

# AP ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION AND COMPOSITION WORKSHOP HANDBOOK 2015-2016

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# AP® English Lit: What's to be Done

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## AP® Audit Scoring Components

- [1] The course includes intensive study of works such as those by authors cited in the Course Description. Students will have studied during high school works (1A) from both British and American writers (1B) written in several genres (1C) from the 16th to 21st centuries

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*The course teaches students to write an interpretation of a piece of literature that is based on a careful observation of textual details, considering:*

- [2] such elements as the use of figurative language, imagery, symbolism and tone.  
[3] the work's structure, style and themes.  
[4] the work's social, cultural and/or historical values.

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*The course includes frequent opportunities for students to write and **rewrite**:*

- [5] timed, in-class responses.  
[6] formal, extended analyses outside of class.

*The course requires:*

- [7] writing to understand: Informal/exploratory writing activities that enable students to discover what they think in the process of writing about their reading [such assignments could include annotation, free writing, keeping a reading journal, reaction/response papers, and/or dialectical notebooks].  
[8] writing to explain: Expository, analytical essays in which students draw upon textual details to develop an extended interpretation of a literary text.

*writing to evaluate: Analytical, argumentative essays in which students draw upon textual details to make and explain judgments about a work's:*

- [9] artistry and quality.  
[10] social, historical and/or cultural values.

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*The AP teacher provides instruction and feedback on students' writing assignments, both before and after the students revise their work that help the students:*

- [11] develop a wide-ranging vocabulary used appropriately.  
[12] develop a variety of sentence structures.  
[13] develop logical organization, enhanced by specific techniques to increase coherence. Such techniques may include traditional rhetorical structures, graphic organizers, and work on repetition, transitions, and emphasis.  
[14] develop a balance of generalization and specific, illustrative detail.  
[15] establish an effective use of rhetoric including controlling tone and a voice appropriate to the writer's audience.

## By May, students must be able to: (a baker's dozen skills)

1. Demonstrate knowledge in a minimum of 9 areas (which may overlap): 2 novels, 2 plays, 2 pre-WWI works, 2 post-WWI work, 2 comedies, 2 tragedies, 2 poets (one old, one new), and 2 essayists (one old, one new).
2. Show grasp of major trends and periods in literature from the Greeks to the present.
3. Analyze any element of style analysis, whether or not the devices are named in the prompt.
4. Have a working knowledge of the literature terms studied—no “fling and sling” approach to using terminology in an essay.
5. Demonstrate an understanding of tone and attitude.
6. Write on demand (1) response to literature/literary analysis on novels and plays, (2) compare/contrast essays; (3) style analysis for both prose and poetry.
7. Use any past Q3 for a “process” multi-paragraph essays and for a timed writing.
8. Write a well-focused thesis sentence that identifies the subject and clarifies the direction of the essay; it does not repeat from the prompt.
9. Show mastery of concrete detail (examples, quotes, support, plot references, evidence) and commentary (analysis and interpretation), sentence variety, parallel structure, figurative language, integrating / embedding / incorporating quotations smoothly into their own sentences, varying subject openers, and using a worthy vocabulary.
10. Write mature and insightful commentary to complement their concrete detail.
11. Read and understand prose and poetry from the old guys, including, but not limited to, the Metaphysicals and the Romantics.
12. Answer multiple-choice questions efficiently and quickly from AP samples.
13. Analyze any poem given, showing an understanding of the poetic form and the specific devices that make it different from prose.

*Jane Schaffer, San Diego*

## Multiple-Choice Sample Questions: Passage 1

When we were all still alive, the five of us in that kerosene-lit house, on Friday and Saturday nights, at an hour when in the spring and summer there was still abundant light in the air, I would set out in my father's car for town, where my friends lived. I had, by moving ten miles away, at last acquired friends: an illustration of that strange law whereby, like Orpheus leading Eurydice, we achieved our desire by turning our back on it. I had even gained a girl, so that the vibrations were as sexual as social that made me jangle with anticipation as I clowned in front of the mirror in our kitchen, shaving from a basin of stove-heated water, combing my hair with a dripping comb, adjusting my reflection in the mirror until I had achieved just that electric angle from which my face seemed beautiful and everlastingly, by the very volumes of air and sky and grass that lay mutely banked about our home, beloved.

My grandmother would hover near me, watching fearfully, as she had when I was a child, afraid that I would fall from a tree. Delirious, humming, I would swoop and lift her, lift her like a child, crooking one arm under her knees and cupping the other behind her back. Exultant in my height, my strength, I would lift that frail brittle body weighing perhaps a hundred pounds and twirl with it in my arms while the rest of the family watched with startled smiles of alarm. Had I stumbled, or dropped her, I might have broken her back, but my joy always proved a secure cradle. And whatever irony was in the impulse, whatever implicit contrast between this ancient husk, scarcely female, and the pliant, warm girl I would embrace before the evening was done, direct delight flooded away: I was carrying her who had carried me, I was giving my past a dance, I had lifted the anxious care-taker of my childhood from the floor, I was bringing her with my boldness to the edge of danger, from which she had always sought to guard me.

