

AP Junior English

Language and Composition

Struggle. Futility. Despair... Hope.

Human beings have wrestled with the idea of helplessness and perseverance since the beginning of time. How much is too much to handle? When does the human soul reach the limit of endurance? Is giving up synonymous with failure, or can you find triumph even in loss and despair?

The following packet explores the idea of despair and persistence and hope. They are placed in order so that skills build on each other, but technically you can read them in any order.

- “Prometheus and Pandora” by Thomas Bulfinch
- The story of Sisyphus
- *The Bible*, Matthew 26-27
- “The Myth of Sisyphus,” essay by Albert Camus
- *The Gullistan*, Persian literature by Sa’ di
- A selection of poems including “In a Glass of Cider” and “Blackberry Picking”
- passage from *The Spectator* by Joseph Addison
- *The Crisis* by Thomas Paine

These selections are designed to help you build all the skills you’ll need coming into an AP language course, including the ability to read a wide range of materials, including the most commonly referenced allusions in the English language (mythology and the Bible). So, this packet will walk you through identifying voice, point of view, rhetorical devices and persuasive techniques. You will be ready for success... but only if you put real effort into this summer work.

You need to read this packet and analyze the texts. I’ve included questions to help you start focusing on the important concepts. While you do not need to write these answers down, I would recommend that you discuss the answers with someone and debate possible interpretations. The test on the first day will be taken largely from these concepts. I do not give a lot of worksheet type assignments; however, if you do not do the reading and discussion in this summer assignment, you will fail the opening test. So do your work.

After you finish all the readings and take some time to think about each author’s point of view as well as your own, you will have to prepare a documented essay. The instructions are at the end of the packet, but I will say this right now. You need to demonstrate an ability to take different points of view and incorporate them into one clear position. I gave you texts, and I expect you to use them. I also expect you to impress me with your ability to think about the subject and give me your views and your beliefs. That does not mean you can use “I think” or

“I believe.” Those have NO place in formal writing. However, you can take a position and argue that position using these authors as evidence. As always, your grammar and your writing style count, so impress me.

Finally, you need to be proficient with timed readings. If you take too much time to complete a task in AP classes, you will have trouble succeeding; however, the only way to get faster is to practice, practice, practice, and oh yes, practice. So instead of reading a novel this summer, you need to get SAT prep materials (online, from a bookstore, from an older sibling... wherever). You need to practice for the PSAT test in October, and to be successful in AP Language, you have to be comfortable with the reading section of an SAT test. (BTW: The PSAT and SAT are the same test with one exception, you do not write an essay for the PSAT. So, any materials labelled SAT are also appropriate for PSAT) So, by the end of the summer, you should be timing yourself on the reading sections and getting between 50% to 75% of the questions correct.

I know you may get stuck or reach a point where you think you can't go on (much like Sisyphus), but you can. The ability to work through a difficulty is the mark of greatness. However, smart people ask for help. You can find a classmate and talk through the problem or you can CALL ME! I am in workshops for much of June and July, which will mean I'm gone in the day and will get home around 6. June 16th through June 29th, I won't be home at all. However, most other time you can call me in the evening on my home phone if you're stuck. More than that, I *expect* you to call if you're stuck.

Don't sit at home and pound your head against the wall when the odds are that five minutes of help can get you past the problem. 623-334-6934. My mother lives with me, so please don't immediately launch into a question of rhetorical devices. While my mother finds it amusing, it's not particularly polite. And please do not call after 9 pm. Adults generally don't appreciate calls late into the night.

DOCUMENT A

In this document, I want you to notice the point of view and the author's hand guiding the text. For example, the author often inserts himself and his beliefs into the text, so take note of how Bulfinch becomes part of this text, which is supposed to be about Prometheus and Pandora.

I also want you to return to really strong reading techniques. You may use one or more (most likely you will need several of these) to start decoding difficult text.

1. **Preview.** Read through quickly to get a general sense of what the author is talking about.
2. **Reread** from the beginning, this time creating "chunks" to make reading easier.
3. A "**chunk**" is a section of reading short enough for you to understand. The harder the text, the smaller the chunk. So, if you're just starting to read a blindingly difficult piece, you may focus on understanding only the first sentence – that is your "chunk."
4. **Process** information as you read. This may mean taking **notes** in the margins, writing notes on a separate page or using sticky notes. It could mean **summarizing** what the author said (he means... his main point is...), making an **inference** (he's suggesting that... that would mean...), forming **connections** (earlier in the text he suggested... this contradicts what he said when... this is just like document C because...). How you process the information is your choice, but if you don't stop and think about what you're reading, you will not be able to truly understand or remember what you've read. You don't want to read the whole thing and then not understand or remember any of it. If that happens, it means you didn't process the reading enough. On page 32 you can see an example of my actual reading notes as I read a difficult piece.

As you read, look at how the story comments on the topics of futility and hope. You will have to write an essay at the end.

The Age of Fable or Stories of Gods and Heroes by Thomas Bulfinch
Chapter 2: "Prometheus And Pandora."

Student Notes

THE creation of the world is a problem naturally fitted to excite the liveliest interest of man, its inhabitant. The ancient pagans, not having the information on the subject which we derive from the pages of Scripture, had their own way of telling the story, which is as follows:

Before earth and sea and heaven were created, all things wore one aspect, to which we give the name of Chaos- a confused and shapeless mass, nothing but dead weight, in which, however, slumbered the seeds of things. Earth, sea, and air were all mixed up together; so the earth was not solid, the sea was not fluid, and the air was not transparent. God and Nature at last interposed, and put an end to this discord, separating earth from sea, and heaven from both. The fiery part, being the lightest, sprang up, and formed the skies; the air was next in weight and place. The earth, being heavier, sank below; and the water took the lowest place, and buoyed up the earth.

Here some god- it is not known which- gave his good offices in arranging and disposing the earth. He appointed rivers and bays their

places, raised mountains, scooped out valleys, distributed woods, fountains, fertile fields. and stony plains. The air being cleared, the stars began to appear, fishes took possession of the sea, birds of the air, and four-footed beasts of the land.

But a nobler animal was wanted, and Man was made. It is not known whether the creator made him of divine materials, or whether in the earth, so lately separated from heaven, there lurked still some heavenly seeds. Prometheus took some of this earth, and kneading it up with water, made man in the image of the gods. He gave him an upright stature, so that while all other animals turn their faces downward, and look to the earth, he raises his to heaven, and gazes on the stars.

Prometheus was one of the Titans, a gigantic race, who inhabited the earth before the creation of man. To him and his brother Epimetheus was committed the office of making man, and providing him and all other animals with the faculties necessary for their preservation. Epimetheus undertook to do this, and Prometheus was to overlook his work, when it was done. Epimetheus accordingly proceeded to bestow upon the different animals the various gifts of courage, strength, swiftness, sagacity; wings to one, claws to another, a shelly covering to a third, etc. But when man came to be provided for, who was to be superior to all other animals, Epimetheus had been so prodigal of his resources that he had nothing left to bestow upon him. In his perplexity he resorted to his brother Prometheus, who, with the aid of Minerva, went up to heaven, and lighted his torch at the chariot of the sun and brought down fire to man. With this gift man was more than a match for all other animals. It enabled him to make weapons wherewith to subdue them; tools with which to cultivate the earth; to warm his dwelling, so as to be comparatively independent of climate; and finally to introduce the arts and to coin money, the means of trade and commerce.

Woman was not yet made. The story (absurd enough!) is that Jupiter made her, and sent her to Prometheus and his brother, to punish them for their presumption in stealing fire from heaven; and man, for accepting the gift. The first woman was named Pandora. She was made in heaven, every god contributing something to perfect her. Venus gave her beauty, Mercury persuasion, Apollo music, etc. Thus equipped, she was conveyed to earth, and presented to Epimetheus, who gladly accepted her, though cautioned by his brother to beware of Jupiter and his gifts. Epimetheus had in his house a jar, in which were kept certain noxious articles for which, in fitting man for his new abode, he had had no occasion. Pandora was seized with an eager curiosity to know what this jar contained; and one day she slipped off the cover and looked in. Forthwith there escaped a multitude of plagues for hapless man,- such as gout, rheumatism, and colic for his body, and envy, spite, and revenge for his mind,- and scattered themselves far and wide. Pandora hastened to replace the lid! but, alas! the whole contents of the jar had escaped, one thing only excepted, which lay at the bottom, and that was hope. So we see at this day, whatever evils are abroad, hope never entirely leaves us; and while we have that, no amount of other ills can make us completely wretched.

Another story is that Pandora was sent in good faith, by Jupiter, to bless man; that she was furnished with a box containing her marriage presents, into which every god had put some blessing, She opened the box incautiously, and the blessings all escaped, hope only excepted. This story seems more probable than the former; for how could hope, so precious a jewel as it is, have been kept in a jar full of all manner of evils, as in the former statement?

The world being thus furnished with inhabitants, the first age was an age of innocence and happiness, called the Golden Age. Truth and right prevailed, though not enforced by law, nor was there any magistrate to threaten or punish. The forest had not yet been robbed of its trees to furnish timbers for vessels, nor had men built fortifications round their towns. There were no such things as swords, spears, or helmets. The earth brought forth all things necessary for man, without his labour in ploughing or sowing, Perpetual spring reigned, flowers sprang up without seed, the rivers flowed with milk and wine, and yellow honey distilled from the oaks.

Then succeeded the Silver Age, inferior to the golden, but better than that of brass. Jupiter shortened the spring, and divided the year into seasons. Then, first, men had to endure the extremes of heat and cold, and houses became necessary. Caves were the first dwellings, and leafy coverts of the woods, and huts woven of twigs. Crops would no longer grow without planting. The farmer was obliged to sow the seed, and the toiling ox to draw the plough.

Next came the Brazen Age, more savage of temper, and readier to the strife of arms, yet not altogether wicked. The hardest and worst was the Iron Age. Crime burst in like a flood; modesty, truth, and honour fled. In their places came fraud and cunning, violence, and the wicked love of gain. Then seamen spread sails to the wind, and the trees were torn from the mountains to serve for keels to ships, and vex the face of the ocean. The earth, which till now had been cultivated in common, began to be divided off into possessions. Men were not satisfied with what the surface produced, but must dig into its bowels, and draw forth from thence the ores of metals. Mischievous iron, and more mischievous gold, were produced. War sprang up, using both as weapons; the guest was not safe in his friend's house; and sons-in-law and fathers-in-law, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, could not trust one another. Sons wished their fathers dead, that they might come to the inheritance; family love lay prostrate. The earth was wet with slaughter, and the gods abandoned it, one by one, till Astraea* alone was left, and finally she also took her departure.

** The goddess of innocence and purity. After leaving earth, she was placed among the stars, where she became the constellation Virgo- the Virgin. Themis (Justice) was the mother of Astraea. She is represented as holding aloft a pair of scales, in which she weighs the claims of opposing parties.*

It was a favourite idea of the old poets that these goddesses would one day return, and bring back the Golden Age. Even in a Christian hymn, the "Messiah" of Pope, this idea occurs:

"All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale,
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend."

See, also, Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity," stanzas xiv. and xv.

Jupiter, seeing this state of things, burned with anger. He summoned the gods to council. They obeyed the call, and took the road to the palace of heaven. The road, which any one may see in a clear night, stretches across the face of the sky, and is called the Milky Way. Along the road stand the palaces of the illustrious gods; the common people of the skies live apart, on either side. Jupiter addressed the assembly. He set forth the frightful condition of things on the earth, and closed by announcing his intention to destroy the whole of its inhabitants, and provide a new race, unlike the first, who would be more worthy of life, and much better worshippers of the gods. So saying he took a thunderbolt, and was about to launch it at the world, and destroy it by burning; but recollecting the danger that such a conflagration might set heaven itself on fire, he changed his plan, and resolved to drown it. The north wind, which scatters the clouds, was chained up; the south was sent out, and soon covered all the face of heaven with a cloak of pitchy darkness. The clouds, driven together, resound with a crash; torrents of rain fall; the crops are laid low; the year's labour of the husbandman perishes in an hour. Jupiter, not satisfied with his own waters, calls on his brother Neptune to aid him with his. He lets loose the rivers, and pours them over the land. At the same time, he heaves the land with an earthquake, and brings in the reflux of the ocean over the shores. Flocks, herds, men, and houses are swept away, and temples, with their sacred enclosures, profaned. If any edifice remained standing, it was overwhelmed, and its turrets lay hid beneath the waves. Now all was sea, sea without shore. Here and there an individual remained on a projecting hilltop, and a few, in boats, pulled the oar where they had lately driven the plough. The fishes swim among the tree-tops; the anchor is let down into a garden. Where the graceful lambs played but now unwieldy sea calves gambol. The wolf swims among the sheep, the yellow lions and tigers struggle in the water. The strength of the wild boar serves him not, nor his swiftness the stag. The birds fall with weary win, into the water, having found no land for a resting-place. Those living beings whom the water spared fell a prey to hunger.

Parnassus alone, of all the mountains, overtopped the waves; and there Deucalion, and his wife Pyrrha, of the race of Prometheus, found refuge- he a just man, and she a faithful worshipper of the gods. Jupiter, when he saw none left alive but this pair, and remembered their harmless lives and pious demeanour, ordered the north winds to drive away the clouds, and disclose the skies to earth, and earth to the skies. Neptune also directed Triton to blow on his shell, and sound a retreat to the waters. The

waters obeyed, and the sea returned to its shores, and the rivers to their channels. Then Deucalion thus addressed Pyrrha: "O wife, only surviving woman, joined to me first by the ties of kindred and marriage, and now by a common danger, would that we possessed the power of our ancestor Prometheus, and could renew the race as he at first made it! But as we cannot, let us seek yonder temple, and inquire of the gods what remains for us to do." They entered the temple, deformed as it was with slime, and approached the altar, where no fire burned. There they fell prostrate on the earth, and prayed the goddess to inform them how they might retrieve their miserable affairs. The oracle answered, "Depart from the temple with head veiled and garments unbound, and cast behind you the bones of your mother." They heard the words with astonishment. Pyrrha first broke silence: "We cannot obey; we dare not profane the remains of our parents." They sought the thickest shades of the wood, and revolved the oracle in their minds. At length Deucalion spoke: "Either my sagacity deceives me, or the command is one we may obey without impiety. The earth is the great parent of all; the stones are her bones; these we may cast behind us; and I think this is what the oracle means. At least, it will do no harm to try." They veiled their faces, unbound their garments, and picked up stones, and cast them behind them. The stones (wonderful to relate) began to grow soft, and assume shape. By degrees, they put on a rude resemblance to the human form, like a block half finished in the hands of the sculptor. The moisture and slime that were about them became flesh; the stony part became bones; the veins remained veins, retaining their name, only changing their use. Those thrown by the hand of the man became men, and those by the woman became women. It was a hard race, and well adapted to labour, as we find ourselves to be at this day, giving plain indications of our origin.

The comparison of Eve to Pandora is too obvious to have escaped Milton, who introduces it in Book IV. of "Paradise Lost":

"More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods
 Endowed with all their gifts; and O, too like
 In sad event, when to the unwiser son
 Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she insnared
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
 On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire."

Prometheus and Epimetheus were sons of Iapetus, which Milton changes to Japhet.

Prometheus has been a favourite subject with the poets. He is represented as the friend of mankind, who interposed in their behalf when Jove was incensed against them, and who taught them civilization and the arts. But as, in so doing, he transgressed the will of Jupiter, he drew down on himself the anger of the ruler of gods and men. Jupiter had him chained to a rock on Mount Caucasus, where a vulture preyed on his liver, which was renewed as fast as devoured. This state of torment might have been brought to an end at any time by Prometheus, if he had been willing, to submit to his oppressor; for he possessed a secret which involved the stability of Jove's throne, and if he would have revealed it, he might have

been at once taken into favour. But that he disdained to do. He has therefore become the symbol of magnanimous endurance of unmerited suffering, and strength of will resisting oppression.

Byron and Shelley have both treated this theme. The following are Byron's lines:

"Titan! to whose immortal eyes
 The sufferings of mortality,
 Seen in their sad reality,
 Were not as things that gods despise;
 What was thy pity's recompense?
 A silent suffering, and intense;
 The rock, the vulture, and the chain;
 All that the proud can feel of pain;
 The agony they do not show;
 The suffocating sense of woe.
 "Thy godlike crime was to be kind;
 To render with thy precepts less
 The sum of human wretchedness,
 And strengthen man with his own mind.
 And, baffled as thou wert from high,
 Still, in thy patient energy
 In the endurance and repulse
 Of thine impenetrable spirit,
 Which earth and heaven could not convulse,
 A mighty lesson we inherit."

Byron also employs the same allusion, in his "Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte":

"Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
 Wilt thou withstand the shock?
 And share with him- the unforgiven-
 His vulture and his rock?"

After the reading:

Which characters struggled?

Which faced futility?

Who despaired?

Who held onto hope? How did he or she manage to do that?

It's early to make any judgments of your own, but start thinking about which concepts you agree or disagree with.

DOCUMENT B

Simple texts can appear complex because of the vocabulary. You must learn to navigate around such vocabulary, and that CANNOT include skipping the words. If you find yourself distracted by vocabulary (and you probably will), you need to go through and figure out the vocabulary before going back and trying to pull the main ideas out. Second, you have a large number of SAT words in this passage. The best way to prepare for the SAT is to pay attention to your reading. You must know every high-level word in this passage, and you should begin to mine every text for powerful words that you want to start incorporating into your own writing. That's how to develop a truly amazing vocabulary.

With the difficult vocabulary, you may want to choose smaller chunks to try and process in order to understand this text. Remember that you are still looking for discussion of futility versus hope

The Story of Sisyphus

Notes

Sisyphus, the eldest son of Aelous, was born heir to the throne of Thessaly. However, the two brothers, Sisyphus and Salmoneus, shared a mutual enmity. Both suffered from an excess of hubris that didn't allow for any brotherly feelings. Salmoneus managed to secure the throne of Thessaly from his brother, and he exiled Sisyphus. Ironically, despite their rancorous relationship both brothers shared a similar fate—cursed to suffer in the afterlife because of their hubris and their temerity in challenging the gods.

Dethroned, Sisyphus sought the assistance of the powerful sorceress Medea who helped Sisyphus secure the throne Corinth. Some myths say she provided a spell with which he could populate the new city with people who seemed to magically appear, earning him the throne. However, these people were nothing more than spelled mushrooms.

Sisyphus married the daughter of Atlas, one of the great Titans who originally ruled earth. Merope then gave birth to three of Sisyphus' sons: Glaucus, Ornytion, and Sinon.

Sinon earned fame as the intrepid Greek who allowed himself to be captured by the Trojans so that he could weave Odysseus' tale about how the Greeks had retreated, leaving behind the Trojan horse. Sinon convinced the Trojans to take the giant wooden statue into their city, leading to the city's destruction.

However, Sisyphus had many other children outside of wedlock. His neighbor Autolycus stole Sisyphus' cattle, using preternatural means to hide the theft, but even after Sisyphus uncovered the scheme and publicly discredited Autolycus, Still Sisyphus wanted more revenge. He seduced the man's daughter, the beautiful Anticleia. Later, Anticleia would marry Laertes and give birth to Odysseus; however, some stories claim she went to that marriage already pregnant. That would make Odysseus—a hero famous for his tricks—the son of Sisyphus and brother of Sinon, the warrior who risked his life to make the Trojan horse scheme work. [Note: You really should know the story of Odysseus]

This was not the only occasion when Sisyphus used an enemy's daughter in order to exact revenge. When he consulted the oracle at Delphi, he learned a terrible secret. If he fathered a child by Tyro, that child would destroy Salmoneus. This nefarious act

required him to seduce or rape his own niece because Tyro was Salmoneus' daughter. Sisyphus' unquenchable thirst for revenge goaded him into seducing Tyro; however, when she learned of the prophecy, she killed her own son before he could fulfil the prophecy.

In his time on Earth, the mendacious Sisyphus ruled with an iron fist, seduced and raped women, and schemed to place himself in power, even if that meant challenging the gods.

The minor river god Asopus beseeched anyone who would listen to help him find his daughter. Sisyphus had seen Zeus steal the girl, but he wanted a boon in return for his information. He asked Asopus for an eternal spring to feed Corinth fresh water in return for his information. Asopus agreed, and Sisyphus brazenly identified Zeus as the kidnapper, leading to a battle between the two gods so severe that Zeus had to use his thunderbolts to drive Asopus away.

Furious, Zeus sent Thanatos (Death) after Sisyphus. Yet Sisyphus managed to outwit Death. Some stories have Sisyphus daring Death to prove his power by breaking chains; however, the chains Sisyphus used to restrain Thanatos had been forged by Hephaestus, making them unbreakable. However it happened, Sisyphus imprisoned death. While this proved propitious for him, it prevented the ill and wounded from dying. Disemboweled soldiers wandered around, dragging their ripped intestines behind them. Eventually Ares had to intervene and set Thanatos free.

This meant Sisyphus would now die. He had told his wife Merope to leave his body unburied and unmourned. He didn't even want her placing a coin under his tongue to pay Charon, the boatman who ferried the dead across the river Styx. So, when Sisyphus appeared in the palace of Hades, he hadn't received any funeral rites. He told Hades' young bride Persephone that without that coin, he should be left to suffer on the far side of the river Styx, trapped between the land of the living and that of the dead.

After begging Persephone for a chance to go back to earth and right his wife's perfidious transgression, Sisyphus earned a leave of three days. Of course after three days, he did not want to return to the underworld (and in most stories, that was his plan all along).

Sisyphus reneged on his promise to return. Oddly, the gods did not seek him out. They allowed Sisyphus to live to a ripe old age. Then his story turns dark.

Zeus could barely contain his wrath at this odious human, so he devised a special penance. He condemned Sisyphus to eternal punishment. A pariah, even in Tartarus, Sisyphus had to roll a massive stone up a hill. This onerous task would require every ounce of effort, and at the very moment of success when the stone would reach the top, it would always slip from Sisyphus' grasp and roll back down to the bottom of the hill. Sisyphus would have to follow and begin again. This unremitting task would be repeated through all eternity, leaving the hapless Sisyphus constantly striving for a goal he can never achieve. This was the punishment, not for his acts against mortals, but for his temerity in flouting the authority of the gods.

After the reading:

Which characters struggled?

Which faced futility?

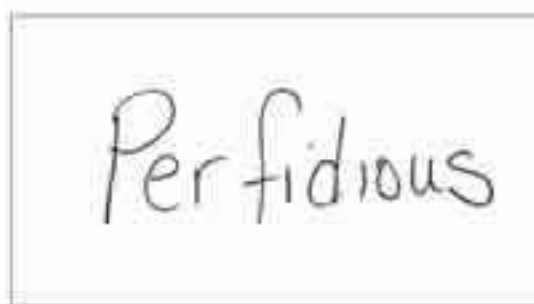
Who despaired?

Who held onto hope? How did he or she manage to do that?

Are there similarities to or differences from the previous piece?

Vocabulary:

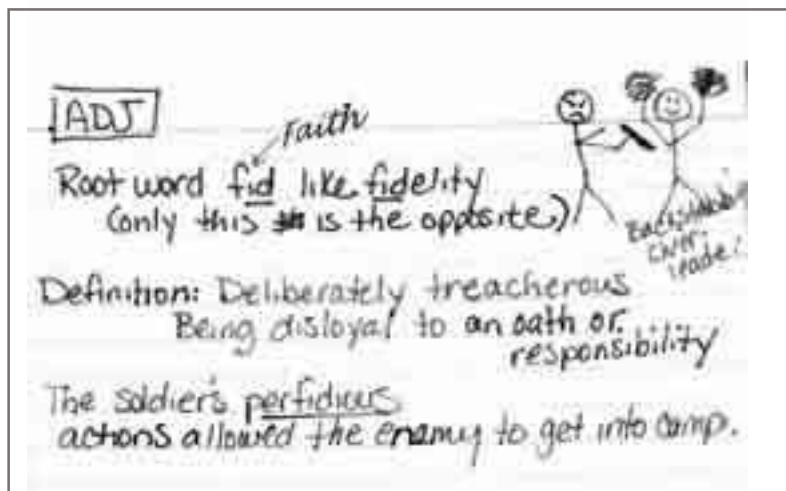
There are many ways to learn vocab, but one that has shown a lot of success is a multi-part flashcard. Instead of putting a word on one side and a definition on the other, this card has many parts and you use it a little differently. If you're having trouble learning all these words, try this:



On the front, have the word

On the back, include all (or most) of the following:

1. Root word family and related words
2. A picture that reminds you of the word
3. The definition
4. The part of speech
5. A sample sentence either of your own or from the reading.



Now, FIND A STUDY PARTNER. Parents love to help with this, btw. Have your partner show you the card. If you remember the word right away, great. Put that card aside. If you can't remember it, have your partner give you a hint. They can give the root word family or describe the picture or give you the sample sentence. Try and guess, and if you can't, ask for another hint. All this struggling to remember is what we call learning. Struggle long enough, and it will click. Now, put that card back in the pile so it will come up again. Stop when you've set all the cards aside because you could define every word without a single hint.

DOCUMENT C

The Bible is some of the most poetic and oft alluded to writing in the Western canon (go look up the word ‘canon,’ please). Your goal here is to begin identifying rhetorical devices – techniques an author uses to draw attention to certain passages or words. Many of them are new, but Google is your friend. Look them up. As always, look at the subject of struggle, hope, and futility; however, this time spend extra time looking at rhetorical devices. What devices appear? How do they affect the reader?

Matthew 26 and 27 of the New King James Version of the Bible

Matthew 26

Judas Agrees to Betray Jesus

¹⁴ Then one of the twelve, called Judas Iscariot, went to the chief priests ¹⁵ and said, “What are you willing to give me if I deliver Him to you?” And they counted out to him thirty pieces of silver. ¹⁶ So from that time he sought opportunity to betray Him.

Jesus Celebrates Passover with His Disciples

¹⁷ Now on the first *day of the Feast* of Unleavened Bread the disciples came to Jesus, saying to Him, “Where do You want us to prepare for You to eat the Passover?”

¹⁸ And He said, “Go into the city to a certain man, and say to him, ‘The Teacher says, “My time is at hand; I will keep the Passover at your house with My disciples.”’”

¹⁹ So the disciples did as Jesus had directed them; and they prepared the Passover.

²⁰ When evening had come, He sat down with the twelve. ²¹ Now as they were eating, He said, “Assuredly, I say to you, one of you will betray Me.”

²² And they were exceedingly sorrowful, and each of them began to say to Him, “Lord, is it I?”

Is verse 17 an example of a synecdoche or a metonymy? Why?

What is implied by the epithet in verse 18? What does that suggest is being valued?

²³ He answered and said, “He who dipped *his* hand with Me in the dish will betray Me. ²⁴The Son of Man indeed goes just as it is written of Him, but woe to that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! It would have been good for that man if he had not been born.”

²⁵ Then Judas, who was betraying Him, answered and said, “Rabbi, is it I?”

He said to him, “You have said it.”

Jesus Institutes the Lord’s Supper

²⁶ And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, blessed and broke *it*, and gave *it* to the disciples and said, “Take, eat; this is My body.”

²⁷ Then He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave *it* to them, saying, “Drink from it, all of you. ²⁸For this is My blood of the new covenant, which is shed for many for the remission of sins. ²⁹But I say to you, I will not drink of this fruit of the vine from now on until that day when I drink it new with you in My Father’s kingdom.”

³⁰ And when they had sung a hymn, they went out to the Mount of Olives.

Jesus Predicts Peter’s Denial

³¹ Then Jesus said to them, “All of you will be made to stumble because of Me this night, for it is written:

‘I will strike the Shepherd,
And the sheep of the flock will be scattered.’

³² But after I have been raised, I will go before you to Galilee.”

³³ Peter answered and said to Him, “Even if all are made to stumble because of You, I will never be made to stumble.”

³⁴ Jesus said to him, “Assuredly, I say to you that this night, before the rooster crows, you will deny Me three times.”

³⁵ Peter said to Him, “Even if I have to die with You, I will not deny You!”

And so said all the disciples.

The Prayer in the Garden

³⁶ Then Jesus came with them to a place called Gethsemane, and said to the disciples, “Sit here while I go and pray over there.” ³⁷ And He took

Why does the text juxtapose the “Son of Man” against “man”?

What euphemism is used in verse 29?

What does “stumble” symbolize in verse 31?

What is the metaphor of the sheep? Why sheep? What are the qualities being emphasized with this metaphor?

Could you defend calling verses 37 and 38 scesis onomatopoeia? Why or why not?

What does the cup in verse 39 symbolize?

Why does the text include the antithesis in verse 40?

In verse 45, why does the text use hypophora?

Why use the symbolism of the kiss here? What does a kiss usually represent? How is that symbolism twisted here?

How does the epistrophe function to make the moral "rule" more effective?

with Him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and He began to be sorrowful and deeply distressed. ³⁸ Then He said to them, "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even to death. Stay here and watch with Me."

³⁹ He went a little farther and fell on His face, and prayed, saying, "O My Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as You *will*."

⁴⁰ Then He came to the disciples and found them sleeping, and said to Peter, "What! Could you not watch with Me one hour? ⁴¹ Watch and pray, lest you enter into temptation. The spirit indeed *is* willing, but the flesh *is* weak."

⁴² Again, a second time, He went away and prayed, saying, "O My Father, if this cup cannot pass away from Me unless I drink it, Your will be done." ⁴³ And He came and found them asleep again, for their eyes were heavy.

⁴⁴ So He left them, went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words. ⁴⁵ Then He came to His disciples and said to them, "Are *you* still sleeping and resting? Behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man is being betrayed into the hands of sinners. ⁴⁶ Rise, let us be going. See, My betrayer is at hand."

Betrayal and Arrest in Gethsemane

⁴⁷ And while He was still speaking, behold, Judas, one of the twelve, with a great multitude with swords and clubs, came from the chief priests and elders of the people.

⁴⁸ Now His betrayer had given them a sign, saying, "Whomever I kiss, He is the One; seize Him." ⁴⁹ Immediately he went up to Jesus and said, "Greetings, Rabbi!" and kissed Him.

⁵⁰ But Jesus said to him, "Friend, why have you come?"

Then they came and laid hands on Jesus and took Him. ⁵¹ And suddenly, one of those *who were* with Jesus stretched out *his* hand and drew his sword, struck the servant of the high priest, and cut off his ear.

⁵² But Jesus said to him, "Put your sword in its place, for all who take the sword will perish by the sword. ⁵³ Or do you think that I cannot now pray to My Father, and He will provide Me with more than twelve legions of angels? ⁵⁴ How then could the Scriptures be fulfilled, that it must happen thus?"

⁵⁵ In that hour Jesus said to the multitudes, "Have you come out, as against a robber, with swords and clubs to take Me? I sat daily with you,

teaching in the temple, and you did not seize Me. ⁵⁶ But all this was done that the Scriptures of the prophets might be fulfilled.”

Then all the disciples forsook Him and fled.

Jesus Faces the Sanhedrin

⁵⁷ And those who had laid hold of Jesus led *Him* away to Caiaphas the high priest, where the scribes and the elders were assembled. ⁵⁸ But Peter followed Him at a distance to the high priest’s courtyard. And he went in and sat with the servants to see the end.

⁵⁹ Now the chief priests, the elders, and all the council sought false testimony against Jesus to put Him to death, ⁶⁰ but found none. Even though many false witnesses came forward, they found none. But at last two false witnesses came forward ⁶¹ and said, “This *fellow* said, ‘I am able to destroy the temple of God and to build it in three days.’”

⁶² And the high priest arose and said to Him, “Do You answer nothing? What *is it* these men testify against You?” ⁶³ But Jesus kept silent. And the high priest answered and said to Him, “I put You under oath by the living God: Tell us if You are the Christ, the Son of God!”

⁶⁴ Jesus said to him, “*It is as* you said. Nevertheless, I say to you, hereafter you will see the Son of Man sitting at the right hand of the Power, and coming on the clouds of heaven.”

⁶⁵ Then the high priest tore his clothes, saying, “He has spoken blasphemy! What further need do we have of witnesses? Look, now you have heard His blasphemy! ⁶⁶ What do you think?”

They answered and said, “He is deserving of death.”

⁶⁷ Then they spat in His face and beat Him; and others struck *Him* with the palms of their hands, ⁶⁸ saying, “Prophecy to us, Christ! Who is the one who struck You?”

Peter Denies Jesus, and Weeps Bitterly

⁶⁹ Now Peter sat outside in the courtyard. And a servant girl came to him, saying, “You also were with Jesus of Galilee.”

⁷⁰ But he denied it before *them* all, saying, “I do not know what you are saying.”

⁷¹ And when he had gone out to the gateway, another *girl* saw him and said to those *who were* there, “This *fellow* also was with Jesus of Nazareth.”

The epistrophe in this section emphasizes what idea?

This is a good time to remember that you are going to be writing an essay about hope, despair and futility.

In verses 73-75, what is implied about how Peter is speaking? What does that imply about what the crowd considers normal?

What emotion is reinforced by the assonance in the line "So he went out and wept bitterly"?

Is line 4 a synecdoche or an example of symbolism? Why?

What is the effect of the polysyndeton in line 5?

⁷² But again he denied with an oath, "I do not know the Man!"

⁷³ And a little later those who stood by came up and said to Peter, "Surely you also are *one* of them, for your speech betrays you."

⁷⁴ Then he began to curse and swear, *saying*, "I do not know the Man!"

Immediately a rooster crowed. ⁷⁵ And Peter remembered the word of Jesus who had said to him, "Before the rooster crows, you will deny Me three times." So he went out and wept bitterly.

Matthew 27

Jesus Handed Over to Pontius Pilate

27 When morning came, all the chief priests and elders of the people plotted against Jesus to put Him to death. ² And when they had bound Him, they led Him away and delivered Him to Pontius Pilate the governor.

Judas Hangs Himself

³ Then Judas, His betrayer, seeing that He had been condemned, was remorseful and brought back the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, ⁴ saying, "I have sinned by betraying innocent blood."

And they said, "What *is that* to us? You see *to it!*"

⁵ Then he threw down the pieces of silver in the temple and departed, and went and hanged himself.

⁶ But the chief priests took the silver pieces and said, "It is not lawful to put them into the treasury, because they are the price of blood." ⁷ And they consulted together and bought with them the potter's field, to bury strangers in. ⁸ Therefore that field has been called the Field of Blood to this day.

After the reading:

Which individuals struggled?

Which faced futility?

Who despaired?

Who held onto hope? How did he or she manage to do that?

Are there similarities to or differences from the previous pieces?

DOCUMENT D

Here is where the complex ideas move front and center. This text has difficult vocabulary, rhetorical structures, and a strong author's voice. You need to continue looking at all those pieces. However, now you must also look at how the author creates his own argument. Fair warning – part of the sophomore curriculum is an essay by Buddhist nun Pema Chodron titled "Start Where You Are." That essay is definitely related and may help with the understanding of this more difficult text. Please see a sophomore teacher for a copy of this essay before school ends or refer back to your notes.

Note: This difficult piece will require multiple readings. Do NOT try to understand it all at once

"The Myth of Sisyphus" by Albert Camus (pronounced Ka-MOO)

The gods had condemned Sisyphus to ceaselessly rolling a rock to the top of a mountain, whence the stone would fall back of its own weight. **They had thought** with some reason that there is no more dreadful punishment than futile and hopeless labor.

If one believes Homer, Sisyphus was the wisest and most prudent of mortals. According to another tradition, however, he was disposed to practice the profession of highwayman. **I see no contradiction in this.** Opinions differ as to the reasons why he became the futile laborer of the underworld. To begin with, he is accused of a certain levinity in regard to the gods. He stole their secrets. Aegina, the daughter of Aesopus, was carried off by Jupiter. The father was shocked by that disappearance and complained to Sisyphus. He, who knew of the abduction, offered to tell about it on condition that Aesopus would give water to the citadel of Corinth. **To the celestial thunderbolts he preferred the benediction of water.** He was punished for this in the underworld. Homer tells us also that Sisyphus had put Death in chains. **Pluto could not endure the sight of his deserted, silent empire. He dispatched the god of war, who liberated Death from the hands of the conqueror.**

It is said also that Sisyphus, being near to death, rashly wanted to test his wife's love. He ordered her to cast his unburied body into the middle of the public square. Sisyphus woke up in the underworld. And there, **annoyed by an obedience so contrary to human love**, he obtained from Pluto permission to return to earth in order to chastise his wife. But when he had seen again the face of

What is the antecedent to the pronoun "They" here?

How does "They had thought" work to distance Camus from this claim? Does it make it more or less likely that Camus believes this?

How can Camus have two such different opinions (one good and one bad) and see no difference? What does this suggest about how Camus sees the world?

What is this line (To the celestial...) symbolic of? What does each item represent and what does this reveal about Sisyphus' personality?

How does Camus slightly change the original myth? Why does he change it? How does this affect the reader's sympathies and who does Camus hope to make us sympathize with?

What is he implying about love? How (and why) is this different from the original myth?

this world, enjoyed water and sun, warm stones and the sea, he no longer wanted to go back to the infernal darkness. Recalls, signs of anger, warnings were of no avail. **Many years more he lived facing the curve of the gulf, the sparkling sea, and the smiles of the earth.** A decree of the gods was necessary. Mercury came and seized the impudent man by the collar and, snatching him from his joys, led him forcibly back to the underworld, where his rock was ready for him.

You have already grasped that Sisyphus is the absurd hero. He is, as much through his passions as through his torture. His scorn of the gods, his hatred of death, and his passion for life won him that unspeakable penalty in which **the whole being is exerted toward accomplishing nothing. This is the price that must be paid for the passions of this earth.** Nothing is told us about Sisyphus in the underworld. Myths are made for the imagination to breathe life into them. As for this myth, **one sees merely the whole effort of a body straining to raise the huge stone, to roll it and push it up a slope a hundred times over; one sees the face screwed up, the cheek tight against the stone, the shoulder bracing the clay-covered mass, the foot wedging it, the fresh start with arms outstretched, the wholly human security of two earth-clotted hands.** At the very end of his long effort measured by skyless space and time without depth, the purpose is achieved. Then Sisyphus watches the stone rush down in a few moments toward that lower world whence he will have to push it up again toward the summit. He goes back down to the plain. It is during that return, that pause, that Sisyphus interests me. **A face that toils so close to stones is already stone itself!** I see that man going back down with a heavy yet measured step toward the torment of which he will never know the end. That hour like a breathing-space which returns as surely as his suffering, that is the hour of consciousness. At each of those moments when he leaves the heights and gradually sinks toward the lairs of the gods, **he is superior to his fate.** He is stronger than his rock.

If this myth is tragic, that is because its hero is conscious. **Where would his torture be, indeed, if at every step the hope of succeeding upheld him? The workman of today works every day in his life at the same tasks, and this fate is no less absurd.** But it is tragic only at the rare moments when it becomes conscious. Sisyphus,

How does the imagery affect the reader? What is the tone and why does the author use this tone juxtaposed against the "signs of anger" from the gods?

What assumption is Camus making in this line?

Is Camus talking about only Sisyphus or does this line refer to a type or person or maybe all people. Find someone to read the essay with you and argue it out.

How does zeugma function to create a tone here? Does that tone match or contradict the words? Why is the author using this technique?

How has Sisyphus become stone? How does the author reinforce this idea later in this paragraph?

"He is superior to his fate." Has Camus proven this or is he about to prove this, or is this claim in the middle of his larger explanation?

How does this comparison shift the focus away from mythology and onto reality? Which is the true focus on Camus' essay: mythology or reality? How do you know?

proletarian of the gods, powerless and rebellious, knows the whole extent of his wretched condition: it is what he thinks of during his descent. **The lucidity that was to constitute his torture at the same time crowns his victory. There is no fate that cannot be surmounted by scorn.**

If the descent is thus sometimes performed in sorrow, it can also take place in joy. This word is not too much. Again I fancy Sisyphus returning toward his rock, and the sorrow was in the beginning. When the images of earth cling too tightly to memory, **when the call of happiness becomes too insistent, it happens that melancholy rises in man's heart:** this is the rock's victory, this is the rock itself. The boundless grief is too heavy to bear. **These are our nights of Gethsemane.** But crushing truths perish from being acknowledged. Thus, Oedipus at the outset obeys fate without knowing it. But from the moment he knows, his tragedy begins. Yet at the same time, blind and desperate, he realizes that the only bond linking him to the world is the cool hand of a girl. Then a tremendous remark rings out: **"Despite so many ordeals, my advanced age and the nobility of my soul make me conclude that all is well."** Sophocles' Oedipus, like Dostoevsky's Kirilov, thus gives the recipe for the absurd victory. Ancient wisdom confirms modern heroism.

One does not discover the **absurd** without attempting to write a manual of happiness. "What! by such narrow ways--?" There is but one world, however. **Happiness and the absurd are two sons of the same earth.** They are inseparable. It would be a mistake to say that happiness necessarily springs from the absurd discovery. It happens as well that the feeling of the absurd springs from happiness. "I conclude that all is well," says Oedipus, and that remark is **sacred**. It echoes in the wild and limited universe of man. It teaches that all is not, has not been, exhausted. It drives out of this world a god who had come into it with dissatisfaction and a preference for futile sufferings. **It makes of fate a human matter, which must be settled among men.**

All Sisyphus' silent joy is contained therein. His fate belongs to him. His rock is his thing. Likewise, the absurd man, when he contemplates his torment, **silences all the idols.** In the universe suddenly restored to silence,

How does "proletarian" affect the tone?

This line (coming at the end of a section on reality before Camus returns to the myth) is important. How is he defining victory? What power is there in scorn?

What causes unhappiness? What is Camus suggesting about the larger sources of unhappiness in the world?

Why would Camus reference Gethsemane? (The story is in this packet) Is that ultimately a story of success or failure? What point is Camus making?

This line opens Oedipus at Colonus (the second play in the trilogy). What happiness has Oedipus found? What point is Camus making? Note: the test of Oedipus' line can be found at the end of the essay.

What exactly is Camus talking about when he brings up "the absurd"? Google Camus and "the absurd" and see how that compares to his argument here.

He says that happiness and the absurd are "sons of the same earth." If they are of earth, what relationship is specifically excluded? Who or what is left out of the happiness equation?

Why use the word sacred? How is this word related to the question above? What two forces is Camus contrasting? Who does he conclude is more powerful?

Who does Camus exclude from the issue of fate? Why does it belong to man?

How can Sisyphus be joyful in his torment?

What idols is he talking about?

the myriad wondering little voices of the earth rise up. Unconscious, secret calls, invitations from all the faces, they are the necessary reverse and price of victory. **There is no sun without shadow, and it is essential to know the night.** The absurd man says yes and his effort will **henceforth be unceasing.** If there is a personal fate, there is no higher destiny, or at least there is but one which he concludes is inevitable and despicable. For the rest, he knows himself to be the master of his days. At that subtle moment when man glances backward over his life, Sisyphus returning toward his rock, in that silent pivoting he contemplates that series of unrelated actions which becomes his fate, created by him, combined under his memory's eye and soon sealed by his death. Thus, **convinced of the wholly human origin of all that is human,** a blind man eager to see who knows that the night has no end, he is still on the go. The rock is still rolling.

I leave Sisyphus at the foot of the mountain! One always finds one's burden again. **But Sisyphus teaches the higher fidelity that negates the gods and raises rocks.** He too concludes that all is well. This universe henceforth without a master seems to him neither sterile nor futile. Each atom of that stone, each mineral flake of that night-filled mountain, in itself forms a world. The struggle itself toward the heights is enough to fill a man's heart. One must imagine Sisyphus happy.

Looking at the last line, what has (up to this point) silenced these "little voices"? What "little voices" is he talking about? Why "little"?

What shadow / night is Camus talking about? What does this metaphor suggest about the nature of the sun? What does the sun symbolize?

Why does the absurd man never stop trying? What is his joy and goal?

According to Camus, who is responsible for Sisyphus' fate? How does knowing that create an eagerness that leaves him "still on the go"?

How does this one line summarize Camus' whole argument?

According to Camus, where is true happiness found?

Oedipus at Colonus – Opening lines:

OEDIPUS

Child of an old blind sire, Antigone,
 What region, say, whose city have we reached?
 Who will provide today with scant dole
 This wanderer? 'Tis little that he craves,
 And less obtains--that less enough for me;
 For I am taught by suffering to endure,
 And the long years that have grown old with me,
 And last not least, by true nobility.
 My daughter, if thou seest a resting place
 On common ground or by some sacred grove,
 Stay me and set me down. Let us discover
 Where we have come, for strangers must inquire
 Of denizens, and do as they are bid.

After the reading:

Which individuals struggled?

Which faced futility?

Who despaired?

Who held onto hope? How did he or she manage to do that?

This piece presents a striking point of view that may cause some readers to recoil. However, one must separate Camus' position from one's own. While a good writer can disagree with Camus, he or she must demonstrate an understanding of HIS perspective. Discuss the following with someone who has also read Camus' essay.

What does Camus think about

Do you agree?

God

Suffering

Fate

Love

Power

Hope

Human Nature

Human Potential

Joy

DOCUMENT E

Allegories are common in literature. An allegory is a story where characters and events have a story to tell, but that story is also symbolic of a larger meaning or moral. In other words, this is all about symbolism, a subject you should have a passing knowledge of. An allegory tries to grasp complex issues by representing them in ways that appear deceptively simple on the surface. This document asks you to really explore allegory and ways in which an author can comment on the larger world using focused little tales. This document also contains some satire. Please do not assume that means you should look for satire in each story.

Satire is when an author makes fun of society by trying to put all its flaws on display. In a satirical piece, an author seems to take himself utterly seriously, but elements of the story are so exaggerated or comical that the reader starts to think that something is getting made fun of. It is. *Shrek* satirizes Disney love stories. *The Daily Show* satirizes the news.

The first example, *Shrek*, is called Horatian Satire (named after Horatian) who had a gentler form of satire where he poked fun of the world in general. *The Daily Show* is Juvenalian satire (named after Juvenal who could really get cruel). Juvenalian satire is sharper and meaner and often pokes fun of specific people or groups. Juvenal tended to make fun of Greeks, Syrians, and other greedy people he saw as destroying his perfect city of Rome—you know, that perfect city that used slaves to run city services and tortured people in arenas and coliseums? Yep, the Greeks just completely ruined that perfect, slave-owning, murderous city of Rome up on that shining hill. (See what I did there? Serious tone + elements of humor or exaggeration + making fun of society = satire.)

The Gulistan of Sa'di

By Sa'di

Gulistan is Persian (ناتس لگ) for "Rose Garden." Sa'di wrote each story to be a tiny rose in a garden, each to be enjoyed, and each to become part of the larger design. This includes selections from Chapter Three, "On the Excellence of Contentment."

Story 1

A Maghrabi supplicant said in Aleppo in the row of linen-drapers: 'Lords of wealth, if you were just and we contented, the trade of begging would vanish from the world.'

*O contentment, make me rich
For besides thee no other wealth exists.
Loqman selected the corner of patience.
Who has no patience has no wisdom.*

What part of the world are these stories set in?

What time period is implied by the appearance of professional beggars and a whole row of people with the profession of linen draper?

How is the part in italics different from the non-italicized part?

What is the moral "lesson" here?

What is Loqman (also spelled Luqman) an allusion to?

Who is this "lesson" aimed at?

Now you need to go explore the other roses in this garden Sa'di built you.

Story 2

Student Notes

Two sons of amirs were in Egypt, the one acquiring science, the other accumulating wealth, till the former became the ullemma of the period and the other the prince of Egypt; whereon the rich man looked with contempt upon the faqih and said: 'I have reached the sultanate whilst thou hast remained in poverty as before.' He replied: 'O brother, I am bound to be grateful to the most high Creator for having obtained the inheritance of prophets whilst thou hast attained the inheritance of Pharaoh and of Haman, namely the kingdom of Egypt.'

*I am that ant which is trodden under foot
Not that wasp, the pain of whose sting causes lament.
How shall I give due thanks for the blessing
That I do not possess the strength of injuring mankind?*

Story 3

I heard that a dervish, burning in the fire of poverty and sewing patch upon patch, said to comfort his mind:

'We are contented with dry bread and a patched robe
For it is easier to bear the load of one's own trouble
than that of thanks to others.'

Someone said to him: 'Why sittest thou? A certain man in this town possesses a benevolent nature, is liberal to all, has girded his loins to serve the pious and is ready to comfort every heart. If he becomes aware of thy case, he will consider it an obligation to comfort the mind of a worthy person.' He replied: 'Hush! It is better to die of inanition than to plead for one's necessities before any man.'

It is better to patch clothes and sit in the corner of patience
Than to write petitions for robes to gentlemen.
Verily it is equal to the punishment of hell
To go to paradise as a flunkey to one's neighbour.

Story 7

Two Khorasani dervishes travelled together. One of them, being weak, broke his fast every second night whilst the other who was strong consumed every day three meals. It

happened that they were captured at the gate of a town on suspicion of being spies; whereon each of them was confined in a closet and the aperture of it walled up with mud bricks. After two weeks it became known that they were guiltless. Accordingly the doors were opened and the strong man was found to be dead whilst the weak fellow had remained alive. The people were astonished but a sage averred that the contrary would have been astonishing because one of them having been voracious possessed no strength to suffer hunger and perished whilst the other who was abstemious merely persevered in his habit and remained safe.

*When eating little has become the nature of a man
He takes it easy when a calamity befalls him
But when the body becomes strong in affluence
He will die when a hardship overtakes him.*

Story 11

A brave warrior who had received a dreadful wound in the Tatar war was informed that a certain merchant possessed a medicine which he would probably not refuse to give if asked for; but it is related that the said merchant was also well known for his avarice.

If instead of bread he had the sun in his table-cloth
No one could see daylight till the day of resurrection.

The warrior replied: 'If I ask for the medicine he will either give it or refuse it and if he gives it maybe it will profit me, and maybe not. At any rate the inconvenience of asking it from him is a lethal poison.'

Whatever thou obtainest by entreaties from base men
Will profit thy body but injure thy soul.

And philosophers have said: 'If for instance the water of life were to be exchanged for a good reputation, no wise man would purchase it because it is preferable to die with honour than to live in disgrace.'

To eat coloquinth from the hand of a sweet-tempered man

Is better than confectionery from the hand of an ill-humoured fellow.

Story 16

Moses, to whom be salutation, beheld a dervish who had on account of his nudity concealed himself in the sand exclaiming: 'O Moses, utter a supplication to God the most high to give me an allowance because I am, on account of my distress, on the point of starvation.' Moses accordingly prayed and departed but returning a few days afterwards he saw that the dervish was a prisoner and surrounded by a crowd of people. On asking for the reason he was informed that the dervish had drunk wine, quarrelled, slain a man and was to be executed in retaliation.

*If the humble cat possessed wings
He would rob the world of every sparrow-egg.
It may happen that when a weak man obtains power
He arises and twists the hands of the weak.*

And if Allah were to bestow abundance upon his servants, they would certainly rebel upon earth.

What has made thee wade into danger, O fool,
Till thou hast perished. Would that the ant had not been able to fly!

*When a base fellow obtains dignity, silver and gold,
His head necessarily demands to be knocked.
Was not after all this maxim uttered by a sage?
'That ant is the best which possesses no wings.'*

The heavenly father has plenty of honey but the son has a hot disease.

He who does not make thee rich
Knows better what is good for thee than thyself.

After the reading:

Which individuals struggled?

Which faced futility?

Who despaired?

Who held onto hope? How did he or she manage to do that?

At this point, you should have some initial ideas about what you might want to say about hope and futility. Which of these stories support your position? Which contain opposing viewpoints that you might choose to address as counterclaims? A counterclaim (also called a rebuttal or procatlepsis) is when you tell me what the opposition thinks only so that you can then rebut or destroy the opposition's argument right up front. Sa'di claims "x" is true because _____. While this appears logical, it is not because _____. Therefore, my position is better than his. Okay, please don't be that rude about it, but that's the general form.

Allegories

Which of the stories are allegories?

What truth or idea does each person represent?

What is the larger moral that the author is attempting to teach?

Satire

Which stories are satire?

What are they making fun of?

What element of the story is exaggerated?

What truth in the real world does the author hope to get you to see?

DOCUMENT F

Reading poetry is not significantly different from reading prose. However, like allegory, poetry is very concise and very rich with meaning, so you have to spend extra time digesting it. However, you approach it by reading it through once, reading it again to determine where the logical “chunks” are, understanding each chunk, and then determining the author’s position. In poetry, the position is most likely to be found in the closing lines.

“In a Glass of Cider” by Robert Frost

It seemed I was a mite of sediment
 That waited for the bottom to ferment
 So I could catch a bubble in ascent.
 I rode up on one till the bubble burst,
 And when that left me to sink back reversed
 I was no worse off than I was at first.
 I'd catch another bubble if I waited.
 The thing was to get now and then elated.

How does the author use rhyme to create three logical “chunks”?

Which words carry a positive connotation? Which have a negative connotation? What is the pattern OR what does the lack of pattern mean?

Sediment is dirt—the crappy stuff at the bottom of the glass. What is the significance of feeling like “I was a mite of sediment”? What does this suggest about power or authority?

How much power does the sediment have over the bubble?

If sediment works really hard, can it prevent a bubble from popping?

Is it inevitable that a bubble pops? Why? What part of life does this symbolize?

In the end (where we find the meaning), is this an optimistic or pessimistic poem? What word choice (diction) tells you this?

How does this feeling tone in the end compare to or contrast with the tone in the rest of the poem?

Looking at all these questions and answers, what is Robert Frost trying to tell you? Again, you may (and most of you will) disagree with him, but give a statement of life as FROST sees it.

DOCUMENT G

Allowing a concrete object to stand in for or symbolize an emotional or thematic truth is common in poetry. This is about blackberry picking, but it's also about a lot more.

"Blackberry Picking" by Seamus Heaney

Late August, given heavy rain and sun
 For a full week, the blackberries would ripen.
 At first, just one, a glossy purple clot
 Among others, red, green, hard as a knot.
 You ate that first one and its flesh was sweet
 Like thickened wine: summer's blood was in it
 Leaving stains upon the tongue and lust for
 Picking. Then red ones inked up and that hunger
 Sent us out with milk cans, pea tins, jam-pots
 Where briars scratched and wet grass bleached our boots.
 Round hayfields, cornfields and potato-drills
 We trekked and picked until the cans were full,
 Until the tinkling bottom had been covered
 With green ones, and on top big dark blobs burned
 Like a plate of eyes. Our hands were peppered
 With thorn pricks, our palms sticky as Bluebeard's.
 We hoarded the fresh berries in the byre.
 But when the bath was filled we found a fur,
 A rat-grey fungus, glutting on our cache.
 The juice was stinking too. Once off the bush
 The fruit fermented, the sweet flesh would turn sour.
 I always felt like crying. It wasn't fair
 That all the lovely canfuls smelt of rot.
 Each year I hoped they'd keep, knew they would not.

READ THIS ONCE OR TWICE on your own before you start getting into the specifics and trying to answer questions.

Why does the author choose the dreaded 2nd person point of view in line 5?

Why does the author compare berry picking to lust? How are they alike in this poem?

How does the author use negative diction throughout the poem to undermine the peaceful, happy image of berry picking?

Does the simile "plate of eyes" refer only to how the berries look in the bucket or does it also contribute to the theme or tone of the poem. If so, how?

How does "rat-gray" affect the reader's impression of this image? What is the connotation?

Why does the author use the word "hoarded"? What is he implying about human nature?

What is the irony in him "always" crying given that last line?

What is significant about them doing this each year? What is the author implying about human nature?

Putting this all together, this is not only about berries. This poem is about how _____

DOCUMENT H

Now you have to start pulling all the reading skills together and using them to break open an author's code. This section is from an old AP Literature (senior year) test. If you look at the instructions, there is a HUGE clue regarding how to start breaking open the text for meaning. Never skip the directions on reading selections. If the directions weren't important, the test makers wouldn't include them.

In the following passage from *The Spectator* (March 4, 1712), the English satirist Joseph Addison creates a character who keeps a diary. Read the passage carefully and note how the language of the passage characterizes the diarist and his society and how the characterization serves Addison's satiric purpose.

MONDAY, *eight o'clock*.--I put on my clothes and walked into the parlour.

Nine o'clock, ditto--Tied my knee-strings and washed my hands.

Hours ten, eleven, and twelve.--Smoked three pipes of Virginia. Read the *Supplement* and *Daily Courant*. Things go ill in the North. Mr. Nisby's opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the afternoon.--Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco-box.

Two o'clock.--Sat down to dinner. *Mem*: Too many plums and no suet.

From three to four.--Took my afternoon's nap.

From four to six.--Walked into the fields. Wind S.S.E.

From six to ten.--At the club, Mr. Nisby's opinion about the peace.

Ten o'clock.--Went to bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY (*being holiday*), *eight o'clock*.--Rose as usual.

Nine o'clock.--Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double-soled shoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve.--Took a walk to Islington.

One.--Took a pot of Mother Cob's mild.

Between two and three. --Returned: dined on a knuckle of teal and bacon. *Mem*: Sprouts wanting.

Three--Nap as usual.

From four to six.--Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand Vizier strangled.

From six to ten.--At the club. Mr. Nisby's account of the great Turk.

Ten--Dream of the Grand Vizier. Broken sleep.

WEDNESDAY, *eight o'clock*. --Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands, but not face.

Nine--Paid off the butcher's bill. *Mem.*: To be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

Ten, eleven--At the Coffee-house. More work in the North. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went.

From twelve to one--Walked in the fields. Wind to the south.

From one to two--Smoked a pipe and a half.

Two--Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three--Nap broke by the falling of a pewter dish.

Mem.: Cookmaid in love, and grown careless.

From four to six--At the coffee-house. Advice from Smyrna, that the Grand Vizier was first of all strangled and afterwards beheaded.

Six o'clock in the evening--Was half-an-hour in the club before anybody else came. Mr. Nisby of opinion, that the Grand Vizier was not strangled the sixth instant.

Ten at night. --Went to bed. Slept without waking till nine next morning.

THURSDAY, *nine o'clock*. --Stayed within till two o'clock for Sir Timothy; who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.

Two in the afternoon .--Sat down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small-beer sour. Beef overcorned.

Three--Could not take my nap.

Four and five--Gave Ralph a box on the ear. Turned off my cookmaid. Sent a message to Sir Timothy. *Mem.*: did not go to the club to-night. Went to bed at nine o'clock.

FRIDAY.--Passed the morning in meditation upon Sir Timothy, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve o'clock--Bought a new head to my cane and tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl to recover appetite.

Two and three. --Dined and slept well.

From four to six--Went to the coffeehouse. Met Mr. Nisby there. Smoked several pipes. Mr. Nisby of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

Six o'clock.--At the club as steward. Sat late.

Twelve o'clock.--Went to bed, dreamt that I drank small-beer with the Grand Vizier.

SATURDAY.--Waked at eleven; walked in the field; wind N.E.

Twelve.--Caught in a shower.

One in the afternoon.--Returned home, and dried myself.

Two.--Mr. Nisby dined with me. First course marrow-bones, second ox-cheek, with a bottle of Brooke's and Hellier.

Three o'clock. --Overslept myself.

Six.--Went to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand Vizier certainly dead, &c.

Now, I know this is hard, so what I did was include my notes in the margin. I copied EXACTLY what I wrote the second time I read this article (the first time I read it to get the "big picture"), then I went back and took margin notes and if I were writing on it, I would read it again now that I have a theory about what the author is doing. That third read would be me pulling out specific evidence to prove my theory true. So, here are my reading notes.

MONDAY, *eight o'clock.*--I put on my clothes and walked into the parlour.

Nine o'clock, ditto.--Tied my knee-strings and washed my hands.

Hours ten, eleven, and twelve.--Smoked three pipes of Virginia. Read the Supplement and Daily Courant. Things go ill in the North. Mr. Nisby's opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the afternoon. ^{scolded} Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco-box.

Two o'clock.--Sat down to dinner ^{Memo?} Mem: Too many plums and no suet.

From three to four.--Took my afternoon's nap.

From four to six.--Walked into the fields. Wind S.S.E.

From six to ten.--At the club, Mr. Nisby's opinion about the peace.

Ten o'clock.--Went to bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY (*being holiday*), *eight o'clock* Rose as usual.

Nine o'clock.--Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double-soled shoes.

I didn't need to know this

Mundane

What? What's going on in the North?

Whine, whine, whine

This seems more important than his stupid dinner.

Ten, eleven, twelve.--Took a walk to Islington.

One.--Took a pot of Mother Cob's mild.

Alcohol? Food? Medicine?

Knuckle: cheap. Is he poor?
Cheap? A bad English cook?

Between two and three.--Returned: dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. *Mem.:*
Sprouts wanting.

Three--Nap as usual.

Whoa!!! DUDE! What?

From four to six.--Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand Vizier
strangled.

From six to ten.--At the club. Mr. Nisby's account of the great Turk.

Ten--Dream of the Grand Vizier. Broken sleep.

???

WEDNESDAY, *eight o'clock.* --Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands, but not
face.

Nine.--Paid off the butcher's bill. *Mem.:* To be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

Ten, eleven.--At the Coffee-house. More work in the North. Stranger in a black wig
asked me howstocks went.

What is going on?
War? Terrorism?

From twelve to one.--Walked in the fields. Wind to the south.

From one to two.--Smoked a pipe and a half.

Two.--Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three.--Nap broke by the falling of a pewter dish.

Mem.: Cookmaid in love, and grown careless.

WHAT?!?! Murder?
Assassination? Politics?
What?? This is the story I
want to hear about, not
his stupid shoes

From four to six.--At the coffee-house. Advice from Smyrna, that the Grand Vizier
was first of all strangled and afterwards beheaded.

Six o'clock in the evening.--Was half-an-hour in the club before anybody else came.
Mr. Nisby of opinion, that the Grand Vizier was not strangled the sixth instant.

Ten at night. --Went to bed. Slept without waking till nine next morning.

THURSDAY, *nine o'clock.* --Stayed within till two o'clock for Sir Timothy; who did
not bring me my annuity according to his promise.

Another money reference

Two in the afternoon. --Sat down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small-beer sour. Beef
overcorned.

Three.--Could not take my nap.

Four and five--Gave Ralph a ^{Hit} box on the ear. ^{Fired?} Turned off my cookmaid. Sent a message to Sir Timothy. *Mem.:* did not go to the club to-night. Went to bed at nine o'clock.

FRIDAY.--Passed the morning in meditation upon Sir Timothy, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve o'clock.--Bought a new head to my cane and tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl to recover appetite.

Is he really more upset about servants and buckles than a murder??? A decapitation?!?

Two and three. --Dined and slept well.

From four to six.--Went to the coffeehouse. Met Mr. Nisby there. Smoked several pipes. Mr. Nisby of opinion that ^{Laced with what?} laced coffee is bad for the head.

Six o'clock.--At the club as steward. Sat late.

The dead one? Not much emotion here.

Twelve o'clock.--Went to bed, dreamt that I drank small-beer with the (Grand Vizier.)

SATURDAY.--Waked at eleven; walked in the field; wind N.E.

Twelve.--Caught in a shower.

One in the afternoon.--Returned home, and dried myself.

All about talking about himself and every detail of his little life

Two.--Mr. Nisby dined with me. First course marrow-bones, second ox-cheek, with a bottle of Brooke's and Hellier.

Poor cuts for company. Is there food rationing going on? Is there a war?

Three o'clock. --Overslept myself.

Six.--Went to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand Vizier certainly dead, &c.

AND? BUT? SO?
GRRRR—
Totally ambiguous, which is probably the point.

And yes, I really did make all those notes on my text.

Good writers interact with the text—they don't stare at it and hope the right answer pops into their head through magical intervention... or even divine intervention.

After the reading:

Which individuals struggled?

Which faced futility?

Who despaired?

Who held onto hope? How did he or she manage to do that?

This author has a lot to say about futility. While this piece isn't directly about struggle, it certainly has a lot to say about the lack of struggle – about helplessness and human nature. He is definitely using satire to his advantage as well. As much as the tone is serious, you have some serious exaggeration and someone is definitely getting made fun of.

Now the hard part. What is the author saying?

What lines support this interpretation?

Can you use any of his points to support your position on hopelessness and despair?

This is one of those pieces that the more you think about it, the better the story is. So think about it, read something else, and come back to this little gem. Remember, if you don't "get" this, you don't have to use it in your essay, and if you're unsure if you "got it" or not, call me. 623-334-6934.

DOCUMENT I

And finally we reach the pinnacle of the unit, the major text and core of the discussion. In AP Literature (senior year), the core of each unit will be fiction. While we will read fiction in this class, expect the core of the unit to be non-fiction.

Now it's time for you to put all the pieces together. Look at the poetry of Paine's language with "the summer soldier and sunshine patriot." Look at the metaphor and the connotations of his language. Look at how he satirizes those he dislikes and their position. Look at how his beliefs come through the text and how he uses strong language (including rhetorical devices) to make his point. Use this as an opportunity to "meet" Thomas Paine, one of the most interesting of all the founding fathers, and to see how he saw the world in 1776, shortly after the United States declared independence and during a time when we were definitely losing the war.

In other words, apply every skill from this packet to this one reading. Identify and define new words. Use chunking and side notes to pull apart the arguments, explore metaphors and examine his use of language. Read it over and over, because that is what it will take. PLEASE do this reading LAST since it does require you to pull together every instructional piece from the unit.

And again, the final task revolves around futility and hope, so look for how Paine views these forces and how they affect people differently.

The Crisis by Thomas Paine

Student Notes

THESE are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands by it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly: it is dearness only that gives every thing its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right (not only to TAX) but "to BIND us in ALL CASES WHATSOEVER" and if being bound in that manner, is not slavery, then is there not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious; for so unlimited a power can belong only to God.

Whether the independence of the continent was declared too soon, or delayed too long, I will not now enter into as an argument; my

own simple opinion is, that had it been eight months earlier, it would have been much better. We did not make a proper use of last winter, neither could we, while we were in a dependent state. However, the fault, if it were one, was all our own; we have none to blame but ourselves. But no great deal is lost yet. All that Howe has been doing for this month past, is rather a ravage than a conquest, which the spirit of the Jerseys, a year ago, would have quickly repulsed, and which time and a little resolution will soon recover.

I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me, as to suppose that He has relinquished the government of the world, and given us up to the care of devils; and as I do not, I cannot see on what grounds the king of Britain can look up to heaven for help against us: a common murderer, a highwayman, or a house-breaker, has as good a pretence as he.

'Tis surprising to see how rapidly a panic will sometimes run through a country. All nations and ages have been subject to them. Britain has trembled like an ague at the report of a French fleet of flat-bottomed boats; and in the fourteenth [fifteenth] century the whole English army, after ravaging the kingdom of France, was driven back like men petrified with fear; and this brave exploit was performed by a few broken forces collected and headed by a woman, Joan of Arc. Would that heaven might inspire some Jersey maid to spirit up her countrymen, and save her fair fellow sufferers from ravage and ravishment! Yet panics, in some cases, have their uses; they produce as much good as hurt. Their duration is always short; the mind soon grows through them, and acquires a firmer habit than before. But their peculiar advantage is, that they are the touchstones of sincerity and hypocrisy, and bring things and men to light, which might otherwise have lain forever undiscovered. In fact, they have the same effect on secret traitors, which an imaginary apparition would have upon a private murderer. They sift out the hidden thoughts of man, and hold them up in public to the world. Many a disguised Tory has lately shown his head, that shall penitentially solemnize with curses the day on which Howe arrived upon the Delaware.

As I was with the troops at Fort Lee, and marched with them to the edge of Pennsylvania, I am well acquainted with many circumstances, which those who live at a distance know but little or nothing of. Our situation there was exceedingly cramped, the place being a narrow neck of land between the North River and the Hackensack. Our force was inconsiderable, being not one-fourth so great as Howe could bring against us. We had no army at hand to have relieved the garrison, had we shut ourselves up and stood on our defence. Our ammunition, light artillery, and the best part of our stores, had been removed, on the apprehension that Howe would endeavor to penetrate the Jerseys, in which case Fort Lee could be of no use to us; for it must occur to every thinking man, whether in the army or not, that these kind of field forts are only for temporary purposes, and last in use no longer than the enemy directs his force against the particular object which such forts are raised to defend. Such was our situation and condition at Fort Lee on the morning of the 20th of November, when an officer arrived with information that the enemy with 200 boats had landed about seven miles above; Major General [Nathaniel] Green, who commanded the garrison, immediately ordered them under arms, and sent express to General Washington at the town of Hackensack, distant by the way of the ferry = six miles. Our first object was to secure the bridge over the Hackensack, which laid up the river between the enemy and us, about six miles from us, and three from them. General Washington arrived in about three-quarters of an hour, and marched at the head of the troops towards the bridge, which place I expected we should have a brush for; however, they did not choose to dispute it with us, and the greatest part of our troops went over the bridge, the rest over the ferry, except some which passed at a mill on a small creek, between the bridge and the ferry, and made their way through some marshy grounds up to the town of Hackensack, and there passed the river. We brought off as much baggage as the wagons could contain, the rest was lost. The simple object was to bring off the garrison, and march them on till they could be strengthened by the Jersey or Pennsylvania militia, so as to be enabled to make a stand. We staid four days at Newark, collected our out-posts with some of the Jersey militia, and marched out twice to meet the enemy, on being informed that they were advancing, though our numbers were greatly inferior to theirs. Howe, in my little opinion, committed a great error in generalship in not throwing a body of forces off from Staten Island through

Amboy, by which means he might have seized all our stores at Brunswick, and intercepted our march into Pennsylvania; but if we believe the power of hell to be limited, we must likewise believe that their agents are under some providential control.

I shall not now attempt to give all the particulars of our retreat to the Delaware; suffice it for the present to say, that both officers and men, though greatly harassed and fatigued, frequently without rest, covering, or provision, the inevitable consequences of a long retreat, bore it with a manly and martial spirit. All their wishes centred in one, which was, that the country would turn out and help them to drive the enemy back. Voltaire has remarked that King William never appeared to full advantage but in difficulties and in action; the same remark may be made on General Washington, for the character fits him. There is a natural firmness in some minds which cannot be unlocked by trifles, but which, when unlocked, discovers a cabinet of fortitude; and I reckon it among those kind of public blessings, which we do not immediately see, that God hath blessed him with uninterrupted health, and given him a mind that can even flourish upon care.

I shall conclude this paper with some miscellaneous remarks on the state of our affairs; and shall begin with asking the following question, Why is it that the enemy have left the New England provinces, and made these middle ones the seat of war? The answer is easy: New England is not infested with Tories, and we are. I have been tender in raising the cry against these men, and used numberless arguments to show them their danger, but it will not do to sacrifice a world either to their folly or their baseness. The period is now arrived, in which either they or we must change our sentiments, or one or both must fall. And what is a Tory? Good God! What is he? I should not be afraid to go with a hundred Whigs against a thousand Tories, were they to attempt to get into arms. Every Tory is a coward; for servile, slavish, self-interested fear is the foundation of Toryism; and a man under such influence, though he may be cruel, never can be brave.

But, before the line of irrecoverable separation be drawn between us, let us reason the matter together: Your conduct is an invitation to the enemy, yet not one in a thousand of you has heart enough to join him. Howe is as much deceived by you as the American cause is injured by you. He expects you will all take up arms, and flock to his

standard, with muskets on your shoulders. Your opinions are of no use to him, unless you support him personally, for 'tis soldiers, and not Tories, that he wants.

I once felt all that kind of anger, which a man ought to feel, against the mean principles that are held by the Tories: a noted one, who kept a tavern at Amboy, was standing at his door, with as pretty a child in his hand, about eight or nine years old, as I ever saw, and after speaking his mind as freely as he thought was prudent, finished with this unfatherly expression, "Well! give me peace in my day." Not a man lives on the continent but fully believes that a separation must some time or other finally take place, and a generous parent should have said, "If there must be trouble, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace;" and this single reflection, well applied, is sufficient to awaken every man to duty. Not a place upon earth might be so happy as America. Her situation is remote from all the wrangling world, and she has nothing to do but to trade with them. A man can distinguish himself between temper and principle, and I am as confident, as I am that God governs the world, that America will never be happy till she gets clear of foreign dominion. Wars, without ceasing, will break out till that period arrives, and the continent must in the end be conqueror; for though the flame of liberty may sometimes cease to shine, the coal can never expire.

America did not, nor does not want force; but she wanted a proper application of that force. Wisdom is not the purchase of a day, and it is no wonder that we should err at the first setting off. From an excess of tenderness, we were unwilling to raise an army, and trusted our cause to the temporary defence of a well-meaning militia. A summer's experience has now taught us better; yet with those troops, while they were collected, we were able to set bounds to the progress of the enemy, and, thank God! they are again assembling. I always considered militia as the best troops in the world for a sudden exertion, but they will not do for a long campaign. Howe, it is probable, will make an attempt on this city [Philadelphia]; should he fail on this side the Delaware, he is ruined. If he succeeds, our cause is not ruined. He stakes all on his side against a part on ours; admitting he succeeds, the consequence will be, that armies from both ends of the continent will march to assist their suffering friends in the middle states; for he cannot go everywhere, it is impossible. I consider Howe as the greatest enemy

the Tories have; he is bringing a war into their country, which, had it not been for him and partly for themselves, they had been clear of. Should he now be expelled, I wish with all the devotion of a Christian, that the names of Whig and Tory may never more be mentioned; but should the Tories give him encouragement to come, or assistance if he come, I as sincerely wish that our next year's arms may expel them from the continent, and the Congress appropriate their possessions to the relief of those who have suffered in well-doing. A single successful battle next year will settle the whole. America could carry on a two years' war by the confiscation of the property of disaffected persons, and be made happy by their expulsion. Say not that this is revenge, call it rather the soft resentment of a suffering people, who, having no object in view but the good of all, have staked their own all upon a seemingly doubtful event. Yet it is folly to argue against determined hardness; eloquence may strike the ear, and the language of sorrow draw forth the tear of compassion, but nothing can reach the heart that is steeled with prejudice.

Quitting this class of men, I turn with the warm ardor of a friend to those who have nobly stood, and are yet determined to stand the matter out: I call not upon a few, but upon all: not on this state or that state, but on every state: up and help us; lay your shoulders to the wheel; better have too much force than too little, when so great an object is at stake. Let it be told to the future world, that in the depth of winter, when nothing but hope and virtue could survive, that the city and the country, alarmed at one common danger, came forth to meet and to repulse it. Say not that thousands are gone, turn out your tens of thousands; throw not the burden of the day upon Providence, but "show your faith by your works," that God may bless you. It matters not where you live, or what rank of life you hold, the evil or the blessing will reach you all. The far and the near, the home counties and the back, the rich and the poor, will suffer or rejoice alike. The heart that feels not now is dead; the blood of his children will curse his cowardice, who shrinks back at a time when a little might have saved the whole, and made them happy. I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death. My own line of reasoning is to myself as straight and clear as a ray of light. Not all the treasures of the world, so far as I

believe, could have induced me to support an offensive war, for I think it murder; but if a thief breaks into my house, burns and destroys my property, and kills or threatens to kill me, or those that are in it, and to "bind me in all cases whatsoever" to his absolute will, am I to suffer it? What signifies it to me, whether he who does it is a king or a common man; my countryman or not my countryman; whether it be done by an individual villain, or an army of them? If we reason to the root of things we shall find no difference; neither can any just cause be assigned why we should punish in the one case and pardon in the other. Let them call me rebel and welcome, I feel no concern from it; but I should suffer the misery of devils, were I to make a whore of my soul by swearing allegiance to one whose character is that of a sottish, stupid, stubborn, worthless, brutish man. I conceive likewise a horrid idea in receiving mercy from a being, who at the last day shall be shrieking to the rocks and mountains to cover him, and fleeing with terror from the orphan, the widow, and the slain of America.

There are cases which cannot be overdone by language, and this is one. There are persons, too, who see not the full extent of the evil which threatens them; they solace themselves with hopes that the enemy, if he succeed, will be merciful. It is the madness of folly, to expect mercy from those who have refused to do justice; and even mercy, where conquest is the object, is only a trick of war; the cunning of the fox is as murderous as the violence of the wolf, and we ought to guard equally against both. Howe's first object is, partly by threats and partly by promises, to terrify or seduce the people to deliver up their arms and receive mercy. The ministry recommended the same plan to Gage, and this is what the Tories call making their peace, "a peace which passeth all understanding" indeed! A peace which would be the immediate forerunner of a worse ruin than any we have yet thought of. Ye men of Pennsylvania, do reason upon these things! Were the back counties to give up their arms, they would fall an easy prey to the Indians, who are all armed: this perhaps is what some Tories would not be sorry for. Were the home counties to deliver up their arms, they would be exposed to the resentment of the back counties who would then have it in their power to chastise their defection at pleasure. And were any one state to give up its arms, that state must be garrisoned by all Howe's army of Britons and Hessians to preserve it from the anger of the rest. Mutual fear is the principal link in the chain of mutual love, and woe be to that state that breaks

the compact. Howe is mercifully inviting you to barbarous destruction, and men must be either rogues or fools that will not see it. I dwell not upon the vapors of imagination; I bring reason to your ears, and, in language as plain as A, B, C, hold up truth to your eyes.

I thank God, that I fear not. I see no real cause for fear. I know our situation well, and can see the way out of it. While our army was collected, Howe dared not risk a battle; and it is no credit to him that he decamped from the White Plains, and waited a mean opportunity to ravage the defenceless Jerseys; but it is great credit to us, that, with a handful of men, we sustained an orderly retreat for near an hundred miles, brought off our ammunition, all our field pieces, the greatest part of our stores, and had four rivers to pass. None can say that our retreat was precipitate, for we were near three weeks in performing it, that the country might have time to come in. Twice we marched back to meet the enemy, and remained out till dark. The sign of fear was not seen in our camp, and had not some of the cowardly and disaffected inhabitants spread false alarms through the country, the Jerseys had never been ravaged. Once more we are again collected and collecting; our new army at both ends of the continent is recruiting fast, and we shall be able to open the next campaign with sixty thousand men, well armed and clothed. This is our situation, and who will may know it. By perseverance and fortitude we have the prospect of a glorious issue; by cowardice and submission, the sad choice of a variety of evils — a ravaged country — a depopulated city — habitations without safety, and slavery without hope — our homes turned into barracks and bawdy-houses for Hessians, and a future race to provide for, whose fathers we shall doubt of. Look on this picture and weep over it! and if there yet remains one thoughtless wretch who believes it not, let him suffer it unlamented.

December 23, 1776

DOCUMENT J

Last but not least, arguments are not limited to texts. Pictures, art, memes, advertising and a dozen other “texts” have arguments. Here, look at the picture, the caption, the symbolic meaning of Nobel Peace Prize and Darwin Award and determine what “argument” this author is creating regarding determination.



DETERMINATION

A common factor in both Nobel Peace Prize and Darwin Award winners

Very Demotivational.com

Stop and think...

- What is your position? What do you think about determination? About futility? About hope?
- Which authors have views that support your own?
- Which authors disagree with you? Can you deal with their point of view head on in a counterclaim?

Now for the Essay

Prompt: In an essay that synthesizes (brings together ideas from) at least three of the sources for support, take a position that defends, challenges, or qualifies the claim that **the human soul is, by its very nature, designed to fight on despite any obstacle.**

Let's take the prompt apart. You have three choices.

- 1) You can **support** the position that the human soul is designed to fight on. This would mean finding the sources that support that argument, point of view or stance and constructing an essay that creates several paragraphs where you explain why you feel this is true.
- 2) You can **challenge** the position that the human soul is designed to fight on. This would require finding sources in the packet that go against that argument or stance and constructing an essay that explains why the claim is wrong. Again, this should be several paragraphs.
- 3) You can **qualify** the claim that the human soul is designed to fight on. Qualifying a subject means saying that sometimes the claim is true, and other times it is not. If you qualify something, you need to give specific conditions under which the claim is true (with reasoning and evidence just like the other essays) and then you have to discuss the specific conditions under which the claim is not true (with the reasoning and evidence).

These are more complex than sophomore essays, so let's look at a sample take from an SAT essay prompt.

Sample think-through

Is it a disadvantage to pay attention to details? Plan and write an essay in which you develop your point of view on this issue. Support your position with reasoning and examples taken from your reading, studies, experience, or observations.

1. I could support the position and say "Yes, it is a disadvantage. I would then need to have examples. So, in science, the pacemaker was invented by someone who put the wrong part in a heart monitor. Instead of monitoring the heart, the wires sent pulses into it. If he'd been paying attention to detail, that wouldn't have happened. In literature, Othello becomes obsessed with noting every little detail to the point that he stops thinking about the big picture. In war, a commander can't wait for every detail to be in place. Had the George Washington waited for the perfect time to engage the English, we wouldn't be a country because the details of troop movement in and out of New York were too difficult to obtain.

Now, I don't want to write an essay that bounces from example to example, so I need to have my original thinking in there. I need to group ideas and come up with my rules for WHY details are a disadvantage. When I look at my brainstorming, I can see that one reason is that the person

focused on details misses the bigger picture. I also see that the person who is focused on details may miss those happy accidents that lead to something great. THOSE ideas should be the focus of my paragraph because they're MINE. I do NOT want to spend all my time summarizing (or any time summarizing) the examples. I want to TALK to the reader about what I believe. Evidence is just there to prove me right

2. But wait! What if I don't agree? What if I want to talk about Alan Turing in WWII and how his attention to detail spawned the computer industry? Maybe I want to point to Iago and say that focusing on the details allowed him to plot his schemes and that the only reason he failed to win the day was because he forgot one critical detail—his wife. Maybe I want to point to the scientists like Einstein and Tesla who had to work to perfect one particular piece of technology, and that focus on detail allowed them to change the world. Imagine what the space program would look like if people didn't focus on details.

Again, I don't want my essay to be a list of examples. Examples are only there to support your point so don't tell me the entire story of Turing... you'll bore me. Instead, focus the essay on your point of view. Why are details important here? It seems like this suggests that focusing on details is part of being determined, part of finishing a difficult task. If no one took on the hard work of polishing all the details, then nothing would ever get completed... or almost nothing.

3. Again, I have a third choice. I can qualify the claim. I can point out that sometimes that focus on detail is a disadvantage. It prevents people from taking advantage of unexpected moments. It interferes with that ability to see the "whole" of a matter. However, at the same time, sometimes people do have to focus on the details because they do matter. Therefore, I am qualifying the claim and saying that sometimes it's true and sometimes it's not.

Writing Tips

When you take information from a source, **document** it in the sentence or after it.

Document A suggests...

It truly can lead to either great success and a Nobel Prize or death and that Darwin Award (**Document K**).

Strong **syntax** means I'm looking for strong control over sentence types. At this point in your high school career, I expect you to correctly use coordinating conjunctions, conjunctive adverbs, semicolons, subordinating conjunctions, participial phrases, appositives, and gerunds. All these can be found online with solid examples, so don't panic if you have to look up these definitions.

Strong **diction** means that I'm looking for strong control over word choice. When describing a strong emotion, you should avoid emotion-neutral words like "ran" and instead choose words that carry strong emotional content—flee (fear), sprint (energy), gallop (silliness, childlike energy), dash (urgency), scramble (disorganized, frantic), jog (gentle). When you are discussing topics with less emotion, you don't using ridiculously emotional words in there. Big ideas get big words to draw attention to them, and you never use low level words (things, stuff, very, nice, good, bad, etc).

Double, triple, quadruple check your **grammar** because you will not like what happens if I find grammar mistakes.

Formatting Rules: Type this, please. Typing should always be double spaced in a plain font (Times New Roman, Arial, Calibri or something boring that the computer uses as a default). The font should be either 10 or 12 point font. Handwriting is an accommodation I can make for special circumstances. In that case, it must be pen in the **very** best handwriting.

Final note: Do expect to rewrite this essay once you get into class. Writing good essays is a process, and it takes time and great effort.