get your audience to feel at this moment? Share your thoughts in the class discussion.



Read paragraphs 57–59 of “Half-City Jiangs” on page 121.



**Answer the question on page 50 of your Writing Journal.**

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Use paragraphs 35–64 of “Half-City Jiangs” on pages 120–122 for today’s writing.



**Respond to the Writing Prompt on page 51 of your Writing Journal.**

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## Lesson 12—A Dramatic Ending

1. Review what happened to Ji-li in paragraphs 1–59 of “The Class Education Exhibition” on pages 123–128.
2. Be prepared to take a stand on the Conflict Line to represent your thoughts of what Ji-li is experiencing.
3. Review paragraphs 2–11 of “The Incriminating Letter” on pages 129–130.
4. Discuss your thoughts on this letter in the class discussion.

Follow along as your teacher and classmates read aloud portions of “The Incriminating Letter” on pages 130–135 of the Student Edition.



Go to page 52 in your Writing Journal to answer questions 1 and 2.

Follow along as a classmate reads aloud paragraphs 68–77 on page 135.



Go to page 52 in your Writing Journal to answer questions 3–5.

1. Read paragraphs 11–20 of “Sweeping” on pages 136–137 on your own. Highlight words that show how Ji-li feels.
2. With your partner, select 10 words from the reading that best capture how Ji-li feels.

Select:

- 10 individual words
- Words in phrases that add up to 10 words



Answer questions 1 and 2 on page 53 of your Writing Journal.



# Character & Conflict

At first, it may seem like this unit brings together two very different pieces of fiction: *Raisin in the Sun*, a play about an African American family in a very specific time and place (Chicago in the 1950s) and "Sucker," a short story about two white boys who could be anywhere at any time. But, in fact, the two pieces, while worth reading alone, actually speak to each other. So take your time to discover each text, and then consider what you have gained by reading them, one after the other.



## "Sucker"

SUB-UNIT 1 • 5 LESSONS



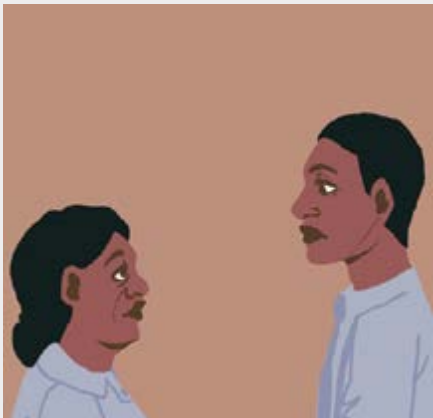
## *A Raisin in the Sun*

SUB-UNIT 2 • 16 LESSONS



## Dreams Deferred

SUB-UNIT 3 • 2 LESSONS



## Write an Essay

SUB-UNIT 4 • 5 LESSONS

## Overview

Carson McCullers was only 17 when she wrote this shrewd study of adolescent love and betrayal.

### Suggested Reading

#### Connections: "Sucker"

Carson McCullers's short story "Sucker" was published in *The Saturday Evening Post* shortly before the author's death at age 50. Do you think it's amazing that an adult writer can capture the inner life of two children? McCullers was actually 17 years old when she wrote the story, shortly after her father had given her a typewriter as a gift.

McCullers became one of the most popular writers of her generation, known by readers around the world for her novels featuring vivid characters in the American South. In the next few lessons, we're going to take a quick look at some of her work.



# “Sucker”

*Carson McCullers*

# “Sucker”

by Carson McCullers

- <sup>1</sup> It was always like I had a room to myself. Sucker slept in my bed with me but that didn't interfere with anything. The room was mine and I used it as I wanted to. Once I remember sawing a trap door in the floor. Last year when I was a sophomore in high school I tacked on my wall some pictures of girls from magazines and one of them was just in her underwear. My mother never bothered me because she had the younger kids to look after. And Sucker thought anything I did was always swell.
- <sup>2</sup> Whenever I would bring any of my friends back to my room all I had to do was just glance once at Sucker and he would get up from whatever he was busy with and maybe half smile at me, and leave without saying a word. He never brought kids back there. He's twelve, four years younger than I am, and he always knew without me even telling him that I didn't want kids that age meddling with my things.
- <sup>3</sup> Half the time I used to forget that Sucker isn't my brother. He's my first cousin but practically ever since I remember he's been in our family. You see his folks were killed in a wreck when he was a baby. To me and my kid sisters he was like our brother.
- <sup>4</sup> Sucker used to always remember and believe every word I said. That's how he got his nick-name. Once a couple of years ago I told him that if he'd jump off our garage with an umbrella it would act as a parachute and he wouldn't fall hard. He did it and busted his knee. That's just one instance. And the funny thing was that no matter how many times he got fooled he would still believe me. Not that he was dumb in other ways—it was just the way he acted with me. He would look at everything I did and quietly take it in.
- <sup>5</sup> There is one thing I have learned, but it makes me feel guilty and is hard to figure out. If a person admires you a lot you **despise** him and don't care—and it is the person who doesn't notice you that you are **apt** to admire. This is not easy to realize. Maybelle Watts, this senior at school,

**despise:** hate

**apt:** likely





acted like she was the Queen of Sheba and even humiliated me. Yet at this same time I would have done anything in the world to get her attentions. All I could think about day and night was Maybelle until I was nearly crazy. When Sucker was a little kid and on up until the time he was twelve I guess I treated him as bad as Maybelle did me.

- 6 Now that Sucker has changed so much it is a little hard to remember him as he used to be. I never imagined anything would suddenly happen that would make us both very different. I never knew that in order to get what has happened straight in my mind I would want to think back on him as he used to be and compare and try to get things settled. If I could have seen ahead maybe I would have acted different.
- 7 I never noticed him much or thought about him and when you consider how long we have had the same room together it is funny the few things I remember. He used to talk to himself a lot when he'd think he was alone—all about him fighting gangsters and being on ranches and that sort of kids' stuff. He'd get in the bathroom and stay as long as an hour and sometimes his voice would go up high and excited and you could hear him all over the house. Usually, though, he was very quiet. He didn't have many boys in the neighborhood to buddy with and his face had the look of a kid who is watching a game and waiting to be asked to play. He didn't mind wearing the sweaters and coats that I outgrew, even if the sleeves did flop down too big and make his wrists look as thin and white as a little girl's. That is how I remember him—getting a little bigger every year but still being the same. That was Sucker up until a few months ago when all this trouble began.
- 8 Maybelle was somehow mixed up in what happened so I guess I ought to start with her. Until I knew her I hadn't given much time to girls. Last fall she sat next to me in General Science class and that was when I first began to notice her. Her hair is the brightest yellow I ever saw and occasionally she will wear it set into curls with some sort of gluey stuff. Her fingernails are pointed and manicured and painted a shiny red. All during class I used to watch Maybelle, nearly all the time except when I thought she was going to look my way or when the teacher called on me. I couldn't keep my eyes off her hands, for one thing. They are very little and white except for that red stuff, and when she would turn the pages of her book she always licked her thumb and held out her little finger and turned very slowly. It is impossible to describe Maybelle. All the boys are crazy about her but

she didn't even notice me. For one thing she's almost two years older than I am. Between periods I used to try and pass very close to her in the halls but she would hardly ever smile at me. All I could do was sit and look at her in class—and sometimes it was like the whole room could hear my heart beating and I wanted to holler or light out and run for Hell.

9 At night, in bed, I would imagine about Maybelle. Often this would keep me from sleeping until as late as one or two o'clock. Sometimes Sucker would wake up and ask me why I couldn't get settled and I'd tell him to hush his mouth. I suppose I was mean to him lots of times. I guess I wanted to ignore somebody like Maybelle did me. You could always tell by Sucker's face when his feelings were hurt. I don't remember all the ugly remarks I must have made because even when I was saying them my mind was on Maybelle.

10 That went on for nearly three months and then somehow she began to change. In the halls she would speak to me and every morning she copied my homework. At lunch time once I danced with her in the gym. One afternoon I got up nerve and went around to her house with a carton of cigarettes. I knew she smoked in the girls' basement and sometimes outside of school—and I didn't want to take her candy because I think that's been run into the ground. She was very nice and it seemed to me everything was going to change.

11 It was that night when this trouble really started. I had come into my room late and Sucker was already asleep. I felt too happy and keyed up to get in a comfortable position and I was awake thinking about Maybelle a long time. Then I dreamed about her and it seemed I kissed her. It was a surprise to wake up and see the dark. I lay still and a little while passed before I could come to and understand where I was. The house was quiet and it was a very dark night.

12 Sucker's voice was a shock to me. "Pete? . . ."

13 I didn't answer anything or even move.

14 "You do like me as much as if I was your own brother, don't you, Pete?"

15 I couldn't get over the surprise of everything and it was like this was the real dream instead of the other.

16 "You have liked me all the time like I was your own brother, haven't you?"

17 "Sure," I said.

- 18 Then I got up for a few minutes. It was cold and I was glad to come back to bed. Sucker hung on to my back. He felt little and warm and I could feel his warm breathing on my shoulder.
- 19 “No matter what you did I always knew you liked me.”
- 20 I was wide awake and my mind seemed mixed up in a strange way. There was this happiness about Maybelle and all that—but at the same time something about Sucker and his voice when he said these things made me take notice. Anyway I guess you understand people better when you are happy than when something is worrying you. It was like I had never really thought about Sucker until then. I felt I had always been mean to him. One night a few weeks before I had heard him crying in the dark. He said he had lost a boy’s beebee gun and was scared to let anybody know. He wanted me to tell him what to do. I was sleepy and tried to make him hush and when he wouldn’t I kicked at him. That was just one of the things I remembered. It seemed to me he had always been a lonesome kid. I felt bad.
- 21 There is something about a dark cold night that makes you feel close to someone you’re sleeping with. When you talk together it is like you are the only people awake in the town.
- 22 “You’re a swell kid, Sucker,” I said.
- 23 It seemed to me suddenly that I did like him more than anybody else I knew—more than any other boy, more than my sisters, more in a certain way even than Maybelle. I felt good all over and it was like when they play sad music in the movies. I wanted to show Sucker how much I really thought of him and make up for the way I had always treated him.
- 24 We talked for a good while that night. His voice was fast and it was like he had been saving up these things to tell me for a long time. He mentioned that he was going to try to build a canoe and that the kids down the block wouldn’t let him in on their football team and I don’t know what all. I talked some too and it was a good feeling to think of him taking in everything I said so seriously. I even spoke of Maybelle a little, only I made out like it was her who had been running after me all this time. He asked questions about high school and so forth. His voice was excited and he kept on talking fast like he could never get the words out in time. When I went to sleep he was still talking and I could still feel his breathing on my shoulder, warm and close.

- <sup>25</sup> During the next couple of weeks I saw a lot of Maybelle. She acted as though she really cared for me a little. Half the time I felt so good I hardly knew what to do with myself.
- <sup>26</sup> But I didn't forget about Sucker. There were a lot of old things in my bureau drawer I'd been saving—boxing gloves and Tom Swift books and second rate fishing tackle. All this I turned over to him. We had some more talks together and it was really like I was knowing him for the first time. When there was a long cut on his cheek I knew he had been monkeying around with this new first razor set of mine, but I didn't say anything. His face seemed different now. He used to look timid and sort of like he was afraid of a whack over the head. That expression was gone. His face, with those wide-open eyes and his ears sticking out and his mouth never quite shut, had the look of a person who is surprised and expecting something swell.
- <sup>27</sup> Once I started to point him out to Maybelle and tell her he was my kid brother. It was an afternoon when a murder mystery was on at the movie. I had earned a dollar working for my Dad and I gave Sucker a quarter to go and get candy and so forth. With the rest I took Maybelle. We were sitting near the back and I saw Sucker come in. He began to stare at the screen the minute he stepped past the ticket man and he stumbled down the aisle without noticing where he was going. I started to punch Maybelle but couldn't quite make up my mind. Sucker looked a little silly—walking like a drunk with his eyes glued to the movie. He was wiping his reading glasses on his shirt tail and his knickers flopped down. He went on until he got to the first few rows where the kids usually sit. I never did punch Maybelle. But I got to thinking it was good to have both of them at the movie with the money I earned.
- <sup>28</sup> I guess things went on like this for about a month or six weeks. I felt so good I couldn't settle down to study or put my mind on anything. I wanted to be friendly with everybody. There were times when I just had to talk to some person. And usually that would be Sucker. He felt as good as I did. Once he said: "Pete, I am gladder that you are like my brother than anything else in the world."
- <sup>29</sup> Then something happened between Maybelle and me. I never have figured out just what it was. Girls like her are hard to understand. She began to act different toward me. At first I wouldn't let myself believe this

and tried to think it was just my imagination. She didn't act glad to see me anymore. Often she went out riding with this fellow on the football team who owns this yellow roadster. The car was the color of her hair and after school she would ride off with him, laughing and looking into his face. I couldn't think of anything to do about it and she was on my mind all day and night. When I did get a chance to go out with her she was snippy and didn't seem to notice me. This made me feel like something was the matter—I would worry about my shoes clapping too loud on the floor or the fly of my pants, or the bumps on my chin. Sometimes when Maybelle was around, a devil would get into me and I'd hold my face stiff and call grown men by their last names without the Mister and say rough things. In the night I would wonder what made me do all this until I was too tired for sleep.

30 At first I was so worried I just forgot about Sucker. Then later he began to get on my nerves. He was always hanging around until I would get back from high school, always looking like he had something to say to me or wanted me to tell him. He made me a magazine rack in his Manual Training class and one week he saved his lunch money and bought me three packs of cigarettes. He couldn't seem to take it in that I had things on my mind and didn't want to fool with him. Every afternoon it would be the same—him in my room with this waiting expression on his face. Then I wouldn't say anything or I'd maybe answer him rough-like and he would finally go on out.

31 I can't divide that time up and say this happened one day and that the next. For one thing I was so mixed up the weeks just slid along into each other and I felt like Hell and didn't care. Nothing definite was said or done. Maybelle still rode around with this fellow in his yellow roadster and sometimes she would smile at me and sometimes not. Every afternoon I went from one place to another where I thought she would be. Either she would act almost nice and I would begin thinking how things would finally clear up and she would care for me—or else she'd behave so that if she hadn't been a girl I'd have wanted to grab her by that white little neck and choke her. The more ashamed I felt for making a fool of myself the more I ran after her.

32 Sucker kept getting on my nerves more and more. He would look at me as though he sort of blamed me for something, but at the same time

knew that it wouldn't last long. He was growing fast and for some reason began to stutter when he talked. Sometimes he had nightmares or would throw up his breakfast. Mom got him a bottle of cod liver oil.

33 Then the finish came between Maybelle and me. I met her going to the drug store and asked for a date. When she said no I remarked something sarcastic. She told me she was sick and tired of my being around and that she had never cared a rap about me. She said all that. I just stood there and didn't answer anything. I walked home very slowly.

34 For several afternoons I stayed in my room by myself. I didn't want to go anywhere or talk to anyone. When Sucker would come in and look at me sort of funny I'd yell at him to get out. I didn't want to think of Maybelle and I sat at my desk reading *Popular Mechanics* or **whittling** at a toothbrush rack I was making. It seemed to me I was putting that girl out of my mind pretty well.

35 But you can't help what happens to you at night. That is what made things how they are now.

36 You see a few nights after Maybelle said those words to me I dreamed about her again. It was like that first time and I was squeezing Sucker's arm so tight I woke him up. He reached for my hand. "Pete, what's the matter with you?"

37 All of a sudden I felt so mad my throat choked—at myself and the dream and Maybelle and Sucker and every single person I knew. I remembered all the times Maybelle had humiliated me and everything bad that had ever happened. It seemed to me for a second that nobody would ever like me but a sap like Sucker.

38 "Why is it we aren't buddies like we were before? Why—?"

39 "Shut your damn trap!" I threw off the cover and got up and turned on the light. He sat in the middle of the bed, his eyes blinking and scared.

40 There was something in me and I couldn't help myself. I don't think anybody ever gets that mad but once. Words came without me knowing what they would be. It was only afterward that I could remember each thing I said and see it all in a clear way.

41 "Why aren't we buddies? Because you're the dumbest slob I ever saw! Nobody cares anything about you! And just because I felt sorry for you



sometimes and tried to act decent don't think I give a damn about a dumb-bunny like you!"

42 If I'd talked loud or hit him it wouldn't have been so bad. But my voice was slow and like I was very calm. Sucker's mouth was part way open and he looked as though he'd knocked his funny bone. His face was white and sweat came out on his forehead. He wiped it away with the back of his hand and for a minute his arm stayed raised that way as though he was holding something away from him.

43 "Don't you know a single thing? Haven't you ever been around at all? Why don't you get a girl friend instead of me? What kind of a sissy do you want to grow up to be anyway?"

44 I didn't know what was coming next. I couldn't help myself or think.

45 Sucker didn't move. He had on one of my pajama jackets and his neck stuck out skinny and small. His hair was damp on his forehead.

46 "Why do you always hang around me? Don't you know when you're not wanted?"

47 Afterward I could remember the change in Sucker's face. Slowly that blank look went away and he closed his mouth. His eyes got narrow and his fists shut. There had never been such a look on him before. It was like every second he was getting older. There was a hard look to his eyes you don't see usually in a kid. A drop of sweat rolled down his chin and he didn't notice. He just sat there with those eyes on me and he didn't speak and his face was hard and didn't move.

48 "No you don't know when you're not wanted. You're too dumb. Just like your name—a dumb Sucker."

49 It was like something had busted inside me. I turned off the light and sat down in the chair by the window. My legs were shaking and I was so tired I could have bawled. The room was cold and dark. I sat there for a long time and smoked a squashed cigarette I had saved. Outside the yard was black and quiet. After a while I heard Sucker lie down.

50 I wasn't mad any more, only tired. It seemed awful to me that I had talked like that to a kid only twelve. I couldn't take it all in. I told myself I would go over to him and try to make it up. But I just sat there in the cold until a long time had passed. I planned how I could straighten it out in the morning. Then, trying not to squeak the springs, I got back in bed.

- <sup>51</sup> Sucker was gone when I woke up the next day. And later when I wanted to apologize as I had planned he looked at me in this new hard way so that I couldn't say a word.
- <sup>52</sup> All of that was two or three months ago. Since then Sucker has grown faster than any boy I ever saw. He's almost as tall as I am and his bones have gotten heavier and bigger. He won't wear any of my old clothes any more and has bought his first pair of long pants—with some leather suspenders to hold them up. Those are just the changes that are easy to see and put into words.
- <sup>53</sup> Our room isn't mine at all anymore. He's gotten up this gang of kids and they have a club. When they aren't digging trenches in some vacant lot and fighting they are always in my room. On the door there is some foolishness written in **Mercurochrome** saying "Woe to the Outsider who Enters" and signed with crossed bones and their secret initials. They have rigged up a radio and every afternoon it blares out music. Once as I was coming in I heard a boy telling something in a loud voice about what he saw in the back of his big brother's automobile. I could guess what I didn't hear. That's what her and my brother do. It's the truth—parked in the car. For a minute Sucker looked surprised and his face was almost like it used to be. Then he got hard and tough again. "Sure, dumbbell. We know all that." They didn't notice me. Sucker began telling them how in two years he was planning to be a trapper in Alaska.
- <sup>54</sup> But most of the time Sucker stays by himself. It is worse when we are alone together in the room. He sprawls across the bed in those long corduroy pants with the suspenders and just stares at me with that hard, half-sneering look. I fiddle around my desk and can't get settled because of those eyes of his. And the thing is I just have to study because I've gotten three bad cards this term already. If I flunk English I can't graduate next year. I don't want to be a bum and I just have to get my mind on it. I don't care a flip for Maybelle or any particular girl any more and it's only this thing between Sucker and me that is the trouble now. We never speak except when we have to before the family. I don't even want to call him Sucker any more and unless I forget I call him by his real name, Richard. At night I can't study with him in the room and I have to hang around the drug store, smoking and doing nothing, with the fellows who **loaf** there.

**Mercurochrome:**  
a red liquid that  
controls infection,  
once used to clean  
wounds

**loaf:** hang out



55 More than anything I want to be easy in my mind again. And I miss the way Sucker and I were for a while in a funny, sad way that before this I never would have believed. But everything is so different that there seems to be nothing I can do to get it right. I've sometimes thought if we could have it out in a big fight that would help. But I can't fight him because he's four years younger. And another thing—sometimes this look in his eyes makes me almost believe that if Sucker could he would kill me.

"Sucker" from *The Mortgaged Heart* by Carson McCullers. Copyright © 1971 by Floria V. Lasky, Executrix of the Estate of Carson McCullers. Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. All rights reserved.



•

**tacked:** nailed

**manicured:** neatly shaped

**holler:** yell

**blares:** blasts

**sprawls:** lays down and spreads out

**sneering:** insultingly smiling

••

**swell:** great

**meddling:** interfering

**light:** run

**keyed:** tensed

**tackle:** fishing equipment

**timid:** fearful

**knickers:** short, loose-fitting pants

**snippy:** speaking in a sharp and rude way

**bawled:** cried

**Woe:** trouble

**rigged:** set

**trapper:** person who traps animals for their meat and fur

•••

**despise:** hate

**apt:** likely

**whittling:** carving

**Mercurochrome:** a red liquid that controls infection, once used to clean wounds

**loaf:** hang out



Use the Vocab App to play mini games related to the words in this lesson.



## Lesson 1—"The room was mine and I used it as I wanted to."

1. Review "Sucker," paragraphs 1–9, on pages 186–188 of the Student Edition.
2. Discuss the following questions with a partner.
  - What do you think about the narrator and Sucker so far?
  - What lines of text are giving you that impression?



**Answer questions 1 and 2 on page 10 of your Writing Journal.**

---

1. Review "Sucker," paragraphs 1–9.

Now you're going to fill in a chart to help you draw conclusions about who Sucker is, according to Pete.

- In the first column, you'll identify quotes from the text that give you a clue about Sucker.
- In the second column, you'll make observations about the quote and explain what you think it says about Sucker's character.

Review the sample entries before you begin. Remember that there are two characters: Pete (the narrator) and Sucker.



**Fill in the chart and answer question 2 on page 11 of your Writing Journal.**

---

Now you're going to fill in a chart to help you draw conclusions about who Pete is.

- In the first column, you'll identify quotes from the text that give you a clue about Pete.
- In the second column, you'll make some observations about the quote and explain what you think it says about Pete.

Review the sample entries before you begin.



**Fill in the chart and respond to question 2 on page 12 of your Writing Journal.**

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Follow along as your teacher reads aloud "Sucker," paragraphs 1–9, on pages 186–188 of the Student Edition.



**After the class discussion, respond to questions 1 and 2 on page 13 of your Writing Journal.**

---

## Lesson 2—"The Queen of Sheba"

1. Review "Sucker," paragraphs 1–9, on pages 186–188 of the Student Edition.
2. Share your impressions. Explain what you've figured out about Pete's feelings toward Maybelle and what type of person she is.

Now you're going to fill in a chart to help you make observations about Maybelle's character.

- In the first column, identify quotes from the text that give you a clue about Maybelle.
- In the second column, make observations about the quote and explain what you think it says about Maybelle's character.

Review the sample entries before you begin.



**Complete the chart on page 14 of your Writing Journal.**

Review "Sucker," paragraphs 8 and 9, on pages 187 and 188 of the Student Edition.



**Answer question 2 on page 14 of your Writing Journal.**

Follow your teacher's directions to continue to fill in the wall chart that you have been working on.

Follow your teacher's instructions and fill in the chart to make direct comparisons between the language that Pete uses to describe Sucker and Maybelle.

Follow along on page 186 of your Student Edition as your teacher reads aloud paragraph 5.

Follow your teacher's directions to continue to fill in the chart that you have been working on.



Respond to the question on page 14 of your Writing Journal.

---

## Lesson 3—"It seemed to me suddenly..."

1. Review "Sucker," paragraphs 1–28, on pages 186–190 of the Student Edition.
2. Review your impressions of Sucker's, Pete's, and Maybelle's characteristics in the second part of the story.
3. Work with your teacher and classmates to update the chart you have been working on.
4. Discuss the changes in the characters—compare this second row to the first row of the wall chart.



Answer questions 1 and 2 on page 15 of your Writing Journal.

---

Follow along as your teacher reads aloud "Sucker," paragraphs 11–24, on pages 188 and 189 of the Student Edition.

Now you're going to record your analysis of Pete's feelings in a chart.

- In the first column, identify quotes from the text that show Pete's feelings.
- In the second column, describe the emotion that the character is feeling in each quote. Point out exactly which words communicate this emotion.



Complete the chart on page 15 of your Writing Journal.

---



Review "Sucker," paragraphs 11–24, on pages 188 and 189 of the Student Edition.



Respond to the question on page 15 of your Writing Journal.

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## Lesson 4—“...what happens to you at night.”

1. Review “Sucker,” paragraphs 1–55 on pages 186–195 of the Student Edition.

With your classmates, discuss the changes you see in Pete and Sucker.

Work with your teacher and classmates to update the chart that was begun earlier.

Follow along as your teacher reads aloud “Sucker,” paragraphs 50–55, on pages 193–195 of the Student Edition.



Answer the question on page 16 of your Writing Journal.

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1. Follow along as your teacher reads aloud the Writing Prompt on page 17 of the Writing Journal.
2. Review “Sucker,” paragraphs 50–55, for details that will help you respond to the prompt.



**Respond to the Writing Prompt on page 17 of your Writing Journal.**

---

## Overview

Wouldn't it be fun to have enough money to do what you've always wanted? The Younger family is about to find out what that's like. Sometimes, there's more standing in the way of what you want than you think.

## Suggested Reading

### Connections: *A Raisin in the Sun*

*A Raisin in the Sun* opened on Broadway in 1959 to both popular and critical acclaim. It was popular partly because of its vivid portrait of family life and the struggle to succeed in a hard world—subjects nearly everyone could understand. But in its treatment of bigotry and discrimination, it was also way ahead of its time. This section of each lesson will introduce you to Hansberry's other writing, as well as other books you may enjoy.

## Lesson 1—Meet the Younger Family

image  
1



Chicago in the early 1950s: *A Raisin in the Sun* was published in 1958 and staged on Broadway in 1959. The author wrote in 1958 that it takes place in Chicago sometime between the Second World War and “today” (1958), so we picture Chicago in the early 1950s. But Hansberry didn’t give us a specific date, so while we might want to picture *this* Chicago, it is possible that we are supposed to imagine that this story could take place today.

Library of Congress

## Lesson 1—Meet the Younger Family (continued)

image  
2



### Lorraine Hansberry

"January 19, 1959

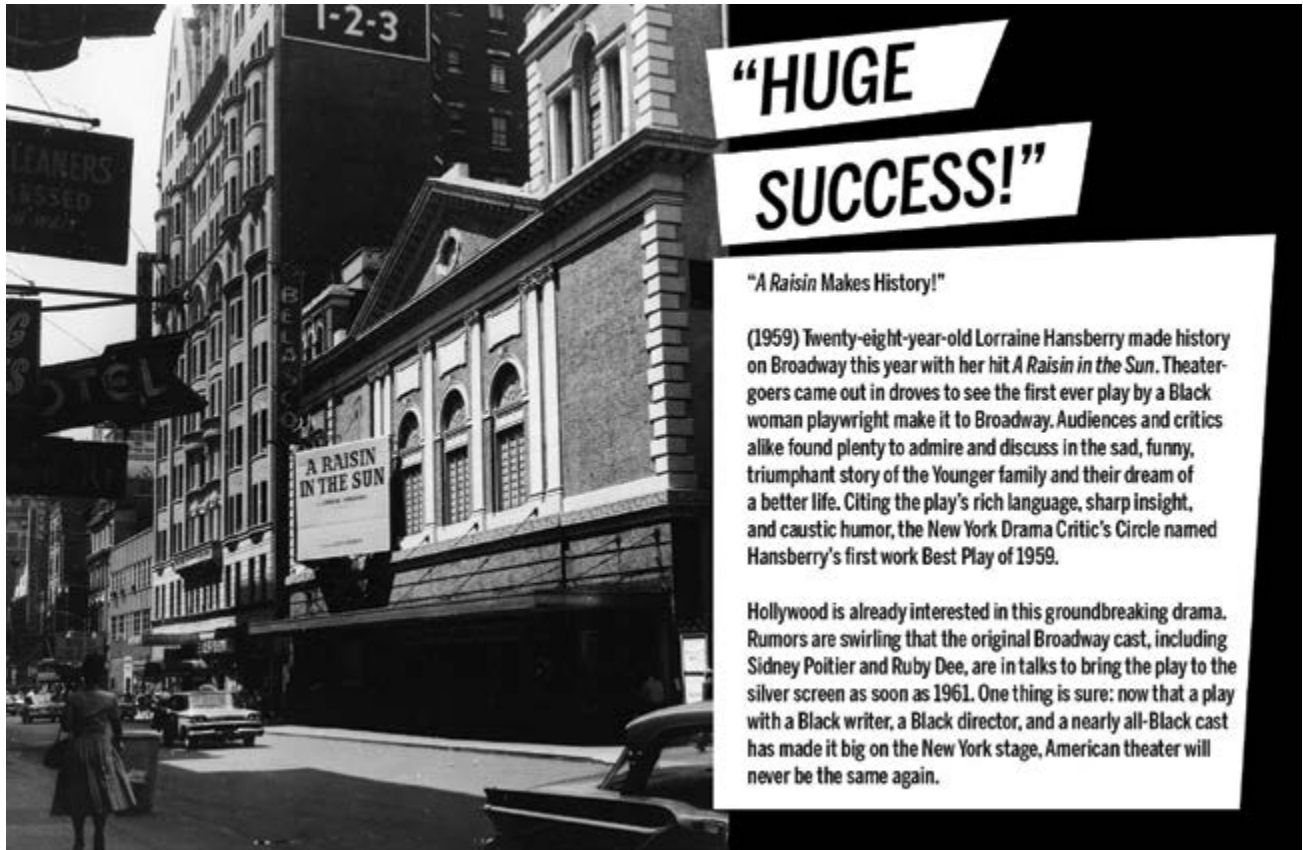
Dear Mother,

Well here we are, I am sitting alone in a nice hotel room in New Haven, Conn. Downstairs, next door in the Shubert Theatre, technicians are putting the finishing touches on a living room that is supposed to be a Chicago living room. Wednesday the curtain goes up at 8 p.m. The next day New Haven papers will say what they think about our efforts. A great deal of money has been spent and a lot of people have done some hard, hard work, and it may be the beginning of many different careers. The actors are very good and the director is a very talented man—so if it is a poor show I won't be able to blame a soul but your youngest daughter..."

Lorraine Hansberry: The first black woman to write a play that was produced on Broadway. Here, you see a letter that she wrote to her mother shortly before the play's debut.

© Bettmann/CORBIS

image  
3



“Huge Success!”: *A Raisin in the Sun* was nominated for four Tony awards, ran for two years, toured all over the world, and was very quickly turned into a popular movie—for which Hansberry wrote the screenplay.

Hulton Archive/Getty Images

## Lesson 1—Meet the Younger Family (continued)

Follow along as your teacher reads aloud Act I, Scene One, pages 25–27, in *A Raisin in the Sun*:

**Start:** [RUTH Come on now, boy, it's seven thirty!]

**End:** [RUTH (*Almost matter of factly...*)]

1. What do you notice about how this text looks?
2. What makes it different from other texts we've read so far?
3. Why do you think the text is structured this way? How does the structure help you understand the setting and characters?

### Prepare Your Lines

Practice reading your assigned character's lines with your group:

- **Ruth** Act I, Scene One, page 25  
**Start:** [Come on now, boy, it's seven thirty!]  
**End:** [(*...in his voice there is a quality of indictment*)]
- **Walter** Act I, Scene One, pages 25–26  
**Start:** [WALTER Is he out yet?]  
**End:** [WALTER Ain't nobody bothering you. (*Reading the news of the day absently again*) Say Colonel McCormick is sick.]
- **Travis** Act I, Scene One, pages 28–29  
**Start:** [TRAVIS (*Watching the bathroom*) Daddy, come on!  
**End:** [TRAVIS (*Sulking and standing apart from her unnaturally*) I'm gone.]

Do not read the words in parentheses out loud. They are stage directions and give you hints about how to deliver your lines.

4. Read the first line to yourself.
5. On the count of three, read the first line together.
6. Do it again.
7. Repeat for each line. (Decide as a group if you want to do a few lines at a time instead of one line at a time.)



Respond to the question about the scene on page 20 of your Writing Journal.



Review *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act I, Scene One, stage directions, pages 23–24:

**Start:** [*The YOUNGER living room would be a comfortable and well-ordered room...*]

**End:** [*At right, opposite, is a second room (which in the beginning of the life of this apartment was probably a breakfast room) which serves as a bedroom for WALTER and his wife, RUTH.*]

1. Read the introductory stage directions.
2. Highlight what you find out about setting or characters that you didn't know before.

1. Review *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act I, Scene One, stage directions, pages 23–24:

**Start:** [*The YOUNGER living room would be a comfortable and well-ordered room...*]

**End:** [*At right, opposite, is a second room (which in the beginning of the life of this apartment was probably a breakfast room) which serves as a bedroom for WALTER and his wife, RUTH.*]

2. Stage directions are an important feature of how plays are structured. Think about what the introductory stage directions help you understand about the characters and the situation.
3. Watch your classmates' performances.
4. Share any new insights you have gained about the characters with the class.



Answer questions 1–3 on page 20 of the Writing Journal.

---

## Lesson 2—“DAMN MY EGGS”

Refer to *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act I, Scene One, pages 31–34:

**Start:** [WALTER (*After him, pointing with pride*) That’s my boy.]

**End:** [WALTER (*Slams the table and jumps up*)—DAMN MY EGGS—DAMN ALL THE EGGS THAT EVER WAS!]

1. Review your description from the Lesson 1 Solo of what Walter is upset about when he says, “DAMN MY EGGS” (Act I, Scene One, page 34).
2. Review the scene and highlight additional details that provide clues about other things Walter may be frustrated about.



Respond to questions 1 and 2 on page 21 of your Writing Journal.

---

1. Watch the video.
2. Consider how the scene in the film compares to how you pictured it in your mind.
3. Pay close attention to Walter’s “DAMN MY EGGS” line.

Discuss your impressions of the scene with your class.

You can use the chart below to help you identify Walter's emotions.



Respond to questions 1 and 2 on page 22 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 2—"DAMN MY EGGS" (continued)

Think about how Walter displayed emotion during his "DAMN MY EGGS" scene (Act I, Scene One, page 34).



Respond to the Writing Prompt on page 23 of your Writing Journal.

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1. If you were putting on a stage production of *A Raisin in the Sun*, how would you choose to make it look and feel? Mark your answer.
  - ☐ Like the version I had in my head when I first read the play
  - ☐ Like the film version I just watched
  - ☐ Like the version I have in my head now that I've read closely and compared the two



Reflect on the film version on page 24 of your Writing Journal.

---

## A Raisin in the Sun Dramatic Reading Activity

1. You will select a 30-word passage from *A Raisin in the Sun*, in which a character reveals something interesting about him- or herself. You will prepare to *recite* that passage aloud in the way your character would say it.

The following is a scorecard your teacher will use to measure your performance. Take a minute to review it.

SCORECARD		
Criteria	Earned Points	Possible Points
Choose a passage that reveals something about who this character is as a person.		3
Memorize a minimum of 30 words.		3
Project loudly enough for everyone to hear.		3
Perform the lines in character and in a way that conveys the meaning of the scene.		8
Write a minimum of six sentences explaining how this part of the scene expresses something about the character.		8
<b>Total</b>		
Extra Credit: Use props, costumes, music, or something else that helps the audience better understand the scene.		
<b>Grand Total</b>		

## Planning Your Performance

2. Pick and highlight *two* 30-word passages from Act I, Scene One, that you might like to memorize and recite. Be ready to show these two passages to your teacher in the next class.
3. As you choose, think about which character interests you the most.

## Lesson 3—“Well, I always wanted me a garden...”

1. Follow along as your teacher reads aloud *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act I, Scene One, pages 35–37:  
**Start:** [WALTER (*Mumbling*) We one group of men tied to a race of women with small minds!]  
**End:** [BENEATHA (*With fury*) What do you want from me, Brother—that I quit school or just drop dead, which!]
2. When Beneatha first enters this scene, what does she want?
3. Explain how this character is affected by her setting or by the other characters.
4. Which quote from the text shows the obstacle that prevents Beneatha from getting what she wants?

Now, consider the Want/Obstacle/Action of the other characters in the scene.



When your teacher directs you, fill in the Action column of the chart on page 25 of your Writing Journal.

---

1. Read Act I, Scene One, excerpts:
  - pages 28–31
  - pages 36–38
2. Choose either Travis or Beneatha to focus on.
3. Go back to the excerpt for your character.

- Travis: pages 28–31
- Beneatha: pages 36–38

Highlight the lines that show you...

- what the character wants.
  - what gets in his or her way. (There may be more than one obstacle. Choose one.)
  - how he or she reacts to that obstacle.
4. Annotate each line to explain your ideas.



Use your highlights and notes to complete the chart on page 26 of your Writing Journal.

Think about what your character wants, and how he or she reacts to the obstacles in the way.



Respond to the Writing Prompt on page 27 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 4—Dramatic Readings

1. Refer to the Act I, Scene One, excerpt for the character you chose to analyze.
  - Travis: pages 28–31
  - Beneatha: pages 36–38
2. Consider what this section reveals about your character.



Respond to questions 1 and 2 on page 28 of your Writing Journal.

---

### Directions for Student Performers

1. Take a deep breath and exhale slowly.
2. Recite your passage.
3. Explain to the class:
  - A. Why you picked this passage
  - B. What you learned about the character by preparing for your performance



Watch your classmates perform.

Observe:

1. A classmate that chose the same character as you.
2. How the classmate expresses a same or different idea or emotion.
3. A way they emphasize the idea or emotion.



**Respond to questions 1–3 on page 29 of your Writing Journal.**

---

As you watch the videos, consider:

1. What do you notice about how each character sounds when they speak?
2. How do the characters use their expressions to show what they are feeling?

## Lesson 6—You're the Director!

What does the money mean for each character?

Refer to *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act I, pages 23–75, as you complete these activities with your group.

1. Review what each character wants at the end of Act I.
2. Decide with your group who will take responsibility for each character.
3. Read the lines provided for your character.
4. Focus on those that show you what your character wants at that moment.
5. Share your responses with your group so that every student can complete the Want box for each character.



Fill in your character's box in the chart on pages 30–31 of your Writing Journal, then fill in the rest of your chart as you listen to your group.

Consider what each character wants to do with the money and how each character is feeling at the end of Act I.



Respond to the question on page 32 of your Writing Journal.

### The Check Arrives: How Do the Youngers Feel?

1. Follow along as your classmates read aloud *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act I, Scene Two, pages 67–71:

**Start:** [(The bell sounds suddenly and sharply and all three are stunned—serious and silent—mid-speech...)]

**End:** [WALTER ...Yeah, you tell me then!]

2. Highlight clues in the passage about how your character is feeling when the check arrives.



Answer question 1 on page 33 of your Writing Journal.

3. Focus on this line in the text and consider how you think an actor should say it:

**MAMA** (*She holds the check away from her, still looking at it. Slowly her face sobers into a mask of unhappiness*) Ten thousand dollars. (Act I, Scene Two, page 69)

4. Highlight Mama's lines in the text in Act I, Scene Two, page 69.
5. Write a note next to her lines to describe how the actor should say the line.
6. Find the quote from your character in the list below, then answer the questions about it in your Writing Journal.

**RUTH** That's a whole lot different from having it come and being able to hold it in your hands...a piece of paper worth ten thousand dollars... (Act I, Scene Two, page 68)

**MAMA** We ain't never been no people to act silly 'bout no money— (Act I, Scene Two, page 68)

**WALTER** (*sits down and grasps it close and counts off the zeros*) Ten thousand dollars—(*He turns suddenly, frantically to his mother and draws some papers out of his breast pocket*) Mama—look. Old Willy Harris put everything on paper— (Act I, Scene Two, page 70)



Respond to question 2 on page 33 of the Writing Journal about what your character is feeling.

## Lesson 6—You're the Director! (continued)

Think about how each of the characters is feeling when the check arrives in *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act I, Scene Two, pages 67–71:

**Start:** [(*The bell sounds suddenly and sharply and all three are stunned—serious and silent—mid-speech....*)]

**End:** [WALTER ...Yeah, you tell me then!]



Respond to the Writing Prompt on page 34 of your Writing Journal.

---

## Lesson 7—Pick a Character

Turn to *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act I, Scene Two, pages 67–71:

**Start:** [(*The bell sounds suddenly and sharply and all three are stunned—serious and silent—mid-speech...*)]

**End:** [WALTER ...Yeah, you tell me then!]

Review the Venn diagram you may or may not have completed in the Solo for your last lesson.

Review *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act I, pages 23–75, with these questions in mind:

- Which moments do you remember best?
- Who was expressing that he or she wanted something?
- How could you tell?



Fill in the chart on page 35 of your Writing Journal to record your thoughts.

## Lesson 7—Pick a Character (continued)

1. Choose a character to follow for the rest of the play.



Answer questions 1 and 2 about your character on page 36 of your Writing Journal.

---

2. What does your character want? What are his or her obstacles? You're going to fill in a Want/Obstacle/Action chart for your character. Look in *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act I, Scene One, pages 23–53, to find:
  - When the character shows that he or she wants something, then is looking for what gets in the way
  - When the character is frustrated, angry, or facing an obstacle, then is looking for the obstacle

For the Action column, find specific examples of what the character does or says in response to the obstacle. These actions will often be the character's defining moments—the times when we really see who this person is.



Complete the chart on page 37 of your Writing Journal.

---

Let's consider who a character is by looking at their wants and reaction to obstacles.

Here's an example:

Suppose we say "Jake is an honest character." How do we know that?

- Jake really loves chocolate, and his mother doesn't believe it is healthy, so he doesn't get it very often. One night he is walking by a chocolate shop and sees the front door wide open, and no one inside. He hasn't eaten chocolate in a while, but he decides not to steal and lie—he closes the door and keeps walking.
- Jake wants chocolate, his obstacles are his mother and his own honesty. Based on how he responds when faced with obstacles, you can conclude he is probably an honest kid.

Today's assignment will help you write something that would help readers understand the character of the character you chose.



**With your partner, complete questions 1–5 on pages 38–39 of your Writing Journal.**

---

## Lesson 8—“What you always excusing me for!”

1. Read *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act II, Scene One, pages 76–80:

**Start:** [*Time: Later the same day*]

**End:** [RUTH He’s had a little to drink ... I don’t know what her excuse is.]

2. Highlight or underline lines from the text that show what Walter is doing.

Discuss with a partner:

3. What do you notice happening between Walter and Beneatha?
  4. What do you think is going through Walter’s mind during this moment?
- 
5. In Act II, Walter is acting very differently than in Act I. Which line from Act I do you think *best* contrasts with how he’s acting today? Circle your answer. All passages are from *A Raisin in the Sun*.
    - “WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE LISTEN TO ME TODAY!” (Act I, Scene Two, page 70)
    - “I’m a grown man, Mama.” (Act I, Scene Two, page 71)
    - “I want so many things that they are driving me kind of crazy...Mama—look at me.” (Act I, Scene Two, page 73)
    - “No—it was always money, Mama. We just didn’t know about it.” (Act I, Scene Two, page 74)



Explain what is going on with Walter on page 40 of your Writing Journal.

Watch the video your teacher plays. Try to figure out what the word “assimilation” means to Beneatha. What does Beneatha think of assimilation? Discuss with your partner.

- It’s a good thing.
- It’s a bad thing.
- She doesn’t know.





Respond to the question on page 41 of your Writing Journal.

Watch the video your teacher plays, thinking about what the word “assimilation” means to Walter.

1. Review the excerpt from *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act II, Scene One, pages 82–86:

**Start:** [WALTER New York ain't got nothing Chicago ain't.]

**End:** [GEORGE Thanks. Good night. *(Half out the door, he reopens it. To WALTER)* Good night, Prometheus!]

2. Highlight one place where you see a change in the way that Walter is acting toward George.



Respond to questions 1–4 on page 42 of your Writing Journal.

3. What does Walter think of assimilation?

- A. It's a good thing.
- B. It's a bad thing.
- C. He doesn't know.

Think about Walter's view of assimilation at this point in the play.



Respond to the Writing Prompt on page 43 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 9—Home

Follow along as your classmates read *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act II, Scene One, pages 89–95:

**Start:** [WALTER Mama, where have you been?]

**End:** [(He just closes the door behind him. MAMA sits alone, thinking heavily)]

1. Highlight places in the text where you see your character responding to Mama's house purchase news.
2. If you are following Beneatha, who is not in this scene, highlight details about the house purchase that you think relate to one of Beneatha's motivations, or to which you think Beneatha would respond strongly.



Fill in the chart on page 44 of your Writing Journal for the character you are following.

In your character group, share your best evidence and discuss the questions below:

1. What do you think is your character's main response to the news?
2. Which passage in the text made you think so, and why?
3. Did anyone in your group find a response you didn't think of or notice? Do you agree or disagree with that?



Write your group's two best highlights on page 44 of your Writing Journal.

Think about how your character reacts to Mama's choice to buy the house.



Respond to the Writing Prompt on page 45 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 11—“For you to decide”

Follow along as your teacher and classmates read aloud *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act II, Scene Two, pages 104–106:

**Start:** [(*The phone rings*)]

**End:** [WALTER Naw—you ain't never been wrong about nothing, Mama.]

Follow along as your classmates and teacher read aloud *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act II, Scene Two, pages 106–109:

**Start:** [MAMA Listen to me, now. I say I been wrong, son.]

**End:** [(WALTER'S voice has risen in pitch and hysterical promise and on the last line he lifts TRAVIS high)]



Answer questions 1 and 2 on page 46 of your Writing Journal.

---

## Lesson 11—"For you to decide" (continued)

Should Mama give Walter the money?

If yes, why?

If no, who should get the money?



Share your thinking on page 47 of your Writing Journal.

---

Who do you think should get the money? Discuss with your group.



Complete questions 1–3 on page 48 of your Writing Journal.

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## Lesson 12—“What can we do for you, Mr. Lindner?”

1. Follow along as your classmates and teacher read aloud *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act II, Scene Three, pages 113–116:

**Start:** [BENEATHA Sticks and stone may break my bones but...words will never hurt me!]

**End:** [RUTH (*Still innocently*) Would you like another chair—you don't look comfortable...]

As you read, think about:

- What does Mr. Lindner want?
- How are the Youngers an obstacle for Mr. Lindner?
- What actions does Mr. Lindner take?

2. Follow along as your classmates and teacher read aloud *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act II, Scene Three, pages 116–121:

**Start:** [LINDNER Yes, well. I'm going to get right to the point.]

**End:** [RUTH Well—that's the way the crackers crumble. (*A beat*) Joke.]

As you read, think about:

- What does Mr. Lindner want during this scene?
- What actions does Mr. Lindner take to get what he wants?

## Lesson 12—“What can we do for you, Mr. Lindner?” (continued)

1. Review *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act II, Scene Three, pages 113–121:

**Start:** [BENEATHA Sticks and stones may break my bones but... words will never hurt me!]

**End:** [RUTH Well—that’s the way the crackers crumble. (*A beat*) Joke.]

2. Highlight lines that show how your character reacts to Mr. Lindner’s visit.

Consider how Mr. Lindner's visit impacts the Younger family.



Respond to the Writing Prompt on page 49 of your Writing Journal.

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## Lesson 13—“Lemme tell you—”

1. Review Mama's speech, *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act II, Scene Two, pages 106–107:

**Start:** [MAMA Listen to me, now...]

**End:** [MAMA ... I'm telling you to be the head of this family from now on like you supposed to be.]

The speech tells you about when Mama gave the money to Walter.

2. Mama gave Walter specific instructions on what he should do with the money. Highlight two places in the text that identify what Mama told Walter to do with the money.

With your partner:

3. Review *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act II, Scene Three, pages 124–128:

**Start:** [BENEATHA That couldn't be the movers... it's not hardly two good yet]

**End:** [WALTER ... THAT MONEY IS MADE OUT OF MY FATHER'S FLESH—]

Highlight evidence that shows what Walter did with the money and where the money is now. Then, discuss questions A and B below.

As you discuss, be sure to listen to the ideas and evidence suggested by your peers, and be prepared to share your ideas.

- A. What did Walter do with the money?
- B. Where is the money now?

## Lesson 13—““Lemme tell you--” (continued)

As you discuss Walter’s statement with your classmates, be sure to listen to the ideas and evidence suggested by your peers, and be prepared to share your ideas.

Watch closely as your classmates read aloud *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act II, Scene Three, pages 124–128:

**Start:** [BENEATHA That couldn’t be the movers ... it’s not hardly two good yet—]

**End:** [WALTER...THAT MONEY IS MADE OUT OF MY FATHER’S FLESH—]

Pay close attention to the last line—“THAT MONEY IS MADE OUT OF MY FATHER’S FLESH”—and be ready to discuss the following questions:

1. To whom is Walter saying these words?
2. Exactly what did Walter do?
3. Why did he do it?



Respond to the question on page 50 of your Writing Journal.

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1. Follow along as your classmates read aloud *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act II, Scene Three, pages 128–130:

**Start:** [WALTER (*Turning madly, as though he is looking for WILLY in the very room*)]

**End:** [MAMA Strength!]

2. Highlight the lines that show how the character you’re following reacts to the loss of the money.



## Lesson 14—Idealist or Realist?

1. Follow along as your teacher reads aloud *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act III, page 134, Asagai's speech:

**Start:** [ASAGAI What you just said about the circle...]

**End:** [...and those who see only the circle we call *them* the "realists"!]

2. Review this speech and highlight what Asagai says about idealists.
3. In another color, highlight what he says about realists.
4. As a class, discuss the points of view of an idealist or realist:
  - When faced with an obstacle, what does an idealist do?
  - When faced with an obstacle, what does a realist do?

1. Watch the video.

2. Review *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act III, pages 132–134:

**Start:** [BENEATHA Me? ... Me? ... Me, I'm nothing ... Me.]

**End:** [BENEATHA ...And nobody asked me, nobody consulted me—they just went out and changed my life!]

3. Highlight evidence that shows what Beneatha is saying about her dream of becoming a doctor.

## Lesson 14—Idealist or Realist? (continued)

1. Watch the video.
2. Review *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act III, pages 138–140:  
**Start:** [(MAMA enters from her bedroom...)]  
**End:** [MAMA... Sometimes you just got to know when to give up some things... and hold on to what you got....]
3. Highlight evidence that shows what Mama says about her dream of moving to a new home.
4. Highlight evidence that shows what Ruth says about her dream of moving to a new home.

Discuss with your partner:

5. Does Mama respond like a realist or an idealist?
6. Does Ruth respond like a realist or an idealist?

1. Watch the video.
2. Review *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act III, pages 140–143:  
**Start:** [MAMA Where you been, son?]  
**End:** [WALTER ... I tell you I am a man—and I think my wife should wear some pearls in this world!]
3. Highlight evidence that shows how Walter reacts to the loss of the money.

## Lesson 15—“You teach him good.”

Watch the video.

Consider how the family reacts to Walter's decision to take Mr. Lindner's money.

Rewatch the video. Discuss with your class:

1. Why does Walter want to take the money? Are there any signs that he does not want to accept the money?
2. How does Beneatha react? What does she mean when she says “no brother of mine” (Act III, page 145)?
3. How does Mama react?

In *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act III, page 144, Walter says he is confident in his plan to take Mr. Lindner's money—yet the author gives us clues that Walter may not be positive he's doing the right thing.

**Start:** [WALTER (*Coming to her*) I'm going to feel fine, Mama.]

**End:** [...And I'll feel fine! Fine! FINE!! (*He gets up and goes into the bedroom*)]

4. Highlight two moments in this passage that suggest that Walter may not be sure of himself.

## Lesson 15—“You teach him good.” (continued)

Follow along as your classmates read aloud *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act III, pages 146–151:

**Start:** [TRAVIS Grandmama—the moving men are downstairs! The truck just pulled up.]

**End:** [*Curtain*]

As you read the remainder of the play, think about how your character acts now in response to the obstacle that Mr. Lindner represents.

Review *A Raisin in the Sun*, Act III, pages 146–151:

**Start:** [TRAVIS Grandmama—the moving men are downstairs! The truck just pulled up.]

**End:** [*Curtain*]



Respond to the question on page 51 of your Writing Journal.

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Think about whether or not you see a change in your character during Act III.



Respond to the Writing Prompt on page 52 of your Writing Journal.

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## Overview

Lorraine Hansberry took her play's title from Langston Hughes's poem "Harlem." Read the poem carefully to see what else her play may have gotten from it.

### Suggested Reading

#### The Harlem Renaissance

One of the central writers of the Harlem Renaissance was Langston Hughes. Does he sound familiar? He should. *A Raisin in the Sun* takes its name from one of his poems, "Harlem." Hughes was famous for his poetry, but you can also find his plays, novels, and non-fiction pieces online. Also look for Zora Neale Hurston's short story "Sweat" (1926), her autobiographical essay "How It Feels to Be Colored Me" (1928), and her novel *Their Eyes Were Watching God* (1937), the story of a black woman growing up in Florida in the early 20th century. Other great writers of the Harlem Renaissance include Arna Bontemps, Sterling Brown, Countee Cullen, Claude McKay, and Jean Toomer.

You can read their work at the following websites:

- Library of Congress
- The American Academy of Poets

# “Harlem”

by Langston Hughes

- 1 What happens to a dream **deferred**?
- 2 Does it dry up
- 3 Like a raisin in the sun?
- 4 Or **fester** like a sore—
- 5 And then run?
- 6 Does it stink like rotten meat
- 7 Or crust and sugar over—
- 8 Like a syrupy sweet?
- 9 Maybe it just sags
- 10 Like a heavy load.
- 11 Or does it *explode*?

“Harlem [2]” by Langston Hughes. Reprinted by permission of Harold Ober Associates Incorporated. Copyright © 1994 by The Estate of Langston Hughes.



**deferred:** put off  
**fester:** ooze with  
pus because of  
infection

## Lesson 1—"Harlem"

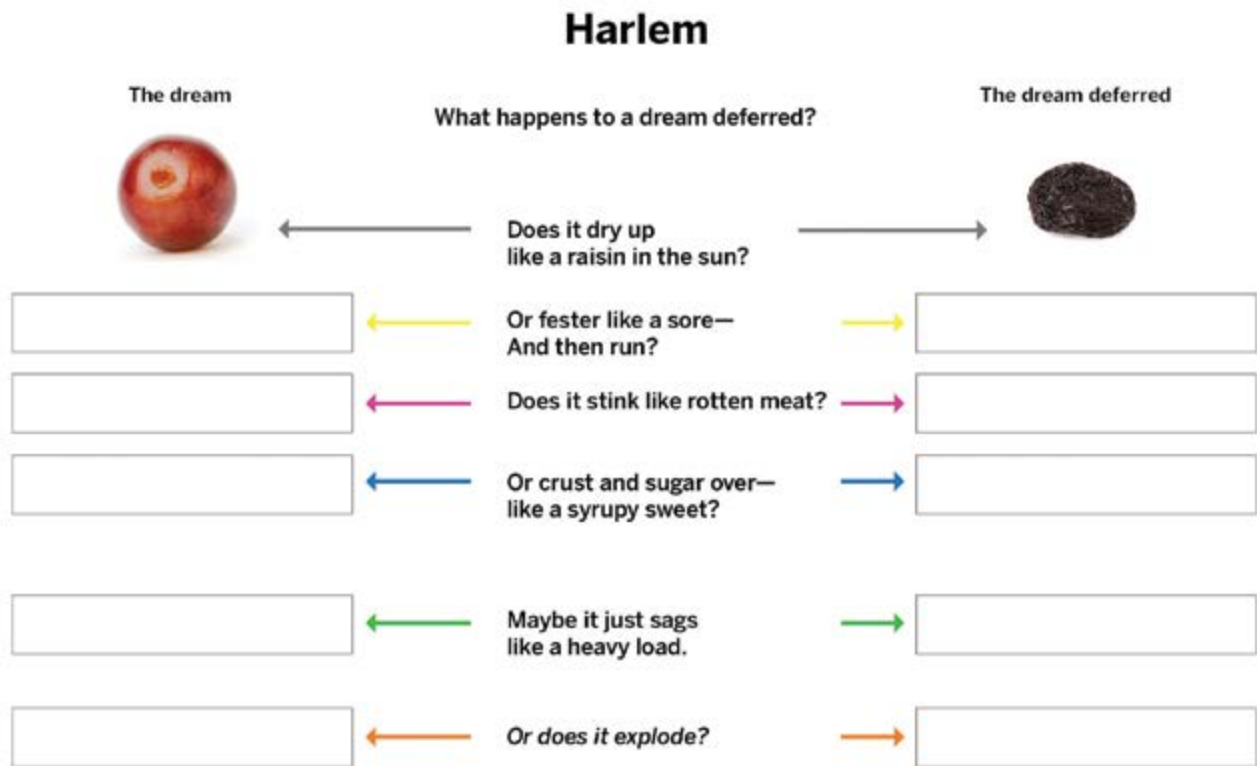
- The poem "Harlem" was published in 1951 in Hughes's *Montage of a Dream Deferred*.
- Harlem is a section of Manhattan in New York City. During the 1920s, many African American writers, jazz musicians, and artists migrated to this area in an attempt to live out their dreams in the arts.
- Many lasting cultural achievements came out of this area, like this poem, but in the 1940s and 1950s it was economically depressed and the site of many deferred dreams.

Follow along as your teacher reads aloud "Harlem" by Langston Hughes on page 241.

What do you think the word "deferred" means in this context?



Look at the chart below and determine the literal and figurative meanings of the poem's language. Share your thoughts in the class discussion as your teacher completes the chart on the board.



KIRKimagery/iStockphoto (red grape); yvdavyd/iStockphoto (raisin)

## Lesson 1—"Harlem" (continued)

1. Follow along in the chart in your Writing Journal on page 56 as your teacher demonstrates how to connect a simile from "Harlem" to one or more characters from *A Raisin in the Sun*.



Go to page 56 in your Writing Journal to complete the chart.

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2. Share your analysis of the similes from the text in the class discussion.

Discuss these questions with your partner, using the similes listed below question 2.

**Question 1:** Which of these similes represents the worst thing that could happen to Walter's dream in *A Raisin in the Sun*?

**Question 2:** Which of these similes represents the worst thing that could happen to Mama's dream in *A Raisin in the Sun*?

**Similes:**

- Dry up / Like a raisin in the sun
- Fester like a sore— / and then run
- Stink like rotten meat
- Crust and sugar over / like a syrupy sweet
- Sags / like a heavy load
- Explode

Choose one simile from "Harlem" and one character from *A Raisin in the Sun* whose actions connect to that simile.

Think about why this simile connects to the character you selected.



Go to page 57 in your Writing Journal to explain this connection.



# Brain Science

In this unit, you will learn about that most important part of you—your brain! You will read about some of the strange and shocking brain injuries that give us valuable information about the brain. You will collect information and develop your own models of the brain and how it works. Through your readings, your discussions, and your writing, you will explore the question: How do our brains make us who we are?



## *Phineas Gage: A Gruesome but True Story About Brain Science*

SUB-UNIT 1 • 11 LESSONS



## *Inventing Ourselves: The Secret Life of the Teenage Brain*

SUB-UNIT 2 • 4 LESSONS



## *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*

SUB-UNIT 3 • 3 LESSONS



## *Write an Essay*

SUB-UNIT 4 • 5 LESSONS

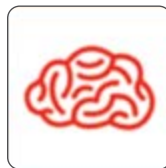
## Overview

A metal rod shot right through a man's head, yet minutes later he was talking and joking. You will read the book *Phineas Gage: A Gruesome but True Story About Brain Science* to collect the evidence and figure out just how Phineas survived.

## Suggested Reading

The great thing about “brain” books is that they can be so many different things. Laurence Steinberg’s essay “Demystifying the Adolescent Brain” looks at the study of the brain as biology. His writing style is a little dry, but at the same time very informative and interesting. Good writing about the brain can sometimes read like a good story—think of *Phineas Gage: A Gruesome But True Story About Brain Science* by John Fleischman. A lot of writing about the brain reads more like philosophy. In *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*, Oliver Sacks is sharing science and telling us stories at the same time.

## Apps in This Unit



Perception  
Academy

This quest immerses you in a typical day at school, with one major difference—you'll have one of the perception disorders described in Oliver Sacks's book, *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*! This app keeps you on your toes as you move through its six parts, each one representing a part of the school day.





Excerpts from  
*Phineas Gage:  
A Gruesome but  
True Story About  
Brain Science*

*John Fleischman*

# Phineas Gage: A Gruesome but True Story About Brain Science

by John Fleischman

## “‘Horrible Accident’ in Vermont”

- <sup>1</sup> The most unlucky/lucky moment in the life of Phineas Gage is only a minute or two away. It’s almost four-thirty in the afternoon on September 13, 1848. Phineas is the **foreman** of a track construction gang that is in the process of blasting a railroad right-of-way through granite bedrock near the small town of Cavendish, Vermont. Phineas is twenty-six years old, unmarried, and five feet, six inches tall, short for our time but about average for his. He is good with his hands and good with his men, “possessing an **iron will** as well as an iron frame,” according to his doctor. In a moment, Phineas will have a horrible accident.
- <sup>2</sup> It will kill him, but it will take another eleven years, six months, and nineteen days to do so. In the short run, Phineas will make a full recovery, or so it will seem to those who didn’t know him before. Old friends and family will know the truth. Phineas will never be his old self again. His “character” will change. The ways in which he deals with others, conducts himself, and makes plans will all change. Long after the accident, his doctor will sum up his case for a medical journal. “Gage,” his doctor will write, “was no longer Gage.” Phineas Gage’s accident will make him world famous, but fame will do him little good. Yet for many others—psychologists, medical researchers, doctors, and especially those who suffer brain injuries—Phineas Gage will become someone worth knowing.
- <sup>3</sup> That’s why we know so much about Phineas. It’s been 150 years since his accident, yet we are still learning more about him. There’s also a lot about Phineas we don’t know and probably never will. The biggest question is the simplest one and the hardest to answer: Was Phineas lucky or unlucky? Once you hear his story, you can decide for yourself. But right now, Phineas is working on the railroad and his time has nearly come.

**foreman:** leader

**iron will:** strong  
determination



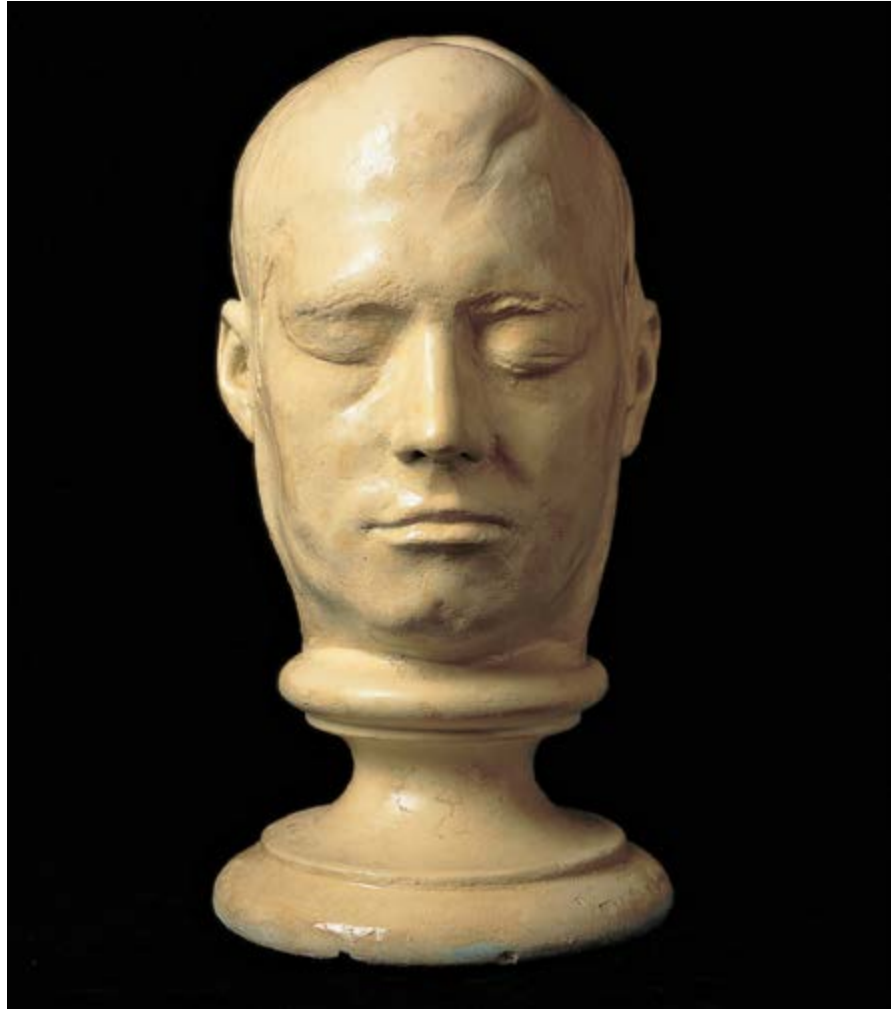


- 4 Building a railroad in 1848 is muscle work. There are no bulldozers or power shovels to open a way through Vermont's Green Mountains for the Rutland & Burlington Railroad. Phineas's men work with picks, shovels, and rock drills. Phineas's special skill is blasting. With well-placed charges of black gunpowder, he shatters rock. To set those charges, he carries the special tool of the blasting trade, his "tamping iron." Some people confuse a tamping iron with a crowbar, but they are different tools for different jobs. A crowbar is for lifting up or prying apart something heavy. A tamping iron is for the delicate job of setting explosives. Phineas had his tamping iron made to order by a neighborhood blacksmith. It's a **tapering** iron rod that is three feet, seven inches long and weighs thirteen and a half pounds. It looks like an iron spear. At the base, it's fat and round, an inch and three quarters in diameter. The fat end is for tamping—packing down—loose powder. The other end comes to a sharp, narrow point and is for poking holes through the gunpowder to set the fuse. Phineas's tamping iron is very smooth to the touch, smooth from the blacksmith's **forge** as well as from constant use.
- 5 His task is to blast the solid rock into pieces small enough for his crew to dig loose with hand tools and haul away in ox carts. The first step is to drill a hole in the bedrock at exactly the right angle and depth, or the explosion will be wasted. All day, Phineas must keep an eye on his drillers to make sure they stay ahead. All day, Phineas must keep an eye on his diggers to make sure they keep up. All the time between, Phineas and his assistant are working with touchy explosives.
- 6 They follow a strict routine. His assistant "charges" each new hole by filling the bottom with **coarse-grained** gunpowder. Phineas uses the narrow end of his iron to carefully press the ropelike fuse down into the powder. The assistant then fills up the rest of the hole with loose sand to act as a plug. Phineas will tamp the sand tight to bottle up the explosion, channeling the blast downward into the rock to shatter it. While his assistant is pouring the sand, Phineas flips his tamping iron around from the pointy end to the round end for tamping. Black powder is ticklish stuff. When it's damp, nothing will set it off. When it's too dry or mixed in the wrong formula, almost anything can set it off, without warning. But Phineas and his assistant have done this a thousand times—pour the powder, set the fuse, pour the sand, tamp the sand plug, shout a warning, light the fuse, and run like mad.

**tapering:**  
narrower at one  
end

**forge:** workshop

**coarse-grained:**  
made up of large  
hard bits



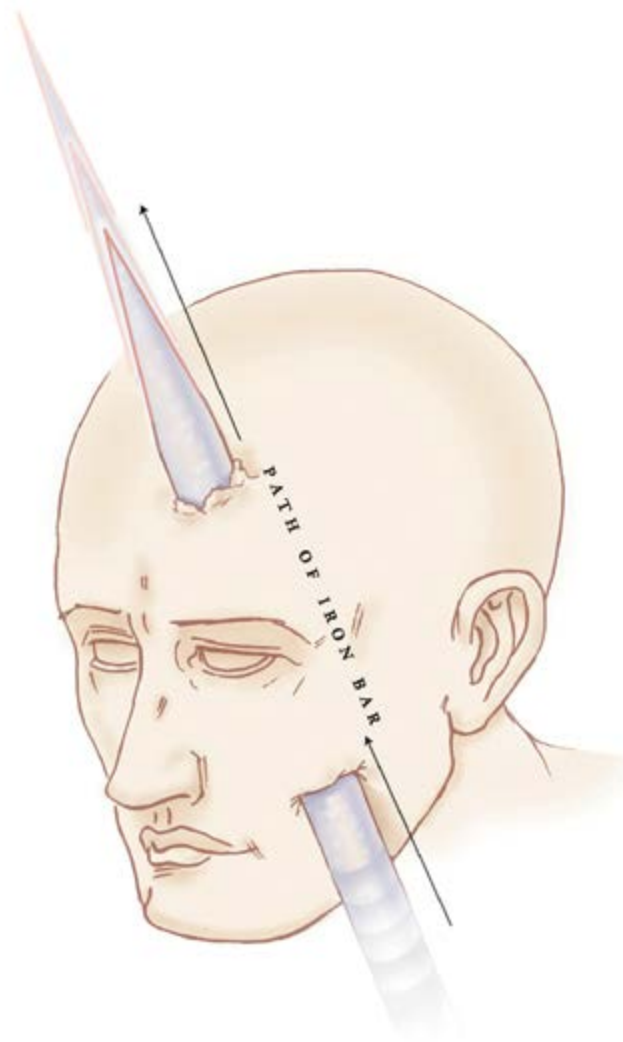
This is the face of the man with a hole in his head. It's a plaster life mask of Phineas Gage made in Boston after his accident, and it shows exactly what the "recovered" Phineas looked like a year after his accident. He was twenty-seven. Notice the big scar on his forehead. To see what lies beneath the scar, compare this to the picture of his skull in the chapter "Following Phineas Gage."

Photograph by Doug Mindell; life mask courtesy of the Warren Anatomical Museum, Countway Library of Medicine, Harvard Medical School

- 7 But something goes wrong this time. The sand is never poured down the hole; the black powder and fuse sit exposed at the bottom. Does his assistant forget, or does Phineas forget to look? Witnesses disagree. A few yards behind Phineas, a group of his men are using a hand-cranked derrick crane to hoist a large piece of rock. Some of the men remember seeing Phineas standing over the blast hole, leaning lightly on the tamping iron. Others say Phineas was sitting on a rock ledge above the hole, holding the iron loosely between his knees.
- 8 There is no argument about what happens next. Something or someone distracts Phineas. Does he hear his name called? Does he spot someone goofing off? Whatever the reason, Phineas turns his head to glance over

his right shoulder. The fat end of his tamping iron slips down into the hole and strikes the granite. A spark flies onto the exposed blasting powder. Blam! The drill hole acts as a gun barrel. Instead of a bullet, it fires Phineas's rod straight upward. The iron shrieks through the air and comes down with a loud clang about thirty feet away.

- 9 This is what happens. Imagine you are inside Phineas's head, watching in extreme slow motion: See the pointy end of the rod enter under his left cheekbone, pass behind his left eye, through the front of his brain, and out the middle of his forehead just above the hairline. It takes a fraction of a fraction of a second for the iron rod to pass from cheekbone to forehead, through and through.



Lucky or unlucky, the sharp angle of the tamping iron made all the difference to Phineas. It entered just under his left cheekbone, passed behind his left eyeball, and continued on upward through his frontal lobes. It exited his forehead between the two hemispheres of the cortex. The iron's passage left him alive and conscious but forever changed.

Illustration by Jerry Malone

- <sup>10</sup> Amazingly, Phineas is still alive. The iron throws him flat on his back, but as his men come running through the gunpowder smoke, he sits up. A minute later, he speaks. Blood is pouring down his face from his forehead, but Phineas is talking about the explosion. His men insist on carrying him to an ox cart for the short ride into town. They gently lift him into the back of the cart so he can sit up with his legs out before him on the floor. An Irish workman grabs a horse and races ahead for the doctor while the ox cart ambulance rumbles slowly down the half-mile to Cavendish. Phineas's excited men crowd alongside, walking next to their injured boss. Still acting as a foreman, Phineas calls out for his time book and makes an entry as he rolls toward town.
- <sup>11</sup> Something terrible has happened, yet Phineas gets down from the cart without help. He climbs the steps of the Cavendish hotel, where he has been living, and takes a seat on the porch beside his landlord, Joseph Adams. A few minutes earlier, Adams had seen the Irishman ride past shouting for Dr. Harlow, the town physician. Dr. Harlow was not to be found, so the rider was sent on to the next village to fetch Dr. Williams. Now Phineas takes a neighborly seat on the porch and tells his landlord what happened to him.
- <sup>12</sup> That's how Dr. Edward Williams finds Phineas nearly thirty minutes after the accident. Dr. Williams pulls up in his buggy at the hotel porch, and there is Phineas, talking away. Friends, workmates, and the curious crowd around as Dr. Williams climbs down from his carriage. "Well, here's work enough for you, Doctor," Phineas says to him quite cheerfully.
- <sup>13</sup> Dr. Williams examines Phineas's head. He can't believe that this man is still alive. His skull is cracked open, as if something has popped out from the inside. Accident victims are often too shaken to know what happened, so Dr. Williams turns to Phineas's workmen for the story, but Phineas insists on speaking for himself. He tells Dr. Williams that the iron went right through his head.
- <sup>14</sup> Dr. Williams does not believe him. "I thought he was deceived," Dr. Williams writes in his notes. "I asked him where the bar entered, and he pointed to the wound on his cheek, which I had not before discovered. This was a slit running from the angle of the jaw forward about one and a half inch. It was very much stretched laterally, and was discolored by powder and iron rust, at least appeared so. Mr. Gage persisted in saying that the bar went through his head. An Irishman standing by said, 'Sure it was so, sir, for the bar is lying in the road below, all blood and brains.'"

