

Love & Hate



Love & Hate 1

Pre-Reading

Whenever you begin reading, you should take a couple of minutes and engage your brain. After all, you don't want to go to all the work of reading and then not remember anything. Read this opening passage:

When the time came for them to die, Pete Gossard cursed and Knife Hilton cried, but Wolfer Joe Kennedy yawned in the face of the hangman.

What he wanted to do was spit, to show he was not afraid, because he knew men would talk about him later and describe the end he made. But even Wolfer Joe could not raise enough saliva for spitting when he had a noose around his neck. The yawn was the next best thing.

Barney Gallagher, the United States deputy marshal, finished adjusting the rope and asked half-admiringly, "Are we keeping you up?"

Part of reading well means forming opinions about the characters and conflicts. So, what do you think of Wolfer Joe?

Make a prediction.

The Last Boast

Dorothy M. Johnson

1. When the time came for them to die, Pete Gossard cursed and Knife Hilton cried, but Wolfer Joe Kennedy yawned in the face of the hangman.
2. What he wanted to do was spit, to show he was not afraid, because he knew men would talk about him later and describe the end he made. But even Wolfer Joe could not raise enough saliva for spitting when he had a noose around his neck. The yawn was the next best thing.
3. Barney Gallagher, the United States deputy marshal, finished adjusting the rope and asked half-admiringly, “Are we keeping you up?”
4. “Hanging me up, they told me,” Wolfer Joe answered.
5. On a packing box between his companions, he stood glaring out at the crowd of miners, with his lips pulled back from his teeth in the grin that was his trademark. He had foreseen the hour of his death, but not the way of it. He had felt the jar of the bullet, heard the Cheyenne arrow whir, gone down screaming under a grizzly’s claws—all these were probabilities for a man who had lived as he had lived, and a man had to die sometime.
6. But he had always seen himself fighting to the end. He had not dreamed of an end by hanging, helpless, with his hands tied behind him. He would not give his executioners the satisfaction of knowing he was astonished. They were going to get satisfaction enough without that.
7. Knife Hilton stopped crying and stood drooping on his packing box, snuffling like a baby. Pete Gossard stopped yelling curses, and thinking he had figured out a way to delay the performance, shouted earnestly, “I want a preacher! You wouldn’t deny a man a preacher, would you?”
8. The Vigilanters had thought of that, too, and had a preacher there. They knew, by this time, about all the tricks a man could think of to make delay. Pete Gossard had nothing to say to the preacher, after all, except the frantic plea: “Tell ’em to give me a good drop.”

9. “They will, Pete, “the preacher promised. He shivered and added, “They always have. May God have mercy!”
10. There was still a lot of noise from the crowd of miners—the seven or eight hundred of them who had constituted the jury and had filed solemnly between two wagons to vote. Fourteen men had voted for acquittal, and after four hundred voted “guilty,” the Vigilanters had stopped the farce of tallying. The noise was far out on the edge of the crowd, where those who could not see clearly were milling around, but in the center, at the hanging place, there was hardly any sound. Here death was, and the men who would beckon to it had nothing much to say.
11. The three packing boxes were sturdy; each had a rope tied to it by which it would be pulled away at the signal; the nooses were soundly wound. The Vigilanters, Wolfer Joe recollected, had had plenty of practice.
12. He felt a shudder coming over him, and to disguise it, he threw back his head and laughed.
13. He had few illusions about himself. Once he had said, grinning, “Reckon I was born bad.” More accurately, he might have said, “I was born outside the law, and mostly I’ve stayed outside it.” He had kept moving westward to places where the law was not. And what caught up with him at last was not law but anger. The angry men at the diggings could not wait for the law to catch up; they set up the Vigilance Committee to enforce ruthless justice.
14. Barney Gallagher frowned at that laugh. He stepped down from the box, wiping his hands on his pants, and said reflectively, “I was wondering—did you ever do one good thing in your life?”
15. Wolfer Joe looked into his eyes and answered with his lips pulled back from his teeth, “Yeah. Once. I betrayed a woman.”
16. At the hangman’s signal, men pulled the ropes on the packing box.
17. The word “love” was in the language he used with women, but its meaning was not in his understanding when he met Annie. Even when he left her, he was not sure he knew the meaning, and after that he never had much chance to find out.
18. She stood with her arms outspread, her hands touching the barn wall, trembling, withdrawing not so much from Wolfer Joe as from life itself pressing toward her.

19. “You don’t really like me,” he insisted. “Bet you don’t.”
20. “Maybe I do,” Annie answered, breathless. “I got to go in now.” She could have ducked under his arm, but she only glanced up at him with a scared smile. She was seventeen years old. Wolfer Joe was twenty-nine.
21. “You go in now,” he said, “and I’ll know you don’t love me.” He said the word lightly; he had said it before. The shape of it was easy in his mouth.
22. She looked away desperately, and the color rose on her neck. “I do so l-love you,” she said. “You could just as well stay here, instead of going on.”
23. Oh, no, not at twenty-nine. He could not stay in the settlements for long at a time. The law was creeping westward too fast. He was not sure what the law was, but he knew that he and his like had better keep ahead of it.
24. “Nothing here to keep me,” he said. The words hurt her as he had meant them to hurt, and she drew back. “I got to go on,” he said. He added boldly, suddenly seeing a dream, “Going to move on and settle down somewheres. Where I’m going, a girl like you wouldn’t go. You wouldn’t go with me.”
25. She was pressed tight against the barn wall. “Maybe I would, if I wanted to.”
26. “Your pa wouldn’t let you,” he scoffed.
27. “Pa couldn’t stop me. Now let me be—let me go!” She struggled against him, but his arms were an iron cage, and his heart pounded against hers.
28. “Tonight at the fork of the trail,” he said when he let her go, when he loosed her arms from their clinging. “Wait for me there.—But you won’t come.”
29. “I will!” she said. “Because I l-love you.”
30. That was the last thing she ever said to him.
31. “I believe you mean it,” he answered, and found his voice was hushed with wonder. “I guess you really do,” he said, trying to laugh.

32. The wonder was still on him when he waited where the trail forked. But Doubt hovered there too, and roosting on his shoulder, Suspicion watched the trail with cold, yellow eyes.
33. If she came, he could take her west and build a soddy,¹ get a bunch of cattle started—he knew how to swing a long loop on someone else’s beef. He had done it before, for pay.
34. “What makes you think she’ll come?” hooted Doubt, circling over him.
35. “What reason would she have if she did?” croaked Suspicion, with claws sharp in his shoulder.
36. “There’s no reward out for me around here,” argued Wolfer Joe. “Supposing she does come, her reason’s her own business. It’s her I want, not her reasons. I’ll settle down somewheres. If she comes.”
37. He watched the trail from up above, belly-down on a flat rock. He jerked when he saw her ride to the meeting place and look anxiously around. She had a little bundle of clothing tied to the saddle. He saw her dismount and look around again. But she didn’t call out or say a word. She simply sat down to wait.
38. He was furious, with an unreasoning anger. “Damn little fool!” he whispered.
39. “Running off with a man she don’t hardly know! What she’ll get is no more’n she’s got coming.”
40. He remembered that he himself was the man, and he lay there grinning at his own nonsense.
41. He would wait a while. When she gave up, he would appear and accuse her: “I knowed it was just a notion. You never meant what you said. You start but you can’t finish.”
42. Then he would let her go home weeping—or on with him, to do her crying later, when she knew what a fool she was.
43. But she did not give up. When darkness came, she built a little fire to keep the night away. With his heart pounding, with his lips pulled back from his teeth, Wolfer Joe lay on the flat rock, watching her. She had come so far; she had been so faithful. How long would she wait there for him? How far could he trust her?

¹ **soddy:** a sod house

44. Suspicion whispered, “There’ll come a day when she’ll go crying to the law and say, ‘I know where Wolfer Joe is if you want him.’”
45. He answered, “You don’t know my Annie.”
46. He watched her head bend forward on her knees as she waited and dozed. He saw it snap up again when a night sound scared her. After a while the fire burned low, and he knew she was sleeping. She awoke and fed it, and it blazed.
47. Then he knew he wasn’t going down there. He saw not the girl but her patience. He saw not the red glow of the fire but faith abiding.
48. He saw love by the fire, and he could not endure looking for fear he might see it end, during that night or some year to come.
49. He crept back off the rock and slid silently into the darkness to where his horse was waiting.
50. He lived for fourteen years after that. He was said to have seventeen notches on his gun, but that wasn’t true. He never notched his gun butt for anything he did.
51. He was justly sentenced to hang for helping to murder two miners whom he and Pete Gossard and Knife Hilton had dry-gulched² when the miners tried to take their gold out.
52. Wolfer Joe made an ending that earned him grim respect, and he left Barney Gallagher puzzling about how betraying a woman could be a thing a man might boast of with the last words he ever had a chance to speak.

² **dry-gulched:** killed by ambush

Understanding the Story

1. What did Wolfer Joe want to show as he stood on the packing box?
 - a. that he was proud of himself
 - b. that he was not afraid
 - c. that he did not care about anyone
 - d. that he felt sorry for his actions

2. As used in the story, what does the word farce mean?
 - a. a large group of men
 - b. a ridiculous situation
 - c. a voting booth
 - d. an official election

3. Read this statement from the passage.

“Suspicion watched the trail with cold yellow eyes”

Which of the following literary devices does the statement contain?

 - a. alliteration
 - b. irony
 - c. personification
 - d. simile

4. Why did Pete Gossard call for a preacher?
 - a. He wanted to delay the hanging.
 - b. He wanted to be forgiven.
 - c. He was a religious man.
 - d. He had a plan to escape.

5. What was the most important reason why Wolfer Joe could not stay in the settlements with Annie?
 - a. He had to stay ahead of the law.
 - b. She did not really love him.
 - c. He was much older than she was.
 - d. Her father would have him arrested.

6. Which of the following is an example of a primary external conflict found in the story?
 - a. Barney Gallagher vs. the preacher
 - b. Wolfer Joe vs. established law
 - c. Vigilanters vs. Suspicion
 - d. Annie vs. the executioners

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Whenever you begin reading, you should take a couple of minutes and engage your brain. After all, you don't want to go to all the work of reading and then not remember anything. Read this opening passage:

ALICE HINDMAN, a woman of twenty-seven when George Willard was a mere boy, had lived in Winesburg all her life. She clerked in Winney's Dry Goods Store and lived with her mother, who had married a second husband.

Alice's step-father was a carriage painter, and given to drink. His story is an odd one. It will be worth telling some day.

At twenty-seven Alice was tall and somewhat slight. Her head was large and overshadowed her body. Her shoulders were a little stooped and her hair and eyes brown. She was very quiet but beneath a placid exterior a continual ferment went on.

Part of reading well means forming opinions about the characters and conflicts. So, what do you think of Alice?

Make a prediction about whether Alice will find love or hate. Why do you say this?

From the novel *Winesburg, Ohio*
By Sherwood Anderson

"Adventure"

1. ALICE HINDMAN, a woman of twenty-seven when George Willard was a mere boy, had lived in Winesburg all her life. She clerked in Winney's Dry Goods Store and lived with her mother, who had married a second husband.
2. Alice's step-father was a carriage painter, and given to drink. His story is an odd one. It will be worth telling some day.
3. At twenty-seven Alice was tall and somewhat slight. Her head was large and overshadowed her body. Her shoulders were a little stooped and her hair and eyes brown. She was very quiet but beneath a placid exterior a continual ferment went on.
4. When she was a girl of sixteen and before she began to work in the store, Alice had an affair with a young man. The young man, named Ned Currie, was older than Alice. He, like George Willard, was employed on the Winesburg Eagle and for a long time he went to see Alice almost every evening. Together the two walked under the trees through the streets of the town and talked of what they would do with their lives. Alice was then a very pretty girl and Ned Currie took her into his arms and kissed her. He became excited and said things he did not intend to say and Alice, betrayed by her desire to have something beautiful come into her rather narrow life, also grew excited. She also talked. The outer crust of her life, all of her natural diffidence and reserve, was torn away and she gave herself over to the emotions of love. When, late in the fall of her sixteenth year, Ned Currie went away to Cleveland where he hoped to get a place on a city newspaper and rise in the world, she wanted to go with him. With a trembling voice she told him what was in her mind.
5. "I will work and you can work," she said. "I do not want to harness you to a needless expense that will prevent your making progress. Don't marry me now. We will get along without that and we can be together. Even though we live in the same house no one will say anything. In the city we will be unknown and people will pay no attention to us."