1. The speaker might best be described as someone who is
  - (A) unwilling to forsake his family in order to gain his freedom
  - (B) long overdue in obtaining maturity and acceptance in the adult world
  - (C) struggling to find his own identity and sense of purpose
  - (D) disturbed by the overbearing attentiveness and attitudes of his family
  - (E) defining his passage from the role of protected to that of protector
2. The mythological reference in lines 6-7 reinforces the "strange law" (line 6) that
  - (A) wishes are often best fulfilled when they are least pursued
  - (B) conflict between youth and old age is inevitable
  - (C) anticipation is a keener emotion than realization
  - (D) in our search for heaven, we may also find hell
  - (E) to those who examine life logically, few things are exactly as they seem to be
3. The effect of the words "vibrations" (line 9) and "jangle" (line 10) is most strongly reinforced by which of the following?
  - (A) "adjusting my reflection" (lines 12-13)
  - (B) "electric angle" (lines 13-14)
  - (C) "frail brittle body" (line 22)
  - (D) "irony was in the impulse" (lines 26-27)
  - (E) "implicit contrast" (line 27)

4. Which of the following best restates the idea conveyed in lines 12-16?
- (A) There are moments in youth when we have an extravagant sense of our own attractiveness.  
 (B) We can more easily change people's opinions of ourselves by adjusting our behavior than by changing our appearances.  
 (C) Vanity is a necessary though difficult part of the maturing process.  
 (D) How others see us determines, to a large degree, how we see ourselves and our environment.  
 (E) Adolescence is a time of uncertainty, insecurity, and self-contradiction.
5. In line 13, "everlastingly" modifies which of the following words?
- (A) "I" (line 13)  
 (B) "my face" (line 14)  
 (C) "beautiful" (line 14)  
 (D) "lay" (line 146)  
 (E) "beloved" (line 16)
6. The image of the "very volumes of air and sky and grass that lay mutely banked about our home" (lines 14-15) is used to show the speaker's
- (A) desire to understand his place in the universe  
 (B) profound love of nature  
 (C) feelings of oppression by his environment  
 (D) expansive belief in himself  
 (E) inability to comprehend the meaning of life
7. The attitude of the speaker at the time of the action is best described as
- (A) understanding (D) superior  
 (B) exuberant (E) fearful  
 (C) nostalgic
8. The passage supports all of the following statements about the speaker's dancing EXCEPT:
- (A) He danced partly to express his joy in seeing his girl friend later that night.  
 (B) His recklessness with his grandmother revealed his inability to live up to his family's expectations for him.  
 (C) In picking up his grandmother, he dramatized that she is no longer his caretaker.  
 (D) He had danced that way with his grandmother before.  
 (E) His dancing demonstrated the strength and power of youth.
9. The description of the grandmother in lines 20 and 25 emphasizes which of the following?
- (A) Her emotional insecurity  
 (B) The uniqueness of her character  
 (C) Her influence on the family  
 (D) Her resignation to old age  
 (E) Her poignant fragility
10. Which of the following statements best describes the speaker's point of view toward his grandmother in the second paragraph?
- (A) Moving to the country has given him a new perspective, one that enables him to realize the importance of his grandmother.  
 (B) Even as a young man, he realizes the uniqueness of his grandmother and her affection for him.  
 (C) He becomes aware of the irony of his changing relationship with his grandmother only in retrospect.  
 (D) It is mainly through his grandmother's interpretation of his behavior that he becomes aware of her influence on him.  
 (E) Comparing the enduring love of his grandmother to his superficial feelings for the young girl heightens his appreciation of his grandmother.
11. Which of the following patterns of syntax best characterizes the style of the passage?
- (A) Sparse sentences containing a minimum of descriptive language  
 (B) Long sentences interspersed with short, contrasting sentences  
 (C) Sentences that grow progressively more complex as the passage progresses  
 (D) Sentences with many modifying phrases and subordinate clauses  
 (E) Sentences that tend toward the narrative at the beginning, but toward the explanatory at the end of the passage
12. In this passage, the speaker is chiefly concerned with
- (A) presenting grandparents as symbols worthy of reverence  
 (B) demonstrating the futility of adolescent romanticism  
 (C) satirizing his own youthful egocentricity  
 (D) considering himself as an adolescent on the brink of adulthood  
 (E) revealing his progression from idealism to pragmatism

## AP English Lit & Comp: MC Practice 1

	Guess	A	B	C	Questions Type	Vocabulary, Notes....
<b>1</b>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>		
<b>2</b>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>		
<b>3</b>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>		
<b>4</b>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>		
<b>5</b>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>		
<b>6</b>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>		
<b>7</b>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>		
<b>8</b>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>		
<b>9</b>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>		
<b>10</b>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>		
<b>11</b>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>		
<b>12</b>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>		

## THE EXAM ESSAYS: THE FAST LANE

### ATTACKING THE AP EXAM ESSAY QUESTIONS

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#### Questions 1 & 2

1. Find & mark verbs in the imperative and all conjunctions.
2. Identify all parts of the task.
3. Read the passage attentively and mark it up.
4. Watch for patterns of organization, repetition, echoing, or precedence.
5. Identify the speaker, the audience, and, if it's appropriate, the setting, and the occasion.
6. Mark shifts in point of view, tone, or the like; mark any significant punctuation/pointing.
7. In poetry, note if a rhyme scheme or the arrangement on the page helps reveal organization.
8. Identify the main purpose & tone.

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#### Question 3

1. Cover list of suggested works.
2. Ignore any opening quotations or other material that comes before the first imperative verb in the prompt.
3. Find and mark all verbs in the imperative.
4. Identify all parts of the task, including any that might be implied rather than explicit. Pay careful attention to any numbers in the prompt.
5. Go back and read the opening of the prompt.
6. Decide on a work to use
7. Decide on an appropriate "meaning of the work as a whole."
8. *[Optional]* Uncover and read the suggested titles to see if there is a better choice.