- <sup>15</sup> It's now an hour after the accident. The town's regular physician, Dr. John Martyn Harlow, finally arrives at the hotel. The two doctors **confer**, but Dr. Harlow takes over the case. Phineas is a gruesome sight. Bleeding freely from his forehead and inside his mouth, Phineas looks to Dr. Harlow like a wounded man just carried in from a battlefield. Yet Phineas is alert, uncomplaining, and still telling anyone who'll listen about the accident. Dr. Harlow wants Phineas to come in off the porch so he can treat his wound. Phineas gets up and, leaning only lightly on Dr. Harlow's arm, climbs up a long flight of stairs to his room. He lies down on his own bed so Dr. Harlow can shave his head and examine the wound more closely. What the doctor sees is terrible. Something has erupted through the top of Phineas's head, shattering the skull in its path and opening the brain to plain sight.
- <sup>16</sup> Dr. Harlow does what he can. He cleans the skin around the hole, **extracts** the small fragments of bone, and gently presses the larger pieces of skull back in place. He looks inside Phineas's mouth. He can see the hole where the iron passed upward through the roof of his mouth. Dr. Harlow decides to leave the hole open so the wound can drain. Then Dr. Harlow "dresses" the wound, pulling the loose skin back into position and taping it in place with **adhesive** strips. He puts a compress bandage directly over the wound and pulls Phineas's nightcap down tightly over it. Finally he winds a roller bandage around his forehead to hold all the bandages securely. Only then does he notice Phineas's hands and forearms, which are black with powder burns. Dr. Harlow dresses the burnt skin and has Phineas put to bed with his head **elevated**. He gives strict orders that his patient is to remain in that position.
- <sup>17</sup> Phineas should have been dead long before this. A thirteen-pound iron rod through the head should kill a person instantly. Surviving that, he should have died of shock soon after reaching Cavendish. He's lost a lot of blood, yet he remains awake and talkative. Even surviving the loss of blood, Phineas should have died of brain swelling. Any hard blow to the body causes injured tissue to swell. The brain is soft, and the skull is hard. A hard blow to the head can rattle the brain around inside like a BB in a tin can. The rattling bruises the brain, and bruised tissue swells. The brain swells, but the skull stays the same size; a swollen brain can jam itself so tightly it will cut off its own blood supply. This swelling can choke off oxygen to parts of the brain long enough to cause permanent damage. It can also cause death.

**confer:** talk together

**extracts:** pulls out

**adhesive:** sticky

**elevated:** raised

- <sup>18</sup> That's a "closed brain" injury (sometimes called a concussion). The possibility of a closed brain injury is why doctors fuss if you bang your head falling off a bicycle or crashing a car or getting hit hard in the head with anything. (To prevent closed brain injuries, you should wear a helmet when bicycling, driving a race car, fighting in the infantry, playing tackle football, parachuting, exploring a cave, working on a construction site, or doing just about anything where you could strike your head hard. In Phineas's case, however, a helmet would not have helped.)
- <sup>19</sup> Here Phineas has a stroke of luck. His is an "open brain" injury. The hole on top of his head gives his battered brain swelling room. The bad news is that his brain is open to infection. At first, though, he does remarkably well. The bleeding from his forehead slows and then stops within twenty-four hours. He remains cheerful and tells Dr. Harlow that he "does not care to see his friends, as he shall be at work in a few days." The morning after the accident, however, he is glad to see his mother and uncle when they arrive from New Hampshire. Two days after the accident, he takes a turn for the worse. He develops a fever and begins to have **delirious** spells. His wound is leaking a foul-smelling liquid, a sure sign of infection. His death seems just a matter of time now.
- <sup>20</sup> More than any other organ, the brain is sealed off from the outside world and from the rest of the body. There are many layers of tissue, bone, and skin to keep it protected from the outside, but there's also a "blood-brain barrier" that keeps out many substances circulating in the blood. Oxygen and nutrients can cross the blood-brain barrier, but many dangerous substances like bacteria cannot. With his skull **fractured**, Phineas's exposed brain is wide open, making him an **ideal** candidate for a **fatal** infection. No one in Cavendish in 1848, no scientist in America or Europe, has the slightest notion that bacteria cause infection.
- <sup>21</sup> Medical science in 1848 knows very little about bacteria, even though they were first seen through microscopes nearly two hundred years before. Today we are used to seeing the microscopic world, but when the microscope was invented in the middle of the seventeenth century, it caused a sensation. The microscope became a new kind of "high-tech" entertainment for **cultured** gentlemen, and in 1665 an Englishman named Robert Hooke came up with a microscopic "hit." He showed off a slide he'd made of an extremely thin slice of cork. Under the microscope lens, Hooke saw that the tissue inside a cork tree was made up of rows of tiny, boxlike structures. They reminded him of the bare rooms used by monks

**delirious:** crazed  
and confused

**fractured:** broken

**ideal:** perfect

**fatal:** deadly

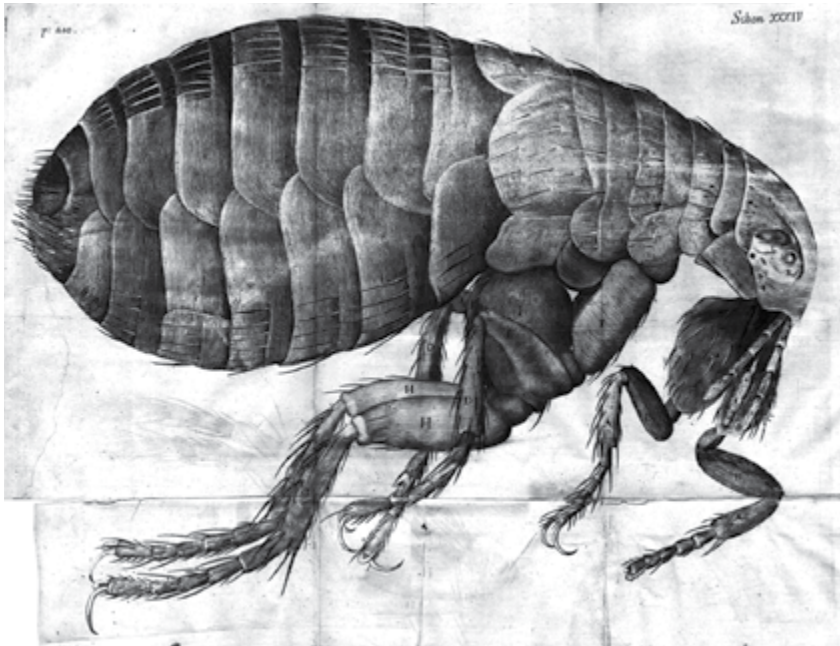
**cultured:** educated  
about human  
thought and ways  
of living





in a **monastery**. Hooke called them “cells.” His cork cells, though, were empty because they were dead and dried out. It would take two centuries to figure out that it’s the living stuff inside cells that makes them the fundamental unit of life.

- 22 While Hooke was showing off his “cells,” a sharp-eyed Dutch merchant named Anton van Leeuwenhoek was making more powerful microscopes. Leeuwenhoek took a single drop of water from a rain barrel and turned his microscope on it. In that drop of water, Leeuwenhoek found a whole new planet of very, very small life forms. “Animalcules,” he called them. Leeuwenhoek was the first to see single-celled microorganisms, tiny plants and tiny animals, including bacteria. Yet Leeuwenhoek never had the faintest suspicion that some of his “animalcules” caused humans to sicken and to die.



In 1665, the English scientist Robert Hooke published this detailed drawing of a flea as seen through the newly invented microscope. London society clamored to see more microscope images of things too fine for the human eye.

From Hooke’s *Micrographica*; courtesy of Dr. Joseph Gall, the Carnegie Institute of Washington, Baltimore, Md.

- 23 That’s more or less the state of knowledge in 1848. Few doctors have ever used a microscope, because it is not considered a medical instrument. These microscopic animals might be **marvels** of nature, but no doctor suspects that they have anything to do with disease, let alone infections. Doctors in 1848 don’t use the word *infection*, but they know its symptoms well. They call it “sepsis,” and they know from bitter experience how

**monastery:**  
place where  
men who take  
religious vows  
live

**marvels:**  
extraordinary  
things lurking:  
secretly waiting

quickly a “septic” wound can go from slight redness to gross swelling to a fatal condition called gangrene.

- 24 The doctors of 1848 don’t realize that gangrene is the end result of bacterial infection. They don’t realize that floating in the air on dust particles, **lurking** on fingertips, or growing on the shiny steel blades of their unwashed surgical scalpels are single-celled bacteria and other microscopic life forms. On the smallest surface, there are hundreds of millions of them. They represent thousands of different species; there are tiny plants, tiny fungi, tiny viruses, and tiny animals. Among the microanimals are two particularly dangerous families of bacteria—streptococci and staphylococci (“strep” and “staph,” for short). What doctors don’t know in 1848, strep and staph do: that the broken head of Phineas is an ideal location to land.
- 25 A wound is an open door. A cut or break in the skin lets staph and strep bacteria **colonize** the warm, wet, nutrient-rich cells inside. Once these bacteria get **established** in the body, they reproduce wildly. The body’s immune system tries to kill the invading bacteria with an **array** of special immune cells, while the bacteria try to protect themselves against immune cells by cranking out toxic chemicals. That’s an infection. The site of this biological battle between the immune system and bacteria swells up and turns red.
- 26 In 1848, science is still twenty years away from figuring out that infections are the work of living—that is, “biotic”—things. It will take nearly a century for science to develop the first “antibiotic,” penicillin, to **counter** infections. In 1848, a young Frenchman named Louis Pasteur is still studying chemistry in Paris. Eventually, Pasteur will unravel the three great biological mysteries of his time—**fermentation**, decay, and infection. All three processes are the work of living microorganisms; Pasteur will call them “germs.” Pasteur’s “germ **theory**” will lead to a revolution in medicine. It will inspire an English surgeon named Joseph Lister to try performing surgery in **sterile** conditions that exclude or kill all microorganisms. Lister will scrub his hands almost raw before operating, he will boil surgical clothing and instruments, and he will set up a machine to spray carbolic acid in the operating room to kill germs in midair. Lister’s first sterile operations in 1868 will cut the number of deaths from infection after surgery by 90 percent. For the first time in history, doctors will help more patients with surgery than they harm with **postsurgical** infections.

**lurking:** secretly waiting

**colonize:** move into and take over

**established:** settled

**array:** collection

**counter:** fight

**fermentation:** the chemical breakdown of a substance, often by bacteria or yeast

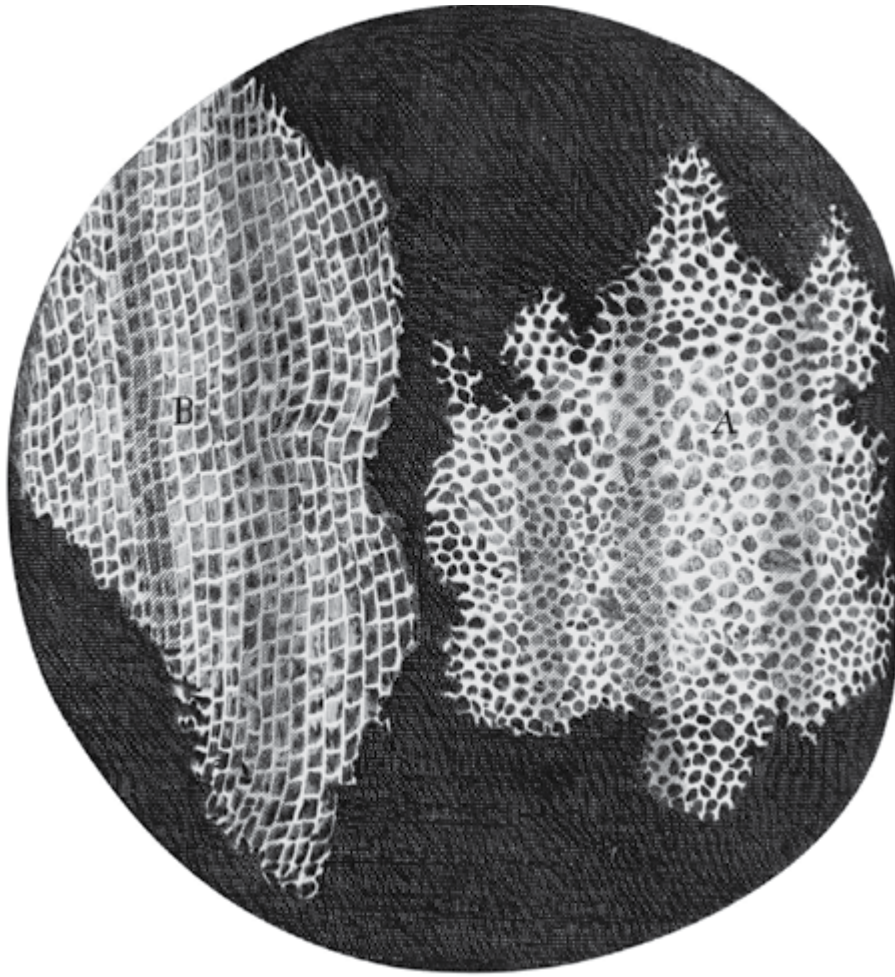
**theory:** idea backed by evidence

**sterile:** germ-free

**postsurgical:** after-surgery







Hooke called the microscopic boxes that he saw in the bark of a cork tree “cells.” Compared to his flea pictures, Hooke’s cells attracted little notice in 1665. Two centuries later, his “cells” turned out to be the fundamental unit of all life.

From Hooke’s *Micrographica*; courtesy of Dr. Joseph Gall, the Carnegie Institute of Washington, Baltimore, Md.

<sup>27</sup> None of this progress to come will do Phineas a bit of good back in 1848. Instead, Phineas is saved by good luck and good care. Dr. Harlow follows the best medical advice of his time—keep the wound clean but covered and watch for inflammation. A sign of infection is a fluid called “pus” (it’s actually dead white blood cells, a sign that the body’s immune system is attacking bacterial invaders) that collects in pockets to form abscesses. Fourteen days after the accident, Phineas develops a huge abscess under the skin just above his eyes. Phineas is feverish, losing his appetite, and sinking fast. Dr. Harlow lances (punctures) the abscess. He drains the pus and dresses Phineas’s forehead again. The fever **abates**. His scalp begins to heal. Phineas is saved by his youth, his **iron constitution**, and Dr. Harlow’s good nursing. Dr. Harlow will always be **modest** about his role in saving Phineas. “I dressed him,” Dr. Harlow will say. “God healed him.”

**abates:**  
becomes less  
intense

**iron  
constitution:**  
strong body

**modest:** not  
boastful

28 The patient gains strength. Too much strength, in his doctor's opinion. Dr. Harlow is called out of town for a few days, and when he comes back he finds Phineas out of his sickbed. His head still heavily bandaged, Phineas is roaming about Cavendish in the rain with no coat and thin shoes. He is eating unwisely, refusing nursing advice, and ignoring doctor's orders. Phineas says he wants to go home to his mother's house in Lebanon, New Hampshire, twenty miles away. He intends to walk. According to the best medical **theories** of his day, Dr. Harlow diagnoses an imbalance of bodily "humors." This theory, which goes back to the ancient Greeks, declares that health is maintained by a balance of four liquids, or humors, in the body—blood, **phlegm**, yellow **bile**, and black bile. To bring them into balance, Dr. Harlow prescribes two powerful drugs—an "emetic" to make Phineas throw up and a "purgative," a powerful laxative, to evacuate his bowels. Phineas is knocked flat by the medicines and spends the next two weeks in bed, where Dr. Harlow keeps him on a "low," or **bland**, diet. His humors may or may not be in balance, but Phineas is resting quietly at last.



**theories:** ideas back by evidence

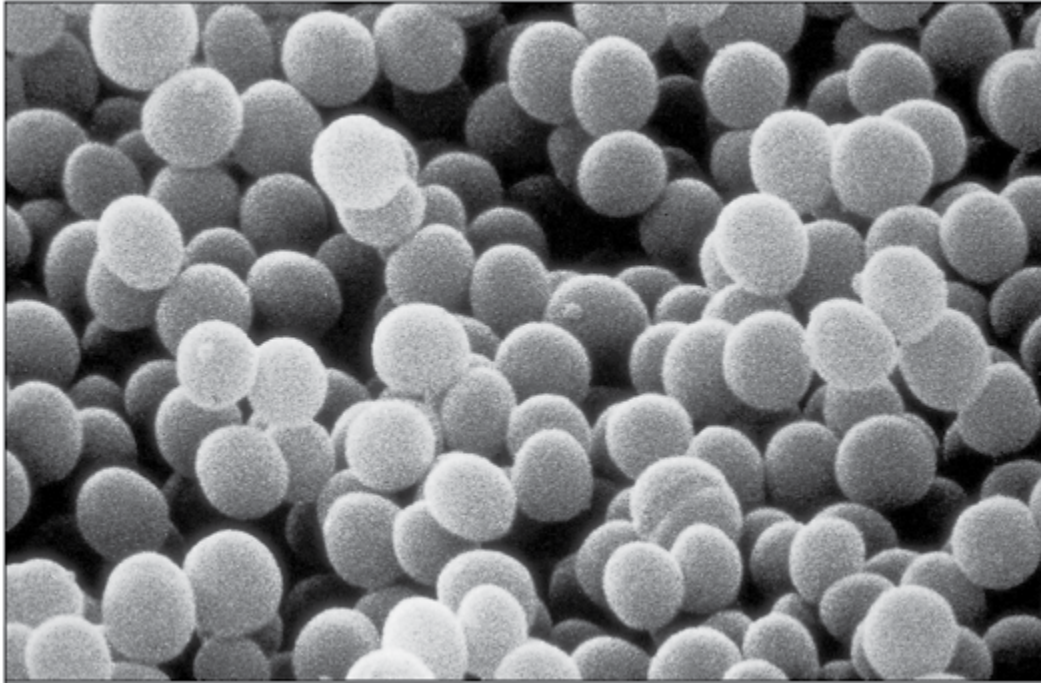
**phlegm:** thick snot, slimy bodily fluid, or mucus

**bile:** liquid that comes from the liver

**bland:** plain or easy to digest

Under the microscope, streptococci bacteria have a distinctive beads-on-a-string appearance. "Strep" bacteria live on nearly everything people touch but are only dangerous if they can penetrate the body's defenses and overpower the immune system.

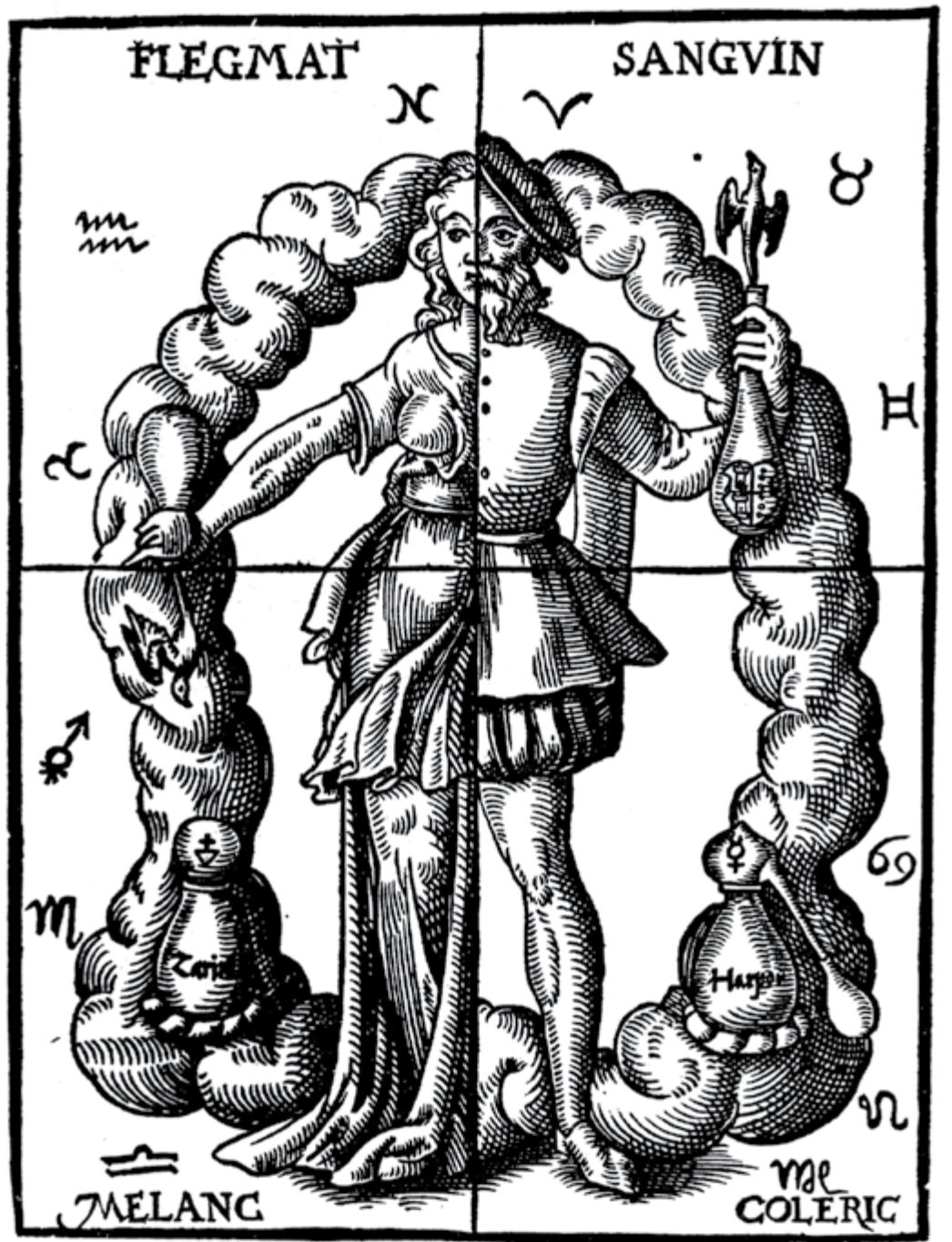
Microphotograph by H. Morgan, Photo Researchers Inc.



Staphylococci bacteria are the other half of the deadly duo of opportunistic bacteria. Infections by “staph” and “strep” were a leading cause of death before the discovery of antibiotic medicines. Somehow, Phineas’s immune system beat off their attack.

Microphotograph by Dr. Tony Brain, Photo Researchers Inc.





Four hundred years ago, this was an up-to-date medical book illustration. It shows a half-man, half-woman surrounded by the signs of the zodiac and the four “humors” that for centuries doctors believed controlled health—blood, phlegm, black bile, and yellow bile. Balancing the sanguine, or blood, humor was the “reason” for bleeding the sick.

Photo Researchers Inc.

- 29 Ten weeks after the accident, Dr. Harlow declares Phineas fully recovered from his wounds. He puts Phineas in a closed carriage and sends him home to his mother in New Hampshire. Phineas is very weak, but he can walk short distances. He can count, feed and dress himself, and sing. He can speak clearly and make sense of what he hears. Yet there is something odd about the “recovered” Phineas. Just before he leaves Cavendish, Dr. Harlow gives Phineas a little test. The doctor offers Phineas \$1,000 for the pocketful of pebbles that Phineas has collected walking along the Black River near town. Dr. Harlow knows that Phineas can add and subtract, yet Phineas angrily refuses the deal. Dr. Harlow tells himself that a man who was so badly hurt is going to need time to regain his full powers.
- 30 As soon as Phineas leaves for home, Dr. Harlow writes a short report for the *Boston Medical & Surgical Journal*. Most doctors ignore Dr. Harlow’s article. The few who read it don’t believe it. How could a man survive such an injury, let alone make a “complete recovery”? But one Boston doctor is **intrigued**. He writes to Harlow for information and urges the Vermont doctor to back up his case by collecting formal statements from eye witnesses in Cavendish. The letter is from Henry J. Bigelow, professor of surgery at the Harvard Medical College.
- 31 In the spring, Phineas is back in Cavendish, carrying his tamping iron. He never goes anywhere without it these days. Phineas has come for a final examination by Dr. Harlow and to reclaim his old job on the railroad. His left eye looks intact, but the vision has gradually faded away. Phineas has a huge scar on his forehead and a small scar under his cheekbone, but otherwise he is physically healed. Yet Dr. Harlow has private doubts about Phineas’s mental state. Phineas is just not his old self.
- 32 His old employers on the railroad quickly come to the same conclusion. The new Phineas is unreliable and, at times, downright nasty. He insults old workmates and friends. He spouts **vulgar** language in the presence of women. He changes his mind and his orders from minute to minute. The railroad **contractors** let him go. Dr. Harlow, who is keeping confidential notes on Phineas, sadly writes, “His contractors, who **regarded** him as the most efficient and capable foreman in their employ previous to his injury, considered the change in his mind so marked that they could not give him his place again.”

**intrigued:** deeply interested

**vulgar:** rude

**contractors:** people in charge of a construction project

**regarded:** viewed



When he was an old man, Dr. Henry J. Bigelow wore a long beard and sober clothes, befitting one of Boston's senior surgeons. But when he was a young man studying medicine in Paris, Bigelow was a snappy dresser.

From a daguerreotype by Leon Foucault, Paris, 1841; courtesy of Countway Library of Medicine, Harvard Medical School

- 33 Phineas's old friends also wash their hands of him. Dr. Harlow writes: "He is **fitful**, **irreverent**, **indulging** at times in the grossest **profanity** (which was not previously his **custom**), **manifesting** but little **deference** for his fellows, impatient of restraint or advice when it conflicts with his desires." Phineas comes up with all sorts of new plans, the doctor writes, but they are no sooner announced than he drops them. Phineas is like a small child who says he is running away from home after lunch and then comes up with a new idea over his sandwich. Dr. Harlow writes, "A child in his intellectual **capacities** and **manifestations**, he has the animal passions of a strong man." A doctor is bound by his oath not to reveal the details of a patient's condition without permission, so Dr. Harlow will keep his observations to himself for twenty years.
- 34 Meantime, Dr. Harlow has another letter from Dr. Bigelow at Harvard, who thanks him for collecting the eyewitness statements about the accident. Would Mr. Gage consider coming to Boston at Dr. Bigelow's expense so his case could be presented at the medical school and before the Boston Society of Medical Improvement? Dr. Harlow and Dr. Bigelow make arrangements.
- 

**fitful:** irregular

**irreverent:**  
disrespectful

**indulging:** taking  
pleasure

**profanity:** swear  
words

**custom:** habit

**manifesting:**  
showing

**deference:**  
respect

**capacities:**  
abilities

**manifestations:**  
displays



# What We Thought About How We Thought

- <sup>1</sup> In the winter of 1850, Phineas goes to Boston so the doctors there can see for themselves. What are doctors like in 1850? They look like gentlemen, or at least they do in the oil portraits that they have painted of themselves to boost their social status. If you lined up a gallery of these doctors' portraits, you'd see a long row of wise faces, satin waistcoats, gold watch chains, and side-whiskers. By 1850, there are photographs of doctors, showing wise faces, satin waistcoats, and whiskers. Photographs of doctors at work, though, are rare. Photographing anyone or anything moving is difficult because the light-sensitive plates are very slow, and a single exposure can take a full minute. Yet the year before Phineas's accident, a Boston photographer named Josiah Hawes sets up his camera in a surgical operating theater and takes a "daguerreotype" (a photograph on a metal plate) that he entitles, "Third Operation Using Ether Anesthesia at the Massachusetts General Hospital." The operating room is called the Ether Dome and still exists today.
- <sup>2</sup> The picture that Hawes makes is probably the very first of doctors being doctors instead of doctors posing for portraits. In Hawes's photograph, the surgeons stand impatiently beside the operating table, ready to start work. This is truly a historic moment. Before the introduction of ether a few months before, surgeons had to employ powerful assistants to hold down patients or restrain them with leather-covered chains. Because of the discovery of ether anesthesia, the doctors in the Ether Dome can take their time operating.
- <sup>3</sup> Notice two things about Hawes's picture. First, it's all men. There are no female hospital nurses, let alone female doctors. The second thing you should notice is what the doctors are wearing—nothing special. They are in street clothes—black frockcoats, shiny satin vests, and linen shirts. No one is wearing surgical scrubs. No one is wearing surgical gloves, masks, or booties. These doctors may not wash their hands until *after* the operation. These men know nothing about bacteria—but they think they know all about the brain.
- <sup>4</sup> This is what an audience of doctors looks like when Phineas arrives in Boston in January 1850, tamping iron in hand. He is Dr. Bigelow's guest but also his prize specimen. Phineas is examined, measured, and discussed. He agrees to sit for a plaster "life" mask. Dr. Bigelow puts straws up Phineas's nose so he can breathe while the doctor pours liquid



plaster over his face. Then the plaster is lifted off to make a mold. From it, Dr. Bigelow casts a three-dimensional version of Phineas's face. His eyes are shut, but the enormous scar on his forehead is clear.



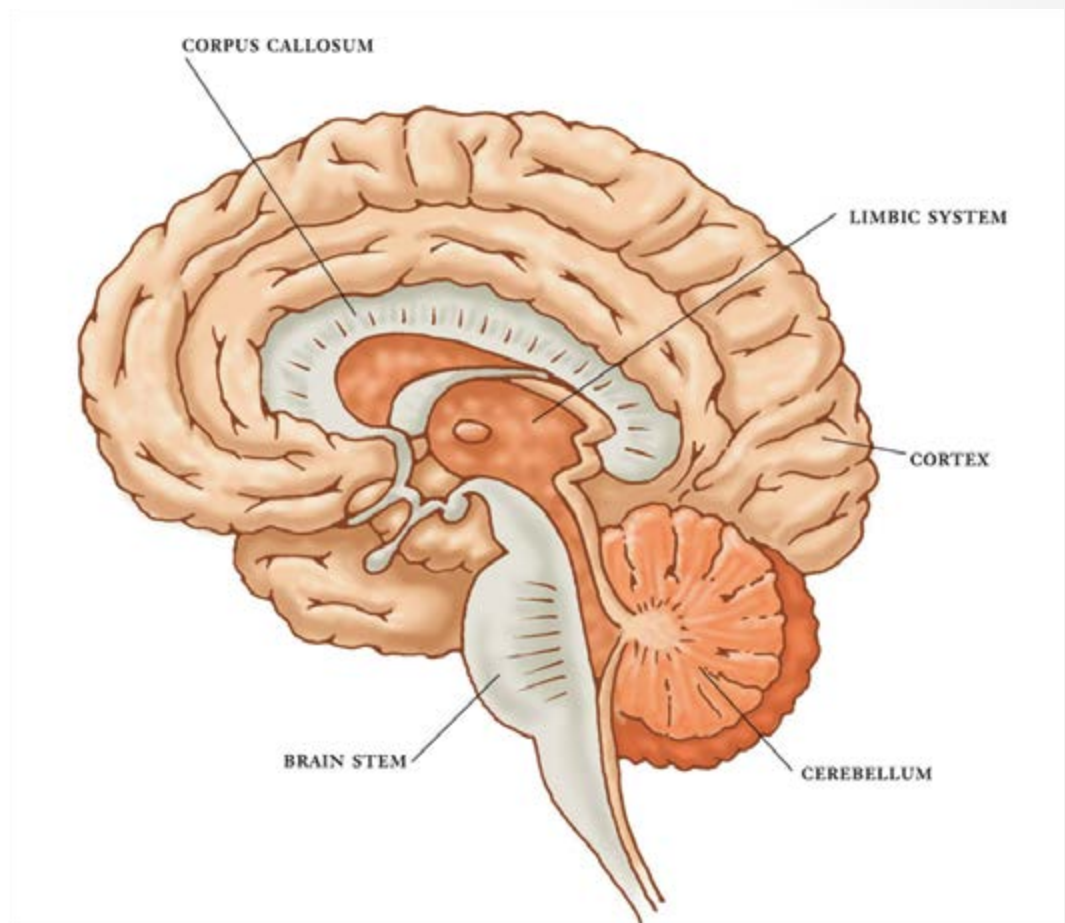
The patient is the one in the cotton gown and wool socks, lying unconscious on the table. Knocked out by inhaling ether fumes, the patient can feel no pain in this state of “twilight sleep.” When word of the discovery of anesthesia reached England, a London newspaper rejoiced, announcing, “We Have Conquered Pain.”

Massachusetts General Hospital, Archives and Special Collections; print courtesy of Harvard University Art Museums

- 5 Phineas appears in person at Dr. Bigelow's lectures to convince the assembled doctors that his case is neither an exaggeration nor a fraud. Dr. Bigelow tackles that question head-on: “The leading feature of this case is its improbability,” Dr. Bigelow admits. “A physician who holds in his hand a crowbar, three and a half feet long, and more than thirteen pounds in weight, will not readily believe that it has been driven with a crash through the brain of a man who is still able to walk off, talking with composure and equanimity of the hole in his head. Yet there is every reason for supposing it in this case literally true.”
- 6 The evidence is standing before them, “crowbar” in hand. Even confronted with that, there are still doctors in the audience who don't believe that the tamping iron went through Phineas's brain. Perhaps, they say, it just hit him a glancing blow on the head. Dr. Bigelow reads out accounts from Dr. Williams and Dr. Harlow. He adds other eyewitness statements from

Cavendish people including Mr. Adams, the hotel owner, and some of Phineas's workmen. Dr. Bigelow unveils his plaster life mask of Phineas. The casting clearly shows scars where the iron went in and came out. Yet there are doctors who think that Phineas is a humbug, a fake from the back woods of Vermont.

- 7 There are two other groups of doctors paying close attention to Dr. Bigelow's presentation. The two rival groups are eager to believe in Phineas's case. Their theories directly contradict each other, and yet both groups believe that Phineas's case supports their side. As it turns out, both groups are slightly right but mostly wrong. Yet their wrong theories—and Phineas himself—will steer our knowledge of the brain in the right direction.



This is half a brain. On top and in front is the cortex. In the back and underneath are the cerebellum and the brain stem. On the bottom of the cortex is the limbic system, which coordinates memory, sensation, and emotion. In Phineas's case, the tamping iron passed through the frontal cortex, leaving the rest of his brain **relatively** unharmed.

Illustration by Jerry Malone

**relatively:** in comparison

- 8 Everybody knows that people use their brains to think. Right? And, of course, emotions, especially love, come from the heart. Wrong? Obviously, our ideas about how the body works have changed. Three hundred years ago, everybody “knew” that anger was controlled by the spleen. Twenty-three hundred years ago, the ancient Greeks “knew” that the heart was the center of emotion and thought. Aristotle, the greatest scientist of his time, “knew” that the primary function of the brain was to cool the blood. It isn’t until 1800 that an Austrian doctor named Franz Josef Gall declares that the brain is the seat of the intelligence, the emotions, and the will. Still, it takes time for new ideas to sink in. Even today, we don’t talk about a lover who’s been dumped as feeling “broken-brained.”
- 9 By Phineas’s time, doctors know what a brain looks like, at least from the outside. They learn as students of gross (a term for “large-scale”) **anatomy** by dissecting the **cadavers** of **paupers**, prisoners, and the unclaimed. By 1850, all doctors know the **gross** anatomy of the skeleton, internal organs, muscles, and, of course, the brain. They just don’t know how the brain works.
- 10 You can have a look for yourself. Imagine you could click open the top of your head and lift your brain out. It weighs about three pounds. Some compare it to half of an enormous walnut, but if you can’t visualize a three-pound walnut half, think of a bicycle helmet (bicycle helmets look the way they do so they can surround the brain). Think of your brain as a big cap perched on a stalk and protected by the neck flap. The big cap is your cerebral cortex. The stalk is your brain stem, which plugs into your spinal cord. The brain stem keeps many of your automatic functions going, like your breathing and heartbeat. The neck flap covers your cerebellum, which coordinates movement. Without your cerebellum, you couldn’t walk upright, touch your finger to your nose, or turn this page. Without your brain stem, you couldn’t breathe. Without your cerebral cortex, you wouldn’t be human.
- 11 The cortex is where you think, remember, learn, imagine, read, speak, listen, and dream. In the cortex, you feel your emotions and you make sense of what your senses are telling you. The cortex is where you actually see what your eyes transmit, smell what your nose senses, taste what your tongue samples, touch what your nerves report, and hear what your ears pick up. None of this **vital** activity is visible in gross anatomy. By just holding a brain in your hands you (and the doctors of Phineas’s day) can’t see the thing that makes this organ work, the brain’s fundamental unit, which is the brain cell, or neuron. You’ll need a microscope and a

**anatomy:**  
organization of  
the body

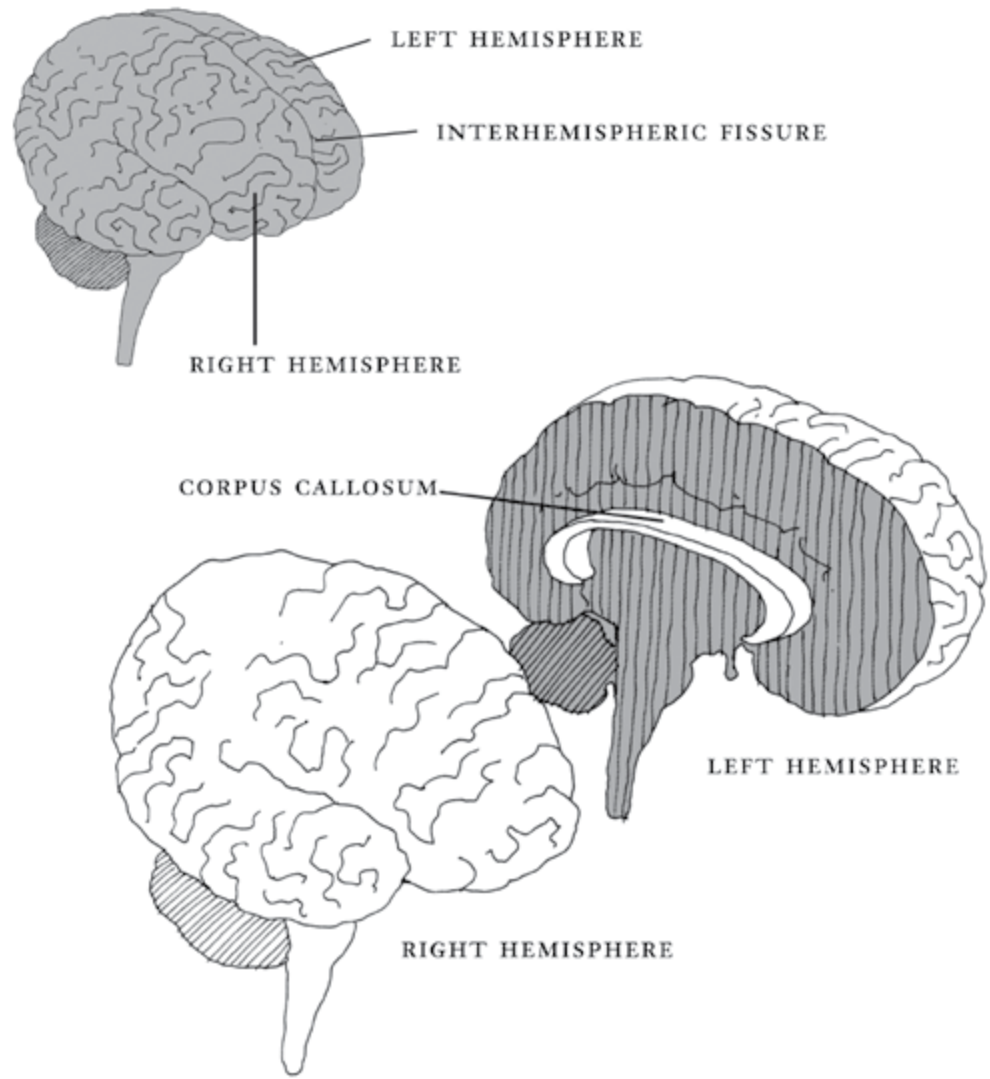
**cadavers:** dead  
bodies

**paupers:** poor  
people

**gross:** large-  
scale

**vital:** necessary  
for life

lot of skill to see a single neuron, but all of these structures—the cortex, cerebellum, brain stem, and spinal cord—are made up of neurons specialized to relay and transmit tiny electrical impulses. By layering and connecting billions of neurons, you get a brain.



Here you can see the division between the two hemispheres of the cortex. The crack between them is called the “interhemispheric fissure.” The two hemispheres specialize in different mental skills, but brain functions are not as neatly divided as they appear. Phineas’s tamping iron struck the left hemisphere first but also grazed the right hemisphere on the way out. He lost something from both hemispheres.

Illustration by David Macaulay

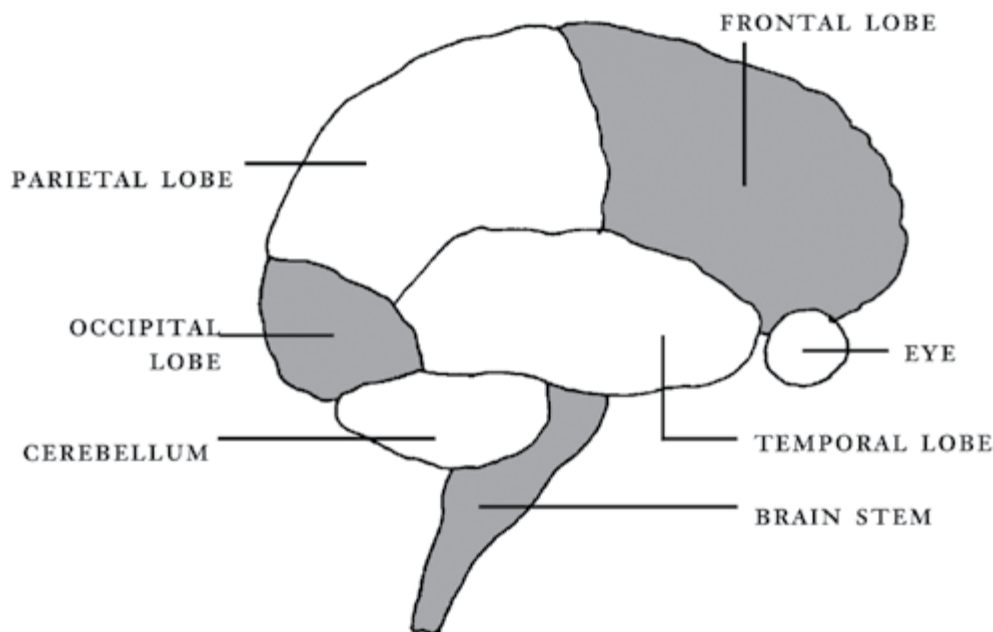
- <sup>12</sup> But by looking at your brain in your hand, you’ll notice that the cortex splits in half right down the middle. The left hemisphere and the right hemisphere are separated on top by a deep crack—the **interhemispheric fissure**—but joined in the middle of the brain by a thick mat of nerves—the **corpus callosum**. The corpus is the switchboard for signals back and

**interhemispheric:**  
between the two  
hemispheres, or  
halves of the brain



forth between the two halves. In recent times, scientists have learned that the two hemispheres specialize in certain skills. Sometimes you'll hear brain researchers talk about a "right brain" or a "left brain" skill. They really mean right or left hemisphere. But you can't see any skills by looking at the outside of a brain.

- 13 Indeed, if you're looking at your brain from the outside, you might wonder if you're holding the cortex backwards. The front of the cortex seems to be hanging in space until you realize that your face fits the space underneath. The part of the cortex above your face is the frontal lobe. The frontal lobe is the part that concerns us most regarding Phineas, but you should know the other lobes—the **parietal** lobe on top and the occipital lobe at the back of your head, right above your cerebellum. Wrapping around your temples on the side of your head are the **temporal** lobes. Each hemisphere has its own frontal, parietal, occipital, and temporal lobes. All together, the cortex is a soft mass of folded nerve tissue. It looks as if your cortex was folded up quickly and stuffed in any old way, but the truth is that every human brain is folded in exactly the same way. How the neurons inside those folds and ridges connect is what makes every human being **singular**.



The brain cortex is like a city; every part has an address. Instead of a city's east or west side, the cortex has a left and right hemisphere. The folds and ridges in the hemispheres are like cross streets, and medical students must memorize every one. The cortex also has four lobes—the frontal (in front), the parietal (on top), the occipital (at the back), and the temporal (on the side). A brain "address" can specify left or right hemisphere, the lobe, the nearest ridge or fold, and whether the location is on top or bottom, inside or out, and front or back. Phineas was injured most seriously on the inside of the left frontal lobe, but scientists are still arguing about the exact address.

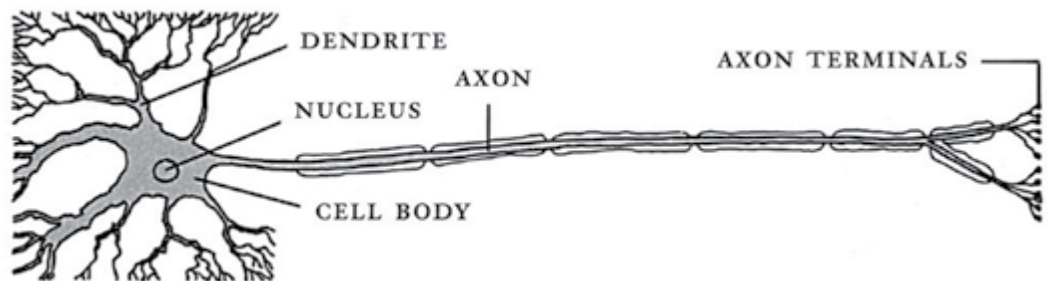
Illustration by David Macaulay

**parietal:** located at the center and upper back part of the sides of the skull

**temporal:** located on the sides of the head

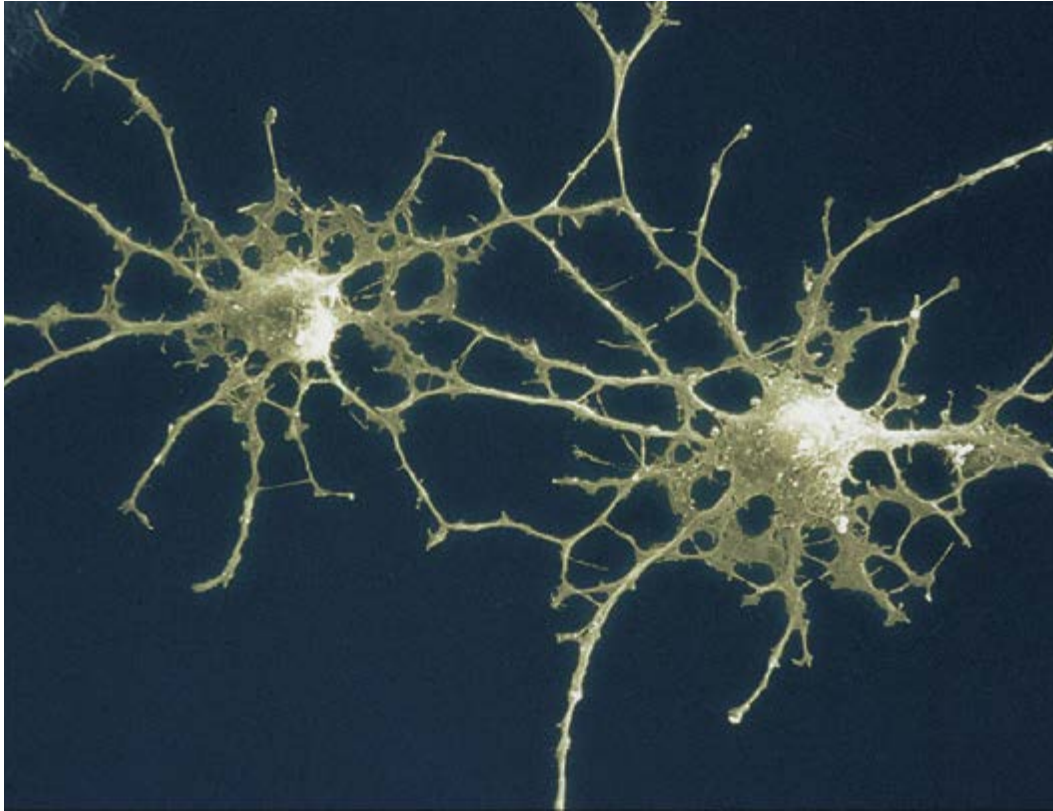
**singular:** unique

- <sup>14</sup> After this tour of the outside of the brain, what you and the Boston doctors in 1850 still lack is a map of the nerve cells. In 1850, the Boston doctors know very little about any kind of cell, even though the cell revolution is getting under way in Germany, thanks to Matthias Schleiden and Theodor Schwann. Working independently, they both revisit the work of Robert Hooke, the microscope observer who came up with the name *cell* in 1665. Hooke, they realize, was seeing empty cork cells because they were dead. Now, for the first time, Schleiden sees living cells in plants. Schwann sees them in animal tissue. Together, they realize that the cell is the fundamental unit of life. Everything alive, from slime molds to human beings, is composed of cells. It is the stuff inside the cell that controls every process of life, from digestion to reproduction.
- <sup>15</sup> As a living organism becomes more complex, its cells *differentiate*—that is, they specialize. A line of cells will differentiate and become muscle cells. Another will differentiate and become nerve cells. All complex animals have nerve cells, but no animal has as many nerve cells as humans do. Your brain and spinal cord have about 100 billion neurons.



The nerve cell, or neuron, is a living, one-way wire with switches at both ends. Messages arrive chemically in the dendrites, where they are converted to electrical impulses, which travel down the axon, the long body of the cell. At the terminal on the far end, signals are converted back into chemical messengers, called neurotransmitters, for the short voyage across the synapse to the dendrites of the next neuron. Amazingly, neurons can work as fast as thought.

Illustration by David Macaulay



Here two human nerve cells show off their intricate network of axon terminals and dendrites. These connections are so fine that they cannot be seen through a conventional light microscope. A scanning electron microscope (SEM) was used here to capture the details.

SEM photograph by Andrew Leonard, Photo Researchers Inc.

- <sup>16</sup> A neuron is basically a wire with plugs at each end. Unlike most wires, most neurons have many, many plugs so they can both relay messages and switch them. A neuron is a long, skinny cell with a tangle of receivers at one end called dendrites, a long connector called an axon in between, and at the other end a smaller tangle of transmitters called axon terminals. Neurons never actually touch one another or splice together. There is always a tiny gap between the axon terminal of one neuron and the dendrite of the next. The gap is called a synapse. It is bridged by signaling chemicals called neurotransmitters. A message travels as an electrical impulse through the axon, down the body of the nerve cell, to the axon terminal. There the electrical impulse is converted into a chemical neurotransmitter to float across the synapse to the next neuron. Here's where the complications begin. In your brain, your neurons have lots of choices. Your brain has lots of synapses because the neurons are layered and clumped together so that the number of possible connections is huge. Each neuron can have anywhere from 1,000 to 6,000 synapses. That means the 10 billion neurons in your brain and spinal cord have a possible 10 *trillion* synaptic choices to

make. Complexity is good. Making synaptic connections is how your brain actually thinks, learns, remembers, acts, and reacts

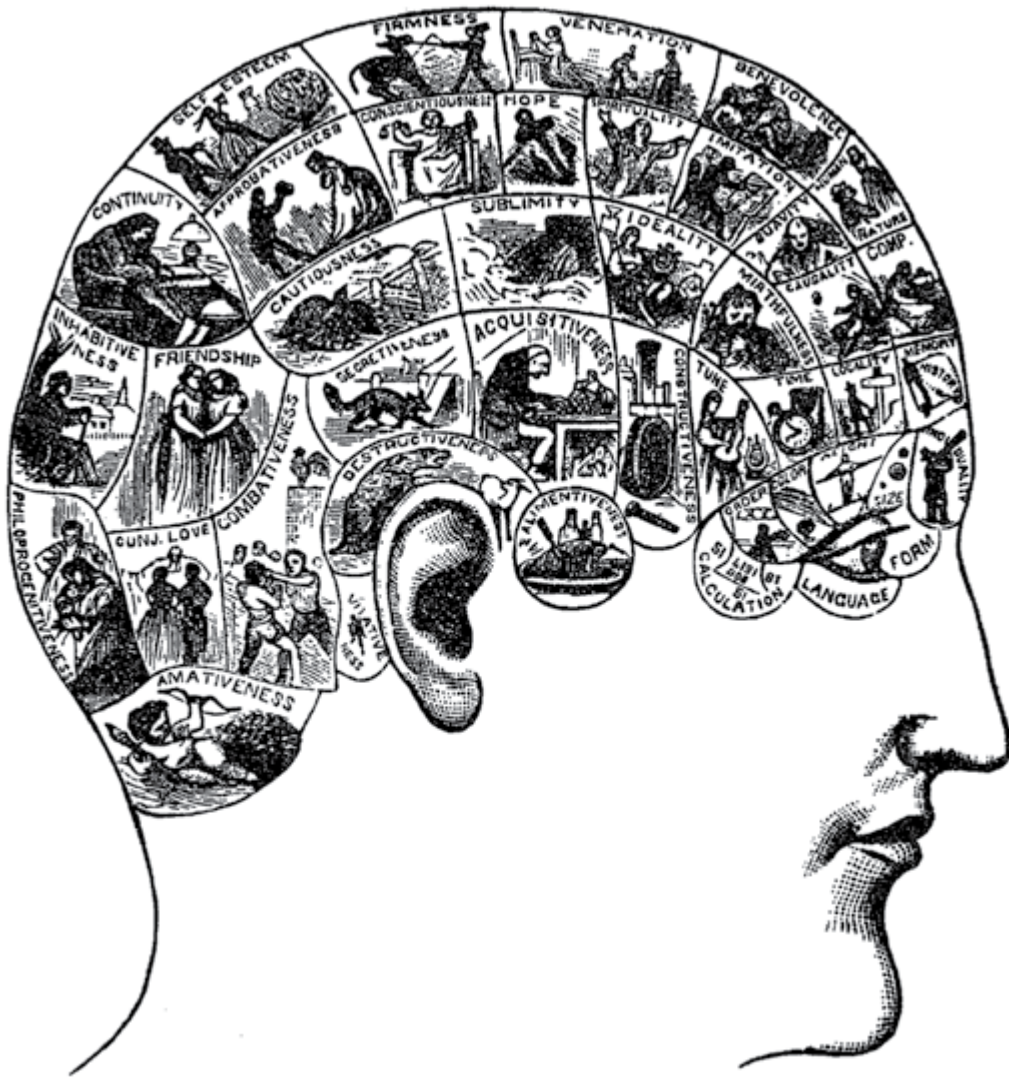
- 17 The Boston doctors watching Phineas in 1850 haven't a clue about neurons, which won't be discovered for another twenty years. Still, these doctors know that the brain sits atop the spinal cord, a thick, bundled cable of thousands of threads. Doctors do not know that each thread is a bundle of microscopic neurons. They do know that cutting the spinal cord results in **paralysis**. The higher the break in the spinal cord, the more complete the paralysis. They know that if the cord is cut at the base of the brain stem, the patient dies.
- 18 That's why Phineas interests the doctors. His injury is not at the back of his head in the cerebellum or at the bottom of the brain near the brain stem. He was struck through the forehead, and the iron must have pierced the frontal lobe of the cortex. If Phineas survived with a large piece of his cortex destroyed, then what does the cortex do? Across America and Europe, doctors are fiercely divided over this very question. These are the two rival schools. One group thinks the brain is a "whole intelligence," that is, that your brain is one interconnected "mind." Let's call them the "Whole Brainers." They think of the cortex as a chamber holding a formless cloud or jelly driven by a mysterious "vital force." Through this force, every part of the brain is connected to every other part. The Whole Brainers believe that thoughts and commands can originate anywhere in the brain jelly/cloud and flash into action. If one part of the brain is injured, then the functions or thoughts that came from there will flow to another part.
- 19 Unfortunately, the Whole Brainers have no hard evidence for their theory. Instead they must look for unusual cases that might back them up. Phineas seems to be such a case. Dr. Bigelow of Harvard thinks so. He is a Whole Brainer.
- 20 His opponents believe in "localized function"; that is, they believe that the brain is divided into specific areas that control specific things. Let's call them the "Localizers." They are followers of the Austrian Dr. Gall, who started the brain revolution by declaring that the brain was the seat of intelligence, emotions, and will. Dr. Gall called his brain science "phrenology" (a made-up Greek word). By any name, the Localizers, or Phrenologists, believe that "organs" inside the brain control specific

**paralysis:** the inability to move





functions. They draw up a model Phrenological Head to show the “organs” in their correct positions. The “Organ of Veneration [respect]” and the “Organ of Benevolence [kindness],” for example, are supposed to be just above the left eyebrow. (Remember where Phineas was hit by the iron? Stay tuned.) Unfortunately, the Phrenologists have no way of knowing which part of the brain controls what. “Benevolence” cannot be seen on the outside of the brain.



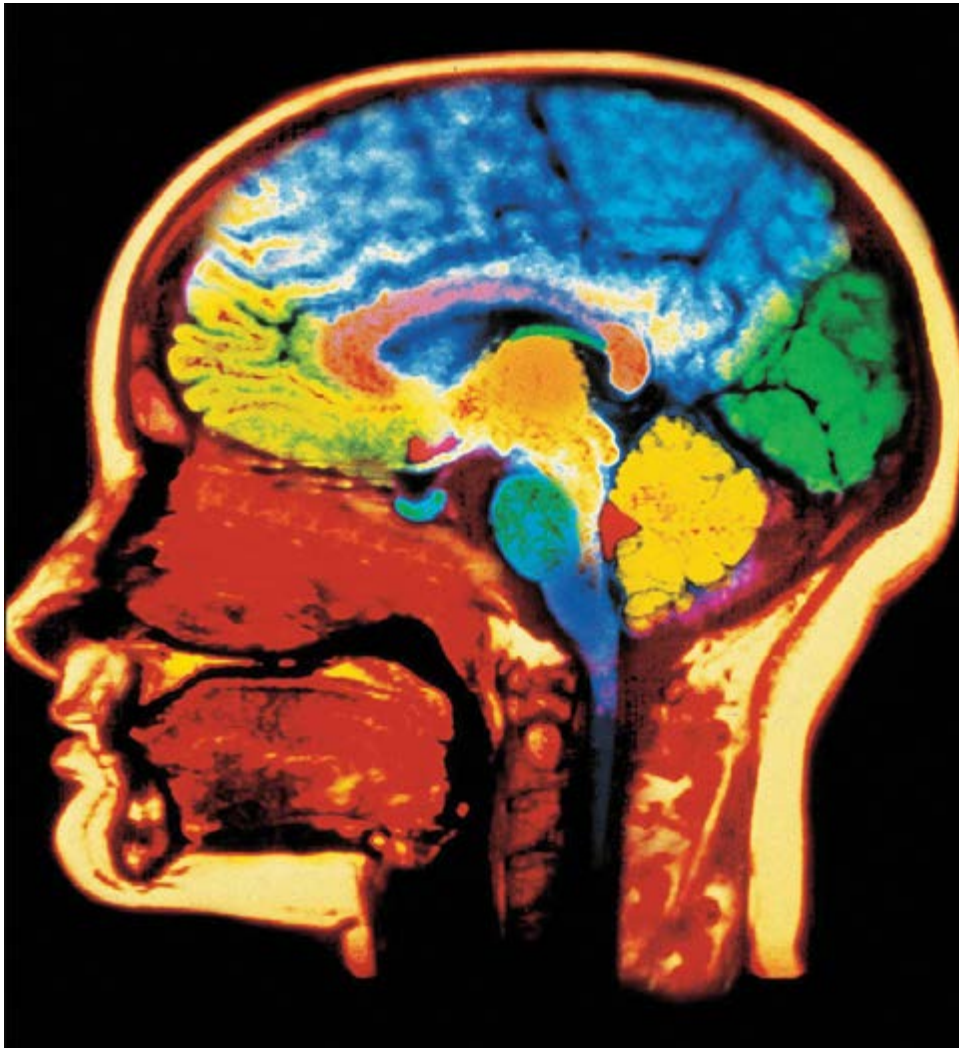
A Phrenological Head is definitely an eye-catcher—bald as a billiard ball and each “organ” carefully outlined and labeled. By the middle of the nineteenth century, a popular parlor game is “reading” one’s character by feeling the skull for bumps and dips and then matching them to a head chart such as this one.

Hulton Collection, Getty Images

- <sup>21</sup> Later in the nineteenth century, scientists will discover that a weak electrical current applied to the exposed brain of a laboratory animal will make certain muscles twitch involuntarily and certain senses sharpen or go dead. In the early twentieth century, scientists will invent more sophisticated and less dangerous ways to “see” brain activity. Eventually they will chart the brain’s electrical signals by attaching electrodes to the scalp for an “electroencephalograph,” or EEG. The EEG plots amazing patterns of electrical activity that match specific areas of the brain with specific functions. Toward the end of the twentieth century, scientists will invent brain scanners that can “image” the electrical and chemical activity inside a living brain.
- <sup>22</sup> Back in 1850, the Localizers/Phrenologists haven’t seen a single thought or brainwave. Still, that doesn’t stop them from identifying thirty-seven “organs” of the brain. How do they do it? Bumps. That’s right. Bumps on the head. The Phrenologists reason that if you have a strong organ, it will be big and project from your skull as a bump. If you have a weak organ, it will be small and you’ll have a dip or depression in your skull. Run your hand over your own skull and you will find all sorts of knobs, bumps, dips, and so on. The Phrenologists decide that if you have a bump over your Organ of Amativeness, you are a person with a strong talent for physical love. If you have a dip or a depression over your Organ of Philoprogenitiveness (also known as parental love), you’re not going to be fond of children.
- <sup>23</sup> Among Boston doctors, phrenology is considered serious stuff when Phineas walks into the middle of the debate of the Whole Brainers versus the Localizers. Both sides seize him as proof of their belief. Dr. Bigelow and his fellow Whole Brainers say that Phineas would surely have died if specific areas of the brain were vital to specific functions. After all, the tamping iron carried away pieces of Phineas’s brain. If every part of the brain was vital, then he should be dead. Yet here is Phineas alive in Boston, walking, talking, and taking care of himself. Therefore, say the Whole Brainers, the whole brain must be able to perform any function of one part.
- <sup>24</sup> On the other side, Dr. Harlow is a Localizer, or at least he is a friend of some leading Localizers/Phrenologists. The Localizers say Phineas proves their theory. The tamping iron has not killed him because the damage is limited to specific organs that are not critical to life. Yet the Localizers/Phrenologists don’t have all the facts. In 1850, when Phineas comes to Boston, Dr. Harlow feels he must keep the details of his patient’s personality problems confidential, but he does tell some of the truth to

Dr. Nelson Sizer. Dr. Sizer is a big man in phrenology and lectures on it all over New England. Dr. Harlow leaks the information to Dr. Sizer that the “completely recovered” Phineas is not the old Phineas. Dr. Sizer tries to disguise the source of his report to the *American Phrenological Journal* in 1851, writing, “We have been informed by the best authority that after the man recovered, and while recovering, he was **grossly** profane, coarse, and vulgar, to such a degree that his **society** was intolerable to decent people.”

- <sup>25</sup> Dr. Sizer’s report is wonderful news for the Localizers/Phrenologists. As Dr. Sizer explains, “If we remember correctly, the iron passed through the regions of the organs of BENEVOLENCE and VENERATION, which left these organs without influence in his character, **hence** his profanity, and **want** of respect and kindness.”



An MRI scan allows us to look inside a living person’s head and see a slice of everything from the throat to the spinal cord. Inside the brain, you can see the different lobes of the cortex; the corpus callosum, which joins the two hemispheres; the cerebellum at the back of the head; and the brain stem. Compare this to the phrenological chart that appears earlier in this chapter.

MRI scan by Scott Canzine and Sue Trainor, Photo Researchers Inc.

**grossly:** greatly  
**society:** company  
**hence:** for this reason  
**want:** lack

- <sup>26</sup> In the long run, the Localizers will turn out to be somewhat right about localization but completely wrong about phrenological organs. The Whole Brainers will turn out to be right about the complex interconnections of the brain but wrong about the brain acting as a whole. The 10 billion neurons in your brain are not connected at random. They are organized into “local circuits” within the cortex; the local circuits form “subcortical nuclei,” which together form “cortical regions,” which form “systems,” which form “systems of systems,” which form you.
- <sup>27</sup> Specific areas of the brain do control specific functions and behaviors, but it’s not always as “logical” as we would imagine. Skills that you think should be in the same brain patch are scattered about in different places in the cortex. Different areas of the cortex let you recognize letters in a book or faces in a crowd, or know whether you are standing upright. Yet many of these localized functions are also controlled by interactions with other parts of the brain. The human brain, it turns out, is both localized and interconnected. We know so much more about the brain today than the Phrenologists and the Whole Brainers did in 1850, yet we really understand only the rough outlines.







Around 1920, a group of Harvard Medical School students gather around the skull of Phineas Gage. The life-size plaster model of Phineas's head made by Dr. Bigelow stands on the left corner of the table. Time has made the skull fragile, but Phineas Gage's fame still draws visitors to Harvard's Countway Library to look without touching.

Photograph from the Warren Anatomical Museum, Countway Library of Medicine, Harvard Medical School.

- <sup>28</sup> Back in 1850, Dr. Bigelow tells the Boston doctors, "Taking all the circumstances into consideration, it may be doubted whether the present is not the most remarkable history of injury to the brain which has been recorded." He also announces that Mr. Gage has graciously agreed to donate his famous tamping iron to the Harvard Medical College. Dr. Bigelow donates the plaster head of Phineas to go with it. The plaster head remains in Boston, but Phineas and his tamping iron soon slip out of town.
-

## Following Phineas Gage

- <sup>1</sup> The story of Phineas Gage is famous, and when people repeat famous stories they have a tendency to improve them. The famous story about Phineas says that after hanging around the Boston medical school for weeks, he grows bored and restless. Phineas takes back his tamping iron and hits the road, traveling from city to city through New England and ending up at P. T. Barnum's American Museum on Broadway in New York City. Barnum's museum has nothing to do with our modern idea of a museum. It is a freak show.
- <sup>2</sup> In Barnum's time, people will pay to see "living giants," "bearded ladies," and calves born with two heads. People have always gawked at strange and unusual things. Barnum's special genius is "improving" the unusual. Hype and humbug make Barnum's museum a roaring success. He pulls in the crowds with half-fakes like the "Woolly Horse," a strange, long-haired horse that Barnum declares is a newly discovered species, being part deer, buffalo, elephant, camel, and sheep. At least the Woolly Horse is a real horse. Barnum's "mermaid" is a total fake, a counterfeit fossil pasted together from bones, withered skins, and who knows what else. Barnum shows his "mermaid" alongside real exotic animals like orangutans and grizzly bears. Barnum floods the exterior with the brightest lights in all of New York. Inside, the lighting is deliberately dim. The noise is deafening, with actors, jugglers, and glass blowers working the crowd.
- <sup>3</sup> In this wild scene, would anyone notice an ordinary-looking young man with a bad scar on his forehead holding an iron rod? It is said that Phineas exhibited himself and his tamping iron at Barnum's. The most colorful description of Phineas at Barnum's museum comes from Alton Blackington, a Boston radio and TV reporter who broadcasts his account a century after Phineas's death. Blackington says that Barnum's museum billed Phineas as "The Only Living Man With a Hole in His Head." According to Blackington, "The poster and one-sheets depicted a husky young man smiling broadly in spite of a huge iron bar which stuck out of his head. Actually, of course, the iron bar no longer protruded from Gage's head but he had it with him, and another skull, also perforated. During his sideshow performances, he would shove the long iron through the holes in his extra skull to demonstrate just how he was injured. All the details were to be found in a pamphlet he sold, and by paying ten cents extra, skeptics could part Gage's hair and see his brain, what there was left of it, pulsating beneath the new, thin covering."



Phineas Gage's mother said her son exhibited himself here at P. T. Barnum's American Museum on Broadway in New York City. Barnum was the gaudiest showman and greatest hoaxer of his age. Did Phineas Gage, The Man with a Hole in His Head, fit in with the other human oddities and strange wonders that Barnum promoted here with hype and hoopla?

Photograph circa 1850 from the Hulton Collection, Getty Images

- 4 Blackington spins a great yarn. Unfortunately, we don't know if the details are true. Phineas's mother did tell Dr. Harlow that after leaving Boston, Phineas and his tamping iron visited "most of the larger New England towns and New York, remaining a while in the latter place at Barnum's with his iron." But that's as far as the details go, and Blackington's sources can't be found. In our time, Professor Malcolm Macmillan, an Australian psychologist who is the world's leading expert on Phineas Gage, makes a massive effort to track down the story. Professor Macmillan turns to experts on Barnum, old newspaper files, contemporary diaries, and circus museums. He can't find Phineas anywhere. As far as Professor Macmillan can determine, Dr. Harlow is the only reliable source. Dr. Harlow says that after Phineas leaves Boston in 1850 he gets information about his former patient only from Phineas's mother.
- 5 Her name is Hannah Trusell Swetland Gage. She says that Phineas returns from New York to the family's New Hampshire home early in 1851 to work



for Mr. Jonathan Currier in his livery stable in the nearby town of Hanover. Whatever Phineas's problems with people, he gets on well with horses. He works in Currier's stable for a year and a half. His health is good, his mother remembers. He seems happiest with children and animals. Then, in 1852, he meets a stranger in Hanover who has big plans to set up a stagecoach line in South America between Valparaiso and Santiago, Chile. He could use a man who is experienced with horses. In August 1852, Phineas leaves New England forever, bound for Chile and a new life as a stagecoach driver.

- 6 Here the evidence fades out for a time. His mother recalls only that Phineas talked about driving six-horse teams for this coach line on the bottom of the world. She doesn't recall the stranger's name. But there is a small clue in the August 1852 order books of the Abbott-Downing Company of Concord, New Hampshire. In 1852, Abbott-Downing makes the finest and toughest stagecoach in the world. This Concord coach is the famous Wild West stage, hauling mail and passengers over the plains and across deserts. In 1852, the Abbott-Downing Company books show that a Mr. James McGill ordered a Concord stage for a new coach line that he was organizing in Valparaiso, Chile. Was James McGill the stranger who hired Phineas? Professor Macmillan is still looking for evidence in New Hampshire or Chile, but he says it's possible.
- 7 A Concord stagecoach is a monster on huge wooden wheels. With six horses, nine passengers, an armed guard, mail, and freight, a fully loaded Concord stage is over six tons in motion. The driver controls it all with reins, a whip, and a feeble wooden foot brake. It's not an easy job. The driver's fists are filled with reins, three pair in the left hand for the "near" side horses, three in the right for the "off" side. The whip is largely for making showy, whip-cracking arrivals in town. Mostly he drives with his hands and voice, using the matched pairs of horses to wheel, to slow down, or to pull clear.
- 8 Until Professor Macmillan turns up solid proof, we can't say for sure if Phineas drives a Concord stagecoach in Chile, but the driver's job would be much the same on any six-horse coach—hard, tiring, and sometimes exciting. According to his mother, Phineas drives for nearly seven years on a regular schedule over the primitive roads between Valparaiso and Santiago. There is so much we would like to know but probably never will about Phineas's time in Chile. Does he—can he—learn Spanish? Is he a loner? Does he stay with the same stage line or jump from job to job? Does he tell anyone in Chile his tragic story?



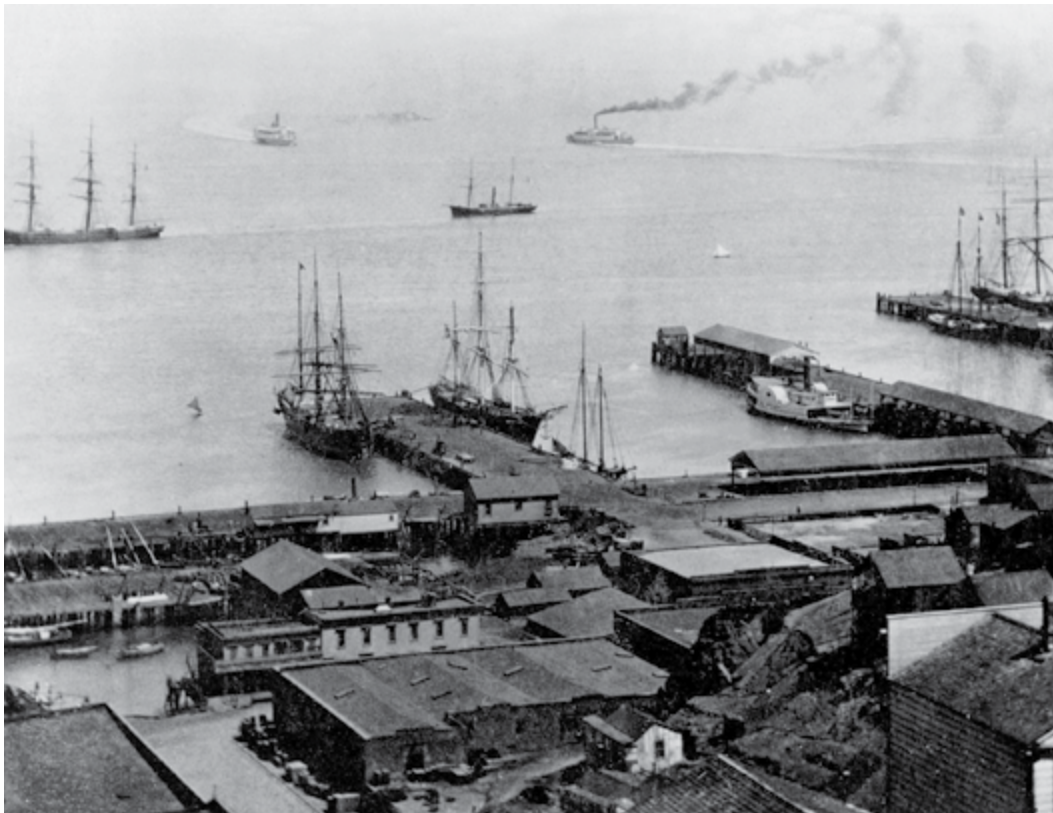
Although it is being pulled by four horses instead of the usual six, this is a New Hampshire-built Concord stagecoach, somewhere in Chile at about the time that Phineas Gage arrived there. We have no way of knowing if it is Phineas at the reins.

New Hampshire Historical Society

- 9 If we can't know any of this, we can catch a glimpse of Phineas in the driver's seat, his fists full of reins, his face full of dust, his hat pulled down over his eyes against the Chilean sun. Phineas is intent on his team, on the slope of the road, and on the big, rocking coach. His decisions are quick and instinctive, based on long habit. He knows his horses. He knows his reins.
- 10 We know one other thing about Phineas in Chile. He has his tamping iron with him. Stowed under the seat or ready to hand, the tamping iron goes everywhere Phineas goes
- 11 In 1859, Phineas washes up on his family's doorstep in San Francisco. His mother has moved to California from New Hampshire to be with her youngest daughter, Phebe, and her new husband, David Shattuck. In July, a very sick Phineas gets off a boat in San Francisco and somehow finds his way to the Shattuck house. Phineas is in "feeble condition," his mother says, much changed since she last saw him in New Hampshire. Phineas tells his mother that he is only suffering from the voyage. He had been terribly seasick on his first voyage from Boston to Chile in 1852, he tells her. He will get over this. It takes months, but he seems to fully recover.
- 12 In San Francisco, Phineas is not a good invalid. He hates resting. He has worked hard all his life, on the family farm, on the railroad, in the livery stable, and on the Chilean stagecoaches. As Phineas gradually feels better, he wants to go right out and get back to work. Finally Phineas takes a job plowing for a farmer near the little town of Santa Clara. Phineas tell his mother that he has no trouble with the farm work, but he soon quarrels

with the farmer. He moves to another farm, then another. Phineas is “always finding something which did not suit him in every place he tried,” says his mother. That February, he is back in San Francisco for a visit. At the dinner table, he suddenly falls into “a fit.”

