



Doing More with Less: The Short Short Story

Even short short stories, one or two pages in length, can be used to teach AP strategies such as annotation, close reading, style analysis, inner-outer circle discussion, prompt response, multiple-choice test-taking strategies and creative responses as well. The objective is to demonstrate how much depth and width can be taught with a single piece of writing.

Sandra Effinger

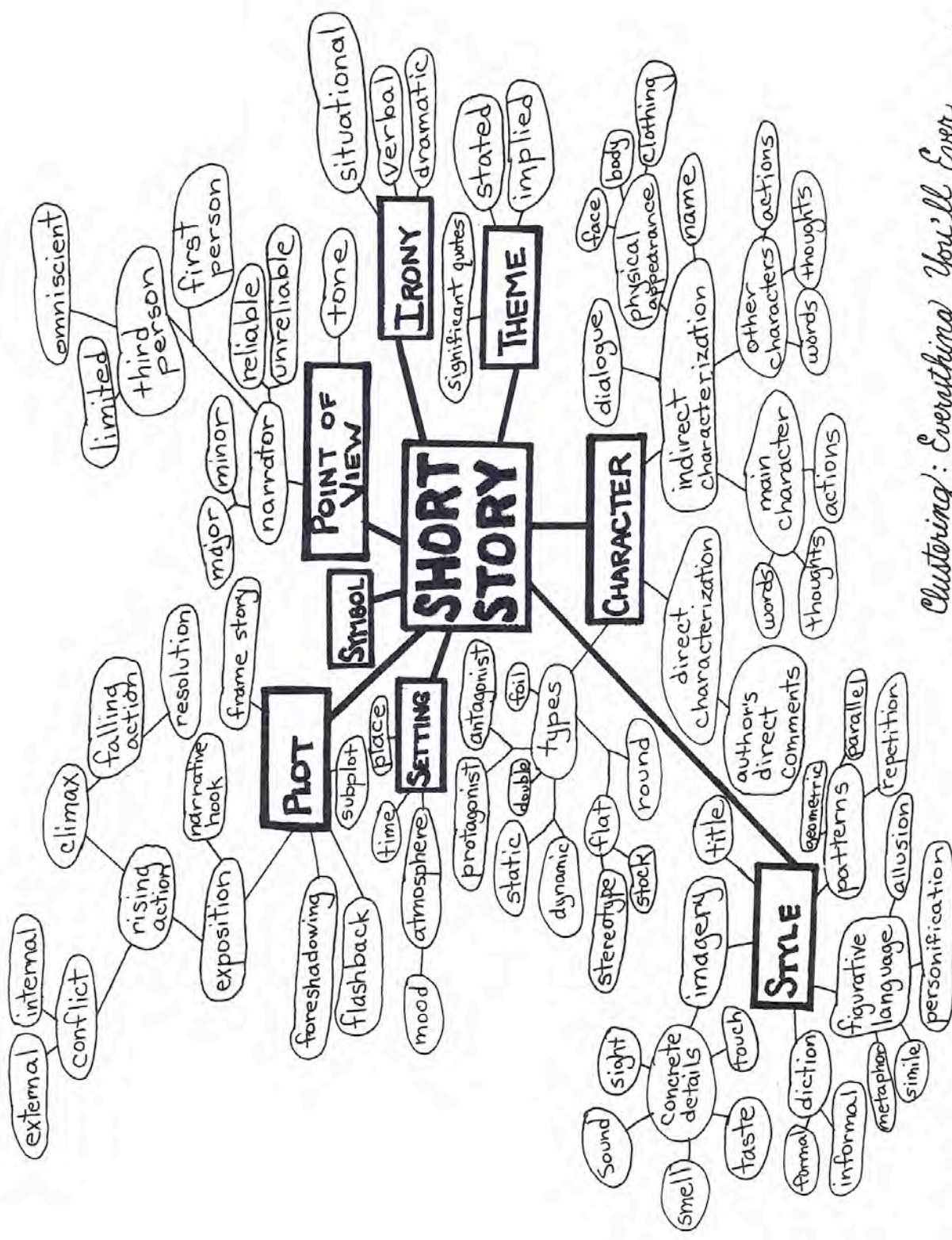
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Clustering: Everything You'll Ever Need to Know about the short story

S. Effinger

pp. * - *

Author

dates of birth / death
place, job, family;
other facts about life

details about author's
works; maybe Title
of major work.

★ Maybe "QUOTE" or
special note from
class lecture

Setting

Place and
Time of story

1) scene
2) scene } most important
3) scene

Use NAMES of places
if given in story

Theme

complete
sentence
stating

main idea or
moral or
message or
lesson to be learned
from story

Point of View

- ✓ 1st ("I") or 3rd (he "it")
- ✓ limited (one character's viewpoint) or omniscient (all characters viewpoints)
- ✓ central or minor character's viewpoint if applicable

Significant Quote

"QUOTE which has universal application; makes sense outside context of story."
NOT in all stories. p. *

"Title of the Short Story" By Author's Full Name

- Major Character - description; actions; interests; "little quotes" CONFLICTS
Flat or Round - 3 character traits
Static or Dynamic - changes from → to
★ IMP aspect of personality or actions.
✓ Specific point } etc. as appropriate
✓ Specific points }

"Significant QUOTE which reveals or describes character's personality."
p. *

- Other Major Characters - follow same sort of approach
"Perhaps QUOTE also." CONFLICTS
p. *

and so on for ■ Major Characters

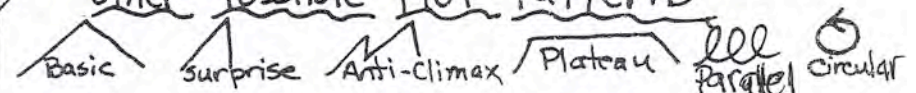
- Minor Character - details, etc. perhaps showing why this character is in the story ("Maybe QUOTE if important.")
and so on for □ Minor Characters

PLOT DEVELOPMENT

- Exposition → "Background"; introduce setting, characters, opening situation
- Narrative Hook → attention grabber
- Conflict/Problem → Specific application of internal/external conflicts; etc.
- Climax → Point of greatest interest
- Turning Point → Point at which end of story is inevitable (may NOT be the same)
- Falling Action → Unraveling the knot
- Resolution → Author's final comment, perhaps distanced from story.

[FORESHADOWING, FLASHBACK, etc.]

Other Possible Plot Patterns



LRJ

Your **Literary Response Journal** should convince me that you have read and thought carefully about each assigned short story. If your understanding of the story is “wrong,” yet your journal clearly proves that you read (*or misread*)

The story, you may well receive full credit. Your grade is based on content – what you have to say, how well you say it, your thoughts and feelings about the story, and your explanation of the logic that led to your interpretation.

Your grade is also based on following directions. I will not penalize you for grammar and usage errors -- but to receive credit, you **MUST** include the following in every **LRJ**:

- ✓ the short story’s title in quotation marks
- ✓ the author’s name
- ✓ a quotation from the story--integrated with your own sentence, properly punctuated, and commented upon as necessary to show why you cited that particular passage.

No Quote Lumps!

- ✓ specific references to the short story
- ✓ careful thought

After you’ve included the five **MUSTs** above, you may choose any of these **MAYBEs** to guide your response. You may even choose the same one every time. Consider the possibilities:

- [1] an analysis of a major character -- flat/round, static/dynamic, internal / external conflicts, dominant traits, significant actions, personal relationships...
- [2] a comparison / contrast of related characters -- protagonist / antagonist, foils, doubles, stereotypes, stock characters...
- [3] a discussion of the role(s) played by minor character(s)
- [4] an analysis of elements of plot (exposition, narrative hook, rising action, climax / turning point, falling action, resolution) or plot patterns
- [5] an analysis of the effect of the author’s chosen point of view
- [6] an analysis of the effect of setting -- time, place, circumstances
- [7] an explanation of symbolism in the story
- [8] a discussion of the validity and development of the theme(s)
- [9] a discussion of the title’s significance
- [10] a detailed response to a specific word, phrase, sentence, passage, or scene
- [11] a very limited or general comparison to another story, song, poem, movie...
- [12] a close analysis of the author’s style -- vocabulary, figurative language, imagery, sentence structure, dialogue / narration...
- [13] a re-telling of the story, adding an additional scene, or changing an element such as the ending, setting, point of view, tone...
- [14] a transformation of the story to another form, such as a poem, a letter, a play, a news story, a commercial, a cartoon, a soap opera, a fable...
- [15] an original poem developing in some way from the assigned story
- [16] a discussion of the writer's life and its relevance to the work
- [17] a statement relating the story to your experience or ideas
- [18] an explanation of problems you had in understanding the story
- [19] your opinion of the story, good or bad, supported by specific references from the story

Length: 1/2 to 1 page long for each **LRJ**

Format: Blue or black ink, front side of the paper only

Due: Beginning of the hour in the blue wire basket on my desk.