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#### ALL Questions

1. Write down a plan.  
Do *not* let the prompt dictate your organization.
2. Leave a space for an introduction.
3. Remember your audience.
4. Write legibly in ink.
5. Refer often to the text but avoid direct quotations of more than four words
6. Avoid plot summary and paraphrase.
7. Follow all detail from the text with your commentary; use the ratio of two pieces of your commentary to every one of detail from the text.
8. Avoid 'name calling,' the identification of literary elements without explaining why the writer is using them.

# The Great Questions

*Great literature of all cultures deals with one or more of the following questions:*

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## **I. What is the nature of the universe—the cosmos?**

Is the universe hostile / beneficent / indifferent to humanity?  
What is the nature of evil? What is the source of evil?  
Why, if God is good, does He allow evil to exist? (The Problem of Evil)  
Why, if God is just, does He allow the good to suffer? (The Problem of Pain)

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## **II. What is God's relationship to humans?**

Does God exist?  
Is God the Creator?  
Is God concerned about humanity?  
Is God indifferent toward humanity?  
Should humans fear / obey / love /  
sacrifice to / praise / propitiate /  
pray to God?

## **What is the nature of God?**

Is God (gods) basically:  
an angry God? a proud God?  
a jealous God? a kind God?  
Is God all good?  
Does God Himself bring evil to  
humanity and cause suffering?

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## **III. What is the nature of human beings?**

Are humans basically good or evil?  
Are people determined or do we have free will?  
Are people noble—more divine than animal? or  
Are people degraded, corrupt—more animal than spirit?  
Are people a balance? If so, how is the balance preserved?  
What is the human being's greatest faculty? reason? imagination?  
Do humans have a soul? Can they achieve immortality? How?  
Are humans in the universe by design or by chance? If by design, why?  
What is a human's basic purpose in life? Is there a purpose?  
To save the human soul?  
To find happiness? If so, what is happiness and how are we to achieve it?  
What is the "good" life for humans? How can life gain significance?  
How can people give value to their lives?  
How can people find their greatest satisfaction, completeness, fulfillment?  
How do people establish values, ethics, morals? What are their bases?

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## **IV. What is the relationship of one human to another?**

How are we to treat people? Are all people to be treated as equals?  
On what basis should we / do we evaluate our fellow humans?  
Are we basically social animals or anti-social ones?  
How are we to establish an orderly existence with other humans?  
What is the "ideal" or "good" society? How can it be established?  
Under what social system can people best flourish?  
On what base should we regulate our association with other people?

# Literary Concepts: an incomplete list

1. allegory
2. alliteration
3. allusion
4. ambiguity
5. antagonist
6. apostrophe
7. archetype
8. aside
9. assonance
10. audience
11. ballad
12. blank verse
13. cæsura
14. central idea (theme)
15. characterization
16. climax
17. comedy
18. conceit
19. concrete poetry
20. connotation
21. consonance
22. convention
23. couplet
24. denotation
25. *deus ex machina*
26. detail
27. diction
28. elegy
29. epic
30. epiphany
31. exposition
32. farce
33. figurative language
34. first person (point of view)
35. fixed form
36. flashback (~forward)
37. foil
38. foreshadowing
39. free indirect discourse
40. free verse
41. hyperbole
42. iambic pentameter
43. image
44. *in medias res*
45. irony
46. literal language
47. litotes
48. lyric
49. metaphor
50. meter (iamb, trochee, dactyl, anapest)
51. narrator
52. naturalistic
53. octet
54. ode
55. omniscient (point of view)
56. overstatement
57. oxymoron
58. paradox
59. parody
60. persona
61. personification
62. plot
63. point of view
64. prosody
65. protagonist
66. purpose
67. quatrain
68. realistic
69. resolution
70. reversal
71. rhyme (interior, slant)
72. rhythm
73. romantic
74. satire
75. scan
76. sestet
77. simile
78. soliloquy
79. sonnet
80. speaker
81. stage direction
82. stock character
83. stream-of-consciousness
84. symbol
85. syntax
86. theme
87. tone
88. tragedy
89. understatement
90. unreliable narrator



# Vocabulary for Writing about Literature

(an incomplete list)

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## *To say what a writer or narrator does:*

- alludes to
- alters
- asserts
- changes
- clarifies
- compares
- conjures up
- connotes
- constrains
- construes
- conveys
- creates
- delineates
- demonstrates
- depicts
- describes
- differentiates
- dispels
- elicits
- elucidates
- emphasizes
- enhances
- enunciates
- evokes
- explains
- explores
- heightens/lessens
- hints at
- ignites
- implies
- inspires
- invokes
- juxtaposes
- maintains
- manipulates
- masters
- paints
- portrays
- produces
- refutes
- repudiates
- reveals
- shifts
- ~~shows~~ (weak)
- solidifies
- stirs
- suggests
- tackles
- transcends
- twists
- ~~uses~~ (weak)
- ~~utilizes~~ (über-weak)

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## *To name the tools the writer uses:*

- comic details
- details
- diction
- figurative language
- foreshadowing
- imagery, images
- irony
- plot details
- point of view
- setting
- symbols
- syntax
- tone

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## *To talk about the effect on a reader:*

- anger
- awareness
- connections
- contrasts
- empathy, sympathy, apathy, antipathy
- impact
- intensity
- laughter
- mood
- pathos / bathos
- shock
- lassitude/tedium

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## Katherine Anne Porter

# The Grave

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**T**he Grandfather, dead for more than thirty years, had been twice disturbed in his long repose by the constancy and possessiveness of his widow. She removed his bones first to Louisiana and then to Texas as if she had set out to find her own burial place, knowing well she would never return to the places she had left. In Texas she set up a small cemetery in a corner of her first farm, and as the family connection grew, and oddments of relations came over from Kentucky to settle, it contained at last about twenty graves. After the Grandmother's death, part of her land was to be sold for the benefit of certain of her children, and the cemetery happened to lie in the part set aside for sale. It was necessary to take up the bodies and bury them again in the family plot in the big new public cemetery, where the Grandmother had been buried. At last her husband was to lie beside her for eternity, as she had planned.

- 2 The family cemetery had been a pleasant small neglected garden of tangled rose bushes and ragged cedar trees and cypress, the simple flat stones rising out of uncropped sweet-smelling wild grass. The graves were open and empty one burning day when Miranda and her brother Paul, who often went together to hunt rabbits and doves, propped their twenty-two Winchester rifles carefully against the rail fence, climbed over and explored among the graves. She was nine years old and he was twelve.
- 3 They peered into the pits all shaped alike with such purposeful accuracy, and looking at each other with pleased adventurous eyes, they said in solemn tones: "these were graves! trying by words to shape a special, suitable emotion in their minds, but they felt nothing except an agreeable thrill of wonder: they were seeing a new sight, doing something they had not done before. In them both there was also a small disappointment at the entire commonplaceness of the actual spectacle. Even if it had once contained a coffin for years upon years, when the coffin was gone a grave was just a hole in the ground. Miranda leaped into the pit that had held her grandfather's bones. Scratching around aimlessly and pleasurable as any young animal, she scooped up a lump of earth and weighed it in her palm. It had a pleasantly sweet, corrupt smell, being mixed with cedar needles and small leaves, and as the crumbs fell apart, she saw a silver dove no larger than a

hazel nut, with spread wings and a neat fan-shaped tail. The breast had a deep round hollow in it. Turning it up to the fierce sunlight, she saw that the inside of the hollow was cut in little whorls. She scrambled out, over the pile of loose earth that had fallen back into one end of the grave, calling to Paul that she had found something, he must guess what.... His head appeared smiling over the rim of another grave. He waved a closed hand at her. "I've got something too." They ran to compare treasures, making a game of it, so many guesses each, all wrong, and a final showdown with opened palms. Paul had found a thin wide gold ring carved with intricate flowers and leaves. Miranda was smitten at the sight of the ring and wished to have it. Paul seemed more impressed by the dove. They made a trade, with some little bickering. After he had got the dove in his hand, Paul said, "Don't you know what this is? This is a screw head for a *coffin!*... I'll bet nobody else in the world has one like this!"

- 4 Miranda glanced at it without covetousness. She had the gold ring on her thumb; it fitted perfectly. "Maybe we ought to go now," she said, "Maybe someone'll see us and tell somebody." They knew the land had been sold, the cemetery was no longer theirs, and they felt like trespassers. They climbed back over the fence, slung their rifles loosely under their arms—they had been shooting at targets with various kinds of firearms since they were seven years old—and set out to look for the rabbits and doves or whatever small game might happen along. On these expeditions Miranda always followed at Paul's heels along the path, obeying instructions about handling her gun when going through fences; learning how to stand it up properly so it would not slip and fire unexpectedly; how to wait her time for a shot and not just bang away in the air without looking, spoiling shots for Paul, who really could hit things if given a chance. Now and then, in her excitement at seeing birds whizz up suddenly before her face, or a rabbit leap across her very toes, she lost her head, and almost without sighting she flung her rifle up and pulled the trigger. She hardly ever hit any sort of mark. She had no proper sense of hunting at all. Her brother would be often completely disgusted with her. "You don't care whether you get your bird or not," he said. "That's no way to hunt." Miranda could not

understand his indignation. She had seen him smash his hat and yell with fury when he had missed his aim.

“What I like about shooting,” said Miranda, with exasperating inconsequence, “is pulling the trigger and hearing the noise.”

5 “Then, by golly,” said Paul, “whyn’t you go back to the range and shoot at bulls-eyes?”

6 “I’d just as soon,” said Miranda, “only like this, we walk around more.”

7 “Well, you just stay behind and stop spoiling my shots,” said Paul, who, when he made a kill, wanted to be certain he had made it. Miranda, who alone brought down a bird once in twenty rounds, always claimed as her own any game they got when they fired at the same moment. It was tiresome and unfair and her brother was sick of it.

8 “Now, the first dove we see, or the first rabbit, is mine,” he told her. “And the next will be yours. Remember that and don’t get smarty.”

9 “What about snakes?” asked Miranda idly. “Can I have the first snake?”

10 Waving her thumb gently and watching her gold ring glitter, Miranda lost interest in shooting. She was wearing her summer roughing outfit: dark blue overalls, a light blue shirt, a hired-man’s straw hat, and thick brown sandals. Her brother had the same outfit except his was a sober hickory-nut color. Ordinarily Miranda preferred her overalls to any other dress, though it was making rather a scandal in the countryside, for the year was 1903, and in the back country the law of female decorum had teeth in it. Her father had been criticized for letting his girls dress like boys and go careering around astride barebacked horses. Big sister Maria, the really independent and fearless one, in spite of her rather affected ways, rode at a dead run with only a rope knotted around her horse’s nose. It was said the motherless family was running down, with the Grandmother no longer there to hold it together. It was known that she had discriminated against her son Harry in her will, and that he was in straits about money. Some of his old neighbors reflected with vicious satisfaction that now he would probably not be so stiffnecked, nor have any more high-stepping horses either. Miranda knew this, though she could not say how. She had met along the road old women of the kind who smoked corn-cob pipes, who had treated her grandmother with most sincere respect. They slanted their gummy old eyes side-ways at the granddaughter and said, “Ain’t you ashamed of yourself, Missy? It’s

against the Scriptures to dress like that. Whut yo Pappy thinkin about?” Miranda, with her powerful social sense, which was like a fine set of antennae radiating from every pore of her skin, would feel ashamed because she knew well it was rude and ill-bred to shock anybody, even bad tempered old crones, though she had faith in her father’s judgment and was perfectly comfortable in the clothes. Her father had said, “They’re just what you need, and they’ll save your dresses for school. . . .” This sounded quite simple and natural to her. She had been brought up in rigorous economy. Wastefulness was vulgar. It was also a sin. These were truths; she had heard them repeated many times and never once disputed.

11 Now the ring, shining with the serene purity of fine gold on her rather grubby thumb, turned her feelings against her overalls and sockless feet, toes sticking through the thick brown leather straps. She wanted to go back to the farmhouse, take a good cold bath, dust herself with plenty of Maria’s violet talcum powder—provided Maria was not present to object, of course—put on the thinnest, most becoming dress she owned, with a big sash, and sit in a wicker chair under the trees. . . . These things were not all she wanted, of course; she had vague stirrings of desire for luxury and a grand way of living which could not take precise form in her imagination but were founded on family legend of past wealth and leisure. These immediate comforts were what she could have, and she wanted them at once. She lagged rather far behind Paul, and once she thought of just turning back without a word and going home. She stopped, thinking that Paul would never do that to her, and so she would have to tell him. When a rabbit leaped, she let Paul have it without dispute. He killed it with one shot.

12 When she came up with him, he was already kneeling, examining the wound, the rabbit trailing from his hands. “Right through the head,” he said complacently, as if he had aimed for it. He took out his sharp, competent bowie knife and started to skin the body. He did it very cleanly and quickly. Uncle Jimbilly knew how to prepare the skins so that Miranda always had fur coats for her dolls, for though she never cared much for her dolls she liked seeing them in fur coats. The children knelt facing each other over the dead animal. Miranda watched admiringly while her brother stripped the skin away as if he were taking off a glove. The flayed flesh emerged dark scarlet, sleek, firm; Miranda with thumb and finger felt the long fine muscles with the silvery flat strips binding them to the joints. Brother lifted the oddly bloated belly. “Look,” he said, in a low amazed voice. “It was going to have young ones.”

<sup>13</sup> Very carefully he slit the thin flesh from the center ribs to the flanks, and a scarlet bag appeared. He slit again and pulled the bag open, and there lay a bundle of tiny rabbits, each wrapped in a thin scarlet veil. The brother pulled these off and there they were, dark gray, their sleek wet down lying in minute even ripples, like a baby's head just washed, their unbelievably small delicate ears folded close, their little blind faces almost featureless.

<sup>14</sup> Miranda said, "Oh, I want to see," under her breath. She looked and looked—excited but not frightened, for she was accustomed to the sight of animals killed in hunting—filled with pity and astonishment and a kind of shocked delight in the wonderful little creatures for their own sakes, they were so pretty. She touched one of them ever so carefully. "Ah, there's blood running over them," she said and began to tremble without knowing why. Yet she wanted most deeply to see and to know. Having seen, she felt at once as if she had known all along. The very memory of her former ignorance faded, she had always known just this. No one had ever told her anything outright, she had been rather unobservant of the animal life around her because she was so accustomed to animals. They seemed simply disorderly and unaccountably rude in their habits, but altogether natural and not very interesting. Her brother had spoken as if he had known about everything all along. He may have seen all this before. He had never said a word to her, but she knew now a part at least of what he knew. She understood a little of the secret, formless intuitions in her own mind and body, which had been clearing up, taking form, so gradually and so steadily she had not realized that she was learning what she had to know. Paul said cautiously, as if he were talking about something forbidden: "They were just about ready to be born." His voice dropped on the last word. "I know," said Miranda, "like kittens. I know, like babies." She was quietly and terribly agitated, standing again with her rifle under her arm, looking down at the bloody heap. "I don't want the skin," she said, "I won't have it." Paul buried the young rabbits again in their mother's body, wrapped the skin around her, carried her to a clump of sage bushes, and hid her away. He came out again at once and said to Miranda, with an eager friendliness, a confidential tone quite unusual in him, as if he were taking her into an important secret on equal terms: "Listen now. Now you listen to me, and don't ever forget. Don't you ever tell a living soul that you saw this. Don't tell a soul. Don't tell Dad because I'll get into trouble. He'll say I'm leading you into things you ought not to do. He's always saying that. So now don't you go

and forget and blab out sometime the way you're always doing. . . . Now, that's a secret. Don't you tell."