- 13 A fit is an epileptic seizure. Epilepsy is not a disease but a complex of symptoms. Basically, a seizure is an electrical storm in your brain’s nerve cells. It can begin in one area of the brain and spread to other regions, sometimes sending your muscles into involuntary convulsions. Seizures are relatively common; about one person in 200 will experience a seizure, mild or severe, at some time in life. But an epileptic seizure is only a symptom; the cause can be anything from a tumor, to an inherited **genetic disposition** to seizures, to a blow to the head. In our time, we control most epileptic symptoms with powerful drugs called “anticonvulsants,” because uncontrolled seizures can cause their own brain damage.



By the time a seasick Phineas Gage staggered ashore here in 1859, San Francisco was still a frontier town on the farthest edge of the continent.

Photograph from the San Francisco History Center, San Francisco Public Library

**genetic disposition:**  
likelihood of  
having a certain  
trait determined  
by a person's  
genes

- <sup>14</sup> In 1860, severe epileptic seizures are not controllable. All the doctors in San Francisco can offer Phineas are theories, useless drugs, and nursing instructions. After that first seizure at his sister's dinner table, he recovers almost immediately with no memory of the fit or any ill effect. Within hours, he has two more seizures. In the morning, he wakes up feeling like his old self and insists that he has to get back to work. Back in Santa Clara, he switches farm jobs again. In May, he comes into San Francisco to visit his mother. He seems fine. Two days later, at five o'clock in the morning, Phineas has a severe seizure. Then he has another and another. The intervals between seizures grow shorter and shorter.
- <sup>15</sup> The family physician comes and "bleeds" him. By 1860, the practice of bleeding a patient is the last gasp of a treatment that goes back to the "bodily humors" theory of the ancient Greeks. The doctor who treats Phineas decides he has too much blood and draws off the "extra." It's outmoded treatment, even for 1860. Back in Vermont in 1848, Dr. Harlow bled Phineas at the height of his fever. Without understanding why, Dr. Harlow may have helped Phineas at that moment of crisis. Drawing blood reduces blood pressure slightly, which may have taken some of the pressure off his swollen brain. But bleeding does nothing for epileptic seizures.
- <sup>16</sup> Phineas's seizures are probably caused by slow changes in brain tissue damaged in the original accident. Why the damage worsens as Phineas grows older is unknown. Possibly Phineas strikes his head again. Perhaps the constant jarring in the driver's seat of a lumbering stagecoach causes a concussion on the site of the old damage. Perhaps Phineas has a low-grade bacterial infection or perhaps a brain tumor. No one can say why, but now Phineas's seizures grow more violent and more frequent. One after another, the seizures leave him weaker and weaker.
- <sup>17</sup> They finally kill him on May 21, 1860, at his sister's house in San Francisco. The immediate cause of death is probably hypothermia—his body can't control its internal temperature. In our time, we read about hypothermia killing mountain climbers, or sailors who fall into cold water. An epileptic seizure creates the same effect as shivering in icy water. In cold water, you shiver—your muscles spasm—to heat up your body. While shivering violently in cold water, you don't realize you are also sweating as your muscles throw off heat. Eventually the muscles expel heat faster than it can be replaced. Your blood temperature starts to fall. Your internal organs, especially the brain and heart, need a constant core

temperature to function. As the brain detects a fall in blood temperature, it automatically protects itself by shutting down the blood supply to the hands and feet. You lose feeling. If you keep losing heat, the brain shuts down blood circulation over a larger and larger area of your skin. Phineas's muscle seizures are causing the same effect. His brain shuts down circulation to his feet and hands, then his skin, and then organ by organ until his brain must choose between blood for itself and blood for the heart. His heart stops. This is how Phineas dies, twenty days short of his thirty-seventh birthday.

- 18 He is buried at Laurel Hill Cemetery in San Francisco. Phineas is a stranger in the city, and few outside his family circle know anything about his curious past. No California newspaper notes his death or burial. Family news travels slowly across the continent. Back east, the country is drifting toward Civil War, and when it breaks out the following April, doctors soon have more pressing concerns than Phineas Gage.
- 19 Half the world away from San Francisco in 1862, French surgeon Paul Broca in Paris announces a discovery that finally turns brain theory into brain science. Dr. Broca shows how damage to one very small spot in the brain causes one very specific kind of damage. Broca is still unable to study a living brain, but he has been performing autopsies on the brains of stroke victims. A stroke is an interruption of the blood supply to the brain that causes localized damage and often leaves stroke patients without the ability to speak. Broca notices that in the brains of stroke patients who'd lost the power to speak there is visible damage in a small area on the outside of the left frontal lobe.





The unquiet grave of Phineas Gage was disturbed once in 1867 by Dr. Harlow and then again in 1940 by the rapidly growing city. San Francisco needed the land under the old pioneer cemetery where he was buried. The remains of Phineas, his mother, his brother-in-law, and 35,000 other San Francisco pioneers were dug up by the city and moved to a mass grave in a suburban cemetery. Their headstones and tombs were trucked away for landfill. In 1944, a strong coastal storm uncovered the missing tombstones under a highway, and these boys scrambled up to see. If Phineas Gage had a tombstone, it was somewhere in this stone pile.

Photograph from the San Francisco History Center, San Francisco Public Library

- 20 The spot becomes famous as “Broca’s area.” To find it, put your hand on the top of your left ear, directly above your ear hole. Move your fingers about two inches forward. Underneath the skull is your “Broca’s area.” If it’s damaged, you will lose the ability to speak. In medical language, you will have “aphasia.” Soon after Broca’s announcement, a German named Carl Wernicke identifies a second area on the left temporal lobe that separately controls the ability to understand speech. The loss of the ability to understand what is said to you is called “receptive aphasia.” Who could have imagined that these two skills would be controlled from two different places in the brain? Broca’s and Wernicke’s areas are the first anatomical proof of localization. Other brain researchers soon learn to use low-voltage electricity to **stimulate** specific points on the brain. Bit by bit, the map of the brain grows more detailed and more localized.
- 21 The new scientific map of the brain has no relation to our old friend the Phrenological Head. Phrenology falls into disgrace, even though the Phrenologists were right about localization. The Whole Brainers are also shaken. If speech is localized on these two spots, how could someone with massive frontal lobe injuries—Phineas Gage, for example—speak? And yet Dr. Harlow had said that Phineas had fully recovered. Of course, few doctors in Boston remember much about the Gage case, and even Dr. Harlow has lost track of Phineas.
- 22 By the time Dr. Harlow finds Phineas again, he is too late. After Phineas leaves for South America in 1852, Dr. Harlow’s contact with the Gage family is broken. Quietly, he has wondered what became of his most celebrated patient. Then in 1866, the year after the Civil War ends, Dr. Harlow, now running a small practice in Woburn, Massachusetts, finds an address for Hannah Gage in San Francisco. He writes to her, and his letter makes the long **trek** across America. Mrs. Gage is delighted to hear from the doctor who’d done so much for her son. Unfortunately, she has the sad duty to report his death six years before.
- 23 It is too late for an autopsy, and California is too far for a research visit. But Dr. Harlow doesn’t give up. They exchange **cordial** letters. Mrs. Gage describes Phineas’s last illness. She fills in the details of his life after he left the medical spotlight in Boston. She recalls how Phineas was extremely fond of his little nephews and nieces. Dr. Harlow notes her description of how Phineas would entertain them “with the most fabulous **recitals** of his wonderful **feats** and **hairbreadth** escapes, without any

**stimulate:** excite

**trek:** journey

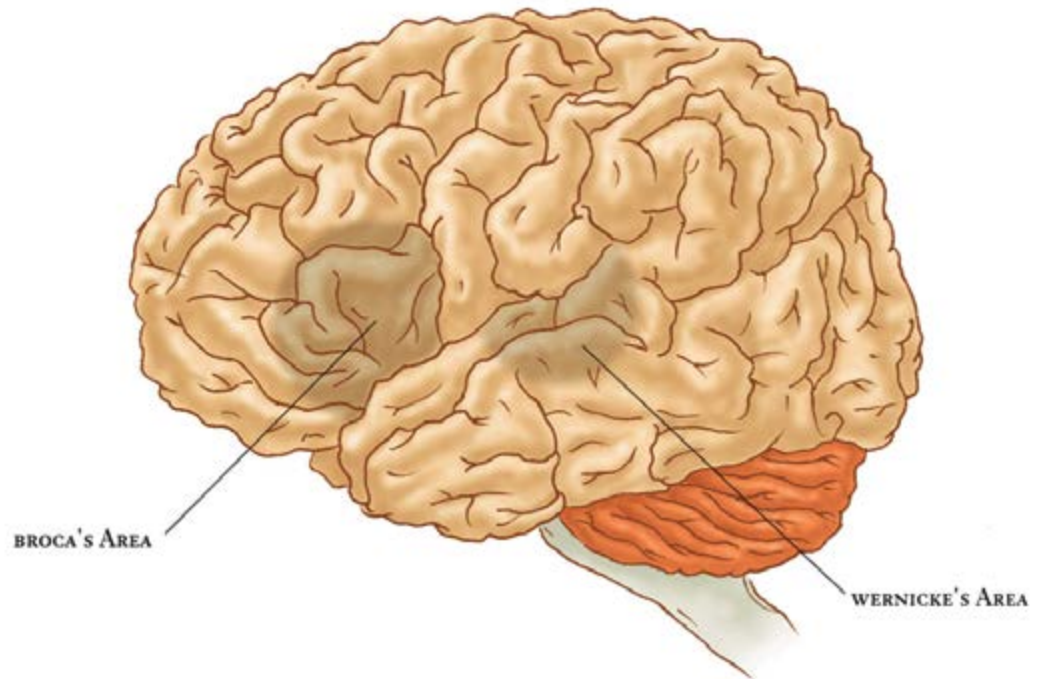
**cordial:** friendly

**recitals:** tellings

**feats:**  
achievements

**hairbreadth:**  
narrow

foundation except in his **fancy**.” Dr. Harlow concludes that Phineas had “a great fondness for children, horses, and dogs—only exceeded by his attachment for his tamping iron, which was his constant companion during the remainder of his life.”



In 1862, Paul Broca found an area on the lower left frontal lobe that controlled the ability to speak. The discovery of Broca's area finished off the theories of the Phrenologists and the Whole Brainers. Soon after, Carl Wernicke found another area on the left temporal lobe that controlled the ability to understand speech.

Illustration by Jerry Malone

<sup>24</sup> Finally, Dr. Harlow makes an unusual request. Explaining the importance of her son's case to science, Dr. Harlow recalls how many **scoffed** at Phineas when Dr. Bigelow first presented his case in Boston. Now there is a way to settle the question, Dr. Harlow explains. Would Mrs. Gage allow her son's body to be exhumed—dug up—from his grave? Would she allow the skull to be removed and shipped to Massachusetts?

**fancy:** imagination

**scoffed:** laughed  
dismissively





In his later years, Dr. John Martyn Harlow became an important man in Woburn, a state senator, an advisor to the governor, and a bank president. When he died in 1907, he left his large estate to various charities, including Middlesex County Medical Society. In 1998, the society had enough of Dr. Harlow's money left to help pay for the bronze monument to Phineas Gage on the town green in Cavendish, Vermont.

Countway Library of Medicine, Harvard Medical School

- <sup>25</sup> What a request. Surely Dr. Harlow must be held in the highest regard by Hannah Gage. Why else would she consent? With her son-in-law and the mayor of San Francisco, who happens to be a physician, standing by as witnesses, Phineas's coffin is uncovered and carried to a shed. There, Dr. J. D. B. Stillman, a local surgeon, removes the skull. The huge fracture on the forehead is unmistakable. Dr. Stillman removes something else from the coffin—the tamping iron that Phineas carried everywhere, even to his grave. That December, David Shattuck takes the skull and tamping iron with him when he travels east on business. Early in the new year, he hands them over to an extremely grateful and very excited Dr. Harlow in Massachusetts.

**cited:** mentioned  
as an example

**drastically:**  
extremely

**shrewd:** clever

**executing:** carrying  
out

**acquaintances:**  
people who are  
not close friends,  
but are also not  
strangers

**vague:** unclear

**subsequent:**  
following

**warrant:** support

**partial:** incomplete

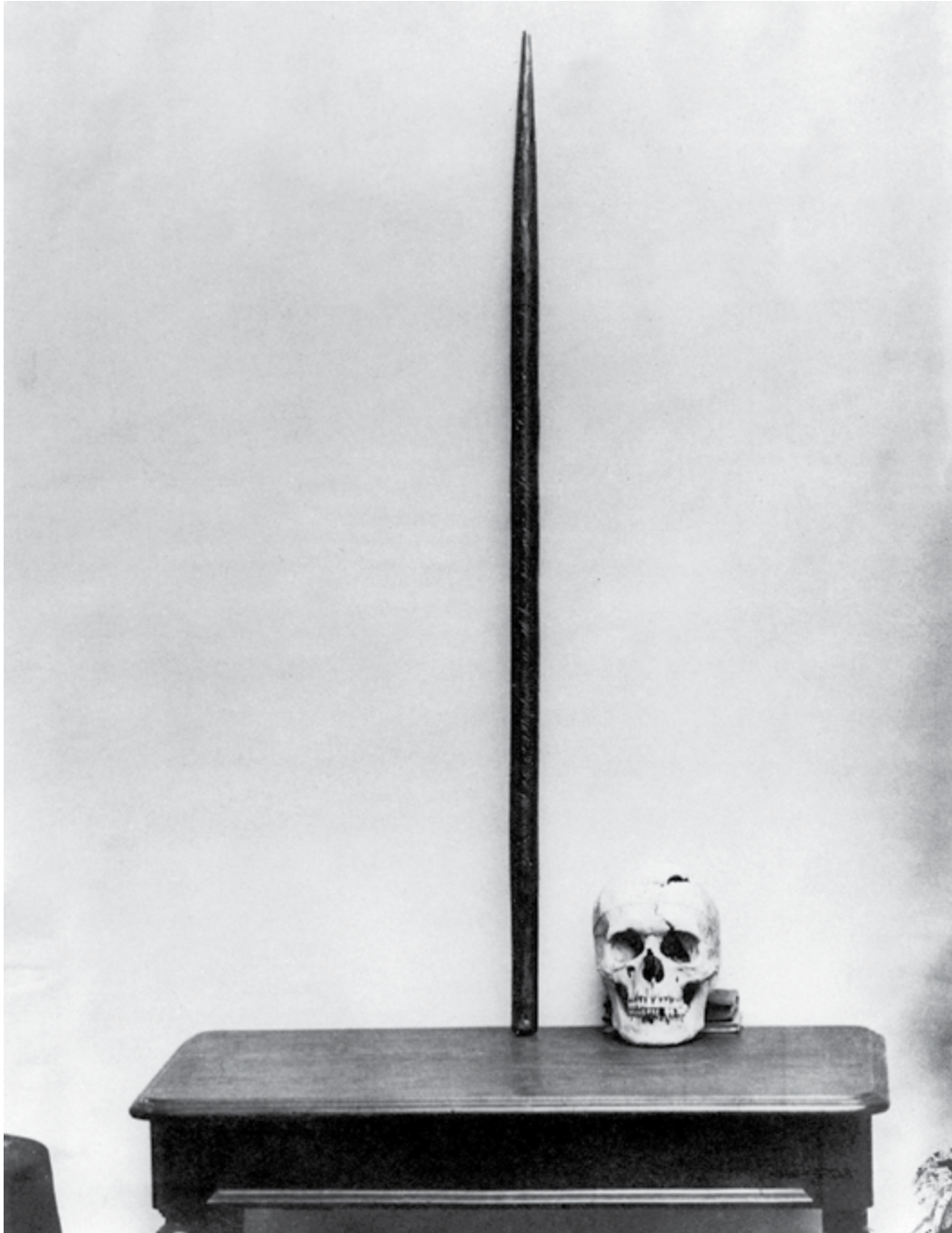
**decode:**  
understand

**objection:**  
disagreement

**grave:** serious

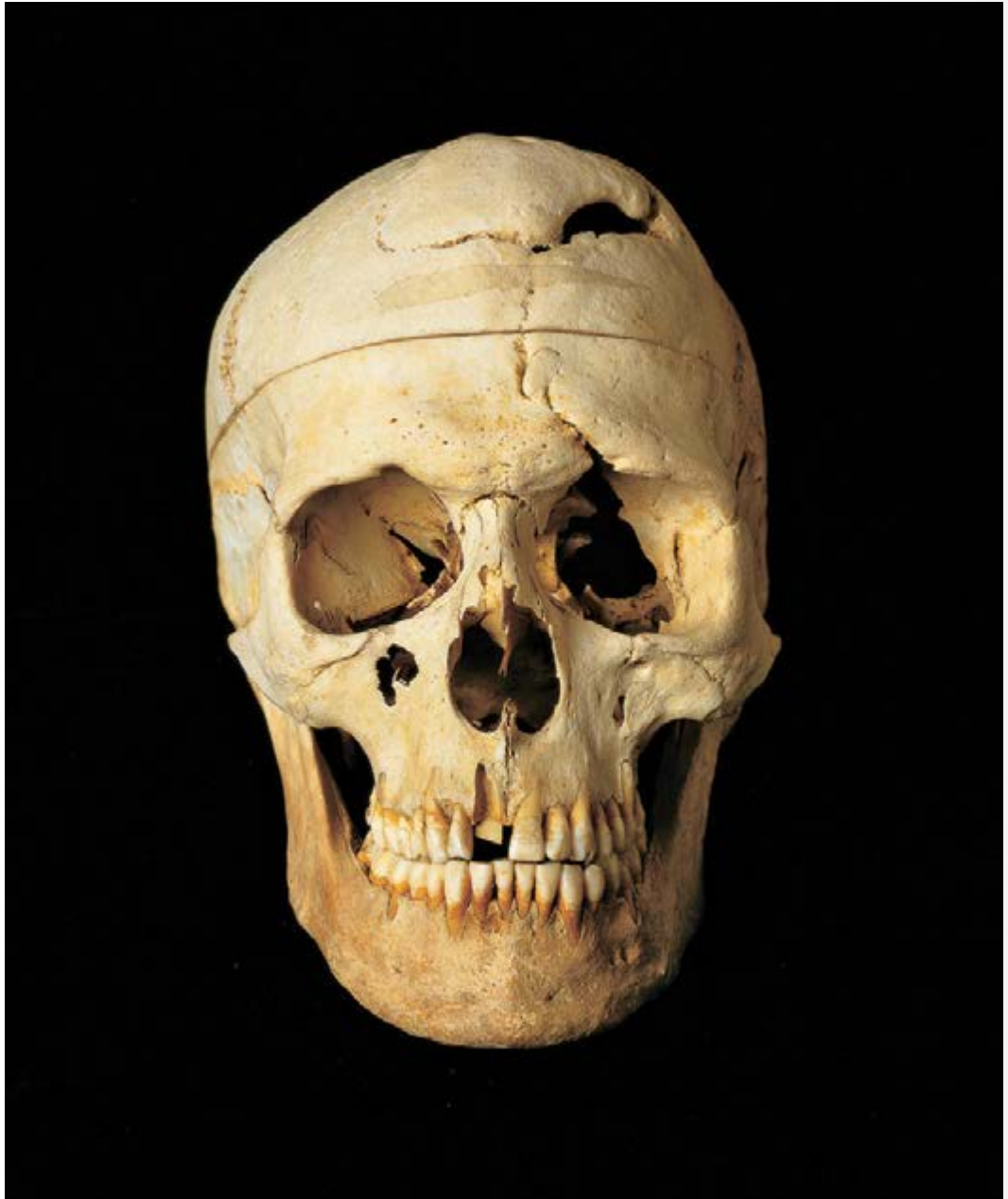
- 26 At last Dr. Harlow is at liberty to tell the full story of Phineas Gage's "recovery" twenty years before. He appears before the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1868 and spills the beans. "This case has been **cited** as one of complete recovery . . . without any impairment to the intellect," he says, but in truth, Phineas's personality changed **drastically** after the accident. "Previous to his injury, though untrained in the schools, he possessed a well-balanced mind, and was looked upon by those who knew him as a **shrewd**, smart business man, very energetic and persistent in **executing** all his plans of operation. In this regard, his mind was radically changed, so decidedly that his friends and **acquaintances** said he was 'no longer Gage.'"
- 27 Phineas went from being "the most efficient and capable foreman" on the railroad to a man who couldn't be trusted because he couldn't get along with anyone. The new Phineas was pigheaded and stubborn one moment and wishy-washy and **vague** the next. "I think you have been shown that the **subsequent** history and progress of the case only **warrant** us in saying that physically, the recovery was quite complete," says Dr. Harlow. "Mentally the recovery certainly was only **partial**." The new Phineas could walk, drive a team of horses, and sail away to Chile, but he had lost a vital skill—he no longer knew how to be social.
- 28 Being social is a hard skill to measure. Social behavior goes beyond the ability to activate the correct muscles or **decode** the right spoken sounds. It's different from having manners. Manners are learned, and they differ greatly from culture to culture. Your parents teach you the "right" way to eat or to greet strangers, but other parents in other countries teach their children other "right" ways. Forks or chopsticks or fingers, there's no "right" way to put food in your mouth, yet all humans swallow the same way. Swallowing is automatic behavior. Using a fork is learned behavior. Eating politely in the company of others is social behavior.
- 29 In your brain, Broca's area may let you speak and Wernicke's area may let you understand, but listening is also a complicated social behavior. Whether you realize it or not, you've been taught how to listen—how to make or break eye contact, how to murmur agreement or quiet **objection**, how to smile at the right moment or not to smile at all if the subject is **grave**. You also know how to show (or hide) your emotional reactions. You can laugh or yawn, roll your eyes upward in boredom, or open your eyes wide in delight. All of these behaviors can mean something entirely different in another culture, but all cultures have listening behavior.





It's hard to believe that this tamping iron shot through the skull without killing Phineas Gage. Dr. Harlow had their picture taken together in 1868 to document his case.

Glennon Collection, Woburn Public Library, by permission of the Trustees of the Library



In death, Phineas's skull revealed the unmistakable signs of his terrible accident. Today, Phineas's skull, tamping iron, and life mask are exhibited at Harvard Medical School.

Photograph by Doug Mindell, skull courtesy of the Countway Library of Medicine, Harvard Medical School



- <sup>30</sup> To act human, you mix emotions, actions, routines, customs, manners, words, and expressions in a predictable way. That's what Phineas seems to have lost. Bossing a railroad construction gang requires more than a loud voice. A gang has to be able to "read" the social behavior of the foreman. They have to know if he's angry or just joking, if his orders are reasonable, or if his judgment can be trusted. He has to be able to "read" the social behavior of his men, to know who are the reliable ones and who are the troublemakers. By all reports, the old Phineas was an excellent foreman. The new Phineas was not. All these changes were brought on by a hole through a specific part of his brain.
- <sup>31</sup> In Boston twenty years before, the central exhibit had been Phineas himself, alive and seemingly well. Now Dr. Harlow reveals the clincher—his skull. He has "prepared" it for inspection, carefully sawing through the bone at just above eyebrow level so the top of the **cranium** can be lifted off. Now his audience can see the hole in the top of his mouth through which the rod passed. The top of Phineas's skull is an amazing sight. The doctors can see where Dr. Harlow pushed two large fragments back into place and how the edges started to regrow, unmistakable proof that Phineas survived the **trauma** and that his body started to heal the damage. Yet there is a visible hole in the top, a small triangular opening the size of a quarter, where the iron either smashed or carried away the bone completely. The skin closed over it, but for eleven years, Phineas had a real hole in his head.
- <sup>32</sup> At last, the true story of Phineas Gage is out in the open. The scientific debate about the brain, though, has moved on. The theories of the Localizers and Whole Brainers are being replaced by a new experimental brain science. In time, the pinpointing of control areas will become more and more detailed. Knowledge of cells in general and neurons in particular will transform understanding of the brain. Yet the truth about Phineas poses a question that no one seems eager to answer. If there are exact locations in the brain that allow for the ability to hear or to breathe, is there a place that generates human social behavior? If that place is damaged, do you stop acting human?

**cranium:** area of the skull covering the brain

**trauma:** injury

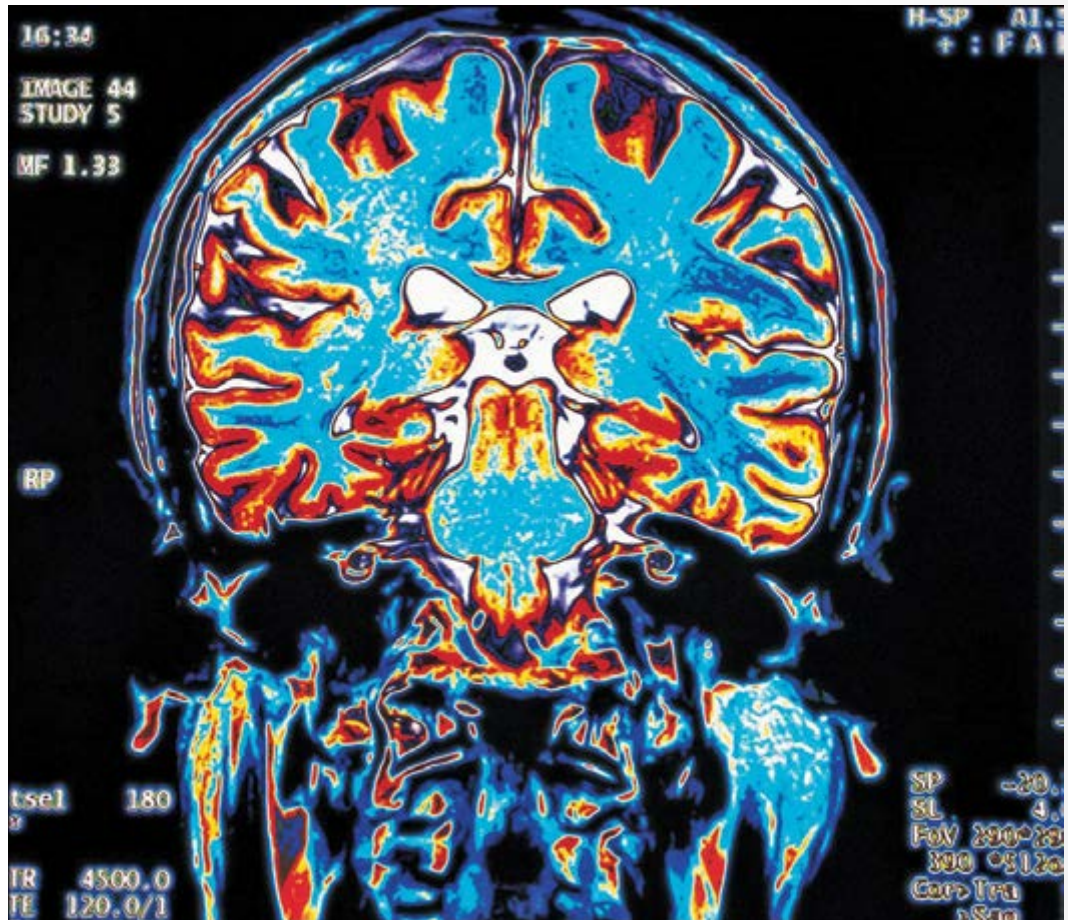
## Putting Phineas Together Again

- <sup>1</sup> In our time, Phineas Gage is a textbook case. Students of neurology or psychology study his case because it illustrates how the lobes of the frontal cortex—the two halves of your brain that meet in your forehead—are the seat of “executive functions.” Those are your abilities to predict, to decide, and to interact socially.
- <sup>2</sup> Unfortunately, Phineas is not the only person to have suffered damage to the frontal cortex. Antonio and Hanna Damasio, a husband-and-wife team of doctors, regularly see people who remind them of Phineas Gage. The Damasios are renowned brain researchers at the University of Iowa Hospitals & Clinics in Iowa City and treat patients with the same kind of frontal lobe damage that afflicted Phineas. Like Phineas, these patients with frontal lobe damage have trouble making decisions. Like Phineas with his \$1,000 pebbles, they perform well on logic and math tests but make strange choices in trading situations. Their emotional responses are unpredictable. They seem out of step emotionally with the rest of the world.
- <sup>3</sup> The patients who come to the Damasios’ clinic are not victims of blasting accidents. Their brain injuries usually follow surgery to remove a tumor from deep inside the frontal cortex. This kind of brain surgery is strictly a last resort to save a patient’s life, because even if the operation goes well, the risk of side effects is high. Any damage to the frontal cortex can change behavior and personality forever, as the case of Phineas Gage demonstrates. Sometimes, cancer surgeons have no other choice. These cases are not common, but the Damasios have seen a dozen patients with many of the same symptoms as Phineas. All have frontal cortex damage. All have trouble making decisions on personal or social matters. All react with little empathy and seem to find emotion a foreign language.
- <sup>4</sup> To study these modern-day Phineases, the Damasios have far more sophisticated equipment than Dr. Harlow did. They have the full arsenal of CTs and MRIs—noninvasive brain scanners that can electronically “slice up” a brain and lay it out, level by level, like the floor plan of a house. But the Damasios also do simpler tests. Emotional response is difficult to measure, but there is one usually reliable sign of how you are feeling—sweaty palms. When your emotions are “aroused,” your skin (all over and not just your palms) gets slightly warmer and

slightly sweatier. Your sweat contains salts, which increase **electrical conductivity**. A person having a strong emotional reaction is going to “spike” a conductivity meter. It’s the same principle used in the police “lie detector” test, only the Damasio are interested in a different sort of truth.

- 5 Hooked to a skin response machine, the modern-day Phineases are shown a series of emotionally charged pictures—a tranquil landscape, a beautiful woman, a severed foot. Their skin reactions are usually the same—nearly flat. The emotional colors of their world seem to have drained away. Another Damasio experiment involves a computer “gambling” game. There are four decks: A, B, C, and D. The decks are rigged. Normal subjects who play the game soon figure out that the C and D decks are better risks than A and B. The modern-day Phineases keep playing A and B, though they can explain to the experimenters mathematically exactly why C and D are better risks. They realize the game is rigged to favor a “slow but steady” strategy against a “risk-all” strategy, but they still play “risk-all.” Call them Phineas’s rules.
- 6 So what part of the brain controls this behavior? Dr. Harlow thought he had found the precise location of Phineas’s troubles once he had the skull. By then, Phineas’s actual brain was long gone, but Dr. Harlow knew enough gross anatomy to calculate that the iron had passed through the very front of the left frontal cortex. His answer was good enough for 1868. It isn’t good enough today.

**electrical conductivity:**  
the ability for electricity to travel through a substance



This is a “coronal” MRI. Instead of a side view, this is a slice of the brain taken head-on. Here we’re somewhere in the middle of the head with the cortex above, the corpus callosum in the middle, and the brain stem descending to the spinal column.

MRI brain scan by G. Tompkinson, Photo Researchers Inc.

- 7 Studying the brain scans of these Phineas-like patients, the Damasio wonder what a brain scan of Phineas Gage himself would have shown. In 1994, Hanna Damasio has an idea of how to construct one **retroactively**. First she asks Dr. Albert Galaburda at the Harvard Medical School to have another look at Phineas’s skull in the Harvard medical museum. Under the careful eye of the curators, Dr. Galaburda x-rays, photographs, and remeasures the skull. The results are digitized so the specifics of Phineas’s skull can be overlaid onto a three-dimensional computer image of a generic human skull. Back in her lab in Iowa, Hanna Damasio carefully plots the entrance and exit wounds. A line is drawn between their center point to lay out a hypothetical path for the tamping iron. The generic electronic skull is then adjusted to Phineas’s specifications. Now Dr. Damasio has Phineas’s skull on a computer screen. She can tilt and rotate it in any direction exactly as if she were holding it in her hand.

**retroactively:**  
using the resources  
of the present  
to accomplish  
something in the  
past

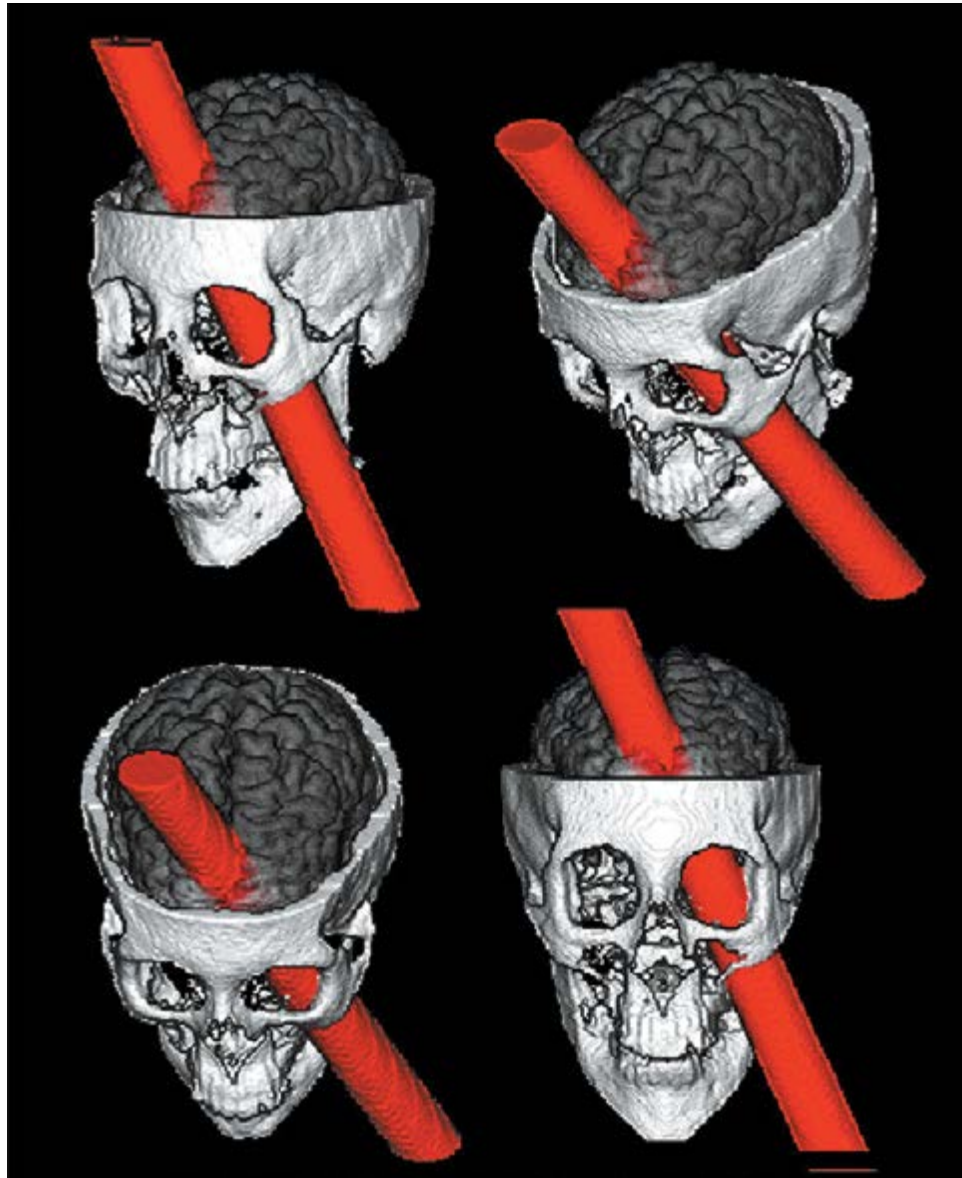


- 8 Then she adds the tamping iron electronically. The real one tapers, but the electronic one is represented as a cylinder as big around as the fat end of the tamping iron. Now Dr. Damasio turns to a computer program called Brainvox that is used to reassemble brain scan “slices” into a three-dimensional model. Brainvox fits this electronically scanned brain inside Phineas’s electronic skull.
- 9 The brain is a very small place, and a very small change in the path of the iron would have had very different results. Brainvox calculates sixteen possible paths for the iron to follow through Phineas’s head. The anatomical evidence from Phineas rules out nine of these. Dr. Damasio knows that the iron missed his jawbone, lightly clipped the interior arch of his brow, and knocked out one molar but didn’t destroy the socket. Any path that falls outside those landmarks is out of bounds. Of the remaining seven routes, two would have cut important blood vessels and would have killed Phineas instantly. Brainvox lays out the last five routes. The Damasio team whittles it down to one.
- 10 Brainvox plots it as a red cylinder passing through the animated computer skull. The top of the skull is open to show the rod emerging from the frontal cortex. It is a riveting image. The scientific journal *Science* puts Brainvox’s images of the pierced skull on its cover and it causes a sensation. Whether you’re a brain surgeon or a sixth-grader, the first time you see the Brainvox image of Phineas’s head with that red bar through it, you wince.
- 11 If you study the animated skull from different angles, you can see Phineas’s incredible luck. The iron passes through his head at a very steep angle. That’s both his salvation and his ruin. It misses a number of key areas on the side and top of the brain. On the left temple, it misses Broca’s area for speech. On top, it misses two key sections of the cortex, the motor and **somatosensory strips**. These areas integrate your sensory input and muscle actions so you keep **oriented** in space and in motion. Thus Phineas is left with the ability to keep his balance, to focus his attention, and to remember both old and new events.
- 12 The tamping iron, however, plows on through his frontal lobes, passing through the middle, where the two hemispheres face each other. The iron damages the left hemisphere more than the right, the front of the frontal cortex more than the back, the underside more than the top. Dr. Damasio recognizes the pattern. Phineas’s reconstructed brain matches brain scans of her patients who had cortex tumor surgery.

**somatosensory strips:** areas of the brain that receive signals from the skin

**oriented:** positioned within a location

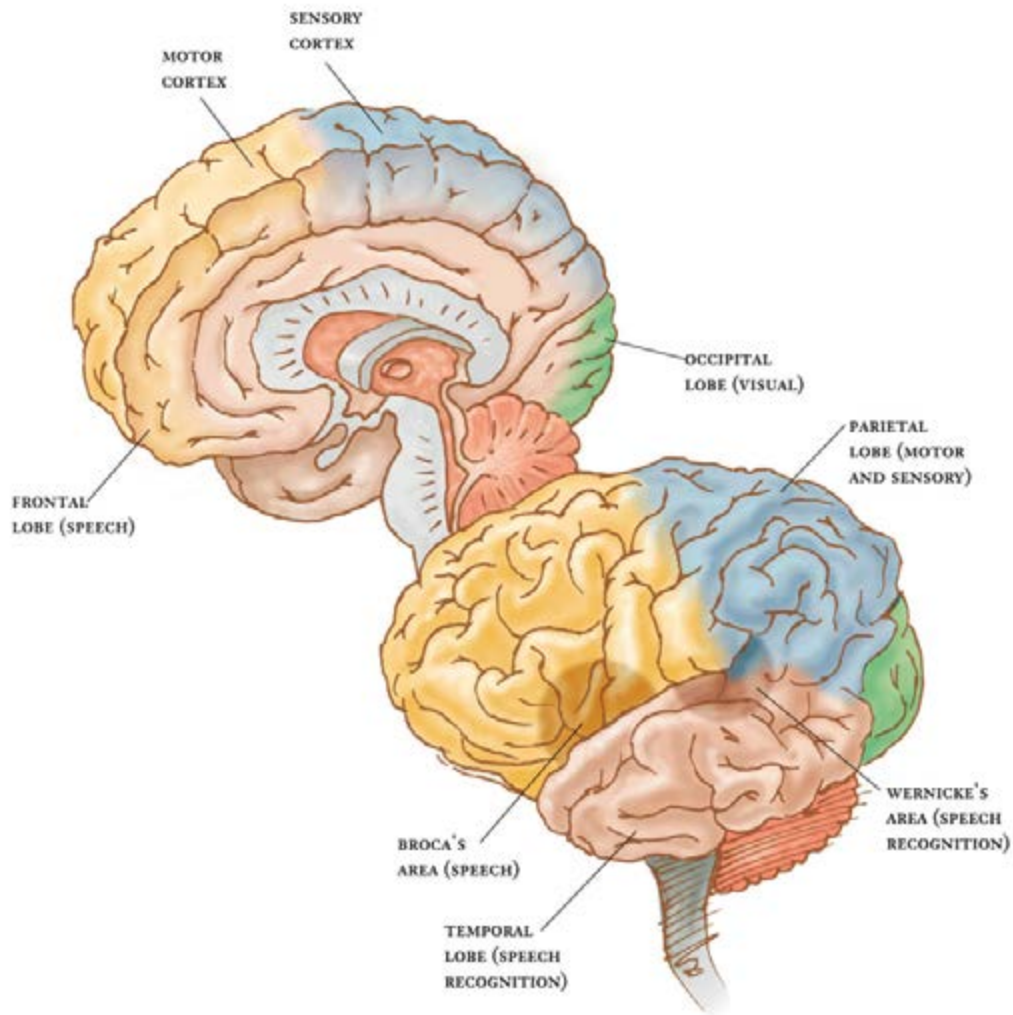
- <sup>13</sup> Humans have always argued about what makes us human. Is it our ability to walk on two feet? To hold tools in our hands? To speak and hear language? To worship a supreme being? The case of Phineas Gage suggests that we are human because our frontal lobes are set up so we can get along with other humans. We are “hard wired” to be sociable. When we lose that ability, we end up like Phineas. His closest companion was an iron rod.



The skull of Phineas Gage appeared on the cover of the journal *Science*. Generated by computer, the red bar plots the exact path of the tamping iron through his frontal cortex.

From Damasio, H., Grabowski, T., Galaburda, A. M., “The return of Phineas Gage: Clues from the brain of a famous patient,” *Science*, 264:1102–1156, 1994. Department of Image Analysis Facility, University of Iowa.

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What is so remarkable about Phineas Gage's injury is not only where the rod went in his head but where it did not go. The tamping iron missed a number of key areas on either side of the brain that control important functions, including Broca's and Wernicke's areas, plus the motor strip and the somatosensory strip.

Illustration by Jerry Malone



Look closely to read the inscription on the famous iron: "This is the bar that was shot through the head of Mr. Phineas Gage at Cavendish, Vermont, Sept. 14, 1848. He fully recovered from the injury and deposited this bar in the museum of the Medical College of Harvard University." Someone—either Dr. Harlow or the engraver—got the date wrong. The accident was on September 13, not 14.

Photograph by Doug Mindell; tamping iron courtesy of the Countway Library of Medicine, Harvard Medical School

- <sup>14</sup> The tamping iron and skull of Phineas have a new home at Harvard Medical School in Boston. After 150 years on display just outside the dean's office in the medical school, they were cleaned up and moved in 2000 to a new exhibit case in the Countway Library of Medicine just down Shattuck Street. If you want to see Phineas, you have to ask permission at the library's front desk, but generally they will send you straight up to the fifth floor, where Phineas resides in Harvard's collection of medical curiosities.
- <sup>15</sup> The Harvard curators say that other museums, such as the Smithsonian Institution, are constantly asking to borrow Phineas's skull and iron, but his traveling days are over. The last time he was lent for exhibit in 1998, he came back with a loosened tooth. That year, Phineas went in the back seat of a limousine to Cavendish, Vermont, for a festival and medical seminar to mark the 150th anniversary of his terrible accident. Psychologists, surgeons, and neurologists came from all over the world to present scientific papers on frontal cortex injuries. Also on hand were men and women in wheelchairs who suffer from cortex injury or disease. To these special attendees, Phineas was no specimen or historical curiosity. He was a fellow sufferer.

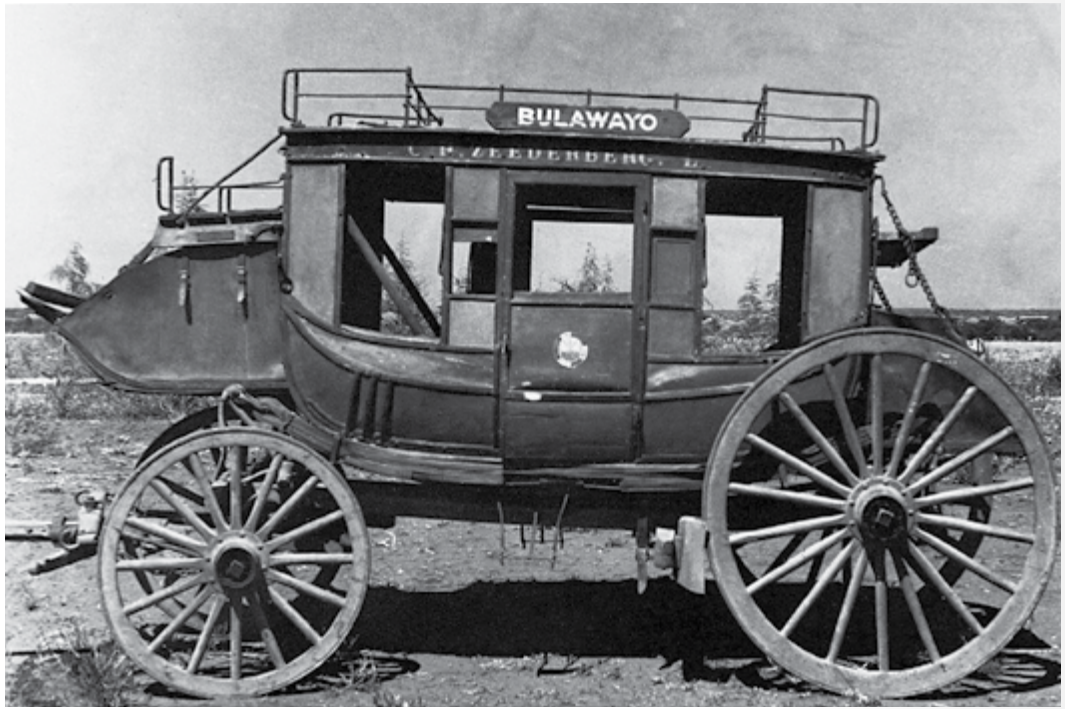


- 16 At the end of the celebration, the town unveiled a boulder of Vermont granite on the village green with a bronze plaque as a permanent memorial to Phineas. If you go to Vermont, you can read it yourself. It explains what happened in Cavendish, what happened to Phineas, and what happened to Dr. Harlow. It explains what happened to our knowledge of the brain as a result.



In 1998, one hundred and fifty years after his terrible accident, the town of Cavendish, Vermont, held a medical seminar and festival to honor Phineas Gage. The climax was the dedication of a memorial plaque explaining what had happened to Phineas and to brain science as a result.

Photograph by Amy Flynn



This Concord stagecoach ended its days in Bulawayo, Zimbabwe, Africa, far from the New Hampshire factory where it was made. Phineas Gage ended his days in San Francisco, far from New Hampshire, where he was born; far from Vermont, where he was injured; and far from Chile, where he drove a Concord stagecoach like this one.

New Hampshire Historical Society

- <sup>17</sup> The plaque does not answer the question of Phineas's luck. I said at the beginning that you could decide for yourself what kind of luck he had at the end. This is what I think: Phineas Gage was lucky. His accident was terrible. It changed him into someone else, and yet Phineas figured out how to live as that new person for eleven years. He was limited in ways that are important to all human beings, but he found a way to live, working with horses. He took care of himself. He saw the world. He died with his family around him, the only people who knew both the old and new Phineas. And he drove a six-horse stagecoach. I bet Phineas Gage drove fast.

*Phineas Gage: A Gruesome but True Story About Brain Science* by John Fleischman. Copyright © 2002 by John Fleischman. Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. All rights reserved.



•

**tamping:** packing**tamp:** pack**hoist:** lift**circulating:** flowing around**bacteria:** germs**sensation:** thrill**biological:** related to living things**biotic:** living**evacuate his bowels:** go to the bathroom**spouts:** freely speaking**specific:** particular**companion:** friend**activate:** turn on**reasonable:** appropriate**reassemble:** put back together**emerging:** coming out

••

**bedrock:** solid rock**character:** personality**conducts himself:** behaves**psychologists:** doctors who study the mind, behavior, and emotions**charges:** explosive pieces**shatters:** breaks into pieces**prying:** pulling**exposed:** open and unprotected**rumbles:** moves loudly**buggy:** small carriage**fragments:** broken pieces**tissue:** skin, muscle, or organ matter**spells:** moments**foul:** disgusting**substances:** materials**nutrients:** materials that cells use for fuel and growth**candidate:** person available to be chosen**slide:** example set on a piece of thin glass**centuries:** hundreds of years**fundamental:** primary**faintest:** slightest**suspicion:** idea**symptoms:** effects of a disease**condition:** sickness**scalpels:** small, thin blades used by doctors in surgery**fungi:** type of living things that includes mushrooms and mold**reproduce:** produce versions of themselves**immune:** infection-fighting**toxic:** poisonous**decay:** rotting**revolution:** major change**inflammation:** swelling, redness, and pain**abscesses:** pus-filled wounds**scalp:** skin covering the head**intends:** plans**formal:** official**reclaim:** take back**intact:** undamaged**gradually:** a little at a time**confidential:** private**efficient:** productive**capable:** able to perform the task**marked:** noticeable**restraint:** control**intellectual:** mental**waistcoats:** vests**exposure:** period of time when light is allowed to touch photographic film**frockcoats:** overcoats**scrubs:** hospital clothing or uniforms worn by doctors and nurses**booties:** protective shoes**specimen:** individual example**assembled:** gathered**exaggeration:** statement that describes something as more extreme than it really is**fraud:** lie**composure:** control**equanimity:** calmness**literally:** exactly**confronted:** challenged**glancing:** indirect**unveils:** reveals**humbug:** liar and trickster**rival:** competing**contradict:** disagree with**frontal:** front

•• (continued)

**spleen:** organ that filters the blood

**function:** use

**dissecting:** cutting apart

**perched:** sitting

**coordinates:** manages

**transmit:** communicate

**relay:** pass on

**electrical impulses:** nerve signals

**hemispheres:** halves of ball-like object

**fissure:** crack

**switchboard:** device that controls where information is sent

**specialize:** concentrate on and become skillful

**temples:** areas between the forehead and the ears

**mass:** lump

**chamber:** room

**originate:** begin

**localized:** limited to an area

**sophisticated:** advanced or complex

**electrodes:** objects that are used to carry electricity

**plots:** charts

**seize:** grab

**critical:** necessary

**profane:** indecent and offensive

**coarse:** rough

**intolerable:** unbearable

**circuits:** paths

**profane:** indecent and offensive

**coarse:** rough

**intolerable:** unbearable

**feeble:** weak

**invalid:** person who is weakened due to illness

**livery stable:** building where horses are kept, fed, and cared for

**quarrels:** argues

**involuntary:** uncontrolled

**convulsions:** sudden irregular body movements

**severe:** serious

**inherited:** passed down from a parent

**intervals:** periods of time

**outmoded:** old and out of fashion

**jarring:** violent shaking

**lumbering:** heavy and unsteady

**spasm:** jerk suddenly and uncontrollably

**expel:** push out

**autopsies:** surgical operations on dead bodies

**exchange:** trade

**recalls:** remembers

**foundation:** supporting proof

**fondness:** liking

**exceeded:** overtaken

**settle:** answer

**consent:** agree

**impairment:** damage

**persistent:** determined

**pigheaded:** uncompromising

**differ:** vary

**murmur:** speak softly

**clincher:** something that brings to a conclusion

**poses:** asks

**generates:** produces

**renowned:** famous and respected

**afflicted:** troubled

**empathy:** sharing of another's feelings

**arsenal:** collection of weapons

**tranquil:** peaceful

**severed:** cut-off

**curators:** people in charge of a collection

**digitized:** represented in a computer

**generic:** general

**hypothetical:** possible

**whittles:** reduces

**riveting:** attention-holding

**wince:** shrink away as if in pain

**salvation:** rescue

**integrate:** put together

**input:** received information

**seminar:** conference

**unveiled:** uncovered

...

**foreman:** leader

**iron will:** strong determination

**tapering:** narrower at one end

**forge:** workshop

**coarse-grained:** made up of large hard bits

**confer:** talk together

**extracts:** pulls out

**adhesive:** sticky

**elevated:** raised



## ••• (continued)

**delirious:** crazed and confused

**fractured:** broken

**ideal:** perfect

**fatal:** deadly

**cultured:** educated about human thought and ways of living

**monastery:** place where men who take religious vows live

**marvels:** extraordinary things

**lurking:** secretly waiting

**colonize:** move into and take over

**established:** settled

**array:** collection

**counter:** fight

**fermentation:** the chemical breakdown of a substance, often by bacteria or yeast

**theory:** idea backed by evidence

**sterile:** germ-free

**postsurgical:** after-surgery

**abates:** becomes less intense

**iron constitution:** strong body

**modest:** not boastful

**theories:** ideas back by evidence

**phlegm:** thick snot, slimy bodily fluid, or mucus

**bile:** liquid that comes from the liver

**bland:** plain or easy to digest

**intrigued:** deeply interested

**vulgar:** rude

**contractors:** people in charge of a construction project

**regarded:** viewed

**fitful:** irregular

**irreverent:** disrespectful

**indulging:** taking pleasure

**profanity:** swear words

**custom:** habit

**manifesting:** showing

**deference:** respect

**capacities:** abilities

**manifestations:** displays

**relatively:** in comparison

**anatomy:** organization of the body

**cadavers:** dead bodies

**paupers:** poor people

**gross:** large-scale

**vital:** necessary for life

**interhemispheric:** between the two hemispheres, or halves of the brain

**parietal:** located at the center and upper back part of the sides of the skull

**temporal:** located on the sides of the head

**singular:** unique

**paralysis:** the inability to move

**grossly:** greatly

**society:** company

**hence:** for this reason

**want:** lack

**genetic disposition:** likelihood of having a certain trait determined by a person's genes

**stimulate:** excite

**trek:** journey

**cordial:** friendly

**recitals:** tellings

**feats:** achievements

**hairbreadth:** narrow

**fancy:** imagination

**scoffed:** laughed dismissively

**cited:** mentioned as an example

**drastically:** extremely

**shrewd:** clever

**executing:** carrying out

**acquaintances:** people who are not close friends, but are also not strangers

**vague:** unclear

**subsequent:** following

**warrant:** support

**partial:** incomplete

**decode:** understand

**objection:** disagreement

**grave:** serious

**cranium:** area of the skull covering the brain

**trauma:** injury

**electrical conductivity:** the ability for electricity to travel through a substance

**retroactively:** using the resources of the present to accomplish something in the past

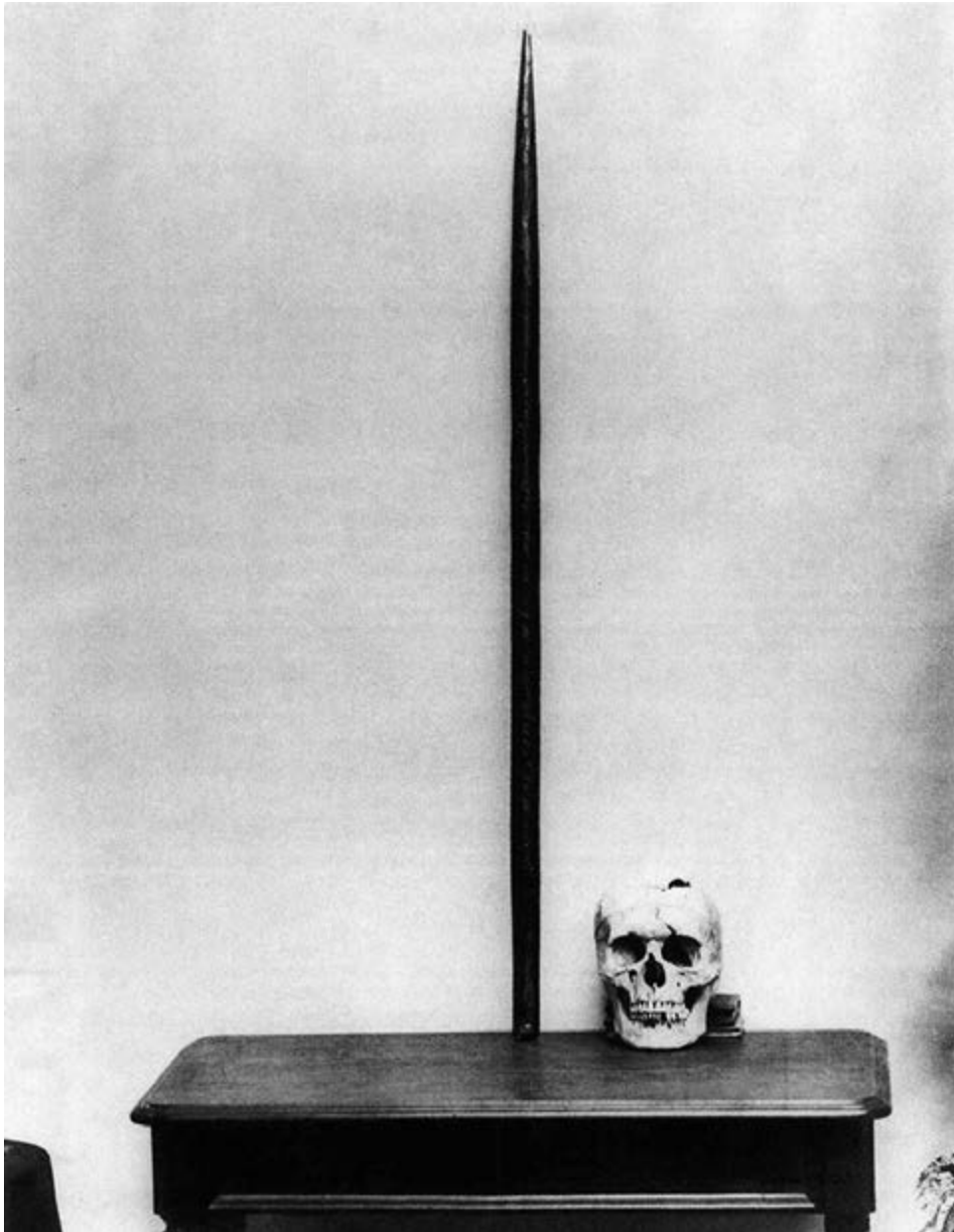
**somatosensory strips:** areas of the brain that receive signals from the skin

**oriented:** positioned within a location



Use the Vocab App to play mini games related to the words in this lesson.

## Lesson 1—The Tamping Iron & the Skull



What do you think would happen if a piece of iron this big went through a person's head?



Write your answer on page 8 of your Writing Journal.

Follow along as your teacher reads “‘Horrible Accident’ in Vermont,” paragraphs 1–9, on pages 250–253.

Discuss the following question with your partner:

1. Why were Phineas and his crew blowing up rock?

Discuss the following questions with your partner:

2. Review paragraph 4.
3. What is the sharp end of the tamping iron for?
4. How long is it?
5. What is the “fat end” for?



## Lesson 1—The Tamping Iron & the Skull (continued)

6. Which object do you think is closest in length to Phineas's tamping iron?

**A.**   
Javelin

**B.**   
Baseball bat

**C.**   
Crowbar

7. Order the eight steps workers should take to blast a hole into rock from first to last. (Step 1 is filled in for you.) Review paragraphs 5 and 6 for details.

Order	Steps
<u>1</u>	Light the fuse
<u>      </u>	Fill the rest of the hole with loose sand
<u>      </u>	“Tamp” the sand down so that it is tight
<u>      </u>	Run
<u>      </u>	Press the fuse into the powder
<u>      </u>	Drill a hole in the bedrock
<u>      </u>	Fill the hole with gunpowder
<u>      </u>	Shout a warning



Answer questions 1 and 2 on page 9 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 1—The Tamping Iron & the Skull (continued)

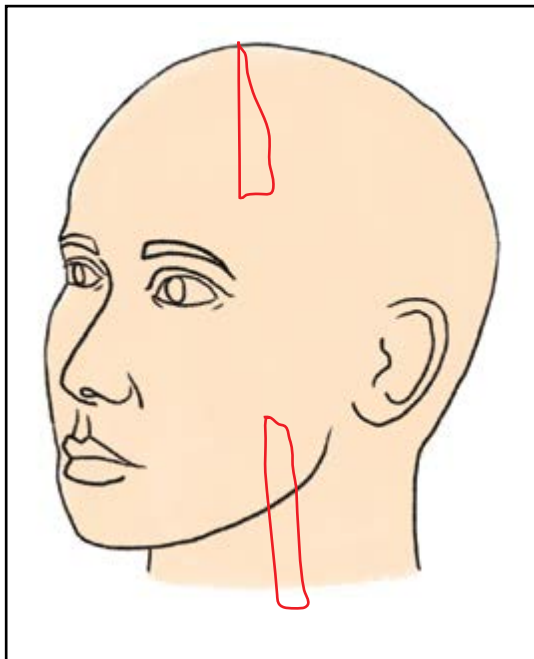
1. Review “‘Horrible Accident’ in Vermont,” paragraphs 1–9.
2. Highlight the words, phrases, and sentences that describe the effects of the accident on Phineas.



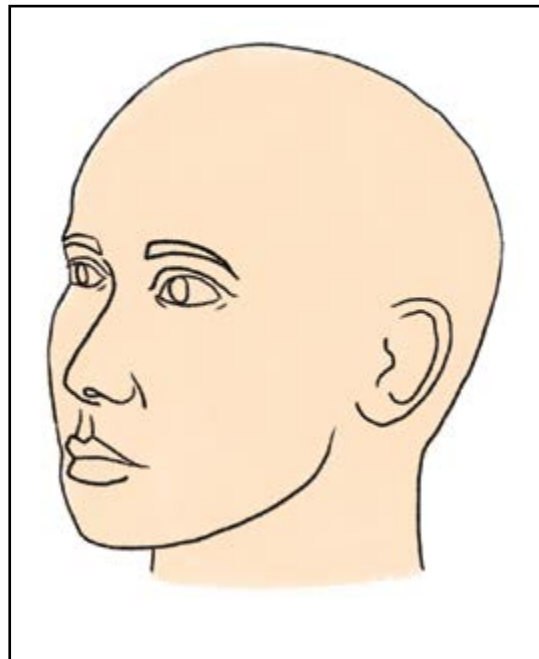
Respond to questions 1 and 2 on page 10 of your Writing Journal.

3. Review paragraph 9 on page 253 closely to determine where Phineas’s injury occurred.
4. Draw a line on Image B to show the path that you think the tamping iron took through Phineas’s head. (An example is provided in Image A.)

**Image A: Example**



**Image B**



Answer questions 3 and 4 on pages 10 and 11 of your Writing Journal.

Discuss your answers with the class.



Answer questions 5 and 6 on page 11 of your Writing Journal.

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## **Lesson 2—“Phineas Should Have Been Dead”**

1. Follow along on pages 254–256 as “‘Horrible Accident’ in Vermont,” paragraphs 10–19, are read aloud.
2. Highlight each step Dr. Harlow took to treat Phineas’s injury.



**Complete Activities 1 and 2 on pages 12 and 13 of your Writing Journal.**

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3. Review paragraphs 17–19, on pages 255–256.
4. What are the advantages and disadvantages of each type of brain injury?



**Complete Activities 3 and 4 on page 13 of your Writing Journal.**

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1. Review "'Horrible Accident' in Vermont," paragraphs 10–19, on pages 254–256, and consider how Phineas survived his injury.



Answer question 1 on page 14 of your Writing Journal.

2. Discuss your response with your partner.  
Try to convince one another that your responses are correct. Take turns sharing your arguments and evidence, using your original response to the question for reference.

Use the guidelines to support your discussion.

### Peer Discussion Guidelines

#### Share

My answer to the question is \_\_\_\_\_.

#### Explain

I think my answer is correct because the text says \_\_\_\_\_.

There were a couple pieces of evidence from the text that gave me my answer. A different example that helped me is \_\_\_\_\_.

#### Comment

You have an interesting point. What more can you tell me about \_\_\_\_\_?

I don't think of it that way. Can you explain \_\_\_\_\_?

Where in the text do you see \_\_\_\_\_?

3. Consider how the discussion with your partner affected your thinking.



Answer question 2 on page 14 of the Writing Journal.

## Lesson 2—"Phineas Should Have Been Dead" (continued)

The author says that Phineas had a "stroke of luck" (19). Think about whether or not you think Phineas was lucky.



Respond to the Writing Prompt on page 15 of your Writing Journal.

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## Lesson 3—Microscopic Invaders

With your partner, discuss the following questions:

1. Would you eat a piece of food that looked like this? Why or why not?
2. Would you wash your hands after touching this doorknob? Why or why not?



3. Would you hug a sick friend? Why or why not?



Maartje van Caspel/E+ Collection/Getty Images

## Lesson 3—Microscopic Invaders (continued)

1. Read “‘Horrible Accident’ in Vermont,” paragraphs 20–26, on pages 256–258.
2. Highlight the names of each scientist who discovered something new about microscopic life.



Complete the table and respond to question 2 on page 16 of your Writing Journal.

---

Participate in the class discussion.



Complete the table and respond to question 4 on page 17 of your Writing Journal.

---

1. Review “‘Horrible Accident’ in Vermont,” paragraphs 20–26, on pages 256–258.



**Answer question 1 on page 18 of your Writing Journal.**

2. Discuss the question with your partner. Try to convince one another that your responses are correct.
3. Take turns sharing your arguments and evidence, using your original response to the question for reference.

Use the Peer Discussion Guidelines on page 315 to help move your discussion along.

4. Consider how the discussion with your partner affected your thinking.



**Respond to question 2 on page 18 of your Writing Journal.**

Could Phineas's doctors have done anything differently to help him?



**Answer the question on page 19 of your Writing Journal.**

## Lesson 4—Something Odd About Phineas

1. Review “‘Horrible Accident’ in Vermont,” paragraphs 27–34, on pages 259–265.
2. Order the events you just read about from first to last.

Order	Events
_____	Phineas tries to walk to his mother’s house.
_____	Dr. Harlow offers Phineas \$1,000 for some pebbles.
_____	Phineas develops an abscess and a fever.
_____	Phineas travels to New Hampshire.
_____	Dr. Harlow says that Phineas has totally recovered.
_____	Dr. Harlow prescribes drugs that force Phineas to rest.

3. Reread “‘Horrible Accident’ in Vermont,” paragraphs 31–33.
4. How would you describe Phineas’s life after he leaves Dr. Harlow’s care?
  - Completely normal
  - Somewhat normal
  - Somewhat abnormal
  - Completely abnormal



Paraphrase Dr. Harlow's private notes about Phineas on page 20 in your Writing Journal.

1. Review “‘Horrible Accident’ in Vermont,” paragraphs 29–33, on pages 263–265.
2. Highlight in blue the evidence that Phineas is better.
3. Highlight in red the evidence that Phineas is not better.

The word “physical” means related to the body or the way the body functions.

The word “psychological” means related to the mind, thinking, communicating, feeling, or the ways people act.



**Classify Phineas’s symptoms as physical or psychological on page 21 of your Writing Journal.**

---

4. Which do you think was more seriously impacted by the injury?
  - Phineas’s brain
  - Phineas’s body

Ten weeks after the incident, Dr. Harlow declares Phineas fully recovered. Think about whether or not the evidence in your reading supports that statement.



**Go to page 22 of your Writing Journal to explain your thinking.**

---

# The Lobes of the Cerebral Cortex

- <sup>1</sup> The cerebral cortex consists of four regions called lobes. These lobes control many of your body's functions—from physical activities such as running, to mental tasks such as remembering facts.
- <sup>2</sup> The frontal lobe is the largest part of the cerebral cortex. As its name suggests, it is located at the front of the brain. Some of the most important functions that your body performs—speech formation, movement, and **reasoning**—are controlled by the frontal lobe. Your personality traits (the characteristics that make you who you are) and the controls that influence decision making are found in this lobe. Damage to the frontal lobe can lead to changes in social and emotional behaviors.
- <sup>3</sup> Just behind the frontal lobe is the parietal lobe. The parietal lobe helps you process sensory information, particularly your sense of touch. This can include a physical touch, such as a pat on the back or the warm feeling of the sun on your face. The parietal lobe also enables you to react to the pain of a hot flame touching your finger or stubbing your toe on a rock.
- <sup>4</sup> The occipital lobe is located at the rear of the brain. It helps you understand and react to what you are seeing. You are able to recognize and identify the things that you see because of your occipital lobe.
- <sup>5</sup> The fourth lobe of the cerebral cortex is the temporal lobe. It is located in the lower part of the cortex, near your ears. When it's time to listen to spoken words or to any other sounds, you use your temporal lobe to understand what you are hearing. And don't forget that many memories are stored away in a part of the temporal lobe.





## Lesson 5—Diagnosing Phineas

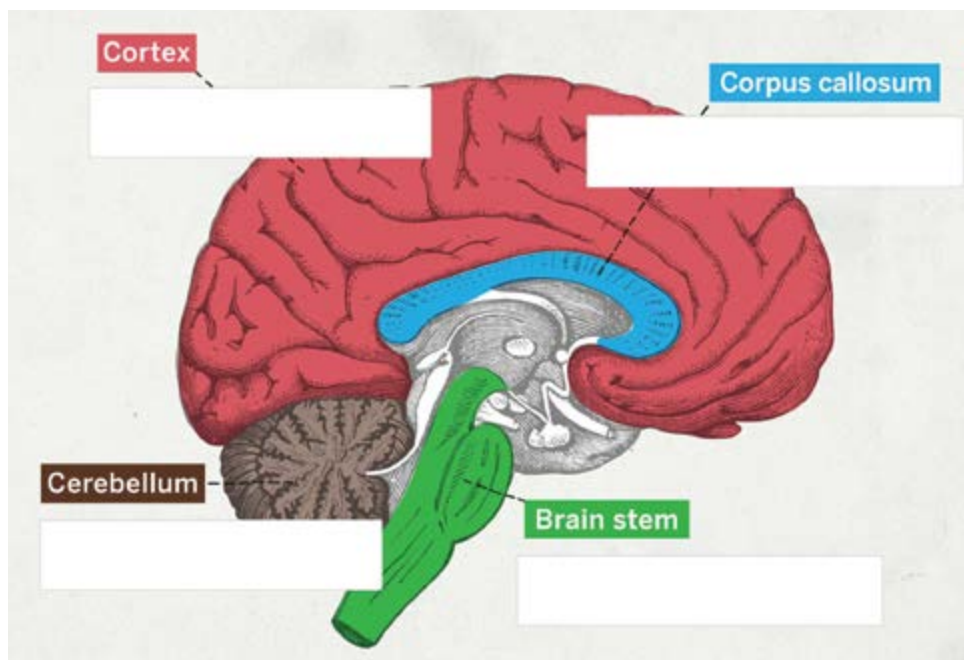
1. Follow along as your teacher reads aloud “What We Thought About How We Thought,” paragraphs 10–13, on pages 269–271.
2. Highlight the names of the different parts of the brain in the passage: brain stem, cerebellum, corpus callosum, cortex.



Complete Activity 1 on page 23 of your Writing Journal.

Discuss the following question with your partner:

1. What is the function of each brain part in the diagram below?



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Go to page 24 in your Writing Journal to complete Activity 2.

## Lesson 5—Diagnosing Phineas (continued)

Discuss these questions with your partner:

4. A person is having difficulty moving their arms. Which part of the brain might be causing the problem?
5. A boy is having trouble remembering names and places. Which part of the brain might be causing the problem?
6. A woman is having difficulty walking. Which part of the brain might be causing the problem?
7. An older man is having heart problems. Which part of the brain might be causing the problem?
8. How do you think the development of the map of the brain helps doctors diagnose patients?

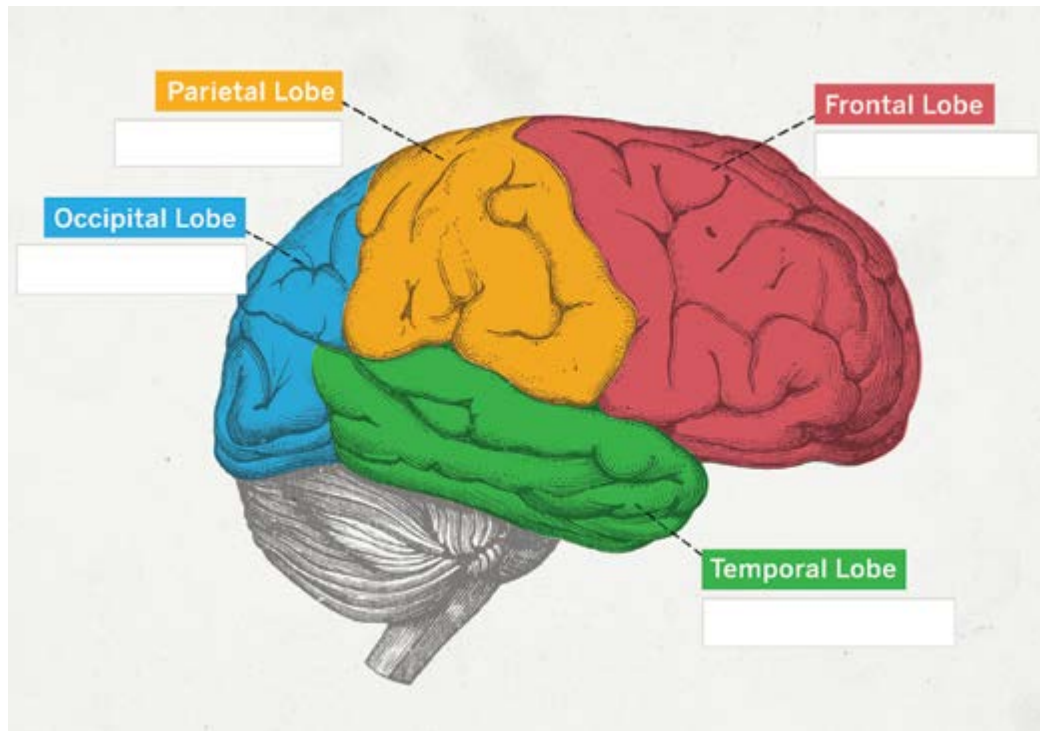


1. Listen to the audio of “The Parts of the Cerebral Cortex” as you follow along on page 322.
2. Highlight the names of the different parts of the cortex.



Complete the chart on page 25 of your Writing Journal.

3. With your partner, discuss the function of each part of the cortex labeled below.



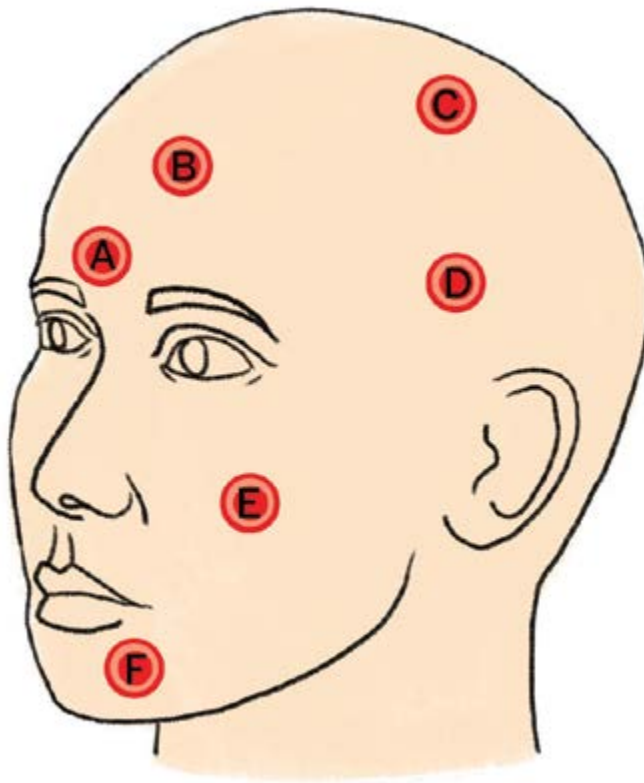
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Answer questions 2–6 on pages 25–26 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 5—Diagnosing Phineas (continued)

1. Review “‘Horrible Accident’ in Vermont,” paragraph 9, on page 253.
2. Where were the entry and exit points of the rod? Mark an X next to each point on the skull below:



Review the list of physical and psychological symptoms you made in Lesson 4, on page 21 of your Writing Journal. Can you think of any others?



Write additional symptoms on page 27 of your Writing Journal.

1. Review “What We Thought About How We Thought,” paragraphs 10–13, on pages 269–271; “The Parts of the Cerebral Cortex,” paragraphs 1–5, on page 322; and “‘Horrible Accident’ in Vermont,” paragraph 9, on page 253.



**Answer question 1 on page 28 of your Writing Journal.**

---

2. Discuss the question with your partner. Try to convince one another that your responses are correct. Take turns sharing your arguments and evidence, using your original response to the question for reference.

Use the Peer Discussion Guidelines on page 315 to guide your conversation.

How did the discussion with your partner impact your thinking?



**Respond to question 2 on page 28 of the Writing Journal.**

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## Lesson 7—Whole Brainers vs. Localizers

1. Listen to the audio and follow along in the text from “What We Thought About How We Thought,” paragraphs 17–25.
2. As you listen, highlight details about the Whole Brainers in yellow. Highlight details about the Localizers/Phrenologists in green.



**Complete the chart on page 29 of your Writing Journal.**

---

Participate in class discussion.



**With your partner, complete questions 2–5 on pages 29–30 of the Writing Journal.**

---

Prepare for your brain drawing by considering:

1. What are your character traits? Use the chart below for possible traits.

**Character Traits**

Careful	Dishonest	Helpful	Impolite/rude
Irresponsible	Mean	Polite	Unkind
Careless	Friendly	Honest	Insensitive
Jealous	Organized	Responsible	Unorganized
Caring	Fun-loving	Impatient	
Kind	Patient	Selfish	



Make a list on page 31 of your Writing Journal.

2. How would the Localizers/Phrenologists picture the structure of the brain? How would the Whole Brainers picture the structure of the brain?

To show this, you will draw two versions of your brain: one for a Localizer/Phrenologist and one for a Whole Brainer.

- A. Draw a line down the middle of your bathing cap or paper brain.
- B. On one side, draw a brain that shows how the Localizers/Phrenologists would represent your character traits. Use information from the text to help you.
- C. On the other side, draw a brain that shows how the Whole Brainers would represent your character traits. Use information from the text to help you.

## Lesson 7—Whole Brainers vs. Localizers (continued)

1. Review “What We Thought About How We Thought,” paragraphs 17–27.
2. What does the author mean when he says, “The human brain, it turns out, is both localized and interconnected” (27)?



Answer question 1 on page 32 of your Writing Journal.

---

3. Discuss the question with your partner. Try to convince one another that your responses are correct. Take turns sharing your arguments and evidence, using your original response to the question for reference.

Use the Peer Discussion Guidelines on page 315 to guide your conversation.

How did the discussion with your partner impact your thinking?



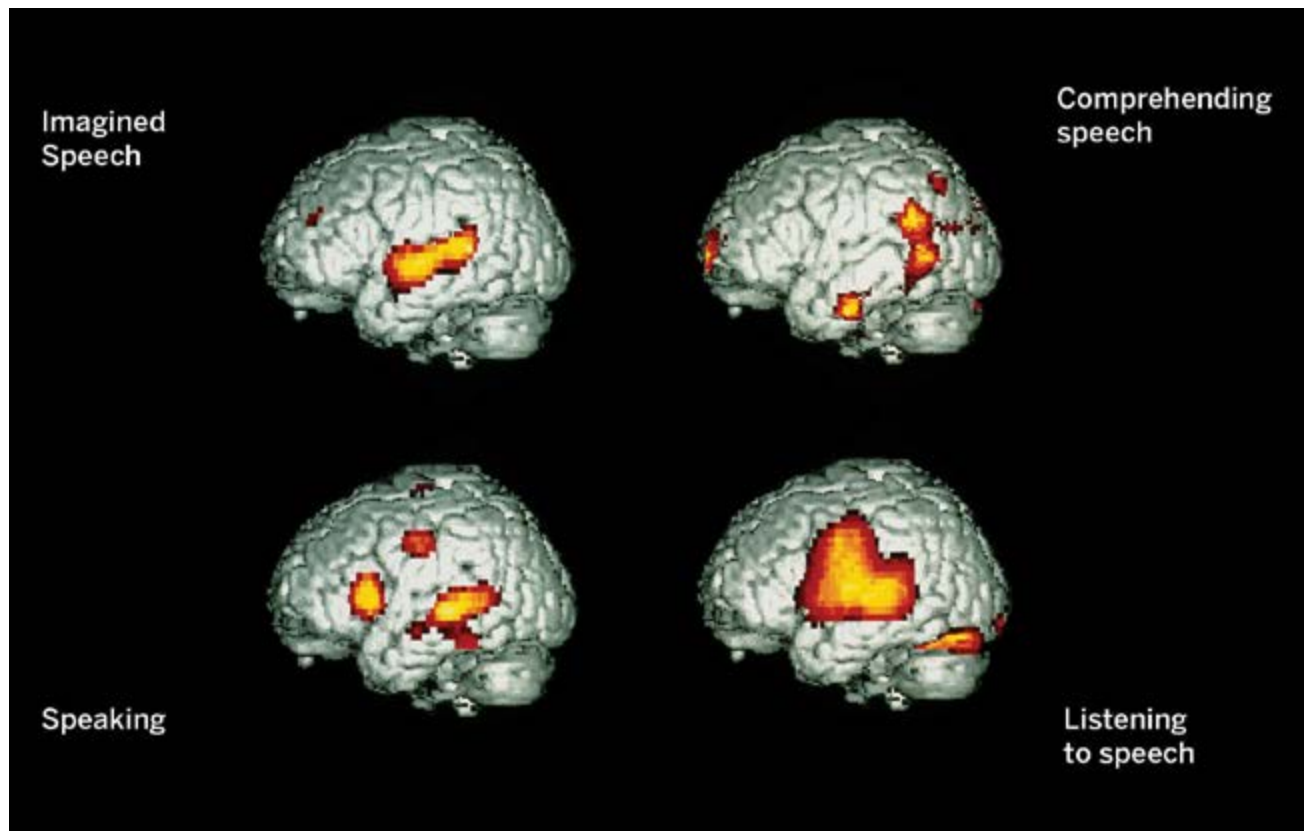
Answer question 2 on page 32 of your Writing Journal.

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Based on the description in the text and your prior discussion with your partner, what do you think a model of the brain should look like today?

1. Sketch a simple model of what happens in the brain when you “recognize letters in a book or faces in a crowd.”
2. Look at the images of the brain below:



Courtesy of Kings College/Science Photo Library

- What does this image show?
- How can you connect the description of brain function in the text to this image of the brain?
- How does your drawing compare with this image?

## Lesson 8—The Life & Death of Phineas Gage

1. Read “Following Phineas Gage,” paragraphs 1–12, on pages 281–285.



Think about what Phineas did with the rest of his life. Go to page 33 of your Writing Journal to chart what you know about it.

1. Review “Following Phineas Gage,” paragraphs 1–4, on pages 281–282.
2. Highlight words and phrases in green that tell you if the story is reliable.
3. Highlight words or phrases in yellow that tell you if the story is unreliable.



Answer questions 1–3 on page 34 of your Writing Journal.

4. Review “Following Phineas Gage,” paragraphs 5–10, on pages 282–284.
5. Highlight words and phrases in green that tell you if the story is reliable.
6. Highlight words or phrases in yellow that tell you if the story is unreliable.



Answer questions 4–6 on page 35 of your Writing Journal.

Review “Following Phineas Gage,” paragraphs 1–12, on pages 281–285 and consider the reports of Phineas’s life after Boston.



Answer questions 1 and 2 on page 36 of your Writing Journal.

You’re going to pretend that you are Phineas and tell the story of that time in your life. You can write your story as one of the following:

- A diary entry
- A letter home
- A response to the author’s writing

Use the information you thought was most reliable, but mix in a few details you think are fun and interesting, too!



Go to page 37 of your Writing Journal to write your story.

## Lesson 9—The Way We Act Human

Review “Following Phineas Gage,” paragraphs 19–21, on pages 287–289.

Discuss the following questions with your partner:

1. According to the text, what will you lose the ability to do if Broca’s area is damaged?
2. What will you lose the ability to do if Wernicke’s area is damaged?
3. Why does the author write, “Who could have imagined that these two skills would be controlled from two different places in the brain?” (20)

Read “Following Phineas Gage,” paragraphs 26–30, on pages 292–295.



**Answer questions 1 and 2 on page 38 of your Writing Journal.**

Today, you will work with a group to prepare arguments in response to the claims:

- Phineas is the same person as he was before the accident.
  - Phineas is not the same person as he was before the accident.
1. With your group, review “‘Horrible Accident’ in Vermont,” paragraph 29, on page 263, to identify evidence you can use to support each claim.



**Write the evidence in the chart on page 39 of your Writing Journal.**

2. Review “‘Horrible Accident’ in Vermont,” paragraphs 19–30.
3. Locate additional evidence that supports your argument. You can use this passage, or other parts of the text.



Write two additional pieces of evidence in the chart on page 39 of your Writing Journal.

4. Decide who will deliver each section of the debate:
  - Opening argument
  - Rebuttals
  - Closing argument
5. Decide what will be the main idea of each part:
  - Main idea of opening argument
  - Main idea of rebuttals
  - Main idea of closing argument



Write the main ideas of each section of your debate on page 40 of your Writing Journal.

6. Now, you will write your part of the debate.
  - **Opening argument:** Develop one reason to support your side. Explain your argument clearly and include evidence from the text.
  - **Rebuttals:** Develop counterarguments for one or two points you anticipate the other team making. Explain each argument clearly and include evidence from the text.
  - **Closing argument:** Write an argument with the most convincing evidence to support your side.



Write your section of the debate on page 41 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 9—The Way We Act Human (continued)

### The Debate

**Debate structure:**

Part 1: Each side delivers an opening argument.

Part 2: Each side presents rebuttals.

Part 3: Each side delivers a closing argument.

If your team has not been selected to participate, listen carefully to the debate.

Take notes on particularly strong or weak points.



Use the space on page 42 of your Writing Journal to take notes.



When the debate is over, answer the question on page 43 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 11—The Future of Brain Science

1. Read “Putting Phineas Together Again,” paragraphs 2–5, on pages 296–297.

Think about how the Damasio’s patients relate to Phineas.



**Complete the chart and answer question 2 on page 44 of your Writing Journal.**

2. Read “Putting Phineas Together Again,” paragraphs 7–12, on page 298–299.



**Respond to questions 3–5 on page 45 of your Writing Journal.**

1. Review “‘Horrible Accident’ in Vermont,” paragraph 28, on page 260, in which Dr. Harlow diagnoses an imbalance of “bodily humors.”

With your partner, discuss the following questions:

2. What is the theory of “bodily humors,” and how does Dr. Harlow apply it to Phineas’s case?
3. Where did the knowledge of this theory of “bodily humors” come from?

## Lesson 11—The Future of Brain Science (continued)

4. Review “What We Thought About How We Thought,” paragraphs 4, 8, and 9, on pages 266–267 and 269.



Respond to questions 1 and 2 on page 46 of your Writing Journal.

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5. Review “Following Phineas Gage,” paragraphs 19 and 20, on pages 287–289.



Respond to questions 3–5 on pages 46 and 47 of your Writing Journal.

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Think about how your understanding of the brain has changed since you began reading about Phineas Gage.



**Respond to the prompt on page 48 of your Writing Journal.**

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## Overview

Why do teenagers behave the way they do? Parents, teachers, and teens themselves have been asking that question for centuries. Read *Inventing Ourselves: The Secret Life of the Teenage Brain* to uncover the fascinating research that scientists use to help us understand this important period of life.

## Suggested Reading

### This Is Your Brain in Fiction

Are you looking for fiction that's a little more sophisticated? Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (1962) is a powerful novel about sanity and institutional treatment that's similar in many ways to Susanna Kaysen's memoir *Girl, Interrupted*. Robert Pirsig, *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* (1974), tells a story about memory and how we understand ourselves.



Excerpts from  
*Inventing Ourselves:  
The Secret Life of  
the Teenage Brain*

*Sarah-Jayne Blakemore*

# Inventing Ourselves: The Secret Life of the Teenage Brain

by Sarah-Jayne Blakemore



## Adolescence isn't an aberration

Paragraphs 1–11

- <sup>1</sup> When I tell people I study the adolescent brain, the immediate response is often a joke—something along the lines of: “What? *Teenagers have brains?*” For some reason, it’s socially acceptable to mock people in this stage of their lives. But when you think about it, this is strange: we wouldn’t ridicule other age groups in the same way. Imagine if we went around openly sneering at the elderly for their poor memory and lack of agility.
- <sup>2</sup> Perhaps part of the reason why adolescents are mocked is that they do sometimes behave differently from adults. Some take risks. Many become self-conscious. They go to bed late, get up late. They relate to their friends differently.
- <sup>3</sup> We now know that all these characteristics are reflections of an important stage of brain development. Adolescence isn’t an **aberration**; it’s a crucial stage of our becoming individual and social human beings. I find teenage behavior fascinating, but not because it’s irrational, inexplicable—quite the opposite: because it gives us an insight into how natural changes in the **physiology** of our brains are reflected in the things we do, and determine who we will become as adults.
- <sup>4</sup> In this book, I want to tell you what we know about the adolescent brain. I will show you how we study the way the brain develops during these years, how that development shapes adolescent behavior, and how it ultimately goes on to define the people we become. This is the time during which much of our sense of ourselves, and of how we fit in with others, is laid down. The development that adolescents go through is central to human experience.

**aberration:** unusual occurrence

**physiology:** the science of living things and their parts



- 5 So what is adolescence? It's not a straightforward question to answer. Some people think of adolescence as equivalent to the teenage years. Scientific studies often define it as simply as the second decade of life—this is the World Health Organization definition. On the other hand, many people believe that adolescence should not be tied to a particular chronological age range. The first psychologist to study adolescence as a period of development was Stanley Hall, who at the beginning of the twentieth century defined adolescence as starting at puberty, around 12 or 13 years, and ending between 22 and 25 years. Many researchers today define adolescence as the interval between the biological changes of puberty and the point at which an individual attains a stable, independent role in society. In this definition, the start of adolescence is measured biologically while the end is described socially, and is rather **arbitrary**. In many industrialized cultures the end of adolescence, defined in this way, is constantly being extended as it has become acceptable for young people to stay in full-time education, and live with their parents, into their twenties or even later. Thus, adolescence in the West is often defined as beginning at puberty, now roughly around age 11 or 12, and ending at some point between the late teens and the mid-twenties. In other cultures, things are very different, and children are expected to become financially and socially independent as soon as they reach puberty. In some of these cultures, adolescence isn't seen as a period of development and there's no word for it. Indeed, people often ask whether the concept of adolescence is a recent, Western invention. But it isn't.
- 6 There are three main reasons why we can confidently say that adolescence is an important, distinct biological period of development in its own right, in all cultures. First, you can see behaviors that we typically associate with adolescence, such as risk-taking, self-consciousness and peer influence, in many different human cultures, not just those in the West.
- 7 A study led by Laurence Steinberg from Temple University in Pennsylvania, and involving scientists from around the world, investigated sensation-seeking and self-regulation in more than five thousand young people from eleven different countries (China, Colombia, Cyprus, India, Italy, Jordan, Kenya, the Philippines, Sweden, Thailand and the United States). Participants aged between 10 and 30 years completed a number of experimental tasks and filled in questionnaires. Two tasks were combined with a questionnaire to provide a measure of

**arbitrary:** based on opinion instead of reason

sensation-seeking, the desire to seek out novel experiences, which often involves risk-taking. A measure of self-regulation was also taken—that is, the ability to control yourself and make decisions. Not all cultures showed identical developmental trajectories, but there was remarkable similarity across them. Sensation-seeking increased between age 10 and the late teens (peaking at age 19), and then fell again during the twenties. In contrast, self-regulation increased steadily between 10 and the mid-twenties, after which it levelled out. So, while societal expectations differ between cultures, adolescent-typical behaviors can be seen across cultures.

- 8 The second reason why we can consider adolescence a unique period of biological development is that there is also evidence of adolescent-typical behavior in non-human animals. All mammals undergo a period of development between puberty and becoming fully sexually mature that we can think of as adolescence. There's a lot of research on this period in mice and rats, which are “adolescent” for about thirty days. Research has shown that, during the month or so of adolescence, these animals take more risks and are more inclined to seek out novel environments than either before puberty or in adulthood. A study published in 2014, carried out by Steinberg and his colleagues, showed that, if given access to alcohol, adolescent mice drink more of it when they are with other adolescent mice; this isn't the case for adult mice.
- 9 We come across adolescent-like behavior in animals in all sorts of settings. A newspaper article in August 2016 described an incident in which a woman was attacked by an adolescent wombat. In an interview with the *Guardian*, Martin Lind, from the Australian wildlife service, had this to say about the creatures:
  - 10 As babies, they're clingy, they're adorable, they're with mum 24 hours a day, they're in a soft, snuggly sleeping bag all the time listening to a heart beat. When they start to mature and hit puberty, they just hate everybody and everything. They go from running between your legs and cute as a button to being absolute little—can I swear?—little shits. They nip you, they wreck, they bite. I won't look after wombats because you kiss goodbye to your flooring and everything. They just destroy everything.

- <sup>11</sup> So, adolescent-typical behavior is present across human cultures and across species. And, third, such behavior is also typical across history. One of the earliest descriptions of adolescents I'm aware of is said to come from Socrates (469–399 BC): “The children now love luxury. They have bad manners, contempt for authority; they show disrespect for elders and love chatter in place of exercise.” A hundred years or so later, Aristotle described “youth” as “lacking in sexual self-restraint, fickle in their desires, passionate and impulsive.”
-

# The ever-plastic brain

## Paragraphs 24–30

- <sup>24</sup> Many studies have confirmed that one of the brain regions that shows the most striking and prolonged changes is the prefrontal cortex, which, as we have already seen, is involved in a variety of cognitive functions, including decision-making, planning, self-control, social interaction and self-awareness.
- <sup>25</sup> Studies have shown that, when the prefrontal cortex is damaged, a variety of cognitive functions are seriously affected. In particular, so-called executive functions appear to rely on the functioning of the prefrontal cortex. Executive functions enable us to plan and coordinate our decisions and actions, and to **exert** mental flexibility and self-control. As shown in the case of Phineas Gage, patients with prefrontal cortex damage find it difficult to plan—whether it's planning what they're going to do today, next week or next year.
- <sup>26</sup> In the laboratory, this has been tested in the 'Shopping Task,' devised by Paul Burgess and Tim Shallice at UCL. In this task, patients with damage to the prefrontal cortex were given a shopping list of items that had to be bought from different shops in Lamb's Conduit Street, a small and rather beautiful pedestrian street in London, just around the corner from the National Hospital for Neurology and Neurosurgery, where the patients were being treated. They were instructed to purchase all the items on the list within a set amount of time and by going into as few shops as possible. The most efficient way to do this would be to group the items on the shopping list according to which shop they could be found in—all toiletry items from the chemist, groceries from the supermarket, pens from the stationers and so on—and enter each shop only once.
- <sup>27</sup> Healthy participants are able to complete this task fairly easily. However, patients with prefrontal damage who took part in this study performed pretty badly. Instead of planning which shops to visit and in which order, they shopped in a haphazard way, entering the same shop several times, missing items on the list, and going back for things they had already bought (see the diagram opposite).
- <sup>28</sup> Patients with prefrontal cortex damage also find it difficult to inhibit behavior that's rude or inappropriate. In everyday life, this can come

**exert:** apply





across as seeming insensitive, saying or doing things that are socially inappropriate or impulsive. Patients with injury to this region might lose their temper quickly, show emotional outbursts at inappropriate moments or spend more money than they have, for example. In the lab, this impulsivity can be assessed in experiments in which participants are asked to press a button whenever a letter appears on a computer screen, except when the letter is an X, in which case they have to suppress their impulse to press the button. This is called a go/no-go task and is surprisingly difficult even for those with undamaged brains—we all find it hard to inhibit a habitual response. Patients with prefrontal cortex damage find it almost impossible to stop themselves responding to the X.

- <sup>29</sup> Cognitive processes that rely on the prefrontal cortex, including many executive functions such as the ability to inhibit automatic behavior, undergo substantial and protracted development in adolescence. One of the first studies to assess the development of inhibition was carried out by Beatriz Luna at the University of Pittsburgh. Luna and her colleagues used a clever task that measures the control we have over our eye movements. If you ask someone to look at the centre of a computer screen and then flash a stimulus on one side of the screen, the person's eyes will make an automatic movement (called a saccade) in the direction of the stimulus. This is an example of an automatic response, and it requires effort to override it. It's a bit like a go/no-go task for eye movements. The ability to inhibit automatic eye movements develops throughout childhood and adolescence and stabilizes in early adulthood, and the prefrontal activity associated with this task also changes with age.
- <sup>30</sup> Since these first studies, many other experiments using versions of the go/no-go **paradigm** have confirmed that the ability to inhibit automatic responses is still developing in adolescence, as are the brain regions involved in this cognitive ability.
-

# The right sort of risks (part 1)

## Paragraphs 1–22

- <sup>1</sup> Smoking, binge-drinking, experimenting with drugs, unsafe sex, dangerous driving—all are more common in adolescents than in adults. Society stereotypes adolescents, and particularly adolescent boys, as reckless risk-takers. But is it as simple as this? Do all adolescents take risks? In some contexts, adolescents actually avoid risk-taking. Teachers often have to encourage young people to ask or answer questions in class, guess an answer in a text, try new lines of argument and so on. These are risks, and apparently adolescents don't like taking them. And, when adolescents do take risks, there's probably good reason for it.
- <sup>2</sup> That's not to say that risk-taking isn't a serious problem: the leading cause of death in adolescence and young adulthood in Western countries is accidents, and these are sometimes a result of risk-taking—primarily reckless driving. We should bear in mind, of course, that other causes of death for this age group are rare: adolescents are less likely than either children or adults to die from health-related causes. At the same time, they are more likely to take risks that result in accidents, even fatal accidents. Ron Dahl, from the University of California in Berkeley, has referred to this as the '**paradox** of adolescence': in the period of life during which people are at their healthiest and fittest, there is still mortality, caused mostly by accidents that are, in principle, largely preventable.
- <sup>3</sup> However, the picture is more complicated than the stereotype of the reckless and thrill-seeking adolescent suggests. First, while risk-taking in adolescence can lead to injury and illness, including long-term problems associated with smoking, drinking, taking drugs and committing crime, it is worth noting that death is fortunately rare, with survival rates of North American high-school students at over 99.5 per cent. The risks most adolescents take do not result in serious harm—to themselves or other people. Even for less extreme risks, there are large individual differences: some individuals are risk-takers, while others are not.
- <sup>4</sup> It is also important to consider wider contextual factors that enable risk-taking in adolescence—notably the increased freedom permitted by parents and society. Adolescents are given more independence than children, spend more time unsupervised, and are allowed and indeed

**paradox:**  
something with  
elements that  
contradict each  
other

encouraged to make their own decisions—all opening up opportunities for increased exploration and risk-taking. In contrast, parents typically set boundaries and constraints on the decisions of younger children, who are not able to take as many risks as they might otherwise.

- 5 That said, policy-makers and parents alike do worry about the risks adolescents take, and there's quite a lot of research on the causes and consequences of risk-taking in adolescence.
- 6 Laurence Steinberg has carried out many studies on risk-taking in this age group. In his excellent book *Age of opportunity*, Steinberg describes his compelling research on adolescence and his work with young people being prosecuted for dangerous decisions they have made, such as driving risks that have gone wrong. He argues that brain development, and the fact that risk-taking is a natural part of adolescent development, must be taken into account when considering whether an adolescent is guilty of a crime or not.
- 7 In the late 2000s, Steinberg, along with other researchers including B.J. Casey, proposed a theory to explain why risk-taking peaks in adolescence. Both Steinberg's and Casey's theories involve the brain's limbic system, which (among other processes) generates the rewarding feeling—the kick—elicited by taking risks. The core idea is that, in young adolescents, the limbic system is already mature and particularly sensitive to the rewarding feeling that risk-taking sometimes **elicits**. At the same time, the prefrontal cortex—which stops us acting on impulse and inhibits risk-taking—is not yet mature, and will continue developing throughout adolescence and early adulthood.
- 8 The theory suggests that this results in a 'developmental mismatch' between the maturity and functioning of these two brain systems, and this in turn explains why adolescents get a kick out of taking risks (a function of the limbic system) and aren't always able to stop themselves doing so in the heat of the moment (a skill that relies on the prefrontal cortex). In contrast, the theory suggests, adults are better at regulating behavior and stopping themselves taking dangerous risks, even when the risks are exciting and potentially rewarding, because of their mature prefrontal cortex. Steinberg called this the 'dual systems model' because of the two brain systems involved.

**elicits:** brings out

- 9 These theories are based on the assumption that the brain's reward and emotion systems mature earlier in adolescence than the prefrontal cortex control system. What is the evidence for this? Until recently there wasn't much. So in 2014 Kate Mills, Anne-Lise Goddings and I carried out an analysis in collaboration with Jay Giedd from the National Institute of Health in Bethesda to look at the question in a bit more detail.
- 10 We returned to the MRI data from Jay Giedd and Judith Rapoport's large developmental MRI study (see chapter 6). However, we weren't able to include all the participants' data in our analysis. This is because we needed MRI data from people who had been scanned at least three times, including once in late childhood, once in mid-adolescence and once in late adolescence/early adulthood, and not many people in Giedd's sample had had at least three scans covering these age bands. Furthermore, because we were interested in the development of the limbic system, we needed brain scans that included high-quality images of these subcortical structures. That's a challenge, as these small structures deep inside the brain (see illustration in chapter 4) can be blurred and distorted in MRI scans.
- 11 Kate and Anne-Lise, who were studying for their PhDs at the time, went through each and every scan by eye to check the image quality of the limbic system. This was meticulous work that took many weeks. PhD research can be gruelling! Many scans were not of sufficiently high quality to enable us to analyze the limbic structures, but we were able to obtain multiple high-quality MRI scans from 33 individuals.
- 12 We were interested in whether the limbic regions—specifically the nucleus accumbens, which processes reward, and the amygdala, which processes emotion—reach maturity earlier than the prefrontal cortex. We analyzed each of these regions in terms of the amount of grey matter it contained. In our study, a brain region was defined as 'mature' when its grey matter volume appeared to have stopped changing.
- 13 We first carried out an analysis in which we put all the participants' data together and analyzed the average development of grey matter volume in the two limbic regions and the prefrontal cortex across time. This analysis of average development, which is shown in the three graphs on the left-hand side of the page overleaf, showed that grey matter in the amygdala increases by about 7 per cent throughout late childhood and early adolescence, and stops changing much after age 14. Grey matter in the nucleus accumbens

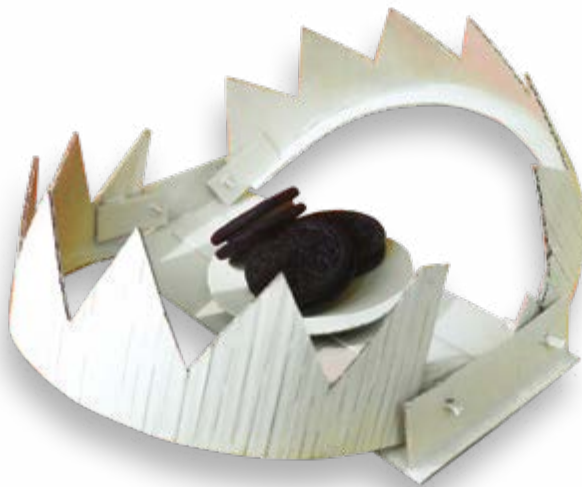
slowly declines throughout late childhood and adolescence, losing about 7 per cent of volume during this period. In contrast, grey matter in the prefrontal cortex declines dramatically between late childhood and early adulthood, reducing by around 17 per cent.

- <sup>14</sup> A look at these graphs suggests that the limbic regions undergo a different pattern of development from the prefrontal cortex. The amygdala does indeed appear to mature earlier than the prefrontal cortex, which undergoes substantial and protracted change throughout adolescence and into early adulthood. The nucleus accumbens also changes over this age range—but far less than the prefrontal cortex. This analysis of average development in the three brain regions thus supports the general notion that there is a mismatch between the development of the limbic system—in this case the amygdala, and to a lesser extent the nucleus accumbens—and the prefrontal cortex.
- <sup>15</sup> We then carried out a different analysis in which, instead of calculating averages from all the participants' MRI data, we looked at each individual's brain development separately. This painted quite a different picture, as you can see from the right-hand trio of graphs overleaf. Instead of each participant showing the same pattern, there were large individual differences in the development of each brain region.
- <sup>16</sup> Kate, Anne-Lise and I independently looked at graphs of the developmental pattern of the three regions in each individual to determine whether one region matured before the others. We did this separately, so none of us would be biased by what the others thought, and also blindly—we didn't know which region was which on the graphs.
- <sup>17</sup> This visual inspection of the graphs by all three of us confirmed that there were large differences between individuals in terms of the development of the limbic system and prefrontal cortex. Of the thirty-three participants, fifteen were considered to show a complete mismatch, in which both limbic regions (the amygdala and the nucleus accumbens) reached maturity before the prefrontal cortex. In two participants, the nucleus accumbens (but not the amygdala) was considered to have matured before the prefrontal cortex. And in the remaining four participants, there was considered to be no mismatch at all—in these people's brains, all three regions had matured at around the same age.

- <sup>18</sup> What does this mean? One important conclusion is that individual differences are just as significant as—perhaps even more important than—averages. This is an important point, because most studies of brain development (indeed, most scientific studies of people) focus on averages. Many researchers in the field of adolescent brain development are now recognizing that it's time to move beyond averages and start looking at individual differences. After all, there's no average teenager.
- <sup>19</sup> What causes these individual differences, and what are their consequences? What's the difference between a boy whose amygdala and nucleus accumbens develop much earlier than his prefrontal cortex, and a boy whose limbic system and prefrontal cortex develop more or less at the same time? Is the first more of a risk-taker than the second? We would love to know the answer to this question, but unfortunately it's not so easy to determine from the MRI data we had. Jay Giedd's MRI study started in 1991, and he wasn't specifically interested in risk-taking. He suspected that he'd find that, in general, the brain changes throughout development more than was previously assumed. But he couldn't have known that, fifteen years after his study began, major theories of adolescent risk-taking would be based on the precise developmental timings of different brain regions. In fact, these theories were partly based on Giedd's own data showing slow, protracted development of the prefrontal cortex across adolescence and into early adulthood. If he had known how much the brain develops in adolescence before his study started, perhaps he would have asked participants about how many risks they took and how impulsive they were—that way, we could have explored how each person's risk-taking habits were linked to their brain development. As it is, we don't have this information from Giedd's study.
- <sup>20</sup> In our study, we did send questionnaires about risk-taking and impulsivity to the participants, who were in their thirties by that point. We asked them to try and remember how many risks they took as teenagerd. We asked them to write down some of the risks they took in their 'riskiest year' as an adolescent to jog their memories. These questions aren't that easy to answer even if you're thinking about your current behavior, let alone when you're trying to remember what you were like many years ago. In other words, this is not an ideal way to assess adolescent risk-taking, but it's the best we could do.



- <sup>21</sup> The questionnaire data didn't explain anything—there was no link between whether participants considered themselves risk-takers or not and their brain development. But this might have a good deal to do with the less-than-ideal methods of assessing risk-taking. Fortunately, in new studies of brain development, scientists are including excellent measures of risk-taking and impulsivity at the same time as acquiring brain scans. We need this knowledge to understand more about differences in brain development between individuals, and to find out whether the dual-systems theory of risk-taking is correct, at least for those adolescents whose limbic system and prefrontal cortex are maturing at different rates.
- <sup>22</sup> Another question is what happens to these different people when they become adults. What is the consequence of having a limbic system that develops earlier than the prefrontal cortex? Does this result in a different adult from someone whose limbic system and prefrontal cortex develop in tandem? Again, we don't know the answer to this fascinating question—yet. And again, this is the kind of question that will surely be answered in future studies of brain development. The different rates and patterns of structural change in different people's brains certainly suggests that there is a consequence to be discovered.



## The right sort of risks (part 2)

### Paragraphs 42–53

- 42 There is some evidence that adolescents show a greater preference than adults for immediate rewards, which might lead them to take more risks. In a 'delay discounting task,' a participant is given a choice between a small, immediate reward and a larger, delayed one. For example, would you rather be given £5 now or £30 in one month? What about £25 now or £30 in one month? What about £5 now or £30 in one year? As you can see, the amounts offered can be changed, and so can the length of the delay imposed on the second, larger amount. There are large individual differences in the tendency to act 'impulsively' in this task, with some people always opting for the smaller, immediate reward, while others always opt for the larger reward even if it means waiting a long time.
- 43 As impulse control gradually improves between childhood and early adulthood, the tendency to choose the immediate reward decreases. Brain-scanning studies have shown that this reduction in choosing an immediate but smaller reward is associated with a steady increase between late childhood and early adulthood in activity in the **ventromedial prefrontal cortex**, and a decrease during the same period in activity in the **ventral striatum**.
- 44 The delay discounting task is a version of the famous task given to young children by Walter Mischel in the late 1960s. Mischel's version is called the Marshmallow Test because it involved leaving a child aged around 4 years alone at a table with a marshmallow. The experimenter told the child that he would be leaving the room for fifteen minutes, and that if the child had not eaten the marshmallow by the time he came back, the child would be rewarded with two marshmallows.
- 45 This is a test of 'delayed gratification,' and there were intriguing individual differences in the amount of time children could wait before succumbing and eating the single marshmallow. In his original study, Mischel tested thirty-two children. Some of them ate the marshmallow immediately; some managed to resist until the experimenter came back and were rewarded two marshmallows. Many resisted the marshmallow for a few minutes, but eventually gave in to the temptation. There are some fun videos of children trying to resist the temptation, showing all kinds of behaviors to avoid eating the marshmallow: some children sniff

**ventromedial prefrontal cortex:**  
part of the brain that processes risk and fear, and influences self-control and morality

**ventral striatum:**  
part of the brain's reward system



it and even lick it, but then sit on their hands or turn away so they can't touch or see the tempting sweet. The key to resisting temptation in order to receive a larger reward after a delay appears to be the ability to divert attention away from the tantalizing present reward.

46 Mischel's original study demonstrated that there are large differences between children in terms of the amount of time they are prepared to wait for a delayed reward. But he didn't stop there. He and many different collaborators monitored the children who had taken part in the original study, and other similar studies that he performed, as they grew up. Intriguingly, the ability to resist the marshmallow was correlated with all sorts of positive outcomes later in life. The longer they could 'delay gratification' as children, the higher they were rated as adolescents by their parents in terms of being **interpersonally** competent, able to concentrate and to **exert** self-control, and the better they did in their school exams. Children who waited longer at age 4 did better in a go/no-go task when they were adolescents—they were quicker at responding to the 'go' stimuli without making more erroneous responses to the 'no-go' stimuli. The go/no-go task measures self-control, and this finding demonstrates that pre-school children with better self-restraint become adolescents who also have more self-control.

47 A **subset** of the children who had taken part in the original experiment took part in an fMRI study when they were in their forties. This study was led by B.J. Casey, who scanned participants while they performed the emotional go/no-go task using happy and neutral faces, which I described above. For the participants who had been good at delaying gratification as children, the prefrontal cortex differentiated between no-go and go trials (regardless of facial expression) to a greater extent than in the participants who had not been so good at the self-control task at age 4. In contrast, in the participants who had not been so good at delaying gratification as children, the ventral striatum showed a higher response to the no-go stimuli when they were happy faces. Thus the reward system was more active in those individuals who were less able to delay gratification when they needed to resist alluring stimuli (happy faces). The researchers suggested that this might contribute to their lower ability to resist temptation. This series of studies indicates that the self-control as measured originally by the Marshmallow Test is a relatively stable individual attribute.

**exert:** apply  
**interpersonally:**  
socially  
**subset:** portion

- 48 Mischel's results introduced the idea of self-control as an important skill, a notion that has since been supported by many further studies. Terrie Moffitt and Avshalom Caspi, who work at Duke University and King's College London, have reported related findings from their **longitudinal study** based in Dunedin, New Zealand. They have been studying 1,037 children born in Dunedin between April 1972 and March 1973 for many years. These people are now in their forties and still being studied. Extraordinarily for this kind of longitudinal study, almost all the original participants are still taking part in the research.
- 49 Many aspects of the children's development were assessed at several time points. One skill Moffitt and Caspi measured was self-control, which was assessed at the ages of 3, 5, 7, 9 and 11 years. They evaluated self-control by asking the children, their parents and their teachers to fill in the questionnaires about how impulsive, hyperactive and good at self-regulation each child was. Moffitt and Caspi and their colleagues combined the results from all five time points into a single, composite measure of childhood self-control.
- 50 Intriguingly, the level of self-control in childhood predicted a range of outcomes in adolescence and adulthood. Children with lower self-control scores went on to have poorer health, including lower **lung capacity** and a higher **prevalence** of gum disease and obesity, at age 32. Children with lower self-control were also more likely to become dependent on drugs, such as tobacco, alcohol or cannabis, than children with higher self-control.
- 51 Self-control in childhood also predicted social and financial outcomes in adolescence and adulthood, as shown in the chart below. Children with lower self-control were more likely to leave school with no qualifications and have unplanned pregnancies as teenagers. As adults, they had higher levels of debt and fewer savings, and were more likely to have been convicted of a crime, than children with higher self-control.
- 52 Moffitt and Caspi's findings are **correlational** rather than **causal**—that is, they show associations between self-control and other factors, but not necessarily that certain outcomes occur because of high or low self-control. Nevertheless, they do suggest that self-control in childhood seems to be an important skill that permeates behavior throughout life.

**causal:** the result of

**correlational:**  
related or  
associated

**longitudinal  
study:** research  
characterized by  
making the same  
observations over  
time

**lung capacity:**  
volume of air in  
lungs

**prevalence:**  
frequency



53 The good news is that self-control can, to a certain extent, be trained. There are lots of ways to do this, and different training methods suit different people. One possible way to improve self-control in some people is mindfulness training. Mindfulness is a state of being, cultivated by meditation, in which one focuses awareness on the present moment, while acknowledging and accepting one's thoughts, feelings, and bodily sensations. Together with Mark Williams and Willem Kuyken from the University of Oxford, and Tim Dalgleish from the Medical Research Council Cognitive and Brain Sciences Unit in Cambridge, we are starting a very large trial to look at whether mindfulness training in schools has beneficial outcomes in terms of mental health and well-being in young people aged 11-16 years. Our trial involves more than eighty schools in the UK. The results will contribute evidence to the question of whether mindfulness training should be carried out in schools, as part of the social-emotional learning curriculum. If the results of our trial show that mindfulness training in schools significantly improves self-control and well-being in young people and significantly reduces the risk of mental health problems such as depression and anxiety, then it might be a good idea to consider introducing it into all schools. But we won't know the answer for another six years—such a large trial takes a long time.

From *Inventing Ourselves: The Secret Life of the Teenage Brain* by Sarah-Jayne Blakemore, copyright © 2018. Reprinted by permission of PublicAffairs, an imprint of Hachette Book Group, Inc.



•

**equivalent:** equal value

**interval:** gap

**regulation:** management

**novel:** new and uncommon

**fickle:** changeable

**coordinate:** bring together

**efficient:** productive with little waste

**toiletory items:** personal hygiene and grooming products

**suppress:** hold back

**stereotypes:** unfairly judges a group

**primarily:** mainly

**opt:** choose

**gratification:** satisfaction

**attribute:** characteristic

**restraint:** control

**preference:** liking

**studies:** scientific research

**questionnaires:** sets of questions asked to gain data

**obesity:** condition of being extremely and unhealthily overweight

**anxiety:** nervousness

**stationers:** sellers of office supplies

••

**agility:** ability to move quickly and easily

**self-conscious:** overly aware of and uncomfortable with one's own appearance or behavior

**inexplicable:** impossible to explain

**chronological:** in the order of time

**industrialized:** having many industries/producing goods

**binge-drinking:** excessive drinking in a short period of time

**contempt:** scorn and disrespect

**devised:** thought up

**inhibit:** hold back

**impulsive:** in a habit of acting without thinking

**outbursts:** intense displays

**habitual:** done by habit

**protracted:** drawn out, lengthy

**contexts:** situations that help determine meaning

**lines of arguments:** methods of reasoning

**principle:** guiding belief

**constraints:** restrictions

**compelling:** very interesting, captivating

**prosecuted:** punished

**imposed:** put on

**divert:** turn from course

**correlated:** related

**competent:** capable

**neutral:** neither positive nor negative

**stimuli:** things that cause a response

**cultivated:** grown or developed

**erroneous:** wrong

**hyperactive:** unusually active

**dependent:** hooked

**permeates:** spreads to

**curriculum:** course of study

**delay:** postponed

•• (continued)

**gradually:** a little at a time

**monitored:** looked closely at

**alluring:** attractive

**financial:** money-related

**cognitive:** thought-related

**pedestrian:** walking

**chemist:** pharmacist

**haphazard:** random or disorganized

**assessed:** judged or measured

...

**aberration:** unusual occurrence

**physiology:** the science of living things and their parts

**arbitrary:** based on opinion instead of reason

**paradigm:** model or structure

**paradox:** something with elements that contradict each other

**elicits:** brings out

**ventromedial prefrontal cortex:** part of the brain that processes risk and fear, and influences self-control and morality

**ventral striatum:** part of the brain's reward system

**longitudinal study:** research characterized by making the same observations over time

**lung capacity:** volume of air in lungs

**interpersonally:** socially

**subset:** portion

**prevalence:** frequency

**correlational:** related or associated

**causal:** the result of

**exert:** apply



Use the Vocab App to play mini games related to the words in this lesson.

## Lesson 1—What Is an Adolescent?

1. Review *Inventing Ourselves: The Secret Life of the Teenage Brain*, “Adolescence isn’t an aberration,” paragraphs 1–5, on pages 342–343.



**Answer questions 1–3 on page 52 of your Writing Journal.**

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2. In paragraph 5, highlight the definitions that scientists and others have proposed for adolescence.



**Answer questions 4 and 5 on page 53 of your Writing Journal.**

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Participate in a class discussion to analyze the structure of the text.



**Answer questions 6 and 7 on page 53 in your Writing Journal.**

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1. With your partner, review *Inventing Ourselves: The Secret Life of the Teenage Brain*, “Adolescence isn’t an aberration,” paragraphs 6 and 7, on pages 343–344.



Answer questions 1–3 pages 54 and 55 of your Writing Journal.

2. With your partner, review *Inventing Ourselves: The Secret Life of the Teenage Brain*, “Adolescence isn’t an aberration,” paragraphs 8–10, on page 344.

The author says that adolescent-typical behavior includes risk-taking, self-consciousness, peer influence, sensation-seeking, and poor self-regulation.

Consider how Steinberg’s 2014 study of mice supports this.



Answer questions 4 and 5 on page 55 in your Writing Journal.

3. With your partner, review *Inventing Ourselves: The Secret Life of the Teenage Brain*, “Adolescence isn’t an aberration,” paragraphs 6–11, on pages 343–345.



Answer questions 6–8 on pages 55 and 56 in your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 1—What Is an Adolescent? (continued)

Think about your reading and consider whether you find the behaviors of adolescents problematic.



Respond to the prompt on page 57 in your Writing Journal.

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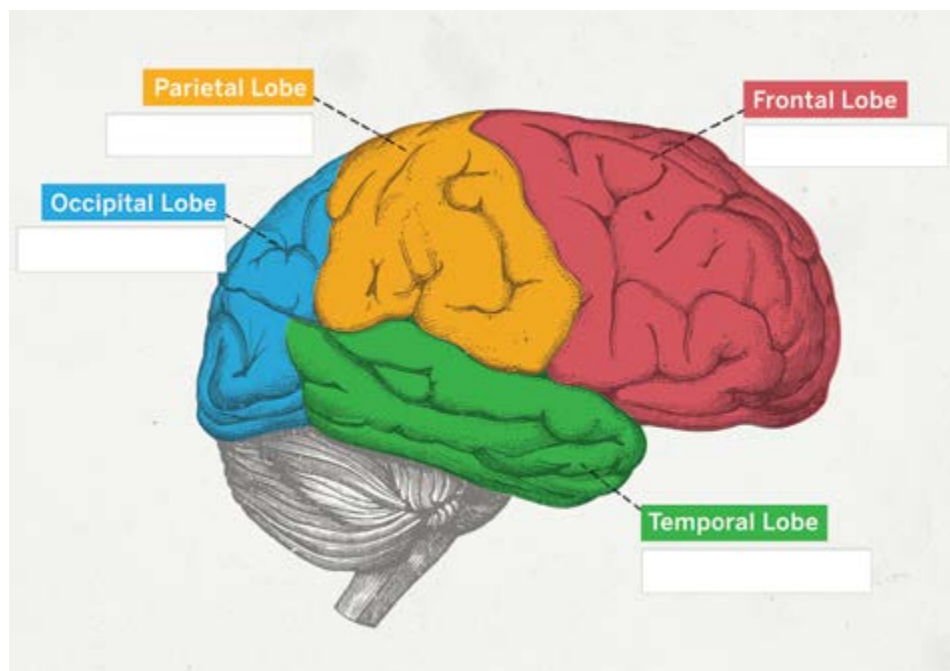


## Lesson 2—How You Grow a Brain

1. Review *Inventing Ourselves: The Secret Life of the Teenage Brain*, “The ever-plastic brain,” paragraphs 24–30, on pages 346–347.



Answer question 1 on page 58 of your Writing Journal.



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2. Review “‘Horrible Accident’ in Vermont,” paragraph 34, on page 265.
3. Highlight two portions of Blakemore’s text that you think relate to Phineas Gage’s symptoms.



Answer questions 2 and 3 on page 58 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 2—How You Grow a Brain (continued)

1. Review *Inventing Ourselves: The Secret Life of the Teenage Brain*, “The ever-plastic brain,” paragraphs 26–28, on pages 346–347.



Answer questions 1–5 on pages 59 and 60 of your Writing Journal.

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2. Review *Inventing Ourselves: The Secret Life of the Teenage Brain*, “The ever-plastic brain,” paragraph 29, on page 347.



Answer question 6 on page 60 of your Writing Journal.

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1. Read the passage below about the landmark Supreme Court case, *Roper v. Simmons*.

### ***Roper v. Simmons***

Christopher Simmons was just 17 when he planned to rob a house and murder the owner with two of his friends. They tied up the victim and later threw her off a bridge. Simmons was convicted and sentenced to death. The Supreme Court later overturned the sentence. The court based its decision in part on brain research that shows adolescent brains to be limited in impulse control and prone to risky behavior.

Justice Anthony Kennedy delivered the opinion of the Court: “In recognition of the comparative immaturity and irresponsibility of juveniles, almost every State prohibits those under 18 years of age from voting, serving on juries, or marrying without parental consent.... Their own vulnerability and comparative lack of control over their immediate surroundings mean juveniles have a greater claim than adults to be forgiven for failing to escape negative influences in their whole environment.... The age of 18 is the point where society draws the line for many purposes between childhood and adulthood. It is, we conclude, the age at which the line for death eligibility ought to rest.”

Justice Sandra Day O'Connor was one of four justices to take the opposing opinion. She did not believe that simply being 17 years old makes a person incapable of understanding right from wrong. She said, “Adolescents as a class are undoubtedly less mature, and therefore less culpable for their misconduct, than adults. But the Court has adduced no evidence impeaching the seemingly reasonable conclusion reached by many state legislatures: that at least some 17-year-old murderers are sufficiently mature to deserve the death penalty in an appropriate case.”

—*Roper v. Simmons*, 543 U.S. 551 (2005)



Answer question 1 on page 61 of your Writing Journal.

2. With your partner, discuss your answer to question 1 in the Writing Journal. Try to convince one another that your responses are correct. Take turns sharing your arguments and evidence, using your original response to the question for reference.



Respond to question 2 on page 61 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 3—Risky Behavior

Review *Inventing Ourselves: The Secret Life of the Teenage Brain*, “The right sort of risks,” paragraphs 1–8, on pages 348–349.



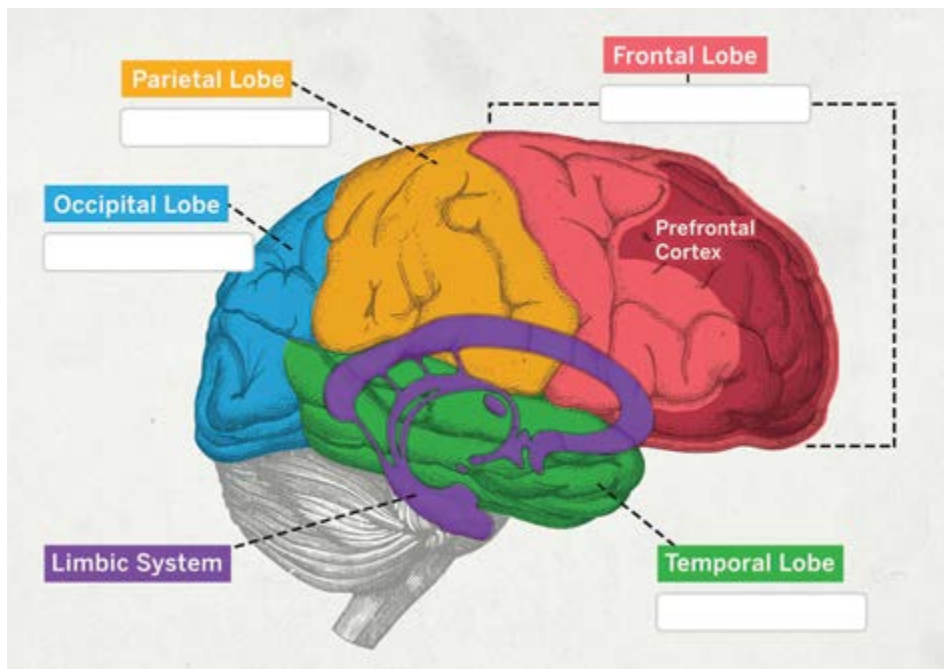
Answer questions 1–4 on page 62 of your Writing Journal.

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1. Review *Inventing Ourselves: The Secret Life of the Teenage Brain*, “The right sort of risks,” paragraphs 7–14, on pages 349–351.

Discuss the following questions with your partner:

2. When you studied the case of Phineas Gage, you read about the four lobes of the cerebral cortex. See if you remember the functions associated with each lobe.



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- A. Associated with sight
  - B. Associated with hearing and memory
  - C. Associated with sensory information, particularly touch
  - D. Controls speech formation and reasoning, and also manages the personality and decision making
3. The prefrontal cortex lies within the frontal lobe. What is this section of the brain responsible for?
  4. The limbic system is another section of the brain. What is the limbic system responsible for?



Answer questions 1–4 on page 63 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 3—Risky Behavior (continued)

Complete the following activities with your partner:

1. Review *Inventing Ourselves: The Secret Life of the Teenage Brain*, “The right sort of risks,” paragraphs 9–18, on pages 350–352.



Answer question 1 on page 64 of your Writing Journal with your partner.

2. Do the results of Blakemore’s research about individual brain development data support Steinberg’s theory about the developmental mismatch?
  - A. Yes
  - B. No
  - C. Not clear

- <sup>21</sup> We now know there's a rapid increase in dopamine activity in early adolescence—in fact, there's more dopamine activity in the brain's reward center in early adolescence than at any other time of life. Because things feel especially pleasurable during early adolescence, young adolescents go out of their way to seek rewarding experiences. At all ages we seek out things that make us feel good, of course. But the drive to do this is much more intense in early adolescence than before or after.
- <sup>22</sup> The urge to seek out rewarding and pleasurable experiences is a mixed blessing. On the plus side, it's part of what makes it so much fun to be a teenager. But sometimes this drive is so intense that adolescents can exhibit a sort of reward tunnel vision. They're so driven to seek pleasure that they may not pay attention to the associated risks. To teenagers, driving fast, having unprotected sex, and drinking alcohol feel so good that thoughts about a speeding ticket (or worse), an unwanted pregnancy, or being grounded for coming home smelling of beer may not even make it onto their radar screen.
- <sup>23</sup> This combination of advanced (but not yet totally mature) reasoning and heightened sensation-seeking explains why otherwise intelligent adolescents often do surprisingly foolish things. More important, the fact that teenagers' ability to control their impulses is immature at the same time that their interest in sensation seeking is stronger than ever makes them vulnerable to making mistakes. Early adolescence is like starting a car without having a skilled driver behind the wheel.

—From “Demystifying the Adolescent Brain,” Laurence Steinberg, © 2011 by ASCD

3. Follow along as your teacher reads aloud Laurence Steinberg's interpretation of his findings about the developmental mismatch, in “Demystifying the Adolescent Brain,” paragraphs 21–23, on page 369.
4. Review how Blakemore interprets her analysis of average vs. individual brain development.



With your partner, go to page 64 of your Writing Journals to answer question 2.

## Lesson 4—Control Yourself

1. Would you rather get \$5 now or \$30 in one month?
2. Would you rather get \$25 now or \$30 in one month?
3. Would you rather get \$5 now or \$30 in one year?



Answer the question on page 65 of your Writing Journal.

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Review *Inventing Ourselves: The Secret Life of the Teenage Brain*, “The right sort of risks,” paragraphs 42–53, on pages 354–357.



Answer questions 1 and 2 on page 66 in your Writing Journal.

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**Group 1:****Congratulations! You didn't eat the marshmallow!**

1. Review Blakemore's discussion of the studies on childhood self-control conducted by Walter Mischel, Terrie Moffitt, and Avshalom Caspi from "The right sort of risks," paragraphs 42–53 on pages 354–357.



Group 1: Answer questions 1 and 2 on page 67 of your Writing Journal.

**Group 2:****Uh-oh! You ate the marshmallow!**

2. Review Blakemore's discussion of the studies on childhood self-control conducted by Walter Mischel, Terrie Moffitt, and Avshalom Caspi.



Group 2: Answer questions 3 and 4 on page 68 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 4—Control Yourself (continued)

1. Review *Inventing Ourselves: The Secret Life of the Teenage Brain*, “The right sort of risks,” paragraph 52, on page 356.
2. Note the distinction between correlation and causation:
  - A. **Correlation:** Not being able to control the impulse to eat the marshmallow is *associated with* having bad outcomes.
  - B. **Causation:** Not being able to control the impulse to eat the marshmallow is *the reason (cause)* for bad outcomes.



Answer questions 1–5 on pages 69 and 70 of your Writing Journal.

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Review *Inventing Ourselves: The Secret Life of the Teenage Brain*, “The right sort of risks,” paragraph 53, on page 357.



Answer questions 1–3 on page 71 in your Writing Journal.

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# The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat

Oliver Sacks

## Overview

What would you say to an elderly man who looked into the mirror and saw a dashing young 19-year-old looking back? In the book *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*, you will encounter some of the medical oddities that help scientists learn more about the brain and how it works.

## Suggested Reading

### This Is Your Brain in Fiction

*The Uglies* (2005) by Scott Westerfeld is a whole series of books in which people can be made beautiful in appearance—but only at a heavy cost to their brains. *Being* (2007) by Kevin Brooks is the moving story of a boy who discovers that he's not what he thinks he is. *The Adoration of Jenna Fox* (2008) by Mary E. Pearson tells an unusual story of self-discovery, as Jenna wakes from a coma with a strangely incomplete set of memories.



Excerpts from  
*The Man Who  
Mistook His  
Wife for a Hat*

Oliver Sacks

# Excerpt from chapter 1, “The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat”

by Oliver Sacks

- <sup>1</sup> He saw all right, but what did he see? I opened out a copy of the *National Geographic Magazine* and asked him to describe some pictures in it.
- <sup>2</sup> His responses here were very curious. His eyes would dart from one thing to another, picking up tiny features, individual features, as they had done with my face. A **striking** brightness, a colour, a shape would **arrest** his attention and **elicit** comment—but in no case did he get the scene-as-a-whole. He failed to see the whole, seeing only details, which he spotted like blips on a radar screen. He never entered into relation with the picture as a whole—never faced, so to speak, its **physiognomy**. He had no sense whatever of a landscape or scene.
- <sup>3</sup> I showed him the cover, an unbroken expanse of Sahara dunes.
- <sup>4</sup> ‘What do you see here?’ I asked.
- <sup>5</sup> ‘I see a river,’ he said. ‘And a little guest-house with its terrace on the water. People are dining out on the terrace. I see coloured parasols here and there.’ He was looking, if it was ‘looking’, right off the cover into mid-air and **confabulating** nonexistent features, as if the absence of features in the actual picture had driven him to imagine the river and the terrace and the coloured parasols.
- <sup>6</sup> I must have looked aghast, but he seemed to think he had done rather well. There was a hint of a smile on his face. He also appeared to have decided that the examination was over and started to look around for his hat. He reached out his hand and took hold of his wife’s head, tried to lift it off, to put it on. He had apparently mistaken his wife for a hat! His wife looked as if she was used to such things.
- <sup>7</sup> I could make no sense of what had occurred in terms of conventional neurology (or neuropsychology). In some ways he seemed perfectly preserved, and in others absolutely, incomprehensibly devastated.

**striking:**  
eye-catching

**arrest:** suddenly  
catch

**elicit:** bring out

**physiognomy:**  
whole appearance  
recognized by its  
features

**confabulating:**  
making up



How could he, on the one hand, mistake his wife for a hat and, on the other, function, as apparently he still did, as a teacher at the Music School?

8 . . .

9 I turned on the television, keeping the sound off, and found an early Bette Davis film. A love scene was in progress. Dr P. failed to identify the actress—but this could have been because she had never entered his world. What was more striking was that he failed to identify the expressions on her face or her partner's, though in the course of a single **torrid** scene these passed from **sultry** yearning through passion, surprise, disgust, and fury to a melting **reconciliation**. Dr P. could make nothing of any of this. He was very unclear as to what was going on, or who was who or even what sex they were. His comments on the scene were positively Martian.

10 It was just possible that some of his difficulties were associated with the unreality of a celluloid, Hollywood world; and it occurred to me that he might be more successful in identifying faces from his own life. On the walls of the apartment there were photographs of his family, his colleagues, his pupils, himself. I gathered a pile of these together and, with some misgivings, presented them to him. What had been funny, or farcical, in relation to the movie, was tragic in relation to real life. By and large, he recognised nobody: neither his family, nor his colleagues, nor his pupils, nor himself. He recognised a portrait of Einstein because he picked up the characteristic hair and moustache; and the same thing happened with one or two other people. 'Ach, Paul!' he said, when shown a portrait of his brother. 'That square jaw, those big teeth—I would know Paul anywhere!' But was it Paul he recognised, or one or two of his features, on the basis of which he could make a reasonable guess as to the subject's identity? In the absence of obvious 'markers', he was utterly lost. But it was not merely the cognition, the *gnosis*, at fault; there was something radically wrong with the whole way he proceeded. For he approached these faces—even of those near and dear—as if they were abstract puzzles or tests. He did not relate to them, he did not behold. No face was familiar to him, seen as a 'thou', being just identified as a set of features, an 'it'. Thus, there was formal, but no trace of personal, *gnosis*. And with this went his indifference, or blindness, to expression. A face, to us, is a person looking out—we see, as it were, the person through his persona, his face. But for Dr P. there was no *persona* in this sense—no outward *persona*, and no person within.

**torrid:** passionate

**sultry:** hot with desire

**reconciliation:** a resolving of differences

# Excerpt from chapter 2, “The Lost Mariner”

- <sup>1</sup> Jimmie was a fine-looking man, with a curly bush of grey hair, a healthy and handsome forty-nine-year-old. He was cheerful, friendly, and warm.
- <sup>2</sup> ‘Hiya, Doc!’ he said. ‘Nice morning! Do I take this chair here?’ He was a **genial** soul, very ready to talk and to answer any questions I asked him. He told me his name and birth date, and the name of the little town in Connecticut where he was born. He described it in affectionate detail, even drew me a map. He spoke of the houses where his family had lived—he remembered their phone numbers still. He spoke of school and school days, the friends he’d had, and his special fondness for mathematics and science. He talked with enthusiasm of his days in the navy—he was seventeen, had just graduated from high school when he was drafted in 1943. With his good engineering mind he was a ‘natural’ for radio and electronics, and after a crash course in Texas found himself assistant radio operator on a submarine. He remembered the names of various submarines on which he had served, their missions, where they were stationed, the names of his shipmates. He remembered Morse code, and was still fluent in Morse tapping and touch-typing.
- <sup>3</sup> A full and interesting early life, remembered vividly, in detail, with affection. But there, for some reason, his **reminiscences** stopped. He recalled, and almost relived, his war days and service, the end of the war, and his thoughts for the future. He had come to love the navy, thought he might stay in it. But with the GI Bill, and support, he felt he might do best to go to college. His older brother was in accountancy school and engaged to a girl, a ‘real beauty’, from Oregon.
- <sup>4</sup> With recalling, reliving, Jimmie was full of animation; he did not seem to be speaking of the past but of the present, and I was very struck by the change of tense in his recollections as he passed from his school days to his days in the navy. He had been using the past tense, but now used the present—and (it seemed to me) not just the formal or **fictitious** present tense of recall, but the actual present tense of immediate experience.

**mariner:** sailor

**genial:** kind

**reminiscences:**  
memories

**fictitious:** pretend





- 5 A sudden, **improbable** suspicion seized me.
- 6 'What year is this, Mr G.?' I asked, concealing my **perplexity** under a casual manner.
- 7 'Forty-five, man. What do you mean?' He went on, 'We've won the war, FDR's dead, Truman's at the **helm**. There are great times ahead.'
- 8 'And you, Jimmie, how old would you be?'
- 9 Oddly, uncertainly, he hesitated a moment, as if engaged in calculation.
- 10 Why, I guess I'm nineteen, Doc. I'll be twenty next birthday.'
- 11 Looking at the grey-haired man before me, I had an impulse for which I have never forgiven myself—it was, or would have been, the height of cruelty had there been any possibility of Jimmie's remembering it.
- 12 'Here,' I said, and thrust a mirror toward him. 'Look in the mirror and tell me what you see. Is that a nineteen-year-old looking out from the mirror?'
- 13 He suddenly turned **ashen** and gripped the sides of the chair. 'Jesus Christ,' he whispered. 'Christ, what's going on? What's happened to me? Is this a nightmare? Am I crazy? Is this a joke?'—and he became frantic, panicked.
- 14 'It's okay, Jimmie,' I said soothingly. 'It's just a mistake. Nothing to worry about Hey!' I took him to the window. 'Isn't this a lovely spring day. See the kids there playing baseball?' He regained his colour and started to smile, and I stole away, taking the hateful mirror with me.
- 15 Two minutes later I re-entered the room. Jimmie was still standing by the window, gazing with pleasure at the kids playing baseball below. He wheeled around as I opened the door, and his face assumed a cheery expression.
- 16 'Hiya, Doc!' he said. 'Nice morning! You want to talk to me—do I take this chair here?' There was no sign of recognition on his frank, open face.
- 17 'Haven't we met before, Mr G.?' I asked **casually**.
- 18 'No, I can't say we have. Quite a beard you got there. I wouldn't forget you, Doc!'

**improbable:**  
unlikely

**perplexity:**  
confusion

**helm:** position of  
leadership

**ashen:** gray

**casually:** in a  
relaxed and  
informal way

# Excerpt from chapter 8, “Eyes Right!”

- <sup>1</sup> Mrs S., an intelligent woman in her sixties, has suffered a massive stroke, affecting the deeper and back portions of her right cerebral hemisphere. She has perfectly preserved intelligence—and humour.
- <sup>2</sup> She sometimes complains to the nurses that they have not put dessert or coffee on her tray. When they say, “But, Mrs S., it is right there, on the left”, she seems not to understand what they say, and does not look to the left. If her head is gently turned, so that the dessert comes into sight, in the preserved right half of her **visual field**, she says, ‘Oh, there is it—it wasn’t there before’. She has totally lost the idea of ‘left’, **with regard to** both the world and her own body. Sometimes she complains that her portions are too small, but this is because she only eats from the right half of the plate—it does not occur to her that it has a left half as well. Sometimes, she will put on lipstick, and make up the right half of her face, leaving the left half completely neglected: it is almost impossible to treat these things, because her attention cannot be drawn to them (‘hemi-inattention’—see Battersby 1956) and she has no conception that they are wrong. She knows it intellectually, and can understand, and laugh; but it is impossible for her to know it directly
- <sup>3</sup> Knowing it intellectually, knowing it **inferentially**, she has worked out strategies to deal with her imperceptions. She cannot look left, directly, she cannot turn left, so what she does is to turn right—and right through a circle. **Thus** she requested, and was given, a rotating wheelchair. And now if she cannot find something which she knows should be there, she swivels to the right, through a circle, until it comes into view. She finds this **signally** successful if she cannot find her coffee or dessert. If her portions seem too small, she will swivel to the right, keeping her eyes to the right, until her previously missed half now comes into view; she will eat this, or rather half of this, and feel less hungry than before. But if she is still hungry, or if she thinks on this matter, and realises that she may have perceived only half of the missing half, she will make a second rotation till the remaining quarter comes into view, and, in turn, bisect this yet again.

**visual field:** area that is able to be seen

**with regard to:** in relation to

**inferentially:** by way of reasoning

**thus:** in this way

**signally:** especially



This usually suffices—after all she has now eaten seven-eighths of the portion—but she may, if she is feeling particularly hungry or obsessive, make a third turn, and secure another sixteenth of her portion (leaving, of course, the remaining sixteenth, the left sixteenth, on her plate). ‘It’s absurd,’ she says. ‘I feel like **Zeno’s arrow**—I never get there. It may look funny, but under the circumstances what else can I do?’

- 4 It would seem far simpler for her to rotate the plate than rotate herself. She agrees, and has tried this—or at least tried to try it. But it is oddly difficult, it does not come naturally, whereas whizzing round in her chair does, because her looking, her attention, her spontaneous movements and impulses, are all now exclusively and instinctively to the right.
- 5 Especially distressing to her was the derision which greeted her when she appeared only half made-up, the left side of her face absurdly void of lipstick and rouge. ‘I look in the mirror,’ she said, ‘and do all I see.’
- 

**Zeno's arrow:** the thought problem that states that if a flying arrow takes up space in any given moment in time it is motionless

# Excerpt from chapter 11, “Cupid’s Disease”

- <sup>1</sup> Very recently (January 1985) I have seen some of these same **dilemmas** and **ironies** in relation to another patient (Miguel O.), admitted to the state hospital with a diagnosis of ‘**mania**’, but soon realised to be suffering from the excited stage of **neurosyphilis**. A simple man, he had been a farmhand in Puerto Rico, and with some speech and hearing **impediment**, he could not express himself too well in words, but expressed himself, exhibited his situation, simply and clearly, in drawings.
- <sup>2</sup> The first time I saw him he was quite excited, and when I asked him to copy a simple figure (Figure A) he produced, with great **brío**, a three-dimensional **elaboration** (Figure B)—or so I took it to be, until he explained that it was ‘an open carton’, and then tried to draw some fruit in it. Impulsively inspired by his excited imagination, he had ignored the circle and cross, but **retained**, and made **concrete**, the idea of ‘**enclosure**’. An open carton, a carton full of oranges—was that not more exciting, more alive, more real, than my dull figure?

**dilemmas:**  
problems

**ironies:**  
contradictions

**mania:** mood disorder with the symptoms of quickly changing ideas, excitement, and impulsive behavior

**neurosyphilis:** infection of the brain or spinal cord by syphilis bacteria

**impediment:**  
disability

**brío:** enthusiasm

**elaboration:**  
detailed drawing

**retained:** kept

**concrete:** real

**enclosure:** being closed in

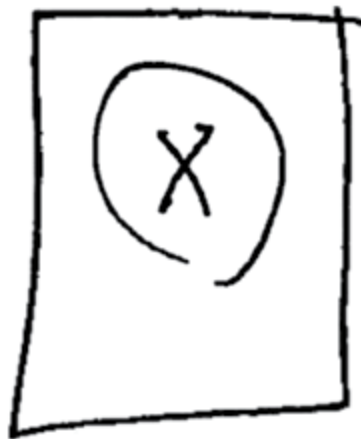


FIGURE A



FIGURE B

- 3 A few days later I saw him again, very energised, very active, thoughts and feelings flying everywhere, high as a kite. I asked him again to draw the same figure. And now, impulsively, without pausing for a moment, he transformed the original to a sort of trapezoid, a **lozenge**, and then attached to this a string—and a boy (Figure C). “Boy flying kite, kites flying!” he exclaimed excitedly.



FIGURE C

- 4 I saw him for the third time a few days after this, and found him rather down, rather **Parkinsonian** (he had been given Haldol to quiet him, while awaiting final tests on the spinal fluid). Again I asked him to draw the figure, and this time he copied it dully, correctly, and a little smaller than the original (the ‘**micrographia**’ of Haldol), and with none of the **elaborations**, the animation, the imagination, of the others (Figure D). “I don’t “see” things any more,” he said. “It looked so real, it looked so alive before. Will everything seem dead when I am treated?”



FIGURE D

**lozenge:** a diamond shape

**Parkinsonian:** behaving as if suffering from Parkinson's disease

**micrographia:** very small and cramped handwriting

**elaborations:** extra details

# Excerpt from chapter 13, “Yes, Father-Sister”

- <sup>1</sup> Mrs B., a former research chemist, had presented with a rapid personality change, becoming ‘funny’ (facetious, given to wise-cracks and puns), impulsive—and ‘superficial’ (‘You feel she doesn’t care about you,’ one of her friends said. ‘She no longer seems to care about anything at all.’) At first it was thought that she might be **hypomaniac**, but she turned out to have a cerebral tumour. At **craniotomy** there was found, not a **meningioma** as had been hoped, but a huge **carcinoma** involving the orbitofrontal aspects of both frontal lobes.
- <sup>2</sup> When I saw her, she seemed high-spirited, **volatile**—‘a riot’ (the nurses called her)—full of quips and cracks, often clever and funny.
- <sup>3</sup> ‘Yes, Father,’ she said to me on one occasion.
- <sup>4</sup> ‘Yes, Sister,’ on another.
- <sup>5</sup> ‘Yes, Doctor,’ on a third.
- <sup>6</sup> She seemed to use the terms interchangeably.
- <sup>7</sup> ‘What *am* I?’ I asked, stung, after a while.
- <sup>8</sup> ‘I see your face, your beard,’ she said, ‘I think of an **Archimandrite Priest**. I see your white uniform—I think of the Sisters. I see your stethoscope—I think of a doctor.’
- <sup>9</sup> ‘You don’t look at *all* of me?’
- <sup>10</sup> ‘No, I don’t look at all of you.’
- <sup>11</sup> ‘You realise the difference between a father, a sister, a doctor?’
- <sup>12</sup> ‘I *know* the difference, but it means nothing to me. Father, sister, doctor—what’s the big deal?’
- <sup>13</sup> Thereafter, teasingly, she would say: ‘Yes, father-sister. Yes, sister-doctor’, and other combinations.

**hypomaniac:** suffering from a condition of carefreeness and changing high and low moods

**craniotomy:** skull surgery

**meningioma:** harmless brain tumor

**carcinoma:** cancer that begins in the skin of connective tissue

**volatile:** unstable

**Archimandrite Priest:** leader in the Eastern Orthodox or Eastern Catholic religions



- 14 Testing left-right discrimination was oddly difficult, because she said left or right indifferently (though there was not, in reaction, any confusion of the two, as when there is a **lateralising** defect of perception or attention). When I drew her attention to this, she said: 'Left/right. Right/left. Why the fuss? What's the difference?'
- 15 'Is there a difference?' I asked.
- 16 'Of course,' she said, with a chemist's precision. 'You could call them *enantiomorphs* of each other. But they mean nothing to me. They're no different for me. Hands . . . Doctors . . . Sisters . . .' she added, seeing my puzzlement. 'Don't you understand? They mean nothing to me. Hands . . . Doctors . . . Sisters . . .' she added, seeing my puzzlement. 'Don't you understand? They mean nothing—nothing to me. *Nothing means anything* . . . at least to me.'
- 17 'And . . . this meaning nothing . . .' I hesitated, afraid to go on. 'This meaninglessness . . . does this bother you? Does *this* mean anything to you?'
- 18 'Nothing at all,' she said promptly, with a bright smile, in the tone of one who makes a joke, wins an argument, wins at poker.
- 19 Was this denial? Was this a brave show? Was this the 'cover' of some unbearable emotion? Her face bore no deeper expression whatever. Her world had been voided of feeling and meaning. Nothing any longer felt 'real' (or 'unreal'). Everything was now 'equivalent' or 'equal'—the whole world reduced to a facetious insignificance.
- 20 I found this somewhat shocking—her friends and family did too—but she herself, though not without insight, was uncaring, indifferent, even with a funny-dreadful **nonchalance** or levity.
- 21 Mrs B., though acute and intelligent, was somehow not present—'de-souled'—as a person. I was reminded of William Thompson (and also of Dr P.). This is the effect of the 'equalisation' described by Luria which we saw in the preceding chapter and will also see in the next.