6. Ned Currie was puzzled by the determination and abandon of his sweetheart and was also deeply touched. He had wanted the girl to become his mistress but changed his mind. He wanted to protect and care for her. "You don't know what you're talking about," he said sharply; "you may be sure I'll let you do no such thing. As soon as I get a good job I'll come back. For the present you'll have to stay here. It's the only thing we can do."
7. On the evening before he left Winesburg to take up his new life in the city, Ned Currie went to call on Alice. They walked about through the streets for an hour and then got a rig from Wesley Moyer's livery and went for a drive in the country. The moon came up and they found themselves unable to talk. In his sadness the young man forgot the resolutions he had made regarding his conduct with the girl.
8. They got out of the buggy at a place where a long meadow ran down to the bank of Wine Creek and there in the dim light became lovers. When at midnight they returned to town they were both glad. It did not seem to them that anything that could happen in the future could blot out the wonder and beauty of the thing that had happened. "Now we will have to stick to each other, whatever happens we will have to do that," Ned Currie said as he left the girl at her father's door.
9. The young newspaper man did not succeed in getting a place on a Cleveland paper and went west to Chicago. For a time he was lonely and wrote to Alice almost every day. Then he was caught up by the life of the city; he began to make friends and found new interests in life. In Chicago he boarded at a house where there were several women. One of them attracted his attention and he forgot Alice in Winesburg. At the end of a year he had stopped writing letters, and only once in a long time, when he was lonely or when he went into one of the city parks and saw the moon shining on the grass as it had shone that night on the meadow by Wine Creek, did he think of her at all.
10. In Winesburg the girl who had been loved grew to be a woman. When she was twenty-two years old her father, who owned a harness repair shop, died suddenly. The harness maker was an old soldier, and after a few months his wife received a widow's pension. She used the first money she got to buy a loom and became a weaver of carpets, and Alice got a place in Winney's store. For a number of years nothing could have induced her to believe that Ned Currie would not in the end return to her.
11. She was glad to be employed because the daily round of toil in the store made the time of waiting seem less long and uninteresting. She began to save money, thinking that when she had saved two or three

hundred dollars she would follow her lover to the city and try if her presence would not win back his affections.

12. Alice did not blame Ned Currie for what had happened in the moonlight in the field, but felt that she could never marry another man. To her the thought of giving to another what she still felt could belong only to Ned seemed monstrous. When other young men tried to attract her attention she would have nothing to do with them. "I am his wife and shall remain his wife whether he comes back or not," she whispered to herself, and for all of her willingness to support herself could not have understood the growing modern idea of a woman's owning herself and giving and taking for her own ends in life.
13. Alice worked in the dry goods store from eight in the morning until six at night and on three evenings a week went back to the store to stay from seven until nine. As time passed and she became more and more lonely she began to practice the devices common to lonely people. When at night she went upstairs into her own room she knelt on the floor to pray and in her prayers whispered things she wanted to say to her lover. She became attached to inanimate objects, and because it was her own, could not bare to have anyone touch the furniture of her room. The trick of saving money, begun for a purpose, was carried on after the scheme of going to the city to find Ned Currie had been given up. It became a fixed habit, and when she needed new clothes she did not get them. Sometimes on rainy afternoons in the store she got out her bank book and, letting it lie open before her, spent hours dreaming impossible dreams of saving money enough so that the interest would support both herself and her future husband.
14. "Ned always liked to travel about," she thought. "I'll give him the chance. Some day when we are married and I can save both his money and my own, we will be rich. Then we can travel together all over the world."
15. In the dry goods store weeks ran into months and months into years as Alice waited and dreamed of her lover's return. Her employer, a grey old man with false teeth and a thin grey mustache that drooped down over his mouth, was not given to conversation, and sometimes, on rainy days and in the winter when a storm raged in Main Street, long hours passed when no customers came in. Alice arranged and rearranged the stock. She stood near the front window where she could look down the deserted street and thought of the evenings when she had walked with Ned Currie and of what he had said. "We will have to stick to each other now." The words echoed and re-echoed through the mind of the maturing woman. Tears came into her eyes. Sometimes when her employer had gone out and she was alone in the store she put her head on the counter and wept. "Oh, Ned, I am waiting," she whispered over

and over, and all the time the creeping fear that he would never come back grew stronger within her.

16. In the spring when the rains have passed and before the long hot days of summer have come, the country about Winesburg is delightful. The town lies in the midst of open fields, but beyond the fields are pleasant patches of woodlands. In the wooded places are many little cloistered nooks, quiet places where lovers go to sit on Sunday afternoons. Through the trees they look out across the fields and see farmers at work about the barns or people driving up and down on the roads. In the town bells ring and occasionally a train passes, looking like a toy thing in the distance.
17. For several years after Ned Currie went away Alice did not go into the wood with the other young people on Sunday, but one day after he had been gone for two or three years and when her loneliness seemed unbearable, she put on her best dress and set out. Finding a little sheltered place from which she could see the town and a long stretch of the fields, she sat down. Fear of age and ineffectuality took possession of her. She could not sit still, and arose. As she stood looking out over the land something, perhaps the thought of never ceasing life as it expresses itself in the flow of the seasons, fixed her mind on the passing years. With a shiver of dread, she realized that for her the beauty and freshness of youth had passed. For the first time she felt that she had been cheated. She did not blame Ned Currie and did not know what to blame. Sadness swept over her. Dropping to her knees, she tried to pray, but instead of prayers words of protest came to her lips. "It is not going to come to me. I will never find happiness. Why do I tell myself lies?" she cried, and an odd sense of relief came with this, her first bold attempt to face the fear that had become a part of her everyday life.
18. In the year when Alice Hindman became twenty- five two things happened to disturb the dull uneventfulness of her days. Her mother married Bush Milton, the carriage painter of Winesburg, and she herself became a member of the Winesburg Methodist Church. Alice joined the church because she had become frightened by the loneliness of her position in life. Her mother's second marriage had emphasized her isolation. "I am becoming old and queer. If Ned comes he will not want me. In the city where he is living men are perpetually young. There is so much going on that they do not have time to grow old," she told herself with a grim little smile, and went resolutely about the business of becoming acquainted with people. Every Thursday evening when the store had closed she went to a prayer meeting in the basement of the church and on Sunday evening attended a meeting of an organization called The Epworth League.

19. When Will Hurley, a middle-aged man who clerked in a drug store and who also belonged to the church, offered to walk home with her she did not protest. "Of course I will not let him make a practice of being with me, but if he comes to see me once in a long time there can be no harm in that," she told herself, still determined in her loyalty to Ned Currie.
20. Without realizing what was happening, Alice was trying feebly at first, but with growing determination, to get a new hold upon life. Beside the drug clerk she walked in silence, but sometimes in the darkness as they went stolidly along she put out her hand and touched softly the folds of his coat. When he left her at the gate before her mother's house she did not go indoors, but stood for a moment by the door. She wanted to call to the drug clerk, to ask him to sit with her in the darkness on the porch before the house, but was afraid he would not understand. "It is not him that I want," she told herself; "I want to avoid being so much alone. If I am not careful I will grow unaccustomed to being with people."
21. During the early fall of her twenty-seventh year a passionate restlessness took possession of Alice. She could not bear to be in the company of the drug clerk, and when, in the evening, he came to walk with her she sent him away. Her mind became intensely active and when, weary from the long hours of standing behind the counter in the store, she went home and crawled into bed, she could not sleep. With staring eyes she looked into the darkness. Her imagination, like a child awakened from long sleep, played about the room. Deep within her there was something that would not be cheated by fantasies and that demanded some definite answer from life.
22. Alice took a pillow into her arms and held it tightly against her. Getting out of bed, she arranged a blanket so that in the darkness it looked like a form lying between the sheets and, kneeling beside the bed, she whispered words over and over, like a refrain. "Why doesn't something happen? Why am I left here alone?" she muttered. Although she sometimes thought of Ned Currie, she no longer depended on him. Her desire had grown vague. She did not want Ned Currie or any other man. She wanted to be loved, to have something answer the call that was growing louder and louder within her.
23. And then one night when it rained Alice had an adventure. It frightened and confused her. She had come home from the store at nine and found the house empty. Bush Milton had gone off to town and her mother to the house of a neighbor. Alice went upstairs to her room and undressed in the darkness. For a moment she stood by the window hearing the rain beat against the glass and then a strange desire took possession of her. Without stopping to think of what she intended to do,

she ran downstairs through the dark house and out into the rain. As she stood on the little grass plot before the house and felt the cold rain on her body a mad desire to run naked through the streets took possession of her.

24. She thought that the rain would have some creative and wonderful effect on her body. Not for years had she felt so full of youth and courage. She wanted to leap and run, to cry out, to find some other lonely human and embrace him. On the brick sidewalk before the house a man stumbled homeward. Alice started to run. A wild, desperate mood took possession of her. "What do I care who it is. He is alone, and I will go to him," she thought; and then without stopping to consider the possible result of her madness, called softly. "Wait!" she cried. "Don't go away. Whoever you are, you must wait."
25. The man on the sidewalk stopped and stood listening. He was an old man and somewhat deaf. Putting his hand to his mouth, he shouted. "What? What say?" he called.
26. Alice dropped to the ground and lay trembling. She was so frightened at the thought of what she had done that when the man had gone on his way she did not dare get to her feet, but crawled on hands and knees through the grass to the house. When she got to her own room she bolted the door and drew her dressing table across the doorway. Her body shook as with a chill and her hands trembled so that she had difficulty getting into her night- dress. When she got into bed she buried her face in the pillow and wept brokenheartedly. "What is the matter with me? I will do something dreadful if I am not careful," she thought, and turning her face to the wall, began trying to force herself to face bravely the fact that many people must live and die alone, even in Winesburg.

Understanding the Story

1. What was Alice's greatest desire
 - A. To marry Ned
 - B. To be rich
 - C. To be loved
 - D. To leave town

2. How did Alice feel about being walked home by Harley?
 - A. It's not Will that she truly wanted
 - B. She hoped he would take Ned's place
 - C. She enjoyed the attention
 - D. She didn't want to walk home alone.

3. Why did Alice have such loyalty to Ned?
 - A. He was going to rescue her.
 - B. She gave herself to him.
 - C. He was her first love.
 - D. He promised to take care of her.

4. Where did Ned and Alice become lovers?
 - A. Behind the store
 - B. In the buggy
 - C. In a long meadow
 - D. In Wine Creek bank

5. What was the main type of conflict in this story?
 - A. Person vs. Person
 - B. Person vs. Society
 - C. Person vs. Nature
 - D. Person vs. Self

6. What literary device is used in this line
"Sadness swept over her"
 - A. Hyperbole
 - B. Personification
 - C. Metaphor
 - D. Allusion

Pre-Reading

Whenever you begin reading, you should take a couple of minutes and engage your brain. After all, you don't want to go to all the work of reading and then not remember anything. Read this opening passage:

There is an evil moment on awakening when all things seem to pause. But for women, they only falter and may be set in action by a single move: a lifted hand and the pendulum will swing, or the voice raised and through every room the pulse takes up its beating. The astronomer's wife felt the interval gaping and at once filled it to the brim. She fetched up her gentle voice and sent it warily down the stairs for coffee, swung her feet out upon the oval mat, and hailed the morning with her bare arms' quivering flesh drawn taut in rhythmic exercise: left, left, left my wife and fourteen children, right, right, right in the middle of the dusty road.