Quoting from a Short Story

When you write about a short story or refer to a short story in a literary response journal or an essay, you will frequently need to quote from it. Below are some rules to follow when you refer to the title of a story or quote words from it. All the examples given in the rules are taken from the short story “Test” by Theodore Thomas.

RULE 1: *Whenever you mention the title of a short story, put quotation marks around it.*

Robert Proctor, the protagonist in “Test,” by Theodore Thomas, fails his driving test because he doesn’t understand the rules.

RULE 2: *Whenever you quote an uncommon word or a longer phrase that appears in the story, put quotation marks around it and INTEGRATE the quoted material within your own sentence.*

Robert’s compassionate nature is revealed in his concern for what might have happened to the sleeping girl. He knows that, had the accident been real, she would have passed unknowingly “into the dark, heavy sleep of death.”

RULE 3: *Whenever you quote a phrase that uses only part of a longer sentence, indicate where words have been omitted by using AN ELLIPSIS.*

One of the most startling images in the story occurs in the last paragraph when the two men drag “Robert Proctor out the door...his rubber heels sliding along the two grooves worn into the floor.”

RULE 4: *Whenever you quote two or more whole lines from the story, do not use quotation marks unless they enclose dialogue. Instead, write the lines from the story on separate, indented lines within your paragraph. When several lines are cited, they should be especially significant.*

You should “set up” the quote by introducing it and justify such a long quote by explaining its importance afterwards “saying goodbye”).

The theme of the story is revealed in the final interchange between Robert and the uniformed man. Robert says,

“You can’t really mean this, I’m still dreaming aren’t I? This is still part of the test isn’t it?”

The uniformed man said, “How do any of us know?”

The author is saying that we never know when a seemingly simple action, like driving down a freeway, will have serious consequences. Our ability to make wise decisions may be tested at any time.

ACTIVITIES: Use the assigned story. Answer on a separate page

1. Write a sentence that explains what this story is about. Use the title of the short story and the author in your sentence.
2. In another sentence, discuss the main character and point out how some specific words or phrases from the story help reveal the way the personality of the character.
3. In another sentence, point out a striking image in the story. Quote a phrase that uses only part of a longer sentence and indicate where words have been omitted by using an ellipsis correctly.
4. In a sentence that comments on your opinion about the theme of the story, quote a passage that is longer than two lines. Be sure to “set up” the quote and to “say goodbye” by explaining it afterwards.

UNIT EXAM: PARAGRAPH TOPICS

INSTRUCTIONS: For this composition examination, you must use a different short story for each paragraph. In other words, you must refer to **FIVE** different stories. You should plan your answers -- perhaps even jot down which stories you want to use with each question. Make sure that the stories you select “match” the questions below. Also be careful not to “use up” a story you will need for a later paragraph.

Each answer should be written as a paragraph with a topic sentence. The topic sentence should include the title and author of the story you have chosen and should focus on the topic of the paragraph. A well-developed paragraph will probably fill at least half a page.

- 1. TITLE:** A story’s title is often an important clue to understanding the story. The title may hint at theme, focus on a specific character or event, create atmosphere, establish tone, foreshadow the plot, and so on. Select one of the stories for which the title is especially important. Explain what the title reveals about the story and why the title is important for a full understanding. Support your answer with examples from the stories.
- 2. SETTING:** Setting -- the time and place of the action -- can serve several purposes. It can create atmosphere or mood, illuminate characters, organize the plot, illustrate the theme, and even reveal deeper symbolic meanings. Choose one of the stories in which setting is especially important. Referring to specific details in the selection, describe the setting (or settings) in your selected story. Then explain why setting was important to the story. Support with examples from the story.
- 3. THEME:** The theme of a story is its controlling idea -- the central insight that the story gives about human life. Referring to one of the stories which had a particularly meaningful theme, write a paragraph which discusses the theme of that story. First, write a sentence that clearly expresses the theme of your selected story. Then show how other story elements -- title, plot, characters, point of view, tone, etc. -- help to illumine that theme. Use evidence from the story to support your answer.
- 4. CHARACTERIZATION:** Characterization is an important element in most stories. Analyze a well-developed main character in one of the stories studied. Explain whether the author has used *direct* or *indirect* characterization to develop character. In *direct* characterization, the author tells us about a character -- “He’s a bad man.” In *indirect* characterization, the writer shows what a character is like by revealing the character’s actions, thoughts, and words, and by giving us other people’s reactions to the character -- “He kicks puppies.” Then explain whether the character is *flat* (one-dimensional, not fully developed) or *round* (three dimensional, like a real person). Also explain whether the character is *static* (stays the same, no change in personality) or *dynamic* (changes from _____ to _____ in personality). Support your opinion with examples from the story.
- 5. CONFLICT:** The most important element in plot is conflict. Choose one of the stories you have read in which the main character faces both *internal* (person vs. self) and *external* (person vs. person, person vs. society, person vs. environment, person vs. fate) conflicts. Discuss the major conflicts faced by the character and indicate how each conflict was resolved. Support your answer with examples from the story.
- 6. SYMBOLISM:** Select a story in which a symbol is emphasized to the extent that the symbol helps reveal both character and theme. An object that can be traced throughout a story, gathering new meaning from beginning to end, will shed light on the author’s message or theme. Furthermore, a character’s actions, thoughts, and feelings about the object help reveal the character's personality and motivation.
Remember that a symbol functions literally as an important object in the story, but also provides a dramatic way to express an idea, communicate a message, or clarify meaning. Thus, specific descriptions of various aspects of the object take on special significance. Devote a paragraph to the symbol you have chosen, specifically analyzing what the symbol reveals about character and theme.

EXTRA CREDIT: William Faulkner, Nobel-Prize-winning novelist, has said that the duty of the writer is to help man prevail by lifting his heart, and that the way to do this is to remind him of the old truths of the heart: “pity and courage and love and endurance.” Choose one short story that you think follows Faulkner’s dictum and one which you think does not. Write two paragraphs in which you defend your choices. Finally tell whether you think Faulkner’s dictum is valid or not, and why.

THE SHORT STORY: Seminar Presentations

Your group's seminar presentation should be a coherent discussion that helps your classmates *appreciate* your chosen short story. Provide an extensive handout in note format, which will serve as a kind of "mini-Cliff Note," giving literary and biographical information needed for a thorough understanding of the story. Include all the topics on this assignment sheet in reproducible form (typed or printed in black ink). The very best handouts will be more than thorough -- perhaps even provocative. Your presentation should take from 20 to 30 minutes, but it should not be a mechanical rendering of information already on the handout. (*Remember that as teachers, you will also be expected to evaluate your lesson and assess your classmates' learning!*)