Excerpts from *The Man Who Mistook His Wife For A Hat And Other Clinical Tales* by Oliver Sacks, reprinted with the permission of Simon & Schuster Publishing Group, a division of Simon & Schuster, Inc. from *The Man Who Mistook His Wife For A Hat And Other Clinical Tales* by Oliver Sacks. Copyright © 1970, 1981, 1984, 1985 by Oliver Sacks. All rights reserved.

**lateralising:** limited to one side of the brain

**nonchalance:** cool indifference



•

**Martian:** strange, like an alien

**affectionate:** loving

**portions:** given amounts

**interchangeably:** substituting one for the other

**stethoscope:** instrument used to listen to heartbeats

**hesitated:** stopped for a moment

**dreadful:** frightening

••

**expanse:** wide area

**terrace:** patio

**parasols:** lightweight umbrellas

**aghast:** shocked

**yearning:** desire

**fluent:** able to communicate easily

**vividly:** clearly

**animation:** energy and movement

**recollections:** memories

**recall:** act of remembering

**concealing:** hiding

**impulse:** urge

**frantic:** excited

**soothingly:** in a comforting way

**preserved:** saved

**neglected:** ignored

**conception:** idea

**intellectually:** by way of learned knowledge

**strategies:** thought out plans

**imperceptions:** inability to see or understand

**swivels:** turns

**perceived:** seen and understood

**bisect:** cut in two parts

**suffices:** is enough

**obsessive:** in a habit of repeating an action

**secure:** obtain

**absurd:** ridiculous

**rotate:** turn

**spontaneous:** sudden

**exclusively:** only

**instinctively:** naturally

**distressing:** troubling

**derision:** mocking

**absurdly:** ridiculously

**void:** completely clear

**rouge:** reddish makeup

**impulsively:** suddenly and urgently

**trapezoid:** a shape with four sides, two of which are parallel

**exclaimed:** cried out

**puns:** plays on words

**impulsive:** in a habit of acting without thinking

**superficial:** having a quality of not thinking deeply

**cerebral tumour:** uncontrolled growth of cells in the brain

**quips:** witty remarks

**discrimination:** ability to recognize differences

**indifferently:** without interest

**defect:** problem

**perception:** awareness

**promptly:** immediately

**denial:** the inability to believe the truth

**voided:** emptied

**reduced:** brought down

**insignificance:** unimportance

**insight:** clear and deep understanding

**indifferent:** unconcerned

**levity:** light-heartedness

**acute:** sharp



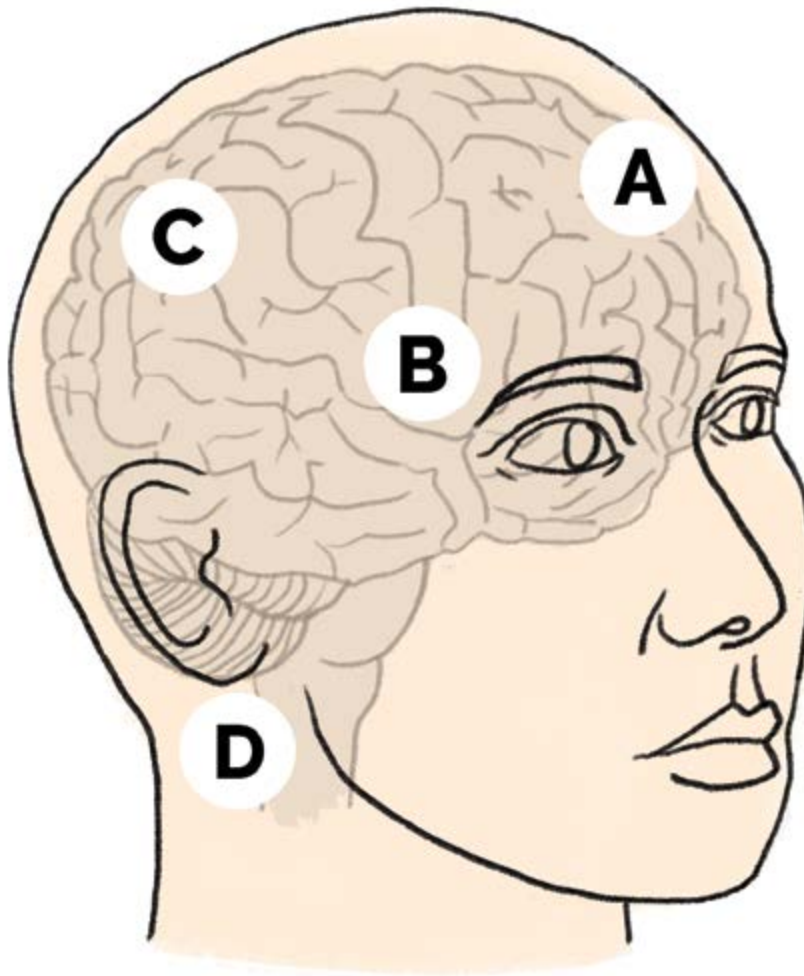
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**striking:** eye-catching**arrest:** suddenly catch**elicit:** bring out**physiognomy:** whole appearance recognized by its features**confabulating:** making up**torrid:** passionate**sultry:** hot with desire**reconciliation:** a resolving of differences**mariner:** sailor**genial:** kind**reminiscences:** memories**fictitious:** pretend**improbable:** unlikely**perplexity:** confusion**helm:** position of leadership**ashen:** gray**casually:** in a relaxed and informal way**visual field:** area that is able to be seen**with regard to:** in relation to**inferentially:** by way of reasoning**thus:** in this way**signally:** especially**Zeno's arrow:** the thought problem that states that if a flying arrow takes up space in any given moment in time it is motionless**dilemmas:** problems**ironies:** contradictions**mania:** mood disorder with the symptoms of quickly changing ideas, excitement, and impulsive behavior**neurosyphilis:** infection of the brain or spinal cord by syphilis bacteria**impediment:** disability**brio:** enthusiasm**elaboration:** detailed drawing**retained:** kept**concrete:** real**enclosure:** being closed in**lozenge:** a diamond shape**Parkinsonian:** behaving as if suffering from Parkinson's disease**micrographia:** very small and cramped handwriting**elaborations:** extra details**hypomanic:** suffering from a condition of carefreeness and changing high and low moods**craniotomy:** skull surgery**meningioma:** harmless brain tumor**carcinoma:** cancer that begins in the skin of connective tissue**volatile:** unstable**Archimandrite Priest:** leader in the Eastern Orthodox or Eastern Catholic religions**lateralising:** limited to one side of the brain**nonchalance:** cool indifference

Use the Vocab App to play mini games related to the words in this lesson.

## Lesson 1—A Modern Phineas

1. Read “Putting Phineas Together Again,” paragraphs 1–17, on pages 296–304.
2. Circle the letter that shows where the frontal lobes are located, according to the text.



3. Highlight in blue the textual evidence that describes the unusual behaviors or symptoms of patients with frontal lobe damage.



Describe three symptoms of frontal lobe damage on page 74 of your Writing Journal.

1. Read the case study about Jimmie from *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*, chapter 2, “The Lost Mariner,” paragraphs 1–18, on pages 378–379. If you already read this case study for a previous activity, read it again to refresh your memory.
2. Highlight any behaviors that seem similar to those of Phineas Gage.



**Answer question 1 on page 75 of your Writing Journal.**

3. Read the case study about Miquel in *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*, chapter 11, “Cupid’s Disease,” paragraphs 1–4, on pages 382–383.
4. Highlight any behaviors that seem similar to those of Phineas Gage.



**Answer question 2 on page 75 of your Writing Journal.**

5. Read the case study about Mrs. B. in *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*, chapter 13, “Yes, Father-Sister,” paragraphs 1–21, on pages 384–385.
6. Highlight any behaviors that seem similar to those of Phineas Gage.



**Answer question 3 on page 75 of your Writing Journal.**

7. Read the case study about Dr. P. in *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*, chapter 1, “The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat,” paragraphs 1–10, on pages 376–377.
8. Highlight any behaviors that seem similar to those of Phineas Gage.



**Answer question 4 on page 76 of your Writing Journal.**

## Lesson 1—A Modern Phineas (continued)

1. Reread Mrs. B.'s case study in *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*, chapter 13, "Yes, Father-Sister," paragraphs 1–21, on pages 384–385.
2. Highlight any of Mrs. B.'s symptoms or behaviors that seem unusual.
3. Reread your list of general symptoms of frontal cortex/lobe damage that you wrote on page 74 of your Writing Journal.



Answer question 1 on page 77 of your Writing Journal.

4. Review "Putting Phineas Together Again," paragraphs 1–17, on pages 296–304.
5. Fleischman and Sacks both try to understand the effects of frontal lobe damage. How do their methods differ? Put a check mark in the boxes that apply.

### Examines one particular brain injury case

☐ Fleischman   ☐ Sacks   ☐ Both   ☐ Neither

### Presents multiple brain injury patients

☐ Fleischman   ☐ Sacks   ☐ Both   ☐ Neither

### Discusses the effects of brain injuries

☐ Fleischman   ☐ Sacks   ☐ Both   ☐ Neither

### Describes the methods of modern-day brain scientists

☐ Fleischman   ☐ Sacks   ☐ Both   ☐ Neither



Respond to question 2 on page 77 of your Writing Journal.

Think about how Phineas's and Mrs. B.'s cases compare.



Respond to the prompt on page 78 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 3—Comparing Visual Neglect to “Eyes Right!”

Watch as your teacher plays the Visual Neglect video.



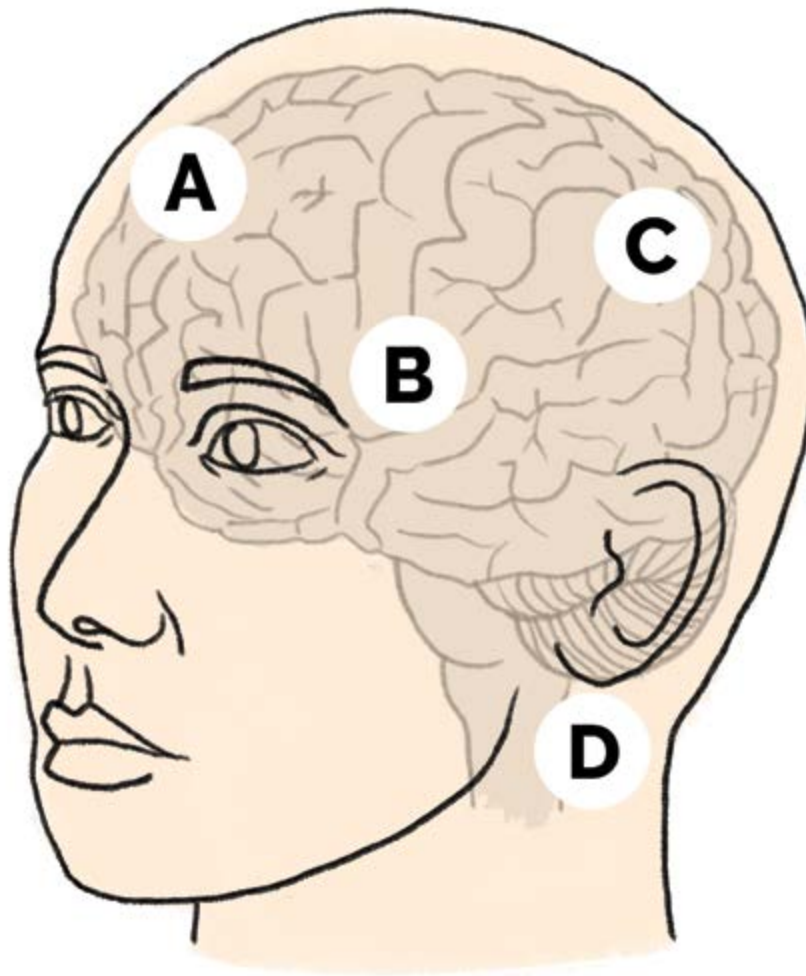
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### Discussion question:

1. What caused Peggy's brain injury?

## Lesson 3—Comparing Visual Neglect to “Eyes Right!” (continued)

2. Circle the letter that shows where Peggy’s brain was damaged.

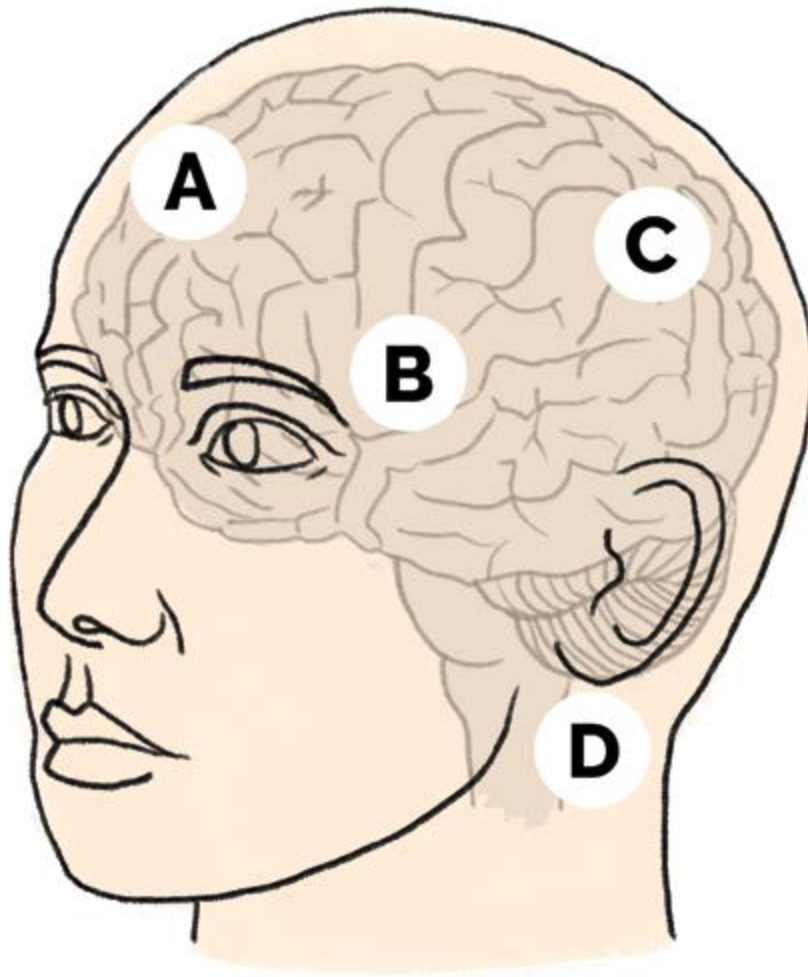


3. What are her symptoms?

Follow along as your teacher reads *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*, chapter 8, paragraphs 1–5, on pages 380–381.

**Discussion questions:**

4. What caused Mrs. S.’s brain injury?
5. Circle the letter that shows where Mrs. S.’s brain was damaged.



6. What are her symptoms?



Respond to questions 1 and 2 on page 79 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 3—Comparing Visual Neglect to “Eyes Right!” (continued)

1. Read the list of evidence types:

Your teacher always asks you to support your claims with **evidence**.

A writer can use many different kinds of evidence:

- A **fact**  
*The Titanic departed on its final journey on April 10, 1912.*
- A **statistic**  
*Sixty-four percent of Americans say they are happy in their marriage.*
- A direct **quote**  
*As Stephen Hawking said, “However difficult life may seem, there is always something you can do to succeed at.”*

2. Read the sample essay, “Seeing Only One Side of Things,” on page 395.



Answer questions 1–4 on pages 80 and 81 of your Writing Journal.



## Sample Essay: Seeing Only One Side of Things

Here’s an amazing fact that most people don’t know: two people can be looking at the exact same thing, but see something different because of the way their brains work. The video segment “Visual Neglect” from NOVA’s “Secrets of the Mind” episode shows a stroke patient, Peggy, who can only see what her damaged brain lets her see. As a result of her stroke, she can only see things as having only a right side. Just like Peggy, Mrs. S. from Oliver Sacks’s *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat* also is unable to see things on the left side of her field of vision. Peggy and Mrs. S. have problems with their brains that cause them to be unable to see things to their left. This shows that the brain actually controls what we see, not the eyeballs!

Peggy’s eyes are fine, but her brain does not see things to her left. She suffered a stroke that damaged her brain. Peter Halligan, a doctor in the video, states, “The radar system on the left-hand side is no longer working well” (“Visual Neglect”). Another doctor says that it was Peggy’s parietal lobe that was damaged, and explains, “The parietal lobes are concerned mainly with creating a three-dimensional representation of the spatial layout of the world” (“Visual Neglect”). If the right lobe is harmed, then a person will have problems seeing on their left side. Sure enough, it was the right side of Peggy’s brain that suffered the damage, and so she lost her sense of “left.”

Mrs. S. suffered a similar brain injury. Her symptoms were a little different, but just as unusual. Sacks writes, “Sometimes, she will put on lipstick, and make up the right half of her face, leaving the left completely neglected” (“Eyes Right,” 2). Mrs. S. has been diagnosed with “hemi-inattention,” meaning she can only see things on one side. She uses a special rotating wheelchair to move her body so that she can eat from both sides of her plate. She swivels “her chair to the right, keeping her eyes to the right, until the previously missed half now comes into view” (“Eyes Right,” 3). Her hemi-inattention causes her to ignore the left side of her visual field, but she has learned ways to cope.

In “Visual Neglect” and *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*, the patients see things as having only a right side because they have a similar type of brain damage. If you were a neurologist and you watched Mrs. S. put makeup on only the right side of her face, or watched Peggy draw only the right side of a flower, you’d be able to figure out exactly where in their brains the problem was. In each case, the patient’s eyes are just fine. It’s the brain that is causing the person to be unable to see the left side. The cases of Peggy and Mrs. S. show us that we rely on our brains to make sense of everything we see and to put all the pieces together as a whole.



# Poetry & Poe

We'll bet that many of you have had the experience of seeing a movie after reading the same book. You probably remember parts of the movie where you thought the filmmaker got it *just* right—and other parts where you cringed and thought, “That’s absolutely *not* what I read in the book. It’s all wrong!” In each of these moments, you had already made your own “mental movie” of the book when you read it, and you are comparing that movie against the one you are watching. Congratulations! You have already begun the type of reading we will practice in these lessons: reading like a movie director.

You'll read stories and poems by Edgar Allan Poe, a writer who is an expert in using details that are almost impossible *not* to visualize (even if they are so gross that you don't want to). As you read, let those details sink into your imagination and create your own mental movies. You can play around with a storyboard tool like those used by real filmmakers to try to get your vision just right. As you practice reading in this way, you'll have plenty of chances to compare what you see with what your classmates see—and discuss whose vision is a closer match to the book. You'll also have the opportunity to critique the movies made by a professional film studio of some of Poe's stories.

Who knows? Maybe learning to read like a movie director is the first step toward your future life in Hollywood.



## Poetry

SUB-UNIT 1 • 4 LESSONS



## “The Tell-Tale Heart”

SUB-UNIT 2 • 7 LESSONS



## “The Cask of Amontillado”

SUB-UNIT 3 • 6 LESSONS



## “The Raven”

SUB-UNIT 4 • 6 LESSONS



## Write an Essay

SUB-UNIT 5 • 5 LESSONS

## Overview

What does silence look like? Today, you'll read two poems about silence. Then, you'll try to write your own poem about something silent.

### Suggested Reading

Look for *Emily Dickinson: A Biography* (2006) by Milton Meltzer, or you could try reading some of Dickinson's letters. *Emily Dickinson: Selected Letters* (1986), edited by Thomas H. Johnson, is a good start, or you can look online (see Lesson 3 "Suggested Reading").

Historical fiction is another way to go. Beautifully written at a basic level, *The Mouse of Amherst* (1999) by Elizabeth Spire is a charming portrait of Dickinson, as seen through the eyes of a mouse living in her house. Rather read a mystery? *Emily's Dress and Other Missing Things* (2012) by Kathryn Burak is set in and around Dickinson's house in Amherst, which is now a museum (see online resources in Lesson 3 "Suggested Reading").

*Death, Dickinson, and the Demented Life of Frenchie Garcia* (2013) by Jenny Torres Sanchez and *Nobody's Secret* (2013) by Michaela MacColl are two great novels featuring young women who find a connection between Dickinson's poetry and their personal lives. And Jane Langton has written a number of magical mysteries based on Dickinson and other writers from 19th century New England; try *The Diamond in the Window* (1962) or *Emily Dickinson is Dead* (1984) for more of a challenge.

## Lesson 1—Seeing Silence

Rather than asking you what the poem means, we are going to discuss what you see in the poems and stories we will read in this unit.

We'll practice reading like movie directors, deciding on the best visuals, experimenting with storyboards, considering the best type of person to cast as a particular character, and critiquing how real movie directors choose to film these texts.

All of this means that we'll need to keep asking ourselves: "What was the writer trying to make me see?" Often, making a clear picture of the specific things the writer is describing is the key step to understanding.

1. Think of something very quiet.
2. Now, turn to the person next to you and try to describe the sound of the very quiet thing.
3. Now, turn to the same person and try to describe what the quietness *looked* like.

# “The White Horse”

by D. H. Lawrence

- 1 The youth walks up to the white horse, to put its **halter** on
- 2 and the horse looks at him in silence.
- 3 They are so silent, they are in another world.

**halter:** straps or ropes that fit around the head of a horse

*Note: A halter is used for walking—not riding—a horse.*

“The White Horse,” from *The Complete Poems Of D. H. Lawrence* by D. H. Lawrence, edited by V. de Sola Pinto & F. W. Roberts, copyright © 1964, 1971 by Angelo Ravagli and C.M. Weekley, Executors of the Estate of Frieda Lawrence Ravagli. Used by permission of Viking Penguin, a division of Penguin Group (USA) LLC.



Complete the questions on page 8 on your Writing Journal.

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# “The Silence”

by Federico García Lorca

- 1 Listen, my son, to the silence.
- 2 It's a **sinuous** silence,
- 3 A silence,
- 4 where valleys and echoes slip,
- 5 and foreheads bend
- 6 toward the ground.

**sinuous:** having curves; flexible

“El Silencio”/“The Silence” by Federico García Lorca, copyright © Herederos de Federico García Lorca, from *Obras Completas* (Galaxia/Gutenberg, 1996 edition). English Translation by Josefina Maria Massot © Josefina Maria Massot and Herederos de Federico García Lorca. All rights reserved. For information regarding rights and permissions of all of Lorca's works in Spanish or in any other language, please contact [lorca@artslaw.co.uk](mailto:lorca@artslaw.co.uk) or William Peter Kosmas, Esq., 8 Franklin Square, London W14 9UU, England.



1. Close your eyes.
2. Listen to the poem and make a mental image of what is being described.
3. When you have your mental image, turn to your partner and describe two details in your mind (“mental movie”).
4. In this poem, how does Lorca try to answer our question: What does silence look like? Share your thoughts in the class discussion.



**Write your own silence poem on page 9 of your Writing Journal.**

---

*The speaker: the person who speaks or narrates the poem. The speaker of the poem is very similar to the narrator in a story.*

# “A narrow fellow in the grass”

by Emily Dickinson

- 1 A narrow fellow in the grass
- 2 Occasionally rides;
- 3 You may have met him, — did you not,
- 4 His notice sudden is.
- 5 The grass divides as with a comb,
- 6 A spotted **shaft** is seen;
- 7 And then it closes at your feet
- 8 And opens further on.
- 9 He likes a **boggy** acre,
- 10 A floor too cool for corn.
- 11 Yet when a child, and barefoot,
- 12 I more than once, at morn,

**narrow:** thin

**fellow:** individual

**occasionally:**  
once in a while

**shaft:** stick or rod

**boggy:** swampy





13 Have passed, I thought, a whip-lash  
14 Unbraiding in the sun, —  
15 When, stooping to secure it,  
16 It wrinkled, and was gone.  
  
17 Several of nature's people  
18 I know, and they know me;  
19 I feel for them a **transport**  
20 Of **cordiality**;  
  
21 But never met this fellow,  
22 **attended** or alone,  
23 Without a tighter breathing,  
24 And zero at the bone.

"A Narrow Fellow in the Grass" by Emily Dickinson: *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*. Boston, Little, Brown and Company, 1924

**transport:**  
overwhelming  
emotion

**cordiality:**  
warmth or  
friendliness

**attended:** with  
another person

## Lesson 2—"His notice sudden is. . ."

1. Raise your hand to discuss a place in the first two stanzas (lines 1–8) that gave you a clear mental image.
2. Reread stanzas 1–4 (lines 1–16) and highlight just words and phrases that describe something about the narrow fellow.
3. Share your responses to the following questions with a partner.
  - What is one image used to describe what the narrow fellow looks like?
  - What is one image used to describe what the narrow fellow is doing?



Image 67584: Shutterstock

4. What does the poem say that the whiplash is doing?
5. Think about what a whiplash looks like and what it was doing. Then, think about the other visual images in the poem. Share your thoughts in the class discussion.



Now, write what you think the "narrow fellow" is on page 10 of your Writing Journal.

## Definition of Imagery

Descriptive language that helps a reader imagine how something looks, sounds, smells, feels, tastes, and/or conveys a certain emotion.

1. Reread the first four stanzas (lines 1–16) of the poem on pages 402–403.
2. Choose two examples of imagery that are used to describe the snake (the "narrow fellow").



Use your examples from the text to complete the chart on page 11 of your Writing Journal.

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Discuss the responses in your chart with the class.



Complete Activities 1 and 2 on page 12 of your Writing Journal.

---

## Lesson 3—“And zero at the bone”

Review what happened between the speaker and the snake in “A narrow fellow in the grass” stanzas 3–4 (lines 9–16) on pages 402–403.



Go to page 13 in the Writing Journal.

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Follow along as your teacher reads the last two stanzas (lines 17–24) of the poem on page 403.



Complete questions 1 and 2 on page 14 of your Writing Journal.

---

1. Reread the last two stanzas (lines 17–24) of the poem again.
2. Highlight any words or phrases that give you a clear picture or image of:
  - what the speaker does
  - how the speaker feels when meeting a snake.

3. Work with a partner to fill in the blanks with synonyms for what you think the narrator means in each place. You do not need to match the number of words below each blank.

Several of \_\_\_\_\_ I know, and they know me; I feel for them  
nature's people

\_\_\_\_\_ (17–20)  
a transport of cordiality

But never met \_\_\_\_\_, Attended or alone, Without \_\_\_\_\_,  
this fellow a tighter breathing

And \_\_\_\_\_ (21–24)  
zero at the bone



Go to page 14 of your Writing Journal to record your answers in Activity 3.

Share the synonyms you chose for the fill-in-the-blank activity in the class discussion.

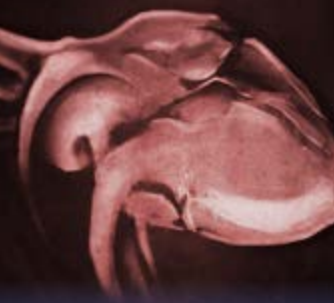


Answer question 4 on page 14 of your Writing Journal.

In what ways do the images in the poem make snakes seem not scary? In what ways do the images in the poem make snakes seem scary?



On page 15 in your Writing Journal, use specific images from the poem to write an argument to these questions.



## Overview

Lots of readers find that this narrator’s story creeps into their very bones. What will happen to you as you listen to the tale he tells? Will you hear the same sounds he hears? Will you see the same sights? Will you believe what is under the floorboards?

## Suggested Reading

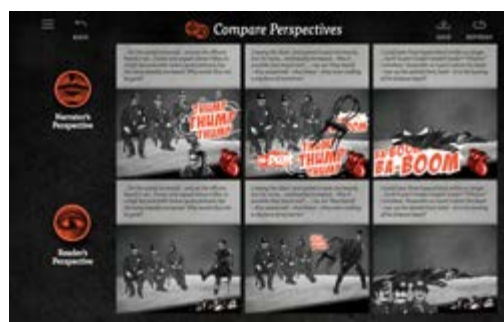
Some of Poe’s work involves death and near-death experiences. “A Descent into the Maelstrom” (1841) is the story of a sailor who makes a remarkable escape after his ship is sucked into a giant whirlpool. “The Premature Burial” (1844) is about a man with a kind of narcolepsy, or sleeping sickness, who falls into deep comas and lives in fear of being accidentally buried alive. Poe’s vivid and detailed (sometimes exaggerated) scientific descriptions opened the gates for many science fiction and fantasy writers.

## Apps in This Sub-Unit



Tell-Tale Art

Use the Tell-Tale Art app to create a storyboard of the final setting in “The Tell-Tale Heart” by arranging characters, sounds, and items to match the exact events described by the narrator in the climax. Then create a second storyboard to match their version of events. Note distinctions between the two storyboards to understand the narrator’s unreliability.





# “The Tell-Tale Heart”

*Edgar Allan Poe*

# “The Tell-Tale Heart”

by Edgar Allan Poe

<sup>1</sup> TRUE!—nervous—very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why will you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses—not destroyed—not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? **hearken!** and observe how healthily—how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

<sup>2</sup> It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once **conceived**, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! yes, it was this! He had the eye of a vulture—a pale blue eye, with a **film** over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees—very gradually—I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

<sup>3</sup> Now this is the point. You **fancy** me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution—with what **foresight**—with what **dissimulation** I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh so gently! And then, when I had made an opening **sufficient** for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how **cunningly** I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man’s sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha! would a madman have been so wise as this. And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously—oh, so cautiously—cautiously (for the hinges creaked)—I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And

**hearken:** watch

**conceived:**  
thought up

**film:** thin layer or  
coating of skin

**fancy:** think

**foresight:** planning

**dissimulation:**  
deception

**sufficient:**  
adequate

**cunningly:** cleverly





this I did for seven long nights—every night just at midnight—but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who **vexed** me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the **chamber**, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and **inquiring** how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very **profound** old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

- 4 Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night had I *felt* the extent of my own powers—of my **sagacity**. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I **fairly** chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back—but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness, (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers), and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.
- 5 I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in bed, crying out—"Who's there?"
- 6 I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening;—just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

**vexed:** tormented  
**chamber:** room  
**inquiring:** asking  
**profound:** wise  
**sagacity:** wisdom  
**fairly:** almost

**mortal:** extreme  
**stifled:** smothered  
**awe:** terror  
**welled up:** risen up  
**merely:** only  
**suppositions:** thoughts  
**mournful:** gloomy  
**unperceived:** not seen or sensed  
**resolved:** decided  
**crevice:** crack  
**stealthily:** sneakily  
**stimulates:** excites  
**refrained:** held back  
**tattoo:** knocking

- 7 Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of **mortal** terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief—oh, no!—it was the low **stifled** sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with **awe**. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has **welled up** from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself—“It is nothing but the wind in the chimney—it is only a mouse crossing the floor,” or “It is **merely** a cricket which has made a single chirp.” Yes, he had been trying to comfort himself with these **suppositions**: but he had found all in vain. All in vain; because Death, in approaching him had stalked with his black shadow before him, and enveloped the victim. And it was the **mournful** influence of the **unperceived** shadow that caused him to feel—although he neither saw nor heard—to feel the presence of my head within the room.
- 8 When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I **resolved** to open a little—a very, very little **crevice** in the lantern. So I opened it—you cannot imagine how stealthily, **stealthily**—until, at length, a simple dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and fell full upon the vulture eye.
- 9 It was open—wide, wide open—and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness—all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man’s face or person: for I had directed the ray as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.
- 10 And now have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over-acuteness of the sense?—now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew *that* sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man’s heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum **stimulates** the soldier into courage.
- 11 But even yet I **refrained** and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish **tattoo** of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man’s terror

must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment!—do you **mark** me well? I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me—the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man’s hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once—once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled **gaily**, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

- 12 If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night **waned**, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I **dismembered** the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.
- 13 I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the **scantlings**. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even his—could have detected any thing wrong. There was nothing to wash out—no stain of any kind—no blood-spot whatever. I had been too **wary** for that. A tub had caught all—ha! ha!
- 14 When I had made an end of these **labors**, it was four o’clock—still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart,—for what had I now to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect **suavity**, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard

**mark:** pay attention to

**gaily:** happily

**waned:** went away, bit by bit

**dismembered:** took apart

**scantlings:** small pieces of wood used when building houses

**wary:** careful

**labors:** tasks

**suavity:** politeness



by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been **deputed** to search the **premises**.

- 15 I smiled,—for *what* had I to fear? I **bade** the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search *well*. I led them, at length, to *his* chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them *here* to rest from their **fatigues**, while I myself, in the wild **audacity** of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which **reposed** the corpse of the victim.
- 16 The officers were satisfied. My *manner* had convinced them. I was **singularly** at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, **ere** long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I **fancied** a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct:—It continued and became more distinct: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling: but it continued and gained definiteness—until, at length, I found that the noise was *not* within my ears.
- 17 No doubt I now grew very pale;—but I talked more **fluently**, and with a **heightened** voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was a *low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton*. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more **vehemently**; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about **trifles**, in a high key and with violent **gesticulations**; but the

**deputed:** assigned

**premises:** property

**bade:** told

**fatigues:** tiring  
activities

**audacity:** boldness

**reposed:** lay

**singularly:**  
remarkably

**ere:** before

**fancied:** imagined

**fluently:** in a freely  
flowing way

**heightened:** raised

**vehemently:**  
forcefully

**trifles:** nothings

**gesticulations:**  
movements



noise steadily increased. Why *would* they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men—but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what *could* I do? I foamed—I **raved**—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and **grated** it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—*louder*! And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God!—no, no! They heard!—they suspected!—they *knew*!—they were making a **mockery** of my horror!—this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this **agony**! Anything was more **tolerable** than this derision! I could bear those **hypocritical** smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die!—and now—again!—hark! louder! louder! louder! *louder*!—

- 18 “Villains!” I shrieked, “**dissemble** no more! I admit the deed!—tear up the planks!—here, here!—It is the beating of his hideous heart!”

“The Tell-Tale Heart” by Edgar Allan Poe: *Complete Tales and Poems*. Edison, New Jersey: Castle Books, 2002.



**raved:** spoke wildly  
**grated:** scraped  
**mockery:** joke  
**agony:** torment  
**tolerable:** bearable  
**derision:** scorn  
**hypocritical:** fake  
**dissemble:** hide one's true feelings

•

**mad:** insane

**observe:** watch

**bosom:** chest

**dreadful:** terrifying

**furious:** frantic

**hideous:** horrible

**fury:** rage

**ceased:** stopped

**hastily:** quickly

••

**dreadfully:** terribly

**dulled:** slowed

**acute:** sharp

**conceived:** thought up

**object:** goal

**degrees:** stages

**proceeded:** moved forward

**caution:** carefulness

**latch:** lock

**cautiously:** carefully

**boldly:** confidently

**courageously:** bravely

**hearty:** cheerful

**cautious:** careful

**extent:** amount

**scarcely:** barely

**triumph:** victory

**deeds:** actions

**pitch:** tar

**hearkening:** listening

**presently:** at the moment

**in vain:** useless

**enveloped:** surrounded

**dull:** dim

**marrow:** core

**precisely:** exactly

**over-acuteness:** extra sharpness

**vex:** worry

**corpse:** dead body

**pulsation:** beat

**precautions:** steps taken to prevent a bad outcome

**concealment:** hiding

**foul play:** wrongdoing

**lodged:** presented

...

**hearken:** listen**conceived:** thought up**film:** thin layer or coating of skin**fancy:** think**foresight:** planning**dissimulation:** deception**sufficient:** adequate**cunningly:** cleverly**vexed:** tormented**chamber:** room**inquiring:** asking**profound:** wise**sagacity:** wisdom**fairly:** almost**mortal:** extreme**stifled:** smothered**awe:** terror**welled up:** risen up**merely:** only**suppositions:** thoughts**mournful:** gloomy**unperceived:** not seen or sensed**resolved:** decided**crevice:** crack**stealthily:** sneakily**stimulates:** excites**refrained:** held back**tattoo:** knocking**mark:** pay attention to**gaily:** happily**waned:** went away, bit by bit**dismembered:** took apart**scantlings:** small pieces of wood used when building houses**wary:** careful**labors:** tasks**suavity:** politeness**deputed:** assigned**premises:** property**bade:** told**fatigues:** tiring activities**audacity:** boldness**reposed:** lay**singularly:** remarkably**ere:** before**fancied:** imagined**fluently:** in a freely flowing way**heightened:** raised**vehemently:** forcefully**trifles:** nothings**gesticulations:** movements**raved:** spoke wildly**grated:** scraped**mockery:** joke**agony:** torment**tolerable:** bearable**derision:** scorn**hypocritical:** fake**dissemble:** hide one's true feelings

Use the Vocab App to play mini games related to the words in this lesson.



## Lesson 1—Read Like a Movie Director, Part 1

1. Follow along with the audio for paragraphs 1 and 2 from “The Tell-Tale Heart” on page 410.
2. Take a moment to try to visualize what the narrator describes.
3. Take notes or draw a picture to represent that visualization. Make a note of where in the text you found the things that you visualized.



Draw your sketch and record your notes in Activity 1 on page 18 in your Writing Journal.

4. Watch the video of this passage from “The Tell-Tale Heart.”
5. Compare the video with what you visualized when you read the story. What details are similar to or different from how you imagined them?



Record your notes in Activity 2 on page 18 of your Writing Journal.

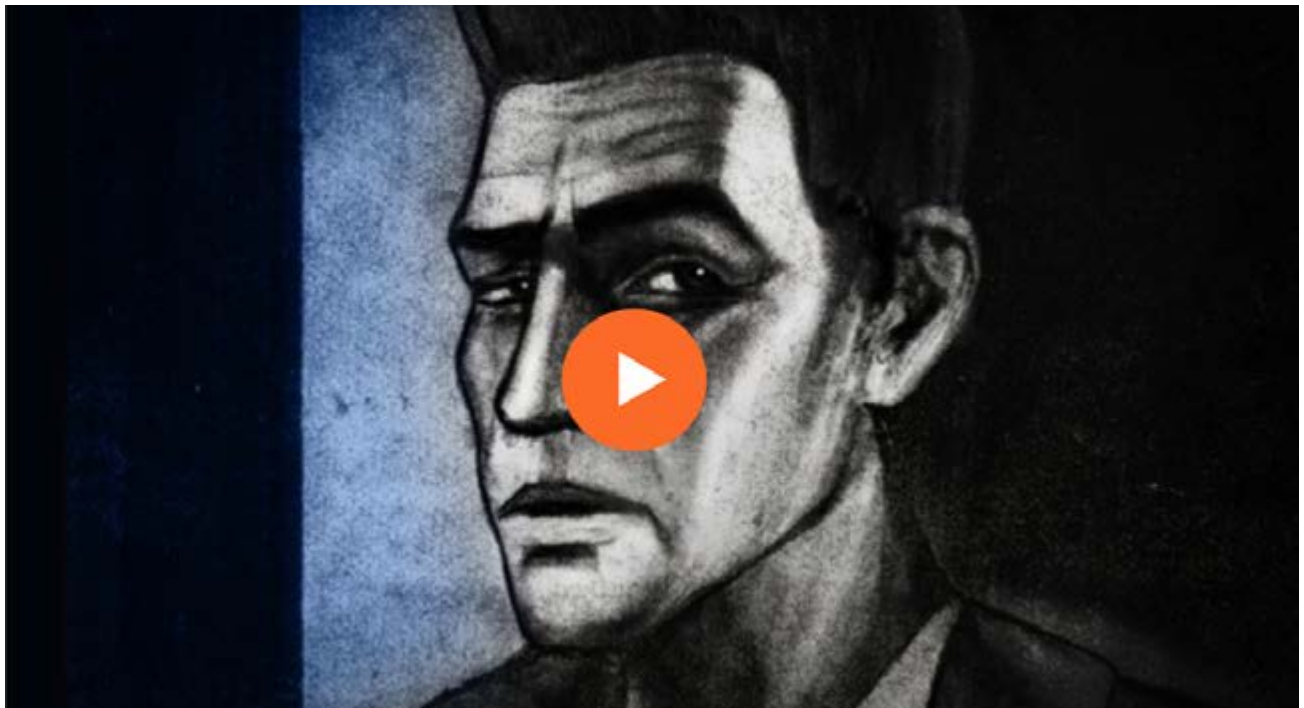


1. Follow along with the audio for paragraphs 3–10 from “The Tell-Tale Heart” on pages 410–412.
2. Take a moment to try to visualize what the narrator described.
3. Take notes or draw a picture to represent that visualization. Make a note of where in the text you found the things that you visualized.



Draw your sketch and record your notes in Activity 1 on page 19 in your Writing Journal.

4. Watch the video of this passage from “The Tell-Tale Heart.”
5. Compare the video with what you visualized when you read the story. What details are similar to or different from how you imagined them?



Record your notes in Activity 2 on page 19 of your Writing Journal.

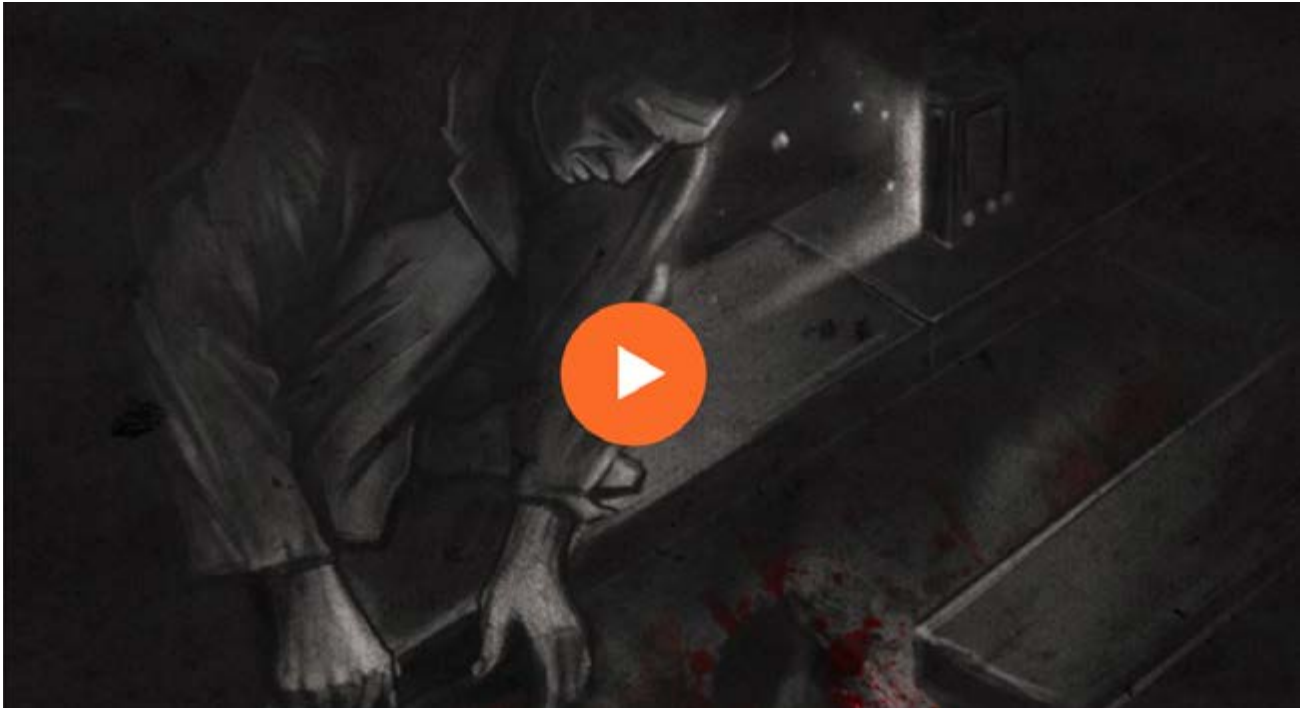
## Lesson 1—Read Like a Movie Director, Part 1 (continued)

1. Follow along with the audio for paragraphs 11–13 from “The Tell-Tale Heart” on pages 412 and 413.
2. Take a moment to try to visualize what the narrator described.
3. Take notes or draw a picture to represent that visualization. Make a note of where in the text you found the things that you visualized.



Draw your sketch and record your notes in Activity 1 on page 20 in your Writing Journal.

4. Watch the video of this passage from “The Tell-Tale Heart.”
5. Compare the video with what you visualized when you read the story. What details are similar to or different from how you imagined them?



Record your notes in Activity 2 on page 20 of your Writing Journal.

Discuss with your partner:

1. What does the narrator say is true about himself?

- I am nervous.
- I am mad (insane).

2. What does the narrator say is not true about himself?

- I am nervous.
- I am mad (insane).

3. Paraphrase the following sentence:

“TRUE!—nervous—very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why will you say that I am mad?” (1).



Write a paraphrase for the above sentence on page 21 of your Writing Journal.

---

## Lesson 3—Examining the Reader's Perspective

1. Review closely paragraphs 10 and 11 (pages 412 and 413) and paragraphs 17 and 18 (pages 414 and 415).



Answer questions 1–3 on page 22 of your Writing Journal.

### Definition of an Unreliable Narrator

An unreliable narrator may try to conceal something, or might lie, or may not understand what is happening, or may have a bizarre interpretation of what is happening. This narrator will describe something that's happening, but the reader will suspect it isn't really happening that way.

2. Review paragraphs 17 and 18 on pages 414 and 415 again, and carefully highlight or star any places in the text where, as a reader, you don't believe the narrator's description of what is happening.
3. Don't forget to decide *why* you don't believe the narrator.



Answer questions 4–6 on page 22 of your Writing Journal.

Do you agree or disagree with the narrator's description of what is happening?



Go to page 23 in your Writing Journal to use details from the text to explain your reasons and support your claim.



You can use the Tell-Tale Art app online to make storyboards of paragraphs 17 and 18. Note distinctions between the two storyboards to understand the narrator's unreliability.

## Lesson 5—Debating the Narrator's Sanity, Part 1

Read the M'Naghten Rule text below. The M'Naghten Rule outlines a legal definition of insanity. Your job is to determine whether a court should find our narrator legally insane or legally sane.

“ . . . the jurors ought to be told in all cases that every man is to be presumed to be sane, and to possess a sufficient degree of reason to be responsible for his crimes, until the contrary be proved to their satisfaction; and that to establish a defence on the ground of insanity, it must be clearly proved that, at the time of the committing of the act, the party accused was labouring under such a defect of reason, from disease of the mind, as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing; or, if he did know it, that he did not know he was doing what was wrong.”

—M'Naghten Rule (from *Queen v. M'Naghten*), 1843

"M'Naghten Rule, from Queen v. M'Naghten" by Edgar Allan Poe: *Complete Tales and Poems*. Edison, New Jersey: Castle Books, 2002. 773.

## Lesson 5—Debating the Narrator's Sanity, Part 1 (continued)

What then are the conditions that are needed to establish that someone should be judged sane?



Go to page 24 of your Writing Journal to explain.

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The narrator has revealed he killed an old man. However, the court must determine his state of mind. Is he legally sane or insane?

Insane	Sane
<p>According to the M'Naghten Rule, a person can be considered legally insane if he meets one of these two conditions:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. The accused did not understand what he was doing—he did not understand reality.</li> <li>OR</li> <li>2. The accused did not understand that what he was doing was wrong.</li> </ol>	<p>The two conditions needed to judge a person legally sane, therefore, are:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. The accused understood what he was doing.</li> <li>AND</li> <li>2. The accused knew that what he was doing was wrong.</li> </ol>

Review paragraphs 12 and 13 on page 413 of the Student Edition.



Complete the writing activity on page 25 of your Writing Journal.

Which argument have you been asked to prepare?



If the narrator is **insane**,  
go to page 426.



If narrator is **sane**,  
go to page 427.

## Lesson 5—Debating the Narrator's Sanity, Part 1 (continued)



**You determined that the narrator is insane.**

Find 3–5 pieces of evidence that you can cite to show that the narrator is legally insane. Find evidence that:

1. The narrator did not understand what he was doing; he did not understand reality.
2. The narrator did not know that what he was doing was wrong.



**Record your evidence in the chart on page 26 of your Writing Journal.**





## You determined that the narrator is sane.

Find 3–5 pieces of evidence that you can cite to show that the narrator is legally sane. Find evidence that:

1. The narrator understands reality.
2. The narrator knows that what he is doing is wrong.



Record your evidence in the chart on page 27 of your Writing Journal.

How can you evaluate a piece of evidence? You can ask the following questions:

- Is the evidence fact or an opinion?
- Is the evidence accurate?
- Does the evidence represent the whole issue, or just part of it?
- Is the source of the evidence reliable?



We are ready to  
argue that the  
narrator is legally

***insane.***

*We are ready to  
argue that the  
narrator is legally*

**sane.**



## Overview

In the passage you will read today, two "friends" meet at night during the wild celebration of Carnival, and set off to taste some wine together. But there is deceit, plotting, and revenge also in the mix. Read carefully, and see if you can figure out what will happen!

## Suggested Reading

Some of Poe's work involves death and near-death experiences. "A Descent into the Maelstrom" (1841) is the story of a sailor who makes a remarkable escape after his ship is sucked into a giant whirlpool. "The Premature Burial" (1844) is about a man with a kind of narcolepsy, or sleeping sickness, who falls into deep comas and lives in fear of being accidentally buried alive. Poe's vivid and detailed (sometimes exaggerated) scientific descriptions opened the gates for many science fiction and fantasy writers.

## App in This Sub-Unit



Who Killed Edgar  
Allan Poe?

In the Quest for this unit, you will be a detective trying to solve a murder mystery. In order to solve the murder first and "win" the Quest, it will help if you have some additional information about other Poe characters—some who loved him, and some who hated him. You also have the opportunity to read additional Poe texts: "The Masque of the Red Death," "Murders in the Rue Morgue," and "Annabel Lee."







# “The Cask of Amontillado”

*Edgar Allan Poe*

# “The Cask of Amontillado”

by Edgar Allan Poe

**borne:** put up with  
**ventured:** dared  
**utterance:** mention  
**avenged:** revenged  
**definitively:** finally and certainly  
**precluded:** removed as an option  
**impunity:** no penalty  
**unredressed:** not corrected  
**retribution:** punishment  
**redresser:** someone who rights a wrong  
**deed:** action  
**wont:** habit  
**immolation:** sacrifice  
**connoisseurship:** special knowledge  
**virtuoso:** expert  
**imposture:** cheating  
**gemmary:** knowledge of gems  
**differ:** act differently  
**materially:** significantly  
**vintages:** wines (uncommon usage)  
**accosted:** aggressively approached  
**motley:** a costume with mixed colors  
**parti-striped:** striped with many different colors

- 1 THE thousand injuries of Fortunato I had **borne** as I best could; but when he **ventured** upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave **utterance** to a threat. *At length* I would be **avenged**; this was a point **definitively** settled—but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved, **precluded** the idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with **impunity**. A wrong is **unredressed** when **retribution** overtakes its **redresser**. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.
- 2 It must be understood, that neither by word nor **deed** had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good will. I continued, as was my **wont**, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile *now* was at the thought of his **immolation**.
- 3 He had a weak point—this Fortunato—although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his **connoisseurship** in wine. Few Italians have the true **virtuoso** spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity—to practise **imposture** upon the British and Austrian **millionaires**. In painting and **gemmary**, Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack—but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not **differ** from him **materially**: I was skilful in the Italian **vintages** myself, and bought largely whenever I could.
- 4 It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He **accosted** me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore **motley**. He had on a tight-fitting **parti-striped** dress, and his head was

surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him, that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

5 I said to him—"My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking to-day! But I have received a **pipe** of what passes for **Amontillado**, and I have my doubts."

6 "How?" said he. "Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!"

7 "I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

8 "Amontillado!"

9 "I have my doubts."

10 "Amontillado!"

11 "And I must satisfy them."

12 "Amontillado!"

13 "As you are **engaged**, I am on my way to Luchesi. If any one has a **critical turn**, it is he. He will tell me—"

14 "Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from **Sherry**."

15 "And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own."

16 "Come, let us go."

17 "**whither**?"

18 "To your vaults."

**surmounted:**  
topped

**conical:** cone-  
shaped

**pipe:** large container  
used to store wine

**Amontillado:**  
name of a rare and  
expensive wine

**engaged:** busy

**critical turn:** skillful  
judgment

**Sherry:** type of wine

**whither:** where to

**impose upon:** take advantage of  
**engagement:** appointment  
**afflicted:** troubled  
**insufferably:** unbearably  
**encrusted:** covered with a hard coating  
**nitre:** a mineral form of nitrate  
**roquelaire:** cloak  
**suffered:** allowed  
**palazzo:** large house  
**absconded:** run off  
**insure:** make certain  
**sconces:** torch holders  
**flambeaux:** torches  
**suites:** groups  
**descent:** passage down  
**catacombs:** underground cemetery full of tunnels and small rooms  
**gait:** step  
**filmy:** hazy  
**orbs:** eyes  
**distilled:** dripped with  
**rheum:** bodily fluid

- 19 “My friend, no; I will not **impose upon** your good nature. I perceive you have an **engagement**. Luchesi—”
- 20 “I have no engagement;—come.”
- 21 “My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are **afflicted**. The vaults are **insufferably** damp. They are **encrusted** with **nitre**.”
- 22 “Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And as for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado.”
- 23 Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. Putting on a mask of black silk, and drawing a **roquelaire** closely about my person, I **suffered** him to hurry me to my **palazzo**.
- 24 There were no attendants at home; they had **absconded** to make merry in honor of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to **insure** their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.
- 25 I took from their **sconces** two **flambeaux**, and giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several **suites** of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the **descent**, and stood together on the damp ground of the **catacombs** of the Montresors.
- 26 The **gait** of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.
- 27 “The pipe,” said he.
- 28 “It is farther on,” said I; “but observe the white web-work which gleams from these cavern walls.”
- 29 He turned towards me, and looked into my eyes with two **filmy orbs** that **distilled** the **rheum** of intoxication.





30 “Nitre?” he asked, at length.

31 “Nitre,” I replied. “How long have you had that cough?”

32 “Ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!”

33 My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

34 “It is nothing,” he said, at last.

35 “Come,” I said, with decision, “we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchesi—”

36 “Enough,” he said; “the cough is a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough.”

37 “True—true,” I replied; “and, indeed, I had no intention of **alarming** you unnecessarily—but you should use all proper **caution**. A **draught** of this **Medoc** will defend us from the damp.”

38 Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mould.

39 “Drink,” I said, presenting him the wine.

40 He raised it to his lips with a **leer**. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

41 “I drink,” he said, “to the buried that **repose** around us.”

42 “And I to your long life.”

43 He again took my arm, and we proceeded.

44 “These vaults,” he said, “are **extensive**.”

45 “The Montresors,” I replied, “were a great and numerous family.”

46 “I forget your **arms**.”

47 “A huge human foot **d’or**, in a field **azure**; the foot crushes a serpent **rampant** whose fangs are **imbedded** in the heel.”

48 “And the **motto**?”

**alarming:** scaring  
**caution:** care  
**draught:** drink  
**Medoc:** type of wine  
**leer:** unpleasant glance  
**repose:** rest  
**extensive:** large or lengthy  
**arms:** family logo  
**d’or:** golden  
**azure:** sky blue  
**rampant:** rising (old usage)  
**imbedded:** fixed firmly into  
**motto:** saying

**nemo me impune lacessit:** no one attacks me without consequences

**casks:** barrels

**puncheons:** large barrels

**intermingling:** mixing together

**inmost:** deepest

**recesses:** alcoves

**flagon:** bottle

**De Grâve:** type of wine

**gesticulation:** gesture

**grotesque:** strange and shocking

**comprehend:** understand

**masons:** a secret society; workers who build with stone or brick

**trowel:** small hand tool with a short handle and flat, pointed blade, used for smoothing plaster or cement

**jest:** joke

**recoiling:** springing back

- 49 “*Nemo me impune lacessit.*”
- 50 “Good!” he said.
- 51 The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through walls of piled bones, with **casks** and **puncheons** **intermingling**, into the **inmost** **recesses** of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.
- 52 “The nitre!” I said: “see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river’s bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough—”
- 53 “It is nothing,” he said; “let us go on. But first, another draught of the Medoc.”
- 54 I broke and reached him a **flagon** of **De Grâve**. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upwards with a **gesticulation** I did not understand.
- 55 I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement—a **grotesque** one.
- 56 “You do not **comprehend**?” he said.
- 57 “Not I,” I replied.
- 58 “Then you are not of the brotherhood.”
- 59 “How?”
- 60 “You are not of the **masons**.”
- 61 “Yes, yes,” I said, “yes, yes.”
- 62 “You? Impossible! A mason?”
- 63 “A mason,” I replied.
- 64 “A sign,” he said.
- 65 “It is this,” I answered, producing a **trowel** from beneath the folds of my **roquelaire**.
- 66 “You **jest**,” he exclaimed, **recoiling** a few paces. “But let us proceed to the Amontillado.”

- 67 “Be it so,” I said, replacing the tool beneath the cloak, and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, **descended**, passed on, and descending again, arrived at a deep **crypt**, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux rather to glow than flame.
- 68 At the most **remote** end of the crypt there appeared another less **spacious**. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth the bones had been thrown down, and lay **promiscuously** upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use in itself, but formed merely the **interval** between two of the **colossal** supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their **circumscribing** walls of solid **granite**.
- 69 It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, **endeavored** to **pry** into the depths of the recess. Its termination the **feeble** light did not enable us to see.
- 70 “Proceed,” I said; “herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchesi—”
- 71 “He is an ignoramus,” interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had reached the **extremity** of the **niche**, and finding his progress **arrested** by the rock, stood stupidly **bewildered**. A moment more and I had **fettered** him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, **horizontally**. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to **secure** it. He was too much **astounded** to resist. Withdrawing the key I stepped back from the recess.
- 72 “Pass your hand,” I said, “over the wall; you cannot help feeling the nitre. Indeed it is *very* damp. Once more let me **implore** you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first **render** you all the little attentions in my power.”
- 73 “The Amontillado!” **ejaculated** my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

**descended:** went down

**crypt:** underground room used to bury dead bodies or for storing objects

**remote:** far away

**spacious:** large

**promiscuously:** randomly

**interval:** gap

**colossal:** huge

**circumscribing:** surrounding

**granite:** type of stone

**endeavored:** tried

**pry:** look

**feeble:** weak

**extremity:** farthest edge

**niche:** alcove

**arrested:** stopped

**bewildered:** confused

**fettered:** chained

**horizontally:** parallel to the ground

**secure:** lock

**astounded:** surprised

**implore:** beg

**render:** give

**ejaculated:** suddenly spoke

74 “True,” I replied; “the Amontillado.”

75 As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and **mortar**. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began **vigorously** to wall up the entrance of the niche.

76 I had scarcely laid the first **tier** of my **masonry** when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great **measure** worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was *not* the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and **obstinate** silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labors and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking **subsided**, I **resumed** the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding the flambeaux over the mason-work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

77 A **succession** of loud and **shrill** screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated—I trembled. **unsheathing** my **rapier**, I began to **grope** with it about the recess: but the thought of an instant **reassured** me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall. I replied to the yells of him who **clamored**. I re-echoed—I aided—I **surpassed** them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the **clamorer** grew still.

78 It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that **erected** the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognising as that of the **noble** Fortunato. The voice said—

79 “Ha! ha! ha!—he! he!—a very good joke indeed—an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo—he! he! he!—over our wine—he! he! he!”

**mortar:** cement

**vigorously:** energetically

**tier:** layer

**masonry:** stonework

**measure:** degree

**obstinate:** stubborn

**subsided:** died down

**resumed:** started again

**succession:** series

**shrill:** sharp-sounding and high-pitched

**unsheathing:** pulling out

**rapier:** thin and pointed sword

**grope:** feel blindly

**reassured:** calmed

**clamored:** shouted

**surpassed:** went beyond

**clamorer:** person who shouted

**erected:** raised

**noble:** grand



80 “The Amontillado!” I said.

81 “He! he! he!—he! he! he!—yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo, the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone.”

82 “Yes,” I said, “let us be gone.”

83 “For the love of God, Montresor!”

84 “Yes,” I said, “for the love of God!”

85 But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud—

86 “Fortunato!”

87 No answer. I called again—

88 “Fortunato!”

89 No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining **aperture** and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick—on account of the dampness of the catacombs. I **hastened** to make an end of my labor. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I re-erected the old **rampart** of bones. For the half of a century no **mortal** has disturbed them. *In pace requiescat!*

“The Cask of Amontillado” by Edgar Allan Poe: *Complete Tales and Poems*. Edison, New Jersey: Castle Books, 2002.



**aperture:** opening

**hastened:** hurried

**rampart:** barrier or wall

**mortal:** human being

*in pace requiescat:* rest in peace

•

**suppose:** assume

**sincere:** genuine

**vaults:** underground storage places

**attendants:** servants

**strode:** walked

**gleams:** shines

**numerous:** many in number

**seize:** grab

**paces:** steps

**descending:** going down

**exposed:** uncovered

**herein:** in this place

**vibrations:** shakings

**partially:** partly

**destined:** intended

**re-erected:** reconstructed

••

**avenger:** someone who takes revenge

**perceive:** understand

**regards:** ways

**quack:** fake

**dusk:** sundown

**supreme:** highest

**encountered:** met

**excessive:** too much

**wringing:** squeezing and twisting

**consulting:** getting advice from

**distinguish:** recognize the difference between

**thus:** in this way

**explicit:** clear and specific

**stir:** move

**cavern:** cave

**intoxication:** drunkenness

**serpent:** snake

**proceed:** continue

**foulness:** staleness

**fashion:** way

**interior:** inner

**ornamented:** decorated

**displacing:** removal from the usual place

**perceived:** sensed

**especial:** particular

**in vain:** useless

**termination:** end

**enable:** allow

**ignoramus:** person who knows nothing

**progress:** movement forward

**depended:** hung

**indication:** sign

**succeeded:** followed

...

**borne:** put up with**ventured:** dared**utterance:** mention**avenged:** revenged**definitively:** finally and certainly**precluded:** removed as an option**impunity:** no penalty**unredressed:** not corrected**retribution:** punishment**redresser:** someone who rights a wrong**deed:** action**wont:** habit**immolation:** sacrifice**connoisseurship:** special knowledge**virtuoso:** expert**imposture:** cheating**gemmary:** knowledge of gems**differ:** act differently**materially:** significantly**vintages:** wines (uncommon usage)**accosted:** aggressively approached**motley:** a costume with mixed colors**parti-striped:** striped with many different colors**surmounted:** topped**conical:** cone-shaped**pipe:** large container used to store wine**Amontillado:** name of a rare and expensive wine**engaged:** busy**critical turn:** skillful judgment**Sherry:** type of wine**whither:** where to**impose upon:** take advantage of**engagement:** appointment**afflicted:** troubled**insufferably:** unbearably**encrusted:** covered with a hard coating**nitre:** a mineral form of nitrate**roquelaire:** cloak**suffered:** allowed**palazzo:** large house**absconded:** run off**insure:** make certain**sconces:** torch holders**flambeaux:** torches**suites:** groups**descent:** passage down**catacombs:** underground cemetery full of tunnels and small rooms**gait:** step**filmy:** hazy**orbs:** eyes**distilled:** dripped with**rheum:** bodily fluid**alarming:** scaring**caution:** care**draught:** drink**Medoc:** type of wine**leer:** unpleasant glance**repose:** rest**extensive:** large or lengthy**arms:** family logo**d'or:** golden**azure:** sky blue**rampant:** rising (old usage)**imbedded:** fixed firmly into**motto:** saying***nemo me impune lacessit:***  
no one attacks me without consequences**casks:** barrels**puncheons:** large barrels



... (continued)

**intermingling:** mixing together

**inmost:** deepest

**recesses:** alcoves

**flagon:** bottle

**De Grève:** type of wine

**gesticulation:** gesture

**grotesque:** strange and shocking

**comprehend:** understand

**masons:** a secret society; workers who build with stone or brick

**trowel:** small hand tool with a short handle and flat, pointed blade, used for smoothing plaster or cement

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**pry:** look

**feeble:** weak

**extremity:** farthest edge

**niche:** alcove

**arrested:** stopped

**bewildered:** confused

**fettered:** chained

**horizontally:** parallel to the ground

**secure:** lock

**astounded:** surprised

**implore:** beg

**render:** give

**ejaculated:** suddenly spoke

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**measure:** degree

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**reassured:** calmed

**clamored:** shouted

**surpassed:** went beyond

**clamorer:** person who shouted

**erected:** raised

**noble:** grand

**aperture:** opening

**hastened:** hurried

**rampart:** barrier or wall

**mortal:** human being

**in pace requiescat:** rest in peace



Use the Vocab App to play mini games related to the words in this lesson.



## Lesson 1—Amontillado! Amontillado!

1. Review paragraphs 1–35 from “The Cask of Amontillado” on pages 432–435 and picture what is happening.
2. Highlight one place in paragraphs 1–35 where you have an idea about the relationship between the narrator and Fortunato.
3. Highlight one place in paragraphs 1–35 where you have a picture of the setting.

What is a “Cask of Amontillado”?



**Cask**



**Amontillado**



Complete Activities 1 and 2 on page 36 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 1—Amontillado! Amontillado! (continued)

1. Review paragraphs 1–35 from “The Cask of Amontillado” again on pages 432–435.
2. As you review this passage with your partner, highlight one additional detail you notice about each of the following:
  - The narrator (Montresor)
  - Fortunato
  - The setting



**Complete Activities 1–3 on page 37 of your Writing Journal.**

---

3. What information or ideas did you learn about the characters or setting that you would like to share with others?

You will be placed into a group to represent the one of the following:



**The narrator**



**Fortunato**



**The setting**



Work with your assigned group to answer questions 1 and 2 on page 38 of your Writing Journal.

These images are from Venice, Italy, which is known for its Carnival celebration, including elaborate masks like the ones Poe describes in “The Cask of Amontillado.”



De Agostini / A. Dagli Orti/ Getty Images



Copyright: www.bridgemanart.com

## Lesson 1—Amontillado! Amontillado! (continued)

1. Review the following two sentences from Chapter 2.

*"It must be understood, that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good will."*

*"I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile now was at the thought of his immolation."*

2. Paraphrase each of these sentences by restating the meaning as closely as possible.



Go to page 39 in your Writing Journal to write your paraphrases for these sentences.

---

1. Listen to this exchange between the narrator (Montresor) and Fortunato. As you listen, try to determine:
  - What is Montresor hiding from Fortunato?
  - Why does Montresor say he's on his way to find Luchesi?
  - Why does Fortunato suggest going to the vaults?

**MONTRESOR:** My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking to-day! But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts.

**FORTUNATO:** How? Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!

**MONTRESOR:** I have my doubts, and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain.

**FORTUNATO:** Amontillado!

**MONTRESOR:** I have my doubts.

**FORTUNATO:** Amontillado!

**MONTRESOR:** And I must satisfy them.

**FORTUNATO:** Amontillado!

**MONTRESOR:** As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If any one has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me—

**FORTUNATO:** Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry.

**MONTRESOR:** And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own.

**FORTUNATO:** Come, let us go.

**MONTRESOR:** Whither?

**FORTUNATO:** To your vaults.

2. Highlight two things that the narrator (Montresor) does or says that make Fortunato want to go inspect the Amontillado in Montresor's vaults.



Answer the question on page 40 of your Writing Journal.

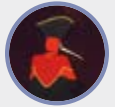
## Lesson 2—Your Movie Crew

1. Listen as your classmates read their Solo responses.
  2. Share your thoughts in the class discussion of these Spotlights.
  3. Follow along as your teacher reads aloud paragraphs 68–89 on pages 437–439.
  4. As you listen to the end of the story, try to figure out the answers to these questions:
    - What does Montresor do to Fortunato?
    - What do you think happens to Fortunato?
    - What happens to Montresor?
- 
5. Now that you've read the whole story, share your responses to the following questions with a partner.
    - How do you picture the different settings?
      - Carnival
      - Montresor's house
      - Montresor's catacombs
    - What kind of character is Montresor? How do you picture him?
    - What kind of character is Fortunato? How do you picture him?

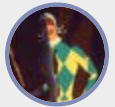
1. Watch as your teacher plays the Casting Director and Art Director videos.
2. Complete only **ONE** of the forms below, depending on whether you focused on Montresor, Fortunato, or the setting in the previous lesson.



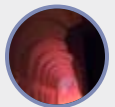
If you focused on Montresor in the previous lesson, go to page 41 of the Writing Journal.



If you focused on Fortunato in the previous lesson, go to page 42 of the Writing Journal.



If you focused on the setting in the previous lesson, go to page 43 of the Writing Journal.

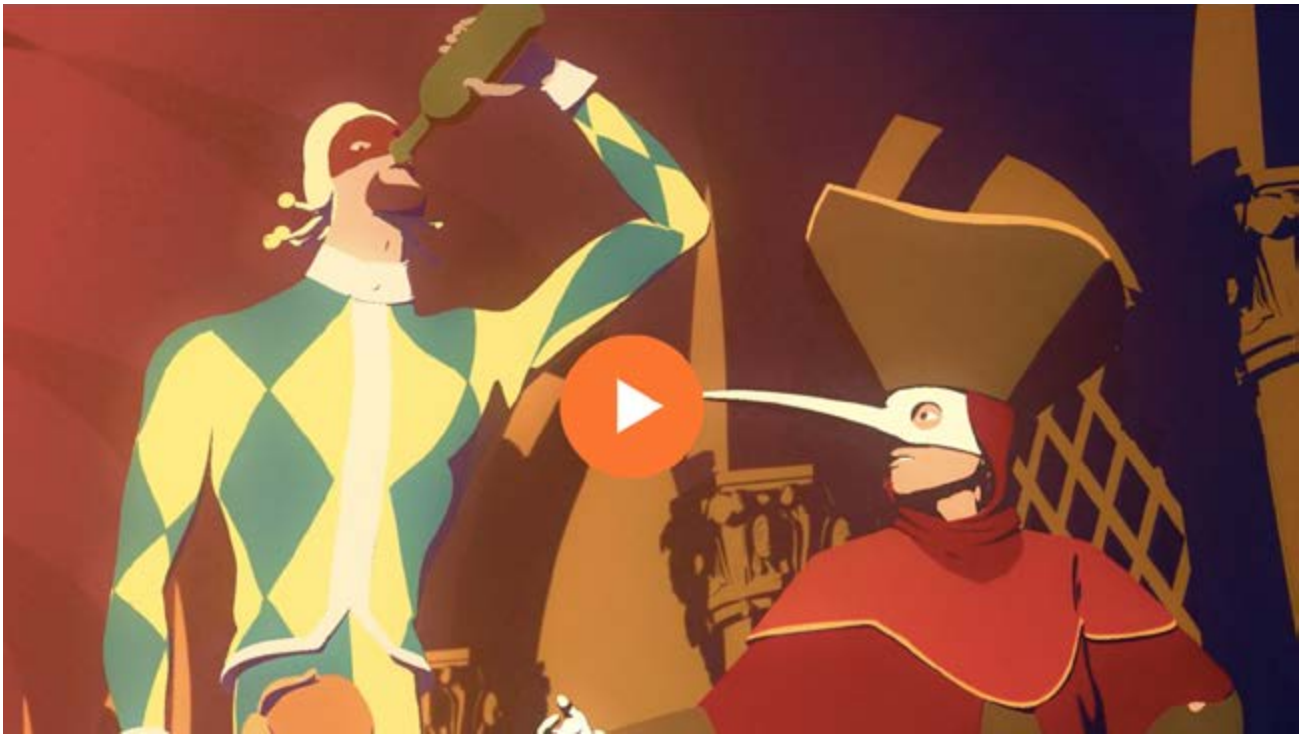


3. Watch as your teacher plays the Character Design and Setting videos.



## Lesson 3—A Director's Reading

Watch Moonbot Studios' animation of "The Cask of Amontillado."



Complete Activities 1–3 on pages 44 and 45 of your Writing Journal.

Think about the choices the director made about the characters or setting in the film you watched.



On page 46 of your Writing Journal, explain if you would have made the same choices as the director.



## Lesson 4—Read Like a Movie Reviewer

Watch as your teacher shows the animated video of “The Cask of Amontillado” again. Pay attention this time to how the moviemakers read the story and what the story makes them visualize. Then, we’ll compare their interpretation to your own.

### Fortunato

1. Reread your response to how the animation showed Fortunato differently than you visualized him.
2. Did you like the way that the animation showed Fortunato?

### Montresor

1. Reread your response to how the animation showed Montresor differently than you visualized him.
2. Did you like the way that the animation showed Montresor?

### The Setting

1. Reread your response to how the animation showed the setting differently than you visualized it.
2. Did you like the way that the animation showed the setting?



Answer the questions on page 47 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 4—Read Like a Movie Reviewer (continued)

1. Would you recommend this animation to your friends who studied “The Cask of Amontillado”?

Movie review sites often use “pull quotes” from reviews. A pull quote is just one or two sentences from a review that describe one thing from the film that the reviewer did or did not like. A few examples are below.

**“Montresor steals the show with his creepy and intense persona!”**

—Cecily Cardew, *Miss Prism’s 2nd period*

**“Setting this in Venice, with all the splendor of Carnival, really makes the movie.”**

—Johannes Silverback, *Miss Prism’s 4th period*

**“I just couldn’t get this movie—Fortunato played a goof and didn’t seem like a threat to Montresor. I can’t recommend it. “**

—Samantha Gerrard, *Miss Prism’s 4th period*

2. Look back through your answers in your movie review and find one or two phrases that can be used in the one- or two-sentence “pull quote” you’re writing to sum up what you liked or didn’t like about the movie.



Complete Activities 1 and 2 on page 48 of your Writing Journal.