<sup>15</sup> Miranda never told, she did not even wish to tell anybody. She thought about the whole worrisome affair with confused unhappiness for a few days. Then it sank quietly into her mind and was heaped over by accumulated thousands of impressions, for nearly twenty years. One day she was picking her path among the puddles and crushed refuse of a market street in a strange city of a strange country, when without warning, plain and clear in its true colors as if she looked through a frame upon a scene that had not stirred nor changed since the moment it happened, the episode of that far-off day leaped from its burial place before her mind's eye. She was so reasonlessly horrified she halted suddenly staring, the scene before her eyes dimmed by the vision back of them. An Indian vendor had held up before her a tray of dyed sugar sweets, in the shapes of all kinds of small creatures: birds, baby chicks, baby rabbits, lambs, baby pigs. They were in gay colors and smelled of vanilla, maybe. . . . it was a very hot day and the smell in the market, with its piles of raw flesh and wilting flowers, was like the mingled sweetness and corruption she had smelled that other day in the empty cemetery at home: the day she had remembered always until now vaguely as the time she and her brother had found treasure in the opened graves. Instantly upon this thought the dreadful vision faded, and she saw clearly her brother whose childhood face she had forgotten, standing again in the blazing sunshine, again twelve years old, a pleased sober smile in his eyes, turning the silver dove over and over in his hands.

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*Katherine Anne Porter (1890-1980) was born in Indian Creek, Texas, grew up in Texas and Louisiana, and was educated in Germany and Mexico, locales she used in her fiction. Three collections of short stories—Flowering Judas (1930), Pale Horse, Pale Rider (1939) and The Leaning Tower (1944)—not only have given her an international reputation but also established her as one of America's most creative short-story writers of the last century. Her only novel, Ship of Fools, was published in 1962. In May, 2006, the United States Postal Service honored Katherine Anne Porter on a postage stamp.*

# Katherine Anne Porter

## “THE GRAVE”

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### SETTING

The story is told in a flashback\*.  
What is the setting of the flashback, and what is the setting of the frame\* (or at least of the “half-frame”)?

SETTING is “the physical, and sometimes spiritual, background against which the action of a narrative (novel, drama, short story, poem) takes place.” It includes (1) geography (country / city/region), (2) time (day/night, season, century/year/era, historical and social conditions and values), and (3) society (class, beliefs, values of the characters).

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### CHARACTER

How much can we tell about Miranda and Paul?  
Why does Porter include each of the ‘unseen’ characters?

CHARACTER is established through (1) direct exposition (comment by the author directly to the reader, although this is nearly always filtered through a narrator or other character, whose reliability you must always question), (2) dialogue (what the character says or thinks), and (3) action (what the character actually does).

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### SYMBOL

Find at least three symbols in the story and decide why Porter uses each of them.

SYMBOL is ‘something which is itself and yet stands for or suggests or means something else..., a figure of speech which combines a literal and sensuous quality with an abstract or suggestive aspect.’

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### POINT OF VIEW

Explain the complex point of view from which the story is told.

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### HUMOR

Identify words or phrases intended as humorous.

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### THEME

Identify a theme of the story and state it in one sentence.

THEME (sometimes called “thesis”) is “an attitude or position taken by a writer with the purpose of proving or supporting it.” The topic is the subject about which a writer writes; the theme is what the writer says about the topic.

Definitions are adapted from C. Hugh Holman, *A Handbook to Literature*, The Odyssey Press, 1972.

PETER VIERECK:

VALE<sup>1</sup> FROM CARTHAGE (SPRING, 1944)

I, now at Carthage.<sup>2</sup> He, shot dead at Rome.  
 Shipmates last May. "And what if one of us,"  
 I asked last May, in fun, in gentleness,  
 "Wears doom, like dungarees, and doesn't know?"  
 5 He laughed, "Not see Times Square<sup>3</sup> again?" The foam,  
 Feathering across that deck a year ago,  
 Swept those five words—like seeds—beyond the seas  
     Into his future. There they grew like trees;  
     And as he passed them there next spring, they laid  
 10      Upon his road of fire their sudden shade.  
 Though he had always scraped his mess-kit pure  
 And scrubbed redeemingly his barracks floor,  
 Though all his buttons glowed their ritual-hymn  
 Like cloudless moons to intercede for him,  
 15 No furlough fluttered from the sky. He will  
 Not see Times Square—he will not see—he will  
 Not see Times  
     change; at Carthage (while my friend,  
 Living those words at Rome, screamed in the end)  
 20 I saw an ancient Roman's tomb and read  
 "Vale" in stone. Here two wars mix their dead:  
     Roman, my shipmate's dream walks hand in hand  
     With yours tonight ("New York again" and "Rome"),  
     Like widowed sisters bearing water home  
 25      On tired heads through hot Tunisian sand  
     In good cool urns, and says, "I understand."  
 Roman, you'll see your Forum Square no more;  
 What's left but this to say of any war?



Directions: Read the poem carefully. Then answer fully and explicitly the following questions:

- Does the structure of the three opening sentences fit this particular poem? Give reasons for your answer.
- Why do the three place names — Carthage, Rome, and Times Square — create the particular emotional effects present in this poem?
- Interpret each of the following portions of the poem so as to show how it contributes to the effectiveness of the poem as a whole:
  - Wears doom, like dungarees* (line 4);
  - .... they laid*  
*Upon his road of fire their sudden shade* (lines 9-10);
  - No furlough fluttered from the sky* (line 15);
  - Living these words* (line 19);
  - Like widowed sisters* (line 24).
- To whom does *I* refer in line 26? What is it that is understood?
- To how much may *this* refer in the final line of the poem?

<sup>1</sup> *Vale* is the Latin word for farewell.

<sup>2</sup> Carthage is the site of the famous ancient city in Tunisia, North Africa. In ancient times the rivalry between Rome and Carthage culminated in the Punic Wars. In World War II, Tunisia again figured prominently.

<sup>3</sup> Times Square is the bustling center of New York City—the theater district.

*Walt Whitman (1819–1892). Leaves of Grass. 1900.*

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## Cavalry Crossing a Ford

A line in long array, where they wind betwixt green islands;  
They take a serpentine course—their arms flash in the sun—Hark to the musical clank;  
Behold the silvery river—in it the splashing horses, loitering, stop to drink;  
Behold the brown-faced men—each group, each person, a picture—the negligent rest on the  
saddles;

5 Some emerge on the opposite bank—others are just entering the ford—while,  
Scarlet, and blue, and snowy white,  
The guidon flags flutter gaily in the wind.

*Herman Melville*

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## The Night March

With banners furled and clarions mute,  
An army passes in the night;  
And beaming spears and helms salute  
The dark with bright.

5 In silence deep the legions stream,  
With open ranks, in order true;  
Over boundless plains they stream and gleam  
No chief in view!

Afar, in twinkling distance lost,  
10 (So legends tell) he lonely wends  
And back through all that shining host  
His mandate sends.

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## Rhythm and Meter

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Say!

I **like** green **eggs** and **ham**!

I **do!** I **like** them, **Sam-I-am!**

And I would **eat** them **in** a **boat**.

And I would **eat** them **with** a **goat**...

And I will **eat** them **in** the **rain**.

And **in** the **dark**. And **on** a **train**.

And **in** a **car**. And **in** a **tree**.

They **are** so **good**, so **good**, you **see!**

So I will **eat** them **in** a **box**.

And I will **eat** them **with** a **fox**.

And I will **eat** them **in** a **house**.

And I will **eat** them **with** a **mouse**.

And I will **eat** them **here** and **there**.

Say! I will **eat** them **ANYWHERE!**

I **do** so **like** green **eggs** and **ham**!

**Thank** you! **Thank** you, **Sam-I-am!**

If we **shadows** **have** offended,

**Think** but **this**, and **all** is **mended**,

**That** you **have** but **slumb'red** **here**

**While** these **visions** **did** appear.

And this **weak** and **idle** **theme**,

No more **yielding** but a **dream**,

**Gentles**, **do** not **reprehend**.

If you **pardon**, we will **mend**.

And, as I **am** an **honest** **Puck**,

If we **have** **unearnèd** **luck**

**Now** to 'scape the **serpent's** **tongue**,

We will **make** **amends** ere **long**;

Else the **Puck** a **liar** **call**.

**So**, good **night** unto you **all**.

Give **me** your **hands**, if **we** be **friends**,

And **Robin** shall **restore** **amends**.

[Exit.]

*(A Midsummer Night's Dream, 5.1.423-38)*



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# “The Witches’ Spell”

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Shakespeare

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Macbeth, Act 4, Scene 1

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## Background Effects

<b>1 Witch</b>	Thrice the brinded cat hat mew’d	<b>1</b>
<b>2 Witch</b>	Thrice: and once the hedge-pig whin’d.	<b>1</b>
<b>3 Witch</b>	Harpier cries: -- ‘tis time, ‘tis time.	<b>1</b>
<b>1 Witch</b>	Round about the caldron go;	<b>2</b>
	In the poison’d entrails throw.--	<b>2</b>
	Days and nights hast thirty-one	<b>2</b>
	Swelter’d venom sleeping got,	<b>3</b>
	Boil thou first i’ the charmed pot!	<b>3</b>
<b>All</b>	Double, double toil and trouble;	<b>3</b>
	Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.	<b>1 &amp; 3</b>
<b>2 Witch</b>	Fillet of a fenny snake,	<b>2</b>
	In the caldron boil and bake;	<b>2</b>
	Eye of newt, and toe of frog,	<b>2</b>
	Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,	<b>1</b>
	Adder’s fork, and blind-worm’s sting,	<b>1</b>
	Lizard’s leg, and howlet’s wing,--	<b>1</b>
	For a charm of powerful trouble,	<b>1, 2 &amp; 3</b>
	Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.	<b>3</b>
<b>All</b>	Double, double toil and trouble;	<b>3</b>
	Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.	<b>3</b>
<b>3 Witch</b>	Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,	<b>1 &amp; 2</b>
	Witches’ mummy, maw and gulf	<b>3</b>
	Of the ravin’d salt-sea shark,	<b>3</b>
	Root of hemlock, digg’d i’ the dark	<b>1 &amp; 2</b>
<b>All</b>	Double, double toil and trouble;	<b>3</b>
	Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.	<b>1, 2 &amp; 3</b>

1. Wind *Group 1 = Sounds of wind*
2. Dogs (wolves & the like) *Group 2 = Wild dogs howling &c.*
3. Birds (owls & the like) *Group 3 = Owls hooting, birds of prey &c.*

Adapted from *Shakespeare Set Free*

# Acting Companies: Performance Preparation

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## Editing

1. Make copies of the scene for everyone in the company
2. Read the scene aloud going around the group. As you read, circle any words and phrases you don't understand.
3. For those words, decide on a definition. Only if you feel a pressing need, get a definition from notes, dictionary, or the teacher.
4. Read the scene again, deciding together what each speech means.
5. Read the scene again, deciding on the objective of each character. Agree on the subtexts.
6. Decide how your passage fits into the context of the act and the whole play.
7. Read the scene again to edit out lines. Remember that your performance is limited to ten minutes, but cut only lines unessential to the scene's meaning.
8. Read the scene again; decide if the editing works.

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## Casting

9. When everyone has a comfortable understanding of the scene, cast parts.
10. If you don't have enough people in your company, you may have members "double," that is, play two roles—or, if the extra characters have only one or two lines, you might find other ways to work the scene.
11. If you have too many people, you may split larger parts (have two Violas, for instance) or consider including choral reading.
12. Appoint a director to oversee the whole production.

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## Blocking

13. Read through the scene, locating character entrances and exits. They do not have to be in the places the original script has them.
14. Decide on appropriate placement and movements for the characters and write them into your script.
15. Move through the blocking several times, talking about what to do is not the same. Are you avoiding lining up like prisoners awaiting execution?

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## Characterization

16. Read through your lines silently and aloud many times until you're sure you understand what you want every word, phrase, and sentence to mean.
17. Identify your character's objective in the passage.
18. Decide what words, phrases, or ideas need to be stressed and indicate them on your script.
19. Decide where pauses are appropriate and indicate them on your script
20. Identify your movements and gestures.
21. Read your part aloud many times. You are to memorize the part fully, but you should feel comfortable with it when you perform for the class. You will not read your lines during the performance.
22. Enjoy yourselves. But remember that you will play the scene 'straight.' *Parodies forfeit all credit.*

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## Furniture, Props, Costumes

23. Decide if you need furniture. Remember that classroom desks can be trees, walls, nearly anything.
24. Decide what props you need and who will bring them. Rehearse at least twice with all the physical pieces you will use.
25. Decide on costumes. These should not be elaborate but should clearly suggest your character.

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## Rehearse

26. Rehearse your scene several times. Remember the more you practice, the more relaxed you will be.
27. Get on your feet and go through the scene, acting out the parts.
28. Use your notes on blocking to help you decide where to come in, where to stand, which direction to turn while speaking, where to exit, and the like.
29. Listen to your director for suggestions about changes in blocking, movement, inflections, pauses, characterization, and the like.
30. Consider making a video of your rehearsal. Then watch it and decide what you want to improve. Improve it.
31. Recruit someone from outside your team to act as prompter during your performance.

adapted from *Shakespeare Set Free*.

## FINDING THE VOICES IN A SOLILOQUY

JULIET

15 Farewell.—God knows when we shall meet again.  
*I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins  
That almost freezes up the heat of life.  
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—  
Nurse!—What should she do here?*

20 My dismal scene I needs must act alone.  
Come, vial.  
*What if this mixture do not work at all?  
Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?  
No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.*

25 What if it be a poison which the Friar  
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,  
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored  
Because he married me before to Romeo?  
I fear it is. *And yet methinks it should not,*

30 *For he hath still been tried a holy man.  
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
I wake before the time that Romeo  
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point.*

35 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

## Acting Company Scenes: Cinna the Poet

**CINNA:** I dreamt tonight that I did feast with  
Caesar,  
And things unluckily charge my fantasy.  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

**1<sup>ST</sup> PLEBEIAN:** What is your name?

**2<sup>ND</sup> PLEBEIAN:** Whither are you going?

**3<sup>RD</sup> PLEBEIAN:** Where do you dwell?

**4<sup>TH</sup> PLEBEIAN:** Are you a married man or a bachelor?

**2<sup>ND</sup> PLEBEIAN:** Answer every man directly.

**1<sup>ST</sup> PLEBEIAN:** Ay, and briefly.

**4<sup>TH</sup> PLEBEIAN:** Ay, and wisely.

**3<sup>RD</sup> PLEBEIAN:** Ay, and truly, you were best.

**CINNA:** What is my name? Whither am I going?  
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man  
or a bachelor? Then to answer every  
man directly and briefly, wisely and  
truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

**2<sup>ND</sup> PLEBEIAN:** That's as much as to say they are fools  
that marry. You'll bear me a bang for  
that, I fear. Proceed directly.

**CINNA:** Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

**1<sup>ST</sup> PLEBEIAN:** As a friend or an enemy?

**CINNA:** As a friend.

**2<sup>ND</sup> PLEBEIAN:** That matter is answered directly.

**4<sup>TH</sup> PLEBEIAN:** For your dwelling—briefly.

**CINNA:** Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

**3<sup>RD</sup> PLEBEIAN:** Your name, sir, truly.

**CINNA:** Truly, my name is Cinna.

**1<sup>ST</sup> PLEBEIAN:** Tear him to pieces! He's a conspirator.

**CINNA:** I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the  
poet!

**4<sup>TH</sup> PLEBEIAN:** Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for  
his bad verses!

**CINNA:** I am not Cinna the conspirator.

**4<sup>TH</sup> PLEBEIAN:** It is no matter. His name's Cinna. Pluck  
but his name out of his heart, and turn  
him going.

**3<sup>RD</sup> PLEBEIAN:** Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho,  
firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius', burn  
all! Some to Decius' house, and some to  
Casca's, some to Ligarius'. Away, go!