

COMMON CORE STATE STANDARDS FOR

English Language Arts

&

Literacy in

History/Social Studies,

Science, and Technical Subjects

Appendix B: Text Exemplars and
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"Yes, Happy Birthday, Little Bear!" says Mother Bear. "This Birthday Cake is a surprise for you. I never did forget your birthday, and I never will."

TEXT COPYRIGHT © 1957 BY ELSE HOLMELUND MINARIK. ILLUSTRATIONS COPYRIGHT © 1957 BY MAURICE SENDAK. Used by permission of HarperCollins Publishers.

Are You My Mother? by P. D. Eastman, copyright © 1960, (1960)

A mother bird sat on her egg.

The egg jumped.

"Oh oh!" said the mother bird. "My baby will be here! He will want to eat."

"I must get something for my baby bird to eat!" she said. "I will be back!"

So away she went.

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Green Eggs and Ham. by Dr. Seuss, copyright © 1960, (1960)

Put Me in the Zoo. by Robert Lopshire, copyright © 1960, (1960)

I will go into the zoo.

I want to see it.

Yes, I do.

I would like to live this way.

This is where I want to stay.

Will you keep me in the zoo?

I want to stay in here with you.

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A Boy, a Dog and a Frog. by Chris Raschka, copyright © 2003, (1967)

This is a wordless book appropriate for kindergarten.

Frog and Toad Together. by Arnold Lobel, copyright © 1971, (1971)

Frog was in his garden. Toad came walking by.

"What a fine garden you have, Frog," he said.

"Yes," said Frog. "It is very nice, but it was hard work."

"I wish I had a garden," said Toad.

"Here are some flower seeds. Plant them in the ground," said Frog, "and soon you will have a garden."

"How soon?" asked Toad.

"Quite soon," said Frog.

Toad ran home. He planted the flower seeds.

Owl came home. He put on his pajamas and went to bed. The room was very dark. Owl was still feeling sad. All at once, Owl's bedroom was filled with silver light. Owl looked out of the window. The moon was coming from behind the clouds. "Moon, you have followed me all the way home. What a good, round friend you are!" said Owl.

Then Owl put his head on the pillow and closed his eyes. The moon was shining down through the window. Owl did not feel sad at all.

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***Pancakes for Breakfast.* Arnold Lobel, 1978. (1978)**

This is a wordless book appropriate for kindergarten.

***Hi! Fly Guy.* Tedd Arnold, 2006. (2006)**

A fly went flying.
 He was looking for something to eat—something tasty, something slimy.
 A boy went walking
 He was looking for something to catch—something smart, something for The Amazing Pet Show.
 They met.
 The boy caught the fly in a jar.
 "A pet!" He said.
 The fly was mad.
 He wanted to be free.
 He stomped his foot and said—Buzz!
 The boy was surprised.
 He said, "You know my name! You are the smartest pet in the world!"

From HI! FLY GUY by Tedd Arnold. Scholastic Inc./Cartwright Books, Inc. © 2006. All rights reserved. Cartwright Books, Inc. © 2006. All rights reserved.

Read-Aloud Rhymes for the Very Young. (1986). (1919)

I wake in the morning early
And always, the very first thing,
I poke out my head and I sit up in bed
And I sing and I sing and I sing.

When We Were Very Young. (1924). (1988)

Read-Aloud Rhymes for the Very Young. (1986). (1957)

When I climb up
To get a drink,
It doesn't work
The way you'd think.

I turn it up,
The water goes
And hits me right
Upon the nose.

I turn it down
To make it small
And don't get any
Drink at all.

From Around and About Tngi

Nighttime covers
 all the things that creep
 Blankets cover me
 when I'm asleep

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Read-Aloud Rhymes for the Very Young. *Read-Aloud Rhymes for the Very Young.* **1986. (1985)**

Song and Dance. *Song and Dance.* **1997. (1993)**

I shall dance tonight.
 When the dusk comes crawling,
 There will be dancing
 and feasting.
 I shall dance with the others
 in circles,
 in leaps,
 in stomps.
 Laughter and talk
 Will weave into the night,
 Among the fires
 of my people.
 Games will be played
 And I shall be
 a part of it.

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Orangutan Tongs. *Orangutan Tongs.* **2009. (2009)**

A three-toed tree toad tried to tie
 A two-toed tree toad's shoe.
 But tying two-toed shoes is hard
 For three-toed toads to do,
 Since three-toed shoes each have three toes,
 And two-toed shoes have two.

"Please tie my two-toed tree toad shoe!"
 The two-toed tree toad cried.
 "I tried my best. Now I must go,"
 The three-toed tree toad sighed.
 The two-toed tree toad's two-toed shoe,
 Alas, remained untied.

Appendix B

1. *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*. L. 1–4. *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*. Chicago: Puffin, 2000. (1900)

Dorothy lived in the midst of the great Kansas prairies, with Uncle Henry, who was a farmer, and Aunt Em, who was the farmer's wife. Their house was small, for the lumber to build it had to be carried by wagon many miles. There were four walls, a floor and a roof, which made one room; and this room contained a rusty looking cookstove, a cupboard for the dishes, a table, three or four chairs, and the beds. Uncle Henry and Aunt Em had a big bed in one corner, and Dorothy a little bed in another corner. There was no garret at all, and no cellar—except a small hole dug in the ground, called a cyclone cellar, where the family could go in case one of those great whirlwinds arose, mighty enough to crush any building in its path. It was reached by a trap door in the middle of the floor, from which a ladder led down into the small, dark hole.

When Dorothy stood in the doorway and looked around, she could see nothing but the great gray prairie on every side. Not a tree nor a house broke the broad sweep of flat country that reached to the edge of the sky in all directions. The sun had baked the plowed land into a gray mass, with little cracks running through it. Even the grass was not green, for the sun had burned the tops of the long blades until they were the same gray color to be seen everywhere. Once the house had been painted, but the sun blistered the paint and the rains washed it away, and now the house was as dull and gray as everything else.

When Aunt Em came there to live she was a young, pretty wife. The sun and wind had changed her, too. They had taken the sparkle from her eyes and left them a sober gray; they had taken the red from her cheeks and lips, and they were gray also. She was thin and gaunt, and never smiled now. When Dorothy, who was an orphan, first came to her, Aunt Em had been so startled by the child's laughter that she would scream and press her hand upon her heart whenever Dorothy's merry voice reached her ears; and she still looked at the little girl with wonder that she could find anything to laugh at.

Uncle Henry never laughed. He worked hard from morning till night and did not know what joy was. He was gray also, from his long beard to his rough boots, and he looked stern and solemn, and rarely spoke.

It was Toto that made Dorothy laugh, and saved her from growing as gray as her other surroundings. Toto was not gray; he was a little black dog, with long silky hair and small black eyes that twinkled merrily on either side of his funny, wee nose. Toto played all day long, and Dorothy played with him, and loved him dearly.

Today, however, they were not playing. Uncle Henry sat upon the doorstep and looked anxiously at the sky, which was even grayer than usual. Dorothy stood in the door with Toto in her arms, and looked at the sky too. Aunt Em was washing the dishes.

2. *Little HouyBal?YM50YM50uyBfEFB*.

Sky God. He kept them in a golden box next to his royal stool.

Ananse, the Spider Man, wanted to buy the Sky God's stories. So he spun a web up to the sky.

When the Sky God heard what Ananse wanted, he laughed: "Twe, twe, twe. The price of my stories is that you bring me Osebo the leopard of-the-terrible-teeth, Mmboro the hornet who-stings-like-fire, and Mmoatia the fairy whom-men-never-see."

Ananse bowed and answered: "I shall gladly pay the price."

"Twe, twe, twe," chuckled the Sky God. "How can a weak old man like you, so small, so small, so small, pay my price?"

But Ananse merely climbed down to earth to find the things that the Sky God demanded.

Ananse ran along the jungle path – yiridi, yiridi, yiridi – till he came to Osebo the leopard-of-the-terrible-teeth.

"Oho, Ananse," said the leopard, "you are just in time to be my lunch."

Ananse replied: "As for that, what will happen will happen. But first let us play the binding binding game."

The leopard, who was fond of games, asked: "How is it played?"

"With vine creepers," explained Ananse. "I will bind you by your foot and foot. Then I will untie you, and you can tie me up."

"Very well," growled the leopard, who planned to eat Ananse as soon as it was his turn to bind him.

So Ananse tied the leopard

by his foot

by his foot

by his foot

by his foot, with the vine creeper.

Then he said: "Now, Osebo, you are ready to meet the Sky God." And he hung the tied leopard in a tree in the jungle.

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The Paper Crane. (1985)

A man once owned a restaurant on a busy road. He loved to cook good food and he loved to serve it. He worked from morning until night, and he was happy.

But a new highway was built close by. Travelers drove straight from one place to another and no longer stopped at the restaurant. Many days went by when no guests came at all. The man became very poor, and had nothing to do but dust and polish his empty plates and tables.

One evening a stranger came into the restaurant. His clothes were old and worn, but he had an unusual, gentle manner.

Though he said he had not money to pay for food, the owner invited him to sit down. He cooked the best meal he could make and served him like a king. When the stranger had finished, he said to his host, "I cannot pay you with money, but I would like to thank you in my own way."

He picked up a paper napkin from the table and folded it into the shape of a crane. "You have only to clap your hands," he said, "and this bird will come to life and dance for you. Take it, and enjoy it while it is with you." With these words the stranger left.

It happened just as the stranger had said. The owner had only to clap his hands and the crane appeared. "With

So she ran
to the tallest tree
she could find,
and she climbed
and climbed
and climbed
to the very top.

But Kitten
still couldn't reach
the bowl of milk,
and now she was
scared.
Poor Kitten!
What could she do?

Then, in the pond, Kitten saw
another bowl of milk.
And it was bigger.
What a night!

So she raced down the tree
and raced through the grass

and raced to the edge of the pond.
She leaped with all her might—

Poor Kitten!
She was wet and sad and tired
and hungry.

So she went
back home—

and there was
 a great big
 bowl of milk
 on the porch,

just waiting for her.

Lucky Kitten!
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A

A fox jumped out one winter's night, *The Oxford Nursery Rhyme Book*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1955. (1800, 1800)

A fox jumped out one winter's night,
And begged the moon to give him light.
For he'd many miles to trot that night
Before he reached his den O!
 Den O! Den O!
For he'd many miles to trot that night before he reached his den O!

The fox was the farmer's friend,

That their nerves should be shaken and their rest so marred
By a visit from Mr. Fox O!

He took the grey goose by the neck,
And swung him right across his back;
The grey goose cried out, Quack, quack, quack,
With his legs hanging dangling down O!
Down O! Down O!

The grey goose cried out, Quack, quack, quack,
With his legs hanging dangling down O!

Old Mother Slipper Slopper jumped out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head:
Oh, John, John, the grey goose is gone,
And the fox is off to his den O!
Den O! Den O!

Oh, John, John, the grey goose is gone,
And the fox is off to his den O!

John ran up to the top of the hill.
And blew his whistle loud and shrill;
Said the fox, That is very pretty music still –
I'd rather be in my den O!
Den O! Den O!

Said the fox, That is very pretty music still –
I'd rather be in my den O!

The fox went back to his hungry den,
And his dear little foxes, eight, nine, ten;
Quoth they, Good daddy, you must go there again,
If you bring such god cheer from the farm O!
Farm O! Farm O!
Quoth they, Good daddy, you must go there again,
If you bring such god cheer from the farm O!

The fox and his wife, without any strife,
Said they never ate a better goose in all their life:
They did very well without fork or knife,
And the little ones chewed on the bones O!
Bones O! Bones O!

They did very well without fork or knife,
And the little ones chewed on the bones O!

5. *Over in the Meadow.* *Illustration by Helen Fisher, 1973. © 1800,*

Over in the meadow in a new little hive
Lived an old mother queen bee and her honeybees five.
"Hum," said the mother,
"We hum," said the five;
So they hummed and were glad in their new little hive.

Over in the meadow in a dam built of sticks
Lived an old mother beaver and her little beavers six.
"Build," said the mother,
"We build," said the six;
So they built and were glad in the dam built of sticks.

Over in the meadow in the green wet bogs
Lived an old mother froggie and her seven polliwogs.
"Swim," said the mother,
"We swim," said the 'wogs;
So they swam and were glad in the green wet bogs.

Over in the meadow as the day grew late
Lived an old mother owl and her little owls eight.

"Wink," said the mother,
"We wink," said the eight;
So they winked and were glad as the day grew late.

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It's what we go to concerts for.

The minutes fly, the music ends,
And so, good-bye to our new friends.
But when they've bowed and left the floor,
If we clap loud and shout, "Encore!"
They may come out and play once more.

And that would give us great delight
Before we say a late good night.

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- Students (*with prompting and support from the teacher*) describe the relationship between key events of the overall story of *Little Bear* by Else Holmelund Minarik to the corresponding scenes illustrated by Maurice Sendak. [RL.K.7]
- Students *retell* Arnold Lobel's *Frog and Toad Together* while demonstrating their understanding of a central message or lesson of the story (e.g., how friends are able to solve problems together or how hard work pays off). [RL.1.2]
- Students (*with prompting and support from the teacher*) compare and contrast the adventures and experiences of the owl in Arnold Lobel's *Owl*.

When I look at the moon and the stars, I use one sense. I am seeing.

When I laugh and play with my puppy, I use four senses. I see, hear, smell, and touch.

When I bounce a ball, I use three senses. I see, hear, touch.

Sometimes I use more of one sense and less of another.

But each sense is very important to me, because it makes me aware.

To be aware is to see all there is to see...

hear all there is to hear...

smell all there is to smell...

taste all there is to taste...

touch all there is to touch.

Wherever I go, whatever I do, every minute of the day, my senses are working.

They make me aware.

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1.1.1.1. Starfish. *Illustrations by Alki Brandenberg, 2000. (1962)*

Starfish live in the sea. Starfish live deep down in the sea. Starfish live in pools by the sea.

Some starfish are purple. Some starfish are pink.

This is the sunflower starfish. It is the biggest of all. Starfish have many arms. The arms are called rays. Starfish have arms, but no legs.

Starfish have feet, but no toes. They glide and slide on tiny tube feet. They move as slowly as a snail.

The basket star looks like a starfish, but it is a little different. It doesn't have tube feet. It moves with its rays. It has rays that go up and rays that go down.

Tiny brittle stars are like the basket star. They hide under rocks in pools by the sea.

The mud star hides in the mud. It is a starfish. It has tiny tube feet.

A starfish has no eyes. A starfish has no ears or nose. Its tiny mouth is on its underside. When a starfish is hungry, it slides and it glides on its tiny tube feet.

It hunts for mussels and oysters and clams. It feels for the mussels, It feels for the oysters. It feels for the clams. It feels for something to eat.

The starfish crawls over a clam. Its rays go over it. Its rays go under it. Its rays go all over the clam. The starfish pulls and pulls. It pulls the shells open. It eats the clam inside.

Sometimes a starfish loses a ray. A crab may pull it off. A rock may fall on it. But this does not hurt. It does not bother the starfish. The starfish just grows another ray.

In the spring when the sun shines warm, and the sea grows warm, starfish lay eggs. Starfish lay eggs in the water. They lay many, many, many tiny eggs. The eggs look like sand in the sea. The tiny eggs float in the water. They float up and down. They move with the waves and the tide, up and down, up and down.

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A... A Weed is a Flower: The Life of George Washington Carver. *Illustrations by Alki Brandenberg, 1965. (1965)*

... Truck. *Illustrations by Alki Brandenberg, 1980. (1980)*

This is a largely wordless book appropriate for kindergarten.

1.1.1.1 *I Read Signs.* **Author:** Unknown, **1987 (1987)**

This is a largely wordless book appropriate for kindergarten.

1.1.1.1 *Let's Find Out About Ice Cream.* **Author:** Unknown, **1996 (1996)**

1.1.1.1 *National Geographic Young Explorers*

water plants. Slap! A trout's tail hits the water. Lots of creatures live in the moving water.

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Water, Water Everywhere. Arthur Dorros, 1994. (1994)

Earthworms. Arthur Dorros, 2002. (2002)

What Do You Do With a Tail Like This? Arthur Dorros, 2003. (2003)

What do you do with a nose like this?

If you're a platypus, you use your nose to dig in the mud.

If you're a hyena, you find your next meal with your nose.

If you're an elephant, you use your nose to give yourself a bath.

If you're a mole, you use your nose to find your way underground.

If you're an alligator, you breathe through your nose while hiding in the water.

If you, tuur -your.

These shoots grow into tiny seedlings. Two leaves, called seed leaves, uncurl on each stem. They reach up toward the sun.

Sunlight gives these leaves energy to make food. Like us, plants need food to grow. But green plants do not eat food as we do. Their leaves make it.

To make food, plants need light, water, and air. Leaves catch the sunlight. Roots soak up rainwater. And little openings in the leaves let air in. Using energy from the sun, the leaves mix the air with water from the soil to make sugar. This feeds the plant.

Soon broad, prickly leaves with jagged edges unfold on the stems.

The seed leaves dry up. Now the new leaves make food for the pumpkin plant.

Each pumpkin stem has many sets of tubes. One tube in each set takes water from the soil up to the leaves so they can make sugar. The other tube in each set sends food back down so the pumpkin can grow.

The days grow warmer. The farmer tends the pumpkin patch to keep weeds out. Weeds take water from the soil. Pumpkin plants need that water to grow.

Text ~~WAZTeal~~ ~~line~~ ~~U38B~~ ~~Mon~~

How People Learned to Fly. *Illustrations by: [unreadable], 2007. (2007)*

When you see a bird flying, do you dream about flying too?

Do you run with your arms out, imagining that you're soaring among the clouds? Do you make paper airplanes? Do you fly kites?

If you do, you aren't alone. For thousands of years, people have dreamed of being able to fly.

They watched birds and bats soar.

They imagined people and other animals that could fly and told stories about them.

They designed machines that they thought would be able to fly.

They had many ideas. As they tried each new idea, they learned a lot.

They learned about gravity. Gravity is the force that keeps everything on the Earth's surface. Because of gravity, things have weight.

If there were no gravity, people, dogs, cats, and everything else would go floating off into space. Gravity keeps us on the ground, even if we would rather be flying.

People also learned about air. Air is made of tiny particles called molecules. When you walk or run, you push through air molecules. They push back on you, too, even though you don't really feel the push unless the wind blows.

People learned that wind could push a kite into the sky.

When air molecules push back on a moving object, that is a force called drag. You can feel drag for yourself. Hold out your arms. Now spin around. Feel the push of air on your arms and hands? That's drag. Like gravity, drag works against objects that are trying to fly.

Kites were useful and fun, but people wanted more. They wanted to fly like birds.

Birds had something that kites didn't: Birds had wings.

People made wings and strapped them to their arms. They flapped their arms but couldn't fly.

They built gliders, light aircraft with wings. Some didn't work, but some did.

The gliders that worked best had special wings. These wings were arched on both the top and the bottom. The air pulled the wings from above and pushed the wings from below. When the wings went up, so did the glider! Arched wings help create a force called lift. Lift is the force that keeps birds and gliders in the air.

Most gliders have long, thin wings. The wings create enough lift to carry the aircraft and its passengers. Gliders usually ride currents of air the same way a hawk soars.

Gliders are very light, and long wings and air currents can give them enough lift to fly. But to carry more than just a passenger or two, an aircraft needs a lot more lift. The question is: How do you create more lift?

The engine is the answer!

The engine is a machine that changes energy into movement. The forward movement that an airplane needs to fly is called thrust. More thrust makes an airplane move forward faster. Moving faster creates more lift. And with more lift, an airplane can carry more weight. So an aircraft with an engine can carry passengers or cargo.

In 1903 the Wright brothers figured out how to get wings and an engine to work together in order to give an airplane enough thrust to fly. They made the first powered flight at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.

Since then, people have made airplanes that can fly faster than sound can travel. They have made airplanes that can fly all the way around the world without stopping.

Today, thousands of people travel in airplanes every day. People really have learned how to fly!

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Nivola, Claire A. Planting the trees of Kenya: the story of Wangari Maathai. New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 2008. (2008)

The Chief looked at Pickles and said, "Mrs. Goodkind says you are not a bad cat. And Joe likes you. I will let you live here IF you will learn to be a good firehouse cat."

Pickles walked quietly up the stairs after Joe. Joe and Pickles went into a room where the firemen lived.

The men were pleased to have a cat. They wanted to play with Pickles. But suddenly the fire bell rang. All the firemen ran to a big pole and down they went. The pole was the fast way to get to their trucks. Pickles could hear the trucks start up and rush off to the fire.

Pickles said to himself, "I must learn to do what the firemen do, I must learn to slide down the pole."

He jumped and put his paws around the pole. Down he fell with a BUMP.

"Bumps or no bumps, I must try again," said Pickles. Up the stairs he ran. Down the pole he came – and bumped. But by the time the firemen came back from the fire, Pickles could slide down the pole.

"What a wonderful cat you are!" said the firemen. The Chief did not say anything.

Pickles said to himself, "I must keep learning everything I can." So he learned to jump up on one of the big trucks. And he learned to sit up straight on the seat while the truck raced to a fire.

"What a wonderful cat you are!" said the firemen. The Chief did not say anything.

Pickles said to himself, "Now I must learn to help the firemen with their work."

At the next fire, he jumped down from the truck. He ran to a big hose, put his paws around it, and tried to help a fireman shoot water at the flames.

"What a wonderful cat you are!" said the firemen. The Chief did not say anything.

The next day the Chief called all the firemen to his desk. Then he called for Pickles. Pickles did not know what was going to happen. He said to himself, "Maybe the Chief does not like the way I work. Maybe he wants to send me back to my old yard." But Pickles went to the Chief.

At the Chief's desk stood all the firemen – and Mrs. Goodkind! The Chief said to Pickles, "I have asked Mrs. Goodkind to come because she was your first friend. Pickles, jump up on my desk. I have something to say to you."

Pickles jumped up on the desk and looked at the Chief. Out of the desk the Chief took – a little fire hat!

"Pickles," said the Chief, "I have watched you at your work. You have worked hard. The time has come for you to know that you are now our Fire Cat."

And with these words, the Chief put the little hat on Pickles' head.

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Henry and Mudge: The First Book. *Tops and Bottoms*. New York: Atheneum, 1985. (1995)

Once upon a time there lived a very lazy bear who had lots of money and lots of land. His father had been a hard worker and a smart business bear, and he had given all of his wealth to his son.

But all Bear wanted to do was sleep.

Poppleton called his friend Hudson.

"Would you like to go for a sleigh ride?" Poppleton asked.

"Sorry," said Hudson, "I'm baking a cake."

Poppleton called his friend Fillmore.

"Would you like to go for a sleigh ride?" Poppleton asked.

"Sorry," said Fillmore. "I'm stirring some fudge."

Poppleton was disappointed. He couldn't find one friend for a sleigh ride. And besides that, they were all making such good things to eat!

He sat in front of his window, feeling very sorry for himself. Suddenly the doorbell rang.

"SURPRISE!"

There stood all of Poppleton's friends! With cookies and cake and fudge and presents! "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, POPPLETON!"

He had forgotten his own birthday! Everyone ate and laughed and played games with Poppleton.

Then, just before midnight, they all took him on a sleigh ride.

The moon was full and white. The stars twinkled. The owls hooted in the trees. Over the snow went the sleigh filled with Poppleton and all of his friends.

Poppleton didn't even make a birthday wish. He had everything already.

From POPPLETON IN WINTER by Cynthia Rylant. Scholastic Inc./Blue Sky Press. Copyright © 2001 by Cynthia Rylant. Used by permission.

2002. (2002) . *The Lighthouse Family: The Storm.* &

Cowgirl Kate smiled. "Then I will tell you a story."

"Once there was a cowgirl who needed a cowhorse. She went to a ranch and saw lots and lots of horses. Then she saw a horse whose coat was the color of chocolate. His tail and mane were the color of caramel. 'Yum,' said the cow-

... *The Poetry of Robert Frost: The Collected Poems.* ...
 ... 1979. (1923)

... *Branches Green.* ...
 ... 1934. (1934)

... *The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes.* ...
 ... 1994. (1958)

... **A** ... *The Bat Poet.* ...
 ... 1964. (1964)

A bat is born
 Naked and blind and pale.
 His mother makes a pocket of her tail
 And catches him. He clings to her long fur
 By his thumbs and toes and teeth.
 And then the mother dances through the night
 Doubling and looping, soaring, somersaulting—
 Her baby hangs on underneath.
 All night, in happiness, she hunts and flies
 Her sharp cries
 Like shining needlepoints of sound
 Go out into the night and, echoing back,
 Tell her what they have touched.
 She hears how far it is, how big it is,
 Which way it's going;
 She lives by hearing.
 The mother eats the moths and gnats she catches
 In full flight; in full flight

The mother drinks the water of the pond
 She skims across. Her baby hangs on tight.
 Her baby drinks the milk she makes him
 In moonlight or starlight, in mid-air.
 Their single shadow, printed on the moon
 Or fluttering across the stars,
 Whirls on all night; at daybreak
 The tired mother flaps home to her rafter.
 The others are all there.
 They hang themselves up by their toes,
 They wrap themselves in their brown wings.
 Bunched upside down, they sleep in air.
 Their sharp ears, their sharp teeth, their
 quick sharp faces
 Are dull and slow and mild.
 All the bright day, as the mother sleeps,
 She folds her wings about her sleeping child.

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... *Sing a Song of Popcorn: Every Child's Book of Poems.* ...
 ... 1988. (1968)

I always like summer
 best
 you can eat fresh corn
 from daddy's garden
 and okra
 and greens
 and cabbage
 and lots of
 barbecue
 and buttermilk

and homemade ice-cream
at the church picnic

and listen to
gospel music
outside
at the church
homecoming
and you go to the mountains
with
your grandmother
and go barefooted
and be warm
all the time
not only when you go to bed
and sleep

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Sing a Song of Popcorn: Every Child's Book of Poems. Nikki Giovanni, 1988. (1969)

The 20th Century Children's Poetry Treasury. Nikki Giovanni, 1999. (1995)

What is better
Than this book
And the churn of candy
In your mouth,
Or the balloon of bubble gum,
Or the crack of sunflower seeds,
Or the swig of soda,
Or the twist of beef jerky,
Or the slow slither
Of snow cone syrup
Running down your arms?

What is better than
This sweet dance
On the tongue,
And this book
That pulls you in?
It yells, "Over here!"
And you hurry along
With a red, sticky face.

"Eating While Reading" from CANTO FAMILIAR by Gary Soto. Copyright © 1995 by Gary Soto. Used by Permission of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

Just So Stories. Rudyard Kipling, 2008. (1902)

Now this is the next tale, and it tells how the Camel got his big hump.

In the beginning of years, when the world was so new and all, and the Animals were just beginning to work for Man, there was a Camel, and he lived in the middle of a Howling Desert because he did not want to work; and besides, he was a Howler himself. So he ate sticks and thorns and tamarisks and milkweed and prickles, most 'scruciating idle; and when anybody spoke to him he said "Humph!" Just "Humph!" and no more.

Presently the Horse came to him on Monday morning, with a saddle on his back and a bit in his mouth, and said, "Camel, O Camel, come out and trot like the rest of us."

"Humph!" said the Camel; and the Horse went away and told the Man.

Presently the Dog came to him, with a stick in his mouth, and said, "Camel, O Camel, come and fetch and carry like the rest of us."

"Humph!" said the Camel; and the Dog went away and told the Man.

Presently the Ox came to him, with the yoke on his neck and said, "Camel, O Camel, come and plough like the rest of us."

"Humph!" said the Camel; and the Ox went away and told the Man.

At the end of the day the Man called the Horse and the Dog and the Ox together, and said, "Three, O Three, I'm very sorry for you (with the world so new-and-all); but that Humph-thing in the Desert can't work, or he would have been here by nowent afo
mphBTth t w
the eh hBB

Charlotte's Web. *Charlotte's Web.* New York: HarperCollins, 2001. (1952)

"Where's Papa going with that ax?" said Fern to her mother as they were setting the table for breakfast.

"Out to the hoghouse," replied Mrs. Arable. "Some pigs were born last night."

"I don't see why he needs an ax," continued Fern, who was only eight.

"Well," said her mother, "one of the pigs is a runt. It's very small and weak, and it will never amount to anything. So your father has decided to do away with it."

"Do away with it?" shrieked Fern. "You mean kill it? Just because it's smaller than the others?"

Mrs. Arable put a pitcher of cream on the table. "Don't yell, Fern!" she said. "Your father is right. The pig would probably die anyway."

Fern pushed a chair out of the way and ran outdoors. The grass was wet and the earth smelled of springtime. Fern's sneakers were sopping by the time she caught up with her father.

"Please don't kill it!" she sobbed. "It's unfair." Mr. Arable stopped walking.

"Fern," he said gently, "you will have to learn to control yourself."

"Control myself?" yelled Fern. "This is a matter of life and death, and you talk about controlling myself?"

Tears ran down her cheeks and she took hold of the ax and tried to pull it out of her father's hand.

"Fern," said Mr. Arable, "I know more about raising a litter of pigs than you do. A weakling makes trouble. Now run along!"

"But it's unfair," cried Fern. "The pig couldn't help being born small, could it? If I had been very small at birth, would you have killed me?"

Mr. Arable smiled. "Certainly not," he said, looking down at his daughter with love. "But this is different. A little girl is one thing, a little runty pig is another."

"I see no difference," replied Fern, still hanging on to the ax. "This is the most terrible case of injustice I ever heard of."

The Cricket in Times Square. *The Cricket in Times Square.* New York: HarperCollins, 1960. (1960)

Tucker Mouse had been watching the Bellinis and listening to what they said. Next to scrounging, eaves-dropping on human beings was what he enjoyed most. That was one of the reasons he lived in the Times Square subway station. As soon as the family disappeared, he darted out across the floor and scooted up to the newsstand. At one side the boards had separated and there was a wide space he could jump through. He'd been in a few times before—just exploring. For a moment he stood under the three-legged stool, letting his eyes get used to the darkness. Then he jumped up on it.

"Psst!" he whispered. "Hey, you up there—are you awake?"

There was no answer.

"Psst! Psst! Hey!" Tucker whispered again, louder this time.

From the shelf above came a scuffling, like little feet feeling their way to the edge. "Who is that going 'psst'?" said a voice.

"It's me," said Tucker. "Down here on the stool."





They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't big;
But we don't care a button, we don't care a fig:
In a sieve we'll go to sea!"

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue
And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,
In a sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil
Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
And every one said who saw them go,
"Oh! won't they be soon upset, you know?
For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long;
And, happen what may, it's extremely wrong
In a sieve to sail so fast."

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue
And they went to sea in a sieve.

The water it soon came in, it did;
The water it soon came in:
So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper all folded neat;
And they fastened it down with a pin.
And they passed the night in a crockery-jar;
And each of them said, "How wise we are!
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our sieve we spin."

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue
And they went to sea in a sieve.

And all night long they sailed away;
And when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
In the shade of the mountains brown."
O Timballoo! How happy we are
When we live in a sieve and a crockery-jar!
And all night long, in the moonlight pale,
We sail away with a pea-green sail
In the shade of the mountains brown

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue
And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,—
To a land all covered with trees:
And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,
And a pound of rice, and a cranberry-tart,
And a hive of silvery bees;
And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,
And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,
And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
And no end of Stilton cheese.

Words with Wings: A Treasury of African-American Poetry and Art.
 Words with Wings, 2001. (1918)

Your world is as big as you make it.
 I know, for I used to abide
 In the narrowest nest in a corner,
 My wings pressing close to my side.

But I sighted the distant horizon
 Where the skyline encircled the sea
 And I throbbed with a burning desire
 To travel this immensity.

I battered the cordons around me
 And cradled my wings on the breeze,
 Then soared to the uttermost reaches
 With rapture, with power, with ease!

Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats.
 Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats, 1982. (1939)

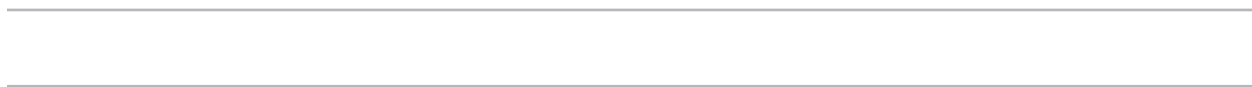
Joyful Noise: Poems for Two Voices.
 Joyful Noise, 1988. (1988)

Light	Light
Night	is the ink we use
is our parchment	Night
	We're
fireflies	fireflies
flitting	flickering
	flashing
fireflies	fireflies
glimmering	gleaming
glowing	
Insect calligraphers	Insect calligraphers
practicing penmanship	copying sentences
	Six-legged scribblers
Six-legged scribblers	fleeting graffiti
of vanishing messages,	Fine artists in flight
	bright brush strokes
Fine artists in flight	Signing the June nights
adding dabs of light	as if they were paintings
	We're
Signing the June nights	fireflies
as if they were paintings	flickering
	fireflies.
flickering	
fireflies	
fireflies.	

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- Students ask and answer questions regarding the plot of Patricia MacLachlan's *Sarah, Plain and Tall*, explicitly referring to the book to form the basis for their answers. [RL.3.1]

- Students *explain* how Mark Teague's *illustrations* contribute to what is conveyed in Cynthia Rylant's *Poppleton in Winter* to *create the mood and emphasize aspects of characters and setting* in the story. [RL.3.7]
 - Students read *fables* and *folktales from diverse cultures* that represent various origin tales, such as Rudyard Kipling's "How the Camel Got His Hump" and Natalie Babbitt's *The Search for Delicious*, etc. Students *analyze* the *relationships* between the *characters* and the *setting* in the *stories*. [L.3.7]
-



times when we didn't have much to eat. The people who owned the land were bringing in machines to pick the crops, so my daddy lost his job, and that's when we had to move.

"I remember us leaving. I was four, I think."

In 1957, the family moved to New Orleans. Ruby's father became a janitor. Her mother took care of the children during the day. After they were tucked in bed, Ruby's mother went to work scrubbing floors in a bank.

Every Sunday, the family went to church.

Just then you see someone walking toward you who isn't dead—you hope. He is wearing a uniform with a badge on it that reads Guide.

"Enjoying yourself?" he says.

You say, "Where did you get all this stuff?"

"All?" he says. "These are just the things we show to the public. Down in the basement there's a hundred thousand times more. Do you know," he murmurs, "we've got twenty-seven two-headed sheep?"

"But why?" you ask. "Why do you have any two-headed sheep.

"Because people give them to us," he says. "And so that you can look at them. Where else would you see one? Where else would you be able to see the mummy case of King Tutankhamun, the first plane to fly the Atlantic, the first train engine, the last dodo, a diplodocus, the astrolabe of Ahmad of Isfahan (an example of the oldest scientific instrument in the world), chicken-skin gloves, the lantern carried by Guy Fawkes when he went to blow up the British Parliament buildings, a murderer's trigger finger—?"

"But where am I?" you say. "What is this place?"

And he says, "It's a museum."

THE MUSEUM BOOK. Text Copyright © 2007 Jan Mark. Reproduced by permission of the publisher, Candlewick Press, Somerville, MA.

A 1.14 Cows for America. *14 Cows for America.* **2008. (2008)**

A 1.14 Wild Tracks! A Guide to Nature's Footprints. *Wild Tracks! A Guide to Nature's Footprints.* **2008. (2008)**

"Feline Tracks"

Of all the larger predators, wildcats are the most likely to use the same trails again and again. In deep snow, their habitual routes become gully trails in which the feline tracks going to and coming from their hunting grounds are preserved, down out of the wind, away from blowing snow.

A cat's sharp retractable claws do not show in its track unless the cat has lunged to catch its prey or scratched the ground to cover its droppings. Only cats thoroughly cover their droppings.

Bobcat, lion, and jaguar paws all have three-lobed heels. The lynx, the ocelot, and the jaguarondi have single lobed-heels.

The wildcats we have in North America are, from the smallest to the largest: ocelot, jaguarondi, bobcat, lynx, American lion, and jaguar.

From Wild Tracks! A Guide to Nature's Footprints © 2008 by Jim Arnosky. Used with permission from Sterling Publishing Co., Inc.

A 1.14 Cows for America. *14 Cows for America.* **2008. (2008)**

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Grades 4–5 Text Exemplars

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Lewis Carroll. New York: Dover Publications, 1992. (1865)



as the night passed on. In seconds, his skin grew clammy. But he paid no attention to the oppressive heat with its odors of summer growth and decay. For he was staring out over a grand sweep of hill, whose rolling outlines grew clearer by the minute. As he stood on the gallery of his home, the outcropping on which he lived on the mountainside seemed to fade out from under him.

I'm standing in midair, he thought.

He saw dim light touch clouds clustered behind the eastern hills.

Bounce the sun beside me if I want.

All others of his family were still asleep in the house. To be by himself in the perfect quiet was reason enough for him to wake up way early. Alone for half an hour, he could believe he had been chosen to remain forever suspended, facing the hills. He could pretend there was nothing terrible behind him, above his head. Arms outstretched, picture-framed by pine uprights supporting the gallery roof, he was M.C. Higgins, higher than everything.

11-12.L.1.1-1.2 *The Birchbark House*. By Louise Erdrich, 1999. (1999)

She was named Omaykayas, or Little Frog, because her first step was a hop. She grew into a nimble young girl of seven winters, a thoughtful girl with shining brown eyes and a wide grin, only missing her two top front teeth. She touched her upper lip. She wasn't used to those teeth gone, and was impatient for new, grown-up teeth to complete her smile. Just like her namesake, Omaykayas now stared long at a silky patch of bog before she gathered herself and jumped. One hummock. Safety. Omaykayas sprang wide again. This time she landed on the very tip-top of a pointed old stump. She balanced there, looking all around. The lagoon water moved in sparkling crescents. Thick swales of swamp grass rippled. Mud turtles napped in the sun. The world was so calm that Omaykayas could hear herself blink. Only the sweet call of a solitary white-throated sparrow pierced the cool of the woods beyond.

All of a sudden Grandma yelled.

"I found it!"

Startled, Omaykayas slipped and spun her arms in wheels. She teetered, but somehow kept her balance. Two big, skipping hops, another leap, and she was on dry land. She stepped over spongy leaves and moss, into the woods where the sparrows sang nesting songs in delicate relays.

"Where are you?" Nokomis yelled again. "I found the tree!"

"I'm coming," Omaykayas called back to her grandmother.

It was spring, time to cut Birchbark.

11-12.L.1.1-1.2



And soon they all say,
 'Such, such were the joys
 When we all—girls and boys—
 In our youth-time were seen
 On the echoing green.'

Till the little ones, weary,
 No more can be merry:
 The sun does descend,
 And our sports have an end.
 Round the laps of their mothers
 Many sisters and brothers,
 Like birds in their nest,
 Are ready for rest,
 And sport no more seen
 On the darkening green.

Favorite Poems Old and New. **1957. (1883)**

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame
 With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
 Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
 A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
 Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
 Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
 Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
 The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
 "Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
 With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
 Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
 The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
 Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me,
 I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

Media Text

Photos, multimedia, and a virtual tour of the Statue of Liberty, hosted on the National Parks Service's Web site: <http://www.nps.gov/stli/photosmultimedia/index.htm>

Favorite Poems Old and New. **1957. (1888)**

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day;
 The score stood four to two with but one inning more to play.
 And then when Cooney died at first, and Barrows did the same,
 A sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest
 Clung to that hope which springs eternal in the human breast;
 They thought if only Casey could but get a whack at that—
 We'd put up even money now with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake,
 And the former was a lulu and the latter was a cake;
 So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,
 For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,
 And Blake, the much despised, tore the cover off the ball;
 And when the dust had lifted, and the men saw what had occurred,
 There was Johnnie safe at second and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then from 5,000 throats and more there rose a lusty yell;
 It rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell;
 It knocked upon the mountain and recoiled upon the flat,

And rowed him softer home
 Than oars divide the ocean,
 Too silver for a seam,
 Or butterflies, off banks of noon,
 Leap, splashless, as they swim.

Chicago Poems. (1916)

The fog comes
 on little cat feet.

It sits looking
 over harbor and city
 on silent haunches
 and then moves on.

The Poetry of Robert Frost: The Collected Poems, Complete and Unabridged. (1923)

Roald Dahl's Revolting Rhymes. (2002)

Come On Into My Tropical Garden. (1990)

Confetti: Poems for Children. (1996)

Come, words, come in your every color.
 I'll toss you in storm or breeze.
 I'll say, say, say you,
 Taste you sweet as plump plums,
 bitter as old lemons,
 I'll sniff you, words, warm
 as almonds or tart as apple-red,
 feel you green
 and soft as new grass,
 lightweight as dandelion plumes,
 or thorngray as cactus,
 heavy as black cement,
 cold blue as icicles,
 warm as *abuelita's* yellowlap.
 I'll hear you, words, loud as searoar's
 Purple crash, hushed
 as *gatitos* curled in sleep,
 as the last goldlullaby.
 I'll see you long and dark as tunnels,
 bright as rainbows,
 playful as chestnutwind.
 I'll watch you, words, rise and dance and spin.
 I'll say, say, say you
 in English,
 in Spanish,
 I'll find you.
 Hold you.
 Toss you.
 I'm free too.
 I say *yo soy libre*,
 I am free
 free, free,
 free as confetti.

Words Free As Confetti from the book *Confetti, Poems For Children* text copyright © 1996 by Pat Mora. Permission arranged with Lee & Low Books Inc, New York, NY 10016.



Volcanoes are formed when magma pushes its way up through the crack in Earth's crust. This is called a volcanic eruption. When magma pours forth on the surface, it is called lava.

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4 *We Are the Ship: The Story of Negro League Baseball.* **2008. (2008)**

Most of the owners didn't make much money from their teams. Baseball was just a hobby for them, a way to make their illegal money look good. To save money, each team would only carry fifteen or sixteen players. The major league teams each carried about twenty-five. Average salary for each player started at roughly \$125 per month back in '34, and went up to \$500-\$800 during the forties, though there were some who made much more than that, like Satchel Paige and Josh Gibson. The average major league player's salary back then was \$7,000 per month. We also got around fifty cents to a dollar per day for food allowance. Back then you could get a decent meal for about twenty-five cents to seventy-five cents.

Some of the owners didn't treat their players very well. Didn't pay them enough or on time. That's why we would jump from team to team. Other owners would offer us more money, and we would leave our teams and go play for them. We were some of the first unrestricted free agents.

There were, however, a few owners who did know how to treat their ballplayers. Cum Posey was one of them. He always took care of his ballplayers, put them in the best hotels, and paid them well and on time. Buck Leonard said Posey never missed a payday in the seventeen years he played for the Grays.

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But as they sat feasting, one who had not been invited was suddenly in their midst: Eris, the goddess of discord, had been left out because wherever she went she took trouble with her; yet here she was, all the same, and in her blackest mood, to avenge the insult.

All she did—it seemed a small thing—was to toss down on the table a golden apple. Then she breathed upon the guests once, and vanished.

The apple lay gleaming among the piled fruits and the brimming wine cups; and bending close to look at it, everyone could see the words “To the fairest” traced on its side.

Then the three, eldest of the goddesses each claimed that it was hers. Hera claimed it as wife to Zeus, the All-father, and queen of all the gods. Athene claimed that she had the better right, for the beauty of wisdom such as hers surpassed all else. Aphrodite only smiled, and asked who had a better claim to beauty’s prize than the goddess of beauty herself.

They fell to arguing among themselves; the argument became a quarrel more and more bitter,

Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride



And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is true I have seen
 the gunman kill and go free to kill again.
 And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of women and
 children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger.
 And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this my city,
 and I give them back the sneer and say to them:
 Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be alive
 and coarse and strong and cunning.
 Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a tall bold
 slugger set vivid against the little soft cities;
 Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a savage pitted
 against the wilderness,

Bareheaded,
 Shoveling,
 Wrecking,
 Planning,
 Building, breaking, rebuilding,

Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth,
 Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs,
 Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle,
 Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and under his ribs
 the heart of the people,

Laughing!

Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-naked,
 sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
 Player with Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation.

Langston Hughes, "The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain," *The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes*. New York: Random House, 1994. (1925)

Langston Hughes, "The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain," *The Book of Questions*. New York: Random House, 1991. (1973)

Langston Hughes, "The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain," *Black Hair*. New York: Random House, 1985. (1985)

Langston Hughes, "The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain," *Acolytes*. New York: Random House, 2007. (2007)

(The main black corridor) sat our carnegie library
 Mrs. Long always glad to see you
 The stereoscope always ready to show you faraway
 Places to dream about

Mrs. Long asking what are you looking for today
 When I wanted Leaves of Grass or alfred north whitehead
 She would go to the big library uptown and I now know
 Hat in hand to ask to borrow so that I might borrow

Probably they said something humiliating since southern
 Whites like to humiliate southern blacks

But she nonetheless brought the books
 Back and I held them to my chest
 Close to my heart
 And happily skipped back to grandmother's house
 Where I would sit on the front porch
 In a gray glider and dream of a world
 Far away

I love the world where I was
 I was safe and warm and grandmother gave me neck kissed
 When I was on my way to bed

But there was a world
 Somewhere
 Out there
 And Mrs. Long opened that wardrobe
 But no lions or witches scared me
 I went through
 Knowing there would be
 Spring

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- Students *summarize the development* of the morality of Tom Sawyer in Mark Twain's novel of the same name and analyze its connection to themes of accountability and authenticity by noting how it is conveyed *through characters, setting, and plot*. [RL.8.2]
- Students *compare and contrast* Laurence Yep's *fictional portrayal* of Chinese immigrants in turn-of-the-twentieth-century San Francisco in *Dragonwings* to *historical accounts of the same period* (using materials detailing the 1906 San Francisco earthquake) in order to glean a deeper *understanding of how authors use or alter historical sources* to create a sense of *time and place* as well as make fictional *characters* lifelike and real. [RL.7.9]
- Students *cite explicit textual evidence* as well as draw *inferences* about the drake and the duck from Katherine Paterson's *The Tale of the Mandarin Ducks* to support their *analysis* of the perils of vanity. [RL.6.1]
- Students *explain how* Sandra Cisneros's choice of words *develops the point of view of the young speaker* in her story "Eleven." [RL.6.6]
- Students *analyze* how the playwright Louise Fletcher uses *particular elements of drama* (e.g., setting and dialogue) to create dramatic tension in her play *Sorry, Wrong Number*. [RL.7.3]
- Students *compare and contrast* the effect Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's *poem* "Paul Revere's Ride" has on them to the effect they experience from a *multimedia* dramatization of the event presented in an interactive digital map (<http://www.paulreverehouse.org/ride/>), *analyzing* the impact of different *techniques* employed that are *unique to each medium*. [RL.6.7]

- Students *analyze* Walt Whitman's "O Captain! My Captain!" to uncover the poem's *analogies* and *allusions*. They *analyze the impact of specific word choices* by Whitman, such as *rack* and *grim*, and *determine* how they contribute to the overall *meaning and tone* of the poem. [RL.8.4]
 - Students *analyze how* the opening *stanza* of Robert Frost's "The Road Not Taken" *structures* the rhythm and meter for the poem and how the *themes* introduced by the speaker *develop* over the course of *the text*. [RL.6.5]
-
-

return. I used also to carry bread with me, enough of which was always in the house, and to which I was always welcome; for I was much better off in this regard than many of the poor white children in our neighborhood. This bread I used to bestow upon the hungry little urchins, who, in return, would give me that more valuable bread of knowledge. I am strongly tempted to give the names of two or three of those little boys, as a testimonial of the gratitude and affection I bear them; but prudence forbids;—not that it would injure me, but it might embarrass them; for it is almost an unpardonable offence to teach slaves to read in this Christian country. It is enough to say of the dear little fellows, that they lived on Philpot Street, very near Durgin and Bailey's ship-yard. I used to talk this matter of slavery over with them. I would sometimes say to them, I wished I could be as free as they would be when they got to be men. "You will be free as soon as you are twenty-one, but I am a slave for life! Have not I as good a right to be free as you have?" These words used to trouble them; they would express for me the liveliest sympathy, and console me with the hope that something would occur by which I might be free.

I was now about twelve years old, and the thought of being a slave for life began to bear heavily upon my heart. Just about this time, I got hold of a book entitled "The Columbian Orator." Every opportunity I got, I used to read this book. Among much of other interesting matter, I found in it a dialogue between a master and his slave. The slave was represented as having run away from his master three times. The dialogue represented the conversation which took place between them, when the slave was retaken the third time. In this dialogue, the whole argument in behalf of slavery was brought forward by the master, all of which was disposed of by the slave. The slave was made to say some very smart as well as impressive things in reply to his master—things which had the desired though unexpected effect; for the conversation resulted in the voluntary emancipation of the slave on the part of the master.

In the same book, I met with one of Sheridan's mighty speeches on and in behalf of Catholic emancipation. These were choice documents to me. I read them over and over again with unabated interest. They gave tongue to interest-



- Students *provide an objective summary of* Frederick Douglass's Narrative. They *analyze* how *the central idea* regarding the evils of slavery is *conveyed through supporting ideas* and *developed over the course of the text*. [RI.8.2]
- Students *trace the line of argument* in Winston Churchill's "Blood, Toil, Tears and Sweat" address to Parliament and *evaluate* his *specific claims* and opinions *in the text, distinguishing* which *claims* are *supported by facts, reasons, and evidence*, and which *are not*. [RI.6.8]
- Students *analyze in detail* how the early years of Harriet Tubman (as related by author Ann Petry) contributed to her later becoming a conductor on the Underground Railroad, attending to how the author *introduces, illustrates, and elaborates* upon the events in Tubman's life. [RI.6.3]
- Students *determine the figurative and connotative meanings* of words such as *wayfaring, laconic, and taciturnity* as well as of *phrases* such as *hold his peace* in John Steinbeck's *Travels with Charley: In Search of America*. They *analyze* how Steinbeck's *specific word choices* and diction impact the *meaning and tone* of his writing and the characterization of the individuals and places he describes. [RI.7.4]

1. *Read and analyze* the text.

2. *Read and analyze* the text. **A Short Walk through the Pyramids and through the World of Art**. *Read and analyze* the text. (1787, 1791)

3. *Read and analyze* the text.

We, the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution of the United States of America.

A

Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

4. *Read and analyze* the text. **A Night to Remember**. *Read and analyze* the text. (1955)

5. *Read and analyze* the text. **A Short Walk through the Pyramids and through the World of Art**. *Read and analyze* the text. (1993)

Media Text

National Geographic mini-site on the pyramids, which includes diagrams, pictures, and a time line:



1 + 1
 1+1+1
 1+1+1+1
 1+1+1+1+1

... and go on until you come to five million etcetera. You can't tell me that's too complicated for you, can you?

Math Trek: Adventures in the Math Zone. *Math Trek: Adventures in the Math Zone.* **2000. (2000)**

From the meanderings of a pond's edge to the branching of trees and the intricate forms of snowflakes, shapes in nature are often more complicated than geometrical shapes such as circles, spheres, angles, cones, rectangles, and cubes. Benoit Mandelbrot, a mathematics professor at Yale University and an IBM fellow, was the first person to recognize how amazingly common this type of structure is in nature. In 1975, he coined the term fractal for shapes that repeat themselves within an object. The word fractal comes from the Latin term for "broken."

In 1904, long before Mandelbrot conceived of fractals, Swedish mathematician Helge von Koch created and intriguing but puzzling curve. It zigzags in such an odd pattern that it seems impossible to start at one point and follow the curve to reach another point.

Like many figures now known to be fractals, Koch's curve is easy to generate by starting with a simple figure and turning it into an increasingly crinkly form.

1. Draw an equilateral triangle with each side measuring 9 centimeters. (Remember, each angle of an equilateral triangle measures 60° .)
2. Divide each 9-centimeter side into three parts, each measuring three centimeters. At the middle of each side, add an equilateral triangle one third the size of the original, facing outward. Because each side of the original triangle is 9 centimeters, the new triangles will have 3-centimeter sides. When you examine the outer edge of your diagram you should see a six-pointed star made up of 12 line segments.
3. At the middle of each segment of the star, add a triangle one ninth the side of the original triangle. The new triangles will have sides 1 centimeter in length so divide each 3-centimeter segment into thirds, and use the middle third to form a new triangle.
4. Going one step farther, you create a shape that begins to resemble a snowflake. If you were to continue the process by endlessly adding smaller and smaller triangles to every new side, you would produce the Koch snowflake curve. Between any two points, the snowflake would have an infinite number of zigzags.

Geeks: How Two Lost Boys Rode the Internet out of Idaho. *Geeks: How Two Lost Boys Rode the Internet out of Idaho.* **2001. (2001)**

Jesse and Eric lived in a cave-an airless two-bedroom apartment in a dank stucco-and-brick complex on the outskirts of Caldwell. Two doors down, chickens paraded around the street.

The apartment itself was dominated by two computers that sat across from the front door like twin shrines. Everything else-the piles of dirty laundry, the opened Doritos bags, the empty cans of generic soda pop, two ratty old chairs, and a moldering beanbag chair-was dispensable, an afterthought, props.

Jesse's computer was a Pentium 11 300, Asus P2B (Intel BX chipset) motherboard; a Matrix Milleniurn II AGP; 160 MB SDRAM with a 15.5 GB total hard-drive space; a 4X CD-recorder; 24X CD-ROM; a 17-inch Micron monitor. Plus a scanner and printer. A well-thumbed paperback-Katherine Dunn's novel *Geek Love*-served as his mousepad.

Eric's computer: an AMD K-6 233 with a generic motherboard; an S3 video card, a 15-inch monitor; a 2.5 GB hard drive with 36 MB SDRAM. Jesse wangled the parts for both from work.

They stashed their bikes and then Jesse blasted in through the door, which was always left open since he can never hang on to keys, and went right to his PC, which was always on. He yelled a question to Eric about the new operating



Grades 9–10 Text Exemplars

11.11.11

11.11.11. *The Odyssey*. The Penguin Classics Library. London: Penguin, 1996. (811 pp.)

Sing to me of the man, Muse, the man of twists and turns
driven time and again off course, once he had plundered
the hallowed heights of Troy.
Many cities of men he saw and learned their minds,
many pains he suffered, heartsick on the open sea,
fighting to save his life and bring his comrades home.
But he could not save them from disaster, hard as he strove—
the recklessness of their own ways destroyed them all,
the blind fools, they devoured the cattle of the Sun
and the Sungod blotted out the day of their return.
Launch out on his story, Muse, daughter of Zeus.
Start from where you will—sing for our time too.

By now,
all the survivors, all who avoided headlong death
were safe at home, escaped the wars and waves.
But one man alone...
his heart set on his wife and his return—Calypso,
the bewitching nymph, the lustrous goddess, held him back,
deep in her arching caverns, craving him for a husband.
But then, when the wheeling seasons brought the year around.
That year spun out by the gods when he should reach his home,
Ithaca—though not even there would he be free of trials,
even among his loved ones—then every god took pity,
all except Poseidon. He raged on, seething against
the great Odysseus till he reached his native land.

“Book 1: Athena Inspires the Prince” by Homer, from THE ODYSSEY by Homer, translated by Robert Fagles, copyright © 1996 by Robert Fagles. Used by permission of Viking Penguin, a division of Penguin group (USA) Inc.

11.11.11. *Metamorphoses*. The Penguin Classics Library. London: Penguin, 2004 (A 8).

‘Wait nymph, daughter of Peneus, I beg you! I who am chasing you am not your enemy. Nymph, Wait! This is the way a sheep runs from the wolf, a deer from the mountain lion, and a dove with fluttering wings flies from the eagle: everything flies from its foes, but it is love that is driving me to follow you! Pity me! I am afraid you might fall headlong or thorns undeservedly scar your legs and I be a cause of grief to you! These are rough places you run through. Slow down, I ask you, check your flight, and I too will slow. At least enquire whom it is you have charmed. I am no mountain man, no shepherd, no rough guardian of the herds and flocks. Rash girl, you do not know, you cannot realise, who you run from, and so you run. Delphi’s lands are mine, Claros and Tenedos, and Patara acknowledges me king. Jupiter is my father. Through me what was, what is, and what will be, are revealed. Through me strings sound in harmony, to song. My aim is certain, but an arrow truer than mine, has wounded my free heart! The whole world calls me the bringer of aid; medicine is my invention; my power is in herbs. But love cannot be healed by any herb, nor can the arts that cure others cure their lord!’

He would have said more as timid Peneis ran, still lovely to see, leaving him with his words unfinished. The winds bared her body, the opposing breezes in her way fluttered her clothes, and the light airs threw her streaming hair behind her, her beauty enhanced by flight. But the young god could no longer waste time on further blandishments, urged on by Amor, he ran on at full speed. Like a hound of Gaul starting a hare in an empty field, that heads for its prey, she for safety: he, seeming about to clutch her, thinks now, or now, he has her fast, grazing her heels with his outstretched jaws, while she uncertain whether she is already caught, escaping his bite, spurts from the muzzle touching her. So the virgin and the god: he driven by desire, she by fear. He ran faster, Amor giving him wings, and allowed her no rest, hung on her fleeing shoulders, breathed on the hair flying round her neck. Her strength was gone, she

grew pale, overcome by the effort of her rapid flight, and seeing Peneus's waters near cried out 'Help me father! If your streams have divine powers change me, destroy this beauty that pleases too well!' Her prayer was scarcely done when a heavy numbness seized her limbs, thin bark closed over her breast, her hair turned into leaves, her arms into branches, her feet so swift a moment ago stuck fast in slow-growing roots, her face was lost in the canopy. Only her shining beauty was left.

Even like this Phoebus loved her and, placing his hand against the trunk, he felt her heart still quivering under the new bark. He clasped the branches as if they were parts of human arms, and kissed the wood. But even the wood shrank from his kisses, and the god said 'Since you cannot be my bride, you must be my tree! Laurel, with you my hair will be wreathed, with you my lyre, with you my quiver. You will go with the Roman generals when joyful voices acclaim their triumph, and the Capitol witnesses their long processions. You will stand outside Augustus's doorposts, a faithful guardian, and keep watch over the crown of oak between them. And just as my head with its un-cropped hair is always young, so you also will wear the beauty of undying leaves.' Paeon had done: the laurel bowed her newly made branches, and seemed to shake her leafy crown like a head giving consent.



"I wish you would manage the time to come in and talk with me about your daughter. I'm sure you can help me understand her. She's a youngster who needs help and whom I'm deeply interested in helping."

"Who needs help"...Even if I came, what good would it do? You think because I am her mother I have a key, or that in some way you could use me as a key? She has lived for nineteen years. There is all that like that has happened outside of me, beyond me.

And when is there time to remember, to sift, to weigh, to estimate, to total? I will start and there will be an interruption and I will have to gather it all together again. Or I will become engulfed with all I did or did not do, with what should have been and what cannot be helped.

She was a beautiful baby. The first and only one of our five that was beautiful at birth. You do not guess how new and uneasy her tenancy in her now-loveliness. You did not know her all those years she was thought homely, or see her peering over her baby pictures, making me tell her over and over how beautiful she had been—and would be, I would

his accident. I maintain that the Ewells started it all, but Jem, who was four years my senior, said it started long before that. He said it began the summer Dill came to us, when Dill first gave us the idea of making Boo Radley come out.

I said if he wanted to take a broad view of the thing, it really began with Andrew Jackson. If General Jackson hadn't run the Creeks up the creek, Simon Finch would never have paddled up the Alabama, and where would we be if he hadn't? We were far too old to settle an argument with a fist-fight, so we consulted Atticus. Our father said we were both right.

... have no doubt," Fremantle was saying, "that General Lee shall become the world's foremost authority on military

Prompting from us or been by others schooled;
 No, by a god inspired (so all men deem,
 And testify) didst thou renew our life.
 And now, O Oedipus, our peerless king,
 All we thy votaries beseech thee, find
 Some succor, whether by a voice from heaven
 Whispered, or haply known by human wit.
 Tried counselors, methinks, are aptest found
 To furnish for the future pregnant rede.
 Upraise, O chief of men, upraise our State!
 Look to thy laurels! for thy zeal of yore
 Our country's savior thou art justly hailed:
 O never may we thus record thy reign:--
 "He raised us up only to cast us down."
 Uplift us, build our city on a rock.
 Thy happy star ascendant brought us luck,
 O let it not decline! If thou wouldst rule
 This land, as now thou reignest, better sure
 To rule a peopled than a desert realm.
 Nor battlements nor galleys aught avail,
 If men to man and guards to guard them tail.

OEDIPUS

Ah! my poor children, known, ah, known too well,
 The quest that brought you on, O Oedipus, O brother,
 Nor beg- O Oedipus, O brother, O Oedipus, O brother,
 Nor beg- O Oedipus, O brother, O Oedipus, O brother,

Appendix B | 112

cannot come out on's grave.

Doctor. Even so?

Lady Macbeth. To bed, to bed! There's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed! Exit Lady.

Doctor. Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman. Directly.

Doctor. Foul whisp'rings are abroad. Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

More needs she the divine than the physician.

God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;

Remove from her the means of all annoyance,

And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night.

My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.

I think, but dare not speak.

Gentlewoman. Good night, good doctor.

Exeunt.

Media Text

Judi Dench (*Lady Macbeth*) performs this scene in a 1979 production with Ian McKellen:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IOkyZWQ2bmQ>

McKellen analyzes the "To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow" speech from Act V, Scene 5:

<http://video.google.com/videoplay?docid=883718043846080512#docid=7225091828250988008>

Act 1, Scene 1. *A Doll's House.* Act 1, Scene 1. *A Doll's House*, 2006. (1879)

Helmer (in his room). Is that my lark twittering there ?

Nora (busy opening some of her parcels). Yes, it is.

Helmer. Is it the squirrel frisking around ?

Nora. Yes !

Helmer. When did the squirrel get home ?

Helmer. Yes, from New Year's Day. But there's a whole quarter before my first salary is due.

Nora. Never mind ; we can borrow in the meantime.

Helmer. Nora ! (He goes up to her and takes her playfully by the ear.) Still my little featherbrain ! Supposing I borrowed a thousand crowns to-day, and you made ducks and drakes of them during Christmas week, and

then on New Year's Eve a tile blew off the roof and knocked my brains out

Nora (laying her hand on his mouth). Hush ! How can you talk so horridly ?

Helmer. But supposing it were to happen — what then ?

Nora. If anything so dreadful happened, it would be all the same to me whether I was in debt or not.

Helmer. But what about the creditors ?

Nora. They ! Who cares for them ? They're only strangers.

Helmer. Nora, Nora ! What a woman you are ! But seriously, Nora, you know my principles on these points. No debts ! No borrowing ! Home life ceases to be free and beautiful as soon as it is founded on borrowing and debt. We two have held out bravely till now, and we are not going to give in at the last.

Nora (going to the fireplace). Very well — as you please, Torvald.

Act 1, Scene 1. *The Glass Menagerie.* Characters: Tom, Amanda, Laura, George. 1966. (1944)

TOM: What are you doing?

AMANDA: I'm brushing that cowlick down! [She attacks his hair with the brush.] What is this young man's position at the warehouse?

TOM [submitting grimly to the brush and interrogation]: This young man's position is that of a shipping clerk, Mother.

AMANDA: Sounds to me like a fairly responsible job, the sort of a job you would be in if you had more get-up. What is his salary? Have you any idea?

TOM: I would judge it to be approximately eighty-five dollars a month.

AMANDA: Well—not princely—but—

TOM: Twenty more than I make.

AMANDA: Yes, how well I know! But for a family man, eighty-five dollars a month is not much more than you can just get by on....

TOM: Yes, but Mr. O'Connor is not a family man.

AMANDA: He might be, mightn't he? Some time in the future?

TOM: I see. Plans and provisions.

AMANDA: You are the only young man that I know of who ignores the fact that the future becomes the present, the present the past, and the past turns into everlasting regret if you don't plan for it!

TOM: I will think that over and see what I can make of it.

AMANDA: Don't be supercilious with your mother! Tell me some more about this—what do you call him?

TOM: James D. O'Connor. The D. is for Delaney.

AMANDA: Irish on both sides! Gracious! And doesn't drink?

TOM: Shall I call him up and ask him right this minute?

JEAN: What about?

BERENGER: About ... well, you know, the same thing. Sorry to bring it up again, but I'll only mention it briefly. I just wanted you to know that in our different ways we were both right. It's been proved now. There are some rhinoceroses in the town with two horns and some with one.

Act 1, Scene 1, *Master Harold"...and the boys*. Characters: Hally, Sam, 1982. (1982)
 Act 1, Scene 1, *Master Harold"...and the boys*

Sam: Of course it is. That's what I've been trying to say to you all afternoon. And it's beautiful because that is what we want life to be like. But instead, like you said, Hally, we're bumping into each other all the time. Look at the three of us this afternoon: I've bumped into Willie, the two of us have bumped into you, you've bumped into your mother, she bumping into your Dad. . . . None of us knows the steps and there's no music playing. And it doesn't stop with us. The whole world is doing it all the time. Open a newspaper and what do you read? America has bumped into Russia, England is bumping into India, rich man bumps into poor man. Those are big collisions, Hally. They make for a lot of bruises. People get hurt in all that bumping, and we're sick and tired of it now. It's been going on for too long. Are we never going to get it right? . . . Learn to dance life like champions instead of always being just a bunch of beginners at it?

Hally: (Deep and sincere admiration of the man) You've got a vision, Sam!

Sam: Not just me. What I'm saying to you is that everybody's got it. That's why there's only standing room left for the Centenary Hall in two weeks' time. For as long as the music lasts, we are going to see six couples get it right, the way we want life to be.

Hally: But is that the best we can do, Sam . . . watch six finalists dreaming about the way it should be?

Sam: I don't know. But it starts with that. Without the dream we won't know what we're going for. And anyway I reckon there are a few people who have got past just dreaming about it and are trying for something real. Remember that thing we read once in the paper about the Mahatma Gandhi? Going without food to stop those riots in India?

Act 1, Scene 1



Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
 "Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
 But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
 That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;—
 Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?"
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
 Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
 Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore —
 Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; —
 'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
 In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
 But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door —
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door —
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
 Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore —
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
 Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
 Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door —
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
 With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
 Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered —
 Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before —
 On the morrow he will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."
 Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
 Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore —
 Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
 Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;
 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,

But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil! —
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted —
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore —
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore —
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting —
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson. Ed. by Thomas W. Higginson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1960. (1890)

We grow accustomed to the Dark,
When Light is put away,
As when the Neighbor holds the Lamp
To witness her Goodbye.

A Moment—We uncertain step
For newness of the night,
Then fit our Vision to the Dark,
And meet the Road erect.

And so of larger Darknesses,
Those Evenings of the Brain,
When not a Moon disclose a sign,
Or Star, come out, within.

The Bravest grope a little
And sometimes hit a Tree
Directly in the Forehead,
But as they learn to see,

Either the Darkness alters
Or something in the sight
Adjusts itself to Midnight,
And Life steps almost straight.

John Keats, *A Shropshire Lad*. *Complete Poems*, 1999. (1896)

Loveliest of Trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

Lyrics by the United Negro College Fund, *Lift Every Voice and Sing*. *Complete Poems*, 1993. (1900)

Lift every voice and sing,
Till earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty,
Let our rejoicing rise
High as the list'ning skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,
Let us march on till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod
Bitter the chast'ning rod,
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
Yet with a steady beat
Have not our weary feet
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered
We have come, treading our path thro' the blood of the slaughtered,
Out from the gloomy past, till now we stand at last
Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years,
God of our silent tears,
Thou who hast brought us thus far on the way;
Thou who hast by Thy might,
Led us into the light, Keep us forever in the path, we pray.
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we meet Thee,
Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world we forget Thee;
Shadowed beneath Thy hand, may we forever stand,
True to our God, true to our native land.

Appendix B | 121
 A
 Immigrants in Our Own Land and Selected Early Poems.
 1977. (1977)

I am offering this poem to you,
 since I have nothing else to give.
 Keep it like a warm coat
 when winter comes to cover you,
 or like a pair of thick socks
 the cold cannot bite through,

I love you,

I have nothing else to give you,
 so it is a pot full of yellow corn
 to warm your belly in winter,
 it is a scarf for your head, to wear
 over your hair, to tie up around your face,

I love you,

Keep it, treasure this as you would
 if you were lost, needing direction,
 in the wilderness life becomes when mature;
 and in the corner of your drawer,
 tucked away like a cabin or hogan
 in dense trees, come knocking,
 and I will answer, give you directions,
 and let you warm yourself by this fire,
 rest by this fire, and make you feel safe

I love you,

It's all I have to give,
 and all anyone needs to live,
 and to go on living inside,
 when the world outside
 no longer cares if you live or die;
 remember,

I love you

By Jimmy Santiago Baca, from *IMMIGRANTS IN OUR OWN LAND*, copyright © 1979 by Jimmy Santiago Baca. Reprinted by permission of New Directions Publishing Corp.

- Students *analyze how* the *character* of Odysseus from Homer's *Odyssey*—a “man of twists and turns”—reflects *conflicting motivations* through his *interactions with other characters* in the epic poem. They articulate how his conflicting loyalties during his long and complicated journey home from the Trojan War both *advance the plot* of Homer's epic and *develop themes*. [RL.9–10.3]
- Students *analyze how* Michael Shaara in his Civil War novel *The Killer Angels* creates a sense of *tension* and even *surprise* regarding the outcome of events at the Battle of Gettysburg through *pacing, ordering of events, and the overarching structure* of the novel. [RL.9–10.5]
- Students *analyze in detail the theme* of relationships between mothers and daughters and how that *theme develops over the course of Amy Tan's The Joy Luck Club*. Students search the text for *specific details* that show how the *theme emerges* and *how it is shaped and refined* over the course of the novel. [RL.9–10.2]
- Students *analyze how* the Japanese filmmaker Akira Kurosawa in his film *Throne of Blood* *draws on and trans-*

battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come.

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

John Jay, *Speeches in the Senate*, 1796 (1796)

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens) the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy to be useful must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defense against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation and excessive dislike of another cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots who may resist the intrigues of the favorite are liable to become suspected and odious, while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop. Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none; or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Abraham Lincoln, *Speeches*, 1863 (1863)

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a large sense we cannot dedicate,—we cannot consecrate,—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is, rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that Government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

We should bring more citizens under the coverage of old-age pensions and unemployment insurance.

We should widen the opportunities for adequate medical care.

We should plan a better system by which persons deserving or needing gainful employment may obtain it.

I have called for personal sacrifice. I am assured of the willingness of almost all Americans to respond to that call.

A part of the sacrifice means the payment of more money in taxes. In my Budget Message I shall recommend that a greater portion of this great defense program be paid for from taxation than we are paying today. No person should try, or be allowed, to get rich out of this program; and the principle of tax payments in accordance with ability to pay should be constantly before our eyes to guide our legislation.

If the Congress maintains these principles, the voters, putting patriotism ahead of pocketbooks, will give you their applause.

In the future days, which we seek to make secure, we look forward to a world founded upon four essential human freedoms.

The first is freedom of speech and expression—everywhere in the world.

The second is freedom of every person to worship God in his own way—everywhere in the world.

The third is freedom from want—which, translated into world terms, means economic understandings which will secure to every nation a healthy peacetime life for its inhabitants—everywhere in the world.



responsible citizens.

As a woman, I wonder how the mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters feel about the way in which members of their families have been politically mangled in the Senate debate—and I use the word “debate” advisedly, and daughterly, in which the

- Students *analyze how* Abraham Lincoln in his “Second Inaugural Address” *unfolds* his examination of the *ideas* that led to the Civil War, paying particular attention to *the order in which the points are made, how Lincoln introduces and develops* his points, *and the connections that are drawn between them*. [RI.9–10.3]
 - Students *evaluate* the *argument and specific claims* about the “spirit of liberty” in Learned Hand’s “I Am an American Day Address,” *assessing the relevance and sufficiency of the evidence and the validity of his reasoning*. [RI.9–10.8]
 - Students *determine the purpose and point of view* in Martin Luther King, Jr.’s, “I Have a Dream” speech and *analyze how King uses rhetoric to advance* his position. [RI.9–10.6]
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that a strong federal government, with the ability to legislate behavior in areas not specifically set forth in the Constitution, was key to the growth and strength of the American republic. It was inevitable that these two very distinct societies would clash. For the Confederates, nicknamed Rebels, the Civil War was a new war of Independence. For the Unionists, nicknamed Yankees, it was a war to preserve the Union that had been so dearly won in the American Revolution.

In the eyes of the four and an half million African Americans, enslaved and free, it was a war about slavery; and they wanted to be part of the fight. But many northern whites did not want blacks to serve in the northern military. They called it a “white man’s war” and said that slavery was not the main point of the conflict. At first, northern generals



8. And a plane angle is the inclination of the lines, when two lines in a plane meet one another, and are not laid down straight-on with respect to one another.
9. And when the lines containing the angle are straight then the angle is called rectilinear.
10. And when a straight-line stood upon (another) straight-line makes adjacent angles (which are) equal to one another, each of the equal angles is a right-angle, and the former straight-line is called perpendicular to that upon which it stands.
11. An obtuse angle is greater than a right-angle.
12. And an acute angle is less than a right-angle.
13. A boundary is that which is the extremity of something.
14. A figure is that which is contained by some boundary or boundaries.
15. A circle is a plane figure contained by a single line [which is called a circumference], (such that) all of the straight-lines radiating towards [the circumference] from a single point lying inside the figure are equal to one another.
16. And the point is called the center of the circle.
17. And a diameter of the circle is any straight-line, being drawn through the center, which is brought to an end in each direction by the circumference of the circle. And any such (straight-line) cuts the circle in half.
18. And a semi-circle is the figure contained by the diameter and the circumference it cuts off. And the center of the semi-circle is the same (point) as the (center of) the circle.
19. Rectilinear figures are those figures contained by straight-lines: trilateral figures being contained by three straight-lines, quadrilateral by four, and multilateral by more than four.
20. And of the trilateral figures: an equilateral triangle is that having three equal sides, an isosceles (triangle) that having only two equal sides, and a scalene (triangle) that having three unequal sides.
21. And further of the trilateral figures: a right-angled triangle is that having a right-angle, an obtuse-angled (triangle) that having an obtuse angle, and an acute-angled (triangle) that having three acute angles.
22. And of the quadrilateral figures: a square is that which is right-angled and equilateral, a rectangle that which is right-angled but not equilateral, a rhombus that which is equilateral but not right-angled, and a rhomboid that having opposite sides and angles equal to one another which is neither right-angled nor equilateral. And let quadrilateral figures besides these be called trapezia.
23. Parallel lines are straight-lines which, being in the same plane, and being produced to infinity in each direction, meet with one another in neither (of these directions).

... ..

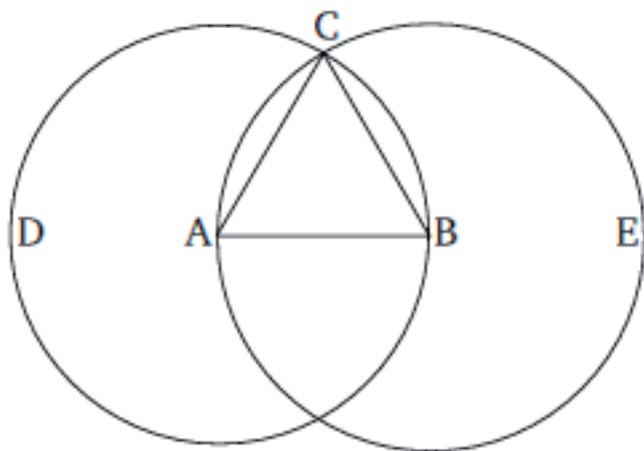
1. Let it have been postulated to draw a straight-line from any point to any point.
2. And to produce a finite straight-line continuously in a straight-line.
3. And to draw a circle with any center and radius.
4. And that all right-angles are equal to one another.
5. And that if a straight-line falling across two (other) straight-lines makes internal angles on the same side (of itself) less than two right-angles, being produced to infinity, the two (other) straight-lines meet on that side (of the original straight-line) that the (internal angles) are less than two right-angles (and do not meet on the other side).

... ..

1. Things equal to the same thing are also equal to one another.
2. And if equal things are added to equal things then the wholes are equal.

3. And if equal things are subtracted from equal things then the remainders are equal.
4. And things coinciding with one another are equal to one another.
5. And the whole [is] greater than the part.

Proposition 1



To construct an equilateral triangle on a given finite straight-line.

Let AB be the given finite straight-line.

So it is required to construct an equilateral triangle on the straight-line AB.

Let the circle BCD with center A and radius AB have been drawn [Post. 3], and again let the circle ACE with center B and radius BA have been drawn [Post. 3]. And let the straight-lines CA and CB have been joined from the point C, where the circles cut one another, to the points A and B (respectively) [Post. 1].

And since the point A is the center of the circle CDB, AC is equal to AB [Def. 1.15]. Again, since the point B is the center of the circle CAE, BC is equal to BA [Def. 1.15]. But CA was also shown to be equal to AB. Thus, CA and CB are each equal to AB. But things equal to the same thing are also equal to one another [C.N.1]. Thus, CA is also equal to

he spent most of his day inside the pump house by the river as if it pleased him to watch and listen to the machines doing their work.

Life by the Numbers. & , 1999. (1999)

porting details regarding the *processes* of rotational dynamics and energy conversion are incorporated in his explanation. [RST.9–10.2]

- Students read in Phillip Hoose's *Race to Save Lord God Bird* about the attempts scientists and bird-lovers made to save the ivory-billed woodpecker from extinction and *assess the extent to which the reasoning and evidence* Hoose presents *supports* his *scientific* analysis of why protecting this particular species was so challenging. [RST.9–10.8]

belonging to a knight so famous, and one with such merits of his own, should be without some distinctive name, and he strove to adapt it so as to indicate what he had been before belonging to a knight-errant, and what he then was; for it was only reasonable that, his master taking a new character, he should take a new name, and that it should be a distinguished and full-sounding one, befitting the new order and calling he was about to follow. And so, after having composed, struck out, rejected, added to, unmade, and remade a multitude of names out of his memory and fancy, he decided upon calling him Rocinante, a name, to his thinking, lofty, sonorous, and significant of his condition as a hack before he became what he now was, the first and foremost of all the hacks in the world.

Having got a name for his horse so much to his taste, he was anxious to get one for himself, and he was eight days more pondering over this point, till at last he made up his mind to call himself “Don Quixote,” whence, as has been already said, the authors of this veracious history have inferred that his name must have been beyond a doubt Quixada, and not Quesada as others would have it. Recollecting, however, that the valiant Amadis was not content to call himself curtly Amadis and nothing more, but added the name of his kingdom and country to make it famous, and called himself Amadis of Gaul, he, like a good knight, resolved to add on the name of his, and to style himself Don Quixote of La Mancha, whereby, he considered, he described accurately his origin and country, and did honour to it in taking his surname from it.

So then, his armour being furbished, his morion turned into a helmet, his hack christened, and he himself confirmed, he came to the conclusion that nothing more was needed now but to look out for a lady to be in love with; for a knight-errant without love was like a tree without leaves or fruit, or a body without a soul. As he said to himself, “If, for my sins, or by my good fortune, I come across some giant hereabouts, a common occurrence with knights-errant, and overthrow him in one onslaught, or cleave him asunder to the waist, or, in short, vanquish and subdue him, will it not be well to have some one I may send him to as a present, that he may come in and fall on his knees before my sweet lady, and in a humble, submissive voice say, ‘I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island of Malindrania, vanquished in single combat by the never sufficiently extolled knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, who has commanded me to present myself before your Grace, that your Highness dispose of me at your pleasure?’” Oh, how our good gentleman enjoyed the delivery of this speech, especially when he had thought of some one to call his Lady! There was, so the story goes, in a village near his own a very good-looking farm-girl with whom he had been at one time in love, though, so far as is known, she never knew it nor gave a thought to the matter. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and upon her he thought fit to confer the title of Lady of his Thoughts; and after some search for a name which should not be out of harmony with her own, and should suggest and indicate that of a princess and great lady, he decided upon calling her Dulcinea del Toboso—she being of El Toboso—a name, to his mind, musical, uncommon, and significant, like all those he had already bestowed upon himself and the things belonging to him.

A





vouring in good earnest to acquire a more sociable and childlike disposition, a more attractive and sprightly manner—something lighter, franker, more natural, as it were—she really must exclude me from privileges intended only for contented, happy, little children.”

“What does Bessie say I have done?” I asked.

“Jane, I don’t like cavillers or questioners: besides, there is something truly forbidding in a child taking up her elders in that manner. Be seated somewhere; and until you can speak pleasantly, remain silent.”

A breakfast-room adjoined the drawing-room, I slipped in there. It contained a bookcase: I soon possessed myself of a volume, taking care that it should be one stored with pictures. I mounted into the window-seat: gathering up my feet, I sat cross-legged, like a Turk; and, having drawn the red moreen curtain nearly close, I was shrouded in double retirement.

Folds of scarlet drapery shut in my view to the right hand; to the left were the clear panes of glass, protecting, but not separating me from the drear November day. At intervals, while turning over the leaves of my book, I studied the aspect of that winter afternoon. Afar, it offered a pale blank of mist and cloud; near a scene of wet lawn and storm-beat shrub, with ceaseless rain sweeping away wildly before a long and lamentable blast.

The Scarlet Letter: A Romance. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 2003. (1850)
 16

The road, after the two wayfarers had crossed from the Peninsula to the mainland, was no other than a foot-path. It straggled onward into the mystery of the primeval forest. This hemmed it in so narrowly, and stood so black and dense on either side, and disclosed such imperfect glimpses of the sky above, that, to Hester’s mind, it imaged not amiss the moral wilderness in which she had so long been wandering. The day was chill and sombre. Overhead was a gray expanse of cloud, slightly stirred, however, by a breeze; so that a gleam of flickering sunshine might now and then be seen at its solitary play along the path. This flitting cheerfulness was always at the further extremity of some long vista through the forest. The sportive sunlight--feebly sportive, at best, in the predominant pensiveness of the day and scene--withdrew itself as they came nigh, and left the spots where it had danced the drearier, because they had hoped to find them bright.

“Mother,” said little Pearl, “the sunshine does not love you. It runs away and hides itself, because it is afraid of something on your bosom. Now, see! There it is, playing a good way off. Stand you here, and let me run and catch it. I am but a child. It will not flee from me--for I wear nothing on my bosom yet!”

“Nor ever will, my child, I hope,” said Hester.

“And why not, mother?” asked Pearl, stopping short, just at the beginning of her race. “Will not it come of its own accord when I am a woman grown?”

“Run away, child,” answered her mother, “and catch the sunshine. It will soon be gone.”

Pearl set forth at a great pace, and as Hester smiled to perceive, did actually catch the sunshine, and stood laughing in the midst of it, all brightened by its splendor, and scintillating with the vivacity excited by rapid motion. The light lingered about the lonely child, as if glad of such a playmate, until her mother had drawn almost nigh enough to step into the magic circle too.

“It will go now,” said Pearl, shaking her head.

“See!” answered Hester, smiling; “now I can stretch out my hand and grasp some of it.”

As she attempted to do so, the sunshine vanished; or, to judge from the bright expression that was dancing on Pearl’s features, her mother could have fancied that the child had absorbed it into herself, and would give it forth again, with a gleam about her path, as they should plunge into some gloomier shade. There was no other attribute that so much impressed her with a sense of new and untransmitted vigor in Pearl’s nature, as this never failing vivacity of spirits: she had not the disease of sadness, which almost all children, in these latter days, inherit, with the scrofula, from the troubles of their ancestors. Perhaps this, too, was a disease, and but the reflex of the wild energy with which Hester had fought against her sorrows before Pearl’s birth. It was certainly a doubtful charm, imparting a hard, metallic lustre to the child’s character. She wanted--what some people want throughout life--a grief that should deeply touch her, and thus humanize and make her capable of sympathy. But there was time enough yet for little Pearl.

“Come, my child!” said Hester, looking about her from the spot where Pearl had stood still in the sunshine--“we will sit down a little way within the wood, and rest ourselves.”

... *Crime and Punishment*. ... 2001. (1866)

On an exceptionally hot evening early in July a young man came out of the garret in which he lodged in S. Place and walked slowly, as though in hesitation, towards K. bridge.

He had successfully avoided meeting his landlady on the staircase. His garret was under the roof of a high, five-storied house and was more like a cupboard than a room. The landlady who provided him with garret, dinners, and attendance, lived on the floor below, and every time he went out he was obliged to pass her kitchen, the door of which invariably stood open. And each time he passed, the young man had a sick, frightened feeling, which made him scowl and feel ashamed. He was hopelessly in debt to his landlady, and was afraid of meeting her.

This was not because he was cowardly and abject, quite the contrary; but for some time past he had been in an overstrained irritable condition, verging on hypochondria. He had become so completely absorbed in himself, and isolated from his fellows that he dreaded meeting, not only his landlady, but anyone at all. He was crushed by poverty, but the anxieties of his position had of late ceased to weigh upon him. He had given up attending to matters of practical importance; he had lost all desire to do so. Nothing that any landlady could do had a real terror for him. But to be stopped on the stairs, to be forced to listen to her trivial, irrelevant gossip, to pestering demands for payment, threats and complaints, and to rack his brains for excuses, to prevaricate, to lie—no, rather than that, he would creep down the stairs like a cat and slip out unseen.

This evening, however, on coming out into the street, he became acutely aware of his fears.

“I want to attempt a thing like that and am frightened by these trifles,” he thought, with an odd smile. “Hm... yes, all is in a man’s hands and he lets it all slip from cowardice, that’s an axiom. It would be interesting to know what it is men are most afraid of. Taking a new step, uttering a new word is what they fear most.... But I am talking too much. It’s because I chatter that I do nothing. Or perhaps it is that I chatter because I do nothing. I’ve learned to chatter this last month, lying for days together in my den thinking... of Jack the Giant-killer. Why am I going there now? Am I capable of that? Is that serious? It is not serious at all. It’s simply a fantasy to amuse myself; a plaything! Yes, maybe it is a plaything.”

The heat in the street was terrible: and the airlessness, the bustle and the plaster, scaffolding, bricks, and dust all about him, and that special Petersburg stench, so familiar to all who are unable to get out of town in summer—all worked painfully upon the young man’s already overwrought nerves. The insufferable stench from the pot-houses,

The hull deliberately recovering from the periodic roll to leeward was just regaining an even keel, when the last signal, a preconcerted dumb one, was given. At the same moment it chanced that the vapory fleece hanging low in the East, was shot thro' with a soft glory as of the fleece of the Lamb of God seen in mystical vision, and simultaneously therewith, watched by the wedged mass of upturned faces, Billy ascended; and, ascending, took the full rose of the dawn.

In the pinioned figure, arrived at the yard-end, to the wonder of all no motion was apparent, none save that created by the ship's motion, in moderate weather so majestic in a great ship ponderously cannoned.

... **A** ... *Early Short Stories 1883-1888*. ... **1999. 352-361. (1887)**

'Somebody came from the Grigorievs' to fetch a book, but I said you were not at home. The postman has brought the newspapers and two letters. And, by the way, sir, I wish you would give your attention to Seriozha. I saw him smoking

'What shall I say to him?' thought Bilovsky.

But before he had time to think of anything to say his son Seriozha had already entered the study. This was a little person whose sex could only be divined from his clothes—he was so delicate, and fair, and frail. His body was as languid as a hot-house plant and everything about him looked wonderfully dainty and soft—his movements, his curly hair, his glance, his velvet tunic.

'Good evening, papa,' he said in a gentle voice, climbing on to his father's knee and swiftly kissing his neck. 'Did you send for me?'

'Wait a bit, wait a bit, master,' answered the lawyer, putting him aside. 'Before you and I kiss each other we must have a talk, a serious talk. I am angry with you, and I don't love you any more; do you understand that, young man? I don't love you, and you are no son of mine.'

Seriozha looked steadfastly at his father and then turned his regard to the table and shrugged his shoulders.

'What have I done?' he asked, perplexed, and blinked. 'I didn't go into your study once today, and I haven't touched a thing.'

'Miss Natalie has just been complaining to me that you have been smoking; is that so? Have you been smoking?'

'Yes, I smoked once. That is so.'

'There! So now you have told a lie into the bargain!' said the lawyer, disguising his smile by a frown. 'Miss Natalie saw you smoking twice. That means that you have been caught doing three naughty things: smoking, taking tobacco that doesn't belong to you off my table, and telling a lie. Three accusations!'



“Before unearthing this letter, I had questioned myself about the ways in which a book can be infinite. I could think of nothing other than a cyclic volume, a circular one. A book whose last page was identical with the first, a book which

“Before unearthing this letter, I had questioned myself about the ways in which a book can be infinite. I could think of nothing other than a cyclic volume, a circular one. A book whose last page was identical with the first, a book which

they're looking for the best there is—and I figure that's what's wrong with you—everything else gets lost. It's sad. It's a pity, but it's that way."

I was all the same strongly against him; that he saw. Even if I couldn't just then consider myself on the active list of lovers and wasn't carrying a live torch any more for Esther Fenchel. I recognized his face as the face of a man in the wrong.

11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122. (1970)

One winter Pauline discovered she was pregnant. When she told Cholly, he surprised her by being pleased. He began to drink less and come home more often. They eased back into a relationship more like the early days of their marriage, when he asked if she were tired or wanted him to bring her something from the store. In this state of ease, Pauline stopped doing day work and returned to her own housekeeping. But the loneliness in those two rooms had not gone away. When the winter sun hit the peeling green paint of the kitchen chairs, when the smoked hocks were boiling in the pot, when all she could hear was the truck delivering furniture downstairs, she thought about back home, about how she had been all alone most of the time then too, but that this lonesomeness was different. Then she stopped staring at the green chairs, at the delivery truck; she went to the movies instead. There in the dark her memory was refreshed, and she succumbed to her earlier dreams. Along with the idea of romantic love, she was introduced to another—physical beauty. Probably the most destructive ideas in the history of human thought. Both originated in envy, thrived in insecurity, and ended in disillusion. In equating physical beauty with virtue, she stripped her mind, bound it, and collected self-contempt by the heap. She forgot lust and simple caring for. She regarded love as possessive mating, and romance as the goal of the spirit. It would be for her a well-spring from which she would draw the most destructive emotions, deceiving the lover and seeking to imprison the beloved, curtailing freedom in every way.

11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122. (1992)

Abuela gives me a box of letters she wrote to her onetime lover in Spain, but never sent. She shows me his photograph, too. It's very well preserved. He'd be good-looking by today's standards, well built with a full beard and kind eyes, almost professorial. He wore a crisp linen suit and a boater tilted slightly to the left. Abuela tells me she took the picture herself one Sunday on the Malecón,

She also gives me a book of poems she's had since 1930, we she heard García Lorca read at the Principal de la Comedia Theater. Abuela knows each poem by heart, and recites them quite dramatically.

I've started dreaming in Spanish, which has never happened before. I wake up feeling different, like something inside me is changing, something chemical and irreversible. There's a magic here working its way through my veins. There's something about the vegetation, too, that I respond to instinctively—the stunning bougainvillea, the flamboyants and jacarandas, the orchids growing from the trunks of the mysterious ceiba trees. And I love Havana, its noise and decay and painted ladyness. I could happily sit on one of those wrought-iron balconies for days, or keep my grandmother company on her porch, with its ringside view of the sea. I'm afraid to lose all this. To lose Abuela Celia again. But I know that sooner or later I'd have to return to New York. I know now it's where I belong—not instead of here, but more than here. How can I tell my grandmother this?

Media Text

Portal to selected interviews with author Cristina García:

<http://www.cristinagarcianovelist.com/index.php?page=selectedinterviews>

11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122. (2003)

One day he attends a panel discussion about Indian novels written in English. He feels obligated to attend; one of the presenters on the panel, Amit, is a distant cousin who lives in Bombay, whom Gogol has never met. His mother has asked him to greet Amit on her behalf. Gogol is bored by the panelists, who keep referring to something called "marginality," as if it were some sort of medical condition. For most of the hour, he sketches portraits of the panelists, who sit hunched over their papers along a rectangular table. "Teleologically speaking, ABCDs are unable to answer the question 'Where are you from?'" the sociologist on the panel declares. Gogol has never heard the term ABCD. He eventually gathers that it stands for "American-born confused deshi." In other words, him. He learns that the C could also stand for "conflicted." He knows that deshi, a generic word for "countryman," means "Indian," knows that his parents and all their friends always refer to India simply as desh. But Gogol never thinks of India as desh. He thinks of it as Americans do, as India.

Gogol slouches in his seat and ponders certain awkward truths. For instance, although he can understand his mother

tongue, and speak it fluently, he cannot read or write it with even modest proficiency. On trips to India his American-accented English is a source of endless amusement to his relatives, and when he and Sonia speak to each other, aunts and uncles and cousins always shake their heads in disbelief and say, "I didn't understand a word!" Living with a pet name and a good name, in a place where such distinctions do not exist—surely that was emblematic of the greatest confusion of all. He searches the audience for someone he knows, but it isn't his crowd—lots of lit majors with leather satchels and gold-rimmed glasses and fountain pens, lots of people Ruth would have waved to. There are also lots of ABCDs. He has no idea there are this many on campus. He has no ABCD friends at college. He avoids them, for they remind him too much of the way his parents choose to live, befriending people not so much because they like them, but because of a past they happen to share. "Gogol, why aren't you a member of the Indian association here?" Amit asks later when they go for a drink at the Anchor. "I just don't have the time," Gogol says, not telling his well-meaning cousin that he can think of no greater hypocrisy than joining an organization that willingly celebrates occasions his parents forced him, throughout his childhood and adolescence, to attend. "I'm Nikhil now," Gogol says, suddenly depressed by how many more times he will have to say this, asking people to remember, reminding them to forget,

John Donne. *The Complete Poetry of John Donne*. New York: Penguin Classics, 1967. (1633)

As virtuous men pass mildly' away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say
The breath goes now, and some say, no;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

But we by' a love so much refined
That our selves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care less, eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the center sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot, obliquely run.
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

Walt Whitman. *New Anthology of American Poetry: Traditions and Revolutions, Beginnings to 1900 (Vol 1)*. New York: Penguin Classics, 2003. (1773)

'Twas mercy brought me from my Pagan land,
Taught my benighted soul to understand
That there's a God, that there's a Saviour too:
Once I redemption neither sought nor knew.
Some view our sable race with scornful eye,
"Their colour is a diabolic die."
Remember, Christians, Negros, black as Cain,
May be refin'd, and join th' angelic train.

John Keats. *The Complete Poems of John Keats*. New York: Penguin Classics, 1994. (1820)

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,

Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
 What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
 What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new;
 More happy love! more happy, happy love!
 For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
 For ever panting, and for ever young;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
 What little town by river or sea shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Walt Whitman, "Leaves of Grass," 1860. (1860)

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
 And what I assume you shall assume,
 For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,
 I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,
 Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their parents the same,
 I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,

Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
Nature without check with original energy.

W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*. Norton: New York, 1960. (1890)

Because I could not stop for Death—
He kindly stopped for me—
The Carriage held but just Ourselves—
And Immortality.

We slowly drove—He knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility—

We passed the School, where Children strove
At Recess—in the Ring—
We passed the Fields of Grazing Grain—
We passed the Setting Sun—

We paused before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground—
The Room was scarcely visible—
The Cornice—in the Ground—

Since then—'tis Centuries—and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses' Heads
Were toward Eternity—

W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. *The Complete Text of Rabindranath Tagore's Gitanjali: Text and Critical Evaluation*. Norton: New York, 2006. (1913)

My song has put off her adornments.
She has no pride of dress and decoration.
Ornaments would mar our union;
they would come between thee and me;
their jingling would drown thy whispers.

My poet's vanity dies in shame before thy sight.
O master poet, I have sat down at thy feet.
Only let me make my life simple and straight,
like a flute of reed for thee to fill with music.

W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. *T. S. Eliot: The Complete Poems and Plays, 1909–1950*. Norton: New York, 1952. (1917)

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherised upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels

Wang, L. *Anthology of Modern American Poetry*. New York: Oxford University Press, 2000. (1917)

While my hair was still cut straight across my forehead
I played about the front gate, pulling flowers.
You came by on bamboo stilts, playing horse;
You walked about my seat, playing with blue plums.
And we went on living in the village of Chokan:
Two small people, without dislike or suspicion.

At fourteen I married My Lord you.
I never laughed, being bashful.
Lowering my head, I looked at the wall.
Called to, a thousand times, I never looked back.

At fifteen I stopped scowling,
I desired my dust to be mingled with yours
Forever and forever and forever.
Why should I climb the lookout?

At sixteen you departed,
You went into far Ku-to-en, by the river of swirling eddies,
And you have been gone five months.
The monkeys make sorrowful noise overhead.
You dragged your feet when you went out.
By the gate now, the moss is grown, the different mosses,
Too deep to clear them away!
The leaves fall early this autumn, in wind.
The paired butterflies are already yellow with August
Over the grass in the West garden --
They hurt me.
I grow older.
If you are coming down through the narrows of the river,
Please let me know beforehand,
And I will come out to meet you
As far as Cho-fo-Sa.

Frost, R. *The Complete Poems of Robert Frost*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1949. (1914)

SOMETHING there is that doesn't love a wall,
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,
And spills the upper boulders in the sun;
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.
The work of hunters is another thing:
I have come after them and made repair
Where they have left not one stone on stone,
But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,
To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,
No one has seen them made or heard them made,
But at spring mending-time we find them there.
I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;
And on a day we meet to walk the line
And set the wall between us once again.
We keep the wall between us as we go.
To each the boulders that have fallen to each.
And some are loaves and some so nearly balls
We have to use a spell to make them balance:
"Stay where you are until our backs are turned!"
We wear our fingers rough with handling them.
Oh, just another kind of outdoor game,
One on a side. It comes to little more:
He is all pine and I am apple-orchard.
My apple trees will never get across
And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.
He only says, "Good fences make good neighbors."

Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder
If I could put a notion in his head:
"Why do they make good neighbors? Isn't it
Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.
Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
What I was walling in or walling out,
And to whom I was like to give offence.
Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That wants it down!" I could say "Elves" to him,
But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather
He said it for himself. I see him there,
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top
in both hands, like a child's toy, or a ball of
wax, or a piece of wood, or a chunk of ice, or
a chunk of snow, or a chunk of mud. It seems to me
it is of wood only and the -chnd of Des. It's not
go to be



Amendment VII

In Suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any Court of the United States, than according to the rules of the common law.

Amendment VIII

Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

Amendment IX

The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

Amendment X

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

Henry David Thoreau. *Walden; or, Life in the Woods*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1893. (1854)

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion. For most men, it appears to me, are in a strange uncertainty about it, whether it is of the devil or of God, and have somewhat hastily concluded that it is the chief end of man here to “glorify God and enjoy him forever.”

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The remedy is, to reinforce each of these moods from the other. Conversation will not corrupt us, if we come to the assembly in our own garb and speech, and with the energy of health to select what is ours and reject what is not. Society we must have; but let it be society, and not exchanging news, or eating from the same dish. Is it society to sit in one of your chairs? I cannot go into the houses of my nearest relatives, because I do not wish to be alone. Society exists by chemical affinity, and not otherwise.

Put any company of people together with freedom for conversation, and a rapid self-distribution takes place, into sets and pairs. The best are accused of exclusiveness. It would be more true to say, they separate as oil from water, as children from old people, without love or hatred in the matter, each seeking his like; and any interference with the affinities would produce constraint and suffocation. All conversation is a magnetic experiment. I know that my friend can talk eloquently; you know that he cannot articulate a sentence: we have seen him in different company. Assort your party, or invite none. Put Stubbs and Coleridge, Quintilian and Aunt Miriam, into pairs, and you make them all wretched. 'Tis an extempore Sing-Sing built in a parlor. Leave them to seek their own mates, and they will be as merry as sparrows.

A higher civility will re-establish in our customs a certain reverence which we have lost. What to do with these brisk young men who break through all fences, and make themselves at home in every house? I find out in an instant if my companion does not want me, and ropes cannot hold me when my welcome is gone. One would think that the affinities would pronounce themselves with a surer reciprocity.

Here again, as so often, Nature delights to put us between extreme antagonisms, and our safety is in the skill with which we keep the diagonal line. Solitude is impracticable, and society fatal. We must keep our head in the one and our hands in the other. The conditions are met, if we keep our independence, yet do not lose our sympathy. These wonderful horses need to be driven by fine hands. We require such a solitude as shall hold us to its revelations when we are in the street and in palaces; for most men are cowed in society, and say good things to you in private, but will not stand to them in public. But let us not be the victims of words. Society and solitude are deceptive names. It is not the circumstance of seeing more or fewer people, but the readiness of sympathy, that imports; and a sound mind will derive its principles from insight, with ever a purer ascent to the sufficient and absolute right, and will accept society as the natural element in which they are to be applied.

Lee, Robert E. The Words of Those Who Saw It Happen. Atlanta, GA: The Words of Those Who Saw It Happen, 1998. (1865)
 Lee, Robert E. The Words of Those Who Saw It Happen. Atlanta, GA: The Words of Those Who Saw It Happen, 1998. (1865)

When Lee came to the sentence about the officers' side-arms, private horses & baggage, he showed for the first time during the reading of the letter a slight change of countenance & was evidently touched by this act of generosity. It was doubtless the condition mentioned to which he particularly alluded when he looked toward General Grant, as he finished reading & said with some degree of warmth in his manner, 'This will have a very happy effect upon my army.'

General Grant then said: "Unless you have some suggestions to make in regard to the form in which I have stated the terms, I will have a copy of the letter made in ink, and sign it."

"There is one thing I should like to mention," Lee replied, after a short pause. "The cavalymen and artilerists own their own horses in our army. Its organization in this respect differs from that of the United States." This expression attracted the notice of our officers present, as showing how firmly the conviction was grounded in his mind that we were two distinct countries. He continued: "I should like to understand whether these men will be permitted to retain their horses."

"You will find that the terms as written do not allow this," General Grant replied; "only the officers are permitted to take their private property."

Lee read over the second page of the letter again, and then said: "No, I see the terms do not allow it; that is clear."

W. H. Auden, *Selected Essays*, 1949. (1909)

There has appeared in our time a particular class of books and articles which I sincerely and solemnly think may be called the silliest ever known among men. They are much more wild than the wildest romances of chivalry and much more dull than the dullest religious tract. Moreover, the romances of chivalry were at least about chivalry; the religious tracts are about religion. But these things are about nothing; they are about what is called Success. On every bookstall, in every magazine, you may find works telling people how to succeed. They are books showing men how to succeed in everything; they are written by men who cannot even succeed in writing books. To begin with, of course, there is no such thing as Success. Or, if you like to put it so, there is nothing that is not successful. That a thing is successful merely means that it is; a millionaire is successful in being a millionaire and a donkey in being a donkey. Any live man has succeeded in living; any dead man may have succeeded in committing suicide. But, passing over the bad logic and bad philosophy in the phrase, we may take it, as these writers do, in the ordinary sense of success in obtaining money or worldly position. These writers profess to tell the ordinary man how he may succeed in his trade or speculation—how, if he is a builder, he may succeed as a builder; how, if he is a stockbroker, he may succeed as a stockbroker. They profess to show him how, if he is a grocer, he may become a sporting yachtsman; how, if he is a tenth-rate journalist, he may become a peer; and how, if he is a German Jew, he may become an Anglo-Saxon. This is a definite and business-like proposal, and I really think that the people who buy these books (if any people do buy them) have a moral, if not a legal, right to ask for their money back. Nobody would dare to publish a book about electricity which literally told one nothing about electricity; no one would dare publish an article on botany which showed that the writer did not know which end of a plant grew in the earth. Yet our modern world is full of books about Success and successful people which literally contain no kind of idea, and scarcely and kind of verbal sense.

It is perfectly obvious that in any decent occupation (such as bricklaying or writing books) there are only two ways (in any special sense) of succeeding. One is by doing very good work, the other is by cheating. Both are much too simple to require any literary explanation. If you are in for the high jump, either jump higher than any one else, or manage somehow to pretend that you have done so. If you want to succeed at whist, either be a good whist-player, or play with marked cards. You may want a book about jumping; you may want a book about whist; you may want a book about cheating at whist. But you cannot want a book about Success. Especially you cannot want a book about Success such as those which you can now find scattered by the hundred about the book-market. You may want to jump or to play cards; but you do not want to read wandering statements to the effect that jumping is jumping, or that games are won by winners. If these writers, for instance, said anything about success in jumping it would be something like this: 'The jumper must have a clear aim before him. He must desire definitely to jump higher than the other men who are in for the same competition. He must let no feeble feelings of mercy (sneaked from the sickening Little Englanders and Pro-Boers) prevent him from trying to do his best. He must remember that a competition in jumping is distinctly competitive, and that, as Darwin has gloriously demonstrated, THE WEAKEST GO TO THE WALL.' That is the kind of thing the book would say, and very useful it would be, no doubt, if read out in a low and tense voice to a young man just about to take the high jump. Or suppose that in the course of his intellectual rambles the philosopher of Success dropped upon our other case, that of playing cards, his bracing advice would run—'In playing cards it is very necessary to avoid the mistake (commonly made by maudlin humanitarians and Free Traders) of permitting your opponent to win the game. You must have grit and snap and go in to win. The days of idealism and superstition are over. We live in a time of science and hard common sense, and it has now been definitely proved that in any game where two are playing IF ONE DOES NOT WIN THE OTHER WILL.' It is all very stirring, of course; but I confess that if I were playing cards I would rather have some decent little book which told me the rules of the game. Beyond the rules of the game it is all a question either of talent or dishonesty; and I will undertake to provide either one or the other—which, it is not for me to say.

Henry James, *The American Language*, 4th Edition, 1938. (1938)

What chiefly lies behind (slang) is simply a kind of linguistic exuberance, an excess of word-making energy. It relates itself to the standard language a great deal as dancing relates itself to music. But there is also something else. The best slang is not only ingenious and amusing; it also embodies a kind of social criticism. It not only provides new names for a series of every-day concepts, some new and some old; it also says something about them. "Words which produce the slang effect," observes Frank Sechrist, "arouse associations what are incongruous or incompatible with those of customary thinking."

Everyone, including the metaphysician in his study or the eremite in his cell, has a large vocabulary of slang, but the vocabulary of the vulgar is likely to be larger than that of the cultured, and it is harder worked. Its content may be divided into two categories: (a) old words, whether used singly or in combination, that have been put to new uses, usually metaphorical, and (b) new words that have not yet been admitted to the standard vocabulary. Examples of the first type are rubberneck, for a gaping and prying person, and iceberg, for a cold woman; examples of the second are hoosegow, flim-flam, blurb, bazoo and blah. There is a constant movement of slang into accepted usage. Nice, as an adjective of all work, signifying anything satisfactory, was once used in slang only, but today no one would question "a nice day," "a nice time," or "a nice hotel."...The verb-phrase to hold up is now perfectly good American, but so recently as 1901 the late Brander Matthews was sneering at it as slang. In the same way many other verb-phrases, e.g., to cave

10.1.12.12. *Black Boy*. In *Black Boy*, 1998. (1945)

That night in my rented room, while letting the hot water run over my can of pork and beans in the sink, I opened *A Book of Prefaces* and began to read. I was jarred and shocked by the style, the clear, clean, sweeping sentences. Why did he write like that? And how did one write like that? I pictured the man as a raging demon, slashing with his pen, consumed with hate, denouncing everything American, extolling everything European or German, laughing at the weakness of people, mocking God, authority. What was this? I stood up, trying to realize what reality lay behind the meaning of the words...Yes, this man was fighting, fighting with words. He was using words as a weapon, using them as one would use a club. Could words be weapons? Well, yes, for here they were. Then maybe, perhaps, I could use them as a weapon? No. It frightened me. I read on and what amazed me was not what he said, but how on earth anybody had the courage to say it.

Occasionally I glance up to reassure myself that I was alone in the room. Who were these men about whom Mencken was talking so passionately? Who was Anatole France? Joseph Conrad? Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Dostoevski, George Moore, Gustave Flaubert, Maupassant, Tolstoy, Frank Harris, Mark Twain, Thomas Hardy, Arnold Bennett, Stephen Crane, Zola, Norris, Gorky, Bergson, Ibsen, Balzac, Bernard Shaw, Dumas, Poe, Thomas Mann, O. Henry, Dreiser, H.G. Wells, Gogol, T.S. Eliot, Gide, Baudelaire, Edgar Lee masters, Stendhal, Turgenev, Huneker, Nietzsche, and scores of others? Were these men real? Did they exist or had they existed? And how did one pronounce their names?

10.1.12.12. *All Art Is Propaganda: Critical Essays*. In *All Art Is Propaganda: Critical Essays*, 2009. (1946)

10.1.12.12. *The American Political Tradition and the Men Who Made It*. In *The American Political Tradition and the Men Who Made It*, 1974. (1948)

Lincoln was shaken by the presidency. Back in Springfield, politics had been a sort of exhilarating game; but in the White House, politics was power, and power was responsibility. Never before had Lincoln held executive office. In public life he had always been an insignificant legislator whose votes were cast in concert with others and whose decisions in themselves had neither finality nor importance. As President he might consult with others, but innumerable grave decisions were in the end his own, and with them came a burden of responsibility terrifying in its dimensions.

Lincoln's rage for personal success, his external and worldly ambition, was quieted when he entered the White House, and he was at last left alone to reckon with himself. To be confronted with the fruits of his victory only to find that it meant choosing between life and death for others was immensely sobering. That Lincoln should have shouldered the moral burden of the war was characteristic of the high seriousness into which he had grown since 1854; and it may be true, as Professor Charles W. Ramsdell suggested, that he was stricken by an awareness of his own part in whipping up the crisis. This would go far to explain the desperation with which he issued pardons and the charity that he wanted to extend to the conquered South at the war's close. In one of his rare moments of self-revelation he is reported to have said: "Now I don't know what the soul is, but whatever it is, I know that it can humble itself." The great prose of the presidential years came from a soul that had been humbled. Lincoln's utter lack of personal malice during these years, his humane detachment, his tragic sense of life, have no parallel in political history.

1835

1835, **Alexander's *Democracy in America*, Chapter 1, Section 1. (1835)**

Section 2: Anglo-American Civilization

The remarks I have made will suffice to display the character of Anglo-American civilization in its true light. It is the result (and this should be constantly present to the mind of two distinct elements), which in other places have been in

He has compelled her to submit to laws, in the formation of which she had no voice.

He has withheld from her rights which are given to the most ignorant and degraded men—both natives and foreigners.

Having deprived her of this first right of a citizen, the elective franchise, thereby leaving her without representation in

sympathy could not warm him? Who so obdurate and dead to the claims of gratitude, that would not thankfully acknowledge such priceless benefits? Who so stolid and selfish, that would not give his voice to swell the hallelujahs of a nation's jubilee, when the chains of servitude had been torn from his limbs? I am not that man. In a case like that, the dumb might eloquently speak, and the "lame man leap as an hart."

But such is not the state of the case. I say it with a sad sense of the disparity between us. I am not included within the pale of glorious anniversary! Your high independence only reveals the immeasurable distance between us. The blessings in which you, this day, rejoice, are not enjoyed in common. The rich inheritance of justice, liberty, prosperity and independence, bequeathed by your fathers, is shared by you, not by me. The sunlight that brought light and healing to you, has brought stripes and death to me. This Fourth July is yours, not mine. You may rejoice, I must mourn. To drag a man in fetters into the grand illuminated temple of liberty, and call upon him to join you in joyous anthems, were inhuman mockery and sacrilegious irony. Do you mean, citizens, to mock me, by asking me to speak to-day? If so, there is a parallel to your conduct. And let me warn you that it is dangerous to copy the example of a nation whose crimes, towering up to heaven, were thrown down by the breath of the Almighty, burying that nation in irrevocable ruin! I can to-day take up the plaintive lament of a peeled and woe-smitten people!

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down. Yea! We wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there, they that carried us away captive, required of us a song; and they who wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

Fellow-citizens, above your national, tumultuous joy, I hear the mournful wail of millions! whose chains, heavy and grievous yesterday, are, to-day, rendered more intolerable by the jubilee shouts that reach them. If I do forget, if I do not faithfully remember those bleeding children of sorrow this day, "may my right hand forget her cunning, and may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!" To forget them, to pass lightly over their wrongs, and to chime in with the popular theme, would be treason most scandalous and shocking, and would make me a reproach before God and the world. My subject, then, fellow-citizens, is American slavery. I shall see this day and its popular characteristics from the slave's point of view. Standing there identified with the American bondman, making his wrongs mine, I do not hesitate to declare, with all my soul, that the character and conduct of this nation never looked blacker to me than on this 4th of July! Whether we turn to the declarations of the past, or to the professions of the present, the conduct of the nation seems equally hideous and revolting. America is false to the past, false to the present, and solemnly binds herself to be false to the future. Standing with God and the crushed and bleeding slave on this occasion, I will, in the name of humanity which is outraged, in the name of liberty which is fettered, in the name of the constitution and the Bible which are disregarded and trampled upon, dare to call in question and to denounce, with all the emphasis I can command, everything that serves to perpetuate slavery the great sin and shame of America! "I will not equivocate; I will not excuse"; I will use the severest language I can command; and yet not one word shall escape me that any man, whose judgment is not blinded by prejudice, or who is not at heart a slaveholder, shall not confess to be right and just.

But I fancy I hear some one of my audience say, "It is just in this circumstance that you and your brother abolitionists fail to make a favorable impression on the public mind. Would you argue more, a denounce less; would you persuade more, and rebuke less; your cause would be much more likely to succeed." But, I submit, where all is plain there is nothing to be argued. What point in the anti-slavery creed would you have me argue? On what branch of the subject do the people of this country need light? Must I undertake to prove that the slave is a man? That point is conceded already. Nobody doubts it. The slaveholders themselves acknowledge it in the enactment of laws for their government. They acknowledge it when they punish disobedience on the part of the slave. There are seventy-two crimes in the State of Virginia which, if committed by a black man (no matter what his name) are punished by death or imprisonment for life. If a white man commits any of these crimes, he is punished by a fine or imprisonment for a term of years. If a white man commits any of these crimes, he is punished by a fine or imprisonment for a term of years. If a white man commits any of these crimes, he is punished by a fine or imprisonment for a term of years.

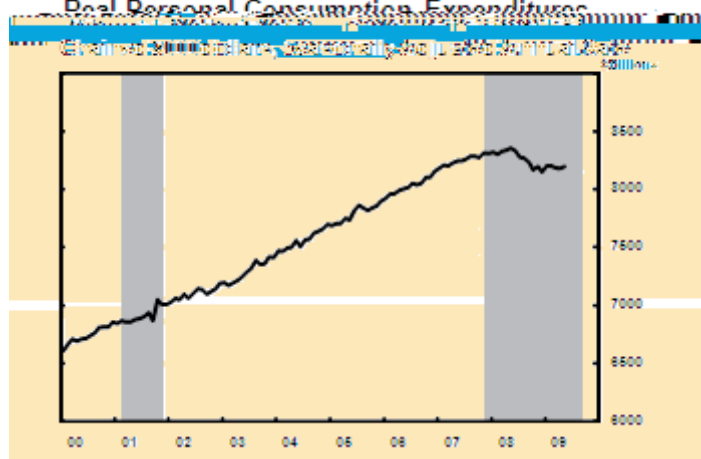
through most of the last two millennia—the world’s wealthiest and most populous state was China, then ruled by the Ming dynasty. Far from Beijing, the empire’s capital, a landed elite had converged for three centuries around the lake-side city of Suzhou. In this agreeably sophisticated environment, Weng Zhenming was one of hundreds devoting himself to painting scrolls with landscape or plant studies accompanied by poetic inscriptions. It was a high-minded pursuit, in so far as literati like Wen would not (in principle at least) take money for their work.

Wen’s *Seven Junipers* of 1532 stands out among the throng of such works on account of its whip-crack dynamism, a wild, irregular rhythm bounding over the length of three and a half metres (twelve feet) of paper. It seems to do things with pictorial space that Western painters would not attempt until the 20th century. But its force—unlike that of contemporary works by Michelangelo—is by no means a matter of radicalism. Wen, painting the scroll in his sixties, was returning to an image painted by his revered predecessor in Suzhou, Shen Zhou, and looking back beyond Shen to the style of Zhao Mengfu, who had painted around 1300. His accompanying poem, written ‘in admiration of antiquity’, identifies the junipers as morally encouraging emblems of resilience as ‘magic witnesses of days gone by’. ‘Who knows’, he adds wistfully, ‘what is to come hereafter?’ In other words, the momentum here is one of nostalgia: in the hands of a distinguished exponent in a privileged location in a politically unruffled era, backwards-looking might have a creative force of its own.

WEN, ZHENMING, *SEVEN JUNIPERS* (2009)

The opinions expressed in this article do not necessarily reflect the views of the management of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco, or of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System.

Consumers hanging on



_____ **A . . . Innumeracy: Mathematical Illiteracy and Its Consequences.** _____, 1988. (1988)

All, _____

There is a fundamental property of numbers named after the Greek mathematician Archimedes which states that any number, no matter how huge, can be exceeded by adding together sufficiently many of any smaller number, no matter how tiny. Though obvious in principle, the consequences are sometimes resisted, as they were by the student of mine who maintained that human hair just didn't grow in miles per hour. Unfortunately, the nanoseconds used up in a

Federal Leadership in High Performance and Sustainable Buildings set forth in the Federal Leadership in High Performance and Sustainable Buildings Memorandum of Understanding (2006), and (ii) 15 percent of the existing Federal capital asset building inventory of the agency as of the end of fiscal year 2015 incorporates the sustainable practices in the Guiding Principles;

(g) ensure that, if the agency operates a fleet of at least 20 motor vehicles, the agency, relative to agency baselines for fiscal year 2005, (i) reduces the fleet's total consumption of petroleum products by 2 percent annually through the end of fiscal year 2015, (ii) increases the total fuel consumption that is non-petroleum-based by 10 percent annually, and (iii) uses plug-in hybrid (PIH) vehicles when PIH vehicles are commercially available at a cost reasonably comparable, on the basis of life-cycle cost, to non-PIH vehicles; and

(h) ensure that the agency (i) when acquiring an electronic product to meet its requirements, meets at least 95 percent of those requirements with an Electronic Product Environmental Assessment Tool (EPEAT)-registered electronic product, unless there is no EPEAT standard for such product,

(ii) enables the Energy Star feature on agency computers and monitors,

(iii) establishes and implements policies to extend the useful life of agency electronic equipment, and (iv) uses environmentally sound practices with respect to disposition of agency electronic equipment that has reached the end of its useful life.

Scientific American Special Edition, 1, 2008. (2008)

The accelerating pace of technological progress means that our intelligent creations will soon eclipse us—and that their creations will eventually eclipse them.

Sometime early in this century the intelligence of machines will exceed that of humans. Within a quarter of a century, machines will exhibit the full range of human intellect, emotions and skills, ranging from musical and other creative aptitudes to physical movement. They will claim to have feelings and, unlike today's virtual personalities, will be very convincing when they tell us so. By around 2020 a \$1,000 computer will at least match the processing power of the human brain. By 2029 the software for intelligence will have been largely mastered, and the average personal computer will be equivalent to 1,000 brains.

Once computers achieve a level of intelligence comparable to that of humans, they will necessarily soar past it. For example, if I learn French, I can't readily download that learning to you. The reason is that for us, learning involves successions of stunningly complex patterns of interconnections among brain cells (neurons) and among the concentrations of biochemicals known as neurotransmitters that enable impulses to travel from neuron to neuron. We have no way of quickly downloading these patterns. But quick downloading will allow our nonbiological creations to share immediately what they learn with billions of other machines. Ultimately, nonbiological entities will master not only the sum total of their own knowledge but all of ours as well.

Scientific American Special Edition, 1, 2008. (2008)

Recent evidence challenges long-held theories of how cells turn malignant—and suggests new ways to stop tumors before they spread.

What causes cancer?

Tobacco smoke, most people would say. Probably too much alcohol, sunshine or grilled meat; infection with cervical papillomaviruses; asbestos. All have strong links to cancer, certainly. But they cannot be root causes. Much of the population is exposed to these carcinogens, yet only a tiny minority suffers dangerous tumors as a consequence.

A cause, by definition, leads invariably to its effect. The immediate cause of cancer must be some combination of insults and accidents that induces normal cells in a healthy human body to turn malignant, growing like weeds and sprouting in unnatural places.

At this level, the cause of cancer is not entirely a mystery. In fact, a decade ago many geneticists were confident that science was homing in on a final answer: cancer is the result of cumulative mutations that alter specific locations in a cell's DNA and thus change the particular proteins encoded by cancer-related genes at those spots. The mutations affect two kinds of cancer genes. The first are called tumor suppressors. They normally restrain cells' ability to divide, and mutations permanently disable the genes. The second variety, known as oncogenes, stimulate growth—in other words, cell division. Mutations lock oncogenes into an active state. Some researchers still take it as axiomatic that such growth-promoting changes to a small number of cancer genes are the initial event and root cause of every human cancer.