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## Lesson 5—Behind the Wall

Paraphrase the following sentence by restating the meaning as closely as possible, leaving nothing out and adding nothing new.

“I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong” (1).



Go to page 49 in your Writing Journal to paraphrase the sentence.

1. Go back to pages 432–439 in “The Cask of the Amontillado.”
2. Highlight the text that shows when Fortunato knows what is going to happen to him.
3. Highlight the text that shows when Montresor knows what is going to happen to Fortunato.
4. Highlight the text that shows when you, as the reader, know what is going to happen.



Use your highlights to answer the questions on page 49 of your Writing Journal. Use the details you highlighted in the text to support your answers. Be prepared to share your answers.

5. Who knew first? Share your answer in the class discussion.
  - I knew Montresor was planning to kill Fortunato before Fortunato knew.
  - I knew Montresor was planning to kill Fortunato at the same moment Fortunato knew.
  - I knew Montresor was planning to kill Fortunato after Fortunato knew.

## Lesson 5—Behind the Wall (continued)

### Definition of Dramatic Irony

Dramatic irony is when the audience knows or understands more than the characters do. Therefore, the words and actions mean something different to the audience than to the characters.



Answer the question on page 50 of your Writing Journal based on the definition and image above.

Could Fortunato have figured out what Montresor's plan was before he was chained to the wall?



On page 51 of your Writing Journal describe your answer using details from the text to explain your reason.

## Wrap-Up

Read the following excerpts from two pieces. One of these poems was written by Edgar Allan Poe. Which poem do you think was written by Poe?

### I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

### Alone

From childhood's hour I have not been  
As others were—I have not seen  
As others saw—I could not bring  
My passions from a common spring—  
From the same source I have not taken  
My sorrow—I could not awaken  
My heart to joy at the same tone—  
And all I loved—I loved alone—

## Overview

How many songs do you think you have memorized? What makes it easy or difficult to memorize lyrics? Today, you'll practice the same techniques you use for memorizing song lyrics and apply those techniques to memorize the first stanza of a famous poem: “The Raven.”

### Suggested Reading

Madeleine L'Engle's books *A Wrinkle in Time* (1962) and *A Wind in the Door* (1973) combine mythology with science, ranging from far-out physics to cell biology. And, more recently, Rebecca Stead's *When You Reach Me* (2010) manages to reference Madeleine L'Engle, and combine mystery and science fiction, all at once. If these seem too young for you, try *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* (1979) by Douglas Adams. It's full of silliness and wordplay. Check out Terry Pratchett's Discworld series of novels starting with *The Colour of Magic* (1983).



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# “The Raven”

*Edgar Allan Poe*

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# “The Raven”

by Edgar Allan Poe

1 Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
2 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,  
3 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
4 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
5 “‘Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—  
6 Only this, and nothing more.”

7 Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,  
8 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
9 Eagerly I wished the morrow:—vainly I had sought to borrow  
10 From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
11 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
12 Nameless here for evermore.

13 And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
14 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;  
15 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating  
16 “‘Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door  
17 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—  
18 This it is, and nothing more.”

19 Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
20 “Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
21 But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
22 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
23 That I scarce was sure I heard you”—here I opened wide the door;—  
24 Darkness there, and nothing more.

25 Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,  
26 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;  
27 But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,  
28 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, “Lenore!”  
29 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, “Lenore!”  
30 merely this and nothing more.

**dreary:** dull and gloomy

**pondered:** thought deeply

**weary:** tired

**volume:** book

**lore:** knowledge

**bleak:** cold and cheerless

**ember:** hot coal

**wrought:** created

**morrow:** next day

**sought:** tried

**surcease:** ending

**entreating:** asking for

**mortal:** human

**token:** sign

**merely:** only





31 Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
 32 Soon again I heard a tapping, somewhat louder than before.  
 33 "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;  
 34 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—  
 35 Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—  
 36 'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

37 Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a **flirt** and flutter,  
 38 In there stepped a **stately** Raven of the saintly days of **yore**.  
 39 Not the least **obeisance** made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;  
 40 But, with **mien** of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—  
 41 Perched upon a bust of **Pallas** just above my chamber door—  
 42 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

43 Then this ebony bird **beguiling** my sad fancy into smiling,  
 44 By the **grave** and **stern decorum** of the **countenance** it wore,  
 45 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, **thou**," I said, "**art** sure no **craven**,  
 46 **ghastly** grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore,—  
 47 Tell me what thy **lordly** name is on the Night's **Plutonian** shore!"  
 48 quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

49 Much I marvelled this **ungainly** fowl to hear **discourse** so plainly,  
 50 Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy **bore**;  
 51 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
 52 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—  
 53 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,  
 54 With such name as "Nevermore."



**lattice:** screen  
**flirt:** sudden movement  
**stately:** noble  
**yore:** long ago  
**obeisance:** respectful gesture  
**mien:** appearance  
**Pallas:** Athena, a goddess in Greek and Roman mythology  
**beguiling:** charming  
**grave:** serious  
**stern:** strict  
**decorum:** dignity  
**countenance:** facial expression  
**thou:** you  
**art:** are  
**craven:** coward  
**ghastly:** like a ghost  
**lordly:** grand  
**Plutonian:** hellish  
**ungainly:** awkward  
**discourse:** speech  
**bore:** held

55 But the Raven, sitting lonely on the **placid** bust, spoke only  
56 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
57 Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—  
58 Till I scarcely more than muttered, “Other friends have flown before—  
59 On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.”  
60 Then the bird said, “Nevermore.”

61 Startled at the stillness broken by reply so **aptly** spoken,  
62 “Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock and store,  
63 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster  
64 Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one **burden** bore—  
65 Till the **dirges** of his Hope that melancholy burden bore  
66 Of ‘Never—nevermore.’”

67 But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
68 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;  
69 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I **betook** myself to linking  
70 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this **ominous** bird of yore—  
71 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, **gaunt** and ominous bird of yore  
72 Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

73 This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
74 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom’s core;  
75 This and more I sat **divining**, with my head at ease reclining  
76 On the cushion’s velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o’er,  
77 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o’er  
78 *She* shall press, ah, nevermore!

**placid:** calm  
**aptly:** rightly  
**burden:** hardship  
**dirges:** sad songs  
**betook:** committed  
**ominous:**  
threatening  
**gaunt:** thin and bony  
**divining:** guessing



79 Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen **censer**  
 80 Swung by **seraphim** whose foot-falls tinkled on the **tufted** floor.  
 81 “**wretch**,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee  
 82 **respite**—respite and **nepenthe** from thy memories of Lenore!  
 83 **quaff**, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!”  
 84 Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

85 “Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—  
 86 Whether **Tempter** sent, or whether **tempest** tossed thee here ashore,  
 87 **desolate** yet all **undaunted**, on this **desert** land enchanted—  
 88 On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—  
 89 Is there—is there **balm** in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!”  
 90 Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

91 “Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!  
 92 By that Heaven that bends above, us—by that God we both adore—  
 93 Tell this soul with sorrow **laden** if, within the distant **Aidenn**,  
 94 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
 95 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”  
 96 Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

97 “Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shrieked, upstarting—  
 98 “Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore!  
 99 Leave no black **plume** as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
 100 Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!  
 101 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”  
 102 Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

103 And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
 104 On the **pallid** bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;  
 105 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is dreaming,  
 106 And the lamplight o’er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;  
 107 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
 108 Shall be lifted—nevermore!

“The Raven” by Edgar Allan Poe: *Complete Tales and Poems*. Edison, New Jersey: Castle Books, 2002.

**censer**: container used to hold burning incense (a substance burned for its smell)  
**seraphim**: angels  
**tufted**: bumpy  
**wretch**: miserable outcast  
**respite**: relief  
**nepenthe**: a drug, mentioned in Greek mythology, that causes forgetfulness  
**quaff**: drink  
**Tempter**: devil  
**tempest**: storm  
**desolate**: alone  
**undaunted**: brave  
**desert**: lonely  
**balm**: healing lotion  
**laden**: loaded  
**Aidenn**: Eden, the biblical place of innocence and delight  
**plume**: feather  
**pallid**: pale



•

**distinctly:** clearly

**maiden:** young woman

**silken:** soft and smooth

**thy:** your

**shorn:** cut

**quoth:** said

**marvelled:** was amazed

**melancholy:** sad

**reclining:** leaning back

**hath:** has

**thee:** you

••

**radiant:** shining

**scarce:** barely

**bust:** sculpture of a head and shoulders

**ebony:** black

**fancy:** mood

**crest:** head feathers

**grim:** dreadful

**fowl:** bird

**relevancy:** connection

**gloated:** floated

**prophet:** person who can predict the future

**fiend:** devil

**upstarting:** jumping up

**flitting:** fluttering

...

**dreary:** dull and gloomy  
**pondered:** thought deeply  
**weary:** tired  
**volume:** book  
**lore:** knowledge  
**bleak:** cold and cheerless  
**ember:** hot coal  
**wrought:** created  
**morrow:** next day  
**sought:** tried  
**surcease:** ending  
**entreating:** asking for  
**mortal:** human  
**token:** sign  
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**undaunted:** brave  
**desert:** lonely  
**balm:** healing lotion  
**laden:** loaded  
**Aidenn:** Eden, the biblical place of innocence and delight  
**plume:** feather  
**pallid:** pale



Use the Vocab App to play mini games related to the words in this lesson.

## Lesson 1—“Ah, distinctly I remember...”

Write the lyrics to a song or poem that you've memorized. It can be in English or in any other language. Make sure your lyrics are classroom-appropriate.



Write your lyrics on page 54 of your Writing Journal. Be prepared to share your answers.

Now, your teacher is going to play two versions of people performing the beginning of “The Raven”:

- **Video 1:** An original rap version created as part of a competition sponsored by Amplify
- **Video 2:** An original pop version created as part of a competition sponsored by Amplify

Which version of “The Raven” did you like best: rap or pop?



### Video 1

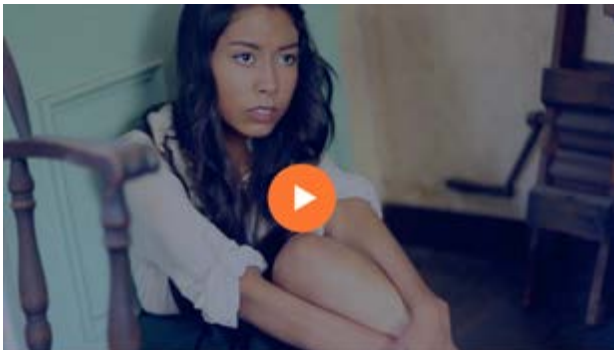
“Rhythm and the Raven” adult winner:

**Walter Finnie**

Youth Opportunities High School

Los Angeles, CA

with Brian Martinez and Kyland Turner



### Video 2

“Rhythm and the Raven” youth winner:

**Kayla Briet**

Cypress High School

Cypress, CA

Read the first stanza (lines 1–5) of "The Raven" on page 458. Then follow along as your teacher reads aloud the first stanza.

## Memory Training

You will practice the first four of 7 techniques used to memorize a poem.

### 1. Technique 1

- Read the first stanza (lines 1–6) of "The Raven" silently to yourself.
- Repeat after your teacher as each line is read aloud

### 2. Technique 2

- Write the first stanza.



**Write the first stanza of "The Raven" on page 55 of your Writing Journal.**

### 3. Technique 3

- Highlight all the rhyming words you identify as you listen to and read stanza 1.

### 4. Technique 4

- Your teacher will place you into pairs. One partner should try to recite stanza 1 without looking at it. The other partner can help if you're stuck.
- Switch roles and repeat the recitation.

So far, we have practiced:

- reading with a clear rhythm/beat.
- writing out the stanza.
- focusing on the rhyming words.
- working with a partner.

## Lesson 2—“while I pondered...”



With a partner, complete the chart on page 57 of your Writing Journal to paraphrase words and phrases from the poem.

### Discussion Question:

Which of the following would not belong in a summary of stanza 1 (lines 1–6)?

- Soft knocking
- Someone falling asleep in a chair
- Someone sitting alone late in the evening
- Someone banging on a door

1. Follow along as your teacher reads aloud stanza 2 (lines 7–12) of “The Raven” on page 458.
2. Find as many different rhymes as you can in this second stanza. You can also look for sound repetitions.



Use the first two stanzas to answer questions 1 and 2 on page 58 of your Writing Journal.

3. Select details about Lenore in stanza 2 to understand the narrator’s sense of loss.



Answer questions 3 and 4 on page 58 of your Writing Journal to list the details you found and describe what you know about Lenore.



1. Reread stanza 3, focusing on lines 13 and 14.
2. Underline two to three details that help you understand how the narrator is feeling.

## Lesson 2—“while I pondered...” (continued)

Review your highlights and notes where you thought about...

- the regular repetition of rhymes and rhythm
- the way the setting is described
- the narrator’s feelings about the lost Lenore
- the narrator’s state of mind right before and right after he hears the knocking



Answer the question on page 59 of your Writing Journal.

---

Imagine what it might be like to direct a movie of “The Raven.” You would want to make sure your audience gets a clear sense of what the narrator is feeling and experiencing in the first three stanzas (lines 1–18).



Go to page 60 in your Writing Journal and complete the Writing Prompt to explain how you would present this poem in a movie.

---

## Lesson 3—“Quoth the Raven, ‘Nevermore’”

1. Your teacher will ask for volunteers to recite the first stanza of “The Raven.” Share your memorization of the first stanza with your classmates.
2. Read stanzas 7 and 8 (lines 37–48) from the poem on page 459.
3. Highlight the three phrases that demonstrate what the raven does.

## Lesson 3—"Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore'" (continued)

1. Watch the first eight stanzas of Moonbot Studios' animation of "The Raven."
2. Wait for your teacher to assign a stanza to your group.
3. Reread the stanza that was assigned to you and complete the activity in the corresponding Writing Journal page below. *Note: Do not open your envelope until instructed.*



If you are assigned stanza 13 (lines 73–78), go to page 61 of the Writing Journal.

Stanza  
13



If you are assigned stanza 14 (lines 79–84), go to page 62 of the Writing Journal.

Stanza  
14



If you are assigned stanza 16 (lines 91–96), go to page 63 of the Writing Journal.

Stanza  
16



If you are assigned stanza 17 (lines 97–102), go to page 64 of the Writing Journal.

Stanza  
17

1. Paraphrase stanza 18 (lines 103–108) of “The Raven” on page 461.



**Complete the paraphrasing activity on page 65 in your Writing Journal.**

---

2. Highlight two or three details in this stanza that give you an understanding of the kind of bird or creature Poe wants the reader to picture at this moment.

## Lesson 4—A Director's Reading

Your teacher will ask for volunteers to recite the first stanza of the poem. Be prepared to recite the first stanza for your classmates.

Watch Moonbot Studios' animation of "The Raven."



1. List the ways in which the animation is different than what you had imagined.



**Go to page 66 in your Writing Journal and complete Activity 1 to create your list.**

---

2. Discuss your list with your partner. Highlight any differences that you both noticed.
3. How did your views change through discussion with your partner? Did you notice something new that you didn't notice before? Did your discussion confirm something that you already believed?



**Answer these questions in Activity 2 on page 66 in your Writing Journal.**

---

## Lesson 4—A Director's Reading (continued)

1. Choose one of the four stills to write about the filmmaker's interpretation of a scene. Your teacher will also project these.

2. **Lenore Portrait Scene:** The narrator is looking out the door and hears an echo when he whispers "Lenore."



3. **Lenore's Touch Scene:** In this stanza, the narrator talks about drinking nepenthe to forget his sad memories of losing Lenore.



4. **Raven From Floorboards Scene:** The narrator is demanding that the raven leave.



5. **Narrator on the Floor Scene:** This still goes with the last stanza.



Choose ONE of the four still images and answer questions 1–3 on page 67 of your Writing Journal.



Think about how your discussion with your partner either changed or confirmed your ideas about the image you chose.



**Complete the writing activity on page 67 of your Writing Journal to explain how your ideas were changed or confirmed.**

---

“...suddenly there  
came a tapping”

## Lesson 5—“...suddenly there came a tapping”

Share your illustration for the first three stanzas of the poem that you created in the Solo assignment from Lesson 4 with your classmates.

Watch “The Raven” Director’s Choice Video—a brief interview with the Moonbot Studios filmmakers.



1. Watch the video of the first three stanzas (lines 1–18) of “The Raven.”
2. As you watch, list any visual details you notice in Your Writing Journal.



Go to page 68 to complete Activities 1–2.

### Writing Prompt

Describe three details (images, sounds, or depictions of the characters) from the opening of the animation that give you a clear sense of what the narrator is feeling and experiencing.

Write for at least 10 minutes, producing at least 100 words.



Complete the Writing Prompt on page 69 of your Writing Journal.

---

Recite as much of the poem as you have memorized for your classmates during the presentation time today.

When other classmates are reciting the poem, remember to be a good listener.



# The Frida & Diego Collection

Mexico's most famous and provocative artists, Diego Rivera and Frida Kahlo, were an extraordinary couple who lived in extraordinary times. They were soul mates and complete opposites. Rivera was a brilliant muralist and painter whose work explores the history and future of humanity. Kahlo was a fearless painter whose small self-portraits depict intense physical and emotional pain through a surrealist lens. He was large, 6 feet tall and 300 pounds, a whirlwind of energy and intelligence. She was tiny, 5 feet 3 inches tall and less than 100 pounds, often bedbound with pain yet always pushing artistic boundaries. He said, about her, "Her work is acid and tender...hard as steel...and fine as a butterfly's wing." She said, about him, "I had two big accidents in my life, Diego, the trolley and you...You are by far the worse."

The story of Diego Rivera and Frida Kahlo is complex, intriguing, and more than a little surprising. You'll see...



## Information Literacy

SUB-UNIT 1 • 4 LESSONS



## Scavenger Hunt and Internet Research

SUB-UNIT 2 • 4 LESSONS



## Descriptive Writing and Collection Research

SUB-UNIT 3 • 4 LESSONS



## Socratic Seminar and Internet Research

SUB-UNIT 4 • 4 LESSONS



## Write an Essay

SUB-UNIT 5 • 8 LESSONS

## Overview

You can find amazing information online. Sometimes the stories are so amazing that they seem unbelievable. Don't you agree?

### Suggested Reading

Is your curiosity sparked? Want to dive deeper into this topic? Check out the list of websites below for a wealth of reference materials. And remember, your school and local libraries are great places to continue exploring your interests.

- Internet Archive
- Library of Congress
- OCLC WorldCat
- Google Books
- HathiTrust Digital Library
- Project Gutenberg
- Digital Public Library of America

Explore the website your teacher provides.



Complete Activities 1–3 on page 8 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 1—Evaluating Sources, Part 1

How do you know a source is credible? Use the discussion points and discuss each of the four sources your teacher projects with your partner.

**Work with your partner to discuss the following points:**

- Who is the author?
- Is the author an expert on this subject?
- Might this author be prejudiced about this subject?
- Is it a well-known and respected organization or website?
- Would a source like this contain facts or opinions?
- How recently was this source written or updated?
- How does not knowing a source's identity affect its believability and trustworthiness?



Use page 9 of your Writing Journal to take notes on these points. Be prepared to talk about your answers during a class discussion.

## Lesson 1—Evaluating Sources, Part 1 (continued)

Assess different domain extensions to determine their meaning and credibility.

URLs (or Universal Resource Locators) can have a variety of endings. Some are more credible than others.

- **.edu:** academic institution (college, university)
- **.gov:** official U.S. government agency
- **.com:** commercial/company
- **.org:** organization (often nonprofit organizations, but can be commercial)
- **.net:** network (often Internet service providers, but can be commercial)



Answer the questions on page 10 of your Writing Journal. Be prepared to share your answers.

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## Lesson 3—Avoiding Plagiarism

### Plagiarism

Plagiarism is stealing someone's words or ideas without crediting the source.

**To avoid plagiarism, you'll learn how to properly frame a quote. A completed, framed quote has three parts:**

1. Introduction to the quote (for example, According to the text...or Studies have found that...)
2. The borrowed words (the quote) in quotation marks
3. The citation in parentheses: the author's last name or the source title, followed by the page or paragraph number

### Examples of completed, framed quotes

Example 1: Using a source that has the author's name and uses paragraph numbers (for example, an article from The Chocolate Collection):

*According to the text, "dark chocolate relieves stress and lowers blood pressure" (Smith 5).*

Example 2: Using a source that has the author's name and uses page numbers (for example, a book):

*According to the text, "dark chocolate relieves stress and lowers blood pressure" (Smith 23).*

Example 3: Using a source with no author or title listed (for example, a website's homepage):

*Studies have found that "dark chocolate reduces cholesterol in 53% of adults" (scientificamerican.com).*

## Lesson 3—Avoiding Plagiarism (continued)

### Original quote or text:

“As a result of Halvorsen’s initiative, America’s legions of candy bombers dropped about a quarter million tiny parachutes over Berlin with millions of pounds of candy.”

### Properly framed quote:

According to the article, “candy bombers dropped about a quarter million tiny parachutes over Berlin with millions of pounds of candy” (ABC News).

Read the sentence from the article “Prehistoric Americans Traded Chocolate for Turquoise?” by Christine Dell’Amore:

Visiting Mesoamericans may have bartered cacao beans for gems unique to the Southwest, such as turquoise, which is known to have been mined by Puebloans in what’s now New Mexico.

1. Select a brief direct quote from the sentence and rewrite it using the frame technique.
2. Share your response with your partner. Determine if each quote is correctly framed, and explain your thinking.



Respond to questions 1 and 2 on page 11 of your Writing Journal.

## Paraphrasing

Paraphrasing is rewriting text in your own words, expressing the author's meaning without adding anything new or leaving anything out.

### Example of Patchwork Plagiarism

#### Direct Quote

Nearly everyone loves chocolate, creating a high demand for cacao beans. With that popularity comes a high cost to the environment.

#### Patchwork Plagiarism

Just about everyone loves chocolate, which creates a high demand for cacao beans. With that popularity, there is a high cost to the environment.



Complete the paraphrase chart on page 12 of the Writing Journal.

Follow along as your teacher compares paraphrases of the two sentences on page 12 of your Writing Journal.

You may volunteer to share one of your paraphrases with the class.

## Overview

More questions and more surprising answers—who do you think “owns” art: the artist who created it or the person who bought it?

## Suggested Reading

Is your curiosity sparked? Want to dive deeper into this topic? Check out the list of websites below for a wealth of reference materials. And remember, your school and local libraries are great places to continue exploring your interests.

- Internet Archive
- Library of Congress
- OCLC WorldCat
- Google Books
- HathiTrust Digital Library
- Project Gutenberg
- Digital Public Library of America

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Dream of a Sunday Afternoon on the Alameda Central, 1947 (oil on board), Rivera, Diego (1886–1957)/  
Museo Mural Diego Rivera, Mexico City, Mexico/Bridgeman Images; © 2014 Banco de México Diego  
Rivera Frida Kahlo Museums Trust, Mexico, D.F./Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York (Cover  
Background Image)



# Frida Kahlo and Diego Rivera

*In 1933, Diego Rivera was working on a mural in a building owned by the Rockefeller family. This New York Times article chronicles the correspondence that took place between Nelson Rockefeller, Rivera, and Rockefeller's associates when Rockefeller objected to part of Rivera's mural.*

## Excerpt: “Rockefellers Ban Lenin in RCA Mural and Dismiss Rivera” from *The New York Times*

Author: *The New York Times* (Staff)

Published: May 10, 1933

- 1 ROCKEFELLERS BAN LENIN IN RCA MURAL AND DISMISS RIVERA
- 2 Check Handed to Mexican Artist and He Is Barred From ‘Greatest’ Work.
- 3 COLORS ALSO NOT LIKED
- 4 Brilliance and Inclusion of Russian as a Symbol Were Held Likely to Offend.
- 5 SYMPATHIZERS IN PARADE
- 6 Clash With Police at Building but Are Dispersed—Screen Put Over Uncompleted Work.
- 7 Halted as he was at work last night on his scaffold in the Great Hall of the seventy-story RCA Building in Rockefeller Center, Diego Rivera, the celebrated Mexican mural painter whose communistic leanings have frequently enveloped him in controversy, was informed that the fresco on which he was engaged, and which he had regarded as his masterpiece, was no longer acceptable to the Rockefeller family.
- 8 Turning sadly with a few of his assistants and devoted friends to his “shack” on the mezzanine of the building, Señor Rivera found that his telephone had been cut off. He also found awaiting him a letter from Todd, Robertson & Todd, enclosing a check for \$14,000, completing payment in full of the \$21,000 he had been promised for three murals.
- 9 The letter expressed regret that Señor Rivera had been unable to come to some compromise on the paintings and said that the check was to be regarded as terminating his employment, although none of the three panels for which he had contracted had been finished.

## Paraders Clash With Police.

- <sup>10</sup> A crowd of about 100 art students and other admirers of the painter previously had been ushered from the hall by representatives of Todd, Robertson & Todd, the managing agents on behalf of John D. Rockefeller Jr., and mounted and foot police were on duty outside the building to prevent any demonstration when Señor Rivera was called away from work.
- <sup>11</sup> No demonstration materialized immediately, but about 10 o'clock, two hours later, between 75 and 100 men and women sympathizers of the artist paraded in front of the building, shouting "Save Rivera's art," and "We want Rivera." They carried banners on which similar sentiments were **emblazoned**.
- <sup>12</sup> The police and fifteen uniformed **attachés** of the building made no attempt to interfere as the demonstrators marched around the building three times. But on their last round they gathered in Sixth Avenue between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets, blocking the sidewalks, and were ordered to disperse by the police.
- <sup>13</sup> Booing and jostling the policemen, the demonstrators refused. A crowd of waiting taxicab drivers took the side of the police, and a free-for-all fight developed. The policemen, brandishing their nightsticks, rushed the crowd, which resisted until two mounted patrolmen charged into their midst. Then they fled.
- <sup>14</sup> Meanwhile all doors of the Radio City Music Hall had been locked and patrons were compelled to wait for at least ten minutes until order was restored before they could leave. A traffic snarl had developed in Sixth Avenue, Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets meanwhile, but it was soon cleared by the police.

## Lenin Pictured in Painting.

- <sup>15</sup> With an air of resignation rather than bitterness, Señor Rivera described in his broken English his design for the mural which, covering a space sixty-three feet long and seventeen feet high, was to have depicted "human intelligence in control of the forces of nature." A sketch of it had been shown to the Rockefeller family and approved by them, Señor Rivera said.

**emblazoned:**  
brightly displayed  
**blasonados:**  
*mostrados de  
manera brillante*  
**attachés:** people  
with specialized  
duties  
**agregados:**  
*gente con tareas  
especiales*



- <sup>16</sup> The entire scheme for the mural decoration of the Great Hall was worked out by Señor Rivera, with the approval of the RCA art commission. His panel, the only one in color was to have occupied the central position, and was to have been **flanked** by Brangwyn's **chiaroscuro** on the left, and Sert's on the right. Señor Rivera intended to portray the **emancipation** of mankind through technology.
- <sup>17</sup> But when the actual painting began objection was raised, he said, to a figure of Lenin joining the hands of a soldier, a worker, and a Negro, which was to have topped the painting. In the background were crowds of unemployed.
- <sup>18</sup> Señor Rivera said that he had been told that Mr. Rockefeller and his advisers did not find the mural as "highly imaginative" as they had expected it to be, and that its effect was unpleasant. They also objected to the brilliant colors in the background, he said.
- <sup>19</sup> His first warning that his conception was no longer pleasing to the owners of the building came five or six days ago, Señor Rivera said last night. He added that he had desired to be **conciliatory**, and as a possible compromise had suggested that in one of the other panels he would portray the figure of Lincoln helping mankind.

### Artist Consults a Lawyer.

- <sup>20</sup> With his friends and assistants, Señor Rivera went from the building to the office of Philip Wittenberg, an attorney, at 70 West Fortieth Street, where they went into conference with Mr. Wittenberg and Arthur Garfield Hays to learn whether or not they had any legal **recourse** in the matter.
- <sup>21</sup> After hearing Señor Rivera's side of the story, Mr. Wittenberg said he had made no decision on whether any legal action would be taken on his behalf. He said that an artist's rights in such circumstances have never been fully determined by the courts.
- <sup>22</sup> Señor Rivera said the last thing he saw as he left the building, after the managing agent's men had called him from the scaffold on a **pretext**, was the erection of a screen in front of the mural. He said that he feared that the painting, which he had come to regard as his greatest, would be destroyed. A burlap covering was hung last night inside the Fifth Avenue door of the building, so that passersby could not see the painting.

**flanked:** bordered  
**flanqueado:**  
 bordeado

**chiaroscuro:**  
 painting or drawing  
 that uses light and  
 shade for effect  
**claroscuro:** pintura  
 o dibujo que usa  
 luz y sombra para  
 crear efectos

**emancipation:**  
 freeing  
**emancipation:**  
 liberación

**conciliatory:**  
 peace-seeking  
**conciliador:**  
 pacificador

**recourse:** option  
**recurso:** apelación

**pretext:**  
 pretended reason  
**pretexto:** razon



## Nelson Rockefeller Wrote First.

<sup>23</sup> The first official **remonstrance** received by Señor Rivera came from Nelson A. Rockefeller, son of John D. Rockefeller Jr., in the following letter dated May 4:

<sup>24</sup> “26 Broadway, May 4, 1933.

<sup>25</sup> “Dear Mr. Rivera:

<sup>26</sup> “While I was in the No. 1 building at Rockefeller Center yesterday viewing the progress of your thrilling mural, I noticed that in the most recent portion of the painting you had included a portrait of Lenin. The piece is beautifully painted, but it seems to me that his portrait, appearing in this mural, might very easily seriously offend a great many people. If it were in a private house it would be one thing, but this mural is in a public building and the situation is therefore quite different. As much as I dislike to do so, I am afraid we must ask you to substitute the face of some unknown man where Lenin’s face now appears.

<sup>27</sup> “You know how enthusiastic I am about the work which you have been doing and that to date we have in no way restricted you in either subject or treatment. I am sure you will understand our feeling in this situation and we will greatly appreciate your making the suggested substitution.”

## Letter to N. A. Rockefeller.

<sup>28</sup> A letter from Señor Rivera to Nelson A. Rockefeller, dated May 6, read as follows:

<sup>29</sup> “In reply to your kind letter of May 4, 1933, I wish to tell you my actual feelings on the matters you raise, after I have given considerable reflection to them.

<sup>30</sup> “The head of Lenin was included in the original sketch, now in the hands of Mr. Raymond Hood, and in the drawings in line made on the wall at the beginning of my work. Each time it appeared as a general and abstract representation of the concept of leader, an indispensable human figure. Now, I have merely changed the place in which the figure appears, giving it a less real physical place as if projected by a television **apparatus**. Moreover, I understand quite thoroughly the point of view concerning the business affairs of a commercial building, although I am sure that that class of person who is capable of being offended by the portrait of a

**remonstrance:**  
expression of  
disapproval  
**reconvención:**  
expresión de  
desaprobación

**apparatus:**  
machine  
**aparato:** dispositivo

deceased great man, would feel offended, given such a mentality, by the entire conception of my painting. Therefore, rather than **mutilate** the conception, I should prefer the physical destruction of the conception in its entirety, but conserving, at least, its integrity.

31 “In speaking of the integrity of the conception I do not refer only to the logical structure of the painting, but also to its plastic structure.

32 “I should like, as far as possible, to find an acceptable solution to the problem you raise, and suggest that I could change the sector which show society people playing bridge and dancing and put in its place, in perfect balance with the Lenin portion, a figure of some great American historical leader, such as Lincoln, who symbolizes the **unification** of the country and the abolition of slavery surrounded by John Brown, Nat Turner, William Lloyd Garrison or Wendell Phillips and Harriet Beecher Stowe, and perhaps some scientific figure like McCormick, inventor of the McCormick reaper, which aided in the victory of the anti-slavery forces by providing sufficient wheat to sustain the Northern armies.

33 “I am sure that the solution I propose will entirely clarify the historical meaning of the figure of a leader as represented by Lenin and Lincoln, and no one will be able to object to them without objecting to the most fundamental feelings of human love and **solidarity** and the constructive social force represented by such men. Also it will clarify the general meaning of the painting.”

### Final Appeal to Artist.

34 Señor Rivera received two letters yesterday from Hugh S. Robertson, president of the Todd, Robertson & Todd Engineering Corporation. The first letter, which reached the artist early in the day, was a final appeal to him to change the mural. It said in part:

35 “The description you gave us in November last of the subject matter of your ‘proposed mural decorations’ at Rockefeller Center, and the sketch which you presented to us about the same time, both led us to believe that your work would be purely imaginative. There was not the slightest **intimation**, either in the description or in the sketch, that would include in the mural any portraits or any subject matter of a controversial nature.

**mutilate:** damage by cutting out or destroying important parts of

**mutilar:** cortar o destruir partes de

**unification** joining together

**unificación:** unión

**solidarity:** shared support and cooperation

**solidaridad:** apoyo y cooperación compartidos

**intimation:** hint

**insinuación:** pista

- 36 “Under the circumstances we cannot but feel that you have taken advantage of the situation to do things which were never contemplated by either of us at the time our contract was made. We feel, therefore, that there should be no hesitation on your part to make such changes as are necessary to conform the mural to the understanding we had with you.
- 37 “The understanding was that slight coloring would be used. The bright colors have therefore provoked considerable discussion, but that is a matter we mention now only for your information.”
- 38 After Señor Rivera had replied, refusing to make any concession, Mr. Robertson sent a final letter, which was not received by the artist until after he had been called from his scaffold. Enclosing the check for \$14,000, the letter said that “much to our regrets” the agents had no alternative except to request Señor Rivera to discontinue his work.

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*This mural is a remake of the controversial Rockefeller Center mural, described in the New York Times article (included in this collection) "Rockefellers Ban Lenin in RCA Mural and Dismiss Rivera."*

## *Man, Controller of the Universe* at the Palacio de Bellas Artes by Diego Rivera, 1934



© 2014 Banco de México Diego Rivera Frida Kahlo Museums Trust, Mexico, D.F./Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; Schalkwijk/Art Resource, NY

# Excerpt: “Frida Becomes My Wife” from *My Art, My Life*: *An Autobiography*

*Author: Diego Rivera (with Gladys March)*

*Publisher: Dover Publications, New York, NY*

*Published: 1960*

- 1 Just before I went to Cuernavaca, there occurred one of the happiest events in my life. I was at work on one of the uppermost **frescoes** of the Ministry of Education building one day, when I heard a girl shouting up to me, “Diego, please come down from there! I have something important to discuss with you!”
- 2 I turned my head and looked down from my scaffold.
- 3 On the ground beneath me stood a girl of about eighteen. She had a fine nervous body, topped by a delicate face. Her hair was long; dark and thick eyebrows met above her nose. They seemed like the wings of a blackbird, their black arches framing two extraordinary brown eyes.
- 4 When I climbed down, she said, “I didn’t come here for fun. I have to work to earn my livelihood. I have done some paintings which I want you to look over professionally. I want an absolutely straightforward opinion, because I cannot afford to go on just to appease my vanity. I want you to tell me whether you think I can become a good enough artist to make it worth my while to go on. I’ve brought three of my paintings here. Will you come and look at them?”
- 5 “Yes,” I said, and followed her to a cubicle under a stairway where she had left her paintings. She turned each of them, leaning against the wall, to face me. They were all three portraits of women. As I looked at them, one by one, I was immediately impressed. The canvases revealed an unusual energy of expression, precise **delineation** of character, and true severity. They showed none of the tricks in the name of originality that usually mark the work of ambitious beginners. They had a fundamental plastic honesty, and an artistic personality of their own. They communicated a vital sensuality complemented by a merciless yet sensitive power of observation. It was obvious to me that this girl was an authentic artist.

**frescoes:** paintings done on a wall or ceiling over plaster  
**frescos:** pinturas en el yeso del muro o en el techo

**delineation:** outline  
**delineación:** perfil

- 6 She undoubtedly noticed the enthusiasm in my face, for before I could say anything, she **admonished** me in a harshly defensive tone, "I have not come to you looking for compliments. I want the criticism of a serious man. I'm neither an art lover nor an amateur. I'm simply a girl who must work for her living."
- 7 I felt deeply moved by admiration for this girl. I had to restrain myself from praising her as much as I wanted to. Yet I could not be completely insincere. I was puzzled by her attitude. Why, I asked her, didn't she trust my judgment? Hadn't she come herself to ask for it?
- 8 "The trouble is," she replied, "that some of your good friends have advised me not to put too much stock in what you say. They say that if it's a girl who asks your opinion and she's not an absolute horror, you are ready to gush all over her. Well, I want you to tell me only one thing. Do you actually believe that I should continue to paint, or should I turn to some other sort of work?"
- 9 "In my opinion, no matter how difficult it is for you, you must continue to paint," I answered at once.
- 10 "Then I'll follow your advice. Now I'd like to ask you one more favor. I've done other paintings which I'd like you to see. Since you don't work on Sundays, could you come to my place next Sunday to see them? I live in Coyoacán, Avenida Londres, 126. My name is Frida Kahlo."
- 11 The moment I heard her name, I remembered that my friend Lombardo Toledano, while Director of the National Preparatory School, had complained to me about the **intractability** of a girl of that name. She was the leader, he said, of a band of juvenile delinquents who raised such uproars in the school that Toledano had considered quitting his job on account of them. I recalled him once pointing her out to me after depositing her in the principal's office for a **reprimand**. Then another image popped into my mind, that of the twelve-year-old girl who had defied Lupe, seven years before, in the auditorium of the school where I had been painting murals
- 12 I said, "But you are ..."
- 13 She stopped me quickly, almost putting her hand on my mouth in her anxiety. Her eyes acquired a devilish brilliancy.

**admonished:**

scolded

**amonestó:** regaño

**intractability:**

stubbornness

**intratabilidad:**

obstinación

**reprimand:**

scolding

**reprimenda:**

regaño



- <sup>14</sup> Threateningly, she said, “Yes, so what? I was the girl in the auditorium, but that has absolutely nothing to do with now. You still want to come Sunday?”
- <sup>15</sup> I had great difficulty not answering, “More than ever!” But if I showed my excitement she might not let me come at all. So I only answered, “Yes.”
- <sup>16</sup> Then, after refusing any help in carrying her paintings, Frida departed, the big canvases jiggling under her arms.
- <sup>17</sup> Next Sunday found me in Coyoacán looking for Avenida Londres, 126. When I knocked on the door, I heard someone over my head whistling “The International.” In the top of a high tree, I saw Frida in overalls starting to climb down. Laughing gaily, she took my hand and ushered me through the house, which seemed to be empty, and into her room. Then she paraded all her paintings before me. These, her room, her sparkling presence, filled me with a wonderful joy.
- <sup>18</sup> I did not know it then, but Frida had already become the most important fact in my life. And she would continue to be, up to the moment she died, twenty-seven years later.
- <sup>19</sup> A few days after this visit to Frida’s home, I kissed her for the first time. When I had completed my work in the Education building, I began courting her in earnest. Although she was but eighteen and I more than twice her age, neither of us felt the least bit awkward.
- <sup>20</sup> Her family, too, seemed to accept what was happening.
- <sup>21</sup> One day her father, Don Guillermo Kahlo, who was an excellent photographer, took me aside.
- <sup>22</sup> “I see you’re interested in my daughter, eh?” he said.
- <sup>23</sup> “Yes,” I replied. “Otherwise I would not be coming all the way out to Coyoacán to see her.”
- <sup>24</sup> “She is a devil,” he said.
- <sup>25</sup> “I know.”
- <sup>26</sup> “Well, I’ve warned you,” he said, and he left.

- <sup>27</sup> Soon after, we were married in a civil ceremony. The wedding was performed in the town's ancient city hall by the Mayor of Coyoacán, a prominent **pulque** dealer. At first the mayor wanted to marry us in the meeting room of the Municipal Council. "This merger is an historical event," he argued. The Kahlos, however, persuaded him that a legislative chamber was not a fitting place for a wedding.
- <sup>28</sup> Our witnesses were Panchito, a hairdresser, Dr. Coronado, a **homeopathic doctor** (who examined and dispensed medicines to the wealthy for one peso and charged poor patients nothing), and old Judge Mondragon of Coyoacán. The judge, a heavy, bearded man, had been a schoolmate of mine in the Fine Arts School.

Dover Publications

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## Fragmento: «Frida se convierte en mi esposa», de *Mi arte, mi vida: autobiografía*

*Autor: Diego Rivera (con Gladys March)*

*Editorial: Dover Publications, New York, NY*

*Año de publicación: 1960*

### Spanish Version

*Traducido del texto original en inglés escrito por Diego Rivera  
(junto con Gladys March)*

- <sup>29</sup> Justo antes de ir a Cuernavaca se produjo uno de los acontecimientos más felices de mi vida. Un día, mientras trabajaba en uno de los frescos superiores del edificio de la Secretaría de Educación, oí que una muchacha me gritaba: —¡Diego, por favor, baje de ahí! ¡Tengo que decirle algo importante!
- <sup>30</sup> Volteé y miré para abajo desde mi andamio.
- <sup>31</sup> Parada en el suelo debajo de mí, estaba una muchacha de unos 18 años. Tenía un cuerpo flaco y nervioso y un rostro delicado. Su cabello era largo, y sus cejas oscuras y gruesas se juntaban por encima de su nariz. Parecían las alas de un mirlo, como arcos negros que bordeaban dos extraordinarios ojos cafés.
- <sup>32</sup> Cuando bajé, me dijo: —No vine a divertirme. Tengo que trabajar para ganarme el pan. He hecho algunas pinturas que me gustaría que viera

**pulque:** Mexican alcoholic drink made from plant sap

**pulque:** bebida alcohólica que hace con la savia de una planta

**homeopathic doctor:** doctor who follows a system of medicine that treat diseases with drugs that cause symptoms of that same disease

**médico homeopático:** médico que sigue un sistema de medicina en el que una enfermedad se trata con medicamentos que causan los síntomas de esa misma enfermedad



como profesional. Quiero una opinión absolutamente sincera, porque no me puedo dar el lujo de seguir pintando solo para satisfacer mi vanidad. Quiero que me diga si piensa que puedo ser una artista lo suficientemente buena para que valga la pena continuar. Traje tres de mis cuadros. ¿Viene a verlos?

- 33 —Sí —le dije—, y la seguí hasta un cubículo que había debajo de las escaleras, donde había dejado sus pinturas. Las volteó y las apoyó en la pared para que yo las viera. Eran tres retratos de mujeres. Cuando las vi, me quedé impresionado de inmediato. Los lienzos revelaban una energía de expresión extraordinaria, una delineación precisa del carácter y una verdadera intensidad. No tenían ninguno de los trucos de supuesta originalidad que suelen caracterizar las obras de los principiantes ambiciosos. Poseían una honestidad plástica fundamental y una personalidad artística propia. Comunicaban una sensualidad vital complementada por un poder de observación despiadado, pero sensible. Era evidente para mí que esa muchacha era una auténtica artista.
- 34 Sin duda vio el entusiasmo en mi cara, pues antes de que yo dijera nada, me reprendió con un tono duramente defensivo: —No vine a buscar elogios. Quiero la crítica de un hombre serio. No soy ni una amante del arte ni una aficionada. Simplemente soy una muchacha que debe trabajar para vivir.
- 35 Sentí una profunda admiración por ella. Tuve que contener mis cumplidos más de lo que hubiera querido. Aunque no podía dejar de ser honesto del todo. Estaba perplejo por su actitud. Le pregunté por qué no se fiaba de mi criterio. ¿Acaso no había venido a pedírmelo?
- 36 Ella me respondió, —El problema es que algunos de sus buenos amigos me advirtieron que no diera mucho crédito a lo que usted dijera. Dicen que si la que le pide su opinión es una muchacha que no es un absoluto horror, usted no duda en deshacerse en halagos. Bueno, solo quiero que me diga una cosa. ¿Cree realmente que debería seguir pintando o debería dedicarme a otro tipo de trabajo?
- 37 —En mi opinión, por muy difícil que le parezca, no debe dejar de pintar», le respondí de inmediato.
- 38 —Entonces voy a seguir su consejo. Me gustaría pedirle otro favor. Tengo otras pinturas que me gustaría que viera. Como no trabaja los domingos, ¿puede venir a mi casa el domingo que viene para verlas? Vivo en Coyoacán, Avenida Londres, 126. Me llamo Frida Kahlo.

- 39 En cuanto oí su nombre, recordé que mi amigo Lombardo Toledano, cuando era director de la Escuela Nacional Preparatoria, se quejaba de que había una muchacha con ese nombre que era intratable. Me contó que era la cabecilla de una banda de delincuentes juveniles que habían hecho tantos alborotos en la escuela, que Toledano había llegado a considerar abandonar su puesto por ellos. Recuerdo que una vez me la mostró, después de dejarla en la oficina del director para darle una reprimenda. Luego me vino otra imagen a la cabeza: la de una niña de 12 años que había desafiado a Lupe, siete años antes, en el auditorio de la escuela donde yo había estado pintando murales.
- 40 Le dije: —Pero si tú eres...
- 41 Ella me detuvo rápidamente, casi tapándome la boca con su mano nerviosa. Sus ojos desprendieron un brillo endiablado.
- 42 De un modo amenazante, me dijo: —Sí, ¿y qué? Yo era la muchacha del auditorio, pero eso no tiene absolutamente nada que ver con esto. ¿Entonces quiere venir el domingo o no?
- 43 Encontraba difícil no responder: —¡Más que nunca! —Pero si mostraba mi emoción tal vez ella no querría que yo fuera. De modo que solamente respondí: —Sí.
- 44 Luego, después de rechazar cualquier ayuda para llevar sus pinturas, Frida se fue, con los grandes lienzos meneándose bajo sus brazos.
- 45 El domingo siguiente me encontraba en Coyoacán buscando la avenida Londres, 126. Cuando llamé a la puerta, oí que alguien silbaba «La Internacional» por encima de mi cabeza.
- 46 En aquel momento no lo sabía yo, pero Frida ya se había convertido en el suceso más importante de mi vida. Y continuaría siéndolo hasta el día en que murió, 27 años después.
- 47 Unos días después de la visita a la casa de Frida, la besé por primera vez. Cuando terminé la obra en el edificio de Educación, comenzamos a salir en serio. Aunque ella no tenía más que 18 años y yo más del doble, ninguno de nosotros se sentía incómodo ni siquiera un poquito.
- 48 Su familia también parecía aceptar lo que estaba ocurriendo.
- 49 Un día, su padre, Don Guillermo Kahlo, un excelente fotógrafo, me llevó aparte.

50 —Veo que está interesado en mi hija, ¿eh? —dijo.

51 —Sí —respondí. —Si no fuera así, no me molestaría en venir hasta Coyoacán para verla.

52 —Es un diablo —dijo él.

53 —Lo sé.

54 —Bueno, ya se lo advertí —dijo, y se fue.

55 Poco después nos casábamos en una ceremonia civil. Nos casó el alcalde de Coyoacán, un prominente comerciante de pulque, en el viejo ayuntamiento de la ciudad. Al principio, el alcalde quería casarnos en la sala de reuniones del ayuntamiento. «Esta unión es un acontecimiento histórico», afirmó. Sin embargo, los Kahlo lo convencieron de que una cámara legislativa no era el lugar adecuado para un casamiento.

56 Nuestros testigos fueron Panchito, un peluquero, el Dr. Coronado, un homeópata que examinaba a los ricos y les daba medicamentos por un peso y hacía lo mismo pero gratis para los pacientes pobres; y el viejo juez Mondragón de Coyoacán. El juez, un hombre gordo y barbudo, había sido mi compañero en la Escuela de Bellas Artes.

Dover Publications

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## Self-Portrait with Thorn Necklace and Hummingbird by Frida Kahlo, 1940



© 2014 Banco de México Diego Rivera Frida Kahlo Museums Trust, Mexico, D.F./Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; Photo by Erich Lessing/Art Resource, NY

# “Detroit Industry: The Murals of Diego Rivera” from NPR.org

Author: Don Gonyea

Published: April 22, 2009

- <sup>1</sup> The images are iconic.
- <sup>2</sup> Assembly workers with tools raised in a frozen moment of manufacturing. Doctors and scientists stand near a child in a nativity scene that pays tribute to medicine. Secretaries and accountants, heads bowed, fingers on typewriters and adding machines. One panel even shows Henry Ford, founder of the Ford Motor Company, seeming to watch a collection of unseen workers below him.
- <sup>3</sup> The meaning of these images is complex, a view of industry that challenges ideas about its role in society and raises issues of class and politics.
- <sup>4</sup> These murals were painted by Mexican artist Diego Rivera. Rivera was already well known as the leader of the Mexican **muralist** movement when he started the work, and he considered *Detroit Industry* the most successful piece of his career.
- <sup>5</sup> In 1932 Edsel Ford, the son of Henry Ford and president of the car company that bears the family name, and William Valentiner, the director of the Detroit Institute of Arts, commissioned Rivera to paint two murals for the museum's Garden Court. The only rule was the work must relate to the history of Detroit and the development of industry.
- <sup>6</sup> Soon thereafter Rivera and his wife, painter Frida Kahlo, arrived in Detroit and began studying and photographing the Ford automotive plant on the Rouge River. The factory so fascinated and inspired Rivera that he soon suggested painting all four walls of the Garden Court. Ford and Valentiner agreed and soon Rivera's commission was expanded.
- <sup>7</sup> He spent about a month on the preliminary designs, and started painting in July 1932. The murals were completed in March 1933. Besides images of the assembly lines made famous by Ford, the murals also depict office workers and airplanes, boats and agriculture as well as Detroit's other industries

**muralist:** painter who paints on walls  
**muralista:** pintor que pinta sobre muros o paredes

at the time—medical, pharmaceutical, and chemical. They also show images of nudes representing fertility and a panel depicting vaccination.

## 8 The Controversy

9 Many people objected to Rivera's work when it was unveiled to the public. He painted workers of different races—white, black and brown, working side by side. The nudes in the mural were called pornographic, and one panel was labeled **blasphemous** by some members of the religious community. The section depicts a nativity scene where a baby is receiving a vaccination from a doctor and scientists from different countries took the place of the wise men.

10 A *Detroit News* editorial called the murals “coarse in conception ... foolishly vulgar ... a slander to Detroit workmen ... un-American.” The writer wanted the murals to be destroyed.

11 Even the commissioning of Rivera caused a stir. The country was in the midst of the Great Depression and some questioned why a Mexican artist had been chosen over an American painter. Others questioned Rivera's communist ties.

12 Edsel Ford, patron of the murals, never publicly responded to the outcry. He only issued a simple statement saying “I admire Rivera's spirit. I really believe he was trying to express his idea of the spirit of Detroit.”

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**blasphemous:**  
disrespectful  
towards religious  
practices  
**blasfemo:**  
irrespetuoso  
hacia las prácticas  
religiosas



# Photo of Diego Rivera sketching part of his Rockefeller Center mural, 1933

image  
6



Keystone-France/Gamma-Keystone/Getty Images

# “Letter to Ella and Bertram Wolfe” from *The Letters of Frida Kahlo*: *Cartas Apasionadas*

*Author: Frida Kahlo (Compiled by: Martha Zamora)*

*Publisher: Chronicle Books, New York, NY*

*Produced by: Marquand Books, Seattle, WA*

*Published: 1995*

<sup>1</sup> Thursday, Oct. 18, 1934

<sup>2</sup> Ella and Boit,

<sup>3</sup> It's been such a long time since I've written that I don't know where to start this letter. But I don't want to give long and boring excuses and tell you long stories about why I have not written in so many months. You know all I have been through, so I think you'll understand my situation even if I don't tell you all the details. I had never suffered so much and did not think I could take so much pain. You cannot even imagine what state I am in, and I know it is going to take me years to be able to get out of this mess that I have in my head.

<sup>4</sup> At the beginning, I thought there was a solution since I thought that what had happened would be something that would last a short time and would not be serious, but every day I am more and more convinced that it was just wishful thinking. It is a serious thing, with serious consequences, as you can imagine . . .

<sup>5</sup> I had trusted that Diego would change, but I can see and know that it is impossible; it's just a whim on my part. Naturally, I should have understood from the beginning that it will not be me who will make him live in this or that way, especially when it comes to such a matter.

<sup>6</sup> Now that he is back to work, he is acting the same way. I had hoped that by working he would forget it all, but on the contrary, nothing can take him away from what he believes and considers to be right.

<sup>7</sup> Ultimately, all my attempts are ridiculous and stupid. He wants total freedom, which he always had and would have now if he had acted sincerely and honestly toward me. What makes me saddest is that we are



not even friends anymore. He always lies to me and hides every detail of his life as if I were his worst enemy. We live false lives that are full of stupidity, which I cannot take anymore. First, he has his work, which protects him from many things, and then his adventures, which keep him entertained. People look for him and not me. I know that, as always, he is full of concerns and worries about his work; however, he lives a full life without the emptiness of mine. I have nothing because I don't have him.

- 8 I never thought he was everything to me and that, separated from him, I was like a piece of trash. I thought I was helping him to live as much as I could, and that I could solve any situation in my life alone without complications of any kind. But now I realize I don't have any more than any other girl disappointed at being dumped by her man. I am worth nothing; I know how to do nothing; I cannot be on my own.
- 9 My situation seems so ridiculous and stupid to me that you can't imagine how I dislike and hate myself. I've lost my best years being supported by a man, doing nothing else but what I thought would benefit and help him. I never thought about myself, and after six years, his answer is that fidelity is a **bourgeois** virtue and that it exists only to exploit [people] and to obtain an economic gain.
- 10 Believe me, I never thought of it from that point of view. I know I was as stupid as they come, but I was sincerely stupid. I imagine, or at least I hope, that I'll recover little by little. I'll try to make a new life, putting my energy into something that will help me get over this in the most intelligent way. I thought of going to New York to live with you guys, but I didn't have the money. Now I think that the best thing for me will be to go to school and work here until I can leave Mexico.
- 11 As for the money that Diego gave me to put away, I bought a house in Mexico that was quite cheap; I didn't want to go back to San Angel, where I suffered so much you cannot even imagine. Now I'm living at Insurgentes 432 (write to this address). Sometimes Diego comes to visit, but we don't have anything to talk about or any connection of any kind. He doesn't tell me about the things he is doing and he's not interested at all in what I do or think. When things have come to that point, the best thing is to cut them off at the root. I firmly believe that this is going to be the [best] solution for him, although it will mean more suffering for me, even more than what I've already had and have, which is indescribable. For him,

**bourgeois:**  
middle-class and  
traditional  
**burguesa:**  
traditional y de  
clase media

though, I think it will be better because I won't be a burden for him, as the others have been, and I will not accept simply being an economic burden.

<sup>12</sup> So, thus goes my life these days. I don't know what I am going to do tomorrow but I think that the only solution is to get separated from Diego because I don't see the point in living together, burdening him, and being in the way of his total freedom, which he demands. I don't want to live a life full of arguments, as happened with Lupe; this way I can let him live and go play my music elsewhere with all my bourgeois prejudices of fidelity, etc., etc. Don't you guys think this would be the best?

<sup>13</sup> I beg you not to say anything to Malú [Bloch]. If she already knows it, as I imagine she does, since it has been public and notorious due to Diego's attitude, let her say what she needs to say. I don't want anybody to know anything. They can imagine whatever they want.

<sup>14</sup> I don't know what you'll think of me, but all I have written you here has been as if I told you with my heart in my hand.

<sup>15</sup> I assume that you are not on my or Diego's side, but you can now understand why I've suffered so much. If you have a little bit of free time, you will write me, right? Your letters will be an immense consolation and I'll feel less lonely than I feel now.

<sup>16</sup> I send you a thousand kisses. Please do not take me for a sentimental and stupid, obnoxious woman, since you know how much I love Diego and what it means for me to lose him.

<sup>17</sup> Frida

<sup>18</sup> My address, Insurgentes 432, Mexico City.

From *The Letters of Frida Kahlo: Cartas Apasionadas*, ed. Martha Zamora. © 1995 Marquand Books, Inc., Seattle, WA. All rights reserved.

# Photo of Diego Rivera and Frida Kahlo, 1939

image  
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© Bettmann/Corbis /AP Images

# Excerpt:

## “Statement by Frida Kahlo” from *My Art, My Life: An Autobiography*

Author: Diego Rivera (with Gladys March)

Publisher: Dover Publications, New York, NY

Published: 1960

- 1 I WARN YOU that in this picture I am painting of Diego there will be colors which even I am not fully acquainted with. Besides, I love Diego so much I cannot be an objective spectator of him or his life...I cannot speak of Diego as my husband because that term, when applied to him, is an absurdity. He never has been, nor will he ever be, anybody's husband. I also cannot speak of him as my lover because to me, he **transcends** by far the domain of sex. And if I attempt to speak of him purely, as a soul, I shall only end up by painting my own emotions. Yet considering these obstacles of sentiment, I shall try to sketch his image to the best of my ability.
- 2 Growing up from his Asiatic-type head is his fine, thin hair, which somehow gives the impression that it is floating in air. He looks like an immense baby with an **amiable** but sad-looking face. His wide, dark, and intelligent bulging eyes appear to be barely held in place by his swollen eyelids. They **protrude** like the eyes of a frog, each separated from the other in a most extraordinary way. They thus seem to enlarge his field of vision beyond that of most persons. It is almost as if they were constructed exclusively for a painter of vast spaces and **multitudes**. The effect produced by these unusual eyes, situated so far away from each other, encourages one to **speculate** on the ages-old oriental knowledge contained behind them.
- 3 On rare occasions, an ironic yet tender smile appears on his Buddha-like lips. Seeing him in the nude, one is immediately reminded of a young boy-frog standing on his hind legs. His skin is greenish-white, very like that on an aquatic animal. The only dark parts of his whole body are his hands and face, and that is because they are sunburned. His shoulders are like a child's, narrow and round. They progress without any visible hint of angles, their tapering **rotundity** making them seem almost feminine.

**transcends:**  
moves beyond  
**transciende:**  
va más allá

**amiable:**  
friendly  
**amistoso:**  
amigable

**protrude:** stick out  
**sobresalen:**  
resaltan

**multitudes:** crowds  
**multitudes:** gentios

**speculate:** wonder  
**especular:**  
preguntarse

**rotundity:**  
roundness  
**rotundidad:**  
redondez

The arms diminish regularly into small, sensitive hands...It is incredible to think these hands have been capable of achieving such a **prodigious** number of paintings. Another wonder is that they can still work as **indefatigably** as they do. ...

- 4 ...His enormous belly, smooth, tightly drawn, and sphere-shaped, is supported by two strong legs which are as beautifully solid as classical columns. They end in feet which point outward at an **obtuse** angle, as if moulded for a stance wide enough to cover the entire earth.
- 5 He sleeps in a **foetal position**. In his waking hours, he walks with a **languorous** elegance as if accustomed to living in a liquefied medium. But his movements, one would think that he found air denser to wade through than water. ...
- 6 To Diego painting is everything. He prefers his work to anything else in the world. It is his **vocation** and his vacation in one. For as long as I have known him, he has spent most of his waking hours at painting: between twelve and eighteen a day.
- 7 Therefore he cannot lead a normal life: Nor does he ever have the time to think whether what he does is moral, amoral, or immoral.
- 8 He has only one great social concern: to raise the standard of living of the Mexican Indians, who he loves so deeply. This love he has conveyed in painting after painting.
- 9 His temperament is invariably a happy one. He is irritated by one of two things: loss of time from his work—and stupidity. He has said many times that he would rather have many intelligent enemies than one stupid friend.

**prodigious:**  
unusually large  
**prodigioso:**  
*inusualmente grande*

**indefatigably:**  
tirelessly  
**infatigablemente:**  
*incansablemente*

**obtuse:** wide  
**obtusos:** *amplio*

**foetal position:**  
position of being curled up like a baby  
**posición fetal:**  
posición fetal:  
posición de acurrucarse como bebé

**languorous:** slow, lazy, or sleepy  
**lánguida:** *perezoso*

**vocation:** work that one is called to do  
**vocación:** *labor que uno está llamado a hacer*

## **Fragmento: «Declaración de Frida Kahlo» tomado de *Mi arte, mi vida: autobiografía***

*Autor: Diego Rivera (con Gladys March)*

*Editorial: Dover Publications, New York, NY*

*Año de publicación: 1960*

### **Spanish Version**

*Traducido del texto original en inglés escrito por Diego Rivera  
(junto con Gladys March)*

- <sup>10</sup> LE ADVIERTO que en este cuadro de Diego que estoy pintando habrá colores con los que aún no estoy del todo familiarizada. Además, amo tanto a Diego que no puedo ser una espectadora objetiva de él o de su vida... No puedo hablar de Diego como esposo mío porque ese término aplicado a él es un absurdo. Él nunca ha sido, ni será, el esposo de nadie. Tampoco puedo hablar de él como amante mío, porque para mí él trasciende por mucho el ámbito sexual. Y si trato de hablar de él en un sentido puro, como alma, lo único que conseguiré será pintar mis propias emociones. Aun considerando estos impedimentos del sentimiento, trataré de bosquejar su imagen con mis mejores capacidades.
- <sup>11</sup> De su cabeza asiática nace un cabello fino y delgado, que de algún modo da la impresión de flotar en el aire. Parece un enorme bebé, con una expresión afable pero triste en el rostro. Su ojos saltones, amplios, oscuros e inteligentes parecen sostenerse con dificultad en su lugar por sus párpados hinchados. Sobresalen como los ojos de una rana, extraordinariamente separados entre ellos. Así, estos parecen ampliar su campo visual por encima de la mayoría de personas. Es casi como si estuvieran hechos exclusivamente para un pintor de espacios inmensos y multitudes. El efecto producido por esos ojos extraordinarios, situados tan lejos el uno del otro, invitan a especular sobre los antiguos conocimientos orientales que contienen.
- <sup>12</sup> En pocas ocasiones, aparece una sonrisa irónica pero tierna en sus labios de Buda. Viéndolo desnudo, recuerda de inmediato a una joven ranita parada sobre sus patas traseras. Su piel es blanca verdosa, muy similar a la de un animal acuático. Las únicas partes oscuras de su cuerpo son las manos y el rostro, porque están quemados por el sol. Tiene los hombros como los de un niño, angostos y redondos. Avanzan sin ningún indicio visible de



ángulos, con una corpulencia estrecha que los hace casi femeninos. Los brazos se reducen de manera continua hasta llegar a sus manos pequeñas y sensibles... Es increíble pensar que esas manos han sido capaces de terminar un prodigioso número de cuadros. Otra maravilla es que todavía pueden trabajar de manera infatigable como siempre lo han hecho...

- <sup>13</sup> [...]Su enorme panza, lisa, firmemente dibujada y de forma esférica, se sostiene sobre dos piernas fuertes que son tan bellamente robustas como las columnas clásicas. Estas terminan en unos pies que apuntan afuera en un ángulo obtuso, como si estuvieran moldeados en una postura lo suficientemente ancha como para cubrir el planeta entero.
- <sup>14</sup> Duerme en posición fetal. Cuando está despierto, camina con una elegancia lánguida como si siempre hubiera vivido en un medio líquido. Pero, por sus movimientos, parece que el aire le parezca más denso de cruzar que el agua. [...]
- <sup>15</sup> Para Diego, la pintura lo es todo. Su trabajo es lo que más le gusta del mundo. Es vocación y vacación todo en uno. Desde que lo conozco, pasa la mayoría de sus horas de vigilia pintando: entre doce y dieciocho cada día.
- <sup>16</sup> Por eso no puede llevar una vida normal; tampoco tiene tiempo de pensar si lo que hace es moral, amoral o inmoral.
- <sup>17</sup> Solamente tiene una gran inquietud social: elevar el nivel de vida de los indígenas mexicanos, a quienes ama profundamente. Este amor lo ha transmitido en cada uno de sus cuadros.
- <sup>18</sup> Su temperamento es invariablemente feliz. Hay dos cosas que le irritan: perder tiempo de trabajo y la estupidez. Ha afirmado en muchas ocasiones que preferiría tener muchos enemigos inteligentes que un amigo estúpido.

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*Production of the south wall automotive panel at the Detroit Institute of Arts.*

## *Detroit Industry (South Wall)* by Diego Rivera 1932–1933



Production of Automobile Exterior and Final Assembly, the south wall automotive panel, The Detroit Industry Fresco Cycle by Diego Rivera (1932–33), Detroit Institute of Arts; © 2014 Banco de México Diego Rivera Frida Kahlo Museums Trust, Mexico, D.F./Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; Photo by APIC/Hulton Archive/Getty Images



# Excerpt: “Life with Frida” from *Frida’s Fiestas: Recipes and Reminiscences of Life with Frida Kahlo*

Authors: Guadalupe Rivera and Marie-Pierre Colle

Publisher: Crown Publishing Group, Random House, New York, NY

Published: 1994

- <sup>1</sup> The very first thing Frida and Diego did when they left San Angel to live in Coyoacán was have the front of the house at Londres 127 painted azul añil, the deep matte blue considered to ward off evil spirits, with trim of red and green. It had always had the comfortable feeling of a small-town house, an effect in part of the great variety of plants and animals they kept there. Outside, there were flowers of every color growing in the garden and in big planters in the patio, and inside, abundant bouquets of wildflowers and sunflowers in earthenware vases. There were songbirds and parakeets warbling or chattering in their cages, long-haired gray cats and dogs of indistinct color, and a spider monkey called Fulang Chang. All this, but especially the presence of Frida herself, gave the Blue House in Coyoacán its unique personality and voice.
- <sup>2</sup> People congregated mostly in the kitchen. Frida met there with the servants to discuss the day-to-day business of running the house. The stove was decorated with white, blue, and yellow Spanish tiles, and the entwined names of Frida and Diego were spelled out in tiny earthenware jugs on the rear wall. On the wall above the stove hung earthenware pots from Oaxaca, copper kettles from Santa Clara, glasses, cups and pitchers from Guadalajara and Puebla and Guanajuato. The overall effect was typically Mexican. Frida and Diego had purchased these pieces of folk art in their travels around the country, and gradually they put together a living collection of beautiful objects created by the most gifted artisans in the country.
- <sup>3</sup> Frida often went further than Diego in expressing her “Mexican-ness.” There was nothing new in this, really, since even as a child Frida was known to use words and expressions that were common among what her

older sisters called “*la Indiada*” (“the Indians”), a **derogatory** term for the poor. I have included some of these **idiomatic expressions** in these pages.

- 4 I arrived in Coyoacán in August 1942, a teenager with little luggage. I found Frida in the kitchen. As usual, her outfit took me by surprise. She wore a black **huipil** with red and yellow embroidery and a soft cotton skirt in a floral print that seemed to come alive when she moved. Everything about her, from her hairstyle to the hem of her dress, breathed a kind of **roguish** glee accentuated by her laughing response to her cook Eulalia’s remarks.
- 5 Frida could not have been more hospitable. She was always quite affectionate with me and my sister, Ruth. She called her Chapo and me Pico or Piquitos, the nicknames my father also used. We were very close, and she loved us. Young in spirit and age as well, she looked after us as if we were her own flesh and blood.
- 6 The morning of my arrival in Coyoacán, Frida had just gotten back from the Melchor Ocampo market, which was quite near the Blue House. She had gone with Chucho, one of those hired hands no respectable village family can do without. *La niña Fridita* (“little Frida”), as Eulalia affectionately called her, was unpacking fruits and vegetables from a large basket. She examined them carefully one by one, commenting on their beautiful colors and exotic flavors.
- 7 At one point she said to me: “Look at this watermelon, Piquitos! It’s an amazing fruit. On the outside, it’s a wonderful green color, but on the inside, there’s this strong and elegant red and white. The *pitaya* is bright red, like a pomegranate sprinkled with black dots. Then there’s the *pitahaya*. It is fuchsia on the outside and hides the subtlety of a whitish-gray pulp **flecked** with little black spots that are its seeds inside. This is a wonder! Fruits are like flowers: they speak to us in a provocative language and teach us things that are hidden.”
- 8 She also took out a mamey, a melon, a cherimoya, and a bunch of pink bananas (they were her favorites) and put them all in a basket. Then she added a few avocados that looked to be perfectly ripe, not for visual effect but as ingredients for a magnificent guacamole.

**derogatory:**

insulting

**despectivo:**

*insultante*

**idiomatic expressions:**

sayings that are special to a particular people or place

**expresiones**

**idiomáticas:** *dichos que son propios de un pueblo o lugar particular*

**huipil:** traditional clothing worn by the Native American women in Central Mexico and Central America

**huipil:** *vestido tradicional de las mujeres indígenas del centro de México y de Centroamérica*

**roguish:**

mischievous

**pícaro:** *travieso*

**flecked:** spotted

**moteado:** *salpicado*



- 9 I followed her into the dining room and tried to help her set the table, although I was so astonished by what I saw that I could scarcely do a thing. For Frida, setting the table was a ritual, whether she was unfolding the white openwork tablecloth from Aguascalientes, or arranging the simple plates that she had customized with her initials, or setting out Spanish Talavera plates and handblown blue glasses and heirloom silverware. It was as if the shape and color and sound that was particular to each individual object **endowed** it with life and an assigned place in a harmonious, **aesthetically** pleasing world.
- 10 A few moments later came the act of placing the flower vase in the center of the table. Into the vase went a bouquet that Frida had cut in the garden. It mimicked the flowers she wore in her hair, mimosa and marguerites of different sizes mixed in with little red-and-white roses. To complete the effect she added jasmines, whose perfume gave her such a distinctive fragrance.
- 11 Frida grew the plants and flowers herself. She went to the gardens every day to see how they had grown and which were in bloom. These she put in her hair or distributed around the house. I observed all of this magic scene, dazzled by the evidence of my eyes.
- 12 I came to my senses briefly when in a friendly and slightly ironic voice she asked me to follow her to her studio. She was perfectly aware that I felt out of place. We picked up the basket of fruit, and after her I went. As soon as we entered the studio, Frida's favorite place in the whole house, I was in the grip of an even greater amazement. A group of her paintings hung on the walls, *The Two Fridas* occupying the place of honor. The painting's strange combination of suffering and fear quite overwhelmed me. Breaking the silence, Frida remarked, "Now that I have fruits like these, Piquitos, and a little owl that lives in the garden, I'll be able to paint again some day! I prefer nature and natural objects to people." True to her word, in 1943 she painted *The Bride Frightened at Seeing Life Opened*. In this work the freshness of a watermelon, the seedy core of a papaya and a little owl's staring eyes speak to us of that openness and liveliness of spirit that Frida lost in the last years of her life.

**endowed:** provided  
**dotado:** provisto

**aesthetically:**  
artistically  
**etéicamente:**  
artísticamente

- <sup>13</sup> She also painted a doll from her collection, the one that was dressed as a bride. She must have wanted to recapture the expression of a young woman astonished by the spectacle of life, which was something that she herself had lost at an early age, years before she wore her own wedding gown.

Excerpt(s) from *Frida's Fiestas: Recipes and Reminiscences of Life with Frida Kahlo* by Marie-Pierre Colle, copyright © 1994 by Guadalupe Rivera and Marie-Pierre Colle. Used by permission of Clarkson Potter/Publishers, an imprint of the Crown Publishing Group, a division of Random House LLC. All rights reserved. Any third party use of this material, outside of this publication, is prohibited. Interested parties must apply directly to Random House LLC for permission.

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# Flower Day (Día de Flores) by Diego Rivera, 1925

image  
12



© 2014 Banco de México Diego Rivera Frida Kahlo Museums Trust, Mexico, D.F./Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; Digital Image © 2014 Museum Associates/LACMA. Licensed by Art Resource, NY

# Excerpt: “Frida Kahlo” from *Smithsonian*

Author: Phyllis Tuchman

Published: November 2002

- <sup>1</sup> She was born Magdalena Carmen Frida Kahlo y Calderón July 6, 1907, and lived in a house (the Casa Azul, or Blue House, now the Museo Frida Kahlo) built by her father in Coyoacán, then a quiet suburb of Mexico City. The third of her parents’ four daughters, Frida was her father’s favorite—the most intelligent, he thought, and the most like himself. She was a dutiful child but had a fiery temperament. (Shortly before Kahlo and Rivera were wed in 1929, Kahlo’s father warned his future son-in-law, who at age 42 had already had two wives and many mistresses, that Frida, then 21, was “a devil.” Rivera replied: “I know it.”)
- <sup>2</sup> A German Jew with deep-set eyes and a bushy mustache, Guillermo Kahlo had immigrated to Mexico in 1891 at the age of 19. After his first wife died in childbirth, he married Matilde Calderón, a Catholic whose ancestry included Indians as well as a Spanish general. Frida portrayed her hybrid ethnicity in a 1936 painting, *My Grandparents, My Parents, and I* (opposite).
- <sup>3</sup> Kahlo adored her father. On a portrait she painted of him in 1951, she inscribed the words, “character generous, intelligent and fine.” Her feelings about her mother were more conflicted. On the one hand, the artist considered her “very nice, active, intelligent.” But she also saw her as fanatically religious, calculating and sometimes even cruel. “She did not know how to read or write,” recalled the artist. “She only knew how to count money.”
- <sup>4</sup> A chubby child with a winning smile and sparkling eyes, Kahlo was stricken with polio at the age of 6. After her recovery, her right leg remained thinner than her left and her right foot was stunted. Despite her disabilities or, perhaps, to compensate for them, Kahlo became a tomboy. She played soccer, boxed, wrestled and swam competitively. “My toys were those of a boy: skates, bicycles,” the artist later recalled. (As an adult, she collected dolls.)
- <sup>5</sup> Her father taught her photography, including how to retouch and color prints, and one of his friends gave her drawing lessons. In 1922, the 15-year-



old Kahlo entered the elite, predominantly male National Preparatory School, which was located near the Cathedral in the heart of Mexico City.

- 6 As it happened, Rivera was working in the school's auditorium on his first mural. In his autobiography—*My Art, My Life*—the artist recalled that he was painting one night high on a scaffold when “all of a sudden the door flew open, and a girl who seemed to be no more than ten or twelve was propelled inside. . . . She had,” he continued, “unusual dignity and self-assurance, and there was a strange fire in her eyes.” Kahlo, who was actually 16, apparently played pranks on the artist. She stole his lunch and soaped the steps by the stage where he was working.
- 7 Kahlo planned to become a doctor and took courses in biology, zoology and anatomy. Her knowledge of these disciplines would later add realistic touches to her portraits. She also had a passion for philosophy, which she liked to flaunt. According to biographer Herrera, she would cry out to her boyfriend, Alejandro Gómez Arias, “lend me your Spengler. I don't have anything to read on the bus.” Her bawdy sense of humor and passion for fun were well known among her circle of friends, many of whom would become leaders of the Mexican left.
- 8 Then, on September 17, 1925, the bus on which she and her boyfriend were riding home from school was rammed by a trolley car. A metal handrail broke off and pierced her pelvis. Several people died at the site, and doctors at the hospital where the 18-year-old Kahlo was taken did not think she would survive. Her spine was fractured in three places, her pelvis was crushed and her right leg and foot were severely broken. The first of many operations she would endure over the years brought only temporary relief from pain. “In this hospital,” Kahlo told Gómez Arias, “death dances around my bed at night.” She spent a month in the hospital and was later fitted with a plaster corset, variations of which she would be compelled to wear throughout her life.
- 9 Confined to bed for three months, she was unable to return to school. “Without giving it any particular thought,” she recalled, “I started painting.” Kahlo's mother ordered a portable easel and attached a mirror to the underside of her bed's canopy so that the nascent artist could be her own model.
- 10 Though she knew the works of the old masters only from reproductions, Kahlo had an uncanny ability to incorporate elements of their styles

in her work. In a painting she gave to Gómez Arias, for instance, she portrayed herself with a swan neck and tapered fingers, referring to it as “Your Botticeli.”

- 11 During her months in bed, she pondered her changed circumstances. To Gómez Arias, she wrote, “Life will reveal [its secrets] to you soon. I already know it all. . . . I was a child who went about in a world of colors. . . . My friends, my companions became women slowly, I became old in instants.”
- 12 As she grew stronger, Kahlo began to participate in the politics of the day, which focused on achieving autonomy for the government-run university and a more democratic national government. She joined the Communist party in part because of her friendship with the young Italian photographer Tina Modotti, who had come to Mexico in 1923 with her then companion, photographer Edward Weston. It was most likely at a soiree given by Modotti in late 1928 that Kahlo re-met Rivera.

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# Photo of Frida Kahlo's studio, 1944

image  
14



Hulton Archive/Archive Photos/Getty Images

## *The Bride Frightened at Seeing Life Opened* by Frida Kahlo, 1943



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# *The Two Fridas* by Frida Kahlo, 1939

image  
16



*The Two Fridas*, 1939 (oil on canvas), Kahlo, Frida (1907–54)/Museo de Arte Moderno, Mexico City, Mexico/De Agostini Picture Library/Bridgeman Images; © 2014 Banco de México Diego Rivera Frida Kahlo Museums Trust, Mexico, D.F./Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York



*Dream of a Sunday Afternoon  
on the Alameda Central*  
by Diego Rivera, 1947





*Dream of a Sunday Afternoon on the Alameda Central*, 1947 (oil on board), Rivera, Diego (1886–1957)/Museo Mural Diego Rivera, Mexico City, Mexico/Bridgeman Images; © 2014 Banco de México Diego Rivera Frida Kahlo Museums Trust, Mexico, D.F./Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York

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## Photo of Frida Kahlo Painting in Bed, Date Unknown



© Eduardo Verdugo/AP/Corbis

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# Frida Kahlo's prosthetic leg (on display in 2012 at the Frida Kahlo Museum, Mexico City)

image  
19



AP Photo/Alexandre Meneghini



Plaster cast worn and painted by Frida Kahlo (on display in 2013 at the High Museum of Art, Atlanta, GA)



© David Goldman/AP/Corbis





•

**attempt:** effort  
**intento:** *esfuerzo*

**substitute:** use instead  
**sustituir:** *usar en vez de*

**reflection:** thought  
**consideración:** *reflexión*

**acquired:** took on  
**adquirieron:** *tomaron*

**brilliancy:** brightness  
**brillantez:** *brillo*

**exotic:** *foreign or out of the ordinary*  
**exóticos:** *extraños y fuera de lo ordinario*

**obstacles:** blocks  
**obstáculos:** *bloqueos*

••

**scaffold:** Raised platform built to support workers  
**andamio:** *plataforma elevada para los trabajadores*

**communistic leanings:**  
political beliefs that favor group ownership and group living  
**tendencias comunistas:**  
*creencias políticas que favorecen la propiedad colectiva y la vida en grupo*

**enveloped:** wrapped  
**envuelto:** *mezclado*

**controversy:** public argument  
**controversia:** *discusión pública*

**devoted:** loyal  
**devoto:** *leal*

**mezzanine:** level between the main floors of a building  
**entresuelo:** *nivel entre los pisos principales de un edificio*

**compromise:** agreement made where each side gives up something  
**compromiso:** *arreglo en el que cada una de las partes de algo*

**terminating:** ending  
**finalizar:** *terminar*

**contracted:** entered into a business agreement  
**contratado:** *firmado un acuerdo de negocios*

**ushered:** guided  
**conducidos:** *guiados*

**mounted:** horseback riding  
**montada:** *a caballo*

**demonstration:** public show of feeling or political opinion  
**manifestación:** *demonstración pública de sentimiento o de opinión política*

**materialized:** suddenly appeared  
**materializó:** *apareció*

**sympathizers:** people who support a cause  
**simpatizantes:** *personas que apoyan una causa*

**sentiments:** opinions or attitudes  
**sentimientos:** *opiniones o actitudes*

**jostling:** pushing against  
**empujando:** *dando empujones*

**brandishing:** waving  
**blandiendo:** *ondeando*

**midst:** middle part  
**en el medio:** *entre*

**patrons:** customers  
**parroquianos:** *clientes*

**compelled:** forced  
**compelidos:** *obligados*

**snarl:** tangle  
**nudo:** *enredo*

**resignation:** surrender  
**resignación:** *renuncia*

**depicted:** shown  
**representado:** *descrito*

**scheme:** plan  
**proyecto:** *plan*

**portray:** show  
**retratar:** *mostrar*

**objection:** statement of disapproval  
**objeción:** *declaración de desaprobación*

•• (continued)

**objected** to: spoke out against  
**objetaron:** *desaprobaron*

**conception:** idea  
**concepción:** *idea*

**erection:** raising up  
**edificación:** *constucción*

**burlap:** rough cloth  
**arpillera:** *yute*

**abstract:** suggestive of an idea rather than a physical object  
**abstracta:** *sugenerente de una idea mas que de un objeto físico*

**indispensable:** absolutely necessary  
**indispensable:** *absolutamente necesaria*

**projected:** displayed on screen  
**proyectada:** *monstrada en una pantalla*

**mentality:** way of thinking  
**mentalidad:** *manera de pensar*

**conserving:** saving  
**conservar:** *proteger*

**sustain:** support  
**sustentar:** *mantener*

**clarify:** clear up  
**clarificar:** *aclarar*

**fundamental:** basic  
**fundamentales:** *básicos*

**constructive:** productive  
**constructiva:** *creativa*

**appeal:** serious request  
**llamado:** *seria solicitud*

**contemplated:** thought about deeply  
**contempló:** *pensó en*

**hesitation:** reluctance  
**vacilación:** *reticencia*

**conform:** fit  
**ajustarse:** *amoldarse*

**provoked:** caused  
**provocado:** *causado*

**iconic:** like icons, larger-than-life religious images  
**icónicas:** *parecidas a iconos, imágenes religiosas*

**nativity:** birth  
**natividad:** *nacimiento*

**commissioned:** hired  
**comisionados:** *contrataron*

**commission:** order for a specific job  
**comisión:** *orden para un trabajo específico*

**preliminary:** done in preparation  
**preliminares:** *previos, en preparación*

**fertility:** the quality of being fruitful, plentiful, or able to bear young  
**fertilidad:** *cualidad de dar fruto, de ser abundante, o capaz de tener hijos*

**vaccination:** the practice of treating patients with weakened microbes, in order to protect them from a disease  
**vacunación:** *práctica de proteger a los pacientes con microbios debilitados*

**pornographic:** inappropriate because it's likely to excite viewers sexually  
**pornográficos:** *inapropiados porque pueden excitar sexualmente a quien los mira*

**coarse:** rough and crude  
**burdos:** *toscas y groseras*

**vulgar:** common or lower-class in tastes  
**vulgares:** *de gusto común o de clase baja*

**slander:** hurtful lie  
**calumnia:** *mentira que lastima*

**outcry:** strong public protest  
**clamor:** *fuerte protesta pública*

**appease:** satisfy  
**calmar:** *satisfacer*

**vanity:** pride in oneself  
**vanidad:** *orgullo de uno mismo*

**cubicle:** small compartment  
**cubículo:** *compartiment pequeño*

**severity:** strictness or exactness  
**severidad:** *rigor o exactitud*

**ambitious:** success-seeking  
**ambicioso:** *que busca el éxito*

**vital:** lively  
**vital:** *animada*

**sensuality:** ability to enjoy physical pleasure  
**sensualidad:** *capacidad de disfrutar placer físico*

**complemented:** made complete  
**complementada:** *completada*

•• (continued)

**merciless:** unforgiving  
**despiado:** implacable

**authentic:** real  
**auténtica:** real

**criticism:** thoughtful judgement  
**crítica:** juicio razonado

**amateur:** nonexpert  
**aficionado:** persona que no practica algo seriamente

**puzzled:** confused  
**desconcertado(a):** confundido(a)

**juvenile:** young  
**juvenil:** joven

**delinquents:** lawbreakers  
**delincuentes:** malhechores

**depositing:** putting  
**depositarla:** dejarla

**anxiety:** nervousness  
**ansiedad:** nerviosismo

**gaily:** happily  
**alegramente:** felizmente

**presence:** way of being present  
**presencia:** manera de estar presente

**merger:** joining together  
**fusión:** union

**dispensed:** prepared and gave out  
**administraba:** preparaba y daba

**trim:** decorative woodwork  
**borde:** trabajo decorativo en madero

**warbling:** singing  
**trinando:** cantando

**congregated:** gathered  
**congregaba:** reunía

**entwined:** twisted together  
**entrelazados:** trenzados

**gradually:** slowly  
**gradualmente:** lentamente

**artisans:** people who make traditional crafts  
**artesanos:** personas que hacen artesanías tradicionales

**derogatory:** insulting  
**despectivo:** insultante

**embroidery:** sewn patterns  
**bordados:** diseños cosidos

**accentuated:** highlighted  
**acentuado:** resaltado

**hospitable:** friendly and welcoming  
**hospitalaria:** amigable y cálida

**flesh:** the parts of the body between skin and bone  
**carne:** partes del cuerpo que están entre la piel y el hueso

**affectionately:** lovingly  
**afectuosamente:** amorosamente

**fuchsia:** purplish-red  
**fucsia:** carmesí

**subtlety:** understated quality  
**sutileza:** cualidad discreta

**pulp:** soft inner part of a fruit  
**pulpa:** parte interior suave de una fruta

**provocative:** exciting  
**provacativo:** estimulante

**astonished:** surprised  
**asombrado:** sorprendido

**customized:** changed to suit personal taste  
**personalizado:** cambiado para que se ajusten a gustos personales

**heirloom** silverware: forks, knives, and spoons passed down within a family  
**cutbertería:** de plata heredada: tenedores, cuchillos y cucharas pasados de padres a hijos en una familia

**harmonious:** pleasantly arranged  
**armónico:** dispuesto de manera agradable

**mimicked:** imitated  
**simulaba:** imitaba

**distinctive:** clearly recognizable  
**distintiva:** claramente reconocible

**dazzled:** amazed  
**deslumbrada:** asombrada

**occupying:** taking  
**ocupan:** tienen

**spectacle:** strange or striking sight  
**espectáculo:** visión extraña o sorprendente

**whim:** fantasy  
**capricho:** antojo

**ultimately:** finally  
**en última instancia:** finalmente

**attempts:** tries  
**esfuerzos:** intentos

•• (continued)

**fidelity:** having only one sexual partner

**fidelidad:** tener una sola pareja sexual

**exploit:** take advantage of

**explotar:** aprovecharse de

**burdening:** putting a weight on

**agobiar:** cargar a alguien con algo

**prejudices:** opiniones

formed without knowledge or experiences

**prejuicios:** opiniones formadas sin conocimiento ni experiencia

**notorious:** famous for a bad quality

**notorio:** famoso

**immense:** huge

**inmenso:** enorme

**consolation:** comfort

**consuelo:** alivio

**sentimental:** easily influenced by feelings

**sentimental:** fácilmente influida por sentimientos

**obnoxious:** extremely unpleasant

**odiosa:** muy desagradable

**acquainted:** familiar

**familiarizada:** acostumbrada

**objective:** free from the influence of personal feelings:

**objetivo:** libre la influencia de los sentimientos personales

**spectator:** observer

**espectadora:** observadora

**absurdity:** ridiculous thing

**absurdo:** algo ridículo

**domain:** kingdom

**dominio:** reino

**sentiment:** emotion

**sentimiento:** emoción

**Asiatic-type:** Asian-looking

**de tipo asiático:** que parece asiática

**bulging:** popped out

**protuberantes:** saltones

**constructed:** built

**constuidos:** edificados

**exclusively:** only

**exclusivamente:** solamente

**situated:** placed

**situados:** colocados

**oriental:** Asian

**oriental:** asiático

**ironic:** complicated by deeper meanings

**irónico:** complicado por significados más profundos

**tender:** gentle

**tierna:** suave

**aquatic:** water-based

**acuática:** relacionado con el agua

**tapering:** narrowing

**que se estrecha:** estrechamiento

**feminine:** marked by qualities believed to belong to women and girls

**femeninas:** cualidades que parecen ser de mujeres y chicas

**diminish:** become smaller

**disminuyen:** se hacen más pequeños

**prodigious:** unusually large

**prodigioso:** inusualmente grande

**indefatigably:** tirelessly

**infatigablemente:** incansablemente

**obtuse:** wide

**obtuso:** amplio

**foetal position:** position of being curled up like a baby

**posición fetal:** posición fetal: posición de acurrucarse como bebé

**vocation:** work that one is called to do

**vocación:** labor que uno está llamado a hacer

**moulded:** shaped

**moldeados:** formados

**stance:** position

**postura:** posición

**elegance:** dignity

**elegancia:** dignidad

**liquefied:** liquid

**licuado:** líquido

**medium:** surrounding substance

**medio:** sustancia que está alrededor

**moral:** good and decent

**moral:** bueno y decente



•• (continued)

**amoral:** unconcerned with right or wrong

**amoral:** *indiferente hacia el bien o el mal*

**immoral:** wicked

**inmoral:** *malo*

**conveyed:** communicated

**transmitido:** *comunicado*

**temperament:** mood

**temperamento:** *disposición de ánimo*

**severely:** seriously

**gravamente:** *seriamente*

**plaster corset:** body casts

**corsé de yeso:** *yeso para el cuerpo*

**confined:** limited

**confinada:** *restringida*

...

**emblazoned:** brightly displayed

**blasonados:** *mostrados de manera brillante*

**attachés:** people with specialized duties

**agregados:** *gente con tareas especiales*

**flanked:** bordered

**flanqueado:** *bordeado*

**chiaroscuro:** painting or drawing that uses light and shade for effect

**claroscuro:** *pintura o dibujo que usa luz y sombra para crear efectos*

**emancipation:** freeing

**emancipación:** *liberación*

**conciliatory:** peace-seeking

**conciliador:** *pacificador*

**recourse:** option

**recurso:** *apelación*

**pretext:** pretended reason

**pretexto:** *razón*

**remonstrance:** expression of disapproval

**reconvención:** *expresión de desaprobación*

**apparatus:** machine

**aparato:** *dispositivo*

**mutilate:** damage by cutting out or destroying important parts of

**mutilar:** *cortar o destruir partes de*

**unification** joining together

**unificación:** *unión*

**solidarity:** shared support and cooperation

**solidaridad:** *apoyo y cooperación compartidos*

**intimation:** hint

**insinuación:** *pista*

**muralist:** painter who paints on walls

**muralista:** *pintor que pinta sobre muros o paredes*

**blasphemous:** disrespectful towards religious practices

**blasfemo:** *irrespetuoso hacia las prácticas religiosas*

**frescoes:** paintings done on a wall or ceiling over plaster

**frescos:** *pinturas en el yeso del muro o en el techo*

••• (continued)

**delineation:** outline

**delineación:** *perfil*

**admonished:** scolded

**amonestó:** *regañó*

**intractability:** stubbornness

**intratabilidad:** *obstinación*

**reprimand:** scolding

**reprimenda:** *regañó*

**pulque:** Mexican alcoholic drink made from plant sap

**pulque:** *bebida alcohólica que hace con la savia de una planta*

**homeopathic doctor:** doctor who follows a system of medicine that treat diseases with drugs that cause symptoms of that same disease

**médico homeopático:** *médico que sigue un sistema de medicina en el que una enfermedad se trata con medicamentos que causan los síntomas de esa misma enfermedad*

**derogatory:** insulting

**despectivo:** *insultante*

**idiomatic expressions:** sayings that are special to a particular people or place

**expresiones idiomáticas:** *dichos que son propios de un pueblo o lugar particular*

**huipil:** traditional clothing worn by the Native American women in Central Mexico and Central America

**huipil:** *vestido tradicional de las mujeres indígenas del centro de México y de Centroamérica*

**roguish:** mischievous

**pícaro:** *travieso*

**flecked:** spotted

**moteado:** *salpicado*

**endowed:** provided

**dotado:** *provisto*

**aesthetically:** artistically

**etéicamente:** *artísticamente*

**bourgeois:** middle-class and traditional

**burguesa:** *tradicional y de clase media*

**transcends:** moves beyond

**transciende:** *va más allá*

**amiable:** friendly

**amistoso:** *amigable*

**protrude:** stick out

**sobresalen:** *resaltan*

**multitudes:** crowds

**multitudes:** *gentíos*

**speculate:** wonder

**especular:** *preguntarse*

**rotundity:** roundness

**rotundidad:** *redondez*

**prodigious:** unusually large

**prodigioso:** *inusualmente grande*

**indefatigably:** tirelessly

**infatigablemente:** *incansablemente*

**obtuse:** wide

**obtuso:** *amplio*

**foetal position:** position of being curled up like a baby

**posición fetal:** *posición de acurrucarse como beb*

**languorous:** slow, lazy, or sleepy

**lánguida:** *perezoso*

**vocation:** work that one is called to do

**vocación:** *labor que uno está llamado a hacer*



Use the Vocab App to play mini games related to the words in this lesson.





## Lesson 1—Scavenger Hunt: Introducing the Collection

1. Watch the video introducing you to Frida Kahlo and Diego Rivera.



Credit: Created by Shaun Bailey



Complete the activity on page 16 of your Writing Journal.

2. Discuss your responses with the class, using the following Discussion Sentence Starters:

I know Frida \_\_\_\_\_ because in the video \_\_\_\_\_.

I know Diego \_\_\_\_\_ because in the video \_\_\_\_\_.



Welcome to the Frida & Diego scavenger hunt. You will find the answer to the scavenger hunt question by exploring images in The Frida & Diego Collection.

**Image scavenger hunt question: What is the title of the painting that shows a self-portrait of the artist with animals?**

1. Scan images 4, 6, 8, and 12 until you find the one that contains the answer to the scavenger hunt question.
  - 4 *Self-Portrait with Thorn Necklace and Hummingbird* by Frida Kahlo, 1940 (page 502)
  - 6 Photo of Diego Rivera sketching part of his Rockefeller Center mural, 1933 (page 505)
  - 8 Photo of Diego Rivera and Frida Kahlo, 1939 (page 509)
  - 12 *Flower Day (Día de Flores)* by Diego Rivera, 1925 (page 519)
2. Once your teacher has confirmed the answer to the question, complete the corresponding close reading questions in your Writing Journal.



Complete the image scavenger hunt close reading questions that correspond to the correct image.

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## Lesson 1—Scavenger Hunt: Introducing the Collection (continued)

### Compare Paintings

Now, you're going to write about two paintings, *Self-Portrait with Thorn Necklace and Hummingbird* by Frida Kahlo (left) and *Flower Day (Día de Flores)* by Diego Rivera (right). Before you start writing, take a few minutes to examine the paintings and think about their color, imagery, and depiction of the main figures.



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Respond to the prompt on page 21 of your Writing Journal.

Raise your hand if you'd like to share your writing with the class.

Listen and provide feedback to your classmates as they share.

**Text scavenger hunt question 1: Frida compared Diego's eyes to an animal. What animal was it?**

1. Scan texts 3, 7, and 9 until you find the one that contains the answer to the scavenger hunt question.
  - ③ Excerpt: "Frida Becomes My Wife" from *My Art, My Life: An Autobiography* (page 495)
  - ⑦ "Letter to Ella and Bertram Wolfe" from *The Letters of Frida Kahlo: Cartas Apasionadas* (page 506)
  - ⑨ Excerpt: "Statement by Frida Kahlo" from *My Art, My Life: An Autobiography* (page 510)
2. Is the answer to your scavenger hunt question in the text? If so, raise your hand. If not, keep reading.



**Complete the text scavenger hunt close reading questions that correspond to the correct text in your Writing Journal.**

**Tip:** You will find the answer at the beginning of the text.

## Lesson 1—Scavenger Hunt: Introducing the Collection (continued)

**Text scavenger hunt question 2: Diego compared Frida's eyebrows to an animal. What animal was it?**

1. Scan texts 3, 5, and 7 until you find the one that contains the answer to the scavenger hunt question.
  - ③ Excerpt: "Frida Becomes My Wife" from *My Art, My Life: An Autobiography* (page 495)
  - ⑤ "Detroit Industry: The Murals of Diego Rivera" from NPR.org (page 503)
  - ⑦ "Letter to Ella and Bertram Wolfe" from *The Letters of Frida Kahlo: Cartas Apasionadas* (page 506)
2. Is the answer to your scavenger hunt question in the text? If so, raise your hand. If not, keep reading.



**Complete the text scavenger hunt close reading questions that correspond to the correct text in your Writing Journal.**

Frida Kahlo and Diego Rivera are writing about the same topic—their relationship—in these two texts.

1. Briefly identify one or more facts that Kahlo emphasizes about that relationship.
2. Briefly identify one or more facts that Rivera emphasizes about that relationship.

Be prepared to share your thoughts with the class.



**Go to page 28 in your Writing Journal to describe Frida and Diego's relationship.**

## Lesson 2—Scavenger Hunt: Exploring the Collection

Work with a partner to discuss new things that you discovered about Frida Kahlo or Diego Rivera in the last lesson or in your reading.

**Text scavenger hunt question: Which work of art did Rivera think was his most successful?**

1. Scan texts 5 and 11 until you find the one that contains the answer to the scavenger hunt question.
  - ⑤ “Detroit Industry: The Murals of Diego Rivera” from NPR.org (page 503)
  - ⑪ Excerpt: “Life with Frida” from *Frida’s Fiestas: Recipes and Reminiscences of Life with Frida Kahlo* (page 515)
2. Is the answer to your scavenger hunt question in the text? If so, raise your hand. If not, keep reading.



Complete the text scavenger hunt close reading questions that correspond to the correct text in your Writing Journal.

**Tip:** You will find the answer at the beginning of the text.

## Lesson 2—Scavenger Hunt: Exploring the Collection (continued)

**Image scavenger hunt question: What is the title of the image that is a remake of the controversial Rockefeller mural?**

1. Scan images 2, 10, and 17 until you find the one that contains the answer to the scavenger hunt question.
  - 2 *Man, Controller of the Universe* at the Palacio de Bellas Artes by Diego Rivera, 1934 (page 494)
  - 10 *Detroit Industry* (South Wall) by Diego Rivera (page 514)
  - 17 *Dream of a Sunday Afternoon on the Alameda Central* by Diego Rivera, 1947 (page 526)
2. Is the answer to your scavenger hunt question here? If so, raise your hand. If not, keep looking.



Complete the image scavenger hunt close reading questions that correspond to the correct photo in your Writing Journal.





## Overview

It's time to compare William Shakespeare and Frida Kahlo. How is their writing similar? How is it different? Which do you prefer?

## Suggested Reading

Is your curiosity sparked? Want to dive deeper into this topic? Check out the list of websites below for a wealth of reference materials. And remember, your school and local libraries are great places to continue exploring your interests.

- Internet Archive
- Library of Congress
- OCLC WorldCat
- Google Books
- HathiTrust Digital Library
- Project Gutenberg
- Digital Public Library of America



## Lesson 1—Descriptive Language

1. Review the “Statement by Frida Kahlo” on page 510 of your Student Edition. Pay close attention to the language Kahlo uses to describe Rivera.
  2. Discuss the passage with your class, using the following discussion points:
    - How do you think Kahlo felt about Rivera? What makes you think so?
    - When describing Rivera, what animal did Kahlo compare his eyes to?
    - Do you think she was trying to insult him? Why or why not?
- 
1. Work with your partner to review the “Statement by Frida Kahlo” on page 510 of your Student Edition.
  2. As you read, highlight any words or phrases Kahlo uses to describe Rivera’s physical appearance.
  3. In this passage, Kahlo uses figurative language to describe Rivera’s facial features. With your partner, find and circle *three* sentences in which Kahlo uses a simile to compare Rivera’s features to something else.



Go to page 36 in your Writing Journal to describe which comparison you found most unusual.

## Lesson 1—Descriptive Language (continued)

### “Sonnet 130”

*by William Shakespeare*

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;  
I grant I never saw a goddess go;  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare.

1. Follow along as your teacher reads aloud.
2. Highlight with a different color each set of words that rhyme.
3. Follow along as your teacher finds and labels the rhyme scheme of the sonnet.

Be prepared to discuss the following question: How does the rhyme scheme help you understand the poem?

1. Review Shakespeare's sonnet on the previous page.
2. Discuss your first impressions with the class.
3. Review the first two lines and discuss them with the class.
4. Find one or two more places in the sonnet where the speaker makes similar comparisons. Discuss what these comparisons have in common with your class.

## Lesson 1—Descriptive Language (continued)

1. Follow along as your teacher reviews the descriptions from Kahlo and Shakespeare.
2. Participate in a class discussion, focusing on the following discussion points:
  - How does Kahlo's description of Rivera's eyes compare to the man's description of his mistress's eyes?
  - In general, how would you compare these two descriptions?
  - Does Kahlo mean to be negative in her description of Rivera? How do you know?
  - Does this man intend to be negative in his description of his mistress?

## Lesson 2—Descriptive Writing

1. Think about the two styles of comparison in Kahlo's and Shakespeare's writing. How are they different? How are they similar? Discuss with your class.

*Kahlo: "His wide, dark, and intelligent bulging eyes... protrude like the eyes of a frog..." (2)*

*Shakespeare: "My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun" (1)*

2. In the list below, circle the statements that describe Kahlo's writing and underline those that describe Shakespeare's writing. You may underline and circle the same description if it applies to both.
  - Writer uses similes.
  - Writer describes what his or her love is like.
  - Writer uses nature imagery.
  - Writer describes what his or her love is not like.

## Lesson 2—Descriptive Writing (continued)

1. You're going to choose one of these animals to write a description of.
2. For now, you'll focus on the one your teacher chooses.



3. Now, choose one that you will describe in your writing. Don't tell anyone your choice!

Ken Catania/Corbis; Michael Biehler/Shutterstock; Eric Isselee/Shutterstock; Shutterstock; Bob Bennett/Photodisc/Getty Images; Kjersti Joergensen/Shutterstock; Nancy Nehring/E+/Getty Images; Dante Fenolio / Science Source; Tubeceo/Shutterstock; Vladyslav Danilin/Shutterstock; Kristian Bell/Shutterstock; (Animal Collage); Ken Catania/Corbis; Michael Biehler/Shutterstock; Eric Isselee/Shutterstock; Shutterstock; Bob Bennett/Photodisc/Getty Images; Kjersti Joergensen/Shutterstock; Nancy Nehring/E+/Getty Images; Dante Fenolio / Science Source; Tubeceo/Shutterstock; Vladyslav Danilin/Shutterstock; Kristian Bell/Shutterstock

1. With your partner, think about the outstanding features of your animal.



Fill in the chart on page 37 of your Writing Journal.

2. Share what you have with your partner. Help your partner think of other comparisons to make.

1. You are going to write a poem with a least eight lines describing the animal you chose.
2. Decide whether to write in Kahlo's way (comparing the animal to unusual things) or Shakespeare's way (saying the animal is not like beautiful things).



Go to page 38 of your Writing Journal and respond to the Writing Prompt.

## Lesson 3—Collection Research



BFI National Archive

Watch the video clip of Frida and Diego together at their home.

In addition to Frida and Diego, images of what else are a major focus throughout the video? Circle the correct answer.

- A. Animals
- B. Flowers
- C. Children
- D. Water



Answer the question on page 39 of your Writing Journal.



1. Look through the images listed below and select one that you haven't worked with yet.

- 10 *Detroit Industry* (South Wall) by Diego Rivera (page 514)
- 12 *Flower Day (Día de Flores)* by Diego Rivera (page 519)
- 14 Photo of Frida Kahlo's studio (page 523)
- 15 *The Bride Frightened at Seeing Life Opened* by Frida Kahlo (page 524)
- 16 *The Two Fridas* by Frida Kahlo (page 525)
- 17 *Dream of a Sunday Afternoon on the Alameda Central* by Diego Rivera (page 526)
- 18 Photo of Frida Kahlo Painting in Bed (page 528)
- 19 Frida Kahlo's prosthetic leg (page 529)
- 20 Plaster cast worn and painted by Frida Kahlo (page 530)

2. After you've chosen an image, answer the close reading questions that correspond to it in your Writing Journal.



Answer the close reading questions in your Writing Journal that correspond to the image you chose from the list above.

Discuss the image you reviewed today with your group. Work together to identify one interesting or surprising fact, and be prepared to share your responses with the class.



Write down your fact on page 49 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 3—Collection Research (continued)

1. Look through the texts listed below and choose one you haven't read yet.
  - ③ "Frida Becomes My Wife" from *My Art, My Life: An Autobiography* (page 495)
  - ⑤ "Detroit Industry: The Murals of Diego Rivera" from NPR.org (page 503)
  - ⑦ "Letter to Ella and Bertram Wolfe" from *The Letters of Frida Kahlo: Cartas Apasionadas* (page 506)
  - ⑪ "Life With Frida" from *Frida's Fiestas: Recipes and Reminiscences of Life with Frida Kahlo* (page 515)
2. After you've chosen a text, answer the close reading questions that correspond to it in your Writing Journal.



Answer the close reading questions in your Writing Journal that correspond to the text you chose from the list above.

Discuss the text you reviewed today with your group. Work together to identify one interesting or surprising fact, and be prepared to share your responses with the class.



Write down your fact on page 54 of your Writing Journal.



## Overview

Do you think texting during the seminar is acceptable? You and your classmates make the rules.

## Suggested Reading

Is your curiosity sparked? Want to dive deeper into this topic? Check out the list of websites below for a wealth of reference materials. And remember, your school and local libraries are great places to continue exploring your interests.

- Internet Archive
- Library of Congress
- OCLC WorldCat
- Google Books
- HathiTrust Digital Library
- Project Gutenberg
- Digital Public Library of America

## Lesson 1—Preparing for the Socratic Seminar



A **Socratic seminar** is a formal discussion based on a text. Students ask and answer a series of open-ended questions designed to promote critical thinking, questioning, and conversation.

It is not a debate. It depends on everyone's cooperation and responses that grow from the thoughts of others.

Everyone is expected to answer at least one question and to generate at least one question to ask other students.

**Socrates,**  
**Greek philosopher,**  
**470 BCE–399 BCE**

Which rule will help during a class discussion?

- A. Send a text message to at least two friends during the seminar.
- B. Feel free to call out answers at any time.
- C. Listen carefully to the student speaking.
- D. Find a point to argue against.

Now, your group is going to come up with some more rules. Use these questions to guide your group's discussion:

- How will people take turns talking?
- What do you do if you have a question or answer to share?
- How can we show that we're listening to one another?
- What do we do if someone is talking too much? What if someone isn't talking?
- How do we agree, disagree, or build on what someone else says?



Work with your group to write down three or four rules for a class discussion on page 58 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 1—Preparing for the Socratic Seminar (continued)

Which questions are closed-ended? Which are open-ended? Discuss with your partner and check the correct answer.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. Did you like the movie?<br><input type="checkbox"/> Open-Ended<br><input type="checkbox"/> Closed-Ended                 | 4. Why do you think they were the best?<br><input type="checkbox"/> Open-Ended<br><input type="checkbox"/> Closed-Ended       |
| 2. What did you like about the movie?<br><input type="checkbox"/> Open-Ended<br><input type="checkbox"/> Closed-Ended      | 5. Who was the main character of the movie?<br><input type="checkbox"/> Open-Ended<br><input type="checkbox"/> Closed-Ended   |
| 3. What were the best scenes in the movie?<br><input type="checkbox"/> Open-Ended<br><input type="checkbox"/> Closed-Ended | 6. What was likable about the main character?<br><input type="checkbox"/> Open-Ended<br><input type="checkbox"/> Closed-Ended |



Write an open-ended question about a song or movie you like on page 58 of your Writing Journal.

Read the text assigned to your group.

Work together to write two or three open-ended questions about this text to ask the class during the Socratic seminar.

Make sure your questions are thought-provoking, so that your classmates have a lot to think about and discuss.



**Go to page 59 in your Writing Journal to record your group's open-ended questions.**

---

## Lesson 1—Preparing for the Socratic Seminar (continued)

Take part in a brief practice seminar, making sure to follow your classroom's established Socratic seminar guidelines.



*The Bride Frightened at Seeing Life Opened* by Frida Kahlo, 1943

© 2014 Banco de México Diego Rivera Frida Kahlo Museums Trust, Mexico, D.F./Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; Photo by Erich Lessing/Art Resource, NY



Study these three types of questions and practice the Socratic seminar discussion style by asking and answering them with your classmates. Use the image as your evidence.

**Opening Questions**

1. What is the image about?
2. What is the most important element in the image?
3. What is interesting or surprising in the image?

**Deeper Questions**

1. Why do you think the artist created this image?
2. What do you think the artist is trying to say?

**Closing Questions**

1. Do you like the image? Why or why not?
2. Does the image tell a story? What story does it tell?

## Lesson 2—Conducting the Socratic Seminar

1. Think of two open-ended questions you'd like to ask during today's seminar.



**Write your two questions on page 60 of your Writing Journal.**

2. As you participate in the seminar, take notes in your Writing Journal. For each question asked, write down the main topic and your thoughts about it.



**Fill in the chart on page 60 of your Writing Journal during the seminar, using the blank space on page 61 to take additional notes.**

Now that you've completed the seminar discussion, take a few moments to review the notes in your chart and choose a few topics to research further.



**Record three or four topics you'd like to learn more about on page 62.**

Share with your partner the three or four topics that you would like to learn more about. Together, decide on one person, topic, or issue to investigate further.



**Write a question about your chosen topic on page 62 of your Writing Journal.**

Conduct research to find the answer to the new question you composed. Use at least two sources. Use the information literacy criteria you learned for evaluating credible research sources. Fill in the Source Credibility Checklist for both your first and second sources to make sure they are valid.



**Working with your partner, complete the Source Credibility Checklist for both sources on pages 63–64 of your Writing Journals and write the answer to your research question on page 65.**



# The Gold Rush Collection

When Sam Brannan, savvy shopkeeper and the first gold rush millionaire, proclaimed “Gold! Gold! Gold from the American River!” he sparked a migration of some 300,000 people. The promise of instant fortune drew people from all over the world and from all walks of life. San Francisco grew from a tiny community of about 200 in 1846 to a bustling town of nearly 36,000 in 1852. Roads were laid, railroads were built, and the California legislature was formed. The state was thriving, but most of the miners were not. They struggled with harsh living conditions, disease, and crime. Most of the fortune seekers did not strike it rich; instead, they left the gold fields poorer than they had been when they arrived. And for Native Americans the gold rush was a disaster. Their populations dropped from an estimated 150,000 in 1845 to approximately 30,000 in 1870. In this unit, you’ll discover the good and bad of the California gold rush. It’s the Wild West after all...



## Information Literacy

SUB-UNIT 1 • 4 LESSONS



## Scavenger Hunt and Internet Research

SUB-UNIT 2 • 4 LESSONS



## Dear Diary and Collection Research

SUB-UNIT 3 • 4 LESSONS



## Socratic Seminar and Internet Research

SUB-UNIT 4 • 4 LESSONS



## Write an Essay

SUB-UNIT 5 • 8 LESSONS

## Overview

You can find amazing information online. Sometimes the stories are so amazing that they seem unbelievable. Don't you agree?

## Suggested Reading

Is your curiosity sparked? Want to dive deeper into this topic? Check out the list of websites below for a wealth of reference materials. And remember, your school and local libraries are great places to continue exploring your interests.

- Internet Archive
- Library of Congress
- OCLC WorldCat
- Google Books
- HathiTrust Digital Library
- Project Gutenberg
- Digital Public Library of America

Explore the website your teacher provides.



Complete 1–3 on page 8 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 1—Evaluating Sources, Part 1

How do you know a source is credible? Use the discussion points and discuss each of the four sources your teacher projects with your partner.

**Work with your partner to discuss the following points:**

- Who is the author?
- Is the author an expert on this subject?
- Might this author be prejudiced about this subject?
- Is it a well-known and respected organization or website?
- Would a source like this contain facts or opinions?
- How recently was this source written or updated?
- How does not knowing a source's identity affect its believability and trustworthiness?



Use page 9 of your Writing Journal to take notes on these points. Be prepared to talk about your answers during a class discussion.

## Lesson 1—Evaluating Sources, Part 1 (continued)

Assess different domain extensions to determine their meaning and credibility.

URLs (or Universal Resource Locators) can have a variety of endings. Some are more credible than others.

- **.edu:** academic institution (college, university)
- **.gov:** official U.S. government agency
- **.com:** commercial/company
- **.org:** organization (often nonprofit organizations, but can be commercial)
- **.net:** network (often Internet service providers, but can be commercial)



Answer questions 1 and 2 on page 10 of your Writing Journal. Be prepared to share your answers.

---



## Lesson 3—Avoiding Plagiarism

### Plagiarism

**Plagiarism** is stealing someone's words or ideas without crediting the source.

To avoid plagiarism, you'll learn how to properly frame a quote. A completed, framed quote has three parts:

1. Introduction to the quote (for example, According to the text...or Studies have found that...)
2. The borrowed words (the quote) in quotation marks
3. The citation in parentheses: the author's last name or the source title, followed by the page or paragraph number

### Examples of completed, framed quotes

Example 1: Using a source that has the author's name and uses paragraph numbers (for example, an article from The Chocolate Collection):

*According to the text, "dark chocolate relieves stress and lowers blood pressure" (Smith 5).*

Example 2: Using a source that has the author's name and uses page numbers (for example, a book):

*According to the text, "dark chocolate relieves stress and lowers blood pressure" (Smith 23).*

Example 3: Using a source with no author or title listed (for example, a website's homepage):

*Studies have found that "dark chocolate reduces cholesterol in 53% of adults" (scientificamerican.com).*

## Lesson 3—Avoiding Plagiarism (continued)

### Original quote or text:

“As a result of Halvorsen’s initiative, America’s legions of candy bombers dropped about a quarter million tiny parachutes over Berlin with millions of pounds of candy.”

### Properly framed quote:

According to the article, “candy bombers dropped about a quarter million tiny parachutes over Berlin with millions of pounds of candy” (ABC News).

Read the sentence from the article “Prehistoric Americans Traded Chocolate for Turquoise?” by Christine Dell’Amore:

Visiting Mesoamericans may have bartered cacao beans for gems unique to the Southwest, such as turquoise, which is known to have been mined by Puebloans in what’s now New Mexico.

1. Select a brief direct quote from the sentence and rewrite it using the frame technique.
2. Share your response with your partner. Determine if each quote is correctly framed, and explain your thinking.



Answer questions 1 and 2 on page 11 of your Writing Journal.

### Paraphrasing

Paraphrasing is rewriting text in your own words, expressing the author's meaning without adding anything new or leaving anything out.

### Example of Patchwork Plagiarism

#### Direct Quote

Nearly everyone loves chocolate, creating a high demand for cacao beans. With that popularity comes a high cost to the environment.

#### Patchwork Plagiarism

Just about everyone loves chocolate, which creates a high demand for cacao beans. With that popularity, there is a high cost to the environment.



Complete the paraphrase chart on page 12 of the Writing Journal.

Follow along as your teacher compares paraphrases of the two sentences on page 12 of your Writing Journal.

You may volunteer to share one of your paraphrases with the class.



# Scavenger Hunt and Internet Research

## Overview

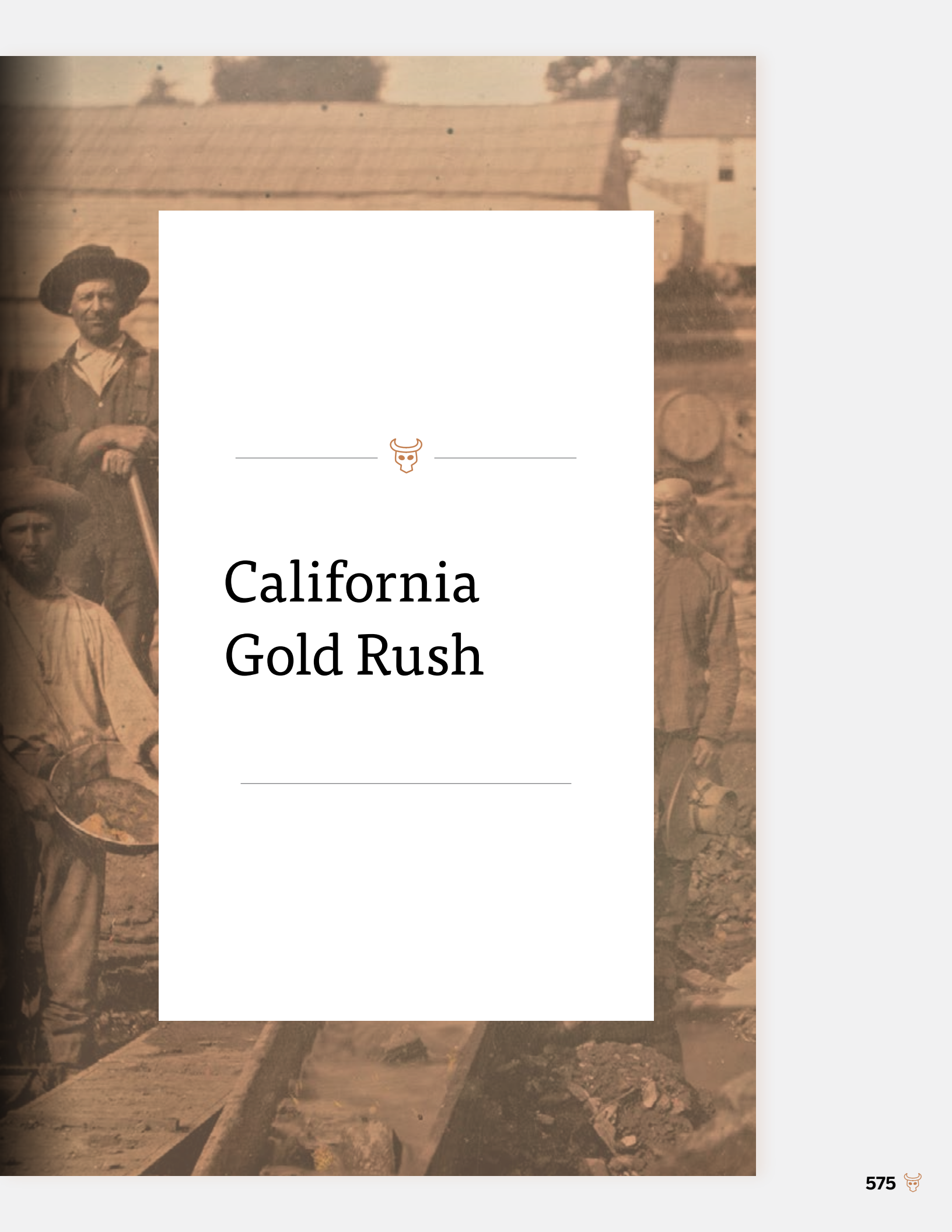
Ready, set, go and find the answers to the questions as fast as you can...and discover amazing facts about the gold rush.

## Suggested Reading

Is your curiosity sparked? Want to dive deeper into this topic? Check out the list of websites below for a wealth of reference materials. And don't forget, your school and local libraries are great places to continue exploring your interests.

- Internet Archive
- Library of Congress
- OCLC WorldCat
- Google Books
- HathiTrust Digital Library
- Project Gutenberg
- Digital Public Library of America

Image Credits:  
Courtesy of the California History Room, California State Library,  
Sacramento, California



# California Gold Rush

*In 1848, gold was discovered near Sacramento, California. A massive migration of people—mostly men—arrived from all over the world with the hope of striking it rich. The new miners had to learn to cook for themselves, often with limited ingredients and crude equipment. This writer experienced the ups and downs of “California amateur cookery,” and lived to tell the tale!*

## Excerpt: “California Culinary Experiences” from *The Overland Monthly*

Author: Prentice Mulford

Published: 1869 (public domain)

<sup>1</sup> I am a survivor of all the different eras of California amateur cookery. The human avalanche **precipitated** on these shores in the rush of “49” and “50” was a mass of **culinary** ignorance. Cooking had always by us been deemed a part of woman’s kingdom. We knew that bread was made of flour, and for the most part so made by woman. It was as natural that it should be made by them as that the sun should shine. Of the knowledge, skill, patience and experience required to conduct this and other culinary operations, we realized nothing. So when the first—the pork, bean and flapjack—era commenced, thousands of us boiled our pork and beans together an equal period of time, and then wondered at the mysterious hardness of the nutritious vegetable. In the fall of “50” a useful scrap of wisdom was disseminated from Siskiyou to Fresno. It was that beans must be soaked over night and boiled at least two hours before the insertion of the pork. And many a **man of mark** to-day never experienced a more cheerful thrill of combined pride and pleasure, than when first he successfully accomplished the **feat** of turning a flap-jack.

<sup>2</sup> We soon tired of wheat cakes. Then commenced the bread era; the heavy bread era, which tried the stomach of California. That organ sustained a daily attack of leaden flour and doubtful pork. The climate was **censured** for a **mortality** which then prevailed, due, in great measure, to this dreadful diet. With the large majority of our amateur cooks, bread-making proved but a series of disastrous failures. Good bread makers,

**precipitated:**  
caused suddenly

**culinary:** cooking

**man of mark:**  
person of good  
reputation

**feat:** skillful  
achievement

**censured:** blamed

**mortality:** large  
number of deaths

male or female, are born, not made. In flour we **floundered** from the extreme of lightness to that of heaviness. We produced in our loaves every shade of sourness and every tint of orange, from excess of **salæratus**. Our crust, in varying degrees of hardness and thickness, well illustrated the **stratifications** of the earth. Our loaves “did” in spots. Much **prospecting** was often necessary to develop pay-bread.

- 3 In the early portion of “51,” just preceding the pie period, came an **epoch** of stewed dried apples. Even now, my **stomachic** soul shudders as I recall that trying time. After we had apple-sauced ourselves to **satiety**, with **diabolical ingenuity** we served it up to each other, hidden in thick, heavy **ramparts** of flour. It was a desperate struggle with **duff** and dumplings . . . I can now recall no living **comrade** of the dried apple era.
- 4 But those who first ventured on pies were men possessed in some degree of taste and refinement. No coarser nature ever troubled itself with pie-making. The preparation and seasoning of the mince meat, the rolling out and manipulation of the crusts, their proper adjustment to the plate, the ornamental **scollops** around the edge, (made with the thumb) and the regulation of the oven’s heat to secure that rich shade of brown, required patience and artistic skill.
- 5 The early pie-makers of our State were men who as soon as possible slept in sheets instead of blankets, who were skilled in washing linen, who went in clean attire on Sundays, and who subscribed for magazines and newspapers. On remote **bars** and **gulches** such men have kept households of incredible neatness, their cabins sheltered under the evergreen oak, with clear **rivulets** from the mountain **gorges** running past the door, with clothes-lines precisely hung with shirts and sheets, with gauze-covered meat safe hoisted high in the branches of the overshadowing trees, protecting those pies from intruding and **omniverous** ground squirrels and **inquisitive yellow-jackets**; while about their doorway the hard, clean-swept red earth resembled a well-worn brick pavement. There is morality in pies.
- 6 There was a **canned provision** era, **fruitful** in sardines and oysters. The canned oysters of those days were as destructive as cannister shot. They penetrated everywhere. In remote and seldom-visited valleys of the **Sierras**, I have grown solemn over the **supposition** that mine were the first footsteps which had ever indented the soil. And then I have turned

**floundered:**  
struggled

**salæratus:** baking  
soda

**stratifications:**  
layers

**prospecting:**  
searching for  
something good

**epoch:** long period  
of time

**stomachic:**  
stomach’s

**satiety:** fullness  
from eating

**diabolical:** evil

**ingenuity:**  
craftiness and  
creativity

**ramparts:** walls

**duff:** a kind of  
pudding

**comrade:** friend,  
companion

**scollops:** curved  
edges

**bars:** strips of land

**gulches:** narrow  
valleys between  
mountains or hills,  
made by running  
water

**rivulets:** streams  
of water

**gorges:** rocky  
opening between  
hills with a stream  
of water

**omniverous:** meat-  
and-plant eating

**inquisitive:** curious

**yellow-jackets:**  
wasps

**canned provision:**  
pre-packaged  
supplies

**fruitful:** plentiful

**Sierras:** mountain  
range

**supposition:** idea



but to behold the **gaping**, ripped and jagged mouth of one of those inevitable tin cylinders scattered like dew over the land, and labelled “Cove Oysters.” One of our prominent officials, giving evidence in a suit relative to the disputed possession of a mining **claim** in a remote district, when asked what, in the absence of a house or shaft, he would consider to be indications of the former presence of miners, answered: “Empty oyster cans and empty bottles.”

Courtesy of University of Michigan Library

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## Adapted Version

- <sup>7</sup> I am a survivor of all the different eras of California amateur cookery. The human avalanche that fell on these shores in the gold rush of “49” and “50” was a mass of culinary ignorance. We knew that bread was made of flour, and that it was so made by women. It was as natural that it should be made by them as that the sun should shine. We realized nothing of the knowledge, skill, patience and experience required for this and other culinary operations. So when the first “pork, bean and flapjack” era began, thousands of us boiled our pork and beans together for the same length of time, and then wondered at the mysterious hardness of the nutritious vegetable. In the fall of “50” a useful scrap of wisdom spread from Siskiyou to Fresno: that the beans must be soaked overnight and boiled at least two hours before adding the pork. And a man never experienced a more cheerful thrill than when he first successfully accomplished the feat of turning a flapjack.
- <sup>8</sup> However, we soon tired of wheat cakes. Next came the heavy bread era, which strained the stomach of California. For most of our amateur cooks, bread-making proved a series of disastrous failures. Good bread makers, male or female, are born, not made. In flour we floundered from the extreme of lightness to that of heaviness. We produced in our loaves every shade of sourness and every tint of orange, from too much baking soda. Our crust, in varying degrees of hardness and thickness, resembled the layers of the earth. Much prospecting was often necessary to develop “pay bread.”
- <sup>9</sup> Early in “51,” just before the pie period, came an epoch of stewed dried apples. Even now, my stomach’s soul shudders as I recall that trying time.

**gaping:** wide open

**claim:** right to mine  
land for precious  
minerals





After we had apple-sauced ourselves to fullness, we served it up, hidden in thick, heavy walls of flour. It was a desperate struggle with duff [flour pudding] and dumplings. I can't think of anyone who survived the dried apple era.

- <sup>10</sup> Those who first tried pie making were men with some degree of taste and refinement. Patience and artistic skill were required for the preparation and seasoning of the mincemeat, the rolling out of the crusts, their proper placement on the plate, the ornamental indents (made with the thumb) around the edge, and the regulation of the oven's heat to produce that rich shade of brown. The early pie makers of our state were men who as soon as possible slept in sheets instead of blankets, who were skilled at washing linen, who wore clean attire on Sundays, and who subscribed to magazines and newspapers. On remote sandbars and gulches such men kept households of incredible neatness, their cabins sheltered under the evergreen oak, their clotheslines precisely hung with shirts and sheets, their meat pies hung safely in the tree branches, protected from intruding ground squirrels and yellow jackets. Around their doorways, the hard, clean-swept red earth resembled a well-worn brick pavement. There is morality in pies.
- <sup>11</sup> There was a canned provision era, fruitful in sardines and oysters. The canned oysters of those days were as destructive as cannon shot. They penetrated everywhere. In remote and seldom-visited valleys of the Sierras, I have grown solemn over the idea that my footsteps were the first to have ever indented the soil. And then I have turned to behold the gaping, ripped and jagged mouth of one of those tin cylinders scattered like dew over the land, and labeled "Cove Oysters." One of our prominent officials was once asked what, in the absence of a house or shaft, he would consider an indication of the former presence of miners. He answered: "Empty oyster cans and empty bottles."

Courtesy of University of Michigan Library

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## Paraphrased Version

- <sup>12</sup> I survived all the different eras (periods) of California cookery. The men who swarmed these shores in the gold rush of "49" and "50" did not know

how to cook. We knew that bread was made of flour, and that women usually made it. This seemed as natural as sunshine. However, we did not have the knowledge, skill, patience and experience to make bread or anything else.

- <sup>13</sup> When the first “pork, bean and flapjack” era began, we boiled our pork and beans together for the same length of time. When the beans turned out hard, we wondered why. Then, in the fall of “50,” we learned that beans must be soaked *overnight* and boiled *at least two hours* before adding the pork. And what a cheerful thrill a man got when he first successfully turned a flapjack.
- <sup>14</sup> However, we soon grew tired of wheat cakes. Next came the heavy bread era, which strained our stomachs. For most of us, bread making was a series of disastrous (terrible) failures. Good bread makers, male or female, are born, not made. The bread was either much too light or much too heavy. Our loaves were sour and orange in color, from too much baking soda. Our crust had layers of hardness and thickness, like the layers of the earth.
- <sup>15</sup> Early in “51” came the era of stewed dried apples. Even now, my stomach shudders as I recall that difficult time. After filling ourselves up with applesauce, we served it to each other, hidden in thick, heavy walls of flour. We struggled with puddings and dumplings. I cannot think of anyone who survived the dried apple era.
- <sup>16</sup> The first pie makers were men of taste and manners. It took patience and artistic skill to prepare the mincemeat, to roll out the crusts, to place them on the plate, and, using the thumb, to make the fancy dents around the edge. Then the oven’s heat had to be controlled to produce that rich, brown crust. The early pie makers of our state slept in sheets instead of blankets, and were skilled at washing them. They wore clean clothes on Sundays. They sent away for magazines and newspapers. Though they lived on far-away sandbars and gulches, they kept their homes incredibly neat. Evergreen oak trees sheltered their cabins. They hung their meat pies in the branches, safe from hungry ground squirrels and yellow jackets. The hard, clean-swept red earth outside their doors looked like worn brick pavement. Good pies make good men.

- <sup>17</sup> Next came the canned goods era, full of sardines and oysters. The canned oysters of those days were as harmful as cannon balls. They were found everywhere. I have visited far-away valleys of the Sierras where I grew sad knowing my footsteps were the first to break the soil. I have seen the open, jagged mouths of those cans scattered over the land.

Courtesy of University of Michigan Library

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## Spanish Version

- <sup>18</sup> *Traducción de la versión parafraseada del texto en inglés original escrito por Prentice Mulford*
- <sup>19</sup> Sobreviví todas las épocas (periodos) de cocina californiana. Los hombres que llegamos en masa a estas costas durante la Fiebre del Oro del “49” y del “50” no sabíamos cocinar. Sabíamos que el pan se hacía con harina y que eran las mujeres quienes lo hacían, por lo general. Esto nos parecía tan natural como la luz del sol. Sin embargo, no teníamos los conocimientos, la habilidad, la paciencia ni la experiencia para hacer pan ni ninguna otra cosa.
- <sup>20</sup> Cuando empezó la primera época de “puerco, frijoles y tortas”, poníamos a cocer el puerco y los frijoles juntos al mismo tiempo. Cuando los frijoles quedaban duros, nos preguntábamos por qué. Luego, en el otoño del “50”, nos enteramos de que los frijoles debían quedarse en remojo *toda la noche* y hervir durante *dos horas por lo menos* antes de ponerles el puerco. Y cuánto entusiasmo debió haber sentido el primer hombre que pudo voltear bien una torta en la sartén.
- <sup>21</sup> Pero pronto nos cansamos de las tortas de trigo. Luego vino la época del pan pesado, que nos cargaba el estómago. Para casi todos, hacer pan fue una serie de desastrosos (terribles) fracasos. Los buenos panaderos, hombres o mujeres, nacen, no se hacen. El pan era o muy ligero o demasiado pesado. Nuestras hogazas eran amargas y de color anaranjado por haberles puesto demasiado bicarbonato. La corteza de nuestro pan tenía capas de dureza y grosor, como las capas de la Tierra.
- <sup>22</sup> Al principio del “51” vino la época de las manzanas secas cocidas. Todavía hoy, mi estómago tiembla al recordar esos difíciles tiempos. Después de

hartarnos de puré de manzana, unos a otros nos servíamos más todavía, escondiéndolo entre gruesas y pesadas paredes de harina. Batallamos con los pudines y los bollos. No recuerdo a nadie que haya sobrevivido la época de las manzanas secas.

<sup>23</sup> Los primeros fabricantes de tartas eran hombres de buen gusto y buenas maneras. Les llevó mucha paciencia y habilidad artística preparar la fruta picada, estirar la corteza con el rodillo y hacer con el pulgar los dobleces decorativos del borde. Luego tenían que controlar la temperatura del horno para producir esa corteza rica y dorada. Los primeros fabricantes de tartas de nuestro estado dormían en sábanas y no en cobijas, y sabían como lavarlas bien. Se ponían ropa limpia los domingos. Encargaban revistas y periódicos. Aunque vivían en bancos de arena y barrancos, sus casas estaban increíblemente limpias. Los robles protegían sus cabañas. Colgaban sus tartas de carne de las ramas, a salvo de las hambrientas ardillas terrestres y de las avispas amarillas. La dura y barrida tierra roja afuera de sus casas se veía como pavimento de ladrillo gastado. Las buenas tartas hacen hombres buenos.

<sup>24</sup> Luego vino la época de la comida en lata, repleta de sardinas y ostras. Las ostras enlatadas de aquellos días eran tan malas como las balas de cañón. Estaban por todas partes. He ido a lejanos valles de las Sierras, y ahí me puse triste pensando que mis huellas eran las primeras en tocar el suelo. Después, al darme la vuelta, he visto las bocas abiertas y erizadas de esas latas regadas por el suelo.

Courtesy of University of Michigan Library

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*On May 16, 1848, gold was discovered in the river at Auburn Ravine (located in the Sierra Nevada foothills, near Sacramento, California). Auburn was the second mining settlement (after Sutter's Mill at Coloma) of the California Gold Rush. Six million dollars worth of gold was extracted from Auburn and nearby Rich Ravine by the end of 1848.*

## Head of Auburn Ravine, Unknown Artist

(1852)



Courtesy of the California History Room, California State Library, Sacramento, California



A Charming Girl of New York in the Gold Region

(circa 1849)

While male miners greatly outnumbered female ones, some women did venture to California during the Gold Rush. Some set up camp and prospected for gold, but many stayed in town where they made a living providing services for the miners such as cooking, cleaning, and clothes laundering.

## Excerpt: “Letter the Tenth: Amateur Mining— Hairbreadth 'Scapes, &c.” from *The Shirley Letters from California Mines in 1851–1852*

Author: Dame Shirley (Louise Amelia Knapp Smith Clappe)

Printed by: Thomas C. Russell, San Francisco, CA

Published: 1922 (public domain)

<sup>1</sup> From our Log Cabin, INDIAN BAR, November 25, 1851.



<sup>2</sup> NOTHING of importance has happened since I last wrote you, except that I have become a *mineress*, that is, if the having washed a pan of dirt with my own hands, and **procured** there from three dollars and twenty-five cents in gold-dust, which I shall **inclose** in this letter, will **entitle** me to the name. I can truly say, with the blacksmith's apprentice at the close of his first day's work at the anvil, that I am sorry I learned the trade, for I wet my feet, tore my dress, spoilt a pair of new gloves, nearly froze my fingers, got an awful headache, took cold, and lost a valuable breastpin, in this my labor of love. After such **melancholy** self-sacrifice on my part, I trust you will **duly** prize my gift. I can assure you that it is the last golden handiwork you will ever receive from Dame Shirley.

<sup>3</sup> **Apropos** of lady gold-washers in general, it is a common habit with people residing in towns in the **vicinity** of the diggings to make up pleasure-parties to those places. Each woman of the company will exhibit, on her return, at least twenty dollars of the **oro**, which she will gravely inform you she has just panned out from a single basinful of the soil. This, of course, gives strangers a very **erroneous** idea of the average richness of **auriferous** dirt. I myself thought (now, don't laugh) that one had but to **saunter** gracefully along romantic streamlets on sunny afternoons, with a **parasol** and white kid gloves perhaps, and to stop now and then to admire the scenery, and carelessly rinse out a small panful of yellow sand (without **detriment** to the white **kids**, however, so easy did I fancy the whole process to be), in order to fill one's workbag with the most beautiful and rare **specimens** of the precious mineral. Since I have been here I have discovered my mistake, and also the secret of the brilliant success of former gold-washeresses.

<sup>4</sup> The miners are in the habit of flattering the **vanity** of their fair visitors by scattering a handful of "salt" (which, strange to say, is *exactly* the color of gold-dust, and has the remarkable property of often bringing to light very curious lumps of the **ore**) through the dirt before the dainty fingers touch it, and the dear creatures go home with their treasures, firmly believing that mining is the prettiest pastime in the world.

<sup>5</sup> I had no idea of permitting such a costly joke to be played upon me; so I said but little of my desire to "go through the motions" of gold-washing, until one day, when, as I passed a deep hole in which several men were at work, my companion requested the owner to fill a small pan, which

**procured:** got  
**inclose:** include  
**entitle:** give a right to  
**melancholy:** sad  
**duly:** correctly  
**apropos:** on the subject  
**vicinity:** surrounding area  
**oro:** gold  
**erroneous:** wrong  
**auriferous:** gold-filled  
**saunter:** walk in a relaxed way  
**parasol:** umbrella  
**detriment:** damage  
**kids:** goat-leather gloves  
**specimens:** samples  
**vanity:** pride  
**ore:** mineral

I had in my hand, with dirt from the bed-rock. This request was, of course, granted, and the treasure having been **conveyed** to the edge of the river, I succeeded, after much awkward maneuvering on my own part, and considerable assistance from friend H., an experienced miner, in gathering together the above-specified sum. All the diggers **of our acquaintance** say that it is an excellent “prospect,” even to come from the bed-rock, where, naturally, the richest dirt is found. To be sure, there are, now and then, “lucky strikes,” such, for instance . . . where a person took out of a single basinful of soil two hundred and fifty-six dollars. But such luck is as rare as the winning of a hundred-thousand-dollar prize in a lottery. We are acquainted with many here whose gains have *never* amounted to much more than wages, that is, from six to eight dollars a day. And a claim which yields a man a steady income of ten dollars *per diem* is considered as very valuable.

Photo: Courtesy of The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

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## Adapted Version

- <sup>6</sup> Since I last wrote you, I have become a “mineress.” I have washed a pan of dirt with my own hands and produced \$3.25 in gold-dust, which is enclosed in this letter. I am sorry I learned the trade, for I wet my feet, tore my dress, spoiled a pair of new gloves, nearly froze my fingers, got an awful headache, and caught cold. After such melancholy sacrifices, I trust you will appreciate my gift. I can assure you that it is the last golden handiwork you will ever receive from Dame Shirley.
- <sup>7</sup> People who live near the digs often visit them. Each woman who goes will come back with at least \$20 in gold, which she will say she has just panned out from a single basinful of soil. This gives strangers the wrong idea of the average richness of gold-bearing dirt. I myself thought (now, don’t laugh) that one had but to stroll along romantic streamlets, stop now and then to admire the scenery, and rinse out a small panful of yellow sand. I have since discovered my mistake, and also the secret of the former gold “mineresses” success. The miners trick their fair visitors by scattering a handful of “salt” (which is *exactly* the color of gold-dust) through the dirt.

**conveyed:** carried  
**of our acquaintance:** that we know  
**per diem:** each day





- 8 I had no desire for such a joke to be played upon me. One day, I passed a deep hole in which several men were at work. My companion asked the owner to fill my small pan with bedrock dirt. With much assistance from my friend (an experienced miner), I gathered \$3.25 worth. All the diggers we know say that it is an excellent “prospect” to come from the rich bedrock. There are, now and then, “lucky strikes.” Once, a person took \$256 out of a single basinful of soil. But most gains *never* amount to more than \$6 to \$8 a day. A claim that yields a steady income of \$10 per day is considered very valuable.

Photo: Courtesy of The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

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## Paraphrased Version

- 9 I have become a miner! Here is some gold dust I found. It is worth \$3.25. Getting it was hard. I ruined my clothes and got sick too. So I hope you will be grateful for the gift!
- 10 Women who visit the digs often come home with at least \$20 in gold. They will say they got it from one pan of dirt. This makes it seem as if all of the dirt is full of gold. But it isn't. The miners trick them. They mix some gold-colored stuff called “salt” into the dirt. It makes the dirt look rich in gold.
- 11 I would not let anyone play this joke on me.
- 12 One day, I took a walk with my friend, a real miner. We passed a deep hole in which several men were working. My friend asked the owner of the dig site to fill my small pan with dirt. I gathered \$3.25 in gold dust. All the diggers said this was a lot of money.
- 13 Some people get lucky. One person got \$256 in gold dust from a single pan of soil. But most people make only \$6 to \$8 a day. Digs that produce \$10 per day are very valuable.

Photo: Courtesy of The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

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## Spanish Version

<sup>14</sup> Traducción de la versión parafraseada del texto en inglés original escrito por Dame Shirley

<sup>15</sup> Señora Shirley

<sup>16</sup> Carta #10

<sup>17</sup> 25 de noviembre de 1851

<sup>18</sup> ¡Ya soy gambusina! Te envío el polvo de oro que encontré. Vale \$3.25. Fue muy difícil sacarlo. Arruiné mi ropa y además me enfermé. De modo que espero que aprecies mi regalo.

<sup>19</sup> Las mujeres que vienen a las excavaciones (minas) a menudo regresan a casa con \$20 en oro, por lo menos. Luego dicen que lo sacaron de una sola bandeja de tierra. Como si toda la tierra estuviera llena de oro, pero no es así. Los gambusinos les toman el pelo. Le ponen “sal” dorada a la tierra para que se vea como si estuviera cargada de oro.

<sup>20</sup> Yo no voy a dejar que nadie me haga eso.

<sup>21</sup> Un día salí a caminar con mi amigo, un gambusino de verdad. Pasamos por un profundo agujero donde trabajaban varios hombres. Mi amigo le pidió al dueño de la concesión que llenara mi bandeja con tierra. Saqué \$3.25 en polvo de oro. Todos los cavadores dijeron que era mucho dinero.

<sup>22</sup> Unos tienen suerte. Alguien sacó \$256 en polvo de oro de una sola bandeja de tierra. Pero la mayoría sólo sacan de \$6 a \$8 al día. Las concesiones que producen \$10 al día son muy valiosas.

Photo: Courtesy of The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

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# Sutter's Mill, Coloma, California

**Gold Mining at Sutter's Mill, Coloma, California,  
Unknown Artist**

(19TH CENTURY)



**James Marshall at Sutter's Mill, Coloma, CA in 1848,  
Unknown Artist**



Images: Courtesy of The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley;  
Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Division of Art, Prints and Photographs/The New  
York Public Library

*Roughing It* **chronicled** Mark Twain's adventures traveling westward across the country. In these excerpts, he describes the **extremities** of life on the trail, with exhausted horses, endless hikes, frozen nights, and undrinkable water. When he and his companions finally reach Nevada, Twain gets a taste of prospecting fever, but is soon awakened to the fact that "all that glitters is not gold."

## Excerpts: Chapter XXVII and Chapter XXVIII from *Roughing It*

*Author: Mark Twain*

*Publisher: American Publishing Company, Hartford, CT*

*Published: 1872 (public domain)*

### Chapter XXVII

- <sup>1</sup> HURRY, was the word! We wasted no time. Our party consisted of four persons—a blacksmith sixty years of age, two young lawyers, and myself. We bought a wagon and two miserable old horses. We put eighteen hundred pounds of **provisions** and mining-tools in the wagon and drove out of Carson on a chilly December afternoon. The horses were so weak and old that we soon found that it would be better if one or two of us got out and walked. It was an improvement. Next, we found that it would be better if a third man got out. That was an improvement also. It was at this time that I volunteered to drive, although I had never driven a harnessed horse before, and many a man in such a position would have felt fairly excused from such a responsibility. But in a little while it was found that it would be a fine thing if the driver got out and walked also. It was at this time that I resigned the position of driver, and never resumed it again. Within the hour, we found that it would not only be better, but was absolutely necessary, that we four, taking turns, two at a time, should put our hands against the end of the wagon and push it through the sand, leaving the feeble horses little to do but keep out of the way and hold up the tongue. Perhaps it is well for one to know his fate at first, and get **reconciled to** it. We had learned ours in one afternoon. It was plain that we had to walk through the sand and shove that wagon and those horses two hundred miles. So we accepted the situation, and from that time forth we never rode. More than that, we stood regular and nearly constant watches pushing up behind.

**chronicled:**  
recorded

**extremities:**  
greatest difficulties

**provisions:** food  
supplies

**reconciled to:**  
ready to accept

- <sup>2</sup> We made seven miles, and camped in the desert. Young Claggett (now member of Congress from Montana) unharnessed and fed and watered the horses; Oliphant and I cut sage-brush, built the fire and brought water to cook with; and old Mr. Ballou, the blacksmith, did the cooking. This division of labor, and this appointment, was adhered to throughout the journey. We had no tent, and so we slept under our blankets in the open plain. We were so tired that we slept soundly.
- <sup>3</sup> We were fifteen days making the trip—two hundred miles; thirteen, rather, for we lay by a couple of days, in one place, to let the horses rest. We could really have accomplished the journey in ten days if we had towed the horses behind the wagon, but we did not think of that until it was too late, and so went on shoving the horses and the wagon too when we might have saved half the labor. Parties who met us, occasionally, advised us to put the horses in the wagon, but Mr. Ballou, through whose iron-clad **earnestness** no sarcasm could pierce, said that that would not do, because the provisions were exposed and would suffer, the horses being “**bituminous** from long **deprivation**.” The reader will excuse me from translating. What Mr. Ballou customarily meant, when he used a long word, was a secret between himself and his Maker... .
- <sup>4</sup> We four always spread our common stock of blankets together on the frozen ground, and slept side by side; and finding that our foolish, long-legged hound pup had a deal of animal heat in him, Oliphant got to admitting him to the bed, between himself and Mr. Ballou, hugging the dog’s warm back to his breast and finding great comfort in it. But in the night the pup would get stretchy and brace his feet against the old man’s back and shove, grunting complacently the while; and now and then, being warm and snug, grateful and happy, he would paw the old man’s back simply in excess of comfort; and at yet other times he would dream of the chase and in his sleep tug at the old man’s back hair and bark in his ear. The old gentleman complained mildly about these familiarities, at last, and when he got through with his statement he said that such a dog as that was not a proper animal to admit to bed with tired men, because he was “so **meretricious** in his movements and so organic in his emotions.” We turned the dog out.
- <sup>5</sup> It was a hard, wearing, **toilsome** journey, but it had its bright side; for after each day was done and our wolfish hunger appeased with a hot supper of fried bacon, bread, molasses, and black coffee, the pipe-smoking,

**earnestness:**  
seriousness,  
honesty

**bituminous:** fiery  
or over-excited

**deprivation:** period  
of having food  
withheld

**meretricious:**  
falsely attractive

**toilsome:** tiring  
because of difficult  
work

**solitudes:**

aleness

**culmination:** end point**potent:** powerful**nomadic:** wandering**alkaline water:** water that contains certain harsh minerals**lye:** a strong chemical used for cleaning**execrable:** awful**alkali:** bitter salts**unameliorated:** unimproved**constrained:** forced**indorse:** endorse, recommend**frankly:** honestly**mar:** ruin**grandeur:** magnificence**rivulet:** thin stream of water**counterpart:** twin

song-singing, and yarn-spinning around the evening camp-fire in the still **solitudes** of the desert was a happy, care-free sort of recreation that seemed the very summit and **culmination** of earthly luxury. It is a kind of life that has a **potent** charm for all men, whether city or country bred. We are descended from desert-lounging Arabs, and countless ages of growth toward perfect civilization have failed to root out of us the **nomadic** instinct. We all confess to a gratified thrill at the thought of “camping out.”

6 Once we made twenty-five miles in a day, and once we made forty miles (through the Great American Desert), and ten miles beyond—fifty in all—in twenty-three hours, without halting to eat, drink, or rest. To stretch out and go to sleep, even on stony and frozen ground, after pushing a wagon and two horses fifty miles, is a delight so supreme that for the moment it almost seems cheap at the price.

7 We camped two days in the neighborhood of the “Sink of the Humboldt.” We tried to use the strong **alkaline water** of the Sink, but it would not answer. It was like drinking **lye**, and not weak lye, either. It left a taste in the mouth, bitter and every way **execrable**, and a burning in the stomach that was very uncomfortable. We put molasses in it, but that helped it very little; we added a pickle, yet the **alkali** was the prominent taste, and so it was unfit for drinking. The coffee we made of this water was the meanest compound man has yet invented. It was really viler to the taste than the **unameliorated** water itself. Mr. Ballou, being the architect and builder of the beverage, felt **constrained** to **indorse** and uphold it, and so drank half a cup, by little sips, making shift to praise it faintly the while, but finally threw out the remainder, and said **frankly** it was “too technical for *him*.”

8 But presently we found a spring of fresh water, convenient, and then, with nothing to **mar** our enjoyment, and no stragglers to interrupt it, we entered into our rest.

## Chapter XXVIII

9 AFTER leaving the Sink, we traveled along the Humboldt River a little way. People accustomed to the monster mile-wide Mississippi, grow accustomed to associating the term “river” with a high degree of watery **grandeur**. Consequently, such people feel rather disappointed when they stand on the shores of the Humboldt or the Carson and find that a “river” in Nevada is a sickly **rivulet** which is just the **counterpart** of the Erie canal





in all respects save that the canal is twice as long and four times as deep. One of the pleasantest and most **invigorating** exercises one can **contrive** is to run and jump across the Humboldt River till he is overheated, and then drink it dry.