1. **The Writer's Background:** How has the writer's personal life affected this story? What literary influences are evident from the writer's background or from the story itself? Do not tell everything you find, but rather sift through this information, interpreting and emphasizing what is truly relevant.
2. **The Writer's Other Works:** Is this work typical for the writer? Are the themes in your story consistent with themes in other works by the writer? Has the writer used other literary forms in any way that might be significant or interesting? Show us the connections.
3. **Précis of the Short Story:** Following directions given in class, write a one-paragraph summary of the story. Do not draw conclusions or interpret in your synopsis. Be accurate and concise. Write in your own words, but avoid choppy sentences. Combine "baby" sentences when necessary for grace.
4. **Technical Details about the Short Story:**
 - A. **Setting:** Describe the *setting*, as to both time and place. Is the setting *integral* to the story or *independent*? Analyze whether a change in setting would significantly alter the story.
 - B. **Characters:** List and analyze the major characters. Discuss *dominant traits* and *significant actions*. Are they *flat* or *round*, *static* or *dynamic*? Examine whether character is revealed *directly* or *indirectly*. Explore character relationships if appropriate for your story. Identify *protagonist* and *antagonist*. Note any *foils* or *doubles*.
 - C. **Point of View:** Who is the *narrator*? Is he *reliable*? What *point of view* is used? *First* or *third-person*? *Limited* or *omniscient*? *Major* or *minor* character perspective? *Objective* or *subjective*? Analyze how the writer's choice of viewpoint influences the reader.
 - D. **Plot Structure:** List and analyze the elements of plot (*narrative hook*, *exposition*, *rising action*, *climax* or *turning point*, *falling action*, and *resolution*). Does the story fit Freytag's pyramid, or is it organized differently? Are the conflicts *internal* or *external*? Specifically, who vs. whom? Are the conflicts resolved?
 - E. **Theme:** List several possible themes offered by your story rather than committing your group to one and one alone. Indicate whether theme is *stated* or *implied*. Remember theme must be a statement; no questions allowed!
5. **Significant Quotations:** Cite sentences and/or passages which seem significant or which illustrate the writer's *style*. Include the page number and be prepared to discuss what each quotation means, why you chose it, and how it is important to the story. Remember that *dialogue* and *quotation* are not the same thing.
6. **Special Topics:** What special line of inquiry interests your group? You might consider additional technical aspects, such as *irony*, *satire*, *figurative language*, or *symbolism*. Does this story take a stand about family relationships, sexual attitudes, racial discrimination, economics, politics, or religion? Might the *Seven Deadly Sins* or the *Seven Cardinal Virtues* be relevant? Or a discussion of *sins of omission* vs. *sins of commission*?

You could discuss plot patterns, such as *rite of passage*, *initiation*, *fall from innocence*, or *quest*. Or examine *motifs*, such as death and rebirth or cycles of nature. You might apply *Northrop Frye's heroic types* or *Joseph Campbell's plot paradigm*. Or Sigmund Freud's *id*, *ego*, and *superego*? Or Carl Jung's *archetypes*? Perhaps there are contrasts that produce tension within the story: Reason vs. Emotion, Knowledge vs. Ignorance, Realism vs. Romanticism, Civilization vs. Savagery, Age vs. Youth, Male vs. Female? And on and on and on...

THE SHORT STORY: Seminar Presentations

Students _____ Block _____ Date _____

Short Story _____

**

Handout (_____ pages)

**

- _____ 1. Author's Background (5)
- _____ 2. Author's Other Works (5)
- _____ 3. Précis (10)
- _____ 4. Setting (5)
- _____ 5. Characters (20)
- _____ 6. Point of View (5)
- _____ 7. Plot Structure (20)
- _____ 8. Theme (5)
- _____ 9. Quotes (15)
- _____ 10. Special Topic: (10)

POINTS POSSIBLE (100)

**

Oral Presentation

**

- _____ 1. Lesson Plan & Organization (10)
- _____ 2. Speaking Voice(s) (10)
- _____ 3. Teaches Story (15)
- _____ 4. Knowledge of Story (30)
- _____ 5. Answering Questions (10)
- _____ 6. Your Turn to Grade: (25)

POINTS POSSIBLE (100)

- _____ Handout On Time
- _____ Reproducible
- _____ Note Format
- _____ Spelling OK
- _____ Punctuation OK

Oral Presentation _____ points
+ **Handout** _____ points

=====

TOTAL _____ points
Letter Grade _____ %

Comments: _____

Newspaper Parody Assignment

To receive at least a C on your Newspaper --

- ✓ Your newspaper must have at least four pages.
- ✓ You must type or word-process your newspaper. You may use a template in Microsoft Word or Apple Pages or create your own design.
- ✓ You must make up a title for your paper and design an appropriate nameplate.
- ✓ You must include some kind of reference to each story we have read.
- ✓ You must also include a masthead and also turn in a paper listing exactly what each group member contributed to the paper.

To receive a B, your Newspaper should demonstrate insight into the stories, analysis of story elements, and competence and correctness in writing.

To receive an A, your Newspaper should have something serendipitous -- style, wit, grace, beauty. I know it when I see it (and so do you).

Suggestions for Newspaper Sections: The following breakdown is only a suggestion, but remember that small newspapers have a logical organization. Cartoons and advice columns just don't appear on the front page. Throughout the paper, you should include pictures, headlines, and advertisements appropriately. Strive for an attractive arrangement. Examine *real* newsletters and newspapers for ideas.

Remember that every item must be derived in some way from the stories we have read. You may use your imagination, but begin with the stories as a springboard.

- **Front Page** -- news stories, features, interviews, weather report, etc. (No advertisements allowed)
- **Second Page** -- editorials, editorial cartoons, letters to the editor, reviews, masthead, etc. (No advertisements allowed)
- **Third Page** -- society news (weddings, trips, parties, visitors, deaths), crafts, recipes, advice column, etc. (Advertisements allowed)
- **Fourth Page** -- cartoons, want ads, etc. (Advertisements allowed)

Reference to Each Story:

_____ "Leiningen vs. the Ants" _____
_____ "The Monkey's Paw" _____
_____ "A Visit to Grandmother" _____
_____ "Through the Tunnel" _____
_____ "Chee's Daughter" _____
_____ "There Will Come Soft Rains" _____
_____ "By the Waters of Babylon" _____
_____ "The Open Window" _____
_____ "Paul's Case" _____

News Broadcast Parody Project

To receive at least a C on your Broadcast --

- ✓ Your Broadcast must be 15 to 20 minutes long.
- ✓ You must videotape and edit your Broadcast.
- ✓ You must design a station logo and appropriate “studio.”
- ✓ You must include some kind of reference to each story we have read.
- ✓ You must also include credits and also turn in a paper listing exactly what each group member contributed to the Broadcast.

To receive a B, your Broadcast should demonstrate insight into the stories, analysis of story elements, and competence and correctness in writing.

To receive an A, your Broadcast should have something serendipitous -- style, wit, grace, beauty. I know it when I see it (and so do you).

A typical news broadcast consists of various segments:

- Headline News
- Sports
- Weather
- Entertainment
- For Your Health
- Investigative Reporting
- Travel
- Interview Exclusives
- Commercials

Your Assignment: You and five of your classmates will create a 15 to 20 minute News Broadcast. Each member of the Broadcast Team will write two stories. Each person is also responsible for a production element – videographer, editor, two anchors, weather man/woman, and field correspondent. You may, of course, add other jobs as needed.

1. *You will submit your written contribution to the News Broadcast -- neatly typed and grammatically correct for an Individual Grade.*
2. *You will submit the edited videotape the News Broadcast for a Group Grade.*
3. *You will present the News Broadcast to the class for a Presentation Grade.*

You must include some kind of reference to each story that we have read, though those references may be included tangentially in other stories or commercials if appropriate.

Check out the Broadcast Writing Style Tips at JPROF –
<http://www.jprof.com/broadcasting/bcstyletips.html>

Tips on setting up a “studio” for your Broadcast –
http://www.ehow.com/how_6149321_build-news-tv-studio-broadcasting.html

Media Awareness Network --
<http://www.media-awareness.ca/english/teachers/index.cfm>

Dialectical Journals ("DJ's")

Make Reading an Interactive Experience!

Isn't reading an isolated, passive experience?

No way!! When you're reading a book, you're never alone!

Who am I interacting with?

- the characters
- the author
- yourself, as you reflect
- you can even "interact" with the setting of the story as you place yourself in unfamiliar surroundings and time periods.

So how do I interact with a book?

That's where the Dialectical Journal (otherwise known as "double-entry journal" or a "DJ") comes in to play...

What is a "DJ"?

- A dialectical journal is a running dialogue between you, the reader, and what you are reading. This is done by recording notes in the form of quotations or paraphrases and then commenting upon what you have recorded.

How do I record the information?

- A dialectical journal takes the form of a double entry notation, with the quotation/passage located on the left side of the page and your reaction on the right side.

What do I record?

.....Quotation (page #).....Reaction / Response.....
Sentence, line, phrase, or paraphrase that: <ol style="list-style-type: none">1. May hit with some force;2. May remind you of something;3. May make you think or question;4. May be an example of pleasing or disturbing writing5. Also: Keep track of characters. Underline, highlight, and/or place an asterisk next to their name when they are introduced so you can easily refer to them later.	Explanation of why you chose the quotation/passage: . <ul style="list-style-type: none">• <u>Question/Predict</u>: Ask questions while you read and try to predict.• <u>Connect</u>: to personal experiences-relation to life, self, others.• <u>Analyze/Evaluate</u>: Form opinions both while you're reading and after you've finished. Develop your own judgments about the characters and your own ideas about events.• <u>Interpret</u>: determine the meaning of what you've read• <u>Reflect</u>: what does the quote say about all people and humanity?

Example

Dialectical Journal	Name _____ Date _____
Quotation and page #	Reaction/Response
"...as I glanced back at him standing alone in the middle of the crossing, he looked as if the world itself was slung around his neck." (page 49)	Now I feel definite that Jeremy is portrayed as a Christ-figure symbol. He is kind-hearted, sensitive and the author has him in the middle of the "crossing" with the world's weight upon him.

What will I need on my DJ to receive full credit?

- The required number of DJ's. This differs depending on the reading assignment.
- Must be neatly printed or typed.
- Quotations/paraphrases must include page number (and/or Act, scene, line, stanza, etc. depending on the selection).
- Reactions/Responses must reveal that you were truly interacting with your reading both personally and intellectually.

Dialectical Journal Response Ideas

What goes in the right hand column? Good question! Here are several possibilities of responses you can write:

- **Explanation:** Explain why you chose the quotation/passage. Why is it important? Why did it stand out to you?
- **Question/Predict:** Ask questions while you read and try to predict what will happen next in the story.
- **Connect:** to personal experiences—relate to your own life, someone you know, another piece of literature, or the world in general.
- **Analyze/Evaluate:** Form opinions both while you're reading and after you've finished. Develop your own judgments about the characters and your own ideas about events that take place in the reading.
- **Interpret:** determine the meaning of what you've read and why it is important to the rest of the story.
- **Reflect:** what does the quote say about all people and about humanity in general? Can most people relate to what the character is going through? Can you?

Inner/Outer Circle Discussion

Outer Circle: Note-taking

- You are silent but “talking back” by taking notes.
- When do you think inner circle “sparked”? How did that happen?
- Track the person most directly in front of you. Did she contribute well (not dominate nor duck discussion)? Explain.
- To what idea were you dying to respond? What would you have said?
- What was the single most important idea that was discussed? Why?
- What was the single most important idea that didn’t get discussed? Why?
- What could have made the discussion even more constructive?

Inner Circle: Text-based Support

- You engage in discussion, actively participating but not dominating. (Silence = consent, and, oh yeah, a big red F for feckless, fearful, fatuous.)
- You read aloud excerpts of the text to support or make a point, drawing our attention to the words the author chose to use (diction).
- Listen to each other carefully.
- Look the speaker in the eye (eyes, shoulders, knees, toes!).
- Do not interrupt.
- Use each other’s names. “What Jon said about ...”
- Paraphrase what the speaker before you has said to respond responsibly. Support or refute the prior speaker’s ideas.
- Stick to the text. Your point or opinion only matters if you can “back your smack.”
- If you are confused about another’s point, question her.
- Attack ideas not people. It is the dialectic, the debate, that makes us all smarter bunnies. Changing your mind means your mind was open: “The mind is like an umbrella. They both work best when open!”

Rules:

- On Day One, come to class prepared (review your annotation) and bring six questions, two at each of the three levels for Ladders of Questioning.

Level One – Literal – Factual Questions can be answered explicitly by using facts in the text or easily accessible information in other texts. They are fact-based. *Good answers lead to an accurate and complete summary of text.*

“If it’s a Level One question, you can literally put your finger on the answer in the text.”

Level Two – Interpretive – Inferential Questions are textually implicit, requiring analyzing or interpreting specific parts of the text. They are inference-based. You must read between the lines for the answers. *Good answers lead to an identification of the significant patterns.*

“If it’s a Level Two question, you can put your finger on the evidence to support your answer.”

Level Three – Experiential – Connecting Questions are open-ended, going beyond the text. Bring your own personal experience into the discussion. These questions will provoke discussion of an abstract idea or issue. *Good answers lead to an appreciation of the text and further discussion.*

“You don’t have to have read the piece to answer a Level Three question, but it helps.”

Inner/Outer Circle Discussion

Name: _____

Inner: Day One Day Two

Outer: Day One Day Two

TASK	Maximum Points	Earned Points
Preparation (turned in at least seven questions)	10	
Note-taking (jot notes while in outer circle)	10	
Participation (which seeks insight beyond the superficial; half inner, half outer)	10	
Textual Understanding (quality, text-dependent responses show depth and complexity of thought)	5	
Active Listening (connects positively with speakers)	5	
Good Thinking (evidence, evidence, evidence)	5	
Sensitivity / Good Manners (you know)	5	
Serendipity (possible extra credit)		
TOTAL GRADE	50	

Scoring:

- ⇒ **Preparation: /10 points** (marked text, prepared questions, notes)
- ⇒ **Note-taking: /10 points** (written notes turned in, as taken while observing in outer circle)
- ⇒ **Participation: /10 points** (responds and contributes – verbal for inner, written for outer)
- ⇒ **Textual Understanding: /5** (gets it or at least knows the right questions to ask to get it)
- ⇒ **Active Listening: /5** (accurately paraphrases, questions, supports, disagrees, defends – verbal for inner, written for outer)
- ⇒ **Good Thinking: /5** (makes clear distinctions between *assumptions* and *conclusions* or *evidence* and *arguments*)
- ⇒ **Sensitivity / Good Manners: /5** (attacks ideas not people; graciously accepts criticism)

_____ /50 GRADE _____

The Body Biography

For your chosen character, your group will be creating a body biography – a visual and written portrait illustrating several aspects of the character’s life within the literary work.

Obviously, begin by drawing in the outline of the body. I have listed some possibilities for your body biography, but feel free to come up with your own creations. As always, the choices you make should be based on the text, for you will be verbally explaining (and thus, in a sense, defending) them. Above all, your choices should be creative, analytical, and accurate.

After completing this portrait, you will participate in a “showing” in which you will present your “masterpiece” to the class. This “showing” should accomplish the following objectives:

- Review us on the literary work that involves your character
- Communicate to us the full essence of your character by emphasizing the traits that make the character unique
- Promote discussion of your character

Body Biography Requirements

Although I expect your biography to contain additional dimensions, your portrait must contain:

- A review of the work’s events (don’t take all references from one part of the work)
- Visual symbols
- An original text
- The five most important quotes (either exposition or dialogue) relating to your character (be sure to attribute correctly and annotate)

Body Biography Suggestions

Placement -- Carefully choose the placement of your text and artwork. For example, the area where your character’s heart would be might be appropriate for illustrating the important relationships within his/her life. The hands might refer to actions or accomplishments of the character.

Spine -- Actors often discuss a character’s “spine.” This is his/her objective within the work. What is the most important goal for your character? What drives his/her thoughts and actions? The answers to these questions are his/her “spine.” How can you illustrate it?

Virtues and Vices -- What are your character’s most admirable qualities? His/her worst? How can you make us visualize them?

Color -- Colors are often symbolic. What color(s) do you most associate with your character? Why? How can you effectively weave these colors into your presentation?

Symbols -- What objects can you associate with your character that illustrate his/her essence? Are there objects mentioned within the work itself that you could use? If not, choose objects that especially seem to correspond with the character.

Formula Poems -- These are fast, but effective “recipes” for producing a text because they are designed to reveal much about a character. (See below for suggestions).

Mirror, Mirror -- Consider both how your character appears to others on the surface and what you know about the character’s inner self. Do these images clash or correspond? What does this tell you about the character? How can you illustrate this mirror image?

Changes -- How has your character changed within the work? Trace these changes within your text and/or artwork.

I Am (as if the character were speaking) *

1st Stanza

I am (two special characteristics the character has).
I wonder (something the character is curious about).
I hear (an imaginary sound).
I see (an imaginary sight)
I want (an actual desire).
I am (the first line of the poem repeated).

2nd Stanza

I pretend (something the character pretends to do).
I feel (a feeling about something imaginary).
I touch (an imaginary touch).
I worry (something that really bothers the character)
I cry (something that makes the character very sad).
I am (the first line of the poem repeated).

3rd Stanza

I understand (something the character knows is true).
I say (something the character believes in).
I dream (something the character dreams about).
I try (something the character really make an effort about).
I hope (something the character hopes for).
I am (the first line of the poem repeated).

Name Poem (or, Acrostic Poem): Write the letters of the character's first and last names in a column. Using words that begin with the letters of the name [and even the name itself if you want], write a poem that describes the character. Play with words until the poem looks, sounds, and feels right.

Where I'm From (George Ella Lyon poem as a model): Focus on how your character would write this poem.

Cinquain, Diamante, Tanka, Poem for Two Voices, Persona Poem, even Haiku (if several settings are referenced) . . .

<http://homepage.mac.com/mseffie/handouts/formulapoems.html>

* Samples of all types available in class. Variations encouraged as relevant to the character

Body Biography Rubric

Group Members _____

Title of Work _____

Character _____

	20	15	10	5
Neatness	Project is neat, well organized, and easy to read	Project is somewhat neat, organization is sufficient, and it is easy to read	Project is either lacking in neatness, organization, or the handwriting is too sloppy or small	Project is not neat, organized, or clearly written
Team Work	All team members work well and efficiently; no one was ever off task	Team members work efficiently; at times a group member was off task	Team members worked well at times, were off task at times	Team members did not work efficiently
Original Written Piece	Each member wrote a thoughtful and grammatically correct poem, letter, or response to or about the character	Each member wrote an original piece, but one or more was lacking in quality	One or more member did not write an original piece	Original pieces were altogether missing or did not follow directions
Visual	The body as well as the symbolic images were well done, colorful, and added to the meaning of the literary work and the character chosen	The body as well as the symbolic images were somewhat completed, colorful, and added to the meaning of the literary work and the character chosen	The body or the symbolic images were either incomplete, not colored, or did not make sense based on the literary work and/ or the character chosen	The visuals overall did not meet the requirements
Passages/ quotes	5 important quotes or passages were written on the poster	4 important quotes or passages were written on the poster	3 important quotes or passages were written on the poster	Fewer than 3 important quotes or passages were written on the poster
Attention to time period	The character's body, clothing, and symbolic images portray an understanding of the literary work.	The character's body, clothing, and symbolic images are appropriate for the literary work.	The character's body, clothing, and symbolic images are somewhat appropriate for the literary work or are too plain to be distinguishable	The body, clothing, and/or symbolic images are not appropriate for the literary work demonstrates a lack of understanding of the era

Comments: _____

Grade = _____

Name _____ Period ____ Date _____

Annotation Rubric

for _____

ANNOTATIONS	Excellent (3 points)	Good (2 points)	Adequate but needs improvement (1 point)	Lacks AP quality; requires conference (0 points)
Number of annotations				
Consistent frequency of entries throughout text (not bunched)				
Significance of commentary				
Variety of topics: character, Theme, POV, plot, and other literary elements				
Selections for diction, detail, syntax are appropriate and annotated				
Annotations are keyed to <i>specific</i> passages by symbols ☺, shorthand (LOL), highlighting, etc				
Comments on key scenes, lines, ending...				
Talks the talk!				

Note: Post-its or annotations directly in text will be read randomly. Please make them specific enough in reference to the page that their meaning can be discerned. Without highlighting they are more difficult to assess, so the responsibility is on you to make the post-its detailed. Do not use random pieces of paper or post-its torn in half.

Grade _____ / 25 points

Guidelines from Mary Filak

A Lot to Learn

by Robert T. Kurosaka

The Materializer was complete.

Ned Quinn stood back, wiped his hands, and admired the huge bank of dials, lights and switches. Several years and many fortunes had gone into his project. Finally it was ready.

Ned placed the metal skullcap on his head and plugged the wires into the control panel. He turned the switch to ON and spoke: "Ten-dollar bill."

There was a whirring sound. In the Receiver a piece of paper appeared.

Ned inspected it. Real.

"Martini," he said.

A whirring sound. A puddle formed in the Receiver. Ned cursed silently.

He had a lot to learn.

"A bottle of Schiltz," he said.

The whirring sound was followed by the appearance of the familiar brown bottle. Ned tasted the contents and grinned.

Chuckling, he experimented further.

Ned enlarged the Receiver and prepared for his greatest experiment. With unlimited wealth, his next desire arose naturally from the lecherous D.O.M. deep within us all.

He switched on the Materializer, took a deep breath and said, "Girl."

The whirring sound swelled and faded. In the Receiver stood a lovely girl. She was naked. Ned had not specified clothing.

She had freckles, braces, and pigtails. She was eight years old.

"Hell!" said Ned Quinn.

Whirrr

The firemen found two charred skeletons in the smolderng rubble.

Maud Martha Spares The Mouse

by Gwendolyn Brooks

1 There. She had it at last. The weeks it had devoted to eluding her, the tricks, the clever hide-and-go-seeks, the routes it had in all sobriety devised, together with the delicious moments it had, undoubtedly, laughed up its sleeve -- all to no ultimate avail. She had that mouse.

2 It shook its little self, as best it could, in the trap. Its bright black eyes contained no appeal -- the little creature seemed to understand that there was no hope of mercy from the eternal enemy, no hope of reprieve or postponement -- but a fine small dignity. It waited. It looked at Maud Martha.

3 She wondered what else it was thinking. Perhaps that there was not enough food in its larder. Perhaps that little Betty, a puny child from the start, would not, now, be getting fed. Perhaps that, now, the family's seasonal housecleaning, for lack of expert direction, would be left undone. It might be regretting that young Bobby's education was now at an end. It might be nursing personal regrets. No more the mysterious shadows of the kitchenette, the uncharted twists, the unguessed halls. No more the sweet delights of the chase, the charms of being unsuccessfully hounded, thrown at.

4 Maud Martha could not bear the little look.

5 "Go home to your children," she urged. "To your wife or husband." She opened the trap. The mouse vanished.

6 Suddenly, she was conscious of a new cleanness in her. A wide air walked in her. A life had blundered its way into her power and it had been hers to preserve or destroy. She had not destroyed. In the center of that simple restraint was -- creation. She had created a piece of life. It was wonderful.

7 "Why," she thought, as her height doubled, "why, I'm good! I am good."

8 She ironed her aprons. Her back was straight. Her eyes were mild, and soft with a godlike loving-kindness.

Priscilla and the Wimps*

by Richard Peck

Listen, there was a time when you couldn't even go to the *rest room* around this school without a pass. And I'm not talking about those little pink tickets made out by some teacher. I'm talking about a pass that cost anywhere up to a buck, sold by Monk Klutter.

Not that Mighty Monk ever touched money, not in public. The gang he ran, which ran the school for him, was his collection agency. They were Klutter's Kobras, a name spelled out in nailheads on six well-known black plastic windbreakers.

Monk's threads were more . . . subtle. A pile-lined suede battle jacket with lizard-skin flaps over tailored Levis and a pair of ostrich-skin boots, brassed-toed and suitable for kicking people around. One of his Kobras did nothing all day but walk a half step behind Monk, carrying a fitted bag with Monk's gym shoes, a roll of rest-room passes, a cashbox, and a switchblade that Monk gave himself manicures with at lunch over at the Kobras' table.

Speaking of lunch, there were a few cases of advanced malnutrition among the newer kids. The ones who were a little slow in handing over a cut of their lunch money and were therefore barred from the cafeteria. Monk ran a tight ship.

I admit it. I'm five foot five, and when the Kobras slithered by, with or without Monk, I shrank. And I admit this, too: I paid up on a regular basis. And I might add: so would you.

This school was old Monk's Garden of Eden. Unfortunately for him, there was a serpent in it. The reason Monk didn't recognize trouble when it was staring him in the face is that the serpent in the Kobras' Eden was a girl.

Practically every guy in school could show you his scars. Fang marks from Kobras, you might say. And they were all highly visible in the shower room: lumps, lacerations, blue bruises, you name it. But girls usually got off with a warning.

Except there was this one girl named Priscilla Roseberry. Picture a girl named Priscilla Roseberry, and you'll be light years off. Priscilla was, hands down, the largest student in our particular institution of learning. I'm not talking fat. I'm talking big. Even beautiful, in a bionic way. Priscilla wasn't inclined toward organized crime. Otherwise, she could have put together a gang that would turn Klutter's Kobras into garter snakes.

Priscilla was basically a loner except she had one friend. A little guy named Melvin Detweiler. You talk about The Odd Couple. Melvin's one of the smallest guys above midget status ever seen. A really nice guy, but, you know--little. They even had lockers next to each other, in the same bank as mine. I don't know what they had going. I'm not saying this was a romance. After all, people deserve their privacy.

Priscilla was sort of above everything, if you'll pardon a pun. And very calm, as only the very big can be. If there was anybody who didn't notice Klutter's Kobras, it was Priscilla.

Until one winter day after school when we were all grabbing our coats out of our lockers. And hurrying, since Klutter's Kobras made sweeps of the halls for after-school shakedowns.

Anyway, up to Melvin's locker swaggers one of the Kobras. Never mind his name. Gang members don't need

names. They've got group identity. He reaches down and grabs little Melvin by the neck and slams his head against his locker door. The sound of skull against steel rippled all the way down the locker row, speeding the crowds on their way.

"Okay, let's see your pass," snarls the Kobra.

"A pass for what this time?" Melvin asks, probably still dazed.

"Let's call it a pass for very short people," says the Kobra, "a dwarf tax." He wheezes a little Kobra chuckle at his own wittiness. And already he's reaching for Melvin's wallet with the hand that isn't circling Melvin's windpipe. All this time, of course, Melvin and the Kobra are standing in Priscilla's big shadow.

She's taking her time shoving her books into her locker and pulling on a very large-size coat. Then, quicker than the eye, she brings the side of her enormous hand down in a chop that breaks the Kobra's hold on Melvin's throat. You could hear a pin drop in that hallway. Nobody's ever laid a finger on a Kobra, let alone a hand the size of Priscilla's.

Then Priscilla, who hardly ever says anything to anybody except to Melvin, says to the Kobra, "Who's your leader, wimp?"

This practically blows the Kobra away. First he's chopped by a girl, and now she's acting like she doesn't know Monk Klutter, the Head Honcho of the World. He's so amazed, he tells her, "Monk Klutter."

"Never heard of him," Priscilla mentions. "Send him to see me." The Kobra just backs away from her like the whole situation is too big for him, which it is.

Pretty soon Monk himself slides up. He jerks his head once, and his Kobras

slither off down the hall. He's going to handle this interesting case personally.

"Who is it around here doesn't know Monk Klutter?"

He's standing inches from Priscilla, but since he'd have to look up at her, he doesn't.

"Never heard of him," says Priscilla.

Monk's not happy with this answer, but by now he's spotted Melvin, who's grown smaller in spite of himself. Monk breaks his own rule by reaching for Melvin with his own hands. "Kid," he says, "you're going to have to educate your girl friend."

His hands never quite make it to Melvin. In a move of pure poetry Priscilla has Monk in a hammerlock. His neck's popping like gunfire, and his head's bowed under the immense weight of her forearm. His suede jacket's peeling back, showing pile.

Priscilla's behind him in another easy motion. And with a single mighty thrust forward, frog-marches Monk into her own locker. It's incredible. His ostrich-skin boots click once in the air. And suddenly he's gone, neatly wedged into the locker, a perfect fit. Priscilla bangs the door shut, twirls the lock, and strolls out of school. Melvin goes with her, of course, trotting along below her shoulder. The last stragglers leave quietly.

Well this is where fate, an even bigger force than Priscilla, steps in. It snows all that night, a blizzard. The whole town ices up. And school closes for a week.

*Peck, Richard. "Priscilla and The Wimps." *Sixteen: Short Stories by Outstanding Writers for Young Adults*. Ed. Donald R. Gallo. New York: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 1984.

BORN OF MAN AND WOMAN by Richard Matheson

X - This day when it had light, mother called me retch. You retch, she said. I saw in her eyes the anger. I wonder what it is, a retch.

This day it had water falling from upstairs. It fell all around. I saw that. The ground of the back I watched from the little window. The ground it sucked up the water like thirsty lips. It drank too much and it got sick and runny brown. I didn't like it.

Mother is a pretty I know. In my bed place with cold walls around I have a paper things that was behind the furnace. It says on it SCREEN-STARS. I see in the pictures faces like of mother and father. Father says they are pretty. Once he said it.

And also mother he said. Mother so pretty and me decent enough. Look at you he said and didn't have the nice face. I touched his arm and said it is all right father. He shook and pulled away where I couldn't reach.

Today mother let me off the chain a little so I could look out the little window. That's how I saw the water falling from upstairs.

XX - This day it had goldness in the upstairs. As I know when I looked at it my eyes hurt. After I look at it the cellar is red.

I think this was church. They leave the upstairs. The big machine swallows them and rolls out past and is gone. In the back part is the little mother. She is much smaller than me. I am I can see out the little window all I like.

In this day when it got dark I had eat my food and some bugs. I hear laughs upstairs. I like to know why there are laughs for. I took the chain from the wall and wrapped it around me. I walked squish to the stairs. They creak when I walk on them. My legs slip on them because I don't walk on stairs. My feet stick to the wood.

I went up and opened a door. It was a white place. White as jewels that come upstairs sometime. I went in the stood quite. I hear the laughing some more. I walk to the sound and look through to the people. More people than I thought was. I thought I should laugh with them.

Mother came out and pushed the door in. It hit me and hurt. I fell back on the smooth floor and the chain made noise. I cried. She made a hissing noise into her and put her hand on her mouth. Her eyes got big.

She looked at me. I heard father call. What feel he called. She said an iron board. Come help pick it up she said. He came and said now is that so heavy you need. He saw me and grew big. The anger came in his eyes. He hit me. I spilled some of the drip on the floor from one arm. It was not nice. It made ugly green on the floor.

Father told me to go to the cellar. I had to go. The light it hurt some now in my eyes. It is not so like that in the cellar. Father tied my legs and arms up. He put me on my bed. Upstairs I heard laughing while I was quiet there looking on a black spider that was swinging down to me. I thought what father said. Oh god he said. And only eight.

XXX - This day father hit in the chain again before it had light. I have to try pull it out again. He said I saw bad to come upstairs. He said never do that again or he would beat me hard. That hurts.

I hurt. I slept the day and rested my head against the cold wall. I thought of the white place upstairs.

XXXX - I got the chain from the wall out. Mother was upstairs. I heard little laugh very high. I looked out the window. I was all little people like the little mother and little fathers too. They are pretty. They were making nice noise and jumping around the ground. Their legs was moving hard. They are like mother and father. Mother says all right people look like they do.

One of the little fathers saw me. He pointed at the window. I let go and slid down the wall in the dark. I curled up as they would not see. I heard their talks by the window and foots running. Upstairs there was a door hitting. I heard the little mother call upstairs. I heard heavy steps and I rushed in my bed place. I hit the chain in the wall and lay down on my front.

I heard mother come down. Have you been at the window, she said. I heard the anger. STAY away from the window. You have pulled the chain out again.

She took the stick and hit me with it. I didn't cry. I can't do that. But the drip ran all over the bed. She saw it and twisted away and made a noise. Oh my god my god she said why have you done this to me? I heard the stick go bounce on the stone floor. She ran upstairs. I slept the day.

XXXXX - This day it had water again. When mother was upstairs I heard the little one come slow down the steps. I hided myself in the coal bin for mother would have anger if the little mother saw me.

She had a little live thing with her. It walked on the arms and had pointy ears. She said things to it. It was all right except the live thing smelled me. It ran up the coal and looked down at me. The hairs stood up. In the throat it made an angry noise. I hissed but it jumped on me. I didn't want to hurt it. I got fear because it bit me harder than the rat does. I hurt and the little mother screamed. I grabbed the live thing tight. It made sounds I never heard. I pushed it all together. It was all lumpy and red on the black coal.

I hid there when mother called. I was afraid of the stick. She left. I crept over the coal with the thing. I hid it under my pillow and rested on it. I put the chain in the wall again.

X - This is another times. Father chained me tight. This time I hit the stick out of his hands and made noise. He went away and his face was white. He ran out of my bed place and locked the door.

I am not so glad. All day it is cold in here. The chain comes slow out of the wall. And I have a bad anger with mother and father. I will show them. I will do what I did that once.

I will screech and laugh loud. I will run on the walls. Last I will hang head down by all my legs and laugh and drip green all over until they are sorry they didn't be nice to me.

If they try to beat me again I'll just hurt them. I will.

Miss Brill

by Katherine Mansfield

Although it was so brilliantly fine—the blue sky powdered with gold and great spots of light like white wine splashed over the Jardins Publiques—Miss Brill was glad that she had decided on her fur. The air was motionless, but when you opened your mouth there was just a faint chill, like the chill from a glass of iced water before you sip, and now and again a leaf came drifting—from nowhere, from the sky.

Miss Brill put up her hand and touched her fur. Dear little thing! It was nice to feel it again. She had taken it out of its box that afternoon, shaken out the moth powder, given it a good brush, and rubbed the life back into the dim little eyes. "What has been happening to me?" said the sad little eyes. Oh, how sweet it was to see them snap at her again from the red eider down! . . . But the nose, which was of some black composition, wasn't at all firm. It must have had a knock, somehow. Never mind—a little dab of black sealing wax when the time came—when it was absolutely necessary. . . . Little rogue! Yes, she really felt like that about it. Little rogue biting its tail just by her left ear. She could have taken it off and laid it on her lap and stroked it. She felt a tingling in her hands and arms, but that came from walking, she supposed. And when she breathed, something light and sad—no, not sad, exactly—something gentle seemed to move in her bosom.

There were a number of people out this afternoon, far more than last Sunday. And the band sounded louder and gayer. That was because the Season had begun. For although the band played all the year round on Sundays, out of season it was never the same. It was like someone playing with only the family to listen; it didn't care how it played if there weren't any strangers present. Wasn't the conductor wearing a new coat, too? She was sure it was new. He scraped with his foot and flapped his arms like a rooster about to crow, and the bandmen sitting in the green rotunda blew out their cheeks and played at the music.

And sometimes a tiny staggerer came suddenly rocking into the open from under the trees, stopped, stared, as suddenly sat down "flop," until its small high-stepping mother, like a young hen, rushed scolding to its rescue. Other people sat on the benches and green chairs, but they were nearly always the same, Sunday after Sunday, and—Miss Brill had often noticed—there was something funny about nearly all of them. They were odd, silent, nearly all old, and from the way they stared they looked as though they'd just come from dark little rooms or even—even cupboard boards.

Behind the rotunda the slender trees with yellow leaves down drooping, and through them just a line of sea, and beyond the blue sky with gold-veined clouds.

Tum-tum-tum tiddle-um! tiddle-um! tum tiddle-um tum ta! blew the band.

Two young girls in red came by and two young soldiers in blue met them, and they laughed and paired and went off arm in arm. Two peasant women with funny straw hats passed, gravely, leading beautiful smoke-colored donkeys. A cold, pale nun hurried by. A beautiful woman came along and dropped her bunch of violets, and a little boy ran after to hand them to her, and she took them and threw them away as if they'd been poisoned. Dear me! Miss Brill didn't know whether to admire that or not!

And now an ermine toque and a gentleman in gray met just in front of her. He was tall, stiff, dignified, and she was wearing the ermine toque she'd bought when her hair was yellow. Now everything, her hair, her face, even her eyes, was the same color as the shabby ermine, and her hand in its cleaned glove, lifted to dab her lips, was a tiny yellowish paw. Oh, she was so pleased to see him—delighted! She rather thought they were going to meet that afternoon. She described where she'd been—everywhere, here, there, along by the sea. The day was so charming—didn't he agree? And wouldn't he, perhaps?

. . . But he shook his head—lighted a cigarette, slowly breathed a great deep puff into her face, and, even while she was still talking and laughing, flicked the match away and walked

Now there came a little "flutey" bit—very pretty!—a little chain of bright drops. She was sure it would be repeated. It was; she lifted her head and smiled.

Only two people shared her "special" seat; a fine old man in a velvet coat, his hands clasped over a huge carved walking stick, and a big old woman, sitting upright, with a roll of knitting on her embroidered apron. They did not speak. This was disappointing, for Miss Brill always looked forward to the conversation. She had become really quite expert, she thought, at listening as though she didn't listen, at sitting in other people's lives just for a minute while they talked round her.

She glanced, sideways, at the old couple. Perhaps they would go soon. Last Sunday, too, hadn't been as interesting as usual. An Englishman and his wife, he wearing a dreadful Panama hat and she button boots. And she'd gone on the whole time about how she ought to wear spectacles; she knew she needed them; but that it was no good getting any; they'd be sure to break and they'd never keep on. And he'd been so patient. He'd suggested everything—gold rims, the kind that curved around your ears, little pads inside the bridge. No, nothing would please her. "They'll always be sliding down my nose!" Miss Brill had wanted to shake her.

The old people sat on the bench, still as statues. Never mind, there was always the crowd to watch. To and fro, in front of the flower beds and the band rotunda, the couples and groups paraded, stopped to talk, to greet, to buy a handful of flowers from the old beggar who had his tray fixed to the railings. Little children ran among them, swooping and laughing; little boys with big white silk bows under their chins, little girls, little French dolls, dressed up in velvet and lace.

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J. Jardins Publiques (zhâr dâ'n' pr biêk'), public gardens. (French)

on. The ermine toque was alone; she smiled more brightly than ever. But even the band seemed to know what she was feeling and played more softly, played tenderly, and the drum beat, "The Brute! The Brute!" over and over. What would she do? What was going to happen now? But as Miss Brill wondered, the ermine toque turned, raised her hand as though she'd seen someone else, much nicer, just over there, and pattered away. And the band changed again and played more quickly, more gaily than ever, and the old couple on Miss Brill's seat got up and marched away, and such a funny old man with long whiskers hobbled along in time to the music and was nearly knocked over by four girls walking abreast.

Oh, how fascinating it was! How she enjoyed it! How she loved sitting here, watching it all! It was like a play. It was exactly like a play. Who could believe the sky at the back wasn't painted? But it wasn't till a little brown dog trotted on solemnly and then slowly trotted off, like a little "theater" dog, a little dog that had been drugged, that Miss Brill discovered what it was that made it so exciting. They were all on the stage. They weren't only the audience, not only looking on; they were acting. Even she had a part and came every Sunday. No doubt somebody would have noticed if she hadn't been there; she was part of the performance after all.

How strange she'd never thought of it like that before! And yet it explained why she made such a point of starting from home at just the same time each week—so as not to be late for the performance—and it also explained why she had quite a queer, shy feeling at telling her English pupils how she spent her Sunday afternoons. No wonder! Miss Brill nearly laughed out loud. She was on the stage. She thought of the old invalid gentleman to whom she read the newspaper four afternoons a week while he slept in the garden. She had got quite used to the frail head on the cotton pillow, the hollowed eyes, the open mouth and the high pinched nose. If he'd been dead she mightn't have noticed for weeks; she wouldn't have minded. But suddenly he knew he was having the paper read to him by an

actress! "An actress!" The old head lifted; two points of light quivered in the old eyes. "An actress—are ye?" And Miss Brill smoothed the newspaper as though it were the manuscript of her part and said gently: "Yes, I have been an actress for a long time."

The band had been having a rest. Now they started again. And what they played was warm, sunny, yet there was just a faint chill—a something, what was it?—not sadness—no, not sadness—a something that made you want to sing. The tune lifted, lifted, the light shone; and it seemed to Miss Brill that in another moment all of them, all the whole company, would begin singing. The young ones, the laughing ones who were moving together, they would begin, and the men's voices, very resolute and brave, would join them. And then she too, she too, and the others on the benches—they would come in with a kind of accompaniment—something low, that scarcely rose or fell, something so beautiful—moving. . . . And Miss Brill's eyes filled with tears and she looked smiling at all the other members of the company. Yes, we understand, we understand, she thought—though what they understood she didn't know.

Just at that moment a boy and girl came and sat down where the old couple had been. They were beautifully dressed; they were in love. The hero and heroine, of course, just arrived from his father's yacht. And still soundlessly singing, still with that trembling smile, Miss Brill prepared to listen.

"No, not now," said the girl. "Not here, I can't."

"But why? Because of that stupid old thing at the end there?" asked the boy. "Why does she come here at all—who wants her? Why doesn't she keep her silly old mug at home?" "It's her fu-fur which is so funny," giggled the girl. "It's exactly like a fried whiting."

"Ah, be off with you!" said the boy in an angry whisper. Then: "Tell me, *ma petite chérie*?"

"No, not here," said the girl. "Not yet."

On her way home she usually bought a slice of honeycake at the baker's. It was her Sunday treat. Sometimes there was an almond in

her slice, sometimes not. It made a great difference. If there was an almond, it was like carrying home a tiny present—a surprise—something that might very well not have been there. She hurried on the almond Sundays and struck the match for the kettle in quite a dashing way.

But today she passed the baker's by, climbed the stairs, went into the little dark room—her room like a cupboard—and sat down on the red eider down. She sat there for a long time. The box that the fur came out of was on the bed. She unclasped the necklet quickly; quickly, without looking, laid it inside. But when she put the lid on she thought she heard something crying.

2. *ma petite chérie* (mā pa'tē' chā'ri'), my little darling. [French]



To increase understanding

1. (a) What is Miss Brill's mood in the first three paragraphs of the story? (b) What things are responsible for this mood?

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4. Miss Brill's first discovery is followed immediately by a second revelation. What is this second revelation?

5. (a) What is symbolized by Miss Brill's failure to buy a slice of almond honeycake on her way home? (b) How has Miss Mansfield used the fur neckpiece as a symbol of the change in Miss Brill's feelings from the moment she removes it from its box to the moment she replaces it?

6. Do you find any evidence of the stream-of-consciousness technique in Katherine Mansfield's development of Miss Brill? Explain.

Interior Monologue

Miss Brill
3rd person dream of consciousness limited
(was French)
by Katherine Mansfield

vocabulary character simile metaphor

no given name outside (was French)

consciousness limited

French

How? Her? Mamma

And sometimes a tiny staggered came suddenly rocking into the open from under the trees, stopped, stared, as suddenly sat down, "flop," until its small high-stepping mother, like a young hen, rushed scolding to its rescue. Other people sat on the benches and green chairs, but they were nearly always the same, Sunday after Sunday, and—Miss Brill had often noticed—there was something funny about nearly all of them. They were odd, silent, nearly all old, and from the way they stared they looked as though they'd just come from dark little rooms or even—even—cupboards.

Behind the rotunda the slender trees with yellow leaves down drooping, and through them just a line of sea, and beyond the blue sky with gold-veined clouds.

"Tun-tum-tum tiddle-um! tiddle-um! tum tiddle-um tum ta! blew the band. (Two young girls) in red came by and (two young soldiers) in blue met them, and they laughed and paired and went off arm in arm. Two peasant women with funny straw hats passed, gravely, leading beautiful smoke-colored donkeys. (A cold, pale nun) hurried by. A beautiful woman came along and dropped her bunch of violets, and a little boy ran after to hand them to her, and she took them and threw them away as if they'd been poisoned. Dear me! Miss Brill didn't know whether to admire that or not!

And now an ermine toque and a gentleman in gray met just in front of her. He was tall, stiff, dignified, and she was wearing the ermine toque she'd bought when her hair was yellow. Now everything, her hair, her face, even her eyes, was the same color as the shabby ermine, and her hand in its cleaned glove, lifted to dab her lips, was a tiny yellowish paw. Oh, she was so pleased to see him—delighted! She rather thought they were going to meet that afternoon. She described where she'd been—everywhere, here, there, along by the sea. The day was so charming—didn't he agree? And wouldn't he, perhaps? . . . But he shook his head—lighted a cigarette, slowly breathed a great deep puff into her face, and, even while she was still talking and laughing, flicked the match away and walked

Now there came a little "flutey" bit—very pretty!—a little chain of bright drops. She was sure it would be repeated. It was; she lifted her head and smiled.

Only two people shared her "special" seat; a fine old man in a velvet coat, his hands clasped over a huge carved walking stick, and a big old woman, sitting upright, with a roll of knitting on her embroidered apron. They did not speak. This was disappointing.

Miss Brill always looked forward to the conversation. She had become really quite expert, she thought, at listening as though she didn't listen, at sitting in other people's lives just for a minute while they talked round her. She glanced, sideways, at the old couple. Perhaps they would go soon. Last Sunday, too, hadn't been as interesting as usual. An Englishman and his wife, he wearing a dreadful Panama hat and she button boots. And she'd gone on the whole time about how she ought to wear spectacles, she knew she needed them; but that it was no good getting any; they'd be sure to break and they'd never keep on. And he'd been so patient. He'd suggested everything—gold rims, the kind that curved around your ears, little pads inside the bridge. No, nothing would please her. "They'll always be sliding down my nose!" Miss Brill had wanted to shake her.

The old people sat on the bench, still as statues. Never mind, there was always the crowd to watch. To and fro, in front of the flower beds and the band rotunda, the couples and groups padded, stopped to talk, to greet, to buy a handful of flowers from the old beggar who had his tray fixed to the railings. Little children ran among them, swooping and laughing; little boys with big white silk bows under their chins, little girls, little French dolls, dressed up in velvet and lace.

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Jardine Publiques (à la 'dan' 'pe' blick'), public gardens. (French)

Observations are reminiscent of impressions like *passaggiata*! *with best individualism!*

Metaphor
Sort of
Impressions
Impressions
Impressions
Impressions

There were a number of people out this afternoon, far more than last Sunday. And the band sounded louder and gayer. That was because the Season had begun. For although the band played all the year round on Sundays, out of season it was never the same. It was like someone playing with only the family to listen; it didn't care how it played if there weren't any strangers present. Wasn't the conductor wearing a new coat, too? She was sure it was new. He scraped with his foot and flapped his arms like a rooster about to crow, and the bandmen sitting in the green rotunda blew out their cheeks and glared at the music.

Observations are reminiscent of impressions like passaggiata!

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Saying more with less

10. The ermine toque was alone; she smiled more brightly than ever. But even the band seemed to know what she was feeling and played more softly, played tenderly, and the drum beat, "The Brute! The Brute!" over and over. What would she do? What was going to happen now? But as Miss Brill wondered, the ermine toque turned, raised her hand as though she'd seen someone else, much nicer, just over there, and pattered away. And the band changed again and played more quickly, more gaily than ever, and the old couple on Miss Brill's seat got up and marched away, and such a funny old man with long whiskers hobbled along in time to the music and was nearly knocked over by four girls walking abreast.

metaphor
10 Oh, how fascinating it was! How she enjoyed it! How she loved sitting here, watching it all! It was like a play. It was exactly like a play. Who could believe the sky at the back stage wasn't painted? But it wasn't till a little brown dog trotted on solemnly and then Miss Brill discovered what it was that made it so exciting.

11 How strange she'd never thought of it like that before! And yet it explained why she made such a point of starting from home at just the same time each week—so as not to be late for the performance—and it also explained why she had quite a queer, shy feeling at telling her English pupils how she spent her Sunday afternoons. No wonder! Miss Brill nearly laughed out loud. She was on the stage. She thought of the old invalid gentleman to whom she read the newspaper four afternoons a week while he slept in the garden. She had got quite used to the frail head on the cotton pillow, the hollowed eyes, the open mouth and the high pinched nose. If he'd been dead she mightn't have noticed for weeks; she wouldn't have minded. But suddenly he knew he was having the paper read to him by an

cherry case
dead?
If she hadn't have noticed for weeks; she wouldn't have minded. But suddenly he knew he was having the paper read to him by an

actress! "An actress!" The old head lifted; two points of light quivered in the old eyes. "An actress—are ye?" And Miss Brill smoothed the newspaper as though it were the manuscript of her fate and said gently: "Yes, I have been an actress for a long time."

12 The band had been having a rest. Now they started again. And when they played the waltz sunny yet there was just a faint chill—a something, what was it?—not sadness—no, not sadness—a something that made you want to sing. The tune lifted, lifted, the light shone; and it seemed to Miss Brill that in another moment all of them, all the whole company, would begin singing. The young ones, the laughing ones who were moving together, they would begin, and the men's voices, very resolute and brave, would join them. And then she too, she too, and the others on the benches—they would come in with a kind of accompaniment—something low, that scarcely rose or fell, something so beautiful—something ... And Miss Brill's eyes filled with tears and she looked smiling at all the other members of the company. Yes, we understand, we understand, she thought—though what they understood she didn't know.

13 Just at that moment a boy and girl came and sat down where the old couple had been. They were beautifully dressed; they were in love. The hero and heroine, of course, just arrived from his father's yacht. And still soundlessly singing, still with that trembling smile, Miss Brill prepared to listen.

14 "No, not now," said the girl. "Not here, I can't."

15 "But why? Because of that stupid old thing at the end there?" asked the boy. "Why does she come here at all—who wants her? Why doesn't she keep her silly old mug at home?"

16 "It's her fur-fur which is so funny," giggled the girl. "It's exactly like a fried whiting."

19 "Ah, be off with you!" said the boy in an angry whisper. Then: "Tell me, *ma petite chérie*?"
18 "No, not here," said the girl. "Not yet!"

Symbol

19 On her way home she usually bought a slice of honeycake at the baker's. It was her Sunday treat. Sometimes there was an almond in her slice, sometimes not. It made a great difference. If there was an almond, it was like carrying home a tiny present—a surprise—something that might very well not have been there. She turned on the almond Sundays and struck the match for the kettle in quite a dashing way.

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Almond = turning point
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Motifs: loneliness/isolation
illusion vs. reality
empathy vs. disinterest
what she sees vs. what she imagines
or
anonymity
disinterest
civility