The day would proceed from this, beat by beat, without reflection, like every other day. The astronomer was still asleep, or feigning it, and she, once out of bed, had come into her own possession. Although scarcely ever out of sight of the impenetrable silence of his brow, she would be absent from him all the day in being clean, busy, kind. He was a man of other things, a dreamer.

Part of reading well means forming opinions about the characters and conflicts. So, what do you think of Mrs. Ames?

Make a prediction.

The Astronomer's Wife

Kay Boyle

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The day would proceed from this, beat by beat, without reflection, like every other day. The astronomer was still asleep, or feigning it, and she, once out of bed, had come into her own possession. Although scarcely ever out of sight of the impenetrable silence of his brow, she would be absent from him all the day in being clean, busy, kind. He was a man of other things, a dreamer. At times he lay still for hours, at others he sat upon the roof behind his telescope, or wandered down the pathway to the road and out across the mountains. This day, like any other, would go on from the removal of the spot left there from dinner on the astronomer's vest to the severe thrashing of the mayonnaise for lunch. That man might be each time the new arching wave, and woman the undertow that sucked him back, were things she had been told by his silence were so.

In spite of the earliness of the hour, the girl had heard her mistress's voice and was coming up the stairs. At the threshold of the bedroom she paused, and said: "Madame, the plumber is here."

The astronomer's wife put on her white and scarlet smock very quickly and buttoned it at the neck. Then she stepped carefully around the motionless spread of water in the hall.

"Tell him to come right up," she said. She laid her hands on the bannisters and stood looking down the wooden stairway. "Ah, I am Mrs. Ames," she said softly as she saw him mounting. "I am Mrs. Ames," she said softly, softly down the flight of stairs. "I am Mrs. Ames," spoken soft as a willow weeping. "The professor is still sleeping. Just step this way."

The plumber himself looked up and saw Mrs. Ames with her voice hushed, speaking to him. She was a youngish woman, but this she had forgotten. The mystery and silence of her husband's mind lay like a chiding finger on her lips. Her eyes were gray, for the light had been

extinguished in them. The strange dim halo of her yellow hair was still uncombed and sideways on her head.

For all of his heavy boots, the plumber quieted the sound of his feet, and together they went down the hall, picking their way around the still lake of water that spread as far as the landing and lay docile there. The plumber was a tough, hardy man; but he took off his hat when he spoke to her and looked her fully, almost insolently in the eye.

"Does it come from the wash-basin," he said, "or from the other . . .?"

"Oh, from the other," said Mrs. Ames without hesitation.

In this place the villas were scattered out few and primitive, and although beauty lay without there was no reflection of her face within. Here all was awkward and unfit; a sense of wrestling with uncouth forces gave everything an austere countenance. Even the plumber, dealing as does a woman with matters under hand, was grave and stately. The mountains round about seemed to have cast them into the shadow of great dignity.

Mrs. Ames began speaking of their arrival that summer in the little villa, mourning each event as it followed on the other.

"Then, just before going to bed last night," she said, "I noticed something was unusual."

The plumber cast down a folded square of sack-cloth on the brimming floor and laid his leather apron on it. Then he stepped boldly onto the heart of the island it shaped and looked long into the overflowing bowl.

"The water should be stopped from the meter in the garden," he said at last.

"Oh, I did that," said Mrs. Ames, "the very first thing last night. I turned it off at once, in my nightgown, as soon as I saw what was happening. But all this had already run in."

The plumber looked for a moment at her red kid slippers. She was standing just at the edge of the clear, pure-seeming tide.

"It's no doubt the soil lines," he said severely. "It may be that something has stopped them, but my opinion is that the water seals aren't working. That's the trouble often enough in such cases. If you had a valve you wouldn't be caught like this."

Mrs. Ames did not know how to meet this rebuke. She stood, swaying a little, looking into the plumber's blue relentless eye.

"I'm sorry--I'm sorry that my husband," she said, "is still--resting and cannot go into this with you. I'm sure it must be very interesting. . . ."

"You'll probably have to have the traps sealed," said the plumber grimly, and at the sound of this Mrs. Ames' hand flew in dismay to the side of her face. The plumber made no move, but the set of his mouth as he looked at her seemed to soften. "Anyway, I'll have a look from the garden end," he said.

"Oh, do," said the astronomer's wife in relief. Here was a man who spoke of action and object as simply as women did! But however hushed her voice had been, it carried clearly to Professor Ames who lay, dreaming and solitary, upon his bed. He heard their footsteps come down the hall, pause, and skip across the pool of overflow.

"Katherine!" said the astronomer in a ringing tone. "There's a problem worthy of your mettle!"

Mrs. Ames did not turn her head, but led the plumber swiftly down the stairs. When the sun in the garden struck her face, he saw there was a wave of color in it, but this may have been anything but shame.

"You see how it is," said the plumber, as if leading her mind away. "The drains run from these houses right down the hill, big enough for a man to stand upright in them, and clean as a whistle, too." There they stood in the garden with the vegetation flowering in disorder all about. The plumber looked at the astronomer's wife. "They come out at the torrent on the other side of the forest beyond there," he said.

But the words the astronomer had spoken still sounded in her in despair. The mind of man, she knew, made steep and sprightly flights, pursued illusion, took foothold in the nameless things that cannot pass between the thumb and finger. But whenever the astronomer gave voice to the thoughts that soared within him, she returned in gratitude to the long expanses of his silence. Desert-like they stretched behind and before the articulation of his scorn.

Life, life is an open sea, she sought to explain it in sorrow, and to survive women cling to the floating debris on the tide. But the plumber had suddenly fallen upon his knees in the grass and had crooked his fingers through the ring of the drains' trap-door. When she looked down she saw that he was looking up into her face, and she saw too that his hair was as light as gold.

"Perhaps Mr. Ames," he said rather bitterly, "would like to come down with me and have a look around?"

"Down?" said Mrs. Ames in wonder.

"Into the drains," said the plumber brutally. "They're a study for a man who likes to know what's what."

"Oh, Mr. Ames," said Mrs. Ames in confusion. "He's still--still in bed, you see."

The plumber lifted his strong, weathered face and looked curiously at her. Surely it seemed to him strange for a man to linger in bed, with the sun pouring yellow as wine all over the place. The astronomer's wife saw his lean cheeks, his high, rugged bones, and the deep seams in his brow. His flesh was as firm and clean as wood, stained richly tan with the climate's rigor. His fingers were blunt, but comprehensible to her, gripped in the ring and holding the iron door wide. The backs of his hands were bound round and round with ripe blue veins of blood.

"At any rate," said the astronomer's wife, and the thought of it moved her lips to smile a little, "Mr. Ames would never go down there alive. He likes going up," she said. And she, in her turn, pointed, but impudently, towards the heavens. "On the roof. Or on the mountains. He's been up on the top of them many times."

"It's a matter of habit," said the plumber, and suddenly he went down the trap. Mrs. Ames saw a bright little piece of his hair still shining, like a star, long after the rest of him had gone. Out of the depths, his voice, hollow and dark with foreboding, returned to her. "I think something has stopped the elbow," was what he said.

This was speech that touched her flesh and bone and made her wonder. When her husband spoke of height, having no sense of it, she could not picture it nor hear. Depth or magic passed her by unless a name were given. But madness in a daily shape, as elbow stopped, she saw clearly and well. She sat down on the grasses, bewildered that it should be a man who had spoken to her so.

She saw the weeds springing up, and she did not move to tear them up from life. She sat powerless, her sense veiled, with no action taking shape beneath her hands. In this way some men sat for hours on end, she knew, tracking a single thought back to its origin. The mind of man could balance and divide, weed out, destroy. She sat on the full, burdened grasses, seeking to think, and dimly waiting for the plumber to return.

Whereas her husband had always gone up, as the dead go, she knew now that there were others who went down, like the corporeal being of the dead. That men were then divided into two bodies now seemed clear to Mrs. Ames. This knowledge stunned her with its simplicity and took the uneasy motion from her limbs. She could not stir, but sat facing the mountains' rocky flanks, and harking in silence to lucidity. Her husband was the mind, this other man the meat, of all mankind.

After a little, the plumber emerged from the earth: first the light top of his head, then the burnt brow, and then the blue eyes fringed with whitest lash. He braced his thick hands flat on the pavings of the garden-path and swung himself completely from the pit.

"It's the soil lines," he said pleasantly. "The gases," he said as he looked down upon her lifted face, "are backing up the drains."

"What in the world are we going to do?" said the astronomer's wife softly. There was a young and strange delight in putting questions to which true answers would be given. Everything the astronomer had ever said to her was a continuous query to which there could be no response.

"Ah, come, now," said the plumber, looking down and smiling. "There's a remedy for every ill, you know. Sometimes it may be that," he said as if speaking to a child, "or sometimes the other thing. But there's always a help for everything amiss."

Things come out of herbs and make you young again, he might have been saying to her; or the first good rain will quench any drought; or time of itself will put a broken bone together.

"I'm going to follow the ground pipe out right to the torrent," the plumber was saying. "The trouble's between here and there and I'll find it on the way. There's nothing at all that can't be done over for the caring," he was saying, and his eyes were fastened on her face in insolence, or gentleness, or love.

The astronomer's wife stood up, fixed a pin in her hair, and turned around towards the kitchen. Even while she was calling the servant's name, the plumber began speaking again.

"I once had a cow that lost her cud," the plumber was saying. The girl came out on the kitchen-step and Mrs. Ames stood smiling at her in the sun.

"The trouble is very serious, very serious," she said across the garden. "When Mr. Ames gets up, please tell him I've gone down."

She pointed briefly to the open door in the pathway, and the plumber hoisted his kit on his arm and put out his hand to help her down.

"But I made her another in no time," he was saying, "out of flowers and things and what-not."

"Oh," said the astronomer's wife in wonder as she stepped into the heart of the earth. She took his arm, knowing that what he said was true.

After the Reading

1. Find five images in Kay Boyle's "Astronomer's Wife." (Write down the sentence you find the image).

2. Choose one of the following themes from this story and write a paragraph (5 sentences and a quote to support your argument) describing how it is a theme of the story:

- man & woman
- gender roles
- time
- the mind & the body

3. Choose one of the following character pairs and analyze their development through the story. Are they consistent? Do they change? How would you explain the development of these descriptions?

- astronomer vs. plumber
- astronomer vs. wife
- plumber vs. wife
- man vs. woman

Pre-Reading

Let's engage the brain. Read this opening passage:

WHEN Miss Emily Grierson died, our whole town went to her funeral: the men through a sort of respectful affection for a fallen monument, the women mostly out of curiosity to see the inside of her house, which no one save an old man-servant--a combined gardener and cook--had seen in at least ten years.

It was a big, squarish frame house that had once been white, decorated with cupolas and spires and scrolled balconies in the heavily lightsome style of the seventies, set on what had once been our most select street. But garages and cotton gins had encroached and obliterated even the august names of that neighborhood; only Miss Emily's house was left, lifting its stubborn and coquettish decay above the cotton wagons and the gasoline pumps--an eyesore among eyesores

So, what do you think of Miss Emily?

What do you know about Miss Emily or the story based on this passage?

A Rose for Emily

by William Faulkner

I

1. WHEN Miss Emily Grierson died, our whole town went to her funeral: the men through a sort of respectful affection for a fallen monument, the women mostly out of curiosity to see the inside of her house, which no one save an old man-servant--a combined gardener and cook--had seen in at least ten years.
2. It was a big, squarish frame house that had once been white, decorated with cupolas and spires and scrolled balconies in the heavily lightsome style of the seventies, set on what had once been our most select street. But garages and cotton gins had encroached and obliterated even the august names of that neighborhood; only Miss Emily's house was left, lifting its stubborn and coquettish decay above the cotton wagons and the gasoline pumps--an eyesore among eyesores. And now Miss Emily had gone to join the representatives of those august names where they lay in the cedar-bemused cemetery among the ranked and anonymous graves of Union and Confederate soldiers who fell at the battle of Jefferson.
3. Alive, Miss Emily had been a tradition, a duty, and a care; a sort of hereditary obligation upon the town, dating from that day in 1894 when Colonel Sartoris, the mayor--he who fathered the edict that no Negro woman should appear on the streets without an apron--remitted her taxes, the dispensation dating from the death of her father on into perpetuity. Not that Miss Emily would have accepted charity. Colonel Sartoris invented an involved tale to the effect that Miss Emily's father had loaned money to the town, which the town, as a matter of business, preferred this way of repaying. Only a man of Colonel Sartoris' generation and thought could have invented it, and only a woman could have believed it.
4. When the next generation, with its more modern ideas, became mayors and aldermen, this arrangement created some little dissatisfaction. On the first of the year they mailed her a tax notice. February came, and there was no reply. They wrote her a formal letter, asking her to call at the sheriff's office at her convenience. A week later the mayor wrote her himself, offering to call or to send his car for her, and received in reply a note on paper of an archaic shape, in a thin, flowing calligraphy in faded ink, to the effect that she no longer went out at all. The tax notice was also enclosed, without comment.
5. They called a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen. A deputation waited upon her, knocked at the door through which no visitor

had passed since she ceased giving china-painting lessons eight or ten years earlier. They were admitted by the old Negro into a dim hall from which a stairway mounted into still more shadow. It smelled of dust and disuse--a close, dank smell. The Negro led them into the parlor. It was furnished in heavy, leather-covered furniture. When the Negro opened the blinds of one window, they could see that the leather was cracked; and when they sat down, a faint dust rose sluggishly about their thighs, spinning with slow motes in the single sun-ray. On a tarnished gilt easel before the fireplace stood a crayon portrait of Miss Emily's father.

6. They rose when she entered--a small, fat woman in black, with a thin gold chain descending to her waist and vanishing into her belt, leaning on an ebony cane with a tarnished gold head. Her skeleton was small and spare; perhaps that was why what would have been merely plumpness in another was obesity in her. She looked bloated, like a body long submerged in motionless water, and of that pallid hue. Her eyes, lost in the fatty ridges of her face, looked like two small pieces of coal pressed into a lump of dough as they moved from one face to another while the visitors stated their errand.
7. She did not ask them to sit. She just stood in the door and listened quietly until the spokesman came to a stumbling halt. Then they could hear the invisible watch ticking at the end of the gold chain.
8. Her voice was dry and cold. "I have no taxes in Jefferson. Colonel Sartoris explained it to me. Perhaps one of you can gain access to the city records and satisfy yourselves."
9. "But we have. We are the city authorities, Miss Emily. Didn't you get a notice from the sheriff, signed by him?"
10. "I received a paper, yes," Miss Emily said. "Perhaps he considers himself the sheriff . . . I have no taxes in Jefferson."
11. "But there is nothing on the books to show that, you see We must go by the--"
12. "See Colonel Sartoris. I have no taxes in Jefferson."
13. "But, Miss Emily--"
14. "See Colonel Sartoris." (Colonel Sartoris had been dead almost ten years.) "I have no taxes in Jefferson. Tobe!" The Negro appeared. "Show these gentlemen out."

II

15. So she vanquished them, horse and foot, just as she had vanquished their fathers thirty years before about the smell.

16. That was two years after her father's death and a short time after her sweetheart--the one we believed would marry her --had deserted her. After her father's death she went out very little; after her sweetheart went away, people hardly saw her at all. A few of the ladies had the temerity to call, but were not received, and the only sign of life about the place was the Negro man--a young man then--going in and out with a market basket.

17. "Just as if a man--any man--could keep a kitchen properly," the ladies said; so they were not surprised when the smell developed. It was another link between the gross, teeming world and the high and mighty Griersons.

18. A neighbor, a woman, complained to the mayor, Judge Stevens, eighty years old.

19. "But what will you have me do about it, madam?" he said.

20. "Why, send her word to stop it," the woman said. "Isn't there a law? "

21. "I'm sure that won't be necessary," Judge Stevens said. "It's probably just a snake or a rat that nigger of hers killed in the yard. I'll speak to him about it."

22. The next day he received two more complaints, one from a man who came in diffident deprecation. "We really must do something about it, Judge. I'd be the last one in the world to bother Miss Emily, but we've got to do something." That night the Board of Aldermen met--three graybeards and one younger man, a member of the rising generation.

23. "It's simple enough," he said. "Send her word to have her place cleaned up. Give her a certain time to do it in, and if she don't. ..."

24. "Dammit, sir," Judge Stevens said, "will you accuse a lady to her face of smelling bad?"

25. So the next night, after midnight, four men crossed Miss Emily's lawn and slunk about the house like burglars, sniffing along the base of the brickwork and at the cellar openings while one of them performed a regular sowing motion with his hand out of a sack slung from his shoulder. They broke open the cellar door and sprinkled lime there, and in

all the outbuildings. As they recrossed the lawn, a window that had been dark was lighted and Miss Emily sat in it, the light behind her, and her upright torso motionless as that of an idol. They crept quietly across the lawn and into the shadow of the locusts that lined the street. After a week or two the smell went away.

^{26.} That was when people had begun to feel really sorry for her. People in our town, remembering how old lady Wyatt, her great-aunt, had gone completely crazy at last, believed that the Griersons held themselves a little too high for what they really were. None of the young men were quite good enough for Miss Emily and such. We had long thought of them as a tableau, Miss Emily a slender figure in white in the background, her father a spraddled silhouette in the foreground, his back to her and clutching a horsewhip, the two of them framed by the back-flung front door. So when she got to be thirty and was still single, we were not pleased exactly, but vindicated; even with insanity in the family she wouldn't have turned down all of her chances if they had really materialized.

^{27.} When her father died, it got about that the house was all that was left to her; and in a way, people were glad. At last they could pity Miss Emily. Being left alone, and a pauper, she had become humanized. Now she too would know the old thrill and the old despair of a penny more or less.

^{28.} The day after his death all the ladies prepared to call at the house and offer condolence and aid, as is our custom Miss Emily met them at the door, dressed as usual and with no trace of grief on her face. She told them that her father was not dead. She did that for three days, with the ministers calling on her, and the doctors, trying to persuade her to let them dispose of the body. Just as they were about to resort to law and force, she broke down, and they buried her father quickly.

^{29.} We did not say she was crazy then. We believed she had to do that. We remembered all the young men her father had driven away, and we knew that with nothing left, she would have to cling to that which had robbed her, as people will.

III

^{30.} She was sick for a long time. When we saw her again, her hair was cut short, making her look like a girl, with a vague resemblance to those angels in colored church windows--sort of tragic and serene.

^{31.} The town had just let the contracts for paving the sidewalks, and in the summer after her father's death they began the work. The construction company came with riggers and mules and machinery, and a foreman

named Homer Barron, a Yankee--a big, dark, ready man, with a big voice and eyes lighter than his face. The little boys would follow in groups to hear him cuss the riggers, and the riggers singing in time to the rise and fall of picks. Pretty soon he knew everybody in town. Whenever you heard a lot of laughing anywhere about the square, Homer Barron would be in the center of the group. Presently we began to see him and Miss Emily on Sunday afternoons driving in the yellow-wheeled buggy and the matched team of bays from the livery stable.

32. At first we were glad that Miss Emily would have an interest, because the ladies all said, "Of course a Grierson would not think seriously of a Northerner, a day laborer." But there were still others, older people, who said that even grief could not cause a real lady to forget noblesse oblige--without calling it noblesse oblige. They just said, "Poor Emily. Her kinsfolk should come to her." She had some kin in Alabama; but years ago her father had fallen out with them over the estate of old lady Wyatt, the crazy woman, and there was no communication between the two families. They had not even been represented at the funeral.

33. And as soon as the old people said, "Poor Emily," the whispering began. "Do you suppose it's really so?" they said to one another. "Of course it is. What else could . . ." This behind their hands; rustling of craned silk and satin behind jalousies closed upon the sun of Sunday afternoon as the thin, swift clop-clop-clop of the matched team passed: "Poor Emily."

34. She carried her head high enough--even when we believed that she was fallen. It was as if she demanded more than ever the recognition of her dignity as the last Grierson; as if it had wanted that touch of earthiness to reaffirm her imperviousness. Like when she bought the rat poison, the arsenic. That was over a year after they had begun to say "Poor Emily," and while the two female cousins were visiting her.

35. "I want some poison," she said to the druggist. She was over thirty then, still a slight woman, though thinner than usual, with cold, haughty black eyes in a face the flesh of which was strained across the temples and about the eyesockets as you imagine a lighthouse-keeper's face ought to look. "I want some poison," she said.

36. "Yes, Miss Emily. What kind? For rats and such? I'd recom--"

37. "I want the best you have. I don't care what kind."

38. The druggist named several. "They'll kill anything up to an elephant. But what you want is--"

39. "Arsenic," Miss Emily said. "Is that a good one?"

40. "Is . . . arsenic? Yes, ma'am. But what you want--"

41. "I want arsenic."

42. The druggist looked down at her. She looked back at him, erect, her face like a strained flag. "Why, of course," the druggist said. "If that's what you want. But the law requires you to tell what you are going to use it for."

43. Miss Emily just stared at him, her head tilted back in order to look him eye for eye, until he looked away and went and got the arsenic and wrapped it up. The Negro delivery boy brought her the package; the druggist didn't come back. When she opened the package at home there was written on the box, under the skull and bones: "For rats."

IV

44. So the next day we all said, "She will kill herself"; and we said it would be the best thing. When she had first begun to be seen with Homer Barron, we had said, "She will marry him." Then we said, "She will persuade him yet," because Homer himself had remarked--he liked men, and it was known that he drank with the younger men in the Elks' Club--that he was not a marrying man. Later we said, "Poor Emily" behind the jalousies as they passed on Sunday afternoon in the glittering buggy, Miss Emily with her head high and Homer Barron with his hat cocked and a cigar in his teeth, reins and whip in a yellow glove.

45. Then some of the ladies began to say that it was a disgrace to the town and a bad example to the young people. The men did not want to interfere, but at last the ladies forced the Baptist minister--Miss Emily's people were Episcopal-- to call upon her. He would never divulge what happened during that interview, but he refused to go back again. The next Sunday they again drove about the streets, and the following day the minister's wife wrote to Miss Emily's relations in Alabama.

46. So she had blood-kin under her roof again and we sat back to watch developments. At first nothing happened. Then we were sure that they were to be married. We learned that Miss Emily had been to the jeweler's and ordered a man's toilet set in silver, with the letters H. B. on each piece. Two days later we learned that she had bought a complete outfit of men's clothing, including a nightshirt, and we said, "They are married." We were really glad. We were glad because the two female cousins were even more Grierson than Miss Emily had ever been.

47. So we were not surprised when Homer Barron--the streets had been finished some time since--was gone. We were a little disappointed that there was not a public blowing-off, but we believed that he had gone on to prepare for Miss Emily's coming, or to give her a chance to get rid

of the cousins. (By that time it was a cabal, and we were all Miss Emily's allies to help circumvent the cousins.) Sure enough, after another week they departed. And, as we had expected all along, within three days Homer Barron was back in town. A neighbor saw the Negro man admit him at the kitchen door at dusk one evening.

48. And that was the last we saw of Homer Barron. And of Miss Emily for some time. The Negro man went in and out with the market basket, but the front door remained closed. Now and then we would see her at a window for a moment, as the men did that night when they sprinkled the lime, but for almost six months she did not appear on the streets. Then we knew that this was to be expected too; as if that quality of her father which had thwarted her woman's life so many times had been too virulent and too furious to die.

49. When we next saw Miss Emily, she had grown fat and her hair was turning gray. During the next few years it grew grayer and grayer until it attained an even pepper-and-salt iron-gray, when it ceased turning. Up to the day of her death at seventy-four it was still that vigorous iron-gray, like the hair of an active man.

50. From that time on her front door remained closed, save for a period of six or seven years, when she was about forty, during which she gave lessons in china-painting. She fitted up a studio in one of the downstairs rooms, where the daughters and granddaughters of Colonel Sartoris' contemporaries were sent to her with the same regularity and in the same spirit that they were sent to church on Sundays with a twenty-five-cent piece for the collection plate. Meanwhile her taxes had been remitted.

51. Then the newer generation became the backbone and the spirit of the town, and the painting pupils grew up and fell away and did not send their children to her with boxes of color and tedious brushes and pictures cut from the ladies' magazines. The front door closed upon the last one and remained closed for good. When the town got free postal delivery, Miss Emily alone refused to let them fasten the metal numbers above her door and attach a mailbox to it. She would not listen to them.

52. Daily, monthly, yearly we watched the Negro grow grayer and more stooped, going in and out with the market basket. Each December we sent her a tax notice, which would be returned by the post office a week later, unclaimed. Now and then we would see her in one of the downstairs windows--she had evidently shut up the top floor of the house--like the carven torso of an idol in a niche, looking or not looking at us, we could never tell which. Thus she passed from generation to generation--dear, inescapable, impervious, tranquil, and perverse.

53. And so she died. Fell ill in the house filled with dust and shadows, with only a doddering Negro man to wait on her. We did not even know she was sick; we had long since given up trying to get any information from the Negro

54. He talked to no one, probably not even to her, for his voice had grown harsh and rusty, as if from disuse.

55. She died in one of the downstairs rooms, in a heavy walnut bed with a curtain, her gray head propped on a pillow yellow and moldy with age and lack of sunlight.

V

56. The negro met the first of the ladies at the front door and let them in, with their hushed, sibilant voices and their quick, curious glances, and then he disappeared. He walked right through the house and out the back and was not seen again.

57. The two female cousins came at once. They held the funeral on the second day, with the town coming to look at Miss Emily beneath a mass of bought flowers, with the crayon face of her father musing profoundly above the bier and the ladies sibilant and macabre; and the very old men--some in their brushed Confederate uniforms--on the porch and the lawn, talking of Miss Emily as if she had been a contemporary of theirs, believing that they had danced with her and courted her perhaps, confusing time with its mathematical progression, as the old do, to whom all the past is not a diminishing road but, instead, a huge meadow which no winter ever quite touches, divided from them now by the narrow bottle-neck of the most recent decade of years.

58. Already we knew that there was one room in that region above stairs which no one had seen in forty years, and which would have to be forced. They waited until Miss Emily was decently in the ground before they opened it.

59. The violence of breaking down the door seemed to fill this room with pervading dust. A thin, acrid pall as of the tomb seemed to lie everywhere upon this room decked and furnished as for a bridal: upon the valance curtains of faded rose color, upon the rose-shaded lights, upon the dressing table, upon the delicate array of crystal and the man's toilet things backed with tarnished silver, silver so tarnished that the monogram was obscured. Among them lay a collar and tie, as if they had just been removed, which, lifted, left upon the surface a pale crescent in the dust. Upon a chair hung the suit, carefully folded; beneath it the two mute shoes and the discarded socks.

60. The man himself lay in the bed.

^{61.} For a long while we just stood there, looking down at the profound and fleshless grin. The body had apparently once lain in the attitude of an embrace, but now the long sleep that outlasts love, that conquers even the grimace of love, had cuckolded him. What was left of him, rotted beneath what was left of the nightshirt, had become inextricable from the bed in which he lay; and upon him and upon the pillow beside him lay that even coating of the patient and biding dust.

^{62.} Then we noticed that in the second pillow was the indentation of a head. One of us lifted something from it, and leaning forward, that faint and invisible dust dry and acrid in the nostrils, we saw a long strand of iron-gray hair.

Understanding the Story

1. What was engraved on the silver toiletry set?
 - A. C.S.
 - B. E.R.
 - C. H. B.
 - D. B. H.

2. Why were the townsmen sneaking around the house?
 - A. To spy on her
 - B. To spread lime
 - C. To check up on her
 - D. To collect her taxes

3. What poison did she buy?
 - A. Arsenic
 - B. Rat Poison
 - C. Weed Killer
 - D. Polonium

4. Why was Emily ostracized from the town?
 - A. She wouldn't pay her taxes
 - B. She was a black woman
 - C. She had no money
 - D. Her father kept her from people

5. Why did Emily keep Homer's body?

Pre-Reading

Let's engage the brain. Read this opening passage:

It was eleven o'clock of a Spring night in Florida. It was Sunday. Any other night, Delia Jones would have been in bed for two hours by this time. But she was a washwoman, and Monday morning meant a great deal to her. So she collected the soiled clothes on Saturday when she returned the clean things. Sunday night after church, she sorted and put the white things to soak. It saved her almost a half-day's start. A great hamper in the bedroom held the clothes that she brought home. It was so much neater than a number of bundles lying around.

She squatted on the kitchen floor beside the great pile of clothes, sorting them into small heaps according to color, and humming a song in a mournful key, but wondering through it all where Sykes, her husband, had gone with her horse and buckboard.

So, what do you think of Delia?

What do you know about Delia or the story based on this passage?

Sweat

by Zora Neale Hurston

1. It was eleven o'clock of a Spring night in Florida. It was Sunday. Any other night, Delia Jones would have been in bed for two hours by this time. But she was a washwoman, and Monday morning meant a great deal to her. So she collected the soiled clothes on Saturday when she returned the clean things. Sunday night after church, she sorted and put the white things to soak. It saved her almost a half-day's start. A great hamper in the bedroom held the clothes that she brought home. It was so much neater than a number of bundles lying around.

2. She squatted on the kitchen floor beside the great pile of clothes, sorting them into small heaps according to color, and humming a song in a mournful key, but wondering through it all where Sykes, her husband, had gone with her horse and buckboard.

3. Just then something long, round, limp and black fell upon her shoulders and slithered to the floor beside her. A great terror took hold of her. It softened her knees and dried her mouth so that it was a full minute before she could cry out or move. Then she saw that it was the big full whip her husband liked to carry when he drove.

4. She lifted her eyes to the door and saw him standing there bent over with laughter at her fright. She screamed at him

5. "Sykes, what you throw dat whip on me like dat? You know it would skeer me—looks just like a snake, an' you knows how skeered Ah is of snakes."

6. "Course Ah knowed it! That's how come Ah done it." He slapped his leg with his hand and almost rolled on the ground in his mirth. "If you such a big fool dat you got to have a fit over a earth worm or a string, Ah don't keer how bad Ah skeer you."

7. "You ain't got no business doing it. Gawd knows it's a sin. Some day Ah'm gointuh drop dead from some of yo' foolishness. 'Nother thing, where you been wid mah rig? Ah feeds dat pony. He ain't fuh you to be drivin' wid no bull whip."

8. "You sho' is one aggravatin' nigger woman!" he declared and stepped into the room. She resumed her work and did not answer him at once. "Ah done tole you time and again to keep them white folks' clothes outa dis house."

9. He picked up the whip and glared at her. Delia went on with her work. She went out into the yard and returned with a galvanized tub and set it on the washbench. She saw that Sykes had kicked all of the clothes together again, and now stood in her way truculently, his whole manner hoping, *praying*, for an argument. But she walked calmly around him and commenced to re-sort the things.
10. “Next time, Ah’m gointer kick’em outdoors,” he threatened as he struck a match along the leg of his corduroy breeches.
11. Delia never looked up from her work, and her thin, stooped shoulders sagged further.
12. “Ah ain’t for no fuss t’night Sykes. Ah just come from taking sacrament at the church house.”
13. He snorted scornfully. “Yeah, you just come from de church house on a Sunday night, but heah you is gone to work on them clothes. You ain’t nothing but a hypocrite. One of them amen-corner Christians—sing, whoop, and shout, then come home and wash white folks’ clothes on the Sabbath.”
14. He stepped roughly upon the whitest pile of things, kicking them helter-skelter as he crossed the room. His wife gave a little scream of dismay, and quickly gathered them together again.
15. “Sykes, you quit grindin’ dirt into these clothes! How can Ah git through by Sat’day if Ah don’t start on Sunday?”
16. “Ah don’t’ keer if you never git through. Anyhow, Ah done promised Gawd and a couple of other men, Ah aint’ gointer have it in mah house. Don’t gimme no lip neither, else Ah’ll throw ’em out and put mah fist up side you’ head to boot.”
17. Delia’s habitual meekness seemed to slip from her shoulders like a blown scarf. She was on her feet; her poor little body, her bare knuckly hands bravely defying the strapping hulk before her.
18. “Looka heah, Sykes, you done gone too fur. Ah been married to you fur fifteen years, and Ah been takin’ in washin’ fur fifteen years. Sweat, sweat, sweat! Work and sweat, cry and sweat, pray and sweat?”
19. “What’s that got to do with me?” he asked brutally.
20. “What’s it got to do with you, Sykes? Mah tub of suds is filled yo’ belly with vittles more times than yo’ hands is filled it. Mah sweat is done paid for this house and Ah reckon Ah kin keep on sweatin’ in it.”

21. She seized the iron skillet from the stove and struck a defensive pose, which act surprised him greatly, coming from her. It cowed him and he did not strike her as he usually did.
22. “Naw you won’t,” she panted, “that ole snaggle-toothed black woman you runnin’ with ain’t comin’ heah to pile up on *mah* sweat and blood. You ain’t paid for nothin’ on this place, and Ah’m gointer stay right heah till Ah’m toted out foot foremost.”
23. “Well, you better quit gittin’ me riled up, else they’ll be totin’ you out sooner than you expect. Ah’m so tired of you Ah don’t know whut to do. Gawd! How Ah hates skinny wimmen!”
24. A little awed by this new Delia, he sidled out of the door and slammed the back gate after him. He did not say where he had gone, but she knew too well. She knew very well that he would not return until nearly daybreak also. Her work over, she went to bed but not to sleep at once. Things had come to a pretty pass!
25. She lay awake, gazing upon the debris that cluttered their matrimonial trail. Not an image left standing along the way. Anything like flowers had long ago been drowned in the salty stream that had been pressed from her heart. Her tears, her sweat, her blood. She had brought love to the union and he had brought a longing after the flesh. Two months after the wedding, he had given her the first brutal beating. She had the memory of his numerous trips to Orlando with all of his wages when he had returned to her penniless, even before the first year had passed. She was young and soft then, but now she thought of her knotty, muscled limbs, her harsh knuckly hands, and drew herself up into an unhappy little ball in the middle of the big feather bed. Too late now to hope for love, even if it were not Bertha it would be someone else. This case differed from the others only in that she was bolder than the others. Too late for everything except her little home. She had built it for her old days, and planted one by one the trees and flowers there. It was lovely to her, lovely.
26. Somehow, before sleep came, she found herself saying aloud: “Oh well, whatever goes over the Devil’s back, is got to come under his belly. Sometime or ruther, Sykes, like everybody else, is gointer reap his sowing.” After that she was able to build a spiritual earthworks against her husband. His shells could no longer reach her. AMEN. She went to sleep and slept until he announced his presence in bed by kicking her feet and rudely snatching the covers away.
27. “Gimme some kivah heah, an’ get yo’ damn foots over on yo’ own side! Ah oughter mash you in yo’ mouf fuh drawing dat skillet on me.”

28. Delia went clear to the rail without answering him. A triumphant indifference to all that he was or did.

29. II

30. The week was as full of work for Delia as all other weeks, and Saturday found her behind her little pony, collecting and delivering clothes.

31. It was a hot, hot day near the end of July. The village men on Joe Clarke's porch even chewed cane listlessly. They did not hurl the cane-knots as usual. They let them dribble over the edge of the porch. Even conversation had collapsed under the heat.

32. "Heah come Delia Jones," Jim Merchant said, as the shaggy pony came 'round the bend of the road toward them. The rusty buckboard was heaped with baskets of crisp, clean laundry.

33. "Yep," Joe Lindsay agreed. "Hot or col', rain or shine, jes'ez reg'lar ez de weeks roll roun' Delia carries 'em an' fetches 'em on Sat'day."

34. "She better if she wanter eat," said Moss. "Syke Jones ain't wuth de shot an' powder hit would tek tuh kill 'em. Not to huh he ain't,"

35. "He sho' ain't," Walter Thomas chimed in. "It's too bad, too, cause she wuz a right pretty li'l trick when he got huh. Ah'd uh mah'ied huh mahself if he hadnter beat me to it."

36. Delia nodded briefly at the men as she drove past.

37. "Too much knockin' will ruin any 'oman. He done beat huh 'nough tuh kill three women, let 'lone change they looks," said Elijah Moseley. "How Syke kin stommuck dat big black greasy Mogul he's layin' round' wid, gits me. Ah swear dat eight-rock couldn't kiss a sardine can Ah done thowed out de back do' 'way las' yeah."

38. "Aw, she's fat, thass how come. He's allus been crazy 'bout fat women," put in Merchant. "He'd a' been tied up wid one long time ago if he could a' found one tuh have him. Did Ah tell yuh 'bout him come sidlin' roun' mah wife—bringin' her a basket uh pecans outa his yard fuh a present? Yessir, mah wife! She tol' him tuh take 'emright straight back home, 'cause Delia works so hard ovah dat washtub she reckon everything on de place taste lak sweat an' soapsuds. Ah jus' wisht Ah'd a' caught 'im 'roun' dere! Ah'd a' made his hips ketch on fiah down dat shell road."

39. “Ah know he done it, too. Ah sees ’im grinnin’ at every ’oman dat passes,” Walter Thomas said. “But even so, he useter eat some might big hunks uh humble pie tuh git dat li’l ’oman he got. She wuz ez pretty ez a speckled pup! Dat wuz fifteen years ago. He useter be so skeered uh losi’ huh, she could make him do some parts of a husband’s duty. Dey never wuz de same in de mind.”
40. “There oughter be a law about him,” said Lindsay. “He ain’t fit tuh carry guts tuh a bear.”
41. Clarke spoke for the first time. “Tain’t no law on earth dat kin make a man be decent if it ain’t in ’im. Ther’s plenty men dat takes a wife lak dey do a joint uh sugar-cane. It’s round, juicy an’ sweet when dey gits it. But dey squeeze an’ grind, squeeze an’ grind an’ wring tell dey wring every drop uh pleasure dan’t in ’em out. When day’s satisfied dat dey is wrung dry, dey treats ’em jes’ lak dey do a cane-chew. Dey thows ’em away. Dey knows whut dey is doin’ while day is at it, an’ hates theirselves fuh it but they keeps on hangin’ after huh tell she’s empty. Den day hates huh fuh bein’ a cane-chew an’ in de way.”
42. “We oughter take Syke an’ dat stray ’oman uh his’n down in Lack Howell swamp an’ lay on de rawhide till they cain’t say Lawd a’ mussy. He allus wuz uh ovahbearin niggah, but since dat white ’oman from up north done teached ’im how to run a automobile, he done got too beggety to live—an’ we oughter kill ’im,” Old Man Anderson advised.
43. A grunt of approval went around the porch. But the heat was melting their civic virtue and Elijah Moseley began to bait Joe Clarke.
44. “Come on, Joe, git a melon outa dere an’ slice it up for yo’ customers. We’s e all sufferin’ wid de heat. De bear’s done got me!”
45. “Thass right, Joe, a watermelon is jes’ whut Ah needs tuh cure de eppizudicks,” Walter Thomas joined forces with Moseley. “Come on dere, Joe. We all is steady customers an’ you ain’t set us up in a long time. Ah chooses dat long, bowlegged Floridy favorite.”
46. “A god, an’ be dough. You all gimme twenty cents and slice away,” Clarke retorted. “Ah needs a col’ slice m’self. Heah, everybody chip in. Ah’ll lend y’all mah meat knife.”
47. The money was all quickly subscribed and the huge melon brought forth. At that moment, Sykes and Bertha arrived. A determined silence fell on the porch and the melon was put away again.
48. Merchant snapped down the blade of his jackknife and moved toward the store door.

49. “Come on in, Joe, an’ gimme a slab uh sow belly an’ uh pound uh coffee—almost fuhgot ’twas Sat’day. Got to git on home.” Most of the men left also.
50. Just then Delia drove past on her way home, as Sykes was ordering magnificently for Bertha. It pleased him for Delia to see.
51. “Git whutsoever yo’ heart desires, Honey. Wait a minute, Joe. Give huh two bottles uh strawberry soda-water, uh quart parched ground-peas, an’ a block uh chewin’ gum.”
52. With all this they left the store, with Sykes reminding Bertha that this was his town and she could have it if she wanted it.
53. The men returned soon after they left, and held their watermelon feast.
54. “Where did Syke Jones git da ’oman from nohow?” Linday asked.
55. “Ovah Apopka. Guess dey musta been cleanin’ out de town when she lef’. She don’t look lak a thing but a hunk uh liver wid hair on it.”
56. “Well, she sho’ kin squall,” Dave Carter contributed. “When she gits ready tuh laff, she jes’ opens huh mouf an’ latches it back tuh de las’ notch. No ole granpa alligator down in Lake Bell ain’t got nothin’ on huh.”

57. **III**

58. Bertha had been in town three months now. Sykes was still paying her room-rent at Della Lewis’—the only house in town that would have taken her in. Sykes took her frequently to Winter Park to ‘stomps’. He still assured her that he was the swellest man in the state.
59. “Sho’ you kin have dat li’l ole house soon’s Ah git dat ’oman outa dere. Everthing b’longs tuh me an’ you sho’ kin have it. Ah sho’ ’bominates uh skinny ’oman. Lawdy, you sho’ is got one portly shape on you! You kin git anything you wants. Dis is mah town an’ you sho’ kin have it.”
60. Delia’s work-worn knees crawled over the earth in Gethsemane and up the rocks of Calvary many, many times during these months. She avoided the villages and meeting places in her efforts to be blind and deaf. But Bertha nullified this to a degree, by coming to Delia’s house to call Sykes out to her at the gate.

61. Delia and Sykes fought all the time now with no peaceful interludes. They slept and ate in silence. Two or three times Delia had attempted a timid friendliness, but she was repulsed each time. It was plain that the breaches must remain agape.
62. The sun had burned July to August. The heat streamed down like a million hot arrows, smiting all things living upon the earth. Grass withered, leaves browned, snakes went blind in shedding and men and dogs went mad. Dog days!
63. Delia came home one day and found Sykes there before her. She wondered, but started to go on into the house without speaking, even though he was standing in the kitchen door and she must either stoop under his arm or ask him to move. He made no room for her. She noticed a soap box beside the steps, but paid no particular attention to it, knowing that he must have brought it there. As she stooped to pass under his outstretched arm, he suddenly pushed her backward, laughingly.
64. “Look in de box dere Delia, Ah done brung yuh somethin’!”
65. She nearly fell upon the box in her stumbling, and when she saw what it held, she all but fainted outright.
66. “Syke! Syke, mah Gawd! You take dat rattlesnake ’way from heah! You *gottuh*. Oh, Jesus, have mussy!”
67. “Ah aint got tuh do nothin’ uh de kin’—fact is Ah ain’t got tuh do nothin’ but die. Tain’t no use uh you puttin’ on airs makin’ out lak you skeered uh dat snake—he’s gointer stay right heah tell he die. He wouldn’t bite me cause Ah knows how tuh handle ’im. Nohow he wouldn’t risk breakin’ out his fangs ’gin yo skinny laigs.”
68. “Naw, now Syke, don’t keep dat thing ’round tryin’ tuh skeer me tuh death. You knows Ah’m even feared uh earth worms. Thass de biggest snake Ah evah did see. Kill ’im Syke, please.”
69. “Doan ast me tuh do nothin’ fuh yuh. Goin’ ’round tryin’ tuh be so damn asterperious. Naw, Ah ain’t gonna kill it. Ah think uh damn sight mo’ uh him dan you! Dat’s a nice snake an’ anybody doan lak ’im kin jes’ hit de grit.”
70. The village soon heard that Sykes had the snake, and came to see and ask questions.
71. “How de hen-fire did you ketch dat six-foot rattler, Syke?” Thomas asked.

72. “He’s full uh frogs so he cain’t hardly move, thass how Ah eased up on ’m. But Ah’m a snake charmer an’ knows how tuh handle ’em, Shux, dat ain’t nothin’. Ah could ketch one eve’y day if Ah so wanted tuh.”

73. “What he needs is a heavy hick’ry club leaned real heavy on his head. Da’s de bes’ way tuh charm a rattlesnake.”

74. “Naw, Walt, y’all jus’ don’g understand dese diamon’ backs lak Ah do,” said Sykes in a superior tone of voice.

75. The village agreed with Walter, but the snake stayed on. His box remained by the kitchen door with its screen wire covering. Two or three days later it had digested its meal of frogs and literally came to life. It rattled at every movement in the kitchen or the yard. One day as Delia came down the kitchen steps she saw his chalky-white fangs curved like scimitars hung in the wire meshes. This time she did not run away with averted eyes as usual. She stood for a long time in the doorway in a red fury that grew bloodier for every second that she regarded the creature that was her torment.

76. That night she broached the subject as soon as Sykes sat down to the table.

77. “Syke, Ah wants you tuh take dat snake ’way fum heah. You done starved me an’ Ah put up widcher, you done beat me an Ah took dat, but you done kilt all mah insides bring’ dat varmint heah.”

78. Sykes poured out a saucer full of coffee and drank it deliberately before he answered her.

79. “A whole lot Ah keer ’bout how you feels inside uh out. Dat snake ain’t goin’ no damn wheah till Ah gits ready fuh ‘im tuh go. So fur as beatin’ is concerned, yuh ain’t took near all dat you gointer take ef yah stay ’round me.”

80. Delia pushed back her plate and got up from the table. “Ah hates you, Sykes,” she said calmly. “Ah hates you tuh de same degree dat Ah useter love yuh. Ah done took an’ took till mah belly is full up tuh mah neck. Dat’s de reason Ah got mah letter fum de church an’ moved mah membership tuh Woodbridge—so Ah don’t haftuh take no sacrament wid yuh. Ah don’t wantuh see yuh ’round me atall. Lay ’round wid dat ’oman all yuh want tuh, but gwan ’way fum me an’ mah house. Ah hates yuh lak uh suck-egg dog.”

81. Sykes almost let the huge wad of corn bread and collard greens he was chewing fall out of his mouth in amazement. He had a hard time whipping himself up to the proper fury to try to answer Delia.

82. “Well, Ah’m glad you does hate me. Ah’m sho’ tiahed uh you hanin’ ontuh me. Ah don’t want yuh. Look at yuh strangely ole neck! Yo’ rawbony laigs an’ arms is enough tuh cut uh man tuh death. You looks jes’ lak de devvul’s doll-baby tuh *me*. You cain’t hate me no worse dan Ah hates you. Ah been hatin’ *you* fuh years.”

83. “Yo’ ole black hide don’t look lak nothin’ tuh me, but uh passle uh wrinked up rubber, wid yo’ big ole yeahs flappin’ on each side lak uh paih uh buzzard wings. Don’t think Ah’m gointuh be run ’way fum mah house neither. Ah’m goin’ tuh de white folks ’bout *you*, mah young man, de very nex’ time you lay yo’ han’s on me. Mah cup is done run ovah.” Delia said this with no signs of fear and Sykes departed from the house, threatening her, but made not the slightest move to carry out any of them.

84. That night he did not return at all, and the next day being Sunday, Delia was glad she did not have quarrel before she hitched up her pony and drove the four miles to Woodbridge.

85. She stayed to the night service—‘love feast’—which was very warm and full of spirit. In the emotional winds her domestic trials were borne far and wide so that she sang as she drove homeward,

86. *Jurden water, black an’ col*

87. *Chills de body, not de soul*

88. *An’ Ah wantah cross Jurden in uh calm time.*

89. She came from the barn to the kitchen door and stopped.

90. “What’s de mattah, ol’ Satan, you ain’t kickin’ up yo’ racket?” She addressed the snake’s box. Complete silence. She went on into the house with a new hope in its birth struggles. Perhaps her threat to go to the white folks had frightened Sykes! Perhaps he was sorry! Fifteen years of misery and suppression had brought Delia to the place where she would hope *anything* that looked toward a way over or through her wall of inhibitions.

91. She felt in the match-safe behind the stove at once for a match. There was only one there.

92. “Dat niggah wouldn’t fetch nothin’ heah tuh save his rotten neck, but he kin run thew what Ah brings quick enough. Now he done toted off nigh on tuh haff uh box uh matches. He done had dat ’oman heah in mah house, too.”

93. Nobody but a woman could tell how she knew this even before she struck the match. But she did and it put her into a new fury.
94. Presently she brought in the tubs to put the white things to soak. This time she decided she need not bring the hamper out of the bedroom; she would go in there and do the sorting. She picked up the pot-bellied lamp and went in. The room was small and the hamper stood hard by the foot of the white iron bed. She could sit and reach through the bedposts—resting as she worked.
95. “*Ah wantah cross Jurden in uh calm time.*” She was singing again. The mood of the ‘love feast’ had returned. She threw back the lid of the basket almost gaily. Then, moved by both horror and terror, she sprang back toward the door. There lay the snake in the basket! He moved sluggishly at first, but even as she turned round and round, jumped up and down in an insanity of fear, he began to stir vigorously. She saw him pouring his awful beauty from the basket upon the bed, then she seized the lamp and ran as fast as she could to the kitchen. The wind from the open door blew out the light and the darkness added to her terror. She sped through the darkness of the yard, slamming the door after her before she thought to set down the lamp. She did not feel safe even on the ground, so she climbed up in the hay barn.
96. There for an hour or more she lay sprawled upon the hay a gibbering wreck.
97. Finally she grew quiet, and after that came coherent thought. With this stalked through her a cold, bloody rage. Hours of this. A period of introspection, a space of retrospection, then a mixture of both. Out of this an awful calm.
98. “Well, Ah done de bes’ Ah could. If things ain’t right, Gawd knows tain’t mah fault.”
99. She went to sleep—a twitch sleep—and woke up to a giant gray sky. There was a loud hollow sound below. She peered out. Sykes was at the wood-pile, demolishing a wire-covered box.
100. He hurried to the kitchen door, but hung outside there some minutes before he entered, and stood some minutes more inside before he closed it after him.
101. The gray in the sky was spreading. Delia descended without fear now, and crouched beneath the low bedroom window. The drawn shade shut out the dawn, shut in the night. But the thin walls held back no sound.

^{102.} “Dat ol’ scratch is woke up now!” She mused at the tremendous whirr inside, which every woodsman knows, is one of the sound illusions. The rattler is a ventriloquist. His whirr sounds to the right, to the left, straight ahead, behind, close under foot—everywhere but where it is. Woe to him who guesses wrong unless he is prepared to hold up his end of the argument! Sometimes he strikes without rattling at all.

^{103.} Inside, Sykes heard nothing until he knocked a pot lid off the stove while trying to reach the match-safe in the dark. He had emptied his pocket’s at Bertha’s

^{104.} The snake seemed to wake up under the stove and Sykes made a quick leap into the bedroom. In spite of the gin he had had, his head was clearing now.

^{105.} “Mah Gawd!” he chattered, “ef Ah could on’y strack uh light!”

^{106.} The rattling ceased for a moment as he stood paralyzed. He waited. It seemed that the snake waited also.

^{107.} “Oh, fuh de light! Ah thought he’d be too sick”—Sykes was muttering to himself when the whirr began again, closer, right underfoot this time. Long before this, Sykes’ ability to think had been flattened down to primitive instinct and he leaped—onto the bed.

^{108.} Outside Delia heard a cry that might have come from a maddened chimpanzee, a stricken gorilla. All the terror, all horror, all the rage that man possibly could express, without a recognizable human sound.

^{109.} A tremendous stir inside there, another series of animal screams, the intermittent whirr of the reptile. The shade torn violently down from the window, letting in the red dawn, a huge brown hand seizing the window stick, great dull blows upon the wooden floor punctuating the gibberish of sound long after the rattle of the snake had abruptly subsided. All this Delia could see and hear from her place beneath the window, and it made her ill. She crept over to the four-o’clocks and stretched herself on the cool earth to recover.

^{110.} She lay there. “Delia, Delia!” She could here Sykes calling in a most despairing tone as one who expected no answer. The sun crept on up, and he called. Delia could not move—her legs had gone flabby. She never moved, he called, and the sun kept rising.

^{111.} “Mah Gawd!” She heard him moan, “Mah Gawd fum Heben!” She heard him stumbling about and got up from her flower-bed. The sun was growing warm. As she approached the door she heard him call out hopefully, “Delia, is dat you Ah heah?”

^{112.} She saw him on his hands and knees as soon as she reached the door. He crept an inch or two toward her—all that he was able, and she saw his horribly swollen neck and his one open eye shining with hope. A surge of pity too strong to support bore her away from that eye that must, could not, fail to see the tubs. He would see the lamp. Orlando with its doctors was too far. She could scarcely reach the chinaberry tree, where she waited in the growing heat while inside she knew the cold river was creeping up and up to extinguish that eye which must know by now that she knew.

Understanding the Story

1. Did Delia make the right ethical/moral choice? Why?

2. What literary element is being used in the following passage from paragraph 17?
"Delia's habitual meekness seemed to slip from her shoulders like a blown scarf."

- A. Alliteration
- B. Simile
- C. Personification
- D. Metaphor

3. Why did Sykes choose to bring a snake into the home?

- A. As a pet
- B. As a gift for Delia
- C. To scare Delia
- D. He didn't bring it in

4. How did the town see Sykes

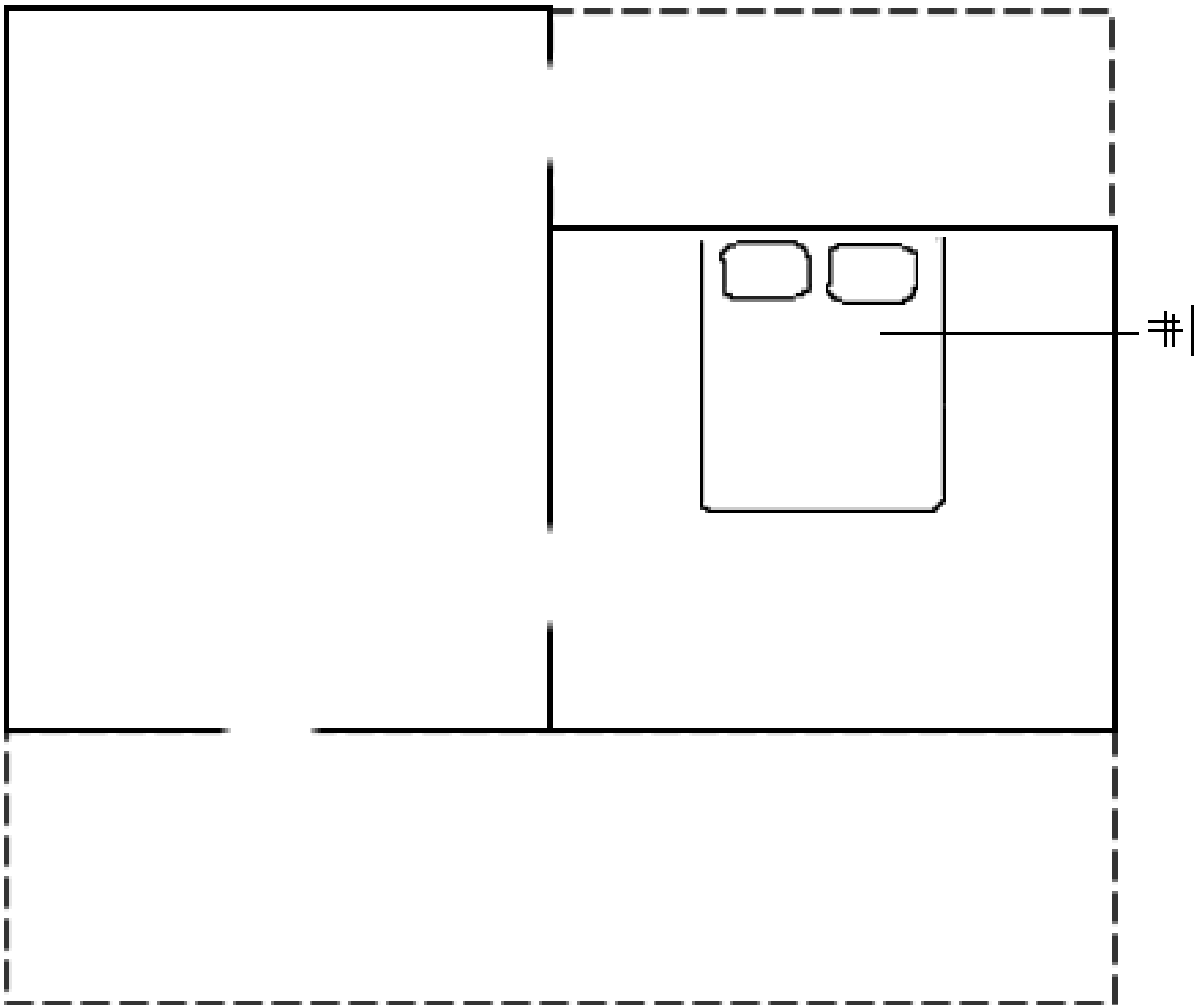
- A. He's lucky to have Delia
- B. He's a good man
- C. He's a fool for marrying Delia
- D. He's a hard worker

5. What did Delia do when she realized the snake was loose?

- A. She places it back in its box
- B. She kills it
- C. She has Sykes get rid of it
- D. She runs without telling Sykes

Setting

An author often reveals something about a character by having objects and settings represent important ideas. Use the diagram below to explore Delia's house. Draw in at least 10 objects mentioned in the story. The objects may be in the house or around the house, your choice. Number each object, and then use the next page to create an "index" with information about the object. The first one is done for you.



Setting

#	Page	Quote from the story
1	36	the middle of the big feather bed
2	_____	_____
3	_____	_____
4	_____	_____
5	_____	_____
6	_____	_____
7	_____	_____
8	_____	_____
9	_____	_____
10.	_____	_____

And next...

Pick two objects and explain what that object reveals about the characters or the conflicts in the story.

Sample:

Number One: Delia's big feather bed sounds comfortable and soft and warm. Since this is her marriage bed, that's a little ironic because her marriage is anything but comfortable and soft and warm. But then again, she talks about the fact that she loved him once, so maybe the bed represents what she wanted her marriage to be back when she still loved Sykes.

Now you write descriptions of two objects from the house on your own paper. Use correct grammar!

Final Exam: Idea/Emotion Project

Objective: To show what you have learned this year as a critical reader, thinker and writer. To demonstrate your creative thinking and learning, you will need to complete and present a research project which shows new learning and which is personally meaningful to you.

Directions:

1. Decide which emotion or ideal you want to research (see attached – first come, first choice)
2. Using at least three different sources, find at least one reference from any of the following areas:
 - *Arts
 - *Science
 - *History
 - *Sports
 - *Literature
 - *Theatre (Plays, Movies)
 - *Music

Note: In order to find the EXACT reference you wish to use, you may need to find and read through several references in each area.

3. After finding all of the references you want to use, plan your Oral Presentation (attached outline)
4. Write out the presentation (the outlines are only guides, you must submit it the day of the presentation in a final draft format including a works cited page)
5. Create your visual aid to compliment your presentation (i.e. poster board, musical performance, art work, etc...)
6. Practice your presentation at home
7. Proofread and finalize all documents for submission
8. Be Creative
9. Submit paper and give presentation

Project Prerequisites: In order to earn credit, all of the following must be submitted on the day of the Presentation

1. Written essay/presentation
2. Works Cited Page
3. Visual Aid

Emotion and Ideals

Possible Topic List

Admiration	Excellence	Humility	Selflessness
Adversity	Failure	Humor	Solitude
Ambition	Faith	Individuality	Sorrow
Anger	Family	Injustice	Strength
Beauty	Fear	Kindness	Trust
Brotherhood	Forgiveness	Liberty	Truth
Change	Freedom	Love	Wealth
Charity	Friendship	Loyalty	Wisdom
Civilization	Glory	Opportunity	
Compassion	Greed	Passion	
Courage	Happiness	Patriotism	
Cowardice	Heroism	Perseverance	
Deception	Honesty	Power	
Democracy	Honor	Prejudice	
Duty	Hope	Pride	
Envy		Respect	
Equality		Revenge	

Note: These are just potential topic choices. You are able to choose one not on this list, but it must be approved by the teacher beforehand.

Oral Presentation

Essay Outline

- I. Introduction
 - a) Define emotion or ideal
 - b) Give a quote by a philosopher, psychologist, writer, educator, or other famous person that have said something about the emotion or ideal (1-2 sentences)
 - c) Explain the quote in your own words (3-4 sentences).
 - d) Thesis Statement (Hint: How this emotion or ideal affects your life?)

- II. Body – Decide in which order your references would best present your idea.
 - a) References (1, 2, 3)
 - Introduce the name, title, author, and source of reference (2-3 sentences)
 - Explain how you think the reference shows the emotion or ideal (2-3 sentences)
 - Explain why you chose this reference to your show emotion or ideal (2-3 sentences)
 - b) Repeat for each reference

- III. Conclusion
 - a) Restate thesis (1 sentence)
 - b) Restate why the emotion or ideal is important (2-3 sentences)
 - c) Describe (in relative detail) an instance or experience in your personal life where you have witnessed or demonstrated that emotion or ideal (3-4 sentences)
 - d) Closing comment – Discuss either what you have learned from having witnessed or demonstrated that emotion or ideal (2-3 sentences)

Oral Presentation Model

Topic: My Wish...

A wish is a desire; a wanting or hoping for an object or goal. The ability to wish is important to people as individual and to society. The famous psychologist, Sigmund Freud, studied how people's wishes directly influence the actions and decisions a person makes. Whether consciously or unconsciously, a person chooses things because he or she wants or desires them. We all make decisions based on our personal desires/wishes. People need wishes to keep interest in life, to instill promise in the future, and to ultimately fulfill ourselves. Wishes are the stuff that dreams are made of. As the famous dreamer, Walt Disney, himself cherished: "When you wish upon a star, it makes no difference who you are... (Pinocchio)." Leaders make wishes for the people of their country. Parents make wishes for their children. And teachers make wishes for their students. My wish for you is to find a dream and stay with it, have the courage to standby what you believe, and to stay young forever.

My first wish for you is that you find a dream to call your own and follow it. I chose to use a speech titled "I Have a Dream" by Martin Luther King Jr. This speech shows how one man pursued his dream, and because of his strong belief, the dream spread like wildfire across our nation (Present "I have a Dream" laser disc). King's speech showed his dream for equality. He details the beginnings of the Civil Rights Movement to its status at the time of the speech. I chose this piece of literature because the speech symbolizes how one man's dream can revolutionize old ideas and customs.

After researching mankind's achievements in the field of science, I felt that man's first walk on the moon conveys the importance of sticking to a dream once a dream is found. For centuries, man had dreamed of exploring the moon. Always curious, men like Galileo created telescopes to see the moon's surface more clearly. In the late 1950's, scientists created rockets, enabling men to travel through space. Russian scientists discovered how to make rockets too; and the race was on. The journey was long and hard for our scientists: lack of funding for their experiments; industrial and technological sabotage occurred because of the politics with the Russian government. On July 20, 1969, Apollo 11 landed on the moon. Man's firsthand exploration and study of the moon had begun. Throughout all the years it took for scientists to be able to send a man to the moon (twelve years), the scientists never lost sight or hope for their dream.

There are many warnings in the world to people who choose not to find or follow a dream. In the poem "Dream Deferred," Langston Hughes asks the reader the unthinkable question: What happens to me if I choose not to follow my dreams?

Dream Deferred

By Langston Hughes

What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up
like a raisin in the sun?

Or fester like a sore--
And then run?

Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over--
like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

Hughes answers the question by writing a series of questions which are phrased as comparisons. The comparisons create an unpleseant image in the reader's mind. I feel the images, like a shriveled raisin, rotting meat, or a heavy burden, show what will happen to a person if he or she does not go for their dreams. It is a warning: that we must not put off what we wish to do. Otherwise, we may die – inside. Or worse yet, as Hughes emphasizes at the end of his poem, we may explode from bottling up our hopes – our desires – our dreams.

My next wish for you is to have the courage to stand up for what you believe in. In history, there are many examples of people standing up for what they believe. Of all those people, Caesar Chavez modeled courage to stand up for his beliefs. He believed that all people were entitled to be treated with dignity and respect. He saw no differences between people: he did not judge on the basis of ethnicity or economic standing. He stood up for a part of our society that most people never acknowledged, much less cared about: the migrant farmer. He saw that these people, men, women, and children, were not treated much better than farm animals. He saw that these people worked before sunrise until after sunset, were exposed to hazardous, cancer-causing chemicals, made to endure inhumane working conditions (not enough water, breaks, restroom facilities, etc.), expected to live in wooden shacks, and not paid fair wages for their work. Caesar Chavez cried “NO!” and “Si, se puede!” He led the way to

creating the United Farm Workers Union. He told anyone who'd listen, and even those that wouldn't, about the conditions, these people lived in. Single-handedly, he made these people known to the American public. His courage led him to fast in protest of how these people were being treated; his fasting jeopardized his own life, but his concern for La Raza y El Gente – his people, were more important to him. He was prepared to sacrifice his life, so that they might have a better one. He died April 23, 1993 at 66 years of age. His life was hard, but I'm sure his courage and beliefs made it worth it.

Finally, I wish for you to always remain forever young at heart. There is a certain quality about young people that every adult envies – it is the part of you that always sees the best in people, the part that optimistically looks at your life as just beginning and far from ending. Rod Stewart's song, titled "Forever Young" musically expresses all that a young person is. And I created pictures of whom else but you, to artistically show youth (show slide presentation).

There are many wishes a teacher could have for a student. M.L.K.'s speech "I have a Dream," man's first walk on the moon, and Langston Hughes's poem, "Dream Deferred" express the importance of finding a dream and staying with it. Caesar Chavez showed the courage to stand up for her beliefs. And "Forever Young" captures you as everlasting. Wishes, courage, and youth are important to me because I believe those qualities make a person's life strong and worthwhile. It is by having courage to continue to wish for fantastic goals, and the young heart which helps to make sure what you wish for is important, that a person can experience a rewarding life. In my life, I can recall needing the courage and young heart to follow my dream to become a teacher. I learned that no matter what anyone else things you should follow the dream that you have for your life. I also learned that you should never give up until you have accomplished that dream. After all, "a dream is a wish your heart makes" (Cinderella).

Name: _____ Date: _____ Period: _____

Oral Performance Checklist

Does your Oral Presentation effectively use:

- | | | |
|--|-----|----|
| 1. Conversational Delivery? | Yes | No |
| 2. Accurate phrasing to convey meaning? | Yes | No |
| 3. Appropriate emphasis to convey meaning? | Yes | No |
| 4. Emotion to communicate mood? | Yes | No |
| 5. Appropriate expression? | Yes | No |
| 6. Adequate volume? | Yes | No |
| 7. Appropriate rate? | Yes | No |
| 8. Clear articulation? | Yes | No |
| 9. Correct pronunciation? | Yes | No |
| 10. Expressive face? | Yes | No |
| 11. Responsive body? | Yes | No |
| 12. Adequate eye contact? | Yes | No |
| 13. Unobtrusive handling of note cards? | Yes | No |

Note: when presenting make eye contact with the audience and do not bury your face behind your note cards.

Oral Presentation Rubric

AREA OF ASSESSMENT	HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL	SUCCESSFUL
Communication Skills	<p>Voice and body language enhance the presentation</p> <p>Attention grabbing; captures audience attention and maintains eye contact consistently</p> <p>Thoughtful and precise response to questions and statements from audience</p>	<p>Voice and body language do not detract from the presentation</p> <p>Holds audience attention and maintains eye contact most of the time</p> <p>Accurate response to questions and statements from audience</p>
Content of Presentation	<p>Effectively conveys information in logical order</p> <p>Thorough and precise presentation of details and content components:</p> <p>*student's understanding of emotion or ideal *student's perception of emotion/ideal as used in references selected *student's connection of emotion/ideal to personal life</p>	<p>Appropriately conveys information in logical order</p> <p>Adequate presentation of details and content components:</p> <p>*student's understanding of emotion or ideal *student's perception of emotion/ideal as used in references selected *student's connection of emotion/ideal to personal life</p>
Visuals	<p>Employs visuals which enhance and support the presentation</p>	<p>Employs visuals which support the presentation</p>

Assessment Key:

HS + HS + HS = 95 - 100%
 HS + HS + S = 90 - 94%

HS + S + S = 85 - 89%
 S + S + S = 80 - 84%

Any Score
 Below S = NYS

Greenway High School, English 5/6

ENGLISH 6 FINAL
SCORING SHEET

NAME:
PER:

PREREQUISITES MET? YES NO

I. ORAL PRESENTATION:

COMMUNICATION	HS	S	NYS
CONTENT	HS	S	NYS
VISUALS	HS	S	NYS

SCORE: _____

II. ESSAY (OUTLINE AND WORKS CITED):

CONTENT	O	HS	S	NYS
ORGANIZATION	O	HS	S	NYS
STYLE/ CONVENTIONS	O	HS	S	NYS

SCORE: _____

TOTAL SCORE: _____

ENGLISH 6 FINAL
SCORING SHEET

NAME:
PER:

PREREQUISITES MET? YES NO

I. ORAL PRESENTATION:

COMMUNICATION	HS	S	NYS
CONTENT	HS	S	NYS
VISUALS	HS	S	NYS

SCORE: _____

II. ESSAY (OUTLINE AND WORKS CITED):

CONTENT	O	HS	S	NYS
ORGANIZATION	O	HS	S	NYS
STYLE/ CONVENTIONS	O	HS	S	NYS

SCORE: _____

TOTAL SCORE: _____