- 10 On the fifteenth day we completed our march of two hundred miles and entered Unionville, Humboldt County, in the midst of a driving snow-storm. Unionville consisted of eleven cabins and a liberty pole. Six of the cabins were strung along one side of a deep canyon and the other five faced them. The rest of the landscape was made up of bleak mountain walls that rose so high into the sky from both sides of the canyon that the village was left, as it were, far down in the bottom of a **crevice**. It was always daylight on the mountain-tops a long time before the darkness lifted and revealed Unionville.
- 11 We built a small, **rude** cabin in the side of the crevice and roofed it with canvas, leaving a corner open to serve as a chimney, through which the cattle used to tumble occasionally, at night, and mash our furniture and interrupt our sleep. It was very cold weather and fuel was scarce. Indians brought brush and bushes several miles on their backs; and when we could catch a **laden** Indian it was well—and when we could not (which was the rule, not the exception), we shivered and bore it.
- 12 I confess, without shame, that I expected to find masses of silver lying all about the ground. I expected to see it glittering in the sun on the mountain summits. I said nothing about this, for some instinct told me that I might possibly have an exaggerated idea about it, and so if I betrayed my thought I might bring **derision** upon myself. Yet I was as perfectly satisfied in my own mind as I could be of anything, that I was going to gather up, in a day or two, or at furthest a week or two, silver enough to make me satisfactorily wealthy—and so my fancy was already busy with plans for spending this money. The first opportunity that offered, I **sauntered** carelessly away from the cabin, keeping an eye on the other boys, and stopping and **contemplating** the sky when they seemed to be observing me; but as soon as the coast was **manifestly** clear, I fled away as guiltily as a thief might have done and never halted till I was far beyond sight and call. Then I began my search with a feverish excitement that was **brimful of** expectation—almost of certainty. I crawled about the ground, seizing and examining bits of stone, blowing the dust from them or

**invigorating:**  
energizing

**contrive:** come up  
with

**crevice:** narrow  
opening

**rude:** roughly put  
together

**laden:** overloaded

**derision:** teasing

**sauntered:** walked  
slowly and easily

**contemplating:**  
thinking about

**manifestly:**  
obviously

**brimful of:** full to  
the very top

**bounded:** jumped  
**scrutinized:** looked closely at  
**pronounced:** noticeable  
**afforded:** given  
**augmenting:** increasing  
**unmarred:** unspoiled  
**ecstasy:** extreme happiness  
**delirious:** highly emotional  
**revel:** celebration  
**deposit:** collection  
**forsook:** abandoned  
**content:** happy  
**vulgar:** common  
**overwrought:** easily excited  
**circuit:** circular trip  
**knoll:** hill  
**reconnoiter:** explore  
**fortifying:** strengthening or bracing  
**toiled:** worked hard  
**nobler:** more impressive and more valuable  
**sordid:** nasty  
**privations:** hardships  
**hilarity:** laughter  
**oppress:** oppress  
**exultation:** joy

rubbing them on my clothes, and then peering at them with anxious hope. Presently I found a bright fragment and my heart **bounded**! I hid behind a boulder and polished it and **scrutinized** it with a nervous eagerness and a delight that was more **pronounced** than absolute certainty itself could have **afforded**. The more I examined the fragment the more I was convinced that I had found the door to fortune. I marked the spot and carried away my specimen. Up and down the rugged mountainside I searched, with always increasing interest and always **augmenting** gratitude that I had come to Humboldt and come in time. Of all the experiences of my life, this secret search among the hidden treasures of silver-land was the nearest to **unmarred ecstasy**. It was a **delirious revel**. By and by, in the bed of a shallow rivulet, I found a **deposit** of shining yellow scales, and my breath almost **forsook** me! A gold-mine, and in my simplicity I had been **content** with **vulgar** silver! I was so excited that I half believed my **overwrought** imagination was deceiving me. Then a fear came upon me that people might be observing me and would guess my secret. Moved by this thought, I made a **circuit** of the place, and ascended a **knoll** to **reconnoiter**. Solitude. No creature was near. Then I returned to my mine, **fortifying** myself against possible disappointment, but my fears were groundless—the shining scales were still there. I set about scooping them out, and for an hour I **toiled** down the windings of the stream and robbed its bed. But at last the descending sun warned me to give up the quest, and I turned homeward laden with wealth. As I walked along I could not help smiling at the thought of my being so excited over my fragment of silver when a **nobler** metal was almost under my nose. In this little time the former had so fallen in my estimation that once or twice I was on the point of throwing it away.

13 The boys were as hungry as usual, but I could eat nothing. Neither could I talk. I was full of dreams and far away. Their conversation interrupted the flow of my fancy somewhat, and annoyed me a little, too. I despised the **sordid** and commonplace things they talked about. But as they proceeded, it began to amuse me. It grew to be rare fun to hear them planning their poor little economies and sighing over possible **privations** and distresses when a gold-mine, all our own, lay within sight of the cabin, and I could point it out at any moment. Smothered **hilarity** began to **oppress** me, presently. It was hard to resist the impulse to burst out with **exultation** and reveal everything; but I did resist. I said within myself that I would





filter the great news through my lips calmly and be **serene** as a summer morning while I watched its effect in their faces. I said:

14 “Where have you all been?”

15 “Prospecting.”

16 “What did you find?”

17 “Nothing.”

18 “Nothing? What do you think of the country?”

19 “Can’t tell, yet,” said Mr. Ballou, who was an old gold-miner, and had likewise had considerable experience among the silver-mines.

20 “Well, haven’t you formed any sort of opinion?”

21 “Yes, a sort of a one. It’s fair enough here, maybe, but overrated. Seven-thousand-dollar ledges are scarce, though. That Sheba may be rich enough, but we don’t own it; and, besides, the rock is so full of base metals that all the science in the world can’t work it. We’ll not starve, here, but we’ll not get rich, I’m afraid.”

22 “So you think the prospect is pretty poor?”

23 “No name for it!”

24 “Well, we’d better go back, hadn’t we?”

25 “Oh, not yet—of course not. We’ll try it a riffle, first.”

26 “Suppose, now—this is merely a supposition, you know—suppose you could find a ledge that would yield, say, a hundred and fifty dollars a ton—would that satisfy you?”

27 “Try us once!” from the whole party.

28 “Or suppose—merely a supposition, of course—suppose you were to find a ledge that would yield two thousand dollars a ton—would *that* satisfy you?”

29 “Here—what do you mean? What are you coming at? Is there some mystery behind all this?”

30 “Never mind. I am not saying anything. You know perfectly well there are no rich mines here—of course you do. Because you have been around

serene: calm

and examined for yourselves. Anybody would know that, that had been around. But just for the sake of argument, suppose—in a kind of general way—suppose some person were to tell you that two-thousand-dollar ledges were simply **contemptible**—contemptible, understand—and that right yonder in sight of this very cabin there were piles of pure gold and pure silver—oceans of it—enough to make you all rich in twenty-four hours! Come!”

31 “I should say he was as crazy as a loon!” said old Ballou, but wild with excitement, nevertheless.

32 “Gentlemen,” said I, “I don’t say anything—I haven’t been around, you know, and of course don’t know anything—but all I ask of you is to cast your eye on *that*, for instance, and tell me what you think of it!” and I tossed my treasure before them.

33 There was an eager scrabble for it, and a closing of heads together over it under the candle-light. Then old Ballou said:

34 “Think of it? I think it is nothing but a lot of granite rubbish and nasty glittering **mica** that isn’t worth ten cents an acre!”

35 So vanished my dream. So melted my wealth away. So toppled my airy castle to the earth and left me **stricken** and **forlorn**.

36 **Moralizing**, I observed, then, that “all that glitters is not gold.”

37 Mr. Ballou said I could go further than that, and lay it up among my treasures of knowledge, that *nothing* that glitters is gold. So I learned then, once for all, that gold in its native state is but dull, **unornamental** stuff, and that only **low-born** metals excite the admiration of the ignorant with an **ostentatious** glitter. However, like the rest of the world, I still go on underrating men of gold and **glorifying** men of mica. Commonplace human nature cannot rise above that.

---

**contemptible:**

shameful

**mica:** a kind of

shiny mineral

**stricken:** troubled

**forlorn:** sad

**moralizing:**

explaining  
goodness and  
badness

**unornamental:** not  
decorative

**low-born:** not  
valuable

**ostentatious:**

showy and fancy

**glorifying:** praising

# The Gold Seeker, Kelloggs & Comstock (Publisher)

(Between 1849 and 1852)



Courtesy of The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley

Written in a poetic form known as an ode, "Pioneers, O Pioneers" is a tribute to the pioneering men, women, and children of the 19th century. Note its forward-moving rhythm, which almost seems to gallop off the page.

## Excerpt: "Pioneers! O Pioneers!" from *Leaves of Grass*

Author: Walt Whitman

Printed by: Rome Brothers, Brooklyn, NY

Published: 1865 (public domain)

- 1 Come my tan-faced children,
- 2 Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
- 3 Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
- 4 Pioneers! O pioneers!
- 5 For we cannot **tarry** here,
- 6 We must march my darlings, we must bear the **brunt** of danger,
- 7 We the youthful **sinewy** races, all the rest on us depend,
- 8 Pioneers! O pioneers!
- 9 O you youths, Western youths,
- 10 So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
- 11 Plain I see you Western youths, see you **tramping** with the foremost,
- 12 Pioneers! O pioneers!
- 13 Have the elder races halted?
- 14 Do they droop and end their lesson, **wearied** over there beyond the seas?
- 15 We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
- 16 Pioneers! O pioneers!
- 17 All the past we leave behind,
- 18 We **debouch** upon a newer mightier world, varied world,
- 19 Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
- 20 Pioneers! O pioneers!
- 21 We **detachments** steady throwing,
- 22 Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
- 23 Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,
- 24 Pioneers! O pioneers!

**tarry:** stay longer

**brunt:** most of the force

**sinewy:** thin and muscular

**tramping:** stamping

**wearied:** tired or worn out

**debouch:** come out into open space

**detachments:** squads or groups of soldiers

25 We **primeval** forests **felling**,  
26 We the rivers **stemming**, **vexing** we and piercing deep the mines within,  
27 We the surface broad **surveying**, we the virgin soil upheaving,  
28 Pioneers! O pioneers!

29 Colorado men are we,  
30 From the peaks gigantic, from the great sierras and the high **plateaus**,  
31 From the mine and from the **gully**, from the hunting trail we come,  
32 Pioneers! O pioneers!

33 From Nebraska, from Arkansas,  
34 Central inland race are we, from Missouri, with the continental blood  
**intervein'd**,  
35 All the hands of comrades clasping; all the Southern, all the Northern,  
36 Pioneers! O pioneers!

37 O **resistless** restless race!  
38 O beloved race in all! O my breast aches with tender love for all!  
39 O I mourn and yet exult, I am **rapt** with love for all,  
40 Pioneers! O pioneers!

---

**primeval:** very old and from the beginning of time

**felling:** chopping down

**stemming:** damming or stopping up

**vexing:** troubling

**surveying:** looking over and measuring

**plateaus:** flat lands

**gully:** ditch usually where water runs through

**intervein'd:** flowed together in veins

**resistless:** overpowering

**rapt:** carried away with delight



*A trapper observes a wounded Native American after a skirmish.*

## *The Last War-Whoop* by A. F. Tait



(1856)

Courtesy of The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley

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*This popular song was written in 1884 and was based on the 1863 song “Down by the River Lived a Maiden” by H. S. Thompson. In this Montrose version, Clementine was “light” and “like a fairy.” In Thompson’s original, “Her lips were like two **luscious** beefsteaks / Dipp’d in tomato sass and **brine**.” In 1946, John Ford directed the Western My Darling Clementine, using the song as part of his score. During the 1950s, it was the trademark of cartoon dog Huckleberry Hound to howl the song out of tune.*

## Song Excerpt: “Oh My Darling, Clementine”

Author: Percy Montrose

Published: 1884 (public domain)

- 1 In a cavern, in a canyon
- 2 **Excavating** for a mine
- 3 Lived a miner **forty-niner**
- 4 And his daughter, Clementine.
  
- 5 Light she was and like a fairy
- 6 And her shoes were number nine
- 7 Herring boxes without **topses**
- 8 Sandals were for Clementine.
  
- 9 Drove the ducklings to the water
- 10 Every morning just at nine
- 11 Hit her foot against a splinter
- 12 Fell into the foaming brine.
  
- 13 In my dreams she still **doth** haunt me
- 14 Robed in **garments** soaked in brine
- 15 Though in life I used to hug her
- 16 Now she’s dead, I’ll draw the line.
  
- 17 Oh, my darling, oh, my darling
- 18 Oh, my darling Clementine
- 19 You are lost and gone forever
- 20 Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

**luscious:** juicy or sweet

**brine:** salt water

**excavating:** digging into the earth

**forty-niner:** a person who dug for gold in California in 1849

**topses:** tops

**doth:** does

**garments:** clothes

# California Gold Diggers. Mining Operations on the Western Shore of the Sacramento River, Kelloggs & Comstock (Publisher)

(1849–1852)



Courtesy of The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley



California was launched by the Gold Rush of 1849–50. A tremendous flood of people rushed out West seeking gold, giving the state a “flying start,” in the words of this author.

## Excerpt: Chapter 3— “The Magic Equation” from *California: The Great Exception*

Author: Carey McWilliams

Publisher: University of California Press

Published: 1976

- <sup>1</sup> IF ASKED to name the most important respect in which California differs from the other forty-seven states, I would say that the difference consists in the fact that California has not grown or evolved so much as it has been hurtled forward, rocket-fashion, by a series of chain-reaction explosions. The rhythm of the state’s development is unlike that of the other states, and the basic explanation is to be found in a set of peculiar and highly exceptional **dynamics**. The existence of these underlying dynamics accounts for the **tempo** of social change, the **foreshortening** of economic processes, the speed of development. Europeans have long **marveled** at the driving force, the “restless energy,” of America; but it is only in California that this energy is **coeval with** statehood. Elsewhere the tempo of development was slow at first, and gradually accelerated as energy accumulated. But in California the lights went on all at once, in a blaze, and they have never been dimmed. It was, of course, the discovery of gold that got California off to a flying start, and set in motion its chain-reaction, explosive, **self-generating** pattern of development. Not gold alone, but the magic equation “gold-equals-energy,” is the key to the California puzzle... .

### Poor Man’s Gold Rush

- <sup>2</sup> The California gold rush was unique, first of all, in that the discovery of gold in California coincided with a revolution in the means of transportation and communication which made possible a mass migration from all points on the compass... .

**dynamics:** ways that things work

**tempo:** speed

**foreshortening:** speeding up

**marveled:** been amazed

**coeval with:** happening the same time as

**self-generating:** caused by itself

**public domain:**  
land owned by the  
government

**prudently:** wisely

**revenue:** money  
earned

**squatters:** people  
who live on a piece  
of land without  
permission

**claimants:** people  
who state a right

**title:** a legal  
document that  
proves ownership

**promptly:** quickly

**yield:** result

**per capita:** for  
each person

**outset:** beginning

**preeminently:**  
above all

3 Furthermore, the California gold rush was the first, and to date the last, poor man's gold rush in history. The gold-fields were located in California on the **public domain**. Every miner in California was a trespasser on the public domain and nearly every ounce of gold produced in the state belonged to the federal government. But, in the confusion of the period, the American military commander "**prudently** decided that he would permit all to work freely" in the diggings. In sixteen years of "free mining" in California, over \$100,000,000 was taken from the public domain without a dollar's **revenue** passing to the federal treasury. There were no **squatters**, no prior **claimants** to the gold lands in California; and, since there were no regulations, it was quite impossible for anyone to acquire **title** to a mining claim other than by holding it and working it. This made for an extraordinarily *rapid* development, and a truly amazing democracy in production... .

4 ... Not only were wages high, but a vast number of miners made individual fortunes (and, of course, **promptly** lost them). Four hundred men, working on the American River in 1849, produced an average daily **yield** from \$30,000 to \$50,000 in gold. Governor Mason reported that he knew of two men who had produced \$17,000 in gold in seven days and of a woman who had "washed" \$2,125 in 46 days. Within a few years, as Dr. Caughey has pointed out, the "Californians came to have more money **per capita** in hand and in circulation than any other people anywhere."

5 Since there was no "law of mines" in 1848, the California miners adopted their own rules and regulations in which they were careful to safeguard the equality of opportunity which had prevailed at the **outset**. California was **preeminently** the home of what has been called "the small mines claim" system. The rules adopted in the California camps carefully emphasized the policy of "one miner, one claim": barred slavery from the mines; and based rights, not on ownership, which could not be established, but on prior discovery and use. These same rules also narrowly limited the size of mining claims... .

## The "Something for Nothing" Business

6 ... One can make a most impressive case in support of the point that gold production did more harm than good to the economy of California. The senseless explorations and wasteful methods used did irreparable damage to forests, farm lands, and river systems. Much of the labor that

went into the production of gold was completely wasted. In the long run, most of the miners got a very small **return** for their labors. Indian villages in California were engulfed and destroyed by the spread of the mining **frontier**. Furthermore the gold produced was not valuable, in the sense that iron is valuable; for gold is only useful, writes Dr. Caughey, “for beauty and dentistry.” But gold production is the incomparable stimulant to trade and business and industry, for it involves **manifold** activities. It is the very best economic **pump-primer**. For example, one **flume** and **aqueduct** constructed in northern California during the gold rush was 70 miles long, cost a million dollars to build, and its construction kept a large crew busy for a year. The production of gold created more problems for California than it solved; but it was nevertheless “the **touchstone**” that set California in motion towards greatness and power. From 1848 to 1860, eastern coal miners were lucky to receive a wage of \$1 a day; but the average daily wage in the California mines was \$3, and, for most of the period, \$5 a day. This, again, is another measure of the value of gold as a pump-primer.

- 7 But by far the greatest value of gold to California was its value as a symbol. Overnight California became a world-famous name and, as a name, California meant gold. It was the discovery of gold that catapulted California into the national **limelight**; that increased its population 2,500 per cent in four years; that gave it statehood within two years after the discovery. A state that gets off to this sort of flying start possesses advantages that do not disappear with time and changed conditions. The tide of migration which the discovery of gold set in motion is still running strong. The world-wide publicity which the discovery gave the state is still a potent factor in its development. The plain fact is that it is quite impossible to **appraise** the importance of the discovery of gold in California, for the **ramifications** are endless. Examine any phase of California life—agriculture, labor, government, industry, social organization—and the examination inevitably involves some consideration of the importance of the discovery of gold. Nothing is more exceptional about this exceptional state than the unique combination of factors and conditions produced by the discovery of gold. Nothing quite like it has ever occurred, or is ever likely to occur again, in world history.

Carey McWilliams, *California: The Great Exception*, © 1976 by Carey McWilliams, published by University of California Press.

**return:** payment

**frontier:** border area

**manifold:** many different kinds of

**pump-primer:** way to boost the economy

**flume:** man-made tube or slide that carries water from place to place

**aqueduct:** bridge used to move water from place to place

**touchstone:** standard

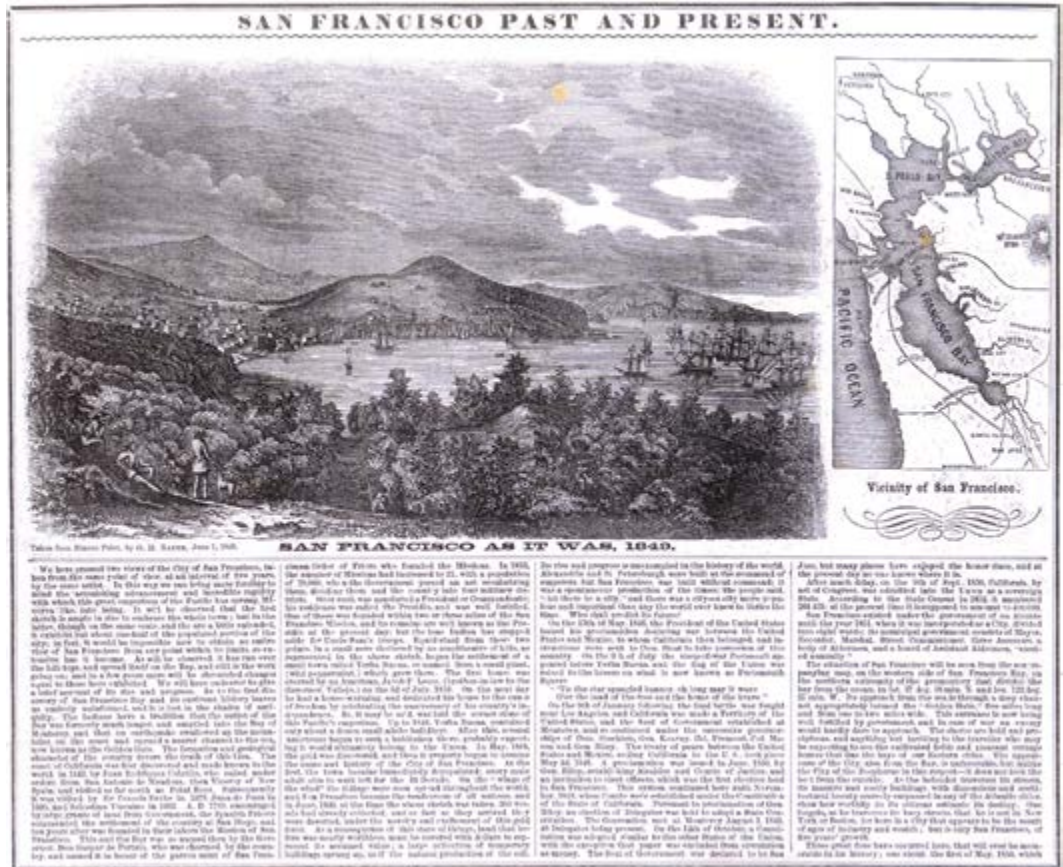
**limelight:** attention

**appraise:** decide the value of

**ramifications:** consequences

# San Francisco Past and Present

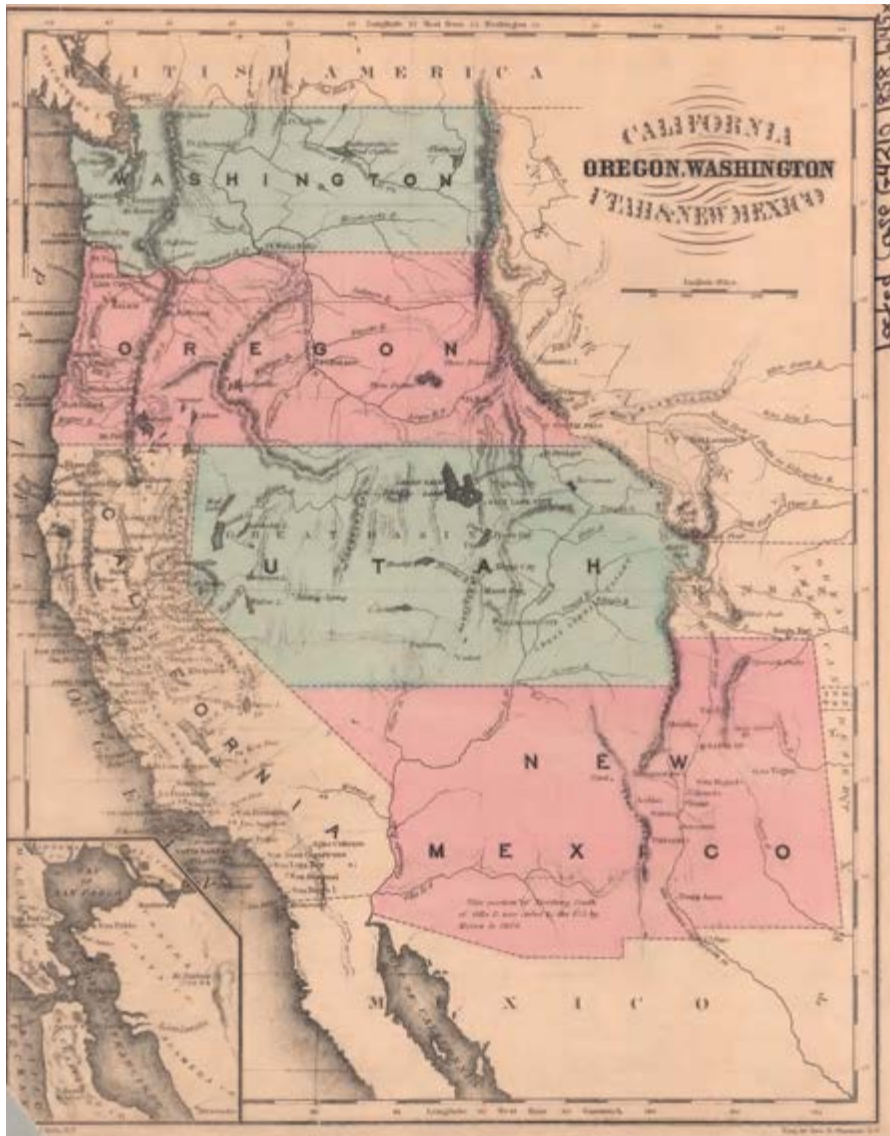
(circa 1854)







Theodore T. Johnson explored and chronicled his experiences during the Gold Rush era in California and Oregon. *Sights in the Gold Region, and Scenes by the Way* is the first published book that let readers know what life was really like during this unique time.



California, Oregon, Washington, Utah & New Mexico (1858)

## Excerpts: Preface and Chapter XI from *Sights in the Gold Region, and Scenes by the Way*

Author: Theodore T. Johnson

Publisher: Baker and Scribner, New York, NY

Published: 1849 (public domain)

# Preface

- <sup>1</sup> SEIZED with the *gold fever* and resolved to judge of the wealth of **El Dorado** by *actual observation*, I embarked in one of the first steamers which sailed from New York, after the public announcement of the wonderful and extensive gold discoveries. Thus having obtained much information as well as considerable experience, I have written the following narrative during the leisure of a brief **sojourn** in the country, since my recent return from California.

## Chapter XI

- <sup>2</sup> Our high fever of excitement, amidst such a state of affairs, would be difficult to define. Wandering everywhere, eyes and ears were constantly **employed**. The bar-rooms and hotels were crowded with revellers—money, wines, and liquor flowed like water. Gold dust, **doubloons**, and dollars were the only currency men would look at, old miners often scattering smaller coins in the streets by handfulls, rather than to count or carry them. A French *café* was **thronged** with hungry customers, at three dollars for a cup of coffee, bit of ham, and two eggs. Gambling prevailed to an extent **heretofore** unheard of and unknown. The *monté* and *roulette* tables, encircled continually day and night by a dense mass, were covered with bags of gold dust and heaps of doubloons and Mexican dollars, which were incessantly changing hands in enormous amounts. Pistols and revolvers, fired in recklessness or fun sometimes, made the air musical with loud reports or whistling **messengers**, while, at other hours, intoxicated men, mounted on **fleet** horses, were rushing to and fro through the streets, or tramping over the **portico** of the City Hotel.
- <sup>3</sup> Leaving these wild scenes, we strolled among the tents in the outskirts of the town. Here was “**confusion worse confounded**” chiefly among Mexicans, Peruvians and Chilians. Every kind, size, color and shape of tent, pitched **helter skelter** and in the most awkward manner, were stowed full of everything under the sun. Outside, innumerable articles were exposed for sale or stored in the open air, while the smoke of the cook’s fire and greasy pork, overpowered both **olfactory and visual organs**... .

**El Dorado:**  
mythical city of  
gold

**sojourn:** temporary  
stay

**employed:** busy

**doubloons:**  
Spanish gold coins

**thronged:** crowded

**heretofore:** before  
now

**messengers:**  
bullets

**fleet:** fast

**portico:** porch

**confusion worse  
confounded:**  
something more  
disordered than  
before

**helter skelter:** all  
over the place

**olfactory and  
visual organs:** the  
nose and eyes

# Westward the Course of Empire Takes Its Way, W.J. Morgan & Co. (Lithographer)

After the 1861 mural by Emanuel Gottlieb Leutze in the U.S. Capitol Building

(19TH CENTURY)



Courtesy of The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley



Ramón Gil Navarro, originally from Argentina, wrote about his experiences during the California Gold Rush in his diary entries of 1849. The entirety of Navarro's diary spans 1845–1856. He began the diary when he was 18 and was 22 in 1849.

text  
15

# Excerpts from July 22–August 10, 1849, *The Gold Rush Diary* of Ramón Gil Navarro

Author: Ramón Gil Navarro

(edited and translated by María del Carmen Ferreyra and David S. Reher)

Publisher: University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, NE

Published: 2000

## SUNDAY, 22 JULY. *At the placer on the Calaveras River*

- <sup>1</sup> Well, I am now here. Three of the men are sick. So far they have only taken out 1,200 pesos' worth of gold. It would be worse if we had found nothing at all. The time will come when we will not find anything, just like all of the rest of Eve's children who are around here. It is all a matter of pure luck, like with all mines. Before you know it, the **lode** has dried up and there is not a bit of gold left. I am going to do some panning myself, because I need some ounces of gold that I alone have mined. They will be a souvenir . . . and can be made into a wedding ring ... or some other crazy thing like that.<sup>31</sup>
- <sup>2</sup> This afternoon I tried my hand for the first time, and the place where I washed the first shovelfuls of soil **rendered up** almost one-fourth of an ounce. Today is Sunday, and I should not have worked, but God knows that this gold will be destined for something other than just making me rich. It is to be spent on too sacred an object for God not to forgive my having forgotten one of his commandments. Well, now I have more than enough for that wedding ring. But I still need more.

**lode:** store of metal  
in the earth

**rendered up:**  
produced

## MONDAY, 23 JULY. *Sickness*

- 3 Today four of my men are ill, and one of them has fever. We probably lose three or four ounces of gold for every day one of the men does not work. The gold for my rings is growing; today I got a bit more than yesterday. There is no power on earth that will make me work at this once I have secured the small amount I need for my museum of souvenirs and curiosities. There is no job that is more difficult than panning for gold. You have to work bent over in water up to your knees, and after a quarter of an hour your body feels all beaten up. Today the eleven laborers working here have taken out a total of 220 pesos.

## WEDNESDAY, 25 JULY. *Mokelumne Hill*

- 4 They have discovered a very rich claim about five leagues from here. It seems as though it was Mexicans who discovered it, but about 200 Americans made up an armed force and, as is custom among them, shamefully threw out all the Chileans, Peruvians, Mexicans, and anybody else who speaks Spanish. They especially have it in for the Chileans, though I do not know exactly why. Every day there are people coming by who have been thrown out of their claims. There is no other tyranny or arbitrariness as great as that carried out by this nation of free and **republican people**. There were groups of men who were told to leave within fifteen minutes or else their lives would be at risk. They have gotten rid of anyone who was in their way.
- 5 Despite all this, today I sent two miners there with supplies for an entire week. They will work under the orders of Mr. Alfredo, who is English but who passes for American. We shall see what happens. If they are allowed to work I shall send another two, and then another three, and so on, until the doctor comes back, and then he will be the American who goes there with my men.

## FRIDAY, 27 JULY. *I lost my wife!*

- 6 Today a **fatality** happened to me that is one of the worst I could ever have imagined here. I lost my only consolation, my distraction, my love. I lost my guitar. This is a tragedy for me, an event that will mark my entire diary, a loss that I will lament as the greatest loss of all if I lose, as I think I shall, all hope of remedying it. First, the back of the guitar came unglued

**republican people:** people who support a government made up of elected representatives  
**fatality:** horrible event

because of all of the heat, and I mistakenly gave it to the first person who offered to fix it. He put it in water to straighten it, and by today it was totally destroyed, broken into 9,999 pieces. I am like a widower or, better, like a lover who has just lost the illusions of his loved one. My God! At first I could only think of where I might find another guitar and how I could get it here if it came from San Francisco. Well, I have just written to Samuel and feel a little bit better now.

## FRIDAY, 10 AUGUST. *The reptiles of California*

- <sup>7</sup> Last night the two men I had sent to the gulch discovered by the laborers of Don Maximo Peiro returned. All of it was false. They have been looking for gold ever since they left and have not found anything richer than this. The fact is that right now discoveries of gold are few and far between, just like the water in the rivers. I cannot wait for the doctor to come so that I can take off with half the men to try my hand at Lady Luck, who so far has been **remiss** with all the others.
- <sup>8</sup> There are probably few countries in the world with more snakes and other poisonous animals than California. A few days ago we killed an immense rattlesnake right next to the tent, and the day before yesterday we killed another one we found in the kitchen, which was nearly a yard and a half long. Yesterday on my way back from the wash, as I came into the sunlight near some large rocks about six paces from the tent, my arm brushed up against the head of an immense snake that, at my jump of surprise, retreated into a **crevasse** in the rock. I threw hot water on it, and it came out furiously showing a long tongue covered with froth. We killed it right away, but it was not easy. It was nearly two yards long. This is another of these epidemics they have around here, where the Yankees, the Indians, yellow fever, or something else is always threatening your life. Fortunately, up till now I have come through all of these plagues pretty much **unscathed**. I escaped the Yankees in Stockton, and it will be pretty hard for them to take me by surprise the next time around.

31. According to family tradition, Navarro actually made his wedding ring from the gold he brought from California.

*This text provides an overview of what happened to the California Indians during the gold rush years of 1849 and 1850.*

## Excerpt: Chapter 8— “Good Haul of Diggers” from *Digger: The Tragic Fate of the California Indians from the Missions to the Gold Rush*

Author: Jerry Stanley

Publisher: Random House, New York, NY

Published: 1997

- <sup>1</sup> DURING THE 1850s, the California Indians didn't know they were participating in the color and excitement of the gold rush decade. They were too busy fighting for their lives. America—whatever “America” was—had laid claim to their land. The forty-niners arrived, swamped the valleys and streams, and the “gold rush” was on—whatever that was. Americans believed in “Manifest Destiny,” the idea that it was God's plan to expand America from the East to the West Coast, but the California Indians hadn't heard it. They hadn't signed any treaty giving up their land. They hadn't issued invitations to have their home destroyed. And as far as they knew, they hadn't done anything to deserve being driven from their homes.
- <sup>2</sup> The forty-niners had a different view. The forty-niners had read about the savages out west, and they brought to California a certain image of what the Indian was like: naked, dirty, wild, and bloodthirsty. He was forever wandering about, with no real home and no claim to the land. He didn't farm, he didn't have a written language, and with no knowledge of morality he was a thief, a liar, and a cheat. A godless heathen forever bent on war, he raped white women and scalped white men. Uncivilized and subhuman, he was seen as a natural obstacle to be overcome, like a dangerous river or a steep mountain pass. As President Andrew Jackson said in 1830: “What good man would prefer a country covered with forests and ranged by a few thousand savages to our extensive Republic ... with all the blessings of liberty, civilization, and religion?”

- 3 As fast as a rifle's bullet, the image the "Digger" Indian was created so he could be killed or driven away. The *San Francisco Chronicle*, one of the state's leading newspapers, said the California Indians "grazed in the fields like beasts and ate roots, snakes, and grasses like cattle, like pigs, like dogs . . . and like hungry wolves." One forty-niner said they slept "like animals in a pigsty." Another likened them to reptiles, saying they were "coiled up like a parcel of snakes." When he encountered some Maidu in 1850, a miner from Connecticut exclaimed, "What heathens they are!" Referring to Modoc in 1853, a Humboldt County newspaper declared, "We can never rest in security until the red skins are treated like the other wild beasts of the forest." As early as April 1849, the newspaper *Alta California* predicted that in order for whites to mine gold "it will be absolutely necessary to exterminate the savages."
- 4 The war against the California Indians started when the first forty-niners rushed in. Early in 1849 white miners from Oregon entered a Maidu village, raped several women, and shot the men who tried to resist. When the Maidu killed five of the Oregon men **in retaliation**, the Oregon miners struck back by attacking the village, killing a dozen Indians and executing seven more afterward. During the summer of 1849 other miners from parts unknown attacked a Southern Maidu village, killing thirty natives and wounding ten more, who were then knifed to death. In August five miners disappeared from a camp in the land of the Wintun; although there was no proof that Indians were involved, the miners formed a **posse** and attacked a Wintun tribelet. They killed twenty and captured eighty; when the captives tried to escape, all eighty were shot to death.
- 5 In 1849 the Pomo killed two white ranchers for raping Pomo women and mistreating Indian workers. To stop future attacks by the Pomo, in May 1850 the U.S. Army was dispatched to the home of the Pomo at Clear Lake. The Pomo met the army in peace, but the soldiers attacked, killing 135 men, women, and children. Captain N. Lyon, who led the troops, ordered his men to encircle the Pomo village and move in firing their rifles. He described the result as "a perfect slaughter pen." The Pomo fell, one observer said, "as grass before the sweep of the scythe." This was the gold rush as it was known to California Indians, and it was just getting started.

**in retaliation:** as  
payback

**posse:** group of  
people gathered to  
enforce the law

- 6 In 1850 it hit them like a tidal wave. Whites overran their land by the thousands, and during the 1850s and 1860s the Indians were swept away like unwanted **debris**. Red Bluff, Marysville, and other towns offered bounties for Indian scalps, arms, and hands, or other proof of a dead Indian; there was no discussion of whether a severed limb had belonged to a peaceful or hostile Indian. Whites formed unofficial militia units to kill Indians and submitted claims for expenses to the state. In 1851 and 1852 the state paid \$1 million in such claims, and in 1857 issued \$400,000 in bonds to pay the expenses of volunteers engaged in “the **suppression** of Indian hostilities.”

Excerpt(s) from *Digger: The Tragic Fate of the California Indians from the Missions to the Gold Rush* by Jerry Stanley, copyright © 1997 by Jerry Stanley. Used by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, an imprint of Random House Children's Books, a division of Random House LLC. All rights reserved. Any third party use of this material, outside of this publication, is prohibited. Interested parties must apply directly to Random House LLC for permission.

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**debris:** loose  
broken pieces

**suppression:**  
forcing and keeping  
down



•

**eras:** periods of time

**natural:** normal

**flapjack:** pancake

**insertion:** addition

**doubtful:** possibly spoiled

**extreme:** greatest degree

**excess:** too much

**illustrated:** showed

**portion:** part

**preceding:** before

**shudders:** shakes

**nature:** personality, way of being

**overshadowing:** tall and shade-giving

**resembled:** looked like

**destructive:** damaging

**inevitable:** unavoidable

**possession:** ownership

**absence:** lack

**indications:** signs

**presence:** existence

**assure:** promise

**scattering:** throwing in different directions

**trail:** path

**plain:** clear

**mildly:** gently

**summit:** highest point

**supreme:** excellent

**summits:** highest points

**wealth:** riches

**poetic:** poem

**tribute:** honor

**gallop:** move quickly, like a way a horse runs

**task:** job or chore

**mightier:** stronger

**conquering:** defeating

**daring:** being brave

**surface:** outer layer

**peaks:** mountain tops

**inland:** middle of a land, away from the sea or ocean

**howl:** cry out like a dog

**cavern:** cave

**seeking:** looking for

**rocket-fashion:** like a rocket

**peculiar:** special

**gradually:** by small amounts

**accelerated:** sped up

**accumulated:** built up

**blaze:** a large fire

**dimmed:** made less bright

**unique:** one of a kind

**furthermore:** additionally

**extraordinarily:** extremely

**democracy:** government in which all people have an equal say

**individual:** personal

**reported:** said

**emphasized:** called special attention to

**dentistry:** treatment and care of teeth

**possesses:** has

**factors:** partial causes

**steamers:** steam boats

**souvenir:** something kept as a reminder of a person or place

••

**migration:** movement from one place to live in another

**amateur:** beginner

**mass:** large amount

**deemed:** considered

**operations:** actions

**commenced:** began

**nutritious:** healthy to eat

**disseminated:** spread around

**tried:** tested

**sustained:** underwent, dealt with

**leaden:** heavy

**prevailed:** existed and succeeded

**diet:** way of eating

**tint:** shade

**recall:** remember

**ventured on:** dared to try

**possessed:** who had

**refinement:** good manners and style

**coarser:** bad-mannered

**manipulation:** moving or handling

**adjustment:** fitting

**ornamental:** decorative

**regulation:** maintaining

**secure:** guarantee

**linen:** cloth sheets, shirts, and underwear

**attire:** clothing

**remote:** far away

**precisely:** exactly

**gauze:** a kind of net cloth

**hoisted:** lifted with a rope



•• (continued)

**intruding:** uninvited and unwanted

**morality:** knowledge of right and wrong

**penetrated:** went through

**solemn:** serious

**behold:** look at

**dew:** wetness in the air seen on the grass in the morning

**prominent:** highly respected

**suit:** legal conflict

**relative:** related

**disputed:** argued over

**shaft:** a mineshaft, or man-made tunnel

**prospected:** searched

**apprentice:** student in training

**anvil:** metalworker's hammering block

**labor:** work

**residing:** living

**exhibit:** show

**gravely:** seriously

**fancy:** imagine

**fair:** pretty

**curious:** strange

**pastime:** activity

**companion:** friend

**maneuvering:** movement

**acquainted:** familiar

**wages:** payment for work

**companions:** friends

**consisted:** was made up

**drove:** pushed

**resigned:** gave up

**feeble:** weak

**adhered to:** followed exactly

**sarcasm:** teasing insults

**exposed:** uncovered

**complacently:** with satisfaction

**organic:** natural or physical

**gratified:** happy

**viler:** more disgusting

**presently:** soon

**stragglers:** people who've fallen behind

**accustomed to:** used to

**consequently:** because of this

**driving:** heavily falling

**scarce:** rare

**exception:** example different from the rest

**halted:** stopped

**gratitude:** thankfulness

**deceiving:** lying to

**ascended:** climbed

**groundless:** not based on reality

**descending:** setting

**former:** first of the two

**despised:** hated

**commonplace:** everyday

**proceeded:** continued

**smothered:** held back

**effect:** result

**toppled:** collapsed

**native:** natural

**ignorant:** people who know nothing

**pioneering:** exploring

**pistols:** guns

**bear:** accept and deal with

**stern:** strict

**elder:** older

**droop:** hang down

**eternal:** endless

**burden:** heavy load

**varied:** mixed

**seize:** hold firmly

**holding:** staying

**venturing:** taking risks

**piercing:** breaking through

**virgin:** never plowed

**upheaving:** lifting up

**continental:** North American

**comrades:** friends

**clasping:** holding together

**restless:** nervously active

**tender:** sensitive

**mourn:** feel sad because of a death

**maiden:** young unmarried woman

**sass:** sauce

**score:** music written for a movie or a play

**trademark:** brand

**herring:** kind of fish

**splinter:** thin sharp piece of wood

**foaming:** bubbling

**respect:** way

**consists:** is made up

**evolved:** slowly developed

**hurtled:** thrown

**chain-reaction:** an event that causes another event to happen, and so on

**exceptional:** out of the ordinary

**underlying:** basic

**accounts for:** explains

**economic:** having to do with money

**revolution:** drastic change

**communication:** the way that people share information such as by mail, telegraph, or telephone

**trespasser:** person who enters without permission

**prior:** earlier

**acquire:** get

**rapid:** fast



## •• (continued)

<b>vast:</b> huge	<b>resolved:</b> determined	<b>commandments:</b> orders or laws	<b>morality:</b> awareness of right and wrong
<b>circulation:</b> moving back and forth	<b>embarked:</b> set off	<b>leagues:</b> units of measurement equal to around three miles	<b>heathen:</b> person viewed as uncivilized and unholy
<b>adopted:</b> took on	<b>narrative:</b> story	<b>tyranny:</b> cruel, unjust rule	<b>scalped:</b> cut off the top of the head
<b>safeguard:</b> protect	<b>leisure:</b> free time	<b>arbitrariness:</b> unfairness	<b>subhuman:</b> less-than-human
<b>senseless:</b> pointless	<b>amidst:</b> surrounded by	<b>consolation:</b> comfort	<b>ranged:</b> wandered on
<b>irreparable:</b> impossible to fix	<b>revellers:</b> party-goers	<b>lament:</b> cry about	<b>coiled:</b> curled
<b>labors:</b> work	<b>currency:</b> types of money	<b>remedying:</b> correcting	<b>parcel:</b> package
<b>engulfed:</b> swallowed up	<b>encircled:</b> surrounded	<b>illusions:</b> misleading images	<b>exterminate:</b> kill
<b>incomparable:</b> unmatched	<b>incessantly:</b> constantly	<b>froth:</b> foam	<b>dispatched:</b> sent out
<b>stimulant:</b> boost	<b>recklessness:</b> carelessness	<b>epidemics:</b> widespread diseases	<b>slaughter:</b> killing
<b>constructed:</b> built	<b>reports:</b> bangs	<b>plagues:</b> sources of trouble	<b>scythe:</b> sharp-bladed tool used for harvesting wheat
<b>construction:</b> building	<b>intoxicated:</b> drunk	<b>issued:</b> given out	<b>bounties:</b> rewards
<b>measure:</b> way to understand	<b>mounted on:</b> sitting on top of	<b>savages:</b> uncivilized people	<b>hostilities:</b> unfriendly behavior
<b>catapulted:</b> hurled or launched	<b>articles:</b> things		
<b>seized with:</b> controlled or possessed by	<b>pesos:</b> units of money in Mexico		
	<b>destined:</b> intended or meant to be		

## ...

<b>precipitated:</b> caused suddenly	<b>stratifications:</b> layers	<b>duff:</b> a kind of pudding
<b>culinary:</b> cooking	<b>prospecting:</b> searching for something good	<b>comrade:</b> friend, companion
<b>man of mark:</b> person of good reputation	<b>epoch:</b> long period of time	<b>scollops:</b> curved edges
<b>feat:</b> skillful achievement	<b>stomachic:</b> stomach's	<b>bars:</b> strips of land
<b>censured:</b> blamed	<b>satiety:</b> fullness from eating	<b>gulches:</b> narrow valleys between mountains or hills, made by running water
<b>mortality:</b> large number of deaths	<b>diabolical:</b> evil	<b>rivulets:</b> streams of water
<b>floundered:</b> struggled	<b>ingenuity:</b> craftiness and creativity	<b>gorges:</b> rocky opening between hills with a stream of water
<b>salæratus:</b> baking soda	<b>ramparts:</b> walls	

... (continued)

**omniverous:** meat-and-plant eating

**inquisitive:** curious

**yellow-jackets:** wasps

**canned provision:** pre-packaged supplies

**fruitful:** plentiful

**Sierras:** mountain range

**supposition:** idea

**gaping:** wide open

**claim:** right to mine land for precious minerals

**procured:** got

**inclose:** include

**entitle:** give a right to

**melancholy:** sad

**duly:** correctly

**apropos:** on the subject

**vicinity:** surrounding area

**oro:** gold

**erroneous:** wrong

**auriferous:** gold-filled

**saunter:** walk in a relaxed way

**parasol:** umbrella

**detriment:** damage

**kids:** goat-leather gloves

**specimens:** samples

**vanity:** pride

**ore:** mineral

**conveyed:** carried

**of our acquaintance:** that we know

**per diem:** each day

**chronicled:** recorded

**extremities:** greatest difficulties

**provisions:** food supplies

**reconciled to:** ready to accept

**earnestness:** seriousness, honesty

**bituminous:** fiery or over-excited

**deprivation:** period of having food withheld

**meretricious:** falsely attractive

**toilsome:** tiring because of difficult work

**solitudes:** aloneness

**culmination:** end point

**potent:** powerful

**nomadic:** wandering

**alkaline water:** water that contains certain harsh minerals

**lye:** a strong chemical used for cleaning

**execrable:** awful

**alkali:** bitter salts

**unameliorated:** unimproved

**constrained:** forced

**indorse:** endorse, recommend

**frankly:** honestly

**mar:** ruin

**grandeur:** magnificence

**rivulet:** thin stream of water

**counterpart:** twin

**solitudes:** aloneness

**culmination:** end point

**potent:** powerful

**nomadic:** wandering

**alkaline water:** water that contains certain harsh minerals

**lye:** a strong chemical used for cleaning

**execrable:** awful

**alkali:** bitter salts

**unameliorated:** unimproved

**constrained:** forced

**indorse:** endorse, recommend

**frankly:** honestly

**mar:** ruin

**grandeur:** magnificence

**rivulet:** thin stream of water

**counterpart:** twin

**invigorating:** energizing

**contrive:** come up with

**crevice:** narrow opening

**rude:** roughly put together

**laden:** overloaded

**derision:** teasing

**sauntered:** walked slowly and easily

**contemplating:** thinking about

**manifestly:** obviously

**brimful of:** full to the very top

**bounded:** jumped

**scrutinized:** looked closely at

**pronounced:** noticeable

**afforded:** given

**augmenting:** increasing

**unmarred:** unspoiled

**ecstasy:** extreme happiness

**delirious:** highly emotional

**revel:** celebration

**deposit:** collection

**forsook:** abandoned

**content:** happy

**vulgar:** common

**overwrought:** easily excited

**circuit:** circular trip

**knoll:** hill

**reconnoiter:** explore

**fortifying:** strengthening or bracing

**toiled:** worked hard

**nobler:** more impressive and more valuable

**sordid:** nasty

**privations:** hardships

**hilarity:** laughter

**oppress:** crush

**exultation:** joy

**serene:** calm

**contemptible:** shameful

**mica:** a kind of shiny mineral

**stricken:** troubled

**forlorn:** sad

**moralizing:** explaining goodness and badness

... (continued)

**unornamental:** not decorative

**low-born:** not valuable

**ostentatious:** showy and fancy

**glorifying:** praising

**tarry:** stay longer

**brunt:** most of the force

**sinewy:** thin and muscular

**tramping:** stamping

**wearied:** tired or worn out

**debouch:** come out into open space

**detachments:** squads or groups of soldiers

**primeval:** very old and from the beginning of time

**felling:** chopping down

**stemming:** damming or stopping up

**vexing:** troubling

**surveying:** looking over and measuring

**plateaus:** flat lands

**gully:** ditch usually where water runs through

**intervein'd:** flowed together in veins

**resistless:** overpowering

**rapt:** carried away with delight

**luscious:** juicy or sweet

**brine:** salt water

**excavating:** digging into the earth

**forty-niner:** a person who dug for gold in California in 1849

**topses:** tops

**doth:** does

**garments:** clothes

**dynamics:** ways that things work

**tempo:** speed

**foreshortening:** speeding up

**marveled:** been amazed

**coeval with:** happening the same time as

**self-generating:** caused by itself

**public domain:** land owned by the government

**prudently:** wisely

**revenue:** money earned

**squatters:** people who live on a piece of land without permission

**claimants:** people who state a right

**title:** a legal document that proves ownership

**promptly:** quickly

**yield:** result

**per capita:** for each person

**outset:** beginning

**preeminently:** above all

**return:** payment

**frontier:** border area

**manifold:** many different kinds of

**pump-primer:** way to boost the economy

**flume:** man-made tube or slide that carries water from place to place

**aqueduct:** bridge used to move water from place to place

**touchstone:** standard

**limelight:** attention

**appraise:** decide the value of

**ramifications:** consequences

**El Dorado:** mythical city of gold

**sojourn:** temporary stay

**employed:** busy

**doubloons:** Spanish gold coins

**thronged:** crowded

**heretofore:** before now

**messengers:** bullets

**fleet:** fast

**portico:** porch

**confusion worse**

**confounded:** something more disordered than before

**helter skelter:** all over the place

**olfactory and**

**visual organs:** the nose and eyes

**lode:** store of metal in the earth

**rendered up:** produced

**republican people:**

people who support a government made up of elected representatives

**fatality:** horrible event

**remiss:** careless and neglectful

**crevasse:** crack

**unscathed:** unharmed

**in retaliation:** as payback

**posse:** group of people gathered to enforce the law

**debris:** loose broken pieces

**suppression:** forcing and keeping down



Use the Vocab App to play mini games related to the words in this lesson.

## Lesson 1—Scavenger Hunt: Introducing the Collection



The Gold Rush, Created by Shaun Bailey

1. Wait for your teacher to play the Gold Rush Collection video.
2. Discuss with your class.



Complete the activity on page 16 of your Writing Journal.

Welcome to the gold rush scavenger hunt. To find the answers to the scavenger hunt questions, you'll have to explore the texts and images in The Gold Rush Collection.

**Image Scavenger Hunt Question: Who is standing in front of Sutter's Mill?**

1. Scan each image to find the one that contains the answer to the scavenger hunt question.
  - 2 *Head of Auburn Ravine*, J. D. Starkweather (page 583)
  - 4 *Gold Mining at Sutter's Mill, Coloma, California*, Unknown Artist (19th century) and *James Marshall at Sutter's Mill, Coloma, CA in 1848*, R. H. Vance (page 589)
  - 6 *The Gold Seeker*, Kelloggs & Comstock (Publisher) (page 597)
2. Once your teacher has confirmed the answer to the question, complete the corresponding close reading questions in the Writing Journal.



Complete the image scavenger hunt close reading questions that correspond to the correct image(s) on pages 17–19 your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 1—Scavenger Hunt: Introducing the Collection (continued)

### Text Scavenger Hunt Question 1: Where are Ramón Gil Navarro's men when they get sick?

1. Scan each text to find the one that contains the answer to the scavenger hunt question.
  - 1 Excerpt: "California Culinary Experiences" from *The Overland Monthly* (page 576)
  - 13 Excerpts: Preface and Chapter XI from *Sights in the Gold Region, and Scenes by the Way* (page 608)
  - 15 Excerpts from July 22–August 10, 1849, *The Gold Rush Diary of Ramón Gil Navarro* (page 611)
2. Is the answer to your scavenger hunt question in the text? If so, raise your hand. If not, keep reading.



Complete the text scavenger hunt close reading questions that correspond to the correct text on pages 20–22 of your Writing Journal.

**Tip:** You will find the answer at the beginning of the text.

## Text Scavenger Hunt Question 2: What happened to the land that the California Indians lived on during the 1850s?

1. Scan each text to find the one that contains the answer to the scavenger hunt question.

- ⑨ Song Excerpt: “Oh My Darling, Clementine” (page 601)
- ⑪ Excerpt: Chapter 3—“The Magic Equation” from *California: The Great Exception* (page 603)
- ⑫ Excerpt: Chapter 8—“Good Haul of Diggers” from *Digger: The Tragic Fate of the California Indians from the Missions to the Gold Rush* (page 614)

2. Is the answer to your scavenger hunt question in the text? If so, raise your hand. If not, keep reading.



Complete the text scavenger hunt close reading questions that correspond to the correct text on pages 23–25 of your Writing Journal.

## Share: What You Learned

Reflect on what you learned from reading and viewing materials from the Collection in this scavenger hunt.



Complete the activity on page 26 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 2—Scavenger Hunt: Exploring the Collection

Work with a partner to list new things that you learned about the gold rush in the last lesson or in your reading.

### Text Scavenger Hunt Question: Who found gold-dust worth \$3.25?

1. Scan each text to find the one that contains the answer to the scavenger hunt question.
  - ③ Excerpt: "Letter the Tenth: Amateur Mining—Hairbreadth 'Scapes, &c." from *The Shirley Letters from California Mines in 1851–1852* (page 584)
  - ⑤ Excerpts: Chapter XXVII and Chapter XXVIII from *Roughing It* (page 590)
  - ⑦ Excerpt: "Pioneers! O Pioneers!" from *Leaves of Grass* (page 598)
2. Is the answer to your scavenger hunt question in the text? If so, raise your hand. If not, keep reading.



Complete the text scavenger hunt close reading questions that correspond to the correct text on pages 27–29 of your Writing Journal.

**Tip:** You will find the answer at the beginning of the text.



### Image Scavenger Hunt Question: What direction are the people in this picture headed?

1. Scan each image to find the one that contains the answer to the scavenger hunt question.

- 8 *The Last War-Whoop* by A. F. Tait (page 600)
- 10 *California Gold Diggers. Mining Operations on the Western Shore of the Sacramento River*, Kelloggs & Comstock (page 602)
- 12 *San Francisco Past and Present* by George Holbrook Baker (page 606)
- 14 *Westward the Course of Empire Takes Its Way*, W.J. Morgan & Co. (page 610)

2. Once your teacher has confirmed the answer to the question, complete the corresponding close reading questions in the Writing Journal.



Complete the image scavenger hunt close reading questions that correspond to the correct photo set in your Writing Journal.

### Share: What You Learned

Reflect on what you learned from reading and viewing materials from the Collection in this scavenger hunt.



Complete the activity on page 34 of your Writing Journal.

## Overview

Get ready to become a person living during the California gold rush era. Who will you be? Will you survive?

### Suggested Reading

Is your curiosity sparked? Want to dive deeper into this topic? Check out the list of websites below for a wealth of reference materials. And remember, your school and local libraries are great places to continue exploring your interests.

- Internet Archive
- Library of Congress
- OCLC WorldCat
- Google Books
- HathiTrust Digital Library
- Project Gutenberg
- Digital Public Library of America

## Lesson 1—Research: Up-Close and Personal

1. Review the source definitions with your class.

**Primary sources** are original documents, creative works, and artifacts created during a specific period. They include eyewitness accounts and published articles that report information and/or events for the first time, such as:

- Original documents: diaries, letters, speeches, autobiographies, interviews, film documentation, official records, and newspaper and journal articles
- Creative works: poetry, fiction, music, and visual art
- Artifacts: pottery, furniture, buildings, clothing, tools, and maps

**Secondary sources** are created later by those who did not experience firsthand the events you are researching. They often provide interpretations and analyses of primary sources, and may even include images and/or quotes from primary sources.

Examples include:

- Publications: newspapers, magazines, and journal articles
- Histories: biographies, textbooks, and web pages

**Tertiary sources** provide an overview or summary of primary and secondary sources.

Examples include:

- Encyclopedias, almanacs, timelines, dictionaries

2. Look at the two sources your teacher presents to decide which is a primary source and which is a secondary source.
3. Read each source example. With a partner, decide if each example is a primary, secondary or tertiary source.
  - A dictionary of mining terms
  - A book on the history of Sutter's Mill
  - A map drawn by and depicting the journey of a group of prospectors
  - A website about the later lives of successful prospectors
  - A page from Ramón Gil Navarro's diary
  - A timeline of the gold rush
4. Follow along as the excerpts from July 22–August 10, 1849, *The Gold Rush Diary of Ramón Gil Navarro* (paragraphs 1–3), on pages 611–612 of the Student Edition are read aloud.



Answer questions 1–3 on page 38 of your Writing Journal.

# *The Call of the Wild*

by Jack London

## Chapter 5—The Toil of Trace and Trail

Paragraphs 37–41

- <sup>37</sup> Buck felt vaguely that there was no depending upon these two men and the woman. They did not know how to do anything, and as the days went by it became apparent that they could not learn. They were slack in all things, without order or discipline. It took them half the night to pitch a slovenly camp, and half the morning to break that camp and get the sled loaded in fashion so slovenly that for the rest of the day they were occupied in stopping and rearranging the load. Some days they did not make ten miles. On other days they were unable to get started at all. And on no day did they succeed in making more than half the distance used by the men as a basis in their dog-food computation.
- <sup>38</sup> It was inevitable that they should go short on dog-food. But they hastened it by overfeeding, bringing the day nearer when underfeeding would commence. The Outside dogs, whose digestions had not been trained by chronic famine to make the most of little, had voracious appetites. And when, in addition to this, the worn-out huskies pulled weakly, Hal decided that the orthodox ration was too small. He doubled it. And to cap it all, when Mercedes, with tears in her pretty eyes and a quaver in her throat, could not cajole him into giving the dogs still more, she stole from the fish-sacks and fed them slyly. But it was not food that Buck and the huskies needed, but rest. And though they were making poor time, the heavy load they dragged sapped their strength severely.
- <sup>39</sup> Then came the underfeeding. Hal awoke one day to the fact that his dog-food was half gone and the distance only quarter covered; further, that for love or money no additional dog-food was to be obtained. So he cut down even the orthodox ration and tried to increase the day's travel. His sister and brother-in-law seconded him; but they were frustrated by their heavy outfit and their own incompetence. It was a simple matter to give the dogs less food; but it was impossible to make the dogs travel faster, while their own inability to get under way earlier in the morning prevented them from travelling longer hours. Not only did they not know how to work dogs, but they did not know how to work themselves.

<sup>40</sup> The first to go was Dub. Poor blundering thief that he was, always getting caught and punished, he had none the less been a faithful worker. His wrenched shoulder-blade, untreated and unrested, went from bad to worse, till finally Hal shot him with the big Colt's revolver. It is a saying of the country that an Outside dog starves to death on the ration of the husky, so the six Outside dogs under Buck could do no less than die on half the ration of the husky. The Newfoundland went first, followed by the three short-haired pointers, the two mongrels hanging more grittily on to life, but going in the end.

<sup>41</sup> By this time all the amenities and gentlenesses of the Southland had fallen away from the three people. Shorn of its glamour and romance, Arctic travel became to them a reality too harsh for their manhood and womanhood. Mercedes ceased weeping over the dogs, being too occupied with weeping over herself and with quarrelling with her husband and brother. To quarrel was the one thing they were never too weary to do. Their irritability arose out of their misery, increased with it, doubled upon it, outdistanced it. The wonderful patience of the trail which comes to men who toil hard and suffer sore, and remain sweet of speech and kindly, did not come to these two men and the woman. They had no inkling of such a patience. They were stiff and in pain; their muscles ached, their bones ached, their very hearts ached; and because of this they became sharp of speech, and hard words were first on their lips in the morning and last at night.

---

## Lesson 1—Research: Up-Close and Personal (continued)

1. Read the excerpt from Jack London's *The Call of the Wild* on pages 630–631.



Answer questions 1 and 2 on page 39 of your Writing Journal.

---



With your partner, answer questions 3–5 on page 39 of your Writing Journal.

---

2. Review *The Gold Rush Diary of Ramón Gil Navarro*, paragraphs 1–3, on pages 611–612.



Answer questions 6–7 on page 40 of your Writing Journal.

---

After your teacher assigns you to a group who participated in the gold rush, conduct research in the Collection.



**Complete the chart on page 41 with your research findings.**

---

Raise your hand to share your research experience. Refer to your chart if you need to.

## Lesson 2—Writing: Dear Diary...

Take a few minutes to review Navarro's diary on pages 611–613 of your Student Edition to see how he showed the reader what life was like for a miner.



**Answer questions 1–3 on page 42 of your Writing Journal.**

---

Review your research chart on page 41 of your Writing Journal prior to writing your journal entries.



**Write at least five journal entries telling of your experiences during the gold rush on pages 43–45 of your Writing Journal.**

---



## Lesson 3—Collection Research

Look through the texts listed below and select one that interests you.

- ⑨ Song Excerpt: “Oh My Darling, Clementine” (page 601)
- ⑪ Excerpt: Chapter 3—“The Magic Equation” from *California: The Great Exception* (page 603)
- ⑬ Excerpts: Preface and Chapter XI from *Sights in the Gold Region, and Scenes by the Way* (page 608)



After reading your chosen text, answer the close reading questions that correspond to it on pages 46–48 of your Writing Journal.

## Lesson 3—Collection Research (continued)

Look through the following images, and choose one that you haven't already examined:

- 2 *Head of Auburn Ravine*, J. D. Starkweather (page 583)
- 6 *The Gold Seeker*, Kelloggs & Comstock (Publisher) (page 597)
- 8 *The Last War-Whoop* by A. F. Tait (page 600)
- 12 *San Francisco Past and Present* by George Holbrook Baker (page 606)



After examining your chosen image, answer the accompanying close reading questions on pages 49–52 of your Writing Journal.

Discuss the text and the image you reviewed today with your group. Work together to compare and contrast the information and ideas from the texts and images.



Write down these facts and connections on page 53 of your Writing Journal.





## Overview

Socrates was a famous Greek philosopher. He was a deep thinker who believed in the power of asking questions and thoughtful discussion. In these lessons, you'll be the ones asking the questions and discussing the answers.

## Suggested Reading

Is your curiosity sparked? Want to dive deeper into this topic? Check out the list of websites below for a wealth of reference materials. And remember, your school and local libraries are great places to continue exploring your interests.

- Internet Archive
- Library of Congress
- OCLC WorldCat
- Google Books
- HathiTrust Digital Library
- Project Gutenberg
- Digital Public Library of America

## Lesson 1—Preparing for the Socratic Seminar



A **Socratic seminar** is a formal discussion based on a text in which students ask and answer a series of open-ended questions designed to promote critical thinking, questioning, and conversation.

Everyone is expected to answer at least one question and to generate at least one question to ask other students.

**Socrates,**  
**Greek philosopher,**  
**470 BCE–399 BCE**

Which rule will help during a class discussion?

- A. Send a text message to at least two friends during the seminar.
- B. Feel free to call out answers at any time.
- C. Listen carefully to the student speaking.
- D. Find a point to argue against.



**Collaborate with your group to write down three or four rules for a class discussion on page 56 of your Writing Journal.**

Use these questions as a guide to help your group create rules for the Socratic seminar.

1. How will people take turns talking?
2. What do you do if you have a question or answer to share?
3. How can we show that we're listening to each other?
4. What do we do if someone is talking too much? What if someone isn't talking?
5. How do we agree, disagree, or build on what someone else says?

## Lesson 1—Preparing for the Socratic Seminar (continued)

Which questions are closed-ended? Which are open-ended? Discuss with your partner and check the correct answer.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. Did you like the movie?<br><input type="checkbox"/> Open-Ended<br><input type="checkbox"/> Closed-Ended                 | 4. Why do you think they were the best?<br><input type="checkbox"/> Open-Ended<br><input type="checkbox"/> Closed-Ended       |
| 2. What did you like about the movie?<br><input type="checkbox"/> Open-Ended<br><input type="checkbox"/> Closed-Ended      | 5. Who was the main character of the movie?<br><input type="checkbox"/> Open-Ended<br><input type="checkbox"/> Closed-Ended   |
| 3. What were the best scenes in the movie?<br><input type="checkbox"/> Open-Ended<br><input type="checkbox"/> Closed-Ended | 6. What was likable about the main character?<br><input type="checkbox"/> Open-Ended<br><input type="checkbox"/> Closed-Ended |



Write an open-ended question about a song or movie you like on page 56 of your Writing Journal.

Share your question with your partner to make sure that it's open ended.

Take part in a brief practice seminar about this image, making sure to follow your classroom's established Socratic seminar guidelines. Turn to the next page for further instructions.



*The Gold Seeker*, Kelloggs & Comstock (Publisher) (Between 1849 and 1852)

Image: Courtesy of The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley

## Lesson 1—Preparing for the Socratic Seminar (continued)

Study these three types of questions and practice the Socratic seminar discussion style by asking and answering them with your classmates. Use the image on page 641 as your evidence.

### Opening Questions

1. What is the image about?
2. What is the most important element in the image?
3. What is interesting or surprising in the image?

### Deeper Questions

1. Why do you think the artist created this image?
2. What do you think the artist is trying to say about what life was like during the gold rush?

### Closing Questions

1. Do you like the image? Why or why not?
2. Does the image tell a story about the gold rush? What story does it tell?



Answer questions 1–3 on page 57 of your Writing Journal.



Read the text assigned to your group.

Work together to write two or three open-ended questions about this text to ask the class during the Socratic seminar.

Make sure your questions are thought-provoking, so that your classmates have a lot to think about and discuss.



**Go to page 58 in your Writing Journal to record your group's open-ended questions.**

---

## Lesson 2—Conducting the Socratic Seminar

1. Think of two open-ended questions you'd like to ask during today's seminar.



**Write your two questions on page 59 of your Writing Journal.**

2. As you participate in the seminar, take notes in your Writing Journal. For each question asked, write down the main topic and your thoughts about it.



**Fill out the chart on page 60 with your notes on the seminar.**

Now that you've completed the seminar discussion, take a few moments to review the notes in your chart and choose a few topics to research further.



**Record three or four topics you'd like to learn more about on page 62.**

Share with your partner the three or four topics that you would like to learn more about. Together, decide on one person, topic, or issue to investigate further.



**Write a question about your chosen topic on page 62.**

Conduct research to find the answer to the new question you composed. Use at least two sources. Use the information literacy criteria you learned for evaluating credible research sources. Fill in the Source Credibility Checklist for both your first and second sources to make sure they are valid.



**Working with your partner, complete the Source Credibility Checklist for both sources on pages 63–64 of your Writing Journals and write the answer to your research question on page 65.**

### Calendar of Essay Lessons

Lesson 1: Making a Claim

Lesson 2: Writing Body Paragraphs

Lesson 3: Essay Flex Day or Essay Writing Day

Lesson 4: Revising and Writing an Introduction

Lesson 5: Writing a Conclusion and Polishing the Essay

### Elements of a Response to Text Essay

An introduction to the essay and claim. It includes...

- A lead.
- The name of the text(s) and its author(s).
- Relevant background or context of the topic and the text(s).
- A statement of the claim.

Body paragraphs to develop the reasoning and evidence. Each includes...

- Specific textual evidence that supports your claim.
- Description of the key parts of your evidence.
- Clear explanation of how this evidence supports your claim.

A conclusion that wraps up the ideas about the claim/argument.  
It includes...

- A restatement of the claim.
- A final thought.

### Your lead can...

- ask a question.
- quote the text.
- help the reader relate to the topic of the essay.
- include an interesting detail from the text.

### Revising Transitions

1. Reread your introduction and body paragraphs in their final order.
2. Ask yourself the following questions:
  - When I finish reading one paragraph and begin reading the next paragraph, is the relationship between the paragraphs clear?
  - Do I use words that clearly explain how my evidence is connected to my claim?

For example:

Time connection:

- “**After** the character realizes her mistake....”

Contrast connection:

- “**Despite** the government’s efforts...”
- “**Other** evidence shows that...”

A cause and effect connection:

- “**Because** the narrator believed...”
- “**As a result** of the scientists’ careful investigation... ”

3. Write a new transition to go between each body paragraph in your essay.

## Editing Process

1. Arrange what you have written in the appropriate order. Make sure to incorporate your revisions into your body paragraphs, or delete them if you don't want to use them. This list shows you how the pieces you have written will go together:
  - Introduction
  - Body paragraphs with revisions and in the order you prefer
  - Conclusion
2. Read your essay aloud to listen for how sentences work and flow for your reader:
  - Is it clear how each sentence follows from the sentence before it? Rewrite sentences in order to make that connection obvious to the reader.
  - Does your writing sound like a written essay or do you have any words and phrases that sound out of place in a school essay?
3. Refer to the Guidelines for Citing and Punctuating Direct Quotes on page 649 to make sure you have written your direct quotes correctly.
4. Reread your essay to correct any errors you can find in spelling, punctuation, and grammar.
5. If you have done your best on the previous steps and you have extra time, complete this bonus activity:
  - Write a different final thought.
  - Compare the two final thoughts you have written and decide which is best.
  - Make sure that the final thought you choose is included in your conclusion.

## Guidelines for Citing and Punctuating Direct Quotes

### An in-text citation has three parts:

1. Introduction to the quote (for example, *According to the text...* or *Studies have found that...*)
2. The borrowed words (the quote) in quotation marks
3. The citation in parentheses: the author's last name or the source title, followed by the page or paragraph number

### How to write a direct quote:

- Make sure you have an introduction to your quote.
- Use double quotation marks to show where the quote begins and ends.
- Use single quotation marks around any dialogue within the direct quote.

## **Calendar of Research Essay Days**

Lesson 1: Gathering Evidence

Lesson 2: Making a Claim and Writing a Body Paragraph

Lesson 3: Writing a Body Paragraph and an Introduction

Lesson 4: Revising and Writing a Conclusion

Lesson 5: Finishing and Editing the Essay

Lesson 6: Creating Citations and a Works Cited List



## Elements of a Research Essay

An introduction to the essay and claim. It includes...

- a lead.
- relevant background or context of the topic and the text(s).
- a statement of the claim.

Body paragraphs to develop the reasoning and evidence. Each includes...

- specific textual evidence that supports the claim.
- description of the key parts of your evidence.
- clear explanation of how this evidence supports the claim.
- in-text citations.

A conclusion that wraps up the ideas about the claim. It includes...

- a restatement of the claim.
- a final thought.

A Works Cited page that includes...

- source information for Collection texts, web, and print.

## Your lead can...

- ask a question.
- quote the text.
- help the reader relate to the topic of the essay.
- include an interesting detail from the text.

## Editing Process

1. Read each part of your essay aloud to yourself, quietly and slowly.
2. Arrange what you have written in the appropriate order. Make sure to incorporate your revisions into your body paragraphs, or delete them if you don't want to use them.  
This list shows you how the pieces you have written will go together:
  - Introduction
  - Body paragraphs with revisions and in the order you prefer
  - Conclusion
3. Reread your essay to correct any errors in spelling, punctuation, and grammar.  
Follow these basic rules:
  - The first letter of every sentence is capitalized.
  - Every sentence ends with a period, a question mark, or an exclamation point.
  - There are no obvious spelling errors.
  - The word "I" is capitalized.
4. Refer to the following guidelines to make sure you have written your direct quotes correctly:
  - Make sure you have an introduction to your quote (e.g., *According to the text...*).
  - Use double quotation marks to show where the quote begins and ends.
  - Use single quotation marks around any dialogue within the direct quote.
  - Include the end punctuation of your quote only if it is a question mark or exclamation point.
  - At the end of the sentence, cite the source you are using in parentheses with the author's last name or source title.
  - Add the period after the parentheses: (Smith 10).

## Guidelines for In-Text Citations

### An in-text citation has three parts:

1. Introduction to the quote (for example, *According to the text...* or *Studies have found that...*)
2. The borrowed words (the quote) in quotation marks
3. The citation in parentheses: the author's last name or the source title, followed by the page or paragraph number

### How to write a direct quote:

- Make sure you have an introduction to your quote.
- Use double quotation marks to show where the quote begins and ends.
- Use single quotation marks around any dialogue within the direct quote.
- Include the end punctuation of your quote only if it is a question mark or exclamation point.
- At the end of the direct quote, cite the source you are using in parentheses with the author's last name or source title, followed by the page or paragraph number, for example: (Smith 10) or (ABC News).
- Add the period after the parentheses: (Smith 10).

## **Bookmarks**

1. Cut along the solid black lines.
2. Line up the short sides and press down on the dotted line to fold in half.
3. Apply glue to the inside of the bookmark and press together. Let bookmark dry.



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Welcome



Digital lessons only.

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Get Started



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*Red Scarf Girl: A Memoir  
of the Cultural Revolution*



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Red Scarf Girl & Narrative





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## Brain Science







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Poetry & Poe





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The Gold Rush Collection





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