

Skills for
LITERARY
analysis

Lessons in
Assessing
Writing
Structures

Junior High
Student
James P. Stobaugh

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Everything is from God, who . . . gave us the ministry of reconciliation (2 Corinthians 5:18).



Contents

Using Your Student Textbook	4
Preface	5
1. Setting — <i>The Call of the Wild</i> , Jack London	9
2. General Discussion — Worldviews	22
3. Narration — <i>The Call of the Wild</i> , Jack London	33
4. Theme — <i>The Call of the Wild</i> , Jack London	44
5. Characterization — <i>Joseph Narrative</i>	55
6. Plot — <i>Joseph Narrative</i>	64
7. Tone: Humor — <i>The Adventures of Tom Sawyer</i> , Mark Twain	74
8. Allegory — <i>Idylls of the King</i> , Alfred Lord Tennyson	85
9. Characterization — <i>Idylls of the King</i> , Alfred Lord Tennyson.....	94
10. Plot — <i>Treasure Island</i> , Robert Louis Stevenson.....	103
11. Suspense — <i>Treasure Island</i> , Robert Louis Stevenson.....	115
12. Narration — <i>How Green Was My Valley</i> , Richard Llewellyn	127
13. Theme — <i>Alice in Wonderland</i> , Lewis Carroll	135
14. Parody — <i>Alice in Wonderland</i> , Lewis Carroll.....	143
15. Dialogue — “Oracle of the Dog,” G.K. Chesterton	154
16. Humor — <i>The Screwtape Letters</i> , C.S. Lewis	172
17. Tone: Propaganda — <i>Uncle Tom’s Cabin</i> , Harriet Beecher Stowe.....	182
18. Allegory — <i>Uncle Tom’s Cabin</i> , Harriet Beecher Stowe.....	191
19. Character Development — <i>Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl</i> , Anne Frank	199
20. Setting — <i>Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl</i> , Anne Frank.....	209
21. Plot — <i>Silas Marner</i> , George Eliot	219
22. Tone: Irony and Sentimentality — <i>Silas Marner</i> , George Eliot	233
23. Theme — <i>Silas Marner</i> , George Eliot.....	244
24. Précis — “The Religious Life of the Negro,” Booker T. Washington.....	252
25. Characterization — <i>Anne of Green Gables</i> , L. Maude Montgomery	262
26. Theme — <i>Anne of Green Gables</i> , L. Maude Montgomery	276
27. Plot — <i>Ivanhoe</i> , Sir Walter Scott.....	287
28. Worldviews of Protagonist — <i>Ivanhoe</i> , Sir Walter Scott	299
29. Tone: Suspense — <i>Shane</i> , Jack Warner Schaefer.....	308
30. Character: Internal Conflict — <i>Shane</i> , Jack Warner Schaefer	318
31. Literary Review: Drama — <i>A Midsummer Night’s Dream</i> , William Shakespeare	325
32. Literary Review: Letters — “Letters,” C.S. Lewis.....	334
33. Poetry — “The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere,” Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	344
34. Short Story — “The Lady or the Tiger?,” Frank Stockton	353
Appendices	363

Using Your Student Textbook

How this course has been developed:

1. **Chapters:** This course has 34 chapters (representing 34 weeks of study).
2. **Lessons:** Each chapter has four instructive lessons, taking approximately 45 to 60 minutes each, with an exam or writing assignment due on Friday.
3. **Grading:** Depending on the grading option chosen, the parent/educator will grade the daily concept builders, and the weekly tests and essays.
4. **Course credit:** If a student has satisfactorily completed all assignments for this course, it is equivalent to one credit of writing and one credit of literature.

Throughout this course, you will find the following:

1. **Chapter learning objectives:** Always read the “First Thoughts” and “Chapter Learning Objectives” to comprehend the scope of the material to be covered in a particular week.
2. **Concept builders:** Students should complete a daily concept builder Monday through Thursday. These activities take 15 minutes or less and emphasize a particular concept that is vital to that particular chapter topic. These will relate to a subject covered in the chapter, though not necessarily in that day’s lesson. Answers are available in the teacher guide.
3. **Weekly essay tests:** Students will write one essay per week. These are available in the teacher guide and online.
4. **Daily prayer journal:** Students are encouraged to write in a prayer journal every day. A parent/educator may include this in the overall grade. If so, it is encouraged that the grade be based on participation rather than on the content, since this is a deeply personal expression of a student’s walk with God.
5. **Final project/portfolio:** Students will correct and rewrite their weekly essays for their final portfolio.
6. **Warm ups:** Daily warm up exercises will start each lesson, setting the tone of thought for the day.

What you will need each day:

1. A notepad or computer for your writing assignments.
2. A pen or pencil for taking notes and for essays.
3. A prayer journal so you can keep a record of your prayers and devotions.
4. Daily concept builders, weekly essays/speeches, and weekly essay tests and are available in the teacher guide.

Preface

Skills for Literary Analysis is a dialectic (examining opinion or ideas logically, often by the method of question and answer) or early rhetoric (using words effectively in writing or speaking) level, middle school or early high school, basic course. It is for the reluctant writer who nonetheless must be equipped with writing skills requisite for college and for the eager student who needs the same. Most college English professors do not assign essays with such titles as “What Did You Do for Summer Vacation?” Instead, they will ask you to write essay papers about literature. *Skills for Literary Analysis* teaches you how to write sophisticated literary analyses or criticisms.

Literary analysis or criticism is a way to talk about literature. It is a way to understand literature better so we can tell others about it.

Charles Osgood in his preface to Boswell’s *Life of Johnson* states:

Phillips Brooks once told the boys at Exeter that in reading a biography three men meet one another in close intimacy — the subject of the biography, the author, and the reader. Of the three, the most interesting is, of course, the man about whom the book is written. The most privileged is the reader, who is thus allowed to live familiarly with an eminent man. Least regarded of the three is the author. It is his part to introduce the others, and to develop between them an acquaintance, perhaps a friendship, while he, though ever busy and solicitous, withdraws into the background.¹

Our task, likewise, is to bring the subject, the author, and the reader together. We presume to offer insights about different literature that will edify all three.

¹ James Boswell, edited by Charles Osgood, *The Life of Samuel Johnson* (1917), preface.

Every literary piece and every analysis of a literary piece concerns three elements: *ethos*, *logos*, and *pathos*.

Ethos means “character,” and it implies “credibility.” Great literature exhibits ethos, and great literary criticism exudes *ethos*, too! Ethos evidences beliefs or ideals that characterize a community, nation, or worldview. Literary criticism rises or falls on its ability to exhibit believable, credible analysis. For instance, the reader must ask, “Is Huw in *How Green Was my Valley* a credible, believable narrator?”

Logos concerns the argument. Every literary critical essay that you write will have an argument. What is the theme? What narrative approach does the author take? Does it work? These are only a few examples that a literary critic might argue. *Logos*, like all argumentation, must be mindful of logic and rhetoric. For instance, Jack London’s *Call of the Wild* is not merely an adventure story about a sled dog — it is a book that presents an argument: a naturalistic argument. Readers and literary critics must be able to discern and to write about these arguments. No serious literary discussion of *Call of the Wild* can ignore the fact that London is advancing an evolutionary, naturalistic agenda.

Finally, every trustworthy literary piece has pathos, or “heart.” Literary critics, and the literary pieces they are analyzing, should offer much more than sterile, persuasive rhetoric. Great literature, and effective literary analysis, exhibits empathy with the reader and insights about the human condition. For example, George Eliot’s *Silas Marner* skillfully invites readers to enter the lonely world of old Silas Marner. Eliot causes the reader to feel, not simply to understand, the tragedy that drives Marner from his loving God and human community.

Student Responsibilities

Read the assigned, whole literary piece before the first classroom literary analysis. You will have to read ahead. You cannot wait until two days before a literary analysis is due to read the material. You will be prompted throughout the text, but you will need to make sure you do the work in a timely way. Your parent/educator may try to help you with more difficult readings by providing unabridged audiobooks of the assigned text. Listening to an audiobook is not a replacement for actual reading unless there are specific limitations that make this arrangement necessary.

Discuss the literary term highlighted for the week with your parent/educator (e.g., “plot”). The highlighted term is defined in simple language and is illustrated by a readable example. If you need more information, access other literature texts.

Review the Grammar Review and Writing Style section. This would be a good time for you to review and to correct manifested grammar deficiencies. If you are still having difficulty with grammar specifics, your parent/educator may give you a worksheet to complete. Grammar review will be in addition to your regular Literary Analysis.

Weekly essays. You will be writing one, two, or three, two-page essays per week, depending on the level of accomplishment you and your parent educator decide upon. To experience the optimum from the course, you should attempt to write all three of the essays in most lessons.

Complete literary reviews. You will be assigned particular works to read during this course; however, as time allows, read additional books from the enclosed list (see appendix). You should read most of the books on the enclosed supplemental book list before you graduate from high school. After reading a literary work, for this course or for any other reason, complete a literary review (see appendix). Keep these reviews as a record of your high school reading. The supplemental book list is not meant to be exhaustive but is intended as a guide to good reading. A suggestion is to read 35 to 50 pages per night (or 200 pages per week), which includes reading the books for this course.

Collect challenging vocabulary words

Create 3x5 Vocabulary Cards

Front	Back
Adversity	Harmful, Evil
	Adversity is a noun.
	The adverse effects of smoking are great.

When you meet an unknown word for the first time,

- do your best to figure out the word in context;
- check your guess by looking in the dictionary; and
- write a sentence with the word in it.

Use the illustration above to formulate your vocabulary cards of new words.

Write in a prayer journal. If you don't have a prayer journal, try using the prayer journal template in the appendix. Make 25 to 50 copies of this page and put it in a notebook. As often as you can — hopefully daily — fill out one of these sheets as you read and contemplate a biblical passage.

Begin the final project (Portfolio). See appendix for more specific instructions.

Your final project should include corrected essays, literary reviews, writing journal, vocabulary cards, pictures from field trips, and other pertinent material.

Skills for Literary Analysis Reading List

The following is a list of additional books and texts not included within the study that are needed for this course. It is strongly suggested that students read most, if not all, of these titles during the summer before taking this course. Most will be available at local libraries or as free downloads at The Online Books Page (online-books.library.upenn.edu/lists.html), Project Gutenberg (www.gutenberg.org/wiki/Main_Page), or Bartleby (www.bartleby.com/).

The Call of the Wild, by Jack London

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer by Mark Twain

Idylls of the King by Alfred Lord Tennyson

Treasure Island by Robert Louis Stevenson

How Green Was My Valley by Richard Llewellyn

Alice in Wonderland by Lewis Carroll

The Screwtape Letters by C.S. Lewis

Uncle Tom's Cabin by Harriet Beecher Stowe

Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl by Anne Frank

Silas Marner by George Eliot

“The Religious Life of the Negro” by Booker T. Washington

Anne of Green Gables by L. Maude Montgomery

Ivanhoe by Sir Walter Scott

Shane by Jack Warner Schaefer

A Midsummer Night's Dream by William Shakespeare

Weekly Implementation Schedule — Suggestions

If you follow this schedule, you will get all your work done in a timely way.

1. **Have students write in a prayer journal at least three times/week.** Journal writing is one the best forms of reflection. The prayer journal should be a narrative of their spiritual journey. Encourage the entries to be mechanically correct, but the primary purpose is to pique creativity and spiritual formation. In *Skills for Literary Analysis*, students are invited to journal through 1 and 2 Kings.
2. **Have students produce a Final Portfolio.** The Final Portfolio should include corrected essays, speeches, literary reviews, writing journal, vocabulary cards, pictures from field trips, and other pertinent material. In this teacher's edition, teachers will be prompted to engage students in progress discussions.
3. **Make sure students submit the Final Portfolio.** The final portfolio should include corrected essays, speeches, literary reviews, writing journal, vocabulary cards, pictures from field trips, and other pertinent material.

Appendices (Beginning page 363)

Writing Tips: General Statements

Pre-Writing Thinking Challenge

Abbreviated Pre-Writing Thinking Challenge

Pre-Writing Phase

The Thinking Challenge

Writing Phase

Rewriting Phase

Literary Devices

Novel Review

Short Story Review

Drama Review

Nonfiction Review

Prayer Journal Guide

Peer Evaluation Checklist

Composition Evaluation

Book List For Supplemental Reading (Some Are In Other Lit Books)

Glossary Of Literary Terms

Setting — *The Call of the Wild* (Jack London)

Chapter 1

Grammar Review: Overview

First Thoughts

Jack London (1876–1916) lived and wrote in the last part of the 19th century and early part of the 20th century. He watched the final frontier of America — Alaska — disappear. He wrote in a style literary critics call *naturalism*. What is naturalism? *The Call of the Wild* is essentially the story of a dog named Buck. However, as the book unfolds, one notices that there is a lot more happening. Buck is invited back into his wild ancestry. In Jack London's opinion, this invitation is a metaphor for life itself.

Chapter Learning Objectives

In chapter 1 we will examine the literary concept setting and its use in Jack London's *The Call of the Wild*. We will also examine the impact of naturalism on world history.

As a result of this chapter study you will be able to . . .

1. Analyze the setting in Jack London's *The Call of the Wild*.
2. Evaluate the impact of a naturalism worldview.

Look Ahead for Friday

- Turn in a final copy of essay
- Take Weekly Test

Setting is Critical

Setting is the *time* and the *place* in which a literary piece occurs. The setting may be stated directly, or it may be implied. In any event, authors use the setting to reveal the character(s) and to advance the story. Read the following story.

The following is a portion of a short story by Jack London entitled “To Build a Fire,” which first appeared in *The Century Magazine*, v. 76, August 1908. In this short story, the protagonist has foolishly tried to reach a distant location on the other side of a wilderness, in sub-zero weather. He failed and is very close to freezing to death.

The sight of the dog put a wild idea into his head. He remembered the tale of the man, caught in a blizzard, who killed a steer and crawled inside the carcass, and so was saved. He would kill the dog and bury his hands in the warm body until the numbness went out of them. Then he could build another fire. He spoke to the dog, calling it to him; but in his voice was a strange note of fear that frightened the animal, who had never known the man to speak in such way before. Something was the matter, and its suspicious nature sensed danger — it knew not what danger, but some-where, somehow, in its brain arose an apprehension of the man. It flattened its ears down at the sound of the man’s voice, and its restless, hunching movements and the liftings and shiftings of its forefeet became more pronounced; but it would not come to the man. He got on his hands and knees and crawled toward the dog. This unusual posture again excited suspicion, and the animal sidled mincingly away.

The man sat up in the snow for a moment and struggled for calmness. Then he pulled on his mittens, by means of his teeth, and got upon his feet. He glanced down at first in order to assure himself that he was really standing up, for the absence of sensation in his feet left him unrelated to the earth. His erect position in itself started to drive the webs of suspicion from the dog’s mind; and when he spoke peremptorily, with the sound of whiplashes in his voice, the dog rendered its customary allegiance and came to him. As it came within reaching distance, the man lost his control. His arms flashed out to the dog, and he experienced genuine surprise when he discovered that his hands could not clutch, that there was neither bend nor feeling in the fingers. He had forgotten for the moment that they were frozen and that they were freezing more and more. All this happened quickly, and before the animal could get

away, he encircled its body with his arms. He sat down in the snow, and in this fashion held the dog, while it snarled and whined and struggled.

But it was all he could do, hold its body encircled in his arms and sit there. He realized that he could not kill the dog. There was no way to do it. With his helpless hands he could neither draw nor hold his sheath-knife nor throttle the animal. He released it, and it plunged wildly away, with tail between its legs, and still snarling. It halted forty feet away and surveyed him curiously, with ears sharply pricked forward. The man looked down at his hands in order to locate them, and found them hanging on the ends of his arms. It struck him as curious that one should have to use his eyes in order to find out where his hands were. He began thrashing his arms back and forth, beating the mittened hands against his sides. He did this for five minutes, violently, and his heart pumped enough blood up to the surface to put a stop to his shivering. But no sensation was aroused in the hands. He had an impression that they hung like weights on the ends of his arms, but when he tried to run the impression down, he could not find it.

A certain fear of death, dull and oppressive, came to him. This fear quickly became poignant as he realized that it was no longer a mere matter of freezing his fingers and toes, or of losing his hands and feet, but that it was a matter of life and death with the chances against him. This threw him into a panic, and he turned and ran up the creek-bed along the old, dim trail. The dog joined in behind and kept up with him. He ran blindly, without intention, in fear such as he had never known in his life. Slowly, as he ploughed and floundered through the snow, he began to see things again — the banks of the creek, the old timber-jams, the leafless aspens, and the sky. The

running made him feel better. He did not shiver. Maybe, if he ran on, his feet would thaw out; and, anyway, if he ran far enough, he would reach camp and the boys. Without doubt he would lose some fingers and toes and some of his face; but the boys would take care of him, and save the rest of him when he got there. And at the same time there was another thought in his mind that

said he would never get to the camp and the boys; that it was too many miles away, that the freezing had too great a start on him, and that he would soon be stiff and dead. This thought he kept in the background and refused to consider. Sometimes it pushed itself forward and demanded to be heard, but he thrust it back and strove to think of other things.

Clearly the setting is critical! This sort of story could not occur in downtown Manhattan, New York City!

Daily Assignment

- Warm-up: The protagonist (main character) in this novel is Buck, a dog. Describe your pet. If you don't have one, describe a pet you wish you had.
- Students will complete Concept Builder 1-A.
- Prayer journal: Students are encouraged to write in their prayer journal every day.
- Students need to review their material for the next assignment
- Students should systematically review their vocabulary words daily.

CONCEPT BUILDER 1-A

Audience

Different audiences require different writing styles. It matters to whom you are writing a piece!

Choose the audience of each passage, and circle words that tell why you chose a particular audience. Hint: clues regarding audience lie in word choice and content.

- | | |
|---|-----------------------|
| _____ We conducted a single-center, randomized, controlled trial of arthroscopic surgery in patients with moderate-to-severe osteoarthritis of the knee. | A. Teachers |
| _____ Colston tried to continue playing with the injury during the Saints' 24-20 victory over the Bucs, but finished with only three catches for 26 yards. | B. Doctors |
| _____ What is editing? Ruth Culham of the Northwest Regional Education Laboratory separates revision (last month's column topic) from editing (spelling, grammar, capitalization, and punctuation). | C. Magazine for Women |
| _____ My guy loves music, and he had just bought himself a new iPod. He's obsessed with the painting <i>The Great Wave</i> , and I found an iPod skin with the exact painting on it. He loved it, and now he thinks of me every time he listens to his music! | D. Teenagers |
| _____ You want: to look bright-eyed. Hide dark circles around the eye area with an apricot-tinted color, or if you have darker skin, one that's one shade lighter than your skin tone. | E. Football Fans |
| _____ Making the user interface for one device easy, slick, fun, and fast is a challenge. If you have multiple devices and they need to cooperate, the challenge increases dramatically. As wired and wireless communications hardware gets cheaper, the design opportunities for communicating devices become more common. | F. Computer Nerd |

Setting is Marginally Important

In some literary works, the setting is relatively unimportant. Neither the plot nor the character development is dependent upon a location or time. Such is the case with George Eliot's *Silas Marner*. The following is chapter 1. Readers are introduced to the main character, Silas Marner, who lives in a small English village, Raveloe. While this location is interesting and does in fact contribute to Marner's character development, readers are reminded that Marner's desperate condition is the focus of this novel and not dependent upon any particular setting. Marner would feel betrayed and bitter if this novel occurred in London, for instance. In fact, Eliot invests most of her time revealing and developing internal conflicts within the soul of Silas Marner himself and invests precious little time developing the setting in which this occurs. Authors who are more concerned about character and plot development, and less about the setting, will liberally employ coincidence. Eliot does exactly that.

In the days when the spinning-wheels hummed busily in the farmhouses — and even great ladies, clothed in silk and thread-lace, had their toy spinning-wheels of polished oak — there might be seen in districts far away among the lanes, or deep in the bosom of the hills, certain pallid undersized men, who, by the side of the brawny country-folk, looked like the remnants of a disinherited race. The shepherd's dog barked fiercely when one of these alien-looking men appeared on the upland, dark against the early winter sunset; for what dog likes a figure bent under a heavy bag? — and these pale men rarely stirred abroad without that mysterious burden. The shepherd himself, though he had good reason to believe that the bag held nothing but flaxen thread, or else the long rolls of strong linen spun from that thread, was not quite sure that this trade of weaving, indispensable though it was, could be carried on entirely without the help of the Evil One. In that far-off time superstition clung easily round every person or thing that was at all unwonted, or even intermittent and occasional merely, like the visits of the pedlar or the knife-grinder. No one knew where wandering men had their homes or their origin; and how was a man to be explained unless you at least knew somebody who knew his father and mother? To the peasants of old times, the world outside their own direct experience was a region of vagueness and mystery: to their untravelled thought a state of wandering was a conception as dim as the winter life of the swallows that came back with the spring; and even a settler, if he came from distant parts, hardly ever ceased to be viewed with a remnant of distrust, which would

have prevented any surprise if a long course of inoffensive conduct on his part had ended in the commission of a crime; especially if he had any reputation for knowledge, or showed any skill in handicraft. All cleverness, whether in the rapid use of that difficult instrument the tongue, or in some other art unfamiliar to villagers, was in itself suspicious: honest folk, born and bred in a visible manner, were mostly not overwise or clever — at least, not beyond such a matter as knowing the signs of the weather; and the process by which rapidity and dexterity of any kind were acquired was so wholly hidden, that they partook of the nature of conjuring. In this way it came to pass that those scattered linen-weavers — emigrants from the town into the country — were to the last regarded as aliens by their rustic neighbours, and usually contracted the eccentric habits which belong to a state of loneliness.

In the early years of this century, such a linen-weaver, named Silas Marner, worked at his vocation in a stone cottage that stood among the nutty hedgerows near the village of Raveloe, and not far from the edge of a deserted stone-pit. The questionable sound of Silas's loom, so unlike the natural cheerful trotting of the winnowing-machine, or the simpler rhythm of the flail, had a half-fearful fascination for the Raveloe boys, who would often leave off their nutting or birds'-nesting to peep in at the window of the stone cottage, counterbalancing a certain awe at the mysterious action of the loom, by a pleasant sense of scornful superiority, drawn from the mockery of its alternating noises, along with the bent, tread-mill attitude of the weaver. But

sometimes it happened that Marner, pausing to adjust an irregularity in his thread, became aware of the small scoundrels, and, though chary of his time, he liked their intrusion so ill that he would descend from his loom, and, opening the door, would fix on them a gaze that was always enough to make them take to their legs in terror. For how was it possible to believe that those large brown protuberant eyes in Silas Marner's pale face really saw nothing very distinctly that was not close to them, and not rather that their dreadful stare could dart cramp, or rickets, or a wry mouth at any boy who happened to be in the rear? They had, perhaps, heard their fathers and mothers hint that Silas Marner could cure folks' rheumatism if he had a mind, and add, still more darkly, that if you could only speak the devil fair enough, he might save you the cost of the doctor. Such strange lingering echoes of the old demon-worship might perhaps even now be caught by the diligent listener among the grey-haired peasantry; for the rude mind with difficulty associates the ideas of power and benignity. A shadowy conception of power that by much persuasion can be induced to refrain from inflicting harm, is the shape most easily taken by the sense of the Invisible in the minds of men who have always been pressed close by primitive wants, and to whom a life of hard toil has never been illuminated by any enthusiastic religious faith. To them pain and mishap present a far wider range of possibilities than gladness and enjoyment: their imagination is almost barren of the images that feed desire and hope, but is all overgrown by recollections that are a perpetual pasture to fear. "Is there anything you can fancy that you would like to eat?" I once said to an old labouring man, who was in his last illness, and who had refused all the food his wife had offered him. "No," he answered, "I've never been used to nothing but common victual, and I can't eat that." Experience had bred no fancies in him that could raise the phantasm of appetite.

And Raveloe was a village where many of the old echoes lingered, undrowned by new voices. Not that it was one of those barren parishes lying on the outskirts of civilization — inhabited by meagre sheep and thinly-scattered shepherds: on the contrary, it lay in the rich central plain of what we are pleased to call Merry England, and held farms which, speaking from a spiritual point of view, paid highly-desirable tithes. But it was nestled in a snug well-wooded hollow, quite an hour's journey on horseback from any turnpike, where it was never reached by the vibrations of the coach-horn, or of public opinion. It was an important-looking village, with a fine old church and large churchyard in the heart of it, and two or three large brick-and-stone homesteads, with

well-walled orchards and ornamental weathercocks, standing close upon the road, and lifting more imposing fronts than the rectory, which peeped from among the trees on the other side of the churchyard — a village which showed at once the summits of its social life, and told the practised eye that there was no great park and manor-house in the vicinity, but that there were several chiefs in Raveloe who could farm badly quite at their ease, drawing enough money from their bad farming, in those war times, to live in a rollicking fashion, and keep a jolly Christmas, Whitsun, and Easter tide.

It was fifteen years since Silas Marner had first come to Raveloe; he was then simply a pallid young man, with prominent short-sighted brown eyes, whose appearance would have had nothing strange for people of average culture and experience, but for the villagers near whom he had come to settle it had mysterious peculiarities which corresponded with the exceptional nature of his occupation, and his advent from an unknown region called "North'ard." So had his way of life — he invited no comers to step across his door-sill, and he never strolled into the village to drink a pint at the Rainbow, or to gossip at the wheelwright's: he sought no man or woman, save for the purposes of his calling, or in order to supply himself with necessaries; and it was soon clear to the Raveloe lasses that he would never urge one of them to accept him against her will—quite as if he had heard them declare that they would never marry a dead man come to life again. This view of Marner's personality was not without another ground than his pale face and unexampled eyes; for Jem Rodney, the mole-catcher, averred that one evening as he was returning homeward, he saw Silas Marner leaning against a stile with a heavy bag on his back, instead of resting the bag on the stile as a man in his senses would have done; and that, on coming up to him, he saw that Marner's eyes were set like a dead man's, and he spoke to him, and shook him, and his limbs were stiff, and his hands clutched the bag as if they'd been made of iron; but just as he had made up his mind that the weaver was dead, he came all right again, like, as you might say, in the winking of an eye, and said "Goodnight," and walked off. All this Jem swore he had seen, more by token that it was the very day he had been mole-catching on Squire Cass's land, down by the old saw-pit. Some said Marner must have been in a "fit," a word which seemed to explain things otherwise incredible; but the argumentative Mr. Macey, clerk of the parish, shook his head, and asked if anybody was ever known to go off in a fit and not fall down. A fit was a stroke, wasn't it? and it was in the nature of a stroke to partly take away the use of a man's limbs and throw him

on the parish, if he'd got no children to look to. No, no; it was no stroke that would let a man stand on his legs, like a horse between the shafts, and then walk off as soon as you can say "Gee!" But there might be such a thing as a man's soul being loose from his body, and going out and in, like a bird out of its nest and back; and that was how folks got over-wise, for they went to school in this shell-less state to those who could teach them more than their neighbours could learn with their five senses and the parson. And where did Master Marner get his knowledge of herbs from — and charms too, if he liked to give them away? Jem Rodney's story was no more than what might have been expected by anybody who had seen how Marner had cured Sally Oates, and made her sleep like a baby, when her heart had been beating enough to burst her body, for two months and more, while she had been under the doctor's care. He might cure more folks if he would; but he was worth speaking fair, if it was only to keep him from doing you a mischief.

It was partly to this vague fear that Marner was indebted for protecting him from the persecution that his singularities might have drawn upon him, but still more to the fact that, the old linen-weaver in the neighbouring parish of Tarley being dead, his handicraft made him a highly welcome settler to the richer housewives of the district, and even to the more provident cottagers, who had their little stock of yarn at the year's end. Their sense of his usefulness would have counteracted any repugnance or suspicion which was not confirmed by a deficiency in the quality or the tale of the cloth he wove for them. And the years had rolled on without producing any change in the impressions of the neighbours concerning Marner, except the change from novelty to habit. At the end of fifteen years the Raveloe men said just the same things about Silas Marner as at the beginning: they did not say them quite so often, but they believed them much more strongly when they did say them. There was only one important addition which the years had brought: it was, that Master Marner had laid by a fine sight of money somewhere, and that he could buy up "bigger men" than himself.

But while opinion concerning him had remained nearly stationary, and his daily habits had presented scarcely any visible change, Marner's inward life had been a history and a metamorphosis, as that of every fervid nature must be when it has fled, or been condemned, to solitude. His life, before he came to Raveloe, had been filled with the movement, the mental activity, and the close fellowship, which, in that day as in this, marked the life of an artisan early incorporated in a narrow religious

sect, where the poorest layman has the chance of distinguishing himself by gifts of speech, and has, at the very least, the weight of a silent voter in the government of his community. Marner was highly thought of in that little hidden world, known to itself as the church assembling in Lantern Yard; he was believed to be a young man of exemplary life and ardent faith; and a peculiar interest had been centred in him ever since he had fallen, at a prayer-meeting, into a mysterious rigidity and suspension of consciousness, which, lasting for an hour or more, had been mistaken for death. To have sought a medical explanation for this phenomenon would have been held by Silas himself, as well as by his minister and fellow-members, a wilful self-exclusion from the spiritual significance that might lie therein. Silas was evidently a brother selected for a peculiar discipline; and though the effort to interpret this discipline was discouraged by the absence, on his part, of any spiritual vision during his outward trance, yet it was believed by himself and others that its effect was seen in an accession of light and fervour. A less truthful man than he might have been tempted into the subsequent creation of a vision in the form of resurgent memory; a less sane man might have believed in such a creation; but Silas was both sane and honest, though, as with many honest and fervent men, culture had not defined any channels for his sense of mystery, and so it spread itself over the proper pathway of inquiry and knowledge. He had inherited from his mother some acquaintance with medicinal herbs and their preparation—a little store of wisdom which she had imparted to him as a solemn bequest — but of late years he had had doubts about the lawfulness of applying this knowledge, believing that herbs could have no efficacy without prayer, and that prayer might suffice without herbs; so that the inherited delight he had in wandering in the fields in search of foxglove and dandelion and coltsfoot, began to wear to him the character of a temptation.

Among the members of his church there was one young man, a little older than himself, with whom he had long lived in such close friendship that it was the custom of their Lantern Yard brethren to call them David and Jonathan. The real name of the friend was William Dane, and he, too, was regarded as a shining instance of youthful piety, though somewhat given to over-severity towards weaker brethren, and to be so dazzled by his own light as to hold himself wiser than his teachers. But whatever blemishes others might discern in William, to his friend's mind he was faultless; for Marner had one of those impressible self-doubting natures which, at an inexperienced age, admire imperativeness and lean on

contradiction. The expression of trusting simplicity in Marner's face, heightened by that absence of special observation, that defenceless, deer-like gaze which belongs to large prominent eyes, was strongly contrasted by the self-complacent suppression of inward triumph that lurked in the narrow slanting eyes and compressed lips of William Dane. One of the most frequent topics of conversation between the two friends was Assurance of salvation: Silas confessed that he could never arrive at anything higher than hope mingled with fear, and listened with longing wonder when William declared that he had possessed unshaken assurance ever since, in the period of his conversion, he had dreamed that he saw the words "calling and election sure" standing by themselves on a white page in the open Bible. Such colloquies have occupied many a pair of pale-faced weavers, whose unnurtured souls have been like young winged things, fluttering forsaken in the twilight.

It had seemed to the unsuspecting Silas that the friendship had suffered no chill even from his formation of another attachment of a closer kind. For some months he had been engaged to a young servant-woman, waiting only for a little increase to their mutual savings in order to their marriage; and it was a great delight to him that Sarah did not object to William's occasional presence in their Sunday interviews. It was at this point in their history that Silas's cataleptic fit occurred during the prayer-meeting; and amidst the various queries and expressions of interest addressed to him by his fellow-members, William's suggestion alone jarred with the general sympathy towards a brother thus singled out for special dealings. He observed that, to him, this trance looked more like a visitation of Satan than a proof of divine favour, and exhorted his friend to see that he hid no accursed thing within his soul. Silas, feeling bound to accept rebuke and admonition as a brotherly office, felt no resentment, but only pain, at his friend's doubts concerning him; and to this was soon added some anxiety at the perception that Sarah's manner towards him began to exhibit a strange fluctuation between an effort at an increased manifestation of regard and involuntary signs of shrinking and dislike. He asked her if she wished to break off their engagement; but she denied this: their engagement was known to the church, and had been recognized in the prayer-meetings; it could not be broken off without strict investigation, and Sarah could render no reason that would be sanctioned by the feeling of the community. At this time the senior deacon was taken dangerously ill, and, being a childless widower, he was tended night and day by some of the younger brethren or sisters. Silas frequently took his turn in the

night-watching with William, the one relieving the other at two in the morning. The old man, contrary to expectation, seemed to be on the way to recovery, when one night Silas, sitting up by his bedside, observed that his usual audible breathing had ceased. The candle was burning low, and he had to lift it to see the patient's face distinctly. Examination convinced him that the deacon was dead — had been dead some time, for the limbs were rigid. Silas asked himself if he had been asleep, and looked at the clock: it was already four in the morning. How was it that William had not come? In much anxiety he went to seek for help, and soon there were several friends assembled in the house, the minister among them, while Silas went away to his work, wishing he could have met William to know the reason of his non-appearance. But at six o'clock, as he was thinking of going to seek his friend, William came, and with him the minister. They came to summon him to Lantern Yard, to meet the church members there; and to his inquiry concerning the cause of the summons the only reply was, "You will hear." Nothing further was said until Silas was seated in the vestry, in front of the minister, with the eyes of those who to him represented God's people fixed solemnly upon him. Then the minister, taking out a pocket-knife, showed it to Silas, and asked him if he knew where he had left that knife? Silas said, he did not know that he had left it anywhere out of his own pocket — but he was trembling at this strange interrogation. He was then exhorted not to hide his sin, but to confess and repent. The knife had been found in the bureau by the departed deacon's bedside — found in the place where the little bag of church money had lain, which the minister himself had seen the day before. Some hand had removed that bag; and whose hand could it be, if not that of the man to whom the knife belonged? For some time Silas was mute with astonishment: then he said, "God will clear me: I know nothing about the knife being there, or the money being gone. Search me and my dwelling; you will find nothing but three pound five of my own savings, which William Dane knows I have had these six months." At this William groaned, but the minister said, "The proof is heavy against you, brother Marner. The money was taken in the night last past, and no man was with our departed brother but you, for William Dane declares to us that he was hindered by sudden sickness from going to take his place as usual, and you yourself said that he had not come; and, moreover, you neglected the dead body."

"I must have slept," said Silas. Then, after a pause, he added, "Or I must have had another visitation like that which you have all seen me under, so that the thief

must have come and gone while I was not in the body, but out of the body. But, I say again, search me and my dwelling, for I have been nowhere else.”

The search was made, and it ended — in William Dane’s finding the well-known bag, empty, tucked behind the chest of drawers in Silas’s chamber! On this William exhorted his friend to confess, and not to hide his sin any longer. Silas turned a look of keen reproach on him, and said, “William, for nine years that we have gone in and out together, have you ever known me tell a lie? But God will clear me.”

“Brother,” said William, “how do I know what you may have done in the secret chambers of your heart, to give Satan an advantage over you?”

Silas was still looking at his friend. Suddenly a deep flush came over his face, and he was about to speak impetuously, when he seemed checked again by some inward shock, that sent the flush back and made him tremble. But at last he spoke feebly, looking at William.

“I remember now — the knife wasn’t in my pocket.”

William said, “I know nothing of what you mean.” The other persons present, however, began to inquire where Silas meant to say that the knife was, but he would give no further explanation: he only said, “I am sore stricken; I can say nothing. God will clear me.”

On their return to the vestry there was further deliberation. Any resort to legal measures for ascertaining the culprit was contrary to the principles of the church in Lantern Yard, according to which prosecution was forbidden to Christians, even had the case held less scandal to the community. But the members were bound to take other measures for finding out the truth, and they resolved on praying and drawing lots. This resolution can be a ground of surprise only to those who are unacquainted with that obscure religious life which has gone on in the alleys of our towns. Silas knelt with his brethren, relying on his own innocence being certified by immediate divine interference, but feeling that there was sorrow and mourning behind for him even then — that his trust in man had been cruelly bruised. *The lots declared that Silas Marner was guilty.* He was solemnly suspended from church-membership, and called upon to render up the stolen money: only on confession, as the sign of repentance, could he be received once more within the folds of the church. Marner listened in silence. At last, when everyone rose to depart, he went towards William Dane and said, in a voice shaken by agitation —

“The last time I remember using my knife, was

when I took it out to cut a strap for you. I don’t remember putting it in my pocket again. *You* stole the money, and you have woven a plot to lay the sin at my door. But you may prosper, for all that: there is no just God that governs the earth righteously, but a God of lies, that bears witness against the innocent.”

There was a general shudder at this blasphemy.

William said meekly, “I leave our brethren to judge whether this is the voice of Satan or not. I can do nothing but pray for you, Silas.”

Poor Marner went out with that despair in his soul — that shaken trust in God and man, which is little short of madness to a loving nature. In the bitterness of his wounded spirit, he said to himself, “*She* will cast me off too.” And he reflected that, if she did not believe the testimony against him, her whole faith must be upset as his was. To people accustomed to reason about the forms in which their religious feeling has incorporated itself, it is difficult to enter into that simple, untaught state of mind in which the form and the feeling have never been severed by an act of reflection. We are apt to think it inevitable that a man in Marner’s position should have begun to question the validity of an appeal to the divine judgment by drawing lots; but to him this would have been an effort of independent thought such as he had never known; and he must have made the effort at a moment when all his energies were turned into the anguish of disappointed faith. If there is an angel who records the sorrows of men as well as their sins, he knows how many and deep are the sorrows that spring from false ideas for which no man is culpable.

Marner went home, and for a whole day sat alone, stunned by despair, without any impulse to go to Sarah and attempt to win her belief in his innocence. The second day he took refuge from benumbing unbelief, by getting into his loom and working away as usual; and before many hours were past, the minister and one of the deacons came to him with the message from Sarah, that she held her engagement to him at an end. Silas received the message mutely, and then turned away from the messengers to work at his loom again. In little more than a month from that time, Sarah was married to William Dane; and not long afterwards it was known to the brethren in Lantern Yard that Silas Marner had departed from the town.¹

1 George Eliot, *Silas Marner*, 1861, Chapter One. www.gutenberg.org/files/550/550-h/550-h.htm.

Daily Assignment

- Warm-up: Pets are our friends, and, in many ways, they have “human characteristics.” But they are not human beings. Explain.
- Students will complete Concept Builder 1-B.
- Prayer journal.
- Students should outline all assigned essays for the week.

CONCEPT BUILDER 1-B

Writing Style

Compare and contrast the writing styles in the following passages:

- A. There was a considerable difference between the ages of my parents, but this circumstance seemed to unite them only closer in bonds of devoted affection. There was a sense of justice in my father’s upright mind which rendered it necessary that he should approve highly to love strongly. Perhaps during former years he had suffered from the late-discovered unworthiness of one beloved and so was disposed to set a greater value on tried worth. There was a show of gratitude and worship in his attachment to my mother, differing wholly from the doting fondness of age, for it was inspired by reverence for her virtues and a desire to be the means of, in some degree, recompensing her for the sorrows she had endured, but which gave inexpressible grace to his behaviour to her. Everything was made to yield to her wishes and her convenience. He strove to shelter her, as a fair exotic is sheltered by the gardener, from every rougher wind and to surround her with all that could tend to excite pleasurable emotion in her soft and benevolent mind. Her health, and even the tranquillity of her hitherto constant spirit, had been shaken by what she had gone through. During the two years that had elapsed previous to their marriage my father had gradually relinquished all his public functions; and immediately after their union they sought the pleasant climate of Italy, and the change of scene and interest attendant on a tour through that land of wonders, as a restorative for her weakened frame. (Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*).
- B. That was why he had shied in such panic. He had felt the give under his feet and heard the crackle of a snow-hidden ice skin. And to get his feet wet in such a temperature meant trouble and danger. At the very least it meant delay, for he would be forced to stop and build a fire, and under its protection to bare his feet while he dried his socks and moccasins. He stood and studied the creek bed and its banks, and decided that the flow of water came from the right. He reflected awhile, rubbing his nose and cheeks, then skirted to the left, stepping gingerly and testing the footing for each step. Once clear of the danger, he took a fresh chew of tobacco and swung along at his four-mile gait. (Jack London, “To Build a Fire”)

Elements	Passage A	Passage B
Narration: Does the author let the reader see into everyone’s mind? Give an example.	<i>Yes. Shelley reveals the characters’ thoughts. “There was a sense of justice in my father’s upright mind which rendered it necessary that he should approve highly to love strongly.”</i>	<i>No. London merely allows the reader to see into one character’s mind. “That was why he had shied in such panic. He had felt the give under his feet and heard the crackle of a snow-hidden ice skin.”</i>
Diction: Does the author use complicated/big words? Give an example.		
Imagery: Does the author use a lot of descriptive words to explain things? Give an example.		

Sample Literary Analysis

The setting of a story or a play is as important as the characters, for the setting is what creates the “mood.” In *Murder in the Cathedral*, T.S. Eliot uses a cathedral as his entire setting, and much to the advantage of the play, he never leaves it.

Thomas a’Beckett is an archbishop who steps out of line according to the king of the land. Therefore, he must die. Eliot uses the cathedral as a place of refuge, peril, and later, death. It is in the cathedral where the life of Thomas a’Beckett essentially begins and ends. The fact that he is an archbishop is also significant to the setting. Beckett is ordained in the cathedral; he preaches in the cathedral; he gives the sacraments in the cathedral. The cathedral is the central focus of his life. It is in the walls of the cathedral that God seems so present, but even there evil resides. Normally, the cathedral is safe, but in this play murder comes to the safe cathedral. Eliot is saying something about life.

Since people come here to worship and to pray, the chorus (who sings throughout the play) fits in wonderfully. The chorus is critically consequential to the development of the climax. It joins a’Beckett in the cathedral and ultimately the assassins — the knights — join the chorus, and chicanery results. It all happens in the cathedral. The archbishop, the chorus, the knights (who murder Thomas), and finally the cathedral become the closing scene of this brilliant play. It is in the cathedral that Thomas a’Beckett lives out his destiny. (Jessica Stobaugh)



Martyrdom of Saint Thomas Becket, Anonymous, c. 1250 (PD-Art).

Daily Assignment

- Warm-up: Have you ever lost a pet? How did he/she die? How did you feel?
- Students will complete a daily Concept Builder 1-C.
- Prayer journal.
- Students should write rough drafts of all assigned essays.

CONCEPT
BUILDER
1-C

Building an Outline

Examine the setting in these two passages.

- A. Southern Arkansas was a generous but exhausted land. Cotton grew to bountiful heights. Southwest winds permanently bent rice plants pregnant with pounds and pounds of offspring. Pecan trees cradled whole acres of antediluvian loam with their gigantic arms. Every spring, bayous and rivers deposited a rich delta gift along the banks of grateful farmland. It was a gift from Minnesota and Ohio — freely given by the ubiquitous Mississippi River. This was really an unselfish land, a land that seemed to give more than it took.

The house in which I now lived was a natural addition to this magnificent land. Built during the depression years of cheap labor, it reflected my grandparent's unbounded optimism. They had built it with a profitable business and Depression-priced labor. They shamelessly flaunted their prosperity in a culture that was painfully impoverished. No one seemed to mind. The South has always been kind to its elitists. They were a chosen people, or so they claimed with every offering of ebullience. No one questioned their credentials — especially when my grandmother imported bricks from New Orleans streets, painted wicker chairs from replete Havana shops, and crystal chandeliers from abandoned Liverpool mansions. I remember that the bricks surrounding our fireplace evoked a faint smell of horse manure every winter as we enjoyed our winter fires.

Where?

When?

Is the setting important? Why or why not?

- B. In the later part of the 17th century, there lived a man of science — an eminent proficient in every branch of natural philosophy — who, not long before our story opens, had made experience of a spiritual affinity, more attractive than any chemical one. He had left his laboratory to the care of an assistant, cleared his fine countenance from the furnace-smoke, washed the stain of acids from his fingers, and persuaded a beautiful woman to become his wife. In those days, when the comparatively recent discovery of electricity, and other kindred mysteries of nature, seemed to open paths into the region of miracle, it was not unusual for the love of science to rival the love of woman, in its depth and absorbing energy. The higher intellect, the imagination, the spirit, and even the heart, might all find their congenial aliment in pursuits which, as some of their ardent votaries believed, would ascend from one step of powerful intelligence to another, until the philosopher should lay his hand on the secret of creative force, and perhaps make new worlds for himself. We know not whether Aylmer possessed this degree of faith in man's ultimate control over nature. He had devoted himself, however, too unreservedly to scientific studies, ever to be weaned from them by any second passion. His love for his young wife might prove the stronger of the two; but it could only be by intertwining itself with his love of science, and uniting the strength of the latter to its own. (Nathaniel Hawthorne, "The Birthmark")

Where?

When?

Is the setting important? Why or why not?

Grammar Review: Overview

Grammar Review concerns quality and substance, not content. It is, simply, the way you write. Traits of an effective style include: focus, concreteness, vitality, originality, grace, and commitment.

There are three elements of style that you will need to address:

- focus: awareness of audience/task; clear purpose.
- content: ideas are specific, relevant to focus, and fully developed.
- organization: there is a logical order of ideas.

Who is your audience? What is your task? How can you walk your reader to a point of enlightenment? Are you trying to entertain? To inform? Both? Your answers to these questions, and other stylistic questions, will both focus your paper and move your reader to a desired conclusion, or it will diffuse your paper and move your reader into a place of confusion. Is the focus clearly stated? To what audience is this essay written? Does it focus the reader or confuse the reader? Are your ideas relevant to focus and fully developed? Finally, is your paper logically organized?

Which of the following passages has the best “style”? Why?

- A. Fishing in King Tut Lake was the manliest fishing possible. King Tut was no man-made lake with Augustine grass, manicured sea shores, and smooth, welcoming docks launching the angler into a viscous realm. King Tut, only a mile in length through a swamp, coiled like a horseshoe. It was difficult to know, at some places along its circumference, where the swamp ended and King Tut began.

Within its environs were a plethora of vicious water snakes, venomous moccasins — euphemistically called cottonmouths — and huge snapping turtles. The intrepid aggression of these wild reptiles was encouraged by the absence of human contact.

The most salient and intimidating feature of King Tut Lake, however, was huge cypress trees, some older than the Republic. Over the years, dry seasons had teased huge cypress knees out of the shallow transplanted bayou water, until, by 1965, the cypress trees squatted in the tepid lake, only a few years from being a swamp, like squatting sumo wrestlers. At five on this July evening in the middle of the 1960s my dad and I pushed our little 14-footer into mossy King Tut Lake. It felt a lot like the way the French explorer Marquette must have felt when he eased his canoe from the relative safety of backwater streams into the Mississippi River.

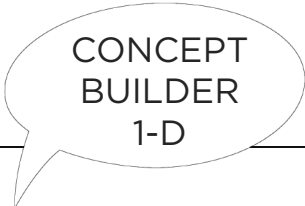
We were immediately attacked by a disoriented or terribly brave three-foot water snake that skillfully circled our john boat and then went in for the kill. For three successive attacks, the water snake bit our aluminum boat. I had been told that snakes do not bite in the water — but this one surely did. While I found the whole thing unnerving, my dad merely laughed. I lobbied strenuously to shoot the thing with the 22-caliber pistol in our boat, and my dad gently pushed the thing away with his paddle — even as the serpent continued to attack his paddle!

Finally, after the water snake was sufficiently satisfied that the big old floating monster in his lake was dead or knew his position in the cosmos or was not going to bother him again or whatever water snakes think when they attack big things, it withdrew with obvious satisfaction and quietly slid to the top of a cypress knee from which it unceremoniously drove away a snapping turtle and glared at us as we slid by in our boat.

- B. King Tut was a pretty wild lake in south Arkansas. I can remember a time when a mean snake attacked our boat. My dad and I were fishing. The snake actually bit our boat! Wow was I scared!

Daily Assignment

- Warm-up: Buck feels great loyalty to Thornton. Loyalty is a powerful human action. Define loyalty and then describe a situation where you were loyal to someone (e.g., a friend) or something (e.g., a sports team). How did it feel to be loyal?
- Students will complete Concept Builder 1-D.
- Prayer journal.
- Review the assigned text. Keep vocabulary cards.
- This is the day that students should write, and then rewrite, the final drafts of their assigned essays.



CONCEPT
BUILDER
1-D

Vocabulary

Define the following words (found in Jack London, *The Call of the Wild*) and use them in a sentence:

1. Lacerated
Definition:
Sentence:
2. Primordial
Definition:
Sentence:
3. Wizen
Definition:
Sentence:
4. Disconsolate
Definition:
Sentence:
5. Malingerer
Definition:
Sentence:
6. Bedlam
Definition:
Sentence:
7. Innocuously
Definition:
Sentence:
8. Importune
Definition:
Sentence: