



Grade 11
English Language Arts:
Comprehensive Focus (30S)

A Course for Independent Study

Field Validation Version

GRADE 11
ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS:
COMPREHENSIVE FOCUS (30S)

*A Course for
Independent Study*

Field Validation Version

2007, 2020

Manitoba Education

Manitoba Education Cataloguing in Publication Data

808.042 Grade 11 English language arts : comprehensive focus (30S) :
a course for independent study.—Field validation version.

Previously published as: Senior 3 English language
arts : comprehensive focus (30S) : a course for distance learning.
ISBN-13: 978-0-7711-3739-6
ISBN-10: 0-7711-3739-7

1. Language arts (Secondary)—Programmed
instruction. 2. Language arts (Secondary). 3. Language
arts (Secondary)—Manitoba. 4. Literature—Study and
teaching (Secondary). 5. Literature—Programmed instruction.
I. Manitoba. Manitoba Education.
II. Title :Senior 3 English language arts : comprehensive focus (30S) :
a course for distance learning

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Manitoba Education
Winnipeg, Manitoba

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Sincere thanks to the authors and publishers who allowed their original material
to be used.

<p>This document was originally published as <i>Senior 3 English Language Arts: Comprehensive Focus (30S): A Course for Distance Learning, Field Validation Version</i>.</p>
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This document was reformatted in 2007.

This resource was updated in 2020.

Acknowledgements

Manitoba Education gratefully acknowledges the contributions of the following individuals in the development of *Grade 11 English Language Arts: Comprehensive Focus (30S): A Course for Distance Learning*.

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Introduction

Welcome to the *Grade 11 English Language Arts: Comprehensive Focus* course! This course will help you to continue to develop the skills and knowledge you have already gained in previous English language arts courses.

This course package contains seven sequences of study. Each involves a number of learning experiences and a lot of thought and work, but care has been taken to make the material and assignments engaging and fun. Margins on the inside of each page contain icons and definitions of terms that may be unfamiliar to you. A list of the icons and what they represent is given at the end of this introduction.

Some of the work you do involves at least one other person, referred to in the material as your **response partner**. This is a friend, family member, teacher, or other person in your community who is interested in your work in the course and with whom you would enjoy working. Your response partner will respond to your own creative work, as well as share responses to others' texts and prior knowledge about various topics. An ideal response partner would be someone who is also taking this course. A letter for you to give to potential response partners is included in the *Forms* section at the end of this introduction. Use this when you ask someone to be your response partner.

Your tutor/marker is also available to answer any questions you may have and to offer suggestions when required. You should contact your tutor/marker whenever you have concerns or questions about the course material.

As you continue to read through this introduction, you should write down any questions or concerns that arise. When you are finished reading the introduction and have your list of questions ready, you must contact your tutor/marker at the Distance Learning Unit to arrange a telephone conversation. This conversation will give you a chance to “meet” your tutor/marker and to have your questions and concerns answered. **Make this telephone contact before you begin Sequence 1.**

Have fun with the course!

Questions and Answers about the *Grade 11 English Language Arts: Comprehensive Focus* course

Here are some answers to questions you may have before you begin this course or as you proceed with the course work.

How is this course organized?

The course is organized in the following sections:

- **Introduction** (which you are reading now) — The introduction gives an overview of the course and explains the course guidelines and important terminology.
- **Sequence 1: My Expectations** — In this sequence, you explore your experiences, ideas, opinions, and feelings about reading, writing, listening to, speaking, viewing, and representing texts, and how these affect the expectations you have of yourself and of the course. You will do a lot of this exploratory work in your Resource Binder (explained below). You also look at what the course expects of you in terms of the specific learning outcomes of the course. You create an informational and promotional pamphlet that expresses your expectations for the course (Assignment 1).
- **Sequence 2: Reader’s Expectations** — In this sequence, you will create a section in your Resource Binder for your Response Journal. You will look at a variety of ways that the expectations of readers influence the reading experience. You are given a variety of strategies and exercises to help you to respond to various texts. You compose a portrait of yourself as a reader (Assignment 2).
- **Sequence 3: Writer’s Expectations** — In this sequence, you will create another section in your Resource Binder to use as a Writer’s Notebook. You will look at several of the same topics and issues that you explored in Sequence 2, this time from the perspective of a writer, rather than a reader. You will be given strategies to help you practise writing, experiment with language, and reflect upon the creative process. You will go through the entire creative process to produce an original text which you will submit together with all of the work that went into it in the form of a process package (Assignment 3).

- **Sequence 4: Family Expectations** — In this sequence, you continue to work with your Response Journal and your Writer’s Notebook as you respond to and create a variety of short texts addressing family expectations. You will conduct an intergenerational interview (Assignment 4) and use the material you collect and create throughout the sequence to create a multigenre paper (Assignment 5).
- **Sequence 5: Societal and Cultural Expectations, Part 1** — In this sequence, you create a section in your Resource Binder to use as an Inquiry Log. You will use this to record information from and to respond to a variety of short texts and a full-length play, practising skills of observation, interpretation, and reflection that are essential to conducting an ethnographic study. You will creatively explore cultural components such as artifacts, environments, language, appearance, and behaviour in Assignment 6.
- **Sequence 6: Societal and Cultural Expectations, Part 2** — In this sequence, you continue to focus on the skills necessary to conduct an ethnographic study as you “virtually” study a cultural group in a novel. You will present your findings from the study in a formal report with a visual representation (Assignment 8). An additional assignment gives you the chance to explore collaboration among members of a group as you create a group scene and evaluate it (Assignment 7).
- **Sequence 7: “Living Up to Expectations”** — In this sequence, you display the work you have done in this course by creating a portfolio (Assignment 9).

Each sequence is followed by a *Forms* section, which includes removable forms and texts for you to work with and include in your work materials.

- **Appendices** — There are several appendices to this course, provided as resources for easy reference:
 - Appendix A — Maps of Learning Outcomes
 - Appendix B — Elements of Art and Principles of Design
 - Appendix C — “Trouble is My Business”
 - Appendix D — Video Production Guidelines
 - Appendix E — Creating Hypertext Guidelines
 - Appendix F — “Hansel and Gretel”
 - Appendix G — *Samantha Panther, P.I.*

Appendix H — “Rumpelstiltskin”

Appendix I — Response Sheets

Appendix J — Examples of Multigenre Papers

Appendix K — “Metaphors for Priming the Pump”

Appendix L — Guidelines for Writing Fiction

Appendix M — Guidelines for Report Writing

Appendix N — Forms of Visual Representation

Appendix O — Novel Openings

Appendix P — Scriptwriting Guidelines

What is the difference between this course and the other two Grade 11 English Language Arts (Literary and Transactional) courses?

Unlike English language arts courses in the grades before Grade 11, Grade 11 courses offer different specializations based on the purposes for reading, writing, listening to, speaking, viewing, and representing texts. The Comprehensive Focus course covers a variety of purposes and provides an equal amount of time on working with texts for pragmatic (50%) and aesthetic (50%) purposes. The Transactional Focus course gives more weight to experiencing texts for pragmatic (70%) rather than aesthetic (30%) purposes. The Literary Focus course places more emphasis on working with texts for aesthetic (70%) rather than pragmatic (30%) purposes. Each of these courses is different from but equivalent to the others, and you can complete any or all of the three for credit.

What are aesthetic and pragmatic purposes?

The differences between aesthetic and pragmatic purposes can be illustrated by looking at the differences between taking a walk for fun and walking to get somewhere. Walking for **aesthetic** purposes could include listening to the birds sing, checking out your neighbours’ yard work, smelling the lilacs, and so on. Generally, you take your time and appreciate various aspects of the experience. You are fully conscious of how good it feels to stretch your muscles and breathe in the fresh air.

On the other hand, if you are walking for a **pragmatic** purpose, for example, in order to get to school or work, you probably walk more quickly and pay more attention to obstacles such as puddles to walk around than to whether the trees are budding leaves yet. You probably walk more automatically, thinking of things like your plans for the day, rather than revelling in how good it feels to stretch your muscles. Of course, there is nothing to stop you from enjoying your walk, that is, from combining aesthetic and pragmatic purposes.

Like walking, the six language arts of reading, writing, listening, speaking, viewing, and representing can be done for different purposes. When you engage with a text for aesthetic purposes, you are expecting to take pleasure in being in the world of that text, and will take the time to appreciate various aspects of the craft and overall experience of the text. You may value experiences that relate to your own, ones that challenge your way of thinking and feeling, and ones that have the power to take you into an imaginary world. For example, you may view a film, read a novel, or listen to a song in order to understand people and their feelings and experiences by “living with” them through their imagined life. You may create a sculpture, tell a joke, or write a poem in order to bring pleasure to others or to capture an experience, feeling, or vision.

If you engage with a text for pragmatic purposes, you expect to take some knowledge and information out of the text, and to value clarity — that is, you want a text to express ideas clearly and directly and to be organized and formatted in such a way that you can easily find what you need. For example, you may read newspapers, view television commercials, or listen to radio programs in order to become more informed about current events, products, or issues so that you can make decisions. You may write a business letter, draw diagrams for science presentations, or give a speech in order to inform or persuade others, or to analyze information to understand it better. In fact, you are reading this introduction for pragmatic purposes, to gain knowledge about the course, possibly to help you to make a final decision about whether to take this course.

Again, like when walking, you can combine aesthetic and pragmatic purposes when engaging with texts. When you read a text, you may do it mainly for the fun of the experience, or you may do it to take away some information, but even if you are reading to understand some new concept, you can still enjoy the language as you read, just as you may be watching a film such as *Braveheart* to be entertained and still gain some information about Scottish history.

So, aesthetic purposes for reading, writing, listening to, speaking, viewing, or representing a text are to experience being in the world of the text, whereas pragmatic purposes are more to take something out of the text.

What is results-based education?

If you have completed other courses in Manitoba in recent years, you will be at least somewhat familiar with results-based education. Results-based education means that all of your learning experiences in a course are aimed at achieving particular outcomes that have been identified for that course. This means that you are not evaluated as to how impressive a poem you create but are instead assessed according to how well you demonstrated that you achieved specific learning outcomes in the process of creating that poem. All learning experiences in this course are tied directly to specific learning outcomes so that you will know exactly what is expected of you. In this way, you can focus your energy on the goal of achieving outcomes, much like while playing baseball you focus on the goal of hitting the ball while learning various elements of that skill (proper stance and grip, for example) in the process.

What are General Learning Outcomes and Specific Learning Outcomes?

General learning outcomes (five in total) and specific learning outcomes (56 in total) are the outcomes that have been identified for *Grade 11 English Language Arts: Comprehensive Focus* students in Manitoba (see Appendix A). The learning experiences in this course are designed to give you the opportunities to achieve all of these learning outcomes.

General learning outcomes are statements that identify the knowledge, skills and strategies, and attitudes that all English language arts students are expected to demonstrate with increasing competence and confidence from Kindergarten to Grade 12. The general learning outcomes are connected to each other, and can be achieved through a variety of reading and writing, listening and speaking, and viewing and representing experiences. The general learning outcomes that are targeted for each sequence are listed at the beginning of that sequence.

As shown in the maps in Appendix A, in Manitoba, English language arts students read, write, listen, speak, view, and represent to:

- explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and attitudes (General Learning Outcome 1)
- comprehend and respond personally, critically, and creatively to a wide variety of oral, print, and other media texts (General Learning Outcome 2)
- develop skills for managing ideas and information (General Learning Outcome 3)
- develop and enhance the clarity and artistry of communication in your writing, speaking, and representing (General Learning Outcome 4)
- develop a greater appreciation of yourself and others as members of a community (General Learning Outcome 5)

Specific learning outcomes are statements that describe the knowledge, skills and strategies, and attitudes that students are expected to learn in a particular course. The specific learning outcomes that are the target for each lesson are listed at the beginning of that lesson.

Lesson 2 of Sequence 1 goes into detail about how to interpret the specific learning outcomes so that you know what is expected of you.

How will I achieve these learning outcomes?

You will achieve the general learning outcomes and the specific learning outcomes by creating and responding to a variety of written, oral, and visual texts. You will read, write, listen, speak, view, and represent in a variety of combinations.

To accomplish the learning outcomes, you need to follow all lesson instructions carefully, complete all work in each lesson, submit your work and assignments to the Distance Learning Unit, and ask your tutor/marker questions whenever you are unsure about how to proceed.

How will my work be assessed?

Your tutor/marker will keep a record of your development during the course. He or she will verify that you have completed your work for each lesson, and both you and your tutor/marker will assess your assignments as you complete them.

- Lesson work — You are responsible for ensuring that all work for each lesson is completed and submitted to the Distance Learning Unit. To help you do this, a checklist of all required work is provided at the end of each sequence. Your tutor/marker will verify that all required work is complete, using a similar checklist, before assessing your assignments.
- Assignments — There are nine assignments in this course, including a final portfolio where you can demonstrate your highest achievement of the learning outcomes. You will use an assessment scale to conduct a self-assessment of each assignment before submitting it to the Distance Learning Unit. Your tutor/marker will assess each assignment using the same scale and then return the assignments and assessments to you.

When you have completed all seven sequences, your tutor/marker will analyze the results of the nine assignments, and the work you completed to produce those assignments, to determine your best demonstrated level of achievement for each outcome. He or she will convert the results into a percentage, average the percentages, and then provide a summative evaluation (final) grade.

The conversion is based on the following scale:

Rating Scale				
0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work does not show evidence of this specific outcome, or evidence of specific learning outcome is incomplete 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work does not meet the expectations identified in the specific learning outcome for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> (work is below range of expectations for Grade 11) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work demonstrates minimal expectations identified in the specific learning outcome for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work meets expectations for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> (work demonstrates the specific learning outcome) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work demonstrates maximum expectations for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i>

What is a Resource Binder?

Your Resource Binder is a three-ring binder in which you will store your course materials and assignments. It should contain a good supply of loose-leaf paper, and you may want to use dividers to separate your Response Journal, Writer's Notebook, and Inquiry Logs, which are required for different sequences. At the end of each sequence, you will submit work from your Resource Binder to the Distance Learning Unit, along with your assignments for that sequence.

What is involved in preparing my final portfolio?

You will need to save and date all of the work you do throughout the course for possible inclusion in your portfolio. Sequence 7 guides you through the assembling of the material you choose to include. The more work you do throughout the course, the more you will have to choose from to demonstrate the learning you have accomplished (and the more enjoyment you will get from the course). You will be submitting work to be checked by your tutor/marker at the end of every sequence, but all work will be returned to you. You may need to set aside some sort of storage container, such as a box, drawer, accordion file, or filing cabinet to store the work you are saving, as it may not all fit in your Resource Binder, particularly as you near the end of the course.

At the end of Sequence 4, you will have a conference with your tutor/marker to ensure that you are clear about the process of compiling material for your portfolio. At that time, you will be given the requirements of the contents as well as guidelines for beginning to select pieces to include. Any pieces you include at that point can be replaced by other pieces as your work improves — the final selection is not made until Sequence 7.

How much time will this course take?

This course is expected to take 110 hours of instructional time, as a course offered in a school classroom would. The course is designed so that each lesson takes the equivalent of approximately one class period, usually between one and two hours. (There are some sequences with a more independent structure, such as Sequence 6.) This time does not include all the time you spend on the course — as in a classroom setting, what is not completed during a lesson period and some extra reading or viewing assignments need to be done on your own time, as “homework.” The extra time you spend will vary depending upon the pace at which you work and the amount of effort you choose to put into your work. Hopefully, you will find the assignments and learning experiences so engaging and stimulating that time will fly!

What options are provided in this course to allow for my special interests and needs?

Although some assignments, particularly at the beginning of the course, prescribe the content, form, and audience of texts you create, there is considerable room for personal choice — especially in the forms of texts you create later, as well as in the full-length texts you are required to read. For example, in Assignment 3, although you are required to begin a variety of pieces, you choose the one you wish to take through the whole creative process. As another example, in Sequence 8 you are required to have a visual representation component to your formal report but you can choose from a wide variety of visual forms as well as several different ways to integrate it. You also choose from one of two possible plays, and one of five possible novels to read and respond to in Sequences 5 and 6.

With this freedom of choice comes a certain amount of responsibility. You need to balance the variety of texts you work with and monitor this variety. Information is provided to assist you in this monitoring, but it is ultimately up to you to ensure that you don't read only one type of text, write only poetry, or perform only stories, etc. throughout the whole course. Several of the specific learning outcomes refer to a "variety" or "range" of texts and strategies, and you need to be sure that the work you accomplish demonstrates your achievement of those outcomes.

What terms and concepts do I need to know in this course?

In this course, particularly in the learning outcomes targeted throughout, you will encounter some terminology that is unfamiliar to you. The following list includes some of these terms and some key language arts concepts. You should refer back to this list again when you examine the learning outcomes in more detail later in the course.

- **English Language Arts** — includes the six language arts of reading, writing, listening, speaking, viewing, and representing. The language arts of viewing and representing are recent additions to the Manitoba English language arts courses.
 - *Viewing* is paying attention to and understanding visual texts such as television, advertising images, films, photographs, drama, drawings, sculpture, and paintings. By developing your skills in viewing, you are able to appreciate the ideas and experiences of others.
 - *Representing* is communicating ideas, experiences, and feelings visually, again in forms such as posters, diagrams, videos, visual art (photographs, drawings, sculpture, paintings), drama, and mime.

- **Knowledge, Skills and Strategies, and Attitudes** — are embedded in each of the learning outcomes.
 - *Knowledge*: Facts, concepts, principles, and generalizations about specific content such as vocabulary, literary devices, and conventions of various forms and genres
 - *Skills and Strategies*: The skilled use of the six language arts, and of processes and strategies such as inquiry, group interaction, revision and editing, and reflection
 - *Attitudes*: Attitudes toward the six language arts that include thinking strategically, considering others' ideas, appreciating language, reflecting on one's performance, and setting personal goals
- **Text** — In the context of English language arts, “text” has a broad meaning and refers to all forms of communication: oral, print, and visual. Examples of texts include a movie, a conversation, a comic book, a musical performance, a poem, a sunset — anything that conveys some thought or emotion to the person who attends and responds to it.
- **Genres and Forms** — The term “genre” is from a French word meaning “kind or type.” Basically, a genre of text is a type of text or a category for grouping similar texts. Basic genres include poetry, drama, fiction, and nonfiction, but these can be broken down (almost infinitely) to include a wide variety of sub-genres such as narrative poetry or comedy or mystery or documentary. These can be further subdivided into such genres as dark comedy or romantic comedy or slapstick comedy.

Texts are often categorized in such ways for sale in bookstores or for rental in video shops. Belonging to a genre generally means a text follows certain conventions or rules (although such rules can be broken) and knowledge of these conventions helps to guide a person's approach to reading, listening to, or viewing the text. For example, if a story begins, “Once upon a time. . . ,” you would immediately recognize it as a fairy tale and draw on what you know of fairy tales to understand it. Similarly, you know that a romantic comedy will end with the lead characters uniting in romantic bliss, and would choose such a text when in the mood for that kind of ending.

The term “form” is often used interchangeably with “genre,” as in phrases like “the short story form” or “poetic form,” although it has another meaning related to texts. It can also be used to refer to the way a text is organized or put together. You are probably familiar with the “forms” of a five-paragraph essay or a 14-line sonnet. The form of a text is part of the conventions of a genre, or part of how genres are categorized. For the purposes of this course, you can use the two terms interchangeably without worrying about the subtle distinction between them.

- **Prior knowledge** — Prior knowledge is what you already know or have learned. It includes a variety of experiences, knowledge, beliefs, attitudes, and skills. What you know, what you think you know, what you don’t know, and how you feel all affect how you interact with texts, and how you make sense of additional experiences and information. New learning is a process of connecting new experiences to old experiences and changing or revising your previous knowledge to fit with new knowledge.

With regard to comprehending and generating literary texts, using your prior knowledge includes

- relating events or characters or images to similar ones from your personal experience
- relating texts to other texts you have read, listened to, viewed, written, spoken, or represented
- relating texts to your general knowledge of the world
- drawing on what you know about a writer, filmmaker, artist, or storyteller and his or her work in order to make predictions about or to understand new texts
- drawing on your knowledge of how different kinds of texts are put together or organized
- recognizing when you lack the knowledge or attitude necessary to appreciate and understand a new text

For example, as stated earlier, if you know that a romantic comedy typically ends with the lead characters uniting in romantic bliss, you draw upon that knowledge when viewing a new film billed as a romantic comedy and predict such an ending. For another example, if you've never heard a fairy tale, your lack of knowledge about that genre will make a new text that imitates or parodies a fairy tale appear silly or meaningless. If your prior knowledge about poetry is that it rhymes, you may be confused by or resistant to poetry that doesn't rhyme and may revise your prior knowledge to expand your definition of poetry to include poems that don't rhyme.

- **Comprehension Strategies** — A strategy is a purposeful way of going about things, a plan or a method. Comprehension strategies are those methods you use to more fully understand the texts you read, hear, and view. Comprehension strategies include
 - making inferences (or reasonable conclusions) about character traits and relationships
 - paraphrasing or saying in your own words
 - connecting the text to your prior knowledge
 - judging the authenticity or believability of a text
 - visualizing images associated with a text
 - formulating questions about a text
 - reading at different rates

The variety of comprehension strategies available to you will be discussed further in Sequence 2.

- **Cueing Systems** — You use different kinds of reading cues to make sense out of text you read and listen to. These cueing systems are
 - *syntactic* cueing system — or knowledge of word-order in sentences
 - *semantic* cueing system — or knowledge of the meanings of words and word parts, particularly as they are used in the passages you read
 - *graphophonic* cueing system — or knowledge about how the pronunciation of words is related to their visual appearance
 - *pragmatic* cueing system — or knowledge of the social and cultural context of and the purpose of your reading

- **Techniques and Elements** — A wide variety of methods are used by writers, artists, filmmakers, and storytellers as part of their craft for particular purposes. Such techniques and elements include
 - foreshadowing or hinting at things to come to create suspense
 - first person point of view to create a sense of intimacy between the narrator and the reader
 - high or low camera angles to show relative importance of characters
 - repeating shapes or colours in a work of visual art. You will examine such techniques and elements in texts and try some out in your original texts.
- **Access information and ideas** — To “access” something means to “get at it.” You will learn ways to “get at” information and ideas, ways involving inquiry processes such as interviewing, observing, reading, and collecting.

What materials do I need for this course?

Materials

- large package of looseleaf paper to complete daily work in Resource Binder
- two three-ring binders for Resource Binder and for final portfolio
- dividers for Resource Binder and portfolio sections
- storage box, accordion file, drawer, filing cabinet or other storage container to store work to consider for portfolio
- dictionary
- thesaurus
- writing and drawing tools (pens, pencils, markers, crayons, pastels, etc.)
- blank paper in a variety of colours
- index cards
- scissors
- glue stick
- blank audiotape
- access to a tape recorder

- access to newspapers and magazines
- access to equipment to view a DVD
- access to a telephone

Note: If for some reason, you do not have access to any of the materials listed above, contact your tutor/marker to work out some accommodation.

Optional: Depending on your personal interests and skills, you may want the following to use to create your texts:

- access to a camera
- access to a video camera
- access to a computer and word processing, hypertext, and/or web page software

Note: Access to a photocopier would be beneficial. It is recommended that you photocopy your assignments before submitting them, in case they get lost in the mail.

Texts

The following texts may be ordered from the Manitoba Text Book Bureau (MTBB). Be sure to order these texts before you begin. The texts you need for this course may be ordered from

The Manitoba Text Book Bureau (MTBB)
Box 910
Souris MB R0K 2C0
Toll-Free (in Manitoba): 1-800-305-5515
Fax: 1-204-483-3441
Email: mtbb@gov.mb.ca
Website: www.mtbb.mb.ca

The MTBB stock number is provided for each text listed.

Required Texts

- Laurence, Margaret. *A Bird in the House*. MTBB # 12684
- Sebranek, Patrick, Verne Meyer, and Dave Kemper. *Writers INC: A Student Handbook for Writing and Learning*. MTBB # 72090

Required Novel

You will read **one** of these novels in Sequence 6. These novels are likely available at local schools or libraries, or they can be purchased from the Manitoba Text Book Bureau.

Note: To help you choose your novel, the beginnings of each have been included in Appendix O.

- Bradbury, Ray. *Fahrenheit 451*. MTBB # 21587
- Braithwaite, Max. *The Night We Stole the Mountie's Car*. MTBB # 21598
- Huxley, Aldous. *Brave New World*. MTBB # 21575 (paperback) or # 21576 (permabound)
- Lowry, Lois. *The Giver*. MTBB # 8681
- Waugh, Evelyn. *The Loved One*. MTBB # 21594

Required Drama

You will need to read **one** of the following plays:

- *A Doll's House*. MTBB # 21528
- *The Importance of Being Earnest*. MTBB # 21542

Required Audio CD

You will need to listen to a radio play, *The Maltese Falcon*, in Sequence 2. This text is provided on CD and has to be ordered from from the Distance Learning Unit.

Required DVD

You will need to view the documentary film *Body Image for Boys* in Sequence 5. This text is provided on DVD and has to be ordered from the Distance Learning Unit.

Required Picture Books

- Laden, N. *Private I. Guana: The Case of the Missing Chameleon*. MTBB # 8655

and **one** of the following:

- Martin, R. *The Rough-Face Girl*. MTBB # 8679
- Steptoe, J. *Mufaro's Beautiful Daughters*. MTBB # 8680

Reference Books

- *Gage Canadian Dictionary*. MTBB # 7296
- *Gage Canadian Thesaurus*. MTBB # 6206

Resources

- a response partner — someone to respond to your texts, share responses about other texts, and collaborate with you in creating and responding to texts
- your tutor/marker
- a local library from which you can borrow books, audiotapes, and videotapes for your independent reading, listening, viewing, and inquiry

Other Required Texts

- a department store catalogue

What's next?

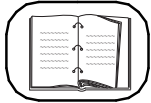
At this point, you may be having a difficult time processing all of this information. Remember to write down any questions and concerns you have and to contact your tutor/marker who will answer them for you.

Good luck and good learning!



ICONS

Know your target student learning outcomes.



Complete the work in your Resource Binder.



Reading — set aside some time for reading.



Writing — use the writing process.



Speaking — talk with someone.



Representing — use your hands and be creative.



Viewing — take time to look at this.



Listening — prepare to be attentive.



Think about this idea.



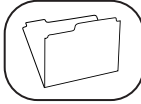
Telephone your tutor/marker.



Take note!



Use a tape recorder and an audiotape.
(Please use standard-size cassettes.)



Add to your portfolio collection.



Submit this sequence material to the Distance
Learning Unit.



A checklist.

Introduction
Forms

Dear _____:

I am beginning work on the *Grade 11 English Language Arts: Comprehensive Focus* distance learning course. Parts of this course require the assistance of a “response partner.” I would like you to consider being my response partner. I would enjoy working with you. If you agree to take on this role, I would expect you to

- be available for honest, in-depth discussions about texts that we read, listen to, or view;
- be a willing audience for my original texts, and provide honest feedback as a fellow reader, listener, and viewer;
- take an interest in my work and progress; and
- collaborate with me in discussions, creations, and possibly presentations of texts.

I do **not** expect you to

- be an “expert” on English grammar or literature or the creative process, or
- evaluate or “mark” my work.

If you have the time and are interested in this role, please call me at _____ . Thank you for considering this request.

Sincerely,

GRADE 11 ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS: COMPREHENSIVE FOCUS (30S)

Sequence 1 Cover Sheet

Please complete this sheet and place it on top of your assignments to assist in proper recording of your work. Submit the package to:

Drop-off/Courier Address

Distance Learning Unit
555 Main Street
Winkler MB R6W 1C4

Mailing Address

Distance Learning Unit
500-555 Main Street
PO Box 2020
Winkler MB R6W 4B8

Contact Information

Legal Name: _____ Preferred Name: _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

Mailing Address: _____

City/Town: _____ Postal Code: _____

Attending School: No Yes

School Name: _____

Has your contact information changed since you registered for this course? No Yes

Note: Please keep a copy of your assignments so that you can refer to them when you discuss them with your tutor/marker.

For Student Use	For Office Use Only	
<p>Sequence 1 Assignments</p> <p>Which of the following are completed and enclosed? Please check (✓) all applicable boxes below.</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Process Work (as listed on the Checklist for Sequence 1) (p. 51)</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Assignment 1: Pamphlet (Process and Product)</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Self-Assessment of Assignment 1 (p. 49)</p>	<p>Attempt 1</p> <hr/> <p>Date Received</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p> <p>_____ /48</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p>	<p>Attempt 2</p> <hr/> <p>Date Received</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p> <p>_____ /48</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p>
<p>Sequence 1 Percentage Mark _____ /48 x 100 = _____ %</p>		
For Tutor/Marker Use		
<p>Remarks:</p>		

The assessment process is explained on the back of this page.

Assessment Process

You must submit your assignment(s) for assessment and your self-assessment(s) for comment by the tutor/marker. In addition, the tutor/marker may request to review certain pieces of your process work to help with assessing your assignment(s). You may also choose to submit some or all of your process work to obtain feedback.

You will need to save and date all your work (process work and assignments) throughout the course for possible inclusion in your portfolio, which you will submit in Sequence 7.

You will receive a percentage mark for each sequence and for your progress test. When you have completed all seven sequences and your test, your tutor/marker will analyze the results of the assignments (including your portfolio), the self-assessments of the assignments, and the progress test to determine your summative or final mark for the course.

GRADE 11 ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS: COMPREHENSIVE FOCUS (30S)

Sequence 2 Cover Sheet

Please complete this sheet and place it on top of your assignments to assist in proper recording of your work. Submit the package to:

Drop-off/Courier Address

Distance Learning Unit
555 Main Street
Winkler MB R6W 1C4

Mailing Address

Distance Learning Unit
500-555 Main Street
PO Box 2020
Winkler MB R6W 4B8

Contact Information

Legal Name: _____ Preferred Name: _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

Mailing Address: _____

City/Town: _____ Postal Code: _____

Attending School: No Yes

School Name: _____

Has your contact information changed since you registered for this course? No Yes

Note: Please keep a copy of your assignments so that you can refer to them when you discuss them with your tutor/marker.

For Student Use	For Office Use Only	
<p>Sequence 2 Assignments</p> <p>Which of the following are completed and enclosed? Please check (✓) all applicable boxes below.</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Process Work (as listed on the Checklist for Sequence 2) (pp. 231-233)</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Assignment 2: Portrait of a Reader</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Self-Assessment of Assignment 2 (p. 229)</p>	<p>Attempt 1</p> <hr/> <p>Date Received</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p> <p>_____ /48</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p>	<p>Attempt 2</p> <hr/> <p>Date Received</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p> <p>_____ /48</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p>
<p>Sequence 2 Percentage Mark _____ /48 x 100 = _____ %</p>		
For Tutor/Marker Use		
<p>Remarks:</p>		

The assessment process is explained on the back of this page.

Assessment Process

You must submit your assignment(s) for assessment and your self-assessment(s) for comment by the tutor/marker. In addition, the tutor/marker may request to review certain pieces of your process work to help with assessing your assignment(s). You may also choose to submit some or all of your process work to obtain feedback.

You will need to save and date all your work (process work and assignments) throughout the course for possible inclusion in your portfolio, which you will submit in Sequence 7.

You will receive a percentage mark for each sequence and for your progress test. When you have completed all seven sequences and your test, your tutor/marker will analyze the results of the assignments (including your portfolio), the self-assessments of the assignments, and the progress test to determine your summative or final mark for the course.

GRADE 11 ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS: COMPREHENSIVE FOCUS (30S)

Sequence 3 Cover Sheet

Please complete this sheet and place it on top of your assignments to assist in proper recording of your work. Submit the package to:

Drop-off/Courier Address

Distance Learning Unit
555 Main Street
Winkler MB R6W 1C4

Mailing Address

Distance Learning Unit
500-555 Main Street
PO Box 2020
Winkler MB R6W 4B8

Contact Information

Legal Name: _____ Preferred Name: _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

Mailing Address: _____

City/Town: _____ Postal Code: _____

Attending School: No Yes

School Name: _____

Has your contact information changed since you registered for this course? No Yes

Note: Please keep a copy of your assignments so that you can refer to them when you discuss them with your tutor/marker.

For Student Use	For Office Use Only	
<p>Sequence 3 Assignments</p> <p>Which of the following are completed and enclosed? Please check (✓) all applicable boxes below.</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Process Work (as listed on the Checklist for Sequence 3) (pp. 91-93)</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Assignment 3: Process Package (Prewriting Material, Drafts, Biography of the Piece, Product)</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Self-Assessment of Assignment 3 (pp. 87-89)</p>	<p>Attempt 1</p> <hr/> <p>Date Received</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p> <p>_____/96</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p>	<p>Attempt 2</p> <hr/> <p>Date Received</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p> <p>_____/96</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p>
<p>Sequence 3 Percentage Mark ____/96 x 100 = ____ %</p>		
For Tutor/Marker Use		
<p>Remarks:</p>		

The assessment process is explained on the back of this page.

Assessment Process

You must submit your assignment(s) for assessment and your self-assessment(s) for comment by the tutor/marker. In addition, the tutor/marker may request to review certain pieces of your process work to help with assessing your assignment(s). You may also choose to submit some or all of your process work to obtain feedback.

You will need to save and date all your work (process work and assignments) throughout the course for possible inclusion in your portfolio, which you will submit in Sequence 7.

You will receive a percentage mark for each sequence and for your progress test. When you have completed all seven sequences and your test, your tutor/marker will analyze the results of the assignments (including your portfolio), the self-assessments of the assignments, and the progress test to determine your summative or final mark for the course.

GRADE 11 ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS: COMPREHENSIVE FOCUS (30S)

Sequence 4 Cover Sheet

Please complete this sheet and place it on top of your assignments to assist in proper recording of your work. Submit the package to:

Drop-off/Courier Address

Distance Learning Unit
555 Main Street
Winkler MB R6W 1C4

Mailing Address

Distance Learning Unit
500-555 Main Street
PO Box 2020
Winkler MB R6W 4B8

Contact Information

Legal Name: _____ Preferred Name: _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

Mailing Address: _____

City/Town: _____ Postal Code: _____

Attending School: No Yes

School Name: _____

Has your contact information changed since you registered for this course? No Yes

Note: Please keep a copy of your assignments so that you can refer to them when you discuss them with your tutor/marker.

For Student Use	For Office Use Only	
<p>Sequence 4 Assignments</p> <p>Which of the following are completed and enclosed? Please check (✓) all applicable boxes below.</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Process Work (as listed on the Checklist for Sequence 4) (pp. 163-165)</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Assignment 4: Intergenerational Interview</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Self-Assessment of Assignment 4 (p. 159)</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Assignment 5: Multigenre Paper</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Self-Assessment of Assignment 5 (p. 161)</p>	<p>Attempt 1</p> <hr/> <p>Date Received</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p> <p>_____ /32</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p> <p>_____ /48</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p>	<p>Attempt 2</p> <hr/> <p>Date Received</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p> <p>_____ /32</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p> <p>_____ /48</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p>
<p>Sequence 4 Percentage Mark _____ /80 x 100 = _____ %</p>		
For Tutor/Marker Use		
<p>Remarks:</p>		

Assessment Process

You must submit your assignment(s) for assessment and your self-assessment(s) for comment by the tutor/marker. In addition, the tutor/marker may request to review certain pieces of your process work to help with assessing your assignment(s). You may also choose to submit some or all of your process work to obtain feedback.

You will need to save and date all your work (process work and assignments) throughout the course for possible inclusion in your portfolio, which you will submit in Sequence 7.

You will receive a percentage mark for each sequence and for your progress test. When you have completed all seven sequences and your test, your tutor/marker will analyze the results of the assignments (including your portfolio), the self-assessments of the assignments, and the progress test to determine your summative or final mark for the course.

GRADE 11 ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS: COMPREHENSIVE FOCUS (30S)

Sequence 5 Cover Sheet

Please complete this sheet and place it on top of your assignments to assist in proper recording of your work. Submit the package to:

Drop-off/Courier Address

Distance Learning Unit
555 Main Street
Winkler MB R6W 1C4

Mailing Address

Distance Learning Unit
500-555 Main Street
PO Box 2020
Winkler MB R6W 4B8

Contact Information

Legal Name: _____ Preferred Name: _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

Mailing Address: _____

City/Town: _____ Postal Code: _____

Attending School: No Yes

School Name: _____

Has your contact information changed since you registered for this course? No Yes

Note: Please keep a copy of your assignments so that you can refer to them when you discuss them with your tutor/marker.

For Student Use	For Office Use Only	
<p>Sequence 5 Assignments</p> <p>Which of the following are completed and enclosed? Please check (✓) all applicable boxes below.</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Process Work (as listed on the Checklist for Sequence 5) (pp. 113-115)</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Assignment 6: Option # _____ (Please indicate title of option selected)</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Self-Assessment of Assignment 6 (pp. 109-111)</p>	<p>Attempt 1</p> <hr/> <p>Date Received</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p> <p>_____ /44</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p>	<p>Attempt 2</p> <hr/> <p>Date Received</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p> <p>_____ /44</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p>
<p>Sequence 5 Percentage Mark _____ /44 x 100 = _____ %</p>		
For Tutor/Marker Use		
<p>Remarks:</p>		

The assessment process is explained on the back of this page.

Assessment Process

You must submit your assignment(s) for assessment and your self-assessment(s) for comment by the tutor/marker. In addition, the tutor/marker may request to review certain pieces of your process work to help with assessing your assignment(s). You may also choose to submit some or all of your process work to obtain feedback.

You will need to save and date all your work (process work and assignments) throughout the course for possible inclusion in your portfolio, which you will submit in Sequence 7.

You will receive a percentage mark for each sequence and for your progress test. When you have completed all seven sequences and your test, your tutor/marker will analyze the results of the assignments (including your portfolio), the self-assessments of the assignments, and the progress test to determine your summative or final mark for the course.

GRADE 11 ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS: COMPREHENSIVE FOCUS (30S)

Sequence 6 Cover Sheet

Please complete this sheet and place it on top of your assignments to assist in proper recording of your work. Submit the package to:

Drop-off/Courier Address

Distance Learning Unit
555 Main Street
Winkler MB R6W 1C4

Mailing Address

Distance Learning Unit
500-555 Main Street
PO Box 2020
Winkler MB R6W 4B8

Contact Information

Legal Name: _____ Preferred Name: _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

Mailing Address: _____

City/Town: _____ Postal Code: _____

Attending School: No Yes

School Name: _____

Has your contact information changed since you registered for this course? No Yes

Note: Please keep a copy of your assignments so that you can refer to them when you discuss them with your tutor/marker.

For Student Use	For Office Use Only	
<p>Sequence 6 Assignments</p> <p>Which of the following are completed and enclosed? Please check (✓) all applicable boxes below.</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Process Work (as listed on the Checklist for Sequence 6) (p. 49)</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Assignment 7: Group Scene and Evaluation</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Self-Assessment of Assignment 7 (pp. 41-43)</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Assignment 8: Formal Report with Visual Representation (Process and Product)</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Self-Assessment of Assignment 8 (pp. 45-47)</p>	<p>Attempt 1</p> <hr/> <p>Date Received</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p> <p>_____ /36</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p> <p>_____ /100</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p>	<p>Attempt 2</p> <hr/> <p>Date Received</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p> <p>_____ /36</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p> <p>_____ /100</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p>
<p>Sequence 6 Percentage Mark _____ /136 x 100 = _____ %</p>		
For Tutor/Marker Use		
<p>Remarks:</p>		

Assessment Process

You must submit your assignment(s) for assessment and your self-assessment(s) for comment by the tutor/marker. In addition, the tutor/marker may request to review certain pieces of your process work to help with assessing your assignment(s). You may also choose to submit some or all of your process work to obtain feedback.

You will need to save and date all your work (process work and assignments) throughout the course for possible inclusion in your portfolio, which you will submit in Sequence 7.

You will receive a percentage mark for each sequence and for your progress test. When you have completed all seven sequences and your test, your tutor/marker will analyze the results of the assignments (including your portfolio), the self-assessments of the assignments, and the progress test to determine your summative or final mark for the course.

GRADE 11 ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS: COMPREHENSIVE FOCUS (30S)

Sequence 7 Cover Sheet

Please complete this sheet and place it on top of your assignments to assist in proper recording of your work. Submit the package to:

Drop-off/Courier Address

Distance Learning Unit
555 Main Street
Winkler MB R6W 1C4

Mailing Address

Distance Learning Unit
500-555 Main Street
PO Box 2020
Winkler MB R6W 4B8

Contact Information

Legal Name: _____ Preferred Name: _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

Mailing Address: _____

City/Town: _____ Postal Code: _____

Attending School: No Yes

School Name: _____

Has your contact information changed since you registered for this course? No Yes

Note: Please keep a copy of your assignments so that you can refer to them when you discuss them with your tutor/marker.

For Student Use	For Office Use Only	
<p>Sequence 7 Assignments</p> <p>Which of the following are completed and enclosed? Please check (✓) all applicable boxes below.</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Process Work (as listed on the Checklist for Sequence 7) (p. 47)</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Assignment 9: Portfolio</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Self-Assessment of Assignment 9 (pp. 43-45)</p>	<p>Attempt 1</p> <hr/> <p>Date Received</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p> <p>_____ /76</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p>	<p>Attempt 2</p> <hr/> <p>Date Received</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p> <p>_____ /76</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> CO / <input type="checkbox"/> INC</p>
<p>Sequence 7 Percentage Mark _____ /76 x 100 = _____ %</p> <p>Full Summative Mark for ELA Comprehensive Focus (30S) _____ /220 x 100 = _____ %</p>		
For Tutor/Marker Use		
<p>Remarks:</p>		

The assessment process is explained on the back of this page.

Assessment Process

You must submit your assignment(s) for assessment and your self-assessment(s) for comment by the tutor/marker. In addition, the tutor/marker may request to review certain pieces of your process work to help with assessing your assignment(s). You may also choose to submit some or all of your process work to obtain feedback.

You will need to save and date all your work (process work and assignments) throughout the course for possible inclusion in your portfolio, which you will submit in Sequence 7.

You will receive a percentage mark for each sequence and for your progress test. When you have completed all seven sequences and your test, your tutor/marker will analyze the results of the assignments (including your portfolio), the self-assessments of the assignments, and the progress test to determine your summative or final mark for the course.

Purchase from the Manitoba Learning Resource Centre:

Required

- Laden, N. *Private I. Guana: The Case of the Missing Chameleon* (Stock # 8655) MLRC
- Laurence, Margaret. *A Bird in the House* (Stock # 12684) MLRC
- Sebranek, Patrick, Meyer, Verne, and Kemper, Dave. *Writers INC: A Student Handbook for Writing and Learning*. Wilmington, MA: Write Source, 2001. (Stock # 72090) MLRC

Choose **one** play from the following:

- *A Doll's House* (Stock # 21528) MLRC
- *The Importance of Being Earnest* (Stock # 21542) MLRC

Choose **one** novel from the following list:

- Bradbury, Ray. *Fahrenheit 451* (Stock # 21587) MLRC
- Braithwaite, Max. *The Night We Stole the Mountie's Car* (Stock # 21598) MLRC
- Huxley, Aldous. *Brave New World* (Stock # 5359) MLRC
- Lowry, Lois. *The Giver* (Stock # 8681) MLRC
- Waugh, Evelyn. *The Loved One* (Stock # 21594) MLRC

Choose **one** picture book from the following list:

- Martin, Rafe. *The Rough-Face Girl* (Stock # 8679) MLRC
- Steptoe, John. *Mufaro's Beautiful Daughters* (Stock # 8680) MLRC

Suggested

- *Gage Canadian Dictionary* (Stock # 6204) MLRC
- *Gage Canadian Thesaurus* (Stock # 10428) MLRC

Other Required Resources

- [Body Image for Boys](#)
- Maltese Falcon [Track 1](#) and [Track 2](#)
- [Private I. Guana. The Case of the Missing Chameleon](#)
- [Mufaro's Beautiful Daughters](#)
- [Rough Faced Girl](#)

GRADE 11
ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS:
COMPREHENSIVE FOCUS

Sequence 1
My Expectations

Sequence 1

My Expectations

Introduction

In all areas of life, there is a need to balance the expectations you have of yourself with the expectations others have of you. This course is no different. You need to actively decide how this course can fulfil your expectations while at the same time recognize that the course has expectations of you as well, as laid out in the general learning outcomes and specific learning outcomes. This opening sequence of lessons is designed to give you the opportunity to examine what you expect of the course, as well as what the course expects of you.

In this first sequence of the *Grade 11 English Language Arts: Comprehensive Focus* course, there are six lessons. You will focus on General Learning Outcome 1 as you explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences related to your expectations of this course in Lessons 1 to 3. In Lessons 4 to 6, you will focus on General Learning Outcome 4 as you create and polish an informative and promotional pamphlet expressing your expectations for the course ahead of you (Assignment 1).

Notes



Lesson 1

Student Expectations of Self

In this lesson, you will begin to formulate the expectations you have for yourself — what you expect to accomplish through taking this course. You will also look at how your expectations influence your accomplishments.

**General and Specific Learning Outcomes**

General Learning Outcome 3: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to manage ideas and information

3.2.4 Access information using a variety of tools, skills, and sources to accomplish a particular purpose

3.3.2 Summarize and record information, ideas, and perspectives from a variety of sources

One way to ensure that your expectations positively influence your accomplishments is to set clear, realistic goals to work toward. The first three lessons of this sequence will help you to do this. In Lesson 1, you will examine your past achievements, your current and future needs, and your current interests as steps toward formulating goals for your language learning.

Part 1**Achievements**

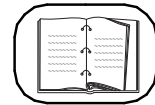
Achieving goals in the past can have a positive effect on your achievement of goals in the future. Successes can lead to further success. For example, if you had experienced the success of hitting home runs during baseball games, you would be enthusiastic about practising more, and eager to play again — you would expect to be able to continue to hit the ball.

Similarly, past achievements in the six language arts have a positive influence on your attitudes and efforts toward achieving future goals — you expect yourself to be able to take on new challenges and to do well.

Learning Experience

Remove the “Inventory of Achievements” chart from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence. On it, list any achievements in each of the six language arts that stand out in your memory. The word *achievements* implies that you had put some effort into the experience and/or demonstrated some skills. The chart on the following page lists some possible achievements in each of the language arts to trigger your memory.

Save your completed chart for further learning experiences in this sequence and to submit to the Distance Learning Unit at the end of the sequence.



Inventory of Achievements

Name _____ Date _____

Speaking (When) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> — formal speech — performance of poetry — acted in drama — comedy routine — contributed to discussion in class or meeting 	Listening (When) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> — notetaking in class — acted as secretary in meeting — followed oral instructions in a job or class situation — became totally caught up in a piece of music (name it) — paid attention long enough to follow the line of reasoning in a speech or sermon
Writing (When) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> — poetry — fiction — reviews — news articles — scripts — journal — letters — editorials 	Reading (When) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> — ventured into new genre — reread a text with new understanding — read for new purposes — read a particularly challenging text (name it) — used a new reading strategy — read examples to use as model for writing
Representing (When) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> — acted in drama — dance performance — visual art (painting, drawing, sculpture) — video — web page — visual aids (graph, chart, diagram) in presentation — multimedia presentation — quilting — model building — mime — gymnastics performance — figure skating performance — cartoon 	Viewing (When) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> — looked critically at advertisements, music videos, films, and television shows — gained new insights — became totally caught up in the experience of a film (name it) — fully appreciated a scene in nature (sunset, clouds, forest, ocean, etc.)



Remember, the lists above are by no means exhaustive, but are intended to trigger your memory and to show you the kinds of achievements you can include.

Part 2

Needs

In addition to adding to and extending your achievements, the goals you choose to work toward must also take your needs into consideration. Goals in this course should be seen as relevant to your present life and your future plans. For example, if you currently write for the school newspaper and plan to train to be a journalist, your language arts needs might include learning to research on the Internet and through interviews with people.

Learning Experience

Remove the “Inventory of Needs” chart from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence. On your “Inventory of Achievements” chart, look for any achievements that you feel you should extend, and also for any gaps in particular areas where you think you need to improve. Based on these, formulate two or three general needs and list them on the “Inventory of Needs” chart. In order to effectively address these needs, break them down into achievable goals by listing any knowledge, skills and strategies, and attitudes you would need to acquire to fulfil them.

The sample chart below lists some possible needs related to a particular achievement to give you the idea of the kinds of needs to list.

Inventory of Achievements

Name _____ Date _____

Speaking (When) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> — formal speech — performance of poetry — acted in drama — comedy routine — contributed to discussion in class or meeting 	Listening (When) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> — notetaking in class — acted as secretary in meeting — followed oral instructions in a job or class situation — became totally caught up in a piece of music (name it) — paid attention long enough to follow the line of reasoning in a speech or sermon
Writing (When) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> — poetry — fiction — reviews — news articles — scripts — journal — letters — editorials 	Reading (When) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> — ventured into new genre — reread a text with new understanding — read for new purposes — read a particularly challenging text (name it) — used a new reading strategy — read examples to use as model for writing
Representing (When) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> — acted in drama — dance performance — visual art (painting, drawing, sculpture) — video — web page — visual aids (graph, chart, diagram) in presentation — multimedia presentation — quilting — model building — mime — gymnastics performance — figure skating performance — cartoon 	Viewing (When) <ul style="list-style-type: none"> — looked critically at advertisements, music videos, films, and television shows — gained new insights — became totally caught up in the experience of a film (name it) — fully appreciated a scene in nature (sunset, clouds, forest, ocean, etc.)

Save your completed chart for further learning experiences in this sequence and to submit to the Distance Learning Unit at the end of the sequence.

Part 3**Interests**

Your personal interests should also be taken into consideration when formulating your goals for this course. These interests are related to your achievements and needs, and you should look over both inventories to see what interests are indicated.

Remove the “Inventory of Interests” chart from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence. On it, answer the questions to determine your current interests. It may help to review your activities over the past week or so.

Save your completed chart for further learning experiences in this sequence and to submit to the Distance Learning Unit at the end of the sequence.

Lesson 2

Course Expectations of Student

Basically, the course expectations for your learning are outlined in the five maps of specific learning outcomes. These five maps are included in Appendix A: Maps of Learning Outcomes. You are expected to achieve these 56 specific learning outcomes through a variety of speaking, listening, writing, reading, representing, and viewing experiences. To do this, you are expected to read all course materials and instructions carefully, complete all work assigned, and discuss any questions or concerns that arise with your tutor/marker.

In this lesson, you will learn to analyze these specific learning outcomes into the knowledge, skills and strategies, and attitudes embedded in them, and you will relate particular outcomes to your own personal learning goals, as determined by your work in the previous lesson.



General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 1: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences

- 1.1.5 Establish goals and plans for personal language learning based on self-assessment of achievements, needs, and interests
- 1.2.1 Examine and adjust initial understanding according to new knowledge, ideas, experiences, and responses from others

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts

- 2.1.1 Examine connections between personal experiences and prior knowledge of language and texts to develop understanding and interpretations of the Specific Learning Outcomes

Part 1

Analyzing Outcomes

To understand exactly what you are expected to learn throughout this course, you need to be able to read, understand, and connect with the targeted specific learning outcomes. You will be self-assessing each assignment in terms of the specific learning outcomes as well, and in order to do this accurately, you need to know what you were expected to achieve in each.

To help you to understand the outcomes, the “Analyzing Outcomes” form is included in the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence and in some sequences to follow. The form is designed to help you to “unpack” an outcome, and at points throughout the course, you will be asked to analyze particular targeted outcomes. The specific learning outcomes are complex and can be intimidating. Nevertheless, once they’re broken down and looked at in terms of the six language arts and the knowledge, skills and strategies, and attitudes embedded in them, you should have a better idea of what kinds of things you are expected to do.

At this point, the analysis of an outcome will be modelled for you, so that you will see how to analyze further outcomes later on. The process of filling out the form is a three-part one: listing key words and questions; responding to those in terms of what you already know, understand, and have done; and finally, translating the outcome into personal language goals for your learning. You won’t need to make an exhaustive list of all of these things, but you should fill in all parts of the form to get you thinking about the particular expectations of the specific learning outcome.

The specific learning outcome modelled below is one that will be targeted in Lesson 4 when you begin to create an informative and promotional pamphlet, and so the questions, understandings, and goals relate to that assignment.



A. Key Words & Questions

After copying the outcome onto the top of the form, list the key or most important words in the “Key Words & Questions” section of the form. Following each key word, write any questions you have about it, particularly those relating to the meanings of the word.

Analyzing Outcomes

Name _____ Date _____

Outcome:

4.1.1 Generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose

Key Words & Questions:

Generate — What does this mean? How do I do it?

Evaluate — How? What is involved?

Select — How many? For what purpose?

Ideas — About what? From where?

Develop Topic — How? How much detail?

Express Perspective — What does this mean? How do I do it?

Engage Audience — How?

Purpose—What is it? How do I know?

B. Responses: My Understandings

In this section of the form, paraphrase or put into your own words what the outcome says, by answering your questions about what the key words mean, and saying what they mean together.

Analyzing Outcomes

Name _____ Date _____

Outcome:	
4.1.1 Generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose	
Key Words & Questions:	Responses: My Understandings
Generate — What does this mean? How do I do it?	— to generate is to come up with ideas — by discussing with others, mapping ideas
Evaluate — How? What is involved?	— to evaluate would involve knowing what my audience needs
Select — How many? For what purpose?	— select ideas that catch attention, that I feel most strongly about
Ideas — About what? From where?	— ideas about expectations for course, from my charts and forms
Develop Topic — How? How much detail?	— my topic is expectations for course — include enough detail to make it interesting
Express Perspective — What does this mean? How do I do it?	— my point of view expressed through the look and words of the pamphlet
Engage Audience — How?	— use questions, graphics, colour to interest my audience (other students)
Purpose—What is it? How do I know?	— my purpose is to inform audience about the course and to promote the course to potential students

C. Goals Related to this Outcome

The outcomes generally break down into three areas of achievement: knowledge, such as particular vocabulary (such as metaphor), devices (like effective transitions), and conventions (like when to use a comma or to capitalize); skills and strategies, such as the six language arts, how to discuss things with others, how to revise and edit; and attitudes, such as being open to the ideas of others, appreciating the language of a poem or the camera techniques of a film, reflecting on what was learned, and figuring out what still needs to be learned.

In this section of the form, write down the kinds of things you think are expected of you with regard to this outcome: what you should learn, what you should be able to do, and how you should think and feel about things.

Analyzing Outcomes

Name _____ Date _____

Outcome:	
4.1.1 Generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose	
Key Words & Questions:	Responses: My Understandings
Generate — What does this mean? How do I do it?	— to generate is to come up with ideas — by discussing with others, mapping ideas
Evaluate — How? What is involved?	— to evaluate would involve knowing what my audience needs
Select — How many? For what purpose?	— select ideas that catch attention, that I feel most strongly about
Ideas — About what? From where?	— ideas about expectations for course, from my charts and forms
Develop Topic — How? How much detail?	— my topic is expectations for course — include enough detail to make it interesting
Express Perspective — What does this mean? How do I do it?	— my point of view expressed through the look and words of the pamphlet
Engage Audience — How?	— use questions, graphics, colour to interest my audience (other students)
Purpose—What is it? How do I know?	— my purpose is to inform audience about the course and to promote the course to potential students
Goals Related to this Outcome (What is expected of me in this assignment):	
<p>Knowledge: I should learn about various layouts for pamphlets and different purposes for pamphlets.</p> <p>Skills and Strategies: I should learn to brainstorm and freewrite to come up with good ideas. I should learn to write interesting questions and represent interesting images to catch attention.</p> <p>Attitudes: I should think about achieving my purposes (to inform and promote) and engaging my audience (potential students).</p>	

Learning Experience

Now, remove the “Analyzing Outcomes” form from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence, and fill it out for Specific Learning Outcome 2.1.1, which is targeted for this lesson. Save this to be submitted with your sequence work at the end of the sequence.

Throughout the course, when a targeted outcome is particularly complex and is very important to understanding the assignment, you will complete an “Analyzing Outcomes” form to explore your understanding of the outcome. This will help you to focus on the goals of the assignment and your achievement of them.

Part 2

Connecting Personal Goals to Course Outcomes

Now that you have looked at your personal achievements, needs, and interests in the language arts, and have had some practice at reading the specific learning outcomes, you will connect your personal expectations with the course expectations.

Learning Experience

1. Remove the “Goal Sheet” form from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence. Using your “Inventory of Achievements,” “Inventory of Needs,” and “Inventory of Interests” charts, formulate at least three goals you plan to work toward while completing this course. Be sure to keep these goals concrete and specific. For example, rather than a goal “to learn to speak in public better,” choose a specific piece of knowledge, a skill or strategy, or an attitude such as “to learn to create an opening that effectively captures an audience’s attention.” Keep your goals realistic and attainable. For example, rather than a goal such as “to complete my first novel,” choose a more attainable goal such as “to take a piece of short fiction through several revisions.” Focus on the goals that you feel are most important and most relevant to your personal needs and interests in the language arts.

Write your goals on the form under “Personal Language Learning Goals.”

2. Read through the five maps of specific learning outcomes included in Appendix A: Maps of Learning Outcomes. Under the “Related Specific Learning Outcomes” heading on your “Goal Sheet,” list the specific learning outcomes that relate to your goals. Find at least one specific learning outcome for each goal, but if more than one clearly relates, write more than one.

Save the completed form to use in your creation of a pamphlet and to submit to the Distance Learning Unit as part of your sequence work.

Lesson 3

Student Expectations of Course

At this point, you have read the Introduction to this *Grade 11 English Language Arts: Comprehensive Focus* course and have contacted your tutor/marker to discuss various questions and concerns. You have also assessed your achievements, needs, and interests, and you have examined the Specific Learning Outcomes and related them to your personal goals.

In this lesson, you will pull all this information together to articulate your expectations for the course using the freewriting strategy.



General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 1: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences

- 1.1.1 Connect ideas, observations, opinions, and emotions through a variety of means to develop a train of thought and test tentative positions
- 1.2.3 Combine ideas and information through a variety of means to clarify understanding when generating texts

General Learning Outcome 3: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to manage ideas and information

- 3.2.4 Access information using a variety of tools, skills, and sources to accomplish a particular purpose

Learning Experience: Freewrite

1. Based on what you understand from your reading, discussion, inventories, and examination of specific learning outcomes, freewrite about what you expect from this course. **Freewriting** is writing non-stop, whatever comes out of your pen, with no concern for correctness of grammar and usage, spelling, or punctuation and capitalization, and no worry about whether what you're writing makes complete sense. The focus is on generating and articulating ideas. Write quickly for at least 15 minutes, focusing on the topic. If you get stuck, keep writing your last phrase over and over until something comes to you. You can use any of the following prompts to get started:
 - While completing this course, I will learn about...
 - While completing this course, I will learn to...
 - Parts of this course that will be fun and relatively easy for me are...
 - Parts of this course that will be a challenge for me are...
 - I am especially looking forward to...
2. Read over what you have written, and underline or highlight at least three phrases or sentences that strike you as particularly intriguing or compelling, that require some additional thought. Use each of these to prompt an additional 15-minute freewrite, resulting in three more freewrites about your expectations for the course. The **total of four** freewrites will serve as valuable raw material for the informative and promotional pamphlet that you will design in the lessons to follow.

Freewriting



Lesson 4

Creating a Pamphlet

In the next three lessons, you will follow a creative process as outlined in the map of General Learning Outcome 4 where you

- generate and focus
- enhance and improve
- attend to conventions
- present and share

to produce a pamphlet to inform potential students about the *Grade 11 English Language Arts: Comprehensive Focus* course and to promote the course as worthwhile for the targeted audience. You will use the ideas you've generated around your own expectations of the course in Lessons 1 to 3 as illustrations for the points you make in your pamphlet.

A creative process is not a firmly set procedure. You will find yourself following different steps in different orders for each project you undertake. And the steps are recursive — that is, you can return to earlier steps at any stage in the process. You may discover a new idea or organizational structure during revising and go back to the generating ideas or organizing ideas steps. You may also do various steps almost simultaneously — the steps as formulated in the specific learning outcomes overlap, and the distinctions between them are somewhat artificial. Even so, it is helpful to break the process down into stages so that you do not feel overwhelmed by the final goal of creating an end product.

General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

- 4.1.1 Generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose
- 4.1.3 Select and use a variety of organizational structures and techniques and appropriate transitions in oral, written, and visual texts to communicate clearly and effectively

**Note:**

See sections 112, 115, and 523 in *Writers INC* for examples of organizational patterns and transitions.

Part 1**Audience and Purpose**

Throughout the specific learning outcomes of General Learning Outcome 4, you may notice the recurrence of the terms **audience** and **purpose**. It is important, particularly in pragmatic texts such as a pamphlet, to establish your audience and purpose at the outset of a project. Keeping these clearly in mind will help you at all stages of the creative process.

For this first assignment, your **audience** and purpose have been established for you. The audience for your pamphlet is to be potential English Language Arts 30S students. Such students could be in Senior 2 or 3 in high school, or they could be adults taking courses to upgrade their qualifications. Choose one of these groups to target as your audience.

Your **purpose** is two-fold: to inform your audience about what to expect to get out of taking the *Grade 11 English Language Arts: Comprehensive Focus* course, and to promote this course to your audience as a worthwhile endeavour. You will do this by using your prewriting material to illustrate the kinds of benefits a student could expect to get from this course.

The **form** has also been established for you — a pamphlet. Guidelines for designing and producing a pamphlet follow. A pamphlet is usually a single piece of 8 1/2 inch by 11 inch paper, folded into half or thirds. It provides information in an easy-to-read format, and usually contains visuals of some sort, such as illustrations, clip art, charts, or photographs.

In addition to considering the audience, purpose, and form when designing your pamphlet, you also need to decide on the **tone** of it, that is, the attitude toward your subject you want to convey (excitement, practicality, etc.). This will determine the look of the words, the colour and form of the visuals, and the content of your writing.

Part 2

Prewriting (General Learning Outcome 3)

You have already done some of the prewriting part of your pamphlet when you accessed information regarding your achievements, needs, interests, and expectations for the course (3.2.4) and when you summarized and recorded your achievements, needs, interests, and expectations (3.3.2). You may feel the need to go back and make additional connections as you plan your layout and draft your text — this is part of the recursive nature of the creative process. If so, you can refer to sections 016 to 026 in *Writers INC* for further prewriting strategies.

One of the first steps in any creative process is to examine examples of the form you will be creating. Examine a variety of pamphlets. This will give you an idea of the kinds of information and techniques you can use.

Now, collect and review your materials so far:

- “Inventory of Achievements” chart
- “Inventory of Needs” chart
- “Inventory of Interests” chart
- “Goal Sheet”
- four freewrites about your expectations for the course
- pamphlet collection

Note:

The numbers 3.2.4 and 3.3.2 refer to Specific Learning Outcomes.

Part 3

Generating and Focusing a Draft

At this stage you will evaluate and select the ideas you feel will effectively convey your perspective on the course, engage your audience, and achieve the purposes of informing and promoting (4.1.1). You will then organize your ideas into a working layout (4.1.3).

A. Selection of Ideas

Look over your materials. What ideas or expectations did you highlight as particularly compelling? In what ways does the course fit in with your personal learning goals? Which of these will also appeal to your targeted audience?

Select the ideas you plan to include in your pamphlet. Remember, the pamphlet is a single sheet and must be easily read, so limit your ideas to the key ones, the ones that will most effectively convey your message to your audience.

B. Engage Your Audience

Examine your collection of pamphlets. What techniques do each use to capture the audience's attention? Are the colours particularly attractive? Is a question posed directly to a specific audience (using the second person voice "you")? Are catchy phrases or puns used as headings? Are visuals especially engaging? Are quotes from real people included (using the first person voice "I")? Are personal anecdotes or mini-narratives used (using the third person voice with a person's name and "she" or "he")?

Note any techniques you discover that seem effective and that will work especially well with your targeted audience and your purpose. Also sketch any ideas you have for visual elements, collect appropriate clip art or photographs, experiment with colour combinations, and so on.



C. Organize Ideas

1. Now, organize your ideas under headings, and order the sections in an effective way. The details of each section can be written in sentence and paragraph form, in point form using bullets (dots), or in question and answer format.
2. Decide where visuals will fit. Make sure any illustrations are directly related to your topic, clearly reproduced, and easy to understand.
3. Create a **working layout**, which is a preliminary layout in which design ideas are tried out. Make it the same size as your final product, and plan the arrangement of your text and visuals. Consider how many columns you will use (information can flow over more than one column), the balance between text and visuals, and the cover design. This working layout is your tentative draft, which you will revise in the “Enhance and Improve” stage in Lesson 5.

contrast: is created when two elements are different (Williams, 53). The basic principle or rule of using contrast is "If two items are not exactly the same, then make them different. Really different" (Williams, 53). You can create contrast by using different sizes of font, different colours, different thicknesses of line, different textures, and different shapes.

Two important considerations in design are related to how you organize your ideas. One is to tie the various parts together through consistency. You can achieve this consistency by repeating elements such as font size of headings, icons, colours, borders, and so on. The second design consideration is the use of **contrast** to emphasize the most important ideas. Use contrast sparingly to make the main point stand out from the rest.

Notes



Lesson 5

Enhance and Improve

In this lesson, you will look at your working layout with the goal of improving it before you finalize your design. You will also test your design on your response partner for further ideas for improvement.



General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

- 4.2.1 Appraise own choices of ideas, language use, and forms relative to purpose and audience
- 4.2.2 Analyze and revise drafts to ensure appropriate content and to enhance unity, clarity, and coherence
- 4.2.3 Use appropriate text features to enhance legibility for particular audiences, purposes, and contexts
- 4.2.4 Use effective language, visuals, and sounds, and arrange ideas for emphasis and desired effect

Part 1



Self-Assessment Revision Checklist

The “Self-Assessment Revision Checklist” in the *Forms* section of this sequence is designed to help you to assess the working layout of your pamphlet in terms of the targeted outcomes. Remove the form and complete it as you look at your layout for areas to improve.

Ideas for the “What I Will Do to Improve” column could include

- experimenting with the selection and arrangement of ideas and visuals
- adjusting the wording of the text to make it more appropriate for your targeted audience
- playing with design elements and text features such as font styles and sizes, borders, boxes, colours, and so on

After completing your self-assessment, make the improvements you noted.

Part 2**Response Partner Checklist**

One way to see if your pamphlet achieves its purposes and reaches the targeted audience is to test it out on your response partner.

Remove the “Response Partner Revision Checklist” from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence. Ask your response partner to complete it after examining the latest layout of your pamphlet.

Part 3**Make Changes**

Carefully consider the comments of your response partner and decide what improvements to make on your layout. The decision to change anything is yours alone — you don’t have to take your response partner’s advice. You should also review the criteria on the “Assessment of Assignment 1 — Pamphlet” form in the *Forms* section of this sequence.

When you have made your improvements, do the self-assessment again to check that you are now satisfied with your layout.

Once you have a satisfactory layout that achieves its purposes, move on to the next lesson’s “Attend to Conventions” stage.



Lesson 6

Assignment 1: Attend to Conventions

In this lesson, you will work through the “Attend to Conventions” stage where you do a close examination of your layout to ensure that you are using the conventions of grammar and usage, spelling, and capitalization and punctuation to achieve the desired effect on your audience.

**General and Specific Learning Outcomes**

General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

- 4.3.1 Select appropriate words, grammatical structures, and register for audience, purpose, and context
- 4.3.2 Know and apply Canadian spelling conventions and monitor for correctness using appropriate resources
- 4.3.3 Know and apply capitalization and punctuation conventions to clarify intended meaning, using appropriate resources as required

Part 1**Grammar and Usage**

If you used a sentence and paragraph style in your text, you need to read your text to check that your word choice is appropriate, your sentence structures are varied and not awkward, and your register of language is appropriate.



Use sections 040, 041, and 051 to 053 in *Writers INC* for help in these areas. The appropriate register for your pamphlet is one that your targeted audience can relate to, and your style should be clear, direct, concise, and easy to read. Your choice of words should reflect that register. You should also check your word choice to ensure that you are using specific nouns and verbs for a more powerful effect.

Read your text aloud and listen for any repetitive sentence structures or awkward or unclear sentences. Use the “Editing Checklist” in *Writers INC* (051) to edit your text in terms of sentence structures and word choice. (You can look up any unfamiliar terms, such as *participial phrases* or *compound sentences* in the “Understanding Our Language” part of *Writers INC*, sections 702 to 788.) If a sentence sounds wrong to you, check on the standard grammatical structure and correct it.

If you used point form or bulleted style, ensure that your points are parallel in structure, that is, ensure that all points begin with the same types of words. See section 101 in *Writers INC* for examples. The section immediately following section 101, called “the bottom line,” is a good example of bulleted points, each beginning with *Be* and continuing with an adjective.

Part 2

Spelling

As one of your final readings before your final layout copy, read to check that each word is spelled according to Canadian spelling conventions. Using the spell check feature on a computer is not enough — often it will not catch a misspelled word (for example, when a correctly spelled word is typed in accidentally, as in *form* for *from*, or if the check is set up for American rather than Canadian English spellings). Use your dictionary to check for standard Canadian spelling conventions.

Part 3

Capitalization and Punctuation

Like the reading for spelling, the reading to check capitalization and punctuation should be one of the last ones you do before making your final copy. Use the “Proofreading Checklist” and “Proofreader’s Guide” in *Writers INC* (sections 054 and 575 to 665) as resources. If you used a question and answer format, do a special check for question marks at the end of each question.

Mark any corrections in grammar, spelling, and punctuation and capitalization on your latest layout, label and date it, and save it to be submitted.



At this point, you may want your response partner to read over your latest layout to check for any errors in grammar, spelling, and punctuation and capitalization that you may have missed.

Part 4

Final Copy and Proofreading

Make a final copy of your pamphlet, either electronically or in your best printing. Once again, check it carefully to ensure that there are no errors in grammar, spelling, or punctuation or capitalization.

Label and date your final copy and save it to be submitted to the Distance Learning Unit at the end of this sequence as Assignment 1. For now, the submission to the Distance Learning Unit will be the “Present and Share” stage of the creative process — you may want or be asked to present your pamphlet to potential students or a more general audience later in the course.



Assessment

Congratulations! You have completed Sequence 1 and will soon be able to move on to the rest of this course.

Before you do, you must

- complete a self-assessment of Assignment 1
- complete a checklist to make sure you have done all the work in this sequence
- submit all work from this sequence to the Distance Learning Unit

Assessment of Assignment 1

Remove the “Assessment of Assignment 1 — Pamphlet (Process and Product)” chart from the *Forms* section of this sequence.

This assessment form corresponds to the one your tutor/marker will use. You will both assess your achievement of the targeted specific learning outcomes according to the following five-point scale.

Rating Scale				
0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work does not show evidence of this specific outcome, or evidence of specific learning outcome is incomplete 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work does not meet the expectations identified in the specific learning outcome for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> (work is below range of expectations for Grade 11) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work demonstrates minimal expectations identified in the specific learning outcome for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work meets expectations for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> (work demonstrates the specific learning outcome) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work demonstrates maximum expectations for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i>

Rate your performance on each outcome as it applies to your assignment, using the rating scale. Place a checkmark in one box for each line.

Checklist: Sequence 1

Remove the “Checklist: Sequence 1 — My Expectations” chart from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence. Complete the checklist to make sure you have completed all of the work required for Sequence 1. As you check each item, make sure that it is labelled with the appropriate lesson and assignment name. To help you keep track of your work in this course, you can write the completion date in the blank for each assignment.

Your tutor/marker will also check to make sure that you have submitted all work for this sequence **before** marking Assignment 1.

Preparing for Submission of Sequence 1

Steps

- Complete the checklist to make sure all of your work is complete.
- Make sure all of your work pages are correctly labelled and ordered.
- Assemble your work as follows:
 - (Top) Checklist for Sequence 1
 - Work pages
 - Assignment 1 — Pamphlet
 - (Bottom) Assessment of Assignment 1 — Pamphlets

Note:
Send Sequence 1, hand-in assignments to:
Distance Learning Unit
500-555 Main Street
P.O. Box 2020
Winkler, MB
R6W 4B8



Include Checklist

Sequence 1
Forms

Inventory of Achievements

Name _____ Date _____

Speaking (When)	Listening (When)
Writing (When)	Reading (When)
Representing (When)	Viewing (When)

Inventory of Needs

Name _____ Date _____

General Needs:
1. 2. 3.
Knowledge Required:
Skills & Strategies Required:
Attitudes Required:

Inventory of Interests

Name _____ Date _____

What activities do I engage in most during my free time?	
What activity would I like to do more of?	
What kinds of books, papers, magazines, etc. do I most enjoy reading?	
What kinds of films/TV programs do I most enjoy?	
What kinds of music do I most enjoy?	
What kinds of writing, speaking, and representing do I most enjoy doing?	
What writer, artist, filmmaker, or storyteller do I admire most?	
What are some common themes or subjects throughout my previous answers? (e.g., family, motorcycles, gardens, computers)?	

Analyzing Outcomes

Name _____ Date _____

Outcome:	
Key Words & Questions:	Responses: My Understandings
Goals Related to this Outcome (What is expected of me in this assignment?):	

Goal Sheet

Name _____ Date _____

Personal Language Learning Goals:	Related Specific Learning Outcomes:
1.	
2.	
3.	

Self-Assessment Revision Checklist

Name _____ Date _____

Question (Outcome)	<i>Satisfactory</i>	<i>Needs Improving</i>	What I Will Do To Improve
Is my choice of ideas appropriate to my purpose and audience? (4.2.1)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____ _____ _____ _____
Is language used in an easy to read, clear, concise way that is appropriate to my audience? (4.2.1)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____ _____ _____ _____
Are my ideas arranged in a unified, clear, and coherent way? (4.2.2, 4.2.4)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____ _____ _____ _____
Do the various text features I use (font styles and sizes, borders, boxes, colours) enhance legibility for my audience and purpose? (4.2.3)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____ _____ _____ _____
Do I use effective language and visuals to give the overall impression or tone (of enthusiasm, excitement, progress, etc.) that I want to convey? (4.2.4)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____ _____ _____ _____

Response Partner Revision Checklist

Name _____ Date _____

Question (Outcome)	<i>Satisfactory</i>	<i>Needs Improving</i>	How it Could Be Improved
Does the choice of ideas seem appropriate to an informational and a promotional purpose, and to an audience of potential English Language Arts 30S students?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____ _____ _____ _____
Is language used in an easy to read, clear, concise way that is appropriate to the audience?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____ _____ _____ _____
Are the ideas arranged in a unified, clear, and coherent way?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____ _____ _____ _____
Do the various text features used (font styles and sizes, borders, boxes, colours) enhance legibility for the audience and purpose?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____ _____ _____ _____
Do effective language and visuals contribute to an overall impression or tone (of enthusiasm, excitement, progress, etc.)?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	_____ _____ _____ _____

Assessment of Assignment 1 — Pamphlet (Process and Product)

Name _____ Date _____

Specific Student Learning Outcomes	Performance Rating				
Pamphlet Process: how effectively did you...	0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • connect ideas, observations, opinions, and emotions through a variety of means to develop a train of thought and test tentative positions (1.1.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • experiment with language and forms of expression to achieve particular effects (1.1.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • combine ideas and information through a variety of means to clarify understanding when generating an informational / promotional pamphlet (1.2.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • experiment with language and visuals to convey your intended meaning and impact (2.3.4) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop the topic of course expectations, express your perspective on it, engage a targeted audience, and achieve informational and promotional purposes (4.1.1) 					
Pamphlet Product: how effectively does your pamphlet...	0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • use vocabulary and language appropriate for the audience of your pamphlet (2.3.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • communicate ideas and show that you've enhanced your understanding of the techniques of the pamphlet form (2.3.5) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • use appropriate text features to enhance legibility for your targeted audience, your purposes and the context (4.2.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • use effective language and visuals, and arrange ideas for emphasis and desired effect (4.2.4) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • use appropriate words, grammatical structures, and register for audience, purpose, and context (4.3.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • adhere to Canadian spelling conventions (4.3.2) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • adhere to capitalization and punctuation conventions (4.3.3) 					

Checklist: Sequence 1 — My Expectations

Name _____ Date _____

C = Completed I = Incomplete			
Lesson 1: Student Expectations of Self	Date	For Student	For Tutor/Marker
Part 1: Inventory of Achievements (chart)			
Part 2: Inventory of Needs (chart)			
Part 3: Inventory of Interests (chart)			
Lesson 2: Course Expectations of Student			
Part 1: Analyzing Outcomes (form)			
Part 2: Goal Sheet (form)			
Lesson 3: Student Expectations of Course			
Four freewrites			
Lesson 4: Creating a Pamphlet			
Part 3: First Layout(s)			
Lesson 5: Enhance and Improve			
Part 1: SelfAssessment Revision Checklist			
Part 2: Response Partner Revision Checklist			
Part 3: Making Changes (revised layout)			
Lesson 6: Attend to Conventions			
Parts 1 to 3: Edited Layouts(s)			
Assignment			
Assignment 1: Pamphlet			
Assignment of Assignment 1: Pamphlet			

GRADE 11
ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS:
COMPREHENSIVE FOCUS

Sequence 2
Reader's Expectations

Sequence 2

Reader's Expectations

Introduction

In this sequence, you will examine a few of the ways that the expectations of a reader* influence the reading experience. A full examination of the role of the reader in the creation of a text is too complex and huge to cover in a single sequence, so we will look at a few particular aspects of the reader's prior knowledge and experience and how expectations are formed from them. The role of the reader will continue to be addressed in later sequences where we will look at other factors that influence a reader's expectations, such as personal and family experiences and cultural and societal influences.

Different people can approach the same text in vastly different ways. For example, a grandparent looking at a family photograph album may become caught up in the memories pictured there and have a thoroughly aesthetic experience. A young child, on the other hand, does not have such direct knowledge about the events and people pictured in the photographs. She may respond to them with more questions than memories, may spend most of the time trying to pick out her mother or some other person she knows well, or may focus on the strangeness of the dress and hairstyles. Different knowledge and experiences, different purposes, and different expectations all have an effect on the reading experience, so no two people read a text exactly alike, and even the same person reads differently at different points in his life.

* Throughout this sequence, the terms *read*, *reader*, and *reading* will refer to the making meaning of any text, including oral and visual texts.



In this sequence, you will focus on these general learning outcomes:

- General Learning Outcome 1, as you explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences
- General Learning Outcome 2, as you comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts
- General Learning Outcome 3, as you manage ideas and information
- General Learning Outcome 4, as you enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

You will create a section of your Resource Binder to serve as a Response Journal in which you will respond in a variety of ways to a variety of texts. In Lesson 1, you will look at some general ways your expectations of a text are raised, practise evaluating sources, and reflect on the influence of expectations on your enjoyment of a text. In Lesson 2, you will examine the distinction between aesthetic and pragmatic purposes for reading texts and how different expectations are appropriate for different purposes. In Lesson 3, you will look at how prior knowledge of language, texts, and the world influence reading. In Lessons 4 to 6, you will look at how textual knowledge of cues and genre influence the reading experience. In Lesson 7, you will look at the influence of world knowledge. In Lesson 8, you will look at how a reader's expectations and competence include the linguistic knowledge (knowledge of language) of specific cueing systems. Finally, in Lesson 9, you will draw together all that you have learned about reading to complete Assignment 2, a presentation of a portrait of you as a reader.

Throughout these lessons, you will be introduced to strategies intended to increase your understanding and enjoyment of texts, and to learning experiences that will help you to become more aware of the knowledge, skills, and attitudes that you already use in the process of reading texts. You will return to each of the topics explored here in Sequence 3 where you will examine them from a writer's perspective. Reading and writing are very interconnected, and both require a thorough understanding of purpose, and prior knowledge of the world, texts, and language.

In this sequence, with its focus on reading, you will learn that successful reading depends on matching your expectations with those of the text, and how to recognize what to expect based on prior knowledge, textual cues, genre conventions, and cueing systems.

Notes



Lesson 1

Previews and Reviews

In this lesson, you will examine the reliability of common sources from which readers develop expectations of texts, namely reviews, the opinions of others, previews, and visual representations. You will also look at how the expectations raised affect your enjoyment of a text.



General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 1: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences

- 1.1.2 Seek others' responses through a variety of means to clarify and rework ideas and positions
- 1.1.4 Explore a range of texts and genres and discuss how they affect personal interests, ideas, and attitudes
- 1.2.1 Examine and adjust initial understanding according to new knowledge, ideas, experiences, and responses from others

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts

- 2.1.1 Examine connections between personal experiences and prior knowledge of language and texts to develop understanding and interpretations of a variety of texts

General Learning Outcome 3: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to manage ideas and information

- 3.2.3 Evaluate how perspectives and biases influence the choice of information sources for inquiry or research
- 3.3.3 Evaluate information for completeness, accuracy, currency, historical context, relevance, and balance of perspectives

General Learning Outcome 5: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to celebrate and build community

- 5.2.1 Identify various factors that shape understanding of texts, others, and self

Part 1

Developing Expectations

Decisions as to whether to read, view, or listen to a particular text are often based on sources such as reviews, the opinions of others, previews, and visual representations on covers. Each of these sources can lead to the development of certain expectations, and those expectations can influence the enjoyment and understanding of a text. It is therefore important to evaluate those sources and to recognize biases and perspectives so that you will not be misled into expecting too much or too little or inappropriate things from a text.

Reviews

Reviews are published and broadcast regularly and are encouraged and depended upon by the marketing departments of book publishers, film producers, and music producers. Although reviews are also done of travel locations, restaurants, home products, etc., in this lesson we will focus on those of books, films, and music. Some reviews are thinly disguised advertisements for the texts and are published in free promotional materials (magazines like *Tribute*, distributed in movie theatres or bookstore newsletters). Other reviews claim to be more objective and reserve the right to be critical of or enthusiastic about the text, whichever is warranted. These are published or broadcast in newspapers, literary journals, television programs, and radio programs. No reviewer is completely objective, however, and so it is important that you identify the biases and perspectives of reviewers when evaluating their opinions. For some general information about and examples of reviews, see sections 405 to 409 in *Writers INC*.

The Opinions of Others

Another common source of information about texts is other people. Even though a friend, family member, or coworker is unlikely to deliberately mislead one about what to expect of a text, it is still necessary to evaluate the opinions given with regard to the particular perspective and bias of the person. Different tastes, moods, and standards can all lead to very different experiences of the same text. For example, you may know a friend who enjoys action films, whereas you prefer slower, more character-based dramas. You would take this into account when hearing this person's opinion of a film.

Previews

Often, books, films, and music albums are previewed on television, on radio, in theatres, or in magazines. Small excerpts of the text are read, shown, or played to attract the interest of an audience. The purpose of such previews is generally promotional, unless accompanied by a more objective commentary or review. Therefore, you need to be aware that the previews could be misleading, despite the evidence of portions of the actual text.

Cover Art

Publishers and producers spend a good proportion of their marketing budgets on the cover design of books, videos, and albums. Despite the common saying "You can't judge a book by its cover," we often do just that, at least to some extent. A book cover portraying a buxom woman in the arms of a scowling muscular man leads us to expect something quite different from another cover featuring a classical painting. Similarly, album covers featuring bizarre, surrealistic art promise something different from ones that rely on pin-up style portraits of the musical artists.

Learning Experience

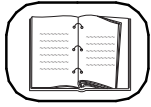
1. Remove one of the “Questionnaire” forms from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence, and fill it out to identify the ways that you use sources of information about texts.
2. Remove the other “Questionnaire” form and ask your response partner to fill it out.
3. Arrange to discuss your responses on the “Questionnaire” with your response partner. Compare your responses. Do you use similar information sources? Does either of you rely more on one type of source than others? Do you evaluate the sources in similar ways?
4. Reflect on your discussion. Write approximately a half page speculating about reasons for similarities and differences in your and your response partner’s use of sources of information about texts. Will you seek out additional sources or expand on the ways you evaluate sources as a result of these questionnaires and this discussion?
5. Include the “Questionnaire” and your reflection in your Resource Binder to be included with your submitted work from this sequence.



Part 2

The Influence of Expectations

Your enjoyment of a text can be greatly influenced, either positively or negatively, by the expectations raised by reviews, the opinions of others, previews, and the cover art of a text. For example, you may go to a film that everyone you know has raved about but given you few concrete details about (comments like “It’s incredible” but no indication of genre, plot, or mood), and been thoroughly disappointed because your expectations were so high yet vague. Or, you may have read very negative reviews of a book but decided to read it anyway because you’ve always enjoyed books by the author, and loved it, finding numerous points of craft to appreciate, almost because you were determined to prove the reviewer wrong.



Learning Experience

Write at least one page about an experience of a text where your expectations were not met, detailing how your expectations were developed and how they influenced your response to the text. Include this in your Resource Binder to be submitted with your sequence work.

This lesson has given a broad introduction to the kinds of expectations that can influence how a reader experiences a text. The following lessons will look at some of these kinds of expectations in more detail.

Notes



Lesson 2

Adjusting Expectations According to Purpose

As mentioned in the Introduction, this course balances texts read and produced for both aesthetic and pragmatic purposes. This requires a certain flexibility of you as a reader, because expectations of texts will be different if the purposes are different. You need to be able to shift your reading stance or approach and your expectations from aesthetic purposes (where you “look at” texts to appreciate the language and techniques) to pragmatic purposes (where you “look through” texts to gather information or ideas).

Part of being a competent reader is bringing appropriate expectations to the reading of a text. If you expect to gain accurate and up-to-date information about computer technology, a 19th century poem is not likely to meet these expectations. On the other hand, such expectations are appropriate to the reading of an article in the current issue of *The Computer Paper*. In this case, your purposes as a reader much more clearly match the purposes of the text.

In this lesson, you will examine the differences between aesthetic and pragmatic purposes and the expectations appropriate to each. You will focus on Specific Learning Outcome 2.3.1 as you analyze how various forms and genres are used for particular audiences and purposes.



Part 1**Analyzing Outcomes**

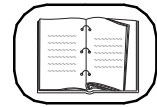
Before you begin to look at the purposes for which you read various forms and genres, you will look at Specific Learning Outcome 2.3.1 — Analyze how various forms and genres are used for particular audiences and purposes. This learning outcome is targeted in several of the lessons in this sequence, and your achievement of it is assessed in Assignment 2, so it is important that you have an understanding of it.

Learning Experience

1. Remove the “Analyzing Outcomes” form from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence.
2. Fill out the form for Specific Learning Outcome 2.3.1. Remember to use your dictionary and the definitions of terms provided in the Introduction if you need them.

Apply your thinking about this outcome to the assignment of this sequence, “Portrait of Myself as a Reader.” Although you do not know the specifics of the assignment yet, it is enough for now to know that the assignment involves thinking about the kinds of reading you do and the purposes for which you read.

3. Save the completed form in your Resource Binder to submit with the rest of your sequence work.
4. Add to or revise your form as your understandings develop throughout the sequence.



Part 2

Why I Read

People read for a variety of different purposes. In fact, two people may read the same text for two totally different purposes. For example, one person may read a movie review for the purpose of gathering the information about that movie needed to decide whether to go to see it on her evening off. Another person may read that same review to examine the form and technique of it, to use it as a model for his own movie review that he is writing for that same newspaper. Each of these people will approach that text in different ways — one with an eye to the type of film, the actors starring in it, the opinion of the reviewer, the cinema where it is being shown, etc., and the other looking closely at the introduction, the tone, the way the information and ideas are organized and developed, the number of words devoted to the description of the film, and the assessment of it, etc. In a similar way, one person can read the same text at different times for completely different purposes.

In the following learning experience, you will take an inventory of the reading you do in a day and the purposes of your reading. Before you begin, though, we will quickly review and expand on the different kinds of purposes possible.



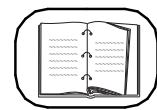
Pragmatic purposes for reading are those where your main reason for reading is to take away some information or ideas from the text. When reading for this kind of purpose, you expect the text to include the information you want, to express it clearly and unambiguously, and to organize it in such a way that you can easily find it. Within this broad category of pragmatic purposes, there are different levels — you may be browsing for general information on a topic that interests you, expecting nothing in particular and maybe hoping to be surprised by new knowledge; or you may be skimming and scanning for very specific information, expecting the table of contents, index, headings, and so on to lead you to it quickly and efficiently.

Aesthetic purposes for reading, on the other hand, are those where your main reason for reading is the enjoyment and engagement of living through an experience. You expect to be able to relate to the feelings expressed and to be caught up in the world created by the text. Again, within this broad category of aesthetic purposes, there are different levels: you may want to relax and take a break from thinking too hard about your life and so would choose a very familiar, predictable text such as a murder mystery or comic book, or you may want your thinking and feelings to be stimulated with texts that challenge or surprise you and expand your ideas of what is possible.

Texts themselves are not necessarily aesthetic or pragmatic — it is the reader’s stance or approach that determines what the purpose of the reading experience is; that is, you can read a text for both aesthetic and pragmatic purposes. Nevertheless, texts often signal whether the appropriate stance is aesthetic or pragmatic, and a good reader recognizes these signals. More will be said on textual cues and signals in Lesson 4.

Learning Experience: Inventory

Remove the “Reading Inventory” chart found in the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence, and put it in your Resource Binder. Recall what you read yesterday and list each item on the chart. For this list, consider only print texts and visual texts that are combined with print such as graphs in a news article, comics, a street map, and so on. Try to recall everything that you read, at home, at work, at school, etc. Beside each text, write your purpose or purposes for reading it (adapted from Moline, 5-6).



Your list may look something like this:

Example

Reading Inventory

Name _____ Date _____

Text	Purpose(s)	Met Expectations?
Cereal box	— to check the calories per serving, to pass time	
Bus schedule & map	— to see where and when to catch bus	
Novel	— to relax and pass time on the bus	
History text	— to learn and remember about the settling of western Canada	
Teacher notes on board	— to follow the explanation and example of factoring polynomials	
Various Internet websites	— to research water pollution in Manitoba	
Online catalogue in library	— to find books on water pollution	
Grade 11 ELA Comprehensive course	— to learn material and complete assignments	
Note on fridge	— to find out where the rest of the family has gone and chores to do	
Frozen dinner package	— to see how long to microwave the meal	
TV guide	— to see what is on at 8:00 to 10:00	

Part 3**Meeting Expectations**

You are probably impressed with the quantity and variety of texts and purposes for which you read in a single day, even if you don't consider yourself much of a reader.

Learning Experience

1. Look at each item on your inventory, and note beside it whether your expectations for reading were met. For example, did you find the information you were looking for? Were you able to escape the noise of the bus and lose yourself in a fictional world? Did you expect to be able to?
2. Look now at any items where you noted that your expectations were not met. (If there were none on your list, look back at your personal narrative from Lesson 1.) One possible reason why your expectations were not met could be that the fit between your purposes as a reader and the purposes of the text was not a good one. For example, if you were reading websites looking for information about pollution and your search engine came up with several that were advertisements for books on topics only slightly related, your purpose of finding information was different from the texts' purpose of persuading you to buy merchandise. Write a brief (approximately a half-page) entry in your Response Journal section of your Resource Binder speculating on these differences of purpose, and their effect on your expectations as a reader.

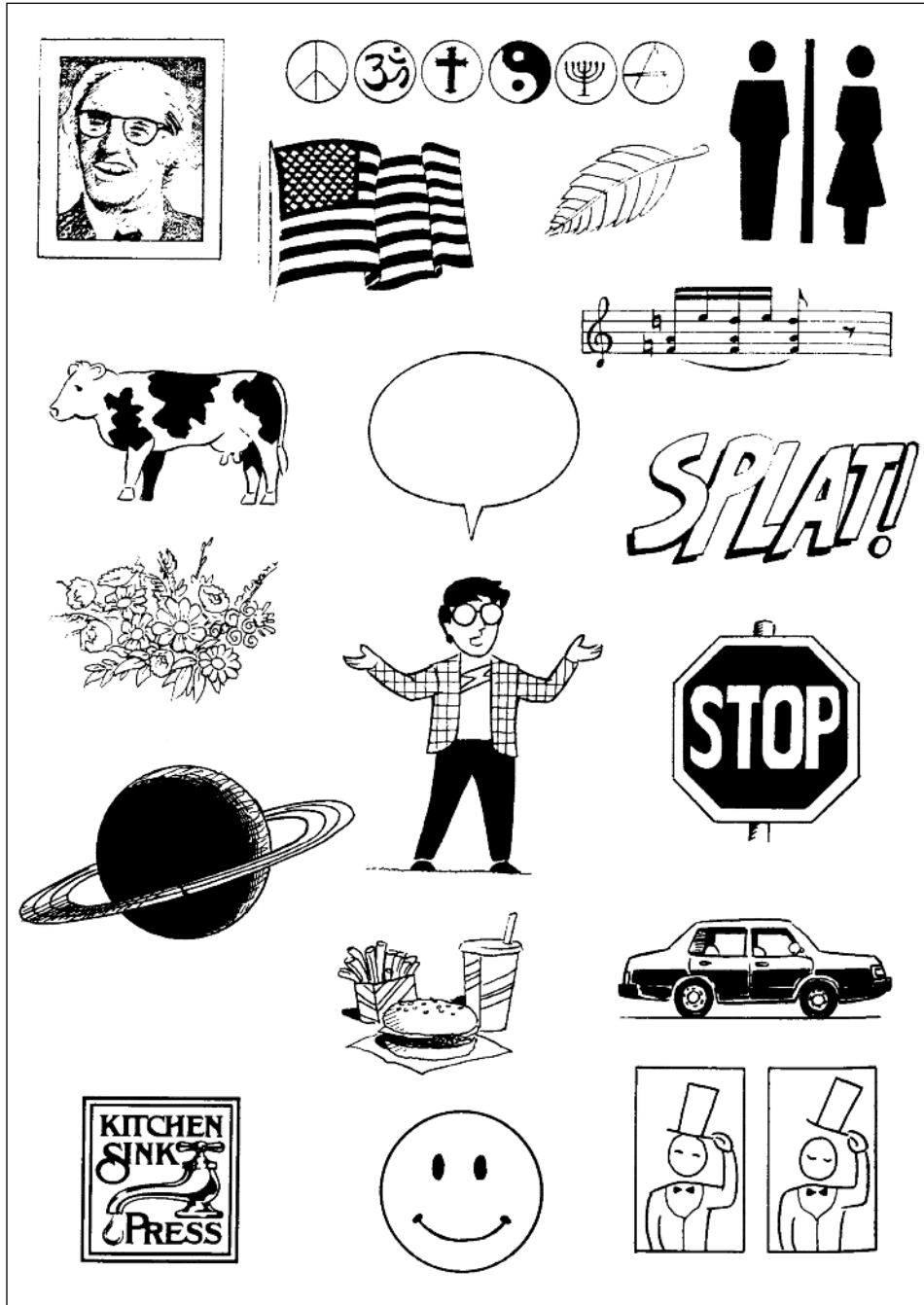
Part 4**Shifting Expectations**

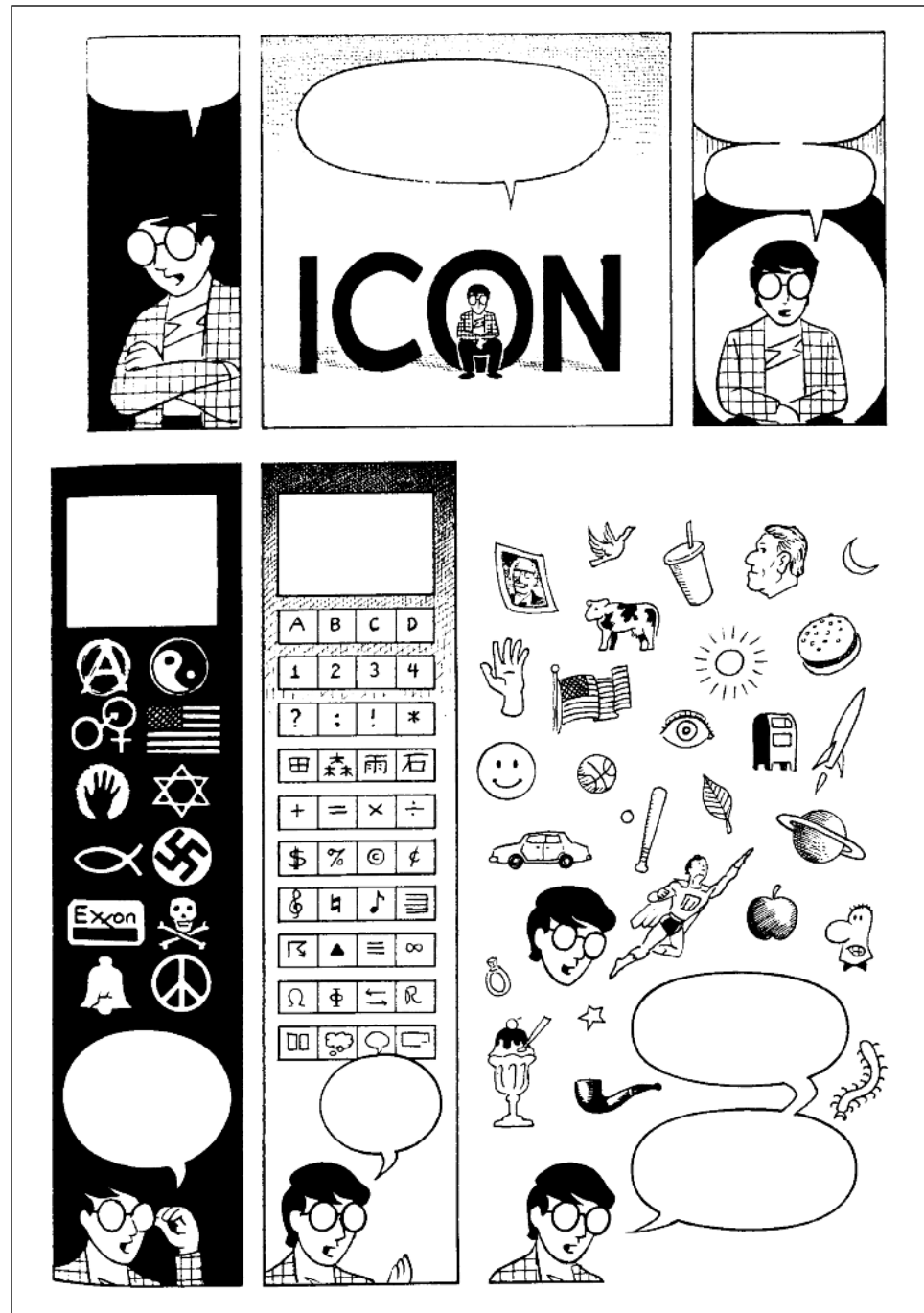
Looking through your list you may recall reading experiences where your expectations of the text changed, and/or your purpose shifted. Perhaps you opened the TV guide for simple information about the schedule, and found an article on your favourite actor, and you decided to read it for entertainment. Or, perhaps the novel you were reading for pleasure provided information that connected with what you were studying in history class, so you began to attend to the historical descriptions more than you had before, maybe even taking a few notes.

It is often necessary to shift your expectations of a text during reading. You may change your own purpose for reading or you may recognize textual cues that signal a different purpose of the text than what you had first expected.

Learning Experience

1. Briefly glance at the following text:





After just a brief glance, do you expect the text to be aesthetic or pragmatic in purpose?

Your prior knowledge of genres and forms may very well have led you to expect an aesthetic purpose — many comics produced with this cartoon style are created to entertain and amuse the audience.

2. Now look again at the text, complete with words, and read it.

THIS IS NOT A MAN.

THESE ARE NOT IDEAS.

THIS IS NOT A LEAF

THESE ARE NOT PEOPLE.

THIS IS NOT A COUNTRY.

THIS IS NOT MUSIC.

THIS IS NOT A COW.

WELCOME TO THE STRANGE AND WONDERFUL WORLD OF THE **ICON!**

THIS IS NOT MY VOICE.

SPLAT!

THIS IS NOT SOUND.

THESE ARE NOT FLOWERS.

THIS IS NOT ME.

THIS IS NOT LAW.

THIS IS NOT A PLANET.

THIS IS NOT FOOD.

THIS IS NOT A CAR.


THIS IS NOT A COMPANY.

THIS IS NOT A FACE.

THESE ARE NOT SEPARATE MOMENTS.


NOW THE WORD /CON MEANS MANY THINGS

THIS IS INK ON PAPER.




FOR THE PURPOSES OF THIS CHAPTER, I'M USING THE WORD "ICON" TO MEAN ANY IMAGE USED TO REPRESENT A PERSON, PLACE, THING OR IDEA.

ICON




THAT'S A BIT BROADER THAN THE DEFINITION IN MY DICTIONARY, BUT IT'S THE CLOSEST THING TO WHAT I NEED HERE.


"SYMBOL" IS A BIT TOO LOADED FOR ME.



THE SORTS OF IMAGES WE USUALLY CALL SYMBOLS ARE ONE CATEGORY OF ICON, HOWEVER.




THESE ARE THE IMAGES WE USE TO REPRESENT CONCEPTS, IDEAS AND PHILOSOPHIES.




THEN THERE ARE THE ICONS OF LANGUAGE, SCIENCE AND COMMUNICATION.

A	B	C	D
1	2	3	4
?	:	!	*
田	森	雨	石
+	=	×	÷
\$	%	©	♀
♫	♩	♪	🎵
☞	▲	☰	∞
Ω	Φ	←	℞
☑	☞	☞	☞

ICONS OF THE PRACTICAL REALM.




AND FINALLY, THE ICONS WE CALL PICTURES: IMAGES DESIGNED TO ACTUALLY RESEMBLE THEIR SUBJECTS.



BUT AS RESEMBLANCE VARIES, SO DOES THE LEVEL OF ICONIC CONTENT.

OR TO PUT IT SOMEWHAT CLUMSILY, SOME PICTURES ARE JUST MORE ICONIC THAN OTHERS.



Do you still think its purpose is aesthetic? Were your expectations appropriate to this text?

In fact, this text is an excerpt from the book *Understanding Comics: The Invisible Art* by Scott McCloud, and has the pragmatic purpose of explaining some of the elements and techniques of comics as an art form. The author chose to present information and ideas in a comic form, in order to demonstrate his points clearly, and probably to attract and maintain the interest of his audience. You as the reader can choose to focus on either an aesthetic or pragmatic purpose, but the text itself limits to a certain extent the satisfaction you will get. In other words, if you expected a funny story from this text, your expectations would not be satisfied.

In this example, you saw how prior knowledge of genres and forms influenced your expectations. The next lesson will explain the kinds of prior knowledge that you draw upon when reading and look at how your expectations are influenced by that knowledge.

Lesson 3

Prior Knowledge — The Basis for Expectations

In this lesson, you will look more deeply into the role that having and activating appropriate background knowledge plays in the reading experience. You will learn about the kinds of knowledge needed for reading, and how your expectations as a reader are, to some extent, based on your prior knowledge.



This lesson focuses on Specific Learning Outcome 2.1.1, as you examine connections between personal experiences and prior knowledge of language and texts to develop understanding and interpretations of a variety of texts.



Kinds of Knowledge

A reader needs to draw upon different types of prior knowledge in order to understand a text. Lesson 1 looked at some possible sources of some of that background knowledge. This prior knowledge includes knowledge about the world, such as how things work in our society; knowledge about texts, such as how different genres use techniques like repetition; and knowledge about language, such as different meanings for words or different ways of using words.

All of these different kinds of knowledge are organized and stored in our minds in networks that psychologists and brain researchers call **schemata**. These are similar to, although much more complex than, systems used in bookstores, where the different books are organized in hierarchical ways — the fiction is located in one section of the store with mysteries located in one section of the fiction section, and books by a particular author of mysteries are grouped together within the mystery section.

Learning is the process of adding to and revising the knowledge in these schemata. To remember new knowledge over the long term, you need to connect it to knowledge you already have. Learning also means strengthening the connections between pieces of knowledge, in order to retrieve the information when you need it.

Because your experience and knowledge are constantly being added to, these schemata are always changing and readjusting to new and different information. Sometimes your prior knowledge is challenged by new information that doesn't fit into the old structure or schema, and modifications to a schema must be made. To continue with our previous example, perhaps a series of books are published which are a blend of fiction and non-fiction. The system of categorizing will have to be adjusted with either a new section added or possibly a whole new way of organizing books — all alphabetical by author, or arranged by topic, or according to the publisher, and so on.

A reader's expectations are raised by the amount and kinds of background knowledge the reader brings to the reading experience. There are three types of knowledge you draw upon to read texts — knowledge about language, about texts, and about the world. Linguistic knowledge (about language) includes your understanding of syntactic, semantic, graphophonic, and pragmatic cueing systems (more on this in Lesson 8). Textual knowledge includes your understanding of textual cues such as headings, paragraphing, transitional words, etc. (more on this in Lesson 4); your knowledge of the different ways texts can be organized; and your familiarity with genre conventions (more on this in Lessons 5 and 6). World knowledge includes all that you know about nature, human relationships, social issues, science, commerce, geography, politics, and on and on (more on this in Lesson 7).

For example, some signs or headlines are sometimes (usually inadvertently) worded in an ambiguous way, that is, they can be read to mean more than one thing. These rely on a reader's prior knowledge to convey their intended meaning. An example like “Eye Drops Off Shelf” could mean an eye fell from a shelf. To understand the intended meaning of this headline, a reader would have to know that

- a. the word *drops* has more than one meaning and can be used as a noun or a verb (language knowledge);
- b. news headlines often leave out and/or misspell words due to the speed with which copy must be written (text knowledge) — i.e., “Eyedrops **Taken** Off Shelves” would have been much clearer;

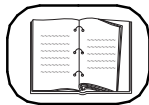
- c. flawed products are often removed from store shelves to prevent consumer injury (world knowledge).

(Example taken from Schoenbach et al., 102)



You can see from the above example how failing to activate or activating the inappropriate prior knowledge or schemata can result in a misreading or misunderstanding of a text. If inappropriate expectations are raised (admittedly sometimes through inappropriate signals in the text itself), your understanding of the text will be limited. (You can also see that humour can often result from expectations being raised that are not met, or are met in a surprising way.)

Response Journal Introduction



At this point, you will separate a section in your Resource Binder to serve as a Response Journal. In this course, a Response Journal is a multi-form journal of your responses to various texts. Some of the time you will respond freely with questions, connections, comments, sketches, diagrams, and so on. At other times, you will be asked to try specific strategies outlined in the course materials. At times you will add various charts, forms, and texts to your Response Journal and respond directly onto them. Be sure to complete all of the work and to date and label it carefully and clearly.

You should also remove the “Reading Log” from the *Forms* section of this sequence. Keep this form at the beginning of your Response Journal, and on it list all of the texts that you read both independently throughout the course and as a part of the course as you read them. Be sure to keep this log up to date throughout the course. If you run out of space on the form, create your own following the same format.

Learning Experience: “To Serve Man”

The following story, “To Serve Man” by Damon Knight, was the basis for an episode of the popular 1960s television show *The Twilight Zone*. It demonstrates an extreme effect of activating inappropriate schema and so misreading a text.

Before reading the story, on the right hand page of the Response Journal section of your Resource Binder, write the following:

- Everything you know about the television series *The Twilight Zone* and the genre of science fiction in general (textual knowledge).
- Possible meanings of the title “To Serve Man” (linguistic knowledge and world knowledge).

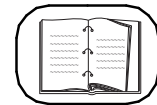
Ask your response partner to do the same. Once both of you have completed your lists, share them with each other. Add any knowledge your response partner had that you didn't. Also cross out any items that, through discussion and additional checking, you determined were inaccurate.

Next, read through the story. As you read, after every page or so, refer back to your lists of prior world, textual, and linguistic knowledge. Cross out any items that do not seem appropriate to this story. For example, if you had written “*Twilight Zone* episodes are science fiction, often dealing with aliens,” you would not cross that out. But, if you had written “*Twilight Zone* episodes are fast-paced and filled with movement and action,” you would cross that out. This doesn't mean that this prior knowledge was necessarily inaccurate, just that it is not appropriate to this particular story. Holding on to inappropriate expectations is not a useful strategy in reading texts.

Also, while reading the story, add any extra knowledge that is triggered by your reading. For example, while reading you may remember that episodes of *The Twilight Zone* often have surprise endings. Add that to your list. If at some point it doesn't seem appropriate to this story, cross it off.

Once you have completed reading the story, write the following questions on the left-hand page of your Response Journal and your responses to them on the right hand page.

- How many of your expectations raised by the background knowledge you activated were fulfilled in your reading of “To Serve Man”? Identify the points in the story at which you were able to eliminate some expectations.



-
- In the story, what kinds of knowledge — world, textual, or linguistic — did the narrator and Grigori fail to activate in their interpretation of the title of the book *How to Serve Man*?
 - How far into the text did Grigori have to read to recognize the inappropriateness of the schema he had activated before? List some possible clues that would have signalled a need to activate different schemata.
 - How did you adjust or modify your own schemata during the process of reading this story?

To Serve Man*



TELEPLAY BY ROD SERLING

AIRED MARCH 2, 1962

STARRING LLOYD BOCHNER, RICHARD KIEL, AND SUSAN CUMMINGS

THE KANAMIT WERE NOT VERY PRETTY, IT'S TRUE. They looked something like pigs and something like people, and that is not an attractive combination. Seeing them for the first time shocked you; that was their handicap. When a thing with the countenance of a fiend comes from the stars and 'offers a gift,' you are disinclined to accept.

I don't know what we expected interstellar visitors to look, like—those who thought about it at all, that is Angels, perhaps, or something too alien to be really awful. Maybe that's why we were all so horrified and repelled when they landed in their great ships and we saw what they really were like.

The Kanamit were short and very hairy—thick, bristly brown-gray hair all over their abominably plump bodies. Their noses were snoutlike and their eyes small, and they had thick hands of three fingers each. They wore green leather harness and green shorts, but I think the shorts were a concession to our notions of public decency. The garments were quite modishly cut, with slash pockets and half belts in the back. The Kanamit had a sense of humor, anyhow.

There were three of them at this session of the U.N., and, lord, I can't tell you how queer it looked to see them there in the middle of a solemn plenary session—three piglike creatures in green harness and shorts, sitting at the long table below the podium, surrounded by the packed arcs of delegates from every nation. They sat correctly upright, politely watching each speaker. Their flat ears drooped over the earphones. Later on, I believe, they learned every human language, but at this time they knew only French and English.

*Reprinted from *The Twilight Zone: The Original Stories* by Martin Harry Greenberg et al. (eds.). Copyright © 1978 Damon Knight. Reproduced in accordance with the Pan Canadian Schools/CANCOPY Copyright Licence Agreement (1999-2004).

They seemed perfectly at ease—and that, along with their humor, was a thing that tended to make me like them. I was in the minority; I didn't think they were trying to put anything over.

The delegate from Argentina got up and said that his government was interested in the demonstration of a new cheap power source, which the Kanamit had made at the previous session, but that the Argentine government could not commit itself as to its future policy without a much more thorough examination.

It was what all the delegates were saying, but I had to pay particular attention to Senor Valdes, because he tended to sputter and his diction was bad. I got through the translation all right, with only one or two momentary hesitations, and then switched to the Polish-English line to hear how Grigori was doing with Janciewicz. Janciewicz was the cross Grigori had to bear, just as Valdes was mine.

Janciewicz repeated the previous remarks with a few ideological variations, and then the Secretary-General recognized the delegate from France, who introduced Dr. Denis Leveque, the criminologist, and a great deal of complicated equipment was wheeled in.

Dr. Leveque remarked that the question in many people's minds had been aptly expressed by the delegate from the U.S.S.R. at the preceding session, when he demanded; "What is the motive of the Kanamit? What is their purpose in offering us these unprecedented gifts, while asking nothing in return?"

The doctor then said, "At the request of several delegates and with the full consent of our guests, the Kanamit, my associates and I have made a series of tests upon the Kanamit with the equipment which you see before you. These tests will now be repeated."

A murmur ran through the chamber. There was a fusillade of flashbulbs, and one of the TV cameras moved up to focus on the instrument board of the doctor's equipment. At the same time, the huge television screen behind the podium lighted up, and we saw the blank faces of two dials, each with its pointer resting at zero, and a strip of paper tape with a stylus point resting against it.

The doctor's assistants were fastening wires to the temples of one of the Kanamit, wrapping a canvas-covered rubber tube around his forearm, and taping something to the palm of his right hand.

In the screen, we saw the paper tape begin to move while the stylus traced a slow zigzag pattern along it. One of the needles began to jump rhythmically; the other flipped halfway over and stayed there, wavering slightly.

“These are the standard instruments for testing the truth of a statement,” said Dr. Leveque. “Our first object, since the physiology of the Kanamit is unknown to us, was to determine whether or not they react to these tests as human beings do. We will now repeat one of the many experiments which were made in the endeavor to discover this.”

He pointed to the first dial. “This instrument registers the subject’s heartbeat. This shows the electrical conductivity of the skin in the palm of his hand, a measure of perspiration, which increases under stress. And this—” pointing to the tape-and-stylus device—“shows the pattern and intensity of the electrical waves emanating from his brain. It has been shown, with human subjects, that all these readings vary markedly depending upon whether the subject is speaking the truth.”

He picked up two large pieces of cardboard, one red and one black. The red one was a square about three feet on a side; the black was a rectangle three and a half feet long. He addressed himself to the Kanama.

“Which of these is longer than the other?”

“The red,” said the Kanama.

Both needles leaped wildly, and so did the line on the unrolling tape.

“I shall repeat the question,” said the doctor. “Which of these is longer than the other?”

And the needles had not jumped once.

“The black,” said the creature.

This time the instruments continued in their normal rhythm.

“How did you come to this planet?” asked the doctor.

“Walked,” replied the Kanama.

Again the instruments responded, and there was a subdued ripple of laughter in the chamber.

“Once more,” said the doctor. “How did you come to this planet?”

“In a spaceship,” said the Kanama, and the instruments did not jump.

The doctor again faced the delegates. “Many such experiments were made,” he said, “and my colleagues and myself are satisfied that the mechanisms are effective. Now—” he turned to the Kanama—“I shall ask our distinguished guest, to reply to the question put at the last session by the delegate of the U.S.S.R.—namely, what is the motive of the Kanamit people in offering these great gifts to the people of Earth?”

The Kanama rose. Speaking this time in English, he said, “On my planet there is a saying, ‘There are more riddles in a stone than in a philosopher’s head.’ The motives of intelligent beings, though they may at times appear

obscure, are simple things compared to the complex workings of the natural universe. Therefore I hope that the people of Earth will understand, and believe, when I tell you that our mission upon your planet is simply this—to bring to you the peace and plenty which we ourselves enjoy, and which we have in the past brought to other races throughout the galaxy. When your world has no more hunger, no more war, no more needless suffering, that will be our reward.”

The delegate from the Ukraine jumped to his feet, asking to be recognized, but the time was up and the Secretary-General closed the session.

I met Grigori as we were leaving the chamber. His face was red with excitement. “Who promoted that circus?” he demanded.

“The tests looked genuine to me,” I told him.

“A circus!” he laid vehemently. “A second-rate farce! If they were genuine, Peter, why was debate stifled?”

“There’ll be time for debate tomorrow, surely.”

“Tomorrow the doctor and his instruments will be back in Paris. Plenty of things can happen before tomorrow. In the name of sanity, man, how can anybody trust a thing that looks as if it ate the baby?”

I was a little annoyed. I said, “Are you sure you’re not more worried about their politics than their appearance?”

He said, “Bah,” and went away.

The next day reports began to come in from government laboratories all over the world where the Kanamit’s power source was being tested. They were wildly enthusiastic. I don’t understand such things myself, but it seemed that those little metal boxes would give more electrical power than an atomic pile, for next to nothing and nearly forever. And it was said that they were so cheap to manufacture that everybody in the world could have one of his own. In the early afternoon there were reports that seventeen countries had already begun to set up factories to turn them out.

The next day the Kanamit turned up with plans and specimens of a gadget that would increase the fertility of any arable land by 60 to 100 per cent. It speeded the formation of nitrates in the soil, or something. There was nothing in the newscasts any more but stories about the Kanamit. The day after that, they dropped their bombshell.

“You now have potentially unlimited power and increased food supply,” said one of them. He pointed with his three-fingered hand to an instrument that stood on the table before him. It was a box on a tripod, with a parabolic reflector on the front of it. “We offer you today a third gift which is at least as important as the first two.”

He beckoned to the TV men to roll their cameras into closeup position. Then he picked up a large sheet of cardboard covered with drawings and English lettering. We saw it on the large screen above the podium; it was all clearly legible.

“We are informed that this broadcast is being relayed throughout your world,” said the Kanama. “I wish that everyone who has equipment for taking photographs from television screens would use it now.”

The Secretary-General leaned forward and asked a question sharply, but the Kanama ignored him.

“This device,” he said, “generates a field in which no explosive, of whatever nature, can detonate.”

There was an uncomprehending silence.

The Kanama said, “It cannot now be suppressed. If one nation has it, all must have it.” When nobody seemed to understand he explained bluntly, “There will be no more war.”

That was the biggest news of the millennium, and it was perfectly true. It turned out that the explosions the Kanama was talking about included gasoline and Diesel explosions. They had simply made it impossible for anybody to mount or equip a modern army.

We could have gone back to bows and arrows, of course, but that wouldn’t have satisfied the military. Besides, there wouldn’t be any reason to make war. Every nation would soon have everything.

Nobody ever gave another thought to those lie-detector experiments, or asked the Kanamit what their politics were. Grigori was put out; he had nothing to prove his suspicions.

I quit my job with the U.N. a few months later, because I foresaw that it was going to die under me anyhow. U.N. business was booming at the time, but after a year or so there was going to be nothing for it to do. Every nation on Earth was well on the way to being completely self-supporting; they weren’t going to need much arbitration.

I accepted a position as translator with the Kanamit Embassy; and it was there that I ran into Grigori again. I was glad to see him, but I couldn’t imagine what he was doing there.

“I thought you were on the opposition,” I said. “Don’t tell me you’re convinced the Kanamit are all right.”

He looked rather shamefaced. “They’re not what they look, anyhow,” he said.

It was as much of a concession as he could decently make, and I invited him down to the embassy lounge for a drink. It was an intimate kind of place, and he grew confidential over the second daiquiri.

“They fascinate me,” he said. “I hate them instinctively still—that hasn’t changed—but I can evaluate it. You were right, obviously; they mean us nothing but good. But do you know—” he leaned across the table—“the question of the Soviet delegate was never answered.”

I am afraid I snorted.

“No, really,” he said. “They told us what they wanted to do ‘to bring to you the peace and plenty which we ourselves enjoy.’ But they didn’t say why.”

“Why do missionaries—”

“Missionaries be damned!” he said angrily. “Missionaries have a religious motive. If these creatures have a religion, they haven’t once mentioned it. What’s more, they didn’t send a missionary group; they sent a diplomatic delegation—a group representing the will and policy of their whole people. Now just what have the Kanamit, as a people or a nation, got to gain from our welfare?”

I said, “Cultural—”

“Cultural cabbage soup! No, it’s something less obvious than that, something obscure that belongs to their psychology and not to ours. But trust me, Peter, there is no such thing as a completely disinterested altruism. In one way or another, they have something to gain.”

“And that’s why you’re here,” I said. “To try to find out what it is.”

“Correct. I wanted to get on one of the ten-year exchange groups to their home planet, but I couldn’t; the quota was filled a week after they made the announcement. This is the next best thing. I’m studying their language, and you know that language reflects the basic assumptions of the people who use it. I’ve got a fair command of the spoken lingo already. It’s not hard, really, and there are hints in it. Some of the idioms are quite similar to English. I’m sure I’ll get the answer eventually.”

“More power,” I said, and we went back to work.

I saw Grigori frequently from then on, and he kept me posted about his progress. He was highly excited about a month after that first meeting; said he’d got hold of a book of the Kanamit’s and was trying to puzzle it out. They wrote in ideographs, worse than Chinese, but he was determined to fathom it if it took him years. He wanted my help.

Well, I was interested in spite of myself, for I knew it would be a long job. We spent some evenings together, working with material from

Kanamit bulletin boards and so forth, and with the extremely limited English-Kanamit dictionary they issued to the staff. My conscience bothered me about the stolen book, but gradually I became absorbed by the problem. Languages are my field, after all. I couldn't help being fascinated.

We got the title worked out in a few weeks. It was *How to Serve Man*, evidently a handbook they were giving out to new Kanamit members of the embassy staff. They had new ones in, all the time now, a shipload about once a month; they were opening all kinds of research laboratories, clinics and so on. If there was anybody on Earth besides Grigori who still distrusted those people; he must have been somewhere in the middle of Tibet.

It was astonishing to see the changes that had been wrought in less than a year. There were no more standing armies, no more shortages, no unemployment. When you picked up a newspaper you didn't see H-BOMB or SATELLITE leaping out at you; the news was always good. It was a hard thing to get used to. The Kanamit were working on human biochemistry, and it was known around the embassy that they were nearly ready to announce methods of making our race taller and stronger and healthier—practically a race of supermen—and they had a potential cure for heart disease and cancer.

I didn't see Grigori for a fortnight after we finished working out the title of the book; I was on a long-overdue vacation in Canada. When I got back, I was shocked by the change in his appearance.

"What on earth is wrong, Grigori?" I asked. "You look like the very devil."

"Come down to the lounge."

I went with him, and he gulped a stiff Scotch as if he needed it.

"Come on, man, what's the matter?" I urged.

"The Kanamit have put me on the passenger list for the next exchange ship," he said: "You, too, otherwise I wouldn't be talking to you."

"Well," I said, "but—"

"They're not altruists."

I tried to reason with him. I pointed out they'd made Earth a paradise compared to what it was before. He only shook his head.

Then I said, "Well; what about those lie-detector tests?"

"A farce," he replied, without heat. "I said so at the time, you fool. They told the truth, though; as far as it went."

“And the book?” I demanded, annoyed. “What about that—*How to Serve Man*? That wasn’t put there for you to read. They *mean* it. How do you explain that?”

“I’ve read the first paragraph of that book,” he said.

“Why do you suppose I haven’t slept for a week?”

I said, “Well?” and he smiled a curious, twisted smile.

“It’s a cookbook,” he said.

This general introduction to the kinds of prior knowledge needed for reading will be followed by more detailed examinations of each of the types, beginning with textual knowledge.

Notes



Lesson 4

Responding to Textual Cues

As discussed in Lessons 2 and 3, your reading expectations are determined in part by the type of text and purpose for which you are reading. Some texts signal by their very appearance whether they are most suited to pragmatic or aesthetic purposes.

**General and Specific Learning Outcomes**

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts

- 2.1.3 Use textual cues and prominent organizational patterns to construct and confirm meaning and interpret texts
- 2.3.1 Analyze how various forms and genres are used for particular audiences and purposes

You will examine two texts that are very similar in content but very different in appearance, form, and purpose. In this way, you will become aware of how you use various signals and textual cues to activate expectations appropriate to different texts and purposes.

Textual Cues

Textual cues include both format features and signal or transitional words or techniques used to help a reader predict the moves of the text, to follow where it's going. In this lesson, we will focus on format features, which include such things as title, table of contents, chapter headings, act and scene divisions, graphics, glossaries, footnotes, indices, page layouts, font styles, boldface type, colour, camera angle, paragraph, stanza, and line breaks, and so on. We will begin with fairly obvious cues that signal easily recognizable text forms. Later in the course we will look more closely at more subtle textual cues.

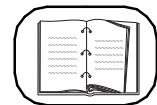
Learning Experience: “No Blood in the Home” and “No Blood on Victim Despite Awful Injuries”

1. Remove the “Textual Cues” chart and the text “No Blood in the Home” from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence and put them in the Response Journal section of your Resource Binder.
2. Before reading, just by looking at the text, fill in the “No Blood in the Home” column on the chart in point form.
3. Read the text “No Blood in the Home,” adding any further textual cues or expectations to your chart as you read.
4. In your Response Journal, opposite the text, write a brief response to the text. This can be in the form of questions about the text, comments about any feelings it stimulated, sketches or descriptions of any images brought to mind, and any connections you can make to personal experiences and/or to other texts you have read.
5. Remove the text “No Blood on Victim Despite Awful Injuries” from the *Forms* section, and put it in your Response Journal.
6. Again, before reading it, fill in the appropriate column on the chart.
7. Read the text “No Blood on Victim Despite Awful Injuries,” adding any further textual cues or expectations to your chart as you read.
8. In your Response Journal, opposite the text, write a response to the text, as you did with “No Blood in the Home.”

You have probably noticed that the words of “No Blood in the Home” have been drawn directly from “No Blood on Victim Despite Awful Injuries.” Yet the two are very different texts with very different purposes, and your responses to each are probably very different as well.

Answer the following questions in your Response Journal:

- What role did the difference in textual cues play in your readings of the two texts?
- What other differences between the texts contributed to differences in your responses?



- For what main purpose do you think each text was written? Do the texts' purposes match those listed by you in your chart?
- How would your reading of each text have changed if you had read them in reverse order? Would your expectations of each have been different? If so, how?
- Contrast the titles of each text. How does each title influence your expectations? Which title provides more information? How is the focus or emphasis of each piece determined by the title?

Next, you will continue to examine textual knowledge of genres, looking at two very specific and distinctive genres of texts.

Notes



Lesson 5

Genre

Textual cues are one type of text knowledge that you draw on when reading. In this lesson, we will focus on another — your knowledge of genre and genre conventions. Your prior knowledge and experience of particular genres influence what you expect when you encounter a text. Generally, readers expect texts to either fulfill their expectations, or to surprise them in a pleasing or stimulating way.



General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts

- 2.1.3 Use textual cues and prominent organizational patterns to construct and confirm meaning and interpret texts
- 2.2.1 Experience texts from a variety of genres and cultural traditions; compare various interpretations of texts
- 2.2.2 Respond personally and critically to ideas and values presented in a variety of Canadian and international texts
- 2.3.1 Analyze how various forms and genres are used for particular audiences and purposes

General Learning Outcome 5: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to celebrate and build community

- 5.2.1 Identify various factors that shape understanding of texts, others, and self
- 5.2.2 Identify and examine ways in which culture, society, and language conventions shape texts

We will look at two particular, and popular, genres to see how a knowledge of conventions influences a reader's ability to predict, and be surprised by, the moves of texts. The two genres that we will focus on at this point are fairy tales and detective stories. Both genres make use of very distinct conventions and are well-known enough to lend themselves to playing with those conventions. (More on parody in Sequence 3.)

Part 1

Coming to Terms with Genre

As explained in the Introduction, the term **genre** has a somewhat fluid meaning. It can mean generally a type of text, and be interchangeable with the word *form*, or it can mean more specifically a type of text that follows a fairly set **formula** and makes use of accompanying **conventions** — rules and common elements.

The term **formula** refers to the essential events and characters that make up the plot, and also to the structure or ordering of those events. A **formulaic** plot is one that follows a basic pattern such as

- hero is called upon to do a good deed,
- obstacles to the achievement of that deed arise,
- a helper of some sort may assist,
- hero eventually overcomes obstacles,
- good deed is accomplished, and
- all is well in the world.

Many popular genres of fiction and film follow this basic plot, from mysteries and westerns to science fiction, adventure, and musicals. As an audience, once certain plot elements are set up, you expect the plot to progress according to plan, and would be quite surprised if your expectations were not met. Even texts that follow a formula, however, need to vary it somewhat in order to keep the audience's attention. John Naughton and Adam Smith say about film genres,

“Genres were a way of letting the audience know what to expect even before the lights dimmed. Give ‘em what they want and then rework the formula before they can get tired of it.” (23)

Conventions, in the sense we will be using the term here, are features of style, technique, or subject matter that are used repeatedly in texts, with particular genres of texts using particular conventions. These can include typical characters and styles of dialogue and narration, as well as techniques such as flashbacks, distinctive lighting, camera angles, chapter breaks, and so on.

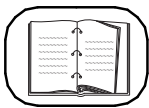


Another term that we will use in this discussion of genre is **icon**. The broad meaning of *icon*, as you learned in Lesson 2, is “any image used to represent a person, place, thing, or idea” (McCloud, 27). In relation to genre and genre conventions, we will talk of an icon as being the images — objects, sounds, costumes, landscapes — that are used repeatedly, or conventionally, in particular genres, and that give the audience hints about what is to come in the plot, about personalities and motivations of characters, and about the themes associated with the genre. For example, western films use holstered guns as icons, saying something about the inevitable gunfight that will occur in the plot, about the characters who carry them, and about thematic concerns of power and justice.

Formula, conventions, and icons are all part of what make up genre. A particular formula may apply to a variety of genres, while specific conventions and icons in particular combinations contribute to a specific genre.

Learning Experience

1. Choose a genre of fiction, television, or film with which you are very familiar. This could be mystery, science fiction, soap operas, spy novels, series books from when you were younger such as *Goosebumps* or *The Babysitter Club*, romance novels, westerns, musicals, situation comedies, etc. (Don't choose fairy tales or detective stories as these are used as examples below.)
2. Remove the “Genre Analysis” chart from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence, and put it in the Response Journal section of your Resource Binder. Fill it in for the genre you have chosen.
3. Two examples — one for fairy tales and one for detective fiction and film — are also provided in the *Forms* section. Put these in your Response Journal to refer to now and later in this and the next lesson.



Reading genre fiction or viewing genre film at some point in a reader's life is valuable and should not be looked down upon. Perry Nodelman, in a book about children's literature, says,

“Young readers of formula books may be learning the basic patterns that less formulaic books diverge from. Perhaps we all must read formula fiction to start with, in order to learn the basic story patterns and formulas that underlie all fiction, and perhaps we cannot appreciate the divergences of more unusual books until we first learn these underlying patterns.” (89)

Even older and more experienced readers enjoy reading and viewing formulaic texts if, as we said in Lesson 2, their purpose is to relax and have their expectations and predictions confirmed.





Part 2

Fairy Tales

Fairy tales have been chosen for a brief study for a number of reasons. First, they are very distinct and recognizable as a genre — most people in our culture are familiar with at least some of them. Second, they are short and so can be studied in some detail. Third, many fairy tales can be found in different versions from cultures around the world, and in a variety of formats from picture books to Disney films, allowing for comparisons of different cultural values and expectations. Finally, later in the course we will be studying children’s literature, and fairy tales today are generally seen as a subgenre of children’s literature (although they are still studied by many adult scholars as well).

Fairy tales originated as oral stories passed down from generation to generation, and were not intended as tales for children only, but for all people. Eventually, folklorists such as the Grimm brothers and writers such as Charles Perrault collected and transcribed the stories, and only after they were available in print were they adapted for the audience of children. The original stories had to be remembered in order to be retold, so features of fairy tales include repetition and refrains to make them easier to recall. These and other common features are listed on the “Genre Analysis” example you looked at above.

Learning Experience

1. In your Response Journal, list all the fairy tales you know so well that you could tell them to a child without consulting a book. (Nodelman, 158)
2. Ask your response partner to do the same.
3. Compare your list with that of your response partner. What differences are there? How do you account for the similarities and differences? Respond to these questions in your Response Journal.



Fairy tales also change with every retelling which accounts for the many variants and versions of the most popular ones. Even the so-called “original” versions collected by the Grimm brothers were actually their own retellings based on a variety of oral tellings where they combined what they considered the “best” features of each version. Every story reflects the culture, values, and ideology (or way of looking at the world) of its teller. For this reason, fairy tales (and other texts) can be distorted during translation and importation from other cultures. Certain events or characters can be emphasized to highlight particular values or beliefs that are important to the new teller.

Learning Experience: “Cinderella”

1. Read at least **three** of the following versions of “Cinderella,” as well as the picture books *Mufaro’s Beautiful Daughters* by John Steptoe and *The Rough-Face Girl* by Rafe Martin, and respond to each in your Response Journal. In addition to questions, connections, feelings, and so on, your responses should examine the differences among the versions and how those differences reflect different values and ideological assumptions, or the different kinds of expectations the readers are assumed to have. (Nodelman, 166)
2. When you have completed reading and responding to all the versions, write a brief entry in your Response Journal answering these questions:
 - Which version seems most familiar to you, meets your expectations? Why?
 - With which version are you most comfortable? Why? What values do you share with the teller?
 - With which version are you least comfortable? Why? What values do you not share with the teller?



Cinderella*

by Charles Perrault

Once upon a time there was a worthy man who married, for his second wife, the haughtiest, proudest woman that had ever been seen. She had two daughters, who possessed their mother's temper and resembled her in everything. Her husband, on the other hand, had a young daughter, who was of an exceptionally sweet and gentle nature. She got this from her mother, who had been the nicest person in the world.

The wedding was no sooner over than the stepmother began to display her bad temper. She could not endure the excellent qualities of this young girl, for they made her own daughters appear more hateful than ever. She thrust upon her all the meanest tasks about the house. It was she who had to clean the plates and the stairs, and sweep out the rooms of the mistress of the house and her daughters. She slept on a wretched mattress in a garret at the top of the house, while the sisters had rooms with parquet flooring, and beds of the most fashionable style, with mirrors in which they could see themselves from top to toe.

The poor girl endured everything patiently, not daring to complain to her father. The latter would have scolded her, because he was entirely ruled by his wife. When she had finished her work she used to sit amongst the cinders in the corner of the chimney, and it was from this habit that she came to be commonly known as Cinder-clod. The younger of the two sisters, who was not quite so spiteful as the elder, called her Cinderella. But her wretched clothes did not prevent Cinderella from being a hundred times more beautiful than her sisters, for all their resplendent garments.

It happened that the king's son gave a ball, and he invited all persons of high degree. The two young ladies were invited amongst others, for they cut a considerable figure in the country. Not a little pleased were they, and the question of what clothes and what mode of dressing the hair would become them best took up all their time. And all this meant fresh trouble for Cinderella, for it was she who went over her sisters' linen and ironed their ruffles. They could talk of nothing else but the fashions in clothes.

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‘For my part,’ said the elder, ‘I shall wear my dress of red velvet, with the Honiton lace.’

‘I have only my everyday petticoat,’ said the younger, ‘but to make up for it I shall wear my cloak with the golden flowers and my necklace of diamonds, which are not so bad.’

They sent for a good hairdresser to arrange their double-frilled caps, and bought patches at the best shop.

They summoned Cinderella and asked her advice, for she had good taste. Cinderella gave them the best possible suggestions, and even offered to dress their hair, to which they gladly agreed.

While she was thus occupied they said:

‘Cinderella, would you not like to go to the ball?’

‘Ah, but you fine young ladies are laughing at me. It would be no place for me.’

‘That is very true, people would laugh to see a cinder-clod in the ballroom.’

Any one else but Cinderella would have done their hair amiss, but she was good-natured, and she finished them off to perfection. They were so excited in their glee that for nearly two days they ate nothing. They broke more than a dozen laces through drawing their stays tight in order to make their waists more slender, and they were perpetually in front of a mirror.

At last the happy day arrived. Away they went, Cinderella watching them as long as she could keep them in sight. When she could no longer see them she began to cry. Her godmother found her in tears, and asked what was troubling her.

‘I should like — I should like -’

She was crying so bitterly that she could not finish the sentence.

Said her godmother, who was a fairy:

‘You would like to go to the ball, would you not?’

‘Ah, yes,’ said Cinderella, sighing.

‘Well, well,’ said her godmother, ‘promise to be a good girl and I will arrange for you to go.’

She took Cinderella into her room and said:

‘Go into the garden and bring me a pumpkin.’

Cinderella went at once and gathered the finest that she could find. This she brought to her godmother, wondering how a pumpkin could help in taking her to the ball.

Her godmother scooped it out, and when only the rind was left, struck it with her wand. Instantly the pumpkin was changed into a beautiful coach, gilded all over.

Then she went and looked in the mouse-trap, where she found six mice all alive. She told Cinderella to lift the door of the mouse-trap a little, and as each mouse came out she gave it a tap with her wand, whereupon it was transformed into a fine horse. So that here was a fine team of six dappled mouse-grey horses.

But she was puzzled to know how to provide a coachman.

‘I will go and see,’ said Cinderella, ‘if there is not rat in the rat-trap. We could make a coachman of him.’

‘Quite right,’ said her godmother, ‘go and see.’

Cinderella brought in the rat-trap, which contained three big rats. The fairy chose one specially on account of his elegant whiskers.

As soon as she had touched him he turned into a fat coachman with the finest moustachios that ever were seen.

‘Now go into the garden and bring me the six lizards which you will find behind the water-butt.’

No sooner had they been brought than the godmother turned them into six lackeys, who at once climbed up behind the coach in their braided liveries, and hung on there as if they had never done anything else all their lives.

Then said the fairy godmother:

‘Well, there you have the means of going to the ball. Are you satisfied?’

‘Oh, yes, but am I to go like this in my ugly clothes?’

Her godmother merely touched her with her wand, and on the instant her clothes were changed into garments of gold and silver cloth, bedecked with jewels. After that her godmother gave her a pair of glass slippers, the prettiest in the world.

Thus altered, she entered the coach. Her godmother bade her not to stay beyond midnight whatever happened, warning her that if she remained at the ball a moment longer, her coach would again become a pumpkin, her horses mice, and her lackeys lizards, while her old clothes would reappear upon her once more.

She promised her godmother that she would not fail to leave the ball before midnight, and away she went, beside herself with delight.

The king’s son, when he was told of the arrival of a great princess whom nobody knew, went forth to receive her. He handed her down from the

coach, and led her into the hall where the company was assembled. At once there fell a great silence. The dancers stopped, the violins played no more, so rapt was the attention which everybody bestowed upon the superb beauty of the unknown guest. Everywhere could be heard in confused whispers:

‘Oh, how beautiful she is!’

The king, old man as he was, could not take his eyes off her, and whispered to the queen that it was many a long day since he had seen any one so beautiful and charming.

All the ladies were eager to scrutinize her clothes and the dressing of her hair, being determined to copy them on the morrow, provided they could find materials so fine, and tailors so clever.

The king’s son placed her in the seat of honour, and at once begged the privilege of being her partner in a dance. Such was the grace with which she danced that the admiration of all was increased.

A magnificent supper was served, but the young prince could eat nothing, so taken up was he with watching her. She went and sat beside her sisters, and bestowed numberless attentions upon them. She made them share with her the oranges and lemons which the king had given her — greatly to their astonishment, for they did not recognize her.

While they were talking, Cinderella heard the clock strike a quarter to twelve. She at once made a profound curtsy to the company, and departed as quickly as she could.

As soon as she was home again she sought out her godmother, and having thanked her, declared that she wished to go upon the morrow once more to the ball, because the king’s son had invited her.

While she was busy telling her godmother all that had happened at the ball, her two sisters knocked at the door. Cinderella let them in.

‘What a long time you have been in coming!’ she declared, rubbing her eyes and stretching herself as if she had only just awakened. In real truth she had not for a moment wished to sleep since they had left.

‘If you had been at the ball,’ said one of the sisters, ‘you would not be feeling weary. There came a most beautiful princess, the most beautiful that has ever been seen, and she bestowed numberless attentions upon us, and gave us her oranges and lemons.’

Cinderella was overjoyed. She asked them the name of the princess, but they replied that no one knew it, and that the king’s son was so distressed that he would give anything in the world to know who she was.

Cinderella smiled, and said she must have been beautiful indeed.

‘Oh, how lucky you are. Could I not manage to see her? Oh, please, Javotte, lend me the yellow dress which you wear every day.’

‘Indeed!’ said Javotte, ‘that is a fine idea. Lend my dress to a grubby cinder-clod like you — you must think me mad!’

Cinderella had expected this refusal. She was in no way upset, for she would have been very greatly embarrassed had her sister been willing to lend the dress.

The next day the two sisters went to the ball, and so did Cinderella, even more splendidly attired than the first time.

The king’s son was always at her elbow, and paid her endless compliments.

The young girl enjoyed herself so much that she forgot her godmother’s bidding completely, and when the first stroke of midnight fell upon her ears, she thought it was no more than eleven o’clock.

She rose and fled as nimbly as a fawn. The prince followed her, but could not catch her. She let fall one of her glass slippers, however, and this the prince picked up with tender care.

When Cinderella reached home she was out of breath, without coach, without lackeys, and in her shabby clothes. Nothing remained of all her splendid clothes save one of the little slippers, the fellow to the one which she had let fall.

Inquiries were made of the palace doorkeepers as to whether they had seen a princess go out, but they declared they had seen no one leave except a young girl, very ill-clad, who looked more like a peasant than a young lady.

When her two sisters returned from the ball, Cinderella asked them if they had again enjoyed themselves, and if the beautiful lady had been there. They told her that she was present, but had fled away when midnight sounded, and in such haste that she had let fall one of her little glass slippers, the prettiest thing in the world. They added that the king’s son, who picked it up, had done nothing but gaze at it for the rest of the ball, from which it was plain that he was deeply in love with its beautiful owner.

They spoke the truth. A few days later, the king’s son caused a proclamation to be made by trumpeters, that he would take for wife the owner of the foot which the slipper would fit.

They tried it first on the princesses, then on the duchesses and the whole of the Court, but in vain. Presently they brought it to the home of the two sisters, who did all they could to squeeze a foot into the slipper. This, however, they could not manage.

Cinderella was looking on and recognized her slipper:

‘Let me see,’ she cried, laughingly, ‘if it will not fit me.’

Her sisters burst out laughing, and began to gibe at her, but the equerry who was trying on the slipper looked closely at Cinderella. Observing that she was very beautiful he declared that the claim was quite a fair one, and that his orders were to try the slipper on every maiden. He bade Cinderella sit down, and on putting the slipper to her little foot he perceived that the latter slid in without trouble, and was moulded to its shape like wax.

Great was the astonishment of the two sisters at this, and greater still when Cinderella drew from her pocket the other little slipper. This she likewise drew on.

At that very moment her godmother appeared on the scene. She gave a tap with her wand to Cinderella’s clothes, and transformed them into a dress even more magnificent than her previous ones.

The two sisters recognized her for the beautiful person whom they had seen at the ball, and threw themselves at her feet, begging her pardon for all the ill-treatment she had suffered at their hands.

Cinderella raised them, and declaring as she embraced them that she pardoned them with all her heart, bade them to love her well in future.

She was taken to the palace of the young prince in all her new array. He found her more beautiful than ever, and was married to her a few days afterwards.

Cinderella was as good as she was beautiful. She set aside apartments in the palace for her two sisters, and married them the very same day to two gentlemen of high rank about the Court.

Moral

*Beauty in a maid is an extraordinary treasure;
One never tires of admiring it.
But what we mean by graciousness
Is beyond price and still more precious.
It was this which her godmother gave Cinderella,
Teaching her to become a Queen.
(So the moral of this story goes.)
Lasses, this is a better gift than looks so fair
For winning over a heart successfully.
Graciousness is the true gift of the Fairies.
Without it, one can do nothing;
With it, one can do all!*

Another Moral

*It is surely a great advantage
To have spirit and courage,
Good breeding and common sense,
And other qualities of this sort,
Which are the gifts of Heaven!
You will do well to own these;
But for success, they may well be in vain
If, as a final gift, one has not
The blessing of godfather or godmother.*

Cinderella*

by The Brothers Grimm

The wife of a rich man fell ill, and as she felt her end approaching, she called her only daughter to her bedside and said, “Dear child, be good and pious. Then the dear Lord shall always assist you, and I shall look down from heaven and take care of you.” She then closed her eyes and departed.

After her mother’s death the maiden went every day to visit her grave and weep, and she remained good and pious. When winter came, snow covered the grave like a little white blanket, and by the time the sun had taken it off again in the spring, the rich man had a second wife who brought along her two daughters. They had beautiful and fair features but nasty and wicked hearts. As a result a difficult time was ahead for the poor stepsister.

“Why should the stupid goose be allowed to sit in the parlor with us?” they said. “Whoever wants to eat bread must earn it. Out with this kitchen maid!”

They took away her beautiful clothes, dressed her in an old gray smock, and gave her wooden shoes.

“Just look at the proud princess and how decked out she is!” they exclaimed with laughter, and led her into the kitchen.

They expected her to work hard there from morning till night. She had to get up before dawn, carry the water into the house, make the fire, cook, and wash. Besides this, her sisters did everything imaginable to cause her grief and make her look ridiculous. For instance, they poured peas and lentils into the hearth ashes so she had to sit there and pick them out. In the evening, when she was exhausted from working, they took away her bed, and she had to lie next to the hearth in the ashes. This is why she always looked so dusty and dirty and why they all called her Cinderella.

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One day it happened that her father was going to the fair and asked his two stepdaughters what he could bring them.

“Beautiful dresses,” said one.

“Pearls and jewels,” said the other.

“And you, Cinderella?” he asked. “What do you want?”

“Father,” she said, “just break off the first twig that brushes against your hat on your way home and bring it to me.”

So he bought beautiful dresses, pearls, and jewels for the two stepsisters, and as he was riding through some green bushes on his return journey, a hazel twig brushed against him and knocked off his hat. So he broke off that twig and took it with him. When he arrived home, he gave his stepdaughters what they had requested, and Cinderella received the twig from the hazel bush. She thanked him, went to her mother’s grave, planted the twig on it, and wept so hard that the tears fell on the twig and watered it. Soon the twig grew and quickly became a beautiful tree. Three times every day Cinderella would go and sit beneath it and weep and pray, and each time, a little white bird would also come to the tree. Whenever Cinderella expressed a wish, the bird would throw her whatever she had requested.

In the meantime, the king had decided to sponsor a three-day festival, and all the beautiful young girls in the country were invited so that his son could choose a bride. When the two stepsisters learned that they too had been summoned to make an appearance, they were in good spirits and called Cinderella.

“Comb our hair, brush our shoes, and fasten our buckles!” they said. “We’re going to the wedding at the king’s castle.”

Cinderella obeyed but wept, because she too would have liked to go to the ball with them, and so she asked her stepmother for permission to go.

“You, Cinderella!” she said. “You’re all dusty and dirty, and yet you want to go to the wedding? How can you go dancing when you’ve got no clothes or shoes?”

When Cinderella kept pleading, her stepmother finally said, “I’ve emptied a bowlful of lentils into the ashes. If you can pick out all the lentils in two hours, you may have my permission to go.”

The maiden went through the back door into the garden and cried out, “Oh, you tame pigeons, you turtledoves, and all you birds under

heaven, come and help me pick the good ones for the little pot, the bad ones for your little crop.

Two white pigeons came flying to the kitchen window, followed by the turtledoves. Eventually, all the birds under heaven swooped down, swarmed into the kitchen, and settled around the ashes. The pigeons bobbed their heads and began to peck, peck, peck, peck, and all the other birds also began to peck, peck, peck, peck, and they put all the good lentils into the bowl. It did not take longer than an hour for the birds to finish the work, whereupon they flew away. Happy, because she thought she would now be allowed to go to the wedding, the maiden brought the bowl to her stepmother. But her stepmother said, “No, Cinderella. You don’t have any clothes, nor do you know how to dance. Everyone would only laugh at you.”

When Cinderella started crying, the stepmother said, “if you can pick two bowlfuls of lentils out of the ashes in one hour, I’ll let you come along.” But she thought, She’ll never be able to do it.

Then the stepmother dumped two bowlfuls of lentils into the ashes, and the maiden went through the back door into the garden and cried out, “Oh, you tame pigeons, you turtledoves, and all you birds under heaven, come and help me pick the good ones for the little pot, the bad ones for your little crop.”

Two white pigeons came flying to the kitchen window, followed by the turtledoves. Eventually, all the birds under heaven swooped down, swarmed into the kitchen, and settled around the ashes. The pigeons bobbed their heads and began to peck, peck, peck, peck, and all the other birds also began to peck, peck, peck, peck, and they put all the good lentils into the bowl. Before half an hour had passed, they finished their work and flew away. Happy, because she thought she would now be allowed to go to the wedding, the maiden carried the bowls to her stepmother. But her stepmother said, “Nothing can help you. I can’t let you come with us because you don’t have any clothes to wear and you don’t know how to dance. We’d only be ashamed of you!”

Then she turned her back on Cinderella and hurried off with her two haughty daughters. When they had all departed Cinderella went to her mother’s grave beneath the hazel tree and cried out: “Shake and wobble, little tree! Let gold and silver fall all over me.”

The bird responded by throwing her a gold and silver dress and silk slippers embroidered with silver. She hastily slipped into the dress and went to the wedding. She looked so beautiful in her golden dress that

her sisters and stepmother did not recognize her and thought she must be a foreign princess. They never imagined it could be Cinderella; they thought she was sitting at home in the dirt picking lentils out of the ashes.

Now, the prince approached Cinderella, took her by the hand, and danced with her. Indeed, he would not dance with anyone else and would not let go of her hand. Whenever someone came and asked her to dance, he said, “She’s my partner.”

She danced well into the night, and when she wanted to go home, the prince said, “I’ll go along and escort you,” for he wanted to see whose daughter the beautiful maiden was. But she managed to slip away from him and got into her father’s dovecote. Now the prince waited until her father came, and he told him that the unknown maiden had escaped into his dovecote. The old man thought, Could that be Cinderella? And he had an ax and pick brought to him so he could chop it down. However, no one was inside, and when they went into the house, Cinderella was lying in the ashes in her dirty clothes, and a dim little oil lamp was burning on the mantel of the chimney. Cinderella had swiftly jumped out the back of the dovecote and run to the hazel tree. There she had taken off the beautiful clothes and laid them on the grave. After the bird had taken them away, she had made her way into the kitchen, where she had seated herself in the gray ashes wearing her gray smock.

The next day when the festival had begun again and her parents and sisters had departed, Cinderella went to the hazel tree and cried out: “Shake and wobble, little tree! Let gold and silver fall all over me.”

The bird responded by throwing her a dress that was even more splendid than the one before. And when she appeared at the wedding in this dress, everyone was amazed by her beauty. The prince had been waiting for her, and when she came, he took her hand right away and danced with no one but her. When others went up to her and asked her to dance, he said, “She’s my partner.”

When evening came and she wished to leave, the prince followed her, wanting to see which house she went into, but she ran away from him and disappeared into the garden behind the house. There she went to a beautiful tall tree covered with the most wonderful pears, and she climbed up into the branches as nimbly as a squirrel. The prince did not know where she had gone, so he waited until her father came and said, “The unknown maiden has slipped away from me, and I think she climbed the pear tree.”

The father thought, Can that be Cinderella? And he had an ax brought to him and chopped the tree down, but there was no one in it. When they went into the kitchen, Cinderella was lying in the ashes as usual, for she had jumped down on the other side of the tree, brought the beautiful clothes back to the bird, and put on her gray smock.

On the third day, when her parents and sisters had departed, Cinderella went to her mother's grave again and cried out to the tree: "Shake and wobble, little tree! Let gold and silver fall all over me."

The bird responded by throwing her a dress that was more magnificent and radiant than all the others she had received, and the slippers were pure gold. When she appeared at the wedding in this dress, the people were so astounded they did not know what to say. The prince danced with no one but her, and whenever someone asked her to dance, he said, "She's my partner."

When it was evening and Cinderella wished to leave, the prince wanted to escort her, but she slipped away from him so swiftly that he could not follow her. However, the prince had prepared for this with a trick: he had all the stairs coated with pitch, and when Cinderella went running down the stairs, her left slipper got stuck there. After the prince picked it up, he saw it was small and dainty and made of pure gold.

Next morning he carried it to Cinderella's father and said, "No one else shall be my wife but the maiden whose foot fits this golden shoe."

The two sisters were glad to hear this because they had beautiful feet. The oldest took the shoe into a room to try it on, and her mother stood by her side. However, the shoe was too small for her, and she could not get her big toe into it. So her mother handed her a knife and said "Cut your toe off. Once you become queen, you won't have to walk anymore."

The maiden cut her toe off, forced her foot into the shoe, swallowed the pain and went out to the prince. He took her on his horse as his bride and rode off. But they had to pass the grave where the two pigeons were sitting on the hazel tree, and they cried out:

"Looky, look, look at the shoe that she took.

There's blood all over, and her foot's too small.

She's not the bride you met at the ball."

He looked down at her foot and saw the blood oozing out. So he turned his horse around, brought the false bride home again, and said

that she was definitely not the right one and the other sister should try on the shoe. Then the second sister went into a room and was fortunate enough to get all her toes in, but her heel was too large. So her mother handed her a knife and said, “Cut off a piece of your heel. Once you become queen, you won’t have to walk anymore.”

The maiden cut off a piece of her heel, forced her foot into the shoe, swallowed the pain, and went out to the prince. He took her on his horse as his bride, and rode off with her. As they passed the hazel tree the two pigeons were sitting there, and they cried out:

“Looky, look, look at the shoe that she took.

There’s blood all over, and her foot’s too small.

She’s not the bride you met at the ball.”

He looked down at her foot and saw the blood oozing out of the shoe and staining her white stockings all red. Then he turned his horse around and brought the false bride home again.

“She isn’t the right one either,” he said. “Don’t you have any other daughters?”

“No,” said the man. “There’s only little Cinderella, my dead wife’s daughter, who’s deformed, but she can’t possibly be the bride.”

The prince told him to send the girl to him, but the mother responded, “Oh, she’s much too dirty and really shouldn’t be seen.”

However, the prince demanded to see her, and Cinderella had to be called. First she washed her hands and face until they were clean, and then she went and curtsied before the prince, who handed her the golden shoe. She sat down on a stool, took her foot out of the heavy wooden shoe, and put it into the slipper that fit her perfectly. After she stood up and the prince looked her straight in the face, he recognized the beautiful maiden who had danced with him. “This is my true bride!” he exclaimed. The stepmother and the two sisters were horrified and turned pale with rage. However, the prince took Cinderella on his horse and rode away with her. As they passed the hazel tree the two white pigeons cried out:

“Looky, look, look at the shoe that she took. Her foot’s just right, and there’s no blood at all. She’s truly the bride you met at the ball.”

After the pigeons had made this known, they both came flying down and landed on Cinderella’s shoulders, one on the right, one on the left, and there they stayed.

On the day that the wedding with the prince was to take place, the two false sisters came to ingratiate themselves and to share in Cinderella's good fortune. When the bridal couple set out for the church, the oldest sister was on the right, the younger on the left. Suddenly the pigeons pecked out one eye from each of them. And as they came back from the church later on the oldest was on the left and the youngest on the right, and the pigeons pecked out the other eye from each sister. Thus they were punished with blindness for the rest of their lives due to their wickedness and malice.

Cinderella*

by Anne Sexton

You always read about it:
the plumber with twelve children
who wins the Irish Sweepstakes.
From toilets to riches.
That story.

Or the nursemaid,
some luscious sweet from Denmark
who captures the oldest son's heart.
From diapers to Dior.
That story.

Or a milkman who serves the wealthy,
eggs, cream, butter, yogurt, milk,
the white truck like an ambulance
who goes into real estate
and makes a pile.
From homogenized to martinis at lunch.

Or the charwoman
who is on the bus when it cracks up
and collects enough from the insurance.
From mops to Bonwit Teller.
That story.

Once
the wife of a rich man was on her deathbed
and she said to her daughter Cinderella:
Be devout. Be good. Then I will smile
down from heaven in the seam of a cloud.
The man took another wife who had
two daughters, pretty enough
but with hearts like blackjacks.
Cinderella was their maid.
She slept on the sooty hearth each night

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and walked around looking like Al Jolson.
Her father brought presents home from town,
jewels and gowns for the other women
but the twig of a tree for Cinderella.
She planted that twig on her mother's grave
and it grew to a tree where a white dove sat.
Whenever she wished for anything the dove
would drop it like an egg upon the ground.
The bird is important, my dears, so heed him.

Next came the ball, as you all know
it was a marriage market.
The prince was looking for a wife.
All but Cinderella were preparing
and gussying up for the big event.
Cinderella begged to go too.
Her stepmother threw a dish of lentils
into the cinders and said: Pick them
up in an hour and you shall go.
The white dove brought all his friends;
all the warm wings of the fatherland came,
and picked up the lentils in a jiffy.
No, Cinderella, said the stepmother,
you have no clothes and cannot dance.
That's the way with stepmothers.

Cinderella went to the tree at the grave
and cried forth like a gospel singer:
Mama! Mama! My turtledove,
send me to the prince's ball!
The bird dropped down a golden dress
and delicate little gold slippers.
Rather a large package for a simple bird.
So she went. Which is no surprise.
Her stepmother and sisters didn't
recognize her without her cinder face
and the prince took her hand on the spot
and danced with no other the whole day.

As nightfall came she thought she'd better
get home. The prince walked her home
and she disappeared into the pigeon house

and although the prince took an axe and broke
it open she was gone. Back to her cinders.
These events repeated themselves for three days.
However on the third day the prince
covered the palace steps with cobbler's wax
and Cinderella's gold shoe stuck upon it.
Now he would find whom the shoe fit
and find his strange dancing girl for keeps.
He went to their house and the two sisters
were delighted because they had lovely feet.
The eldest went into a room to try the slipper on
but her big toe got in the way so she simply
sliced it off and put on the slipper.
The prince rode away with her until the white dove
told him to look at the blood pouring forth.
That is the way with amputations.
They don't just heal up like a wish.
The other sister cut off her heel
but the blood told as blood will.
The prince was getting tired.
He began to feel like a shoe salesman.
But he gave it one last try.
This time Cinderella fit into the shoe
like a love letter into its envelope.

At the wedding ceremony
the two sisters came to curry favor
and the white dove pecked their eyes out.
Two hollow spots were left
like soup spoons.

Cinderella and the prince
lived, they say, happily ever after,
like two dolls in a museum case
never bothered by diapers or dust,
never arguing over the timing of an egg,
never telling the same story twice,
never getting a middle-aged spread,
their darling smiles pasted on for eternity.
Regular Bobbsey Twins.
That story.

Cinderella*

by Roald Dahl

I guess you think you know this story.
You don't. The real one's much more gory.
The phoney one, the one you know,
Was cooked up years and years ago,
And made to sound all soft and sappy
Just to keep the children happy.
Mind you, they got the first bit right,
The bit where, in the dead of night,
The Ugly Sisters, jewels and all,
Departed for the Palace Ball,
While darling little Cinderella
Was locked up in the slimy cellar,
Where rats who wanted things to eat
Began to nibble at her feet.
She bellowed, "Help!" and "Let me out!"
The Magic Fairy heard her shout.
Appearing in a blaze of light,
She said, "My dear, are you all right?"
"All right?" cried Cindy. "Can't you see
I feel as rotten as can be!"
She beat her fist against the wall,
And shouted, "Get me to the Ball!
There is a Disco at the Palace!
The rest have gone and I am jealous!
I want a dress! I want a coach!
And earrings and a diamond broach!
And silver slippers, two of those!
And lovely nylon pantyhose!
Thereafter it will be a cinch
To hook the handsome Royal Prince!"

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The Fairy said, "Hang on a tick."
She gave her Wand a mighty flick
And quickly, in no time at all,
Cindy was at the Palace Ball!
It made the Ugly Sisters wince
To see her dancing with the Prince.
She held him very tight and pressed
Herself against his manly chest.
The Prince himself was turned to pulp,
All *he* could do was gasp and gulp.
Then midnight struck. She shouted "Heck!
I've got to run to save my neck!"
The Prince cried, "No! Alas! Alack!"
He grabbed her dress to hold her back.
As Cindy shouted, "Let me go!"
The dress was ripped from head to toe.
She ran out in her underwear,
But lost one slipper on the stair.
The Prince was on it like a dart,
He pressed it to his pounding heart,
"The girl this slipper fits," he cried,
"Tomorrow morn shall be my bride!
I'll visit every house in town
Until I've tracked the maiden down!"
Then rather carelessly, I fear,
He placed it on a crate of beer.
At once, one of the Ugly Sisters,
(The one whose face was blotched with blisters)
Sneaked up and grabbed the dainty shoe,
And quickly flushed it down the loo.
Then in its place she calmly put
The slipper from her own left foot.
Ah-ha, you see, the plot grows thicker,
And Cindy's luck starts looking sicker.
Next day, the Prince went charging down
To knock on all the doors in town.
In every house, the tension grew.

Who was the owner of the shoe?
The shoe was huge and frightfully wide.
(A normal foot got lost inside.)
Also it smelled a wee bit icky.
(The owner's feet were hot and sticky.)
Thousands of eager people came
To try it on, but all in vain.
Now came the Ugly Sisters' go.
One tried it on. The Prince screamed "No!"
But she screamed, "Yes! It fits! whoopee!
So now you've got to marry me!"
The Prince went white from ear to ear.
He muttered, "Let's get out of here."
"Oh no you don't! You've made a vow!
There's no way you can back out now!"
"Off with her head!" the Prince roared back.
They chopped it off with one big whack.
This pleased the Prince. He smiled and said,
"She's prettier without her head."
Then up came Sister Number Two,
Who yelled, "Now I will try the shoe!"
"Try this instead!" the Prince yelled back.
He swung his trusty sword and smack—
Her head went crashing to the ground.
It bounced a bit and rolled around.
In the kitchen, peeling spuds,
Cinderella heard the thuds
Of bouncing heads upon the floor,
And poked her own head round the door.
"What's all the racket?" Cindy cried.
"Mind your own bizz," the Prince replied.
Poor Cindy's heart was torn to shreds.
My Prince! she thought. He chops off heads!
How could I marry anyone
Who does that sort of thing for fun?
The Prince cried, "Who's this dirty slut?
Off with her nut! Off with her nut!"

Just then, all in a blaze of light,
The Magic Fairy hove in sight,
Her Magic Wand went swoosh and swish!
“Cindy!” she cried, “Come make a wish!
Wish anything and have no doubt
That I will make it come about!”
Cindy answered, “Oh kind Fairy,
This time I shall be more wary.
No more Princes, no more money.
I have had my taste of honey.
I’m wishing for a decent man.
They’re hard to find. D’you think you can?”
Within a minute, Cinderella
Was married to a lovely feller,
A simple jam-maker by trade,
Who sold good homemade marmalade.
Their house was filled with smiles and laughter
And they were happy ever after.

Vasilisa The Beautiful*

In a certain kingdom there lived a merchant. Although he had been married for twelve years, he had only one daughter, called Vasilisa the Beautiful. When the girl was eight years old, her mother died. On her deathbed the merchant's wife called her daughter, took a doll from under her coverlet, gave it to the girl, and said, "Listen, Vasilisushka. Remember and heed my last words. I am dying, and together with my maternal blessing I leave you this doll. Always keep it with you and do not show it to anyone. If you get into trouble, give the doll food, and ask its advice. When it has eaten, it will tell you what to do in your trouble." Then the mother kissed her child and died.

After his wife's death the merchant mourned as is proper, and then began to think of marrying again. He was a handsome man and had no difficulty in finding a bride, but he liked best a certain widow. Because she was elderly and had two daughters on her own, of almost the age as Vasilisa, he thought that she was an experienced housewife and mother. So he married her, but was deceived for she did not turn out to be a good mother for his Vasilisa.

Vasilisa was the most beautiful girl in the village. Her stepmother and stepsisters were jealous of her beauty and tormented her by giving her all kinds of work to do, hoping that she would grow thin from toil and tanned from the exposure to the wind and sun; in truth, she had a most miserable life. But Vasilisa bore all this without complaint and became lovelier and more buxom every day, while the stepmother and her daughters grew thin and ugly from spite, although they always sat with folded hands like ladies.

How did all this come about? Vasilisa was helped by her doll. Without its aid the girl could never have managed all that work. In return, Vasilisa sometimes did not eat, but kept the choicest morsels for her doll. And at night, when everyone was asleep, she would lock herself in the little room in which she lived, and would give the doll a treat, saying, "Now, little doll, eat, and listen to my troubles. I live in my father's house but am deprived of all joy; a wicked stepmother is driving me from the whole world. Tell me how I should live and what I should do." The doll would eat, then would give her advice and comfort her in her trouble, and in the morning she would perform all the chores for Vasilisa, who rested in the shade and

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picked flowers while the flower beds were weeded, the cabbage sprayed, the water brought in, and the stove fired. The doll even showed Vasilisa an herb that would protect her from sunburn. She led an easy life, thanks to her doll.

Several years went by. Vasilisa grew up and reached the marriage age. She was wooed by all the young men in the village, but no one would even look at the stepmother's daughters. The stepmother was more spiteful than ever, and her answer to all the suitors was, "I will not give the youngest in marriage before the elder ones." And each time she sent a suitor away, she vented her anger on Vasilisa in cruel blows.

One day the merchant had to leave home for a long time in order to trade in distant lands. The stepmother moved to another house. Near that house was a thick forest, and in a glade of that forest there stood a hut, and in the hut lived Baba Yaga. She never allowed anyone to come near her and ate human beings as if they were chickens. Having moved into the new house, the merchant's wife, hating Vasilisa, repeatedly sent the girl to the woods for one thing or another; but each time Vasilisa returned home safe and sound: her doll had showed her the way and kept her far from Baba Yaga's hut.

Autumn came. The stepmother gave evening work to all three maidens: the oldest had to make lace, the second had to knit stockings, and Vasilisa had to spin; and each one had to finish her task. The stepmother put out the lights all over the house, leaving only one candle in the room where the girls worked, and went to bed. The girls worked. The candle began to smoke; one of the stepsisters took up a scissors to trim it, but instead, following her mother's order; she snuffed it out, as though inadvertently.

"What shall we do now?" said the girls. "There is no light in the house and our tasks are not finished. Someone must run to Baba Yaga and get some light."

"The pins on my lace give me light," said the one who was making lace. "I shall not go."

"I shall not go either," said the one who was knitting stockings. "My knitting needles give me light."

"Then you must go," both of them cried to their stepsister. "Go to Baba Yaga!" And they pushed Vasilisa out of the room.

She went into her own little room, put the supper she had prepared before her doll, and said, "Now, dolly, eat, and aid me in my need. They are sending me to Baba Yaga for a light, and she will eat me up."

The doll ate the supper and its eyes gleamed like two candles. “Fear not, Vasilisushka,” it said. “Go where you are sent, only keep me with you all the time. With me in your pocket you will suffer no harm from Baba Yaga.” Vasilisa made ready, put her doll in her pocket, and, having made the sign of the cross, went into the deep forest.

She walked in fear and trembling. Suddenly a horseman galloped past her: his face was white, he was dressed in white, his horse was white, and his horse’s trappings were white—daybreak came to the woods.

She walked on farther, and a second horseman galloped past her: he was all red, he was dressed in red, and his horse was red—the sun began to rise.

Vasilisa walked the whole night and the whole day, and only on the following evening did she come to the glade where Baba Yaga’s hut stood. The fence around the hut was made of human bones, and on the spikes were human skulls with staring eyes; the doors had human legs for doorposts, human hands for bolts, and a mouth with sharp teeth in place of a lock. Vasilisa was numb with horror and stood rooted to the spot. Suddenly another horseman rode by. He was all black, he was dressed in black, and his horse was black. He galloped up to Baba Yaga’s door and vanished, as though the earth had swallowed him up—night came. But the darkness did not last long. The eyes of all the skulls on the fence began to gleam, and the glade was as bright as day. Vasilisa shuddered with fear, but not knowing where to run, remained on the spot.

Soon a terrible noise resounded through the woods; the trees crackled, the dry leaves rustled; from the woods Baba Yaga drove out in a mortar, prodding it on with a pestle, and sweeping her traces with a broom. She rode up to the gate, stopped, and sniffing the air around her, cried, “Fie, Fie! I smell a Russian smell! Who is here?”

Vasilisa came up to the old witch and, trembling with fear, bowed low to her and said, “It is I, grandmother. My stepsisters sent me to get some light.”

“Very well,” said Baba Yaga. “I know them, but before I give you the light you must live with me and work for me; if not, I will eat you up.” Then she turned to the gate and cried, “Hey, my strong bolts, unlock! Open up, my wide gate!” The gate opened, and Baba Yaga drove in whistling. Vasilisa followed her, and then everything closed again.

Having entered the room, Baba Yaga stretched herself out in her chair and said to Vasilisa, “Serve me what is in the stove, I am hungry. “

Vasilisa lit a torch from the skulls on the fence and began to serve Yaga the food from the stove—and enough food had been prepared for ten people. She brought kvass, mead, beer, and wine from the cellar. The old

witch ate and drank everything, leaving for Vasilisa only a little cabbage soup, a crust of bread, and a piece of pork. Then Baba Yaga made ready to go to bed and said, “Tomorrow after I go, see to it that you sweep the yard, clean the hut, cook the dinner, wash the linen, and go to the cornbin and sort out a bushel of wheat. And let everything be done, or I will eat you up!” Having given these orders, Baba Yaga began to snore.

Vasilisa set the remnants of the old witch’s supper before her doll, wept bitter tears, and said, “Here, dolly, eat, and aid me in my need! Baba Yaga has given me a hard task to do and threatens to eat me up if I do not do it all. Help me!”

The doll answered, “Fear not, Vasilisa the Beautiful! Eat your supper, say your prayers, and go to sleep; the morning is wiser than the evening.”

Very early next morning Vasilisa awoke, after Baba Yaga had arisen, and looked out of the window. The eyes of the skulls were going out; then the white horseman flashed by, and it was daybreak. Baba Yaga went out into the yard, whistled, and the mortar, pestle, and broom appeared before her. The red horseman flashed by, and the sun rose. Baba Yaga sat in the mortar, prodded it on with the pestle, and swept her traces with the broom.

Vasilisa remained alone, looked about Baba Yaga’s hut, was amazed at the abundance of everything, and stopped wondering which work she should do first. For lo and behold, all the work was done; the doll was picking the last shreds of chaff from the wheat. “Ah, my savior,” said Vasilisa to her doll, “you have delivered me from death.”

“All you have to do,” answered the doll, creeping into Vasilisa’s pocket, “is to cook the dinner. Cook it with the help of God and then rest, for your health’s sake.

When evening came Vasilisa set the table and waited for Baba Yaga. Dusk began to fall, the black horseman flashed by the gate, and night came; only the skull’s eyes were shining. The trees crackled, the leaves rustled; Baba Yaga was coming.

Vasilisa met her. “Is everything done?” asked Yaga.

“Please see for yourself, grandmother,” said Vasilisa. Baba Yaga looked at everything, was annoyed that there was nothing she could complain about, and said, “Very well, then.” Then she cried, “My faithful servants, my dear friends, grind my wheat!” Three pairs of hands appeared, took the wheat, and carried it out of sight. Baba Yaga ate her fill, made ready to go to sleep, and again gave her orders to Vasilisa. “Tomorrow,” she commanded, “do the same work you have done today, and in addition take the poppy seed from the bin and get rid of the dust, grain by grain. Someone threw dust into the bins out of spite.”

Having said this, the old witch turned to the wall and began to snore, and Vasilisa set about feeding her doll. The doll ate, and spoke as she had spoken the day before: “Pray to God and go to sleep; the morning is wiser than the evening. Everything will be done, Vasilisushka. “

Next morning Baba Yaga again left the yard in her mortar, and Vasilisa and the doll soon had all the work done. The old witch came back, looked at everything, and cried, “My faithful servants, my dear friends, press the oil out of the poppy seed!” Three pairs of hands appeared, took the poppy seed, and carried it out of sight. Baba Yaga sat down to dine; she ate, and Vasilisa stood silent. “Why do you not speak to me?” said Baba Yaga. “You stand there as though you were dumb. “

“I did not dare to speak,” said Vasilisa, “but if you’ll give me leave, I’d like to ask you something. “

“Go ahead. But not every question has a good answer. If you know too much, you will soon grow old.”

“I want to ask you, grandmother, only about what I have seen. As I was on my way to you, a horseman on a white horse, all white himself and dressed in white, overtook me. Who is he?”

“He is my bright day,” said Baba Yaga.

“Then another horseman overtook me; he had a red horse, was red himself, and was dressed in red. Who is he?”

“He is my red sun.”

“And who is the black horseman whom I met at your very gate, grandmother?”

“He is my dark night—and all of them are my faithful servants.”

Vasilisa remembered the three pairs of hands, but kept silent.

“Why don’t you ask me more?” said Baba Yaga.

“That will be enough,” Vasilisa replied. “You said yourself, grandmother, that one who knows too much will grow old soon.”

“It is well,” said Baba Yaga, “that you ask only about what you have seen outside my house, not inside my house. I do not like to have my dirty linen washed in public, and I eat the overcurious. Now I shall ask you something. How do you manage to do the work I set for you?”

“I am helped by the blessing of my mother.” said Vasilisa.

“So that is what it is,” shrieked Baba Yaga. “Get you gone, blessed daughter! I want no blessed ones in my house!” She dragged Vasilisa out of the room and pushed her outside the gate, took a skull with burning eyes from the fence, stuck it on a stick, and gave it to the girl, saying,

“Here is your light for your stepsisters. Take it; that is what they sent you for.”

Vasilisa ran homeward by the light of the skull, which went out only at daybreak, and by nightfall of the following day she reached the house. As she approached the gate, she was about to throw the skull away, thinking that surely they no longer needed a light in the house. But suddenly a dull voice came from the skull, saying, “Do not throw me away, take me to your stepmother.” She looked at the stepmother’s house and, seeing that there was no light in the windows, decided to enter with her skull. For the first time she was received kindly. Her stepmother and stepsisters told her that since she had left they had had no fire in the house; they were unable to strike a flame themselves, and whatever light was brought by the neighbors went out the moment it was brought into the house. “Perhaps your fire will last,” said the stepmother.

The skull was brought into the room, and its eyes kept staring at the stepmother and her, daughters, and burned them. They tried to hide, but wherever they went the eyes followed them. By morning they were all burned to ashes; only Vasilisa remained untouched by the fire.

In the morning Vasilisa buried the skull in the ground, locked up the house, and went to the town. A certain childless old woman gave her shelter, and there she lived, waiting for her father’s return. One day she said to the woman, “I am weary of sitting without work, grandmother. Buy me some flax, the best you can get; at least I shall be spinning.”

The old woman bought good flax and Vasilisa set to work. She spun as fast as lightning, and her threads were even and thin as a hair. She spun a great deal of yarn; it was time to start weaving it, but no comb fine enough for Vasilisa’s yarn could be found, and no one would undertake to make one. Vasilisa asked her doll for aid.

The doll said, “Bring me an old comb, and old shuttle, and a horse’s mane; I will make a loom for you.” Vasilisa got everything that was required and went to sleep, and during the night the doll made a wonderful loom for her.

By the end of the winter the linen was woven, and it was so fine that it could be passed through a needle like a thread. In the spring the linen was bleached, and Vasilisa said to the old woman, “Grandmother, sell this linen and keep the money for yourself.”

The old woman looked at the linen and gasped: “No, my child! No one can wear such linen except the tsar. I shall take it to the palace.”

The old woman went to the tsar's palace and walked back and forth beneath the windows. The tsar saw her and asked, "What do you want, old woman?"

"Your Majesty," she answered, "I have brought rare merchandise. I do not want to show it to anyone but you."

The tsar ordered her to be brought before him, and when he saw the linen he was amazed. "What do you want for it?" asked he.

"It has no price, little father tsar! I have brought it as a gift to you." The tsar thanked her and rewarded her with gifts.

The tsar ordered shirts to be made of the linen. It was cut, but nowhere could they find a seamstress who was willing to sew them. For a long time they tried to find one, but in the end the tsar summoned the old woman and said, "You have known how to spin and weave such linen, you must know how to sew shirts of it."

"It was not I that spun and wove this linen, Your Majesty," said the woman. "This is the work of a maiden to whom I give shelter."

"Then let her sew the shirts," ordered the tsar.

The old woman returned home and told everything to Vasilisa. "I knew all the time," said Vasilisa to her, "that I would have to do this work." She locked herself in her room and set to work; she sewed without rest and soon a dozen shirts were ready. The old woman took them to the tsar, and Vasilisa washed herself, combed her hair, dressed in her finest clothes, and sat at the window. She sat there waiting to see what would happen.

She saw a servant of the tsar entering the courtyard. The messenger came into the room and said, "The tsar wishes to see the needlewoman who made his shirts, and wishes to reward her with his own hands."

Vasilisa appeared before the tsar. When the tsar saw Vasilisa the Beautiful he fell madly in love with her. "No, my beauty," he said, "I will not separate from you. You shall be my wife." He took Vasilisa by her white hands, seated her by his side, and the wedding was celebrated at once. Soon Vasilisa's father returned, was overjoyed at her good fortune, and came to live in his daughter's house. Vasilisa took the old woman into her home too, and carried her doll in her pocket till the end of her life.

The Brocaded Slipper*

In olden times there lived a man whose wife had died leaving him with their only child, a beautiful daughter named Tam. Some time afterwards, the man married again. His second wife was a widow who also had a daughter of her own, an ugly ungainly girl named—Cam. The stepmother was a cruel woman and hated Tam for her beauty and sweet disposition. Not many years later, Tam’s father also died. From that time on, she was treated little better than a servant, working long hours both in the kitchen and in the fields; as well as tending the water buffaloes and other animals, while Cam spent the day lazily at home with her mother. Tam did not dare to complain at this unjust treatment, so greatly did she fear her stepmother’s beatings.

One morning after breakfast the stepmother called the two girls and handed each of them a basket and a pail.

“Go down to the pond and get these baskets filled by noon,” she said. “The one who brings home the most fish will have a new red blouse.”

Tam could hardly believe her ears. As the two girls turned to leave, she looked down at her worn pants and patched top. A new red blouse! She could scarcely remember when she had last had something new. She ran down the path, Cam ambling along behind.

As soon as they reached the water’s edge, Tam set to work, damming up the channel that led from the pond to the river. Cam glanced after her with a yawn, then tossed her basket under a tree and lay down in the shade.

Tam lowered her pail into the water and began to drain the pond, dipping out bucketful after bucketful until nothing but mud oozed beneath her feet. Now she could see the fish, their bodies flapping frantically as they burrowed into the slime.

Tam dived after them, digging for them in the soft, wet mud, tossing them one by one into her basket.

The sun was high overhead when Tam set down her basket, filled to the brim, at the side of the pond and reopened the channel. Cam stretched lazily and rose to her feet, walking down to the water’s edge.

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“What a mess you are!” she called as Tam glanced up at her. “You’d better wash up before we go home.”

But as soon as Tam stepped down into the river, Cam hurriedly poured all her sister’s fish into her own empty basket and ran off with it.

Tam raised her head and looked around for Cam; but she was already out of sight. Then her eyes lighted on her basket, lying empty on the ground. What would her stepmother say? She winced, remembering the sting of the bamboo stick on her back. She covered her face with her hands, and tears of fear and frustration slipped through her fingers.

Suddenly she felt someone touch her shoulder. Looking up, she saw a fairy standing beside her.

“Why are you crying, my child?” the fairy asked her.

Tam pointed to the basket. “My sister’s stolen all my fish, and I don’t dare go home empty handed.”

The fairy picked up the basket and handed it to her.

“Look again. Are you sure it’s empty?”

To her amazement, Tam saw a fat little fish lying at the bottom.

“This fish is worth more than all the ones you’ve lost,” the fairy consoled her. “Take him home at once and put him in the well. He’ll bring you good luck.”

Before Tam could thank her, the fairy had vanished, and Tam ran home to do as she had been instructed. After every meal Tam set aside a few grains of rice and slipped out to the well with them. Then, making certain that no one was watching, she knelt by the side of the well and called the fish. As soon as he heard her voice, he would come to the surface and gobble up the rice that she threw to him.

As time went by, the fish grew bigger and bigger, and Tam came to love him more and more. But one day Cam noticed that Tam left a few grains of rice in her bowl. When she saw her scoop them up in her hand and slip out the door with them, Cam’s curiosity was aroused. Stealthily she followed her out of the house and hid behind a tree to see what would happen. She heard her call the fish:

*Come and eat, come and eat
Little fish, pretty fish.
Good rice, fine rice,
From my gold and silver dish.*

Repeating the little verse to herself, Cam hurried back to the house to tell her mother.

“Wasting good rice on a fish?,” the woman grunted when she heard the story. “Well, let’s hope it’s big enough to make a meal for the two of us.”

The next morning as Tam was leaving the house to tend the buffaloes, her stepmother stopped her.

“The grass near here is getting rather sparse,” she said. “Take the buffaloes down to the bend in the river today.” She handed her a square of pressed rice wrapped in banana leaves. “Here’s your lunch. Be sure you get the herd back by sundown.”

Shortly before noon Cam took some rice out to the well and, imitating her sister, called the fish. When it came to the surface, she speared it with a pointed stick and took it into the house for her mother to cook.

That evening, right after supper, Tam hurried out to the well. She had saved more rice than usual to make up for the noon meal, which her pet had missed. Though she called the fish again and again, there was no sign of him.

Someone was standing beside her. Looking up, she saw the fairy.

“Oh, dear fairy,” she cried, tears springing to her eyes, “my fish is gone. Do you know where he is?”

“Your stepsister killed and ate him,” she told her gently. “But don’t be sad. He will still bring you good luck. Now you must go and find his bones at once. When you’ve found them, divide them into four parts and place them in four jars, which you must bury—one under each of the corners of your bed. After one hundred days, dig them up again.”

Before she could question her further, the fairy had vanished. Tam felt perplexed, wondering where to look for the bones and not daring to ask her stepmother or sister.

A rooster pecking away at the ground nearby suddenly started to crow.

*Cock-a-doodle-doo. Cock-a-doodle-doo.
Give me the rice, and I’ll find the bones, for you.*

Tam quickly threw the rice to him and waited impatiently while he snapped it up grain by grain. Then he led her over to a pile of garbage and, scratching away, soon uncovered the missing bones.

Tam gathered them up and ran off to find the jars. That night, after her stepmother and sister were sleeping, she dug four holes in the dirt floor—one under each corner of her bed—and buried them.

Oh how the next three months dragged by as Tam counted off the days the fairy had prescribed! At last the hundredth day arrived. That night Tam went to bed early, lying awake in the darkness until her stepmother and

sister had retired. As soon as she was sure they were asleep, she slipped out of bed and crept out of the house to get the shovel.

Scarcely able to contain her excitement, she dug away the earth, uncovering first one jar and then another, filling in each hole again carefully. Then she squatted down to open the jars. As she lifted the cover of the first one, she gasped. She could see something sparkling at the bottom of it.

Reaching in, she pulled out a pair of red brocaded slippers. She ran to the window and examined them in the moonlight, stroking the rich silk material and gently running her fingers over the golden phoenixes that decorated them. She slipped them on her feet. How comfortable they were! A perfect fit!

Hurrying back to the other jars, she opened them. From one she pulled out a beautiful dress and from the others gold and silver and jewels of every description. She scooped them up in her hands, marveling that the world could contain such lovely objects. The profusion of stones sparkled in the moonlight and dazzled her. Reluctantly she put the covers back on the jars and shoved them under the bed. She had no place to wear such finery. She took off the slippers and started to put them away as well, then pulled them out again for one last look at the golden phoenixes. No, she couldn't bear to let them out of her sight. Finally she slipped them under her pillow and lay down to sleep.

The next morning Tam put them on. She gazed down at her feet, admiring their beauty in the early morning sunlight. True, they looked rather out of place with her simple black country garb, but she didn't care. She would wear them now wherever she went.

Tam breathed deeply, inhaling the fresh morning air as she walked along, driving the buffaloes to pasture. The rocky path beneath her feet might have been clouds, so light were her spirits that morning.

Suddenly she stumbled. Her foot had slipped into a puddle. Oh, her beautiful slippers! The golden phoenixes were black with mud. She pulled them off and hurried to a little stream nearby. Kneeling down, she dipped them in the water, carefully washing away the dirt. Then she hung them to dry on the horns of one of her buffaloes and sat down on a rock to rest.

All at once the air was filled with a cawing sound. Crows were flying overhead. One of them dipped suddenly, snatched up a slipper in his beak, and flew off with it. Tam screamed, chasing after him till he was out of sight, but to no avail. There was no way she could get her slipper back.

The crow flew on and on until it came to the capital, where the king lived. The crown prince was strolling through his garden that morning when suddenly a bird flew overhead, dropping a bright red object at his

feet. Startled, the prince bent over and picked it up. It was a brocaded slipper, the finest and most delicately made he had ever seen. He turned it over and over in his hands, marveling at its small size and skilled workmanship.

“This must belong to some beautiful princess,” he mused. “How I would like to meet her!”

The more he looked at the slipper, the more fascinated he became with it. He could not get it out of his mind, nor could he concentrate on anything else. All he could think of was how he could find the girl who had worn that enchanting slipper.

Meanwhile the king had decided it was time for his son to have a wife. But when he suggested different princesses to him, the prince only shook his head sadly.

“I know who I want to marry,” he told his father, “but I don’t know where to find her.” He drew out the brocaded slipper, which he had hidden in his robe. “I’ve made up my mind to marry no one but the owner of this slipper.”

A few days later a huge celebration was proclaimed throughout the kingdom, inviting all the young women to come and try on the brocaded slipper. The girl whose foot fit the slipper perfectly would become the prince’s bride.

“Cam and I will go first,” the stepmother told Tam when they heard the news. “You can come after us as soon as you finish a little job I have for you. I’ve set two bushels of sesame seeds outside, and I want you to sort them. Put the black seeds in one basket and the white ones in another.”

In despair, Tam walked out of the house and sat down in front of the baskets. What was the use of even trying such an impossible task? By the time she finished, the celebration would be over. She buried her face in her hands, and the tears flowed through her fingers. Suddenly she felt something brush against her shoulder. A flock of pigeons had lighted on the rims of the baskets and were sorting the seeds. Tam watched in amazement at the speed with which they worked. In no time at all, the white seeds were in one basket and the black ones in another.

As soon as the birds had flown away, Tam hurried into the house to get dressed. Now at last she could wear all the beautiful things that were hidden under her bed. She wrapped up the slipper that was left and, putting it in the front of her dress, set off for the celebration.

The hall was filled with people when she arrived, and guards stood at the door to direct the young women who had come. One of them led her over to where a large crowd had gathered. As she approached, she heard her stepmother's voice.

"Pull it a little more, Cam," she was saying. "Maybe you can get it on."

"It's plain it's not her shoe," the prince objected. "Take it off before you rip the seams."

The guard led Tam forward. The prince looked at her, his eyes lighting up.

"Let her try the slipper next," he ordered.

The stepmother sneered at Tam. "What are you doing here? How could a worthless girl like you get it on if Cam couldn't?"

Tam took the slipper in her hand and put it on her foot. Then she pulled a small parcel out of her dress and unwrapped it.

The prince sprang from his seat as she slid her foot into the other slipper.

"The search is over," he exclaimed, gently raising her to her feet. "I've found my bride."

Not long after, their wedding was celebrated amid the rejoicing of all the people of the kingdom—except Cam and her mother. In their jealousy and anger, they began to plot how they could get rid of Tam.

"If only she were out of the way," the stepmother muttered, "my Cam might be able to take her place."

Weeks and months passed. On the anniversary of her father's death, Tam went home for the ceremony in his memory. As soon as she arrived, she went out to the kitchen to help with the dinner.

But her stepmother stopped her. "After all, you're a princess now," she said. "But there is one thing you can do for us. Would you get us some areca nuts? You're so much more agile than we are."

Tam went out to the garden at once. Grasping the trunk of the areca palm, she pulled herself up as Cam and her mother, an ax behind her back, watched from the ground.

Higher and higher Tam climbed, until the nuts were within reach. Suddenly the tree was shaking violently. Letting go of the nuts, Tam wrapped her arms around the trunk in alarm.

"What's happening?" she cried.

"Don't worry, daughter," her stepmother replied, as she swung the ax at the tree again, "it's only me, chasing away the ants."

The tree trembled under the repeated blows.

Terrified, Tam clung to the slender trunk as she felt it give way. Then suddenly the tree fell to the ground, carrying Tam with it. She was killed instantly, but her soul flew off in the form of an oriole.

Cam's mother looked at her daughter in satisfaction. "Put on your best clothes," she ordered. "We're going to the palace."

With tears in their eyes, Cam and her mother asked to see the prince and, between sobs, told him that Tam's death had been an accident.

"What a thing to have happen on the anniversary of my husband's passing!" the woman wailed. "And such a dutiful daughter. She remembered how much her father had liked areca nuts." She wiped a tear from her eye. "I didn't want her to climb that tree, but she insisted. If only she'd been more careful!"

The prince was so overcome with shock that he could scarcely answer. Tears of sorrow ran down his cheeks as the stepmother continued:

"And so, Your Highness, I've come to ask you to please accept Tam's younger sister in her place. I know she will be but poor consolation for you, but I'm sure Tam would want it that way."

The prince shuddered at the ugliness of the girl, but for Tam's sake he agreed to let her stay. In his heart, however, he still pined for Tam and paid little attention to Cam.

One day Cam was sitting in the window overlooking the garden, where a servant was washing the prince's clothes. Suddenly an oriole flew into the garden, perched on the hedge, and began to sing:

*Chirp, chirp!
Who's washing my husband's shirt?
Wash it white, hang it right.
If you tear it, how can he wear it?*

Inside the palace the prince heard her song and stepped outside to see the bird. His heart beat fast as he called to her:

*Oriole, O Golden bird,
Give a sign to prove your word.
Fly into my open sleeve;
Come, my sorrowing heart relieve.*

As he raised his arm, the bird left the hedge and flew straight to him, lighting inside his long flowing sleeve. Overjoyed, the prince took her in his hands, gently stroking her smooth golden feathers.

“Beautiful little bird,” he crooned. “Now I know you’re my lost Tam. I’ll build a golden cage for you and keep you near me always.”

Cam watched jealously from the window.

“Will I never be rid of that girl?” she muttered.

A few days later when the prince was gone, Cam killed the bird and cooked it. Not wishing any of the servants to see her, she went out to the garden to eat it, tossing away the bones as she finished. That evening when the prince returned home, he found Cam weeping beside the empty cage.

“I opened the door only for a moment to put in fresh water,” she sobbed. “But the bird flew out, and the cat got her before I could stop him.” She buried her face in her handkerchief. “If only I’d been more careful! I’ll never forgive myself.”

Seeing her sorrow, the prince did not have the heart to scold her, grief-stricken though he was. With head bowed sadly, he walked out to the garden. Up and down among the rows of flowers he drifted, pausing now and then before one that Tam had loved. Suddenly his eyes caught sight of two peach trees which had not been there before. How could two such lovely trees have sprung up without his knowledge?

He walked closer, turning first to one tree and then to the other, wondering. The leaves were murmuring in the breeze. He stopped short. Had he heard Tam’s voice, or was it only his imagination? Overcome with emotion, he threw his arms around the trunk. The leaves bent down and brushed against his neck and cheeks.

“My dear lost Tam,” the prince cried, gently stroking the smooth bark. “I’ve found you again.”

That evening he hung his hammock between the two peach trees, and from then on he spent all of his spare time there.

Day after day Cam sat in the palace, watching him from her window. Anger filled her heart that he should prefer a tree to her. Why had she been so careless with those bones? If only she were rid of Tam completely, perhaps she would have a chance of winning the prince’s love.

At last the day that Cam was waiting for arrived. The prince set off on a mission for his father, not to return for several days. As soon as he was gone, Cam called the servants and ordered them to chop down the two peach trees.

“Dig out the stumps and burn them,” she said. “Then take the wood and have it made into a loom for me.”

“Now you shall serve me,” Cam gloated when the loom was brought to her. “I have you in my power at last. The prince could pet a bird, and he could enjoy the shade of a tree.” She put her head back, laughing evilly. “But what use would he have for a loom?”

Taking a skein of silk she unwound it onto the loom to form the warp. Then she sat down and began to pass the shuttle back and forth between the threads.

“Hah!” she thought. “Soon I’ll have a beautiful new dress—so beautiful that the prince will have to notice me.” She gave the loom frame a slap. “Dear, sweet sister Tam! How kind of you to do this for me.”

“Clackety-clack-clack,” answered the loom.

A chill passed over Cam. The creaking of the loom had sounded strangely like Tam’s voice. She passed the shuttle through again, pushing down the wool threads.

Clackety-clack-clack-clack!
Give my husband back.
Or your head I’ll crack.

Cam ran to the window for a breath of fresh air. She couldn’t have heard it. Of course she was only imagining things. She gulped down a cup of hot tea and went back to the loom.

Clackety-clack-clack-clack!
Give my husband back

In a frenzy she threw the shuttle out the window. Her eyes lighted on one of the prince’s swords hanging on the wall. She grabbed it wildly, hacking away at the loom. One of the servants found her later, lying beside a heap of useless wood.

“Take it away,” she shrieked. “Burn it and throw the ashes outside the city walls. Don’t throw them in the garden if you value your life!”

Frightened, the servant did as she said. That very day the ashes were taken and thrown along a country road far from the city.

The next morning an old woman walking that way stopped in surprise when she saw a beautiful persimmon tree growing by the side of the road.

“Strange,” she muttered to herself. “I’ve never noticed that tree before. And what a luscious-looking fruit!” There was only one, its green coat just beginning to change to golden yellow. “If only I could reach it.” No sooner were the words spoken than the persimmon fell from the branch, landing in her basket.

How happy the old woman was! She rushed home and put it in her rice jar to ripen.

The next day when she returned home from market, she could hardly believe her eyes. During her absence, someone had come into the house and swept it clean. The clothes had been washed and were drying outside. A rice bowl and a pair of chopsticks had been set out for her, and a delicious meal was prepared and ready to be eaten. There was even a fresh pot of tea, and several chews of betel had been rolled. She ran from one corner to another of the cottage, exclaiming at each new discovery.

“Someone must have come in while I was gone,” she mused. “But who—in this deserted place?”

The next morning when she went out, she closed all the shutters carefully and locked the door behind her. But later when she returned, all the housework had been done as before.

“Could there be a fairy in my house?” the old woman wondered. “I must get to the bottom of this mystery.”

The next day she set off for market as usual, her basket over her arm. But after she had gone down the road a way, she turned around and walked back to the house. Hiding behind the door, she peeked in through a crack. Suddenly she saw the rice jar open and a beautiful girl step out. As the old woman tiptoed back into the house, the girl turned her head and saw her. She ran toward the rice jar, but the old woman grabbed her arm before she could escape.

“Who are you?” the woman cried. “Where did you come from?”

“I have been many things,” Tam replied. “First I was a poor country girl, an orphan; but later I became a princess, thanks to a fairy’s kindness. But my stepmother and sister killed me out of jealousy. Then my spirit entered the body of a bird, but again my stepsister killed me. The bones grew into two peach trees, but once more she destroyed me. Finally I became the persimmon which fell into your basket a few days ago. Now thanks to your catching me today, I’m free at last and can resume human form.” Tam fell on her knees. “I will always honor you as my mother.”

The old woman raised her gently to her feet. “I’m happy to have you as my daughter!” she said.

That evening when the woman opened the rice jar there was nothing left of the persimmon but its skin. As she broke it, it disappeared in her hands.

From that day on, Tam and the old woman lived together in the little house. Tam loved the rustic serenity of their country life, yet her heart longed for the prince.

Back at the palace, the prince returned home to find that his peach trees had vanished. Nowhere could he find their wood; and though he searched the garden from one end to the other, there was no trace of his lost wife. Heartbroken, he decided to go on a hunting trip to forget his sorrow. Early the next morning he set off with his companions, traveling the road that led from the city to a distant forest. There were few houses along the way; so about noon, when they saw a cottage across the field, they decided to stop for a rest.

The old woman greeted the prince and his company and led them inside.

“Gentlemen, please come in and have some tea,” she invited them. “My house is poor, but strangers are always welcome.”

“Your kindness will be amply rewarded,” the prince replied, as she set bowls of rice and fish in front of them.

After they had finished eating, she brought betel for them to chew. The prince picked up the green leaf skillfully rolled around the piece of areca nut and stared at it in amazement. He had never seen anyone prepare betel so well except his lost Tam. Even the lime was applied exactly as she used to do it.

“Grandmother,” the prince addressed the old woman, “please tell me who prepared this betel.”

Just then Tam stepped into the room. The prince rushed to her side and took her in his arms, oblivious of the stares of his companions.

“My Tam!” he cried. “I’ve found you at last.”

How happy the old woman was at the unexpected reunion.

“Please stay tonight,” she begged. “Let me prepare a dinner to celebrate this joyous occasion.”

The next morning the prince sent for a sedan chair to bring Tam back to the palace. When Cam looked out of her window and saw Tam approaching, she was filled with fear. Three times she had killed her stepsister; now that she was returning, she would surely have her revenge. Terror-stricken, her exit from the door blocked off, she crawled out of a window and ran toward the garden wall. Slowly, painfully, she pulled herself up the stone surface. Then, as she reached the top, her foot caught in a crevice, and she lost her balance. Falling to the ground below, she was killed as her head hit a rock.

But Tam, whose many trials had only made her more beautiful, lived happily with the prince for many years, loved by all the people of the kingdom, first as their princess and later as their queen.

3. Now read the excerpt from an essay by Jane Yolen, “Once Upon a Time.” In it, although she refers to several variants, she is opposed to certain kinds of transformations or adaptations of the tales. Write a summary of her basic argument in your Response Journal. (See sections 499 and 500 in *Writers INC* for information on how to summarize.)



Once Upon a Time*

Anyone who has watched children growing up and observed the magic of their transformations cannot help but be amazed by the process. It is an expected and yet unexpected series of changes that are almost imperceptible on a day-to-day basis. Yet they relentlessly evolve from microscopic dots to tadpoles to bug-eyed fetuses to naked squalling infants to mischief-bent toddlers to dirt-smudged schoolchildren to adolescents at the mercy of hormonal dreams. It is hard even for a mother to identify the toddler and the teenager as the same child or chart the changes wrought in a short fourteen years by time, by society, by the physical demands of life. Much of it must be taken on faith.

In the same way, we follow the changeling life of a fairy tale across centuries. It can only be done by a kind of faith in the integrity of the story and a few signposts. Just as one can check out the whorls of an adult's thumbprints against those infant-small prints that were pressed onto a page soon after birth, so one can find similar prints on the body of any tale. They are the thumbprints of history, but they are harder to read than any yellowing birth certificate or a well-loved photograph in a family album.

The familiar tale of Cinderella is another case in point. It is part of the American creed, recited subvocally along with the pledge of allegiance in each classroom, that even a poor boy can grow up to be president. And even a poor girl could grow up and become the president's wife. This unliberated corollary, this rags-to-riches formula, was immortalized in the nation's children's fiction. It is the essence of the Horatio Alger stories popular in the 1860s and of the Pluck and Luck nickel novels of the 1920s, and it has made "Cinderella" a perennial favorite in the American folktale pantheon.

But it is a wrong reading of the tale. It is wrong on two counts.

First, "Cinderella" is *not* a story of rags-to-riches, but rather of riches-to-rags-to-riches; riches recovered; a winning back of a lost patrimony. "Rumpelstiltskin," in which a miller tells a whopping lie and his docile daughter acquiesces in it in order to become a queen, seems more to the point.

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Second, Cinderella, until lately, has never been a passive dreamer waiting for rescue. The forerunners of the Ash-girl have all been hardy, active heroines who take their lives into their hands and work out their own salvations. (And not without a bit of finagling and vengeance to boot.)

The story of Cinderella has endured for over a thousand years, first surfacing in a literary source in ninth-century China. It has since been found from the Orient to the interior of South America, and over five hundred variants have been located by folklorists in Europe alone. This best-beloved tale has been brought to life over and over so many times, no one can say for sure where the oral tale truly began. But as Joseph Jacobs, the indefatigable Victorian collector, once said of a Cinderella story he printed, it was “an English version of an Italian adaptation of a Spanish translation of a Latin version of a Hebrew translation of an Arabic translation of an Indian original.” That is certainly an accurate statement of the hazards of folktale attributing: each reteller has brought to a tale something of his or her cultural orientation. The Chinese admiration for the tiny “lotus foot” is preserved in the Cinderella tale, as is the seventeenth century European preoccupation with dressing for the ball.

But beyond the cultural accoutrements, the detritus of centuries, Cinderella speaks to all of us in whatever skin we inhabit: the child mistreated, a princess or highborn lady in disguise bearing her trials with patience, fortitude, and determination. Cinderella makes intelligent decisions, for she knows that wishing solves nothing without the concomitant action. We have each of us been that child. (Even boys and men share that dream, as evidenced by the many Ash-boy variants.) It is the longing of any youngster sent supperless to bed or given less than a full share at Christmas. And of course it is the adolescent dream.

To make Cinderella less than she is, an ill-treated but passive princess awaiting her rescue, cheapens our most cherished dreams and makes a mockery of the magic inside us all—the ability to change our own lives, the ability to control our own destinies.

In the oldest of the Cinderella variants, the heroine is hardly catatonic. In the Grimm “Cinder-Maid,” though she weeps, she continues to perform the proper rites and rituals at her mother’s grave, instructing the birds who roost there in the way to help her get to the ball. In the “Dirty Shepherdess” variant and “Cap o’ Rushes” from France, “...she dried her eyes, and made a bundle of her jewels and her best dresses and hurriedly left the castle where she was born.” Off she goes to make her own life, working first as a maid in the kitchen and sneaking off to see the master’s son. Even in Perrault’s seventeenth-century “Cendrillon, or The Little Glass Slipper.” when the fairy godmother runs out of ideas for

enchantment, and was at a loss for a coachman, “I’ll go and see,” says Cendrillon, “if there be never a rat in the rat-trap, we’ll make a coach-man of him.”

The older Cinderella is no namby-pamby forgiving heroine. Like Chesterton’s children, who believe themselves innocent and demand justice—unlike adults who know themselves guilty and look for mercy—Cinderella believes in justice. In “Rushen Coatie” and “The Cinder-Maid,” the elder sisters hack off their toes and heels in order to try and fit the tiny shoe, and Cinderella never stops them. Her tattletale birds warn the prince:

Turn and peep, turn and peep,
There’s blood within the shoe;
A bit is cut from off the heel
And a bit from off the toe.

Does Cinderella comfort her maimed sisters? Nary a word. And, in the least bowdlerized of the German and Nordic variants, when the two sisters attend the wedding of Cinderella and the prince, “the elder was at the right side and the younger at the left, and the pigeons pecked out one eye from each of them.” Did Cinderella stop the carnage—or the wedding? There is never a misstep between that sentence and the next. “Afterwards, as they came back, the elder was on the left, and the younger on the right, and then the pigeons pecked out the other eye from each. And thus, for their wickedness and falsehood, they were punished with blindness all their days.”

Of course, all this went into the Walt Disney blender and came out emotional pap. In 1950, when the movie *Cinderella* burst onto the American scene, the Disney studios were going through a particularly trying time. Disney had been deserted by the intellectuals who had championed his art for some time. Because of World War II, the public had been more interested in war films than cartoons. But with the release of *Cinderella*, the Disney studios made a fortune, grossing \$4.247 million in the first release alone. It set a new pattern for Cinderella: a helpless, hapless, pitiable, useless heroine who has to be saved time and time again by the talking mice and birds because she is “off in a world of dreams.” It is a Cinderella who is not recognized by her prince until she is magically back in her ball gown, beribboned and bejeweled.

Poor Cinderella. Poor us. The acculturation of millions of boys and girls to this passive Cinderella robs the old tale of its invigorating magic. The story has been falsified and the true meaning lost—perhaps forever.

4. Now read the following viewpoint by Perry Nodelman, who defends the Walt Disney version of “Cinderella.” He provides three main points in defence of the version — summarize these in your Response Journal.

“Disney’s versions of fairy tales are often substantially different from written ones. For instance, much of the Disney *Cinderella* shows the adventures of a pair of mice who try to help Cinderella and eventually do save the day. These mice don’t appear in the Perrault version of the story that the film claims to be based on. But ... fairy tales are by definition stories that can be told in different ways. If that is true, then Disney’s versions are no more and no less authentic than any other telling.

Furthermore, the fact that Disney’s *Cinderella* centers on the antics of these mice and their friends provides action and visual interest — characteristics that are necessary to films but that are not much present in the Perrault version. The film succeeds because its variation from the written text gives it the qualities that audiences find entertaining in most movie or TV cartoons: chases and slapstick jokes involving humanized animals.

Meanwhile, the focus on these small animals allows the film to achieve its own unity. They represent what becomes a central theme in their ability as weak creatures to triumph over strong ones by trying to accomplish what they dream of: trying (although unsuccessfully) to provide Cinderella with a dress that will allow her to go to the ball and later, despite their tiny size, successfully freeing her from a locked room. The film focuses on this theme in a number of other ways as well. At one point or another, it shows each of its major characters dreaming, and the characters we admire all achieve their dreams by believing in them enough to work at them. Furthermore, a song heard often in the film insists that wishes come true if you believe in them hard enough.

While Disney’s version is different from Perrault’s, then, it is both entertaining and internally consistent.” (54-55)

(From *The Pleasures of Children’s Literature* by Perry Nodelman, Chapter 5: “Children’s Literature in the Context of Popular Culture.”)



5. Write an entry in your Response Journal where you explore your viewpoint on the issue of contemporary versions of fairy tales. Do you tend to agree more with Yolen or Nodelman? Or do you move back and forth between the two? What points do Yolen or Nodelman make do you find most convincing? If possible, view the Walt Disney version of Cinderella and see which evaluation of it is most fair.

Because children are now considered to be the main audience for fairy tales, tellers often feel that fairy tales must somehow demonstrate proper feelings and values to children.

Contemporary versions attempt to “liberate” the traditional tales from “repressive, outmoded, or dissatisfying values” (Nodelman, 172), but by doing so they often simply replace those values with the values of the teller who may or may not be particularly “liberated.”

Learning Experience: “The Moon Ribbon”



1. Read the following contemporary fairy tale, “The Moon Ribbon” by Jane Yolen.

The Moon Ribbon*

There was once a plain but good-hearted girl named Sylva whose sole possession was a ribbon her mother had left her. It was a strange ribbon, the color of moonlight, for it had been woven from the gray hairs of her mother and her mother's mother and her mother's mother's mother before her.

Sylva lived with her widowed father in a great house by the forest's edge. Once the great house had belonged to her mother, but when she died, it became Sylva's father's house to do with as he willed. And what he willed was to live simply and happily with his daughter without thinking of the day to come.

But one day, when there was little enough to live on, and only the great house to recommend him, Sylva's father married again, a beautiful widow who had two beautiful daughters of her own.

It was a disastrous choice, for no sooner were they wed when it was apparent the woman was mean in spirit and meaner in tongue. She dismissed most of the servants and gave their chores over to Sylva, who followed her orders without complaint. For simply living in her mother's house with her loving father seemed enough for the girl.

After a bit, however, the old man died in order to have some peace, and the house passed on to the stepmother. Scarcely two days had passed, or maybe three, when the stepmother left off mourning the old man and turned on Sylva. She dismissed the last of the servants without their pay. 'Girl,' she called out, for she never used Sylva's name, 'you will sleep in the kitchen and do the charring.' And from that time on it was so.

Sylva swept the floor and washed and mended the family's clothing.

She sowed and hoed and tended the fields. She ground the wheat and kneaded the bread, and she waited on the others as though she were a servant. But she did not complain.

Yet late at night, when the stepmother and her own two daughters were asleep, Sylva would weep bitterly into her pillow, which was nothing more than an old broom laid in front of the hearth.

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One day, when she was cleaning out an old desk, Sylva came upon a hidden drawer she had never seen before. Trembling, she opened the drawer. It was empty except for a silver ribbon with a label attached to it. For Sylva read the card. The Moon Ribbon of Her Mother's Hair. She took it out and stared at it. And all that she had lost was borne in upon her. She felt the tears start in her eyes, and, so as not to cry, she took the tag off and began to stroke the ribbon with her hand. It was rough and smooth at once, and shone like the rays of the moon.

At that moment her stepsisters came into the room.

'What is that?' asked one. 'Is it nice? It is mine.'

'I want it. I saw it first,' cried the other.

The noise brought the stepmother to them. 'Show it to me,' she said.

Obediently, Sylva came over and held the ribbon out to her. But when the stepmother picked it up, it looked like no more than strands of gray hair woven together unevenly. It was prickly to touch.

'Disgusting,' said the stepmother dropping it back into Sylva's hand. 'Throw it out at once.'

'Burn it,' cried one stepsister.

'Bury it,' cried the other.

'Oh, please. It was my mother's. She left it for me. Please let me keep it,' begged Sylva.

The stepmother looked again at the gray strand. 'Very well,' she said with a grim smile. 'It suits you.' And she strode out of the room, her daughters behind her.

Now that she had the silver ribbon, Sylva thought her life would be better. But instead it became worse. As if to punish her for speaking out for the ribbon, her sisters were at her to wait on them both day and night. And whereas before she had to sleep by the hearth, she now had to sleep outside with the animals. Yet she did not complain or run away, for she was tied by her memories to her mother's house.

One night, when the frost was on the grass turning each blade into a silver spear, Sylva threw herself to the ground in tears. And the silver ribbon, which she had tied loosely about her hair, slipped off and lay on the ground before her. She had never seen it in the moonlight. It glittered and shone and seemed to ripple.

Sylva bent over to touch it and her tears fell upon it. Suddenly the ribbon began to grow and change, and as it changed the air was filled with a woman's soft voice speaking these words:

Silver ribbon, silver hair,
Carry Sylva with great care,
Bring my daughter home.

And there at Sylva's feet was a silver river that glittered and shone and rippled in the moonlight.

There was neither boat nor bridge, but Sylva did not care. She thought the river would wash away her sorrows. And without a single word, she threw herself in.

But she did not sink. Instead, she floated like a swan and the river bore her on, on past houses and hills, past high places and low. And strange to say, she was not wet at all.

At last she was carried around a great bend in the river and deposited gently on a grassy slope that came right down to the water's edge. Sylva scrambled up onto the bank and looked about. There was a great meadow of grass so green and still it might have been painted on. At the meadow's rim, near a dark forest, sat a house that was like and yet not like the one in which Sylva lived.

'Surely someone will be there who can tell me where I am and why I have been brought here,' she thought. So she made her way across the meadow, and only where she stepped down did the grass move. When she moved beyond, the grass sprang back and was the same as before. And though she passed larkspur and meadowsweet, clover and rye, they did not seem like real flowers, for they had no smell at all.

'Am I dreaming?' she wondered, 'or am I dead?' But she did not say it out loud, for she was afraid to speak into the silence.

Sylva walked up to the house and hesitated at the door. She feared to knock and yet feared equally not to. As she was deciding, the door opened of itself and she walked in.

She found herself in a large, long, dark hall with a single crystal door at the end that emitted a strange glow the color of moonlight. As she walked down the hall, her shoes made no clatter on the polished wood floor. And when she reached the door, she tried to peer through into the room beyond, but the crystal panes merely gave back her own reflection twelve times.

Sylva reached for the doorknob and pulled sharply. The glowing crystal knob came off in her hand. She would have wept then, but anger stayed her; she beat her fist against the door and it suddenly gave way.

Inside was a small room lit only by a fireplace and a round white globe that hung from the ceiling like a pale, wan moon. Before the fireplace stood a tall woman dressed all in white. Her silver-white hair was unbound and cascaded to her knees. Around her neck was a silver ribbon.

‘Welcome, my daughter,’ she said. ‘Are you my mother?’ asked Sylva wonderingly, for what little she remembered of her mother, she remembered no one as grand as this.

‘I am if you make me so,’ came the reply.

‘And how do I do that?’ asked Sylva.

‘Give me your hand.’

As the woman spoke, she seemed to move away, yet she moved not at all. Instead the floor between them moved and cracked apart. Soon they were separated by a great chasm which was so black it seemed to have no bottom.

‘I cannot reach,’ said Sylva.

‘You must try,’ the woman replied.

So Sylva clutched the crystal knob to her breast and leaped, but it was too far. As she fell, she heard a woman’s voice speaking from behind her and before her and all about her, warm with praise.

‘Well done, my daughter. You are halfway home.’

Sylva landed gently on the meadow grass, but a moment’s walk from her house. In her hand she still held the knob, shrunk now to the size of a jewel. The river shimmered once before her and was gone, and where it had been was the silver ribbon, lying limp and damp in the morning frost.

The door to the house stood open. She drew a deep breath and went in. ‘What is that?’ cried one of the stepsisters when she saw the crystalline jewel in Sylva’s hand.

‘I want it,’ cried the other, grabbing it from her.

‘I will take that,’ said the stepmother, snatching it from them all. She held it up to the light and examined it. ‘It will fetch a good price and repay me for my care of you. Where did you get it?’ she asked Sylva. Sylva tried to tell them of the ribbon and the river, the tall woman and the black crevasse. But they laughed at her and did not believe her. Yet they could not explain away the jewel. So they left her then and went off to the city to sell it. When they returned, it was late. They thrust Sylva outside to sleep and went themselves to their comfortable beds to dream of their new riches.

Sylva sat on the cold ground and thought about what had happened. She reached up and took down the ribbon from her hair. She stroked it, and it felt smooth and soft and yet hard, too. Carefully she placed it on the ground.

In the moonlight, the ribbon glittered and shone. Sylva recalled the song she had heard, so she sang it to herself:

Silver ribbon, silver hair,
Carry Sylva with great care,
Bring my daughter home.

Suddenly the ribbon began to grow and change, and there at her feet was a silver highway that glittered and glistened in the moonlight.

Without a moment's hesitation, Sylva got up and stepped out onto the road and waited for it to bring her to the magical house.

But the road did not move.

'Strange,' she said to herself. 'Why does it not carry me as the river did?'

Sylva stood on the road and waited a moment more, then tentatively set one foot in front of the other. As soon as she had set off on her own, the road set off, too, and they moved together past fields and forests, faster and faster, till the scenery seemed to fly by and blur into a moon-bleached rainbow of yellows, grays, and black.

The road took a great turning and then quite suddenly stopped, but Sylva did not. She scrambled up the bank where the road ended and found herself again in the meadow. At the far rim of the grass, where the forest began, was the house she had seen before.

Sylva strode purposefully through the grass, and this time the meadow was filled with the song of birds, the meadowlark and the bunting and the sweet jug-jug-jug of the nightingale. She could smell fresh-mown hay and the pungent pine.

The door of the house stood wide open, so Sylva went right in. The long hall was no longer dark but filled with the strange moonglow. And when she reached the crystal door at the end, and gazed at her reflection twelve times in the glass, she saw her own face set with strange gray eyes and long gray hair. She put up her hand to her mouth to stop herself from crying out. But the sound came through, and the door opened of itself.

Inside was the tall woman all in white, and the globe above her was as bright as a harvest moon.

'Welcome, my sister,' the woman said.

‘I have no sister,’ said Sylva, ‘but the two stepsisters I left at home. And you are none of those.’

‘I am if you make me so.’

‘How do I do that?’

‘Give me back my heart which you took from me yesterday.’

‘I did not take your heart. I took nothing but a crystal jewel.’

The woman smiled. ‘It was my heart.’

Sylva looked stricken. ‘But I cannot give it back. My stepmother took it from me.’

‘No one can take unless you give.’

‘I had no choice.’

‘There is always a choice,’ the woman said.

Sylva would have cried then, but a sudden thought struck her. ‘Then it must have been your choice to give me your heart.’

The woman smiled again, nodded gently, and held out her hand.

Sylva placed her hand in the woman’s and there glowed for a moment on the woman’s breast a silvery jewel that melted and disappeared.

‘Now will you give me your heart?’

‘I have done that already,’ said Sylva, and as she said it, she knew it to be true.

The woman reached over and touched Sylva on her breast, and her heart sprang out onto the woman’s hand and turned into two fiery red jewels. ‘Once given, twice gained,’ said the woman. She handed one of the jewels back to Sylva. ‘Only take care that you give each jewel with love.’

Sylva felt the jewel warm and glowing in her hand, and at its touch felt such comfort as she had not had in many days. She closed her eyes and a smile came on her face. And when she opened her eyes again, she was standing on the meadow grass not two steps from her own door. It was morning, and by her feet lay the silver ribbon, limp and damp from the frost.

The door to her house stood open.

Sylva drew in her breath, picked up the ribbon, and went in.

‘What has happened to your hair?’ asked one stepsister.

‘What has happened to your eyes?’ asked the other.

For indeed Sylva’s hair and eyes had turned as silver as the moon.

But the stepmother saw only the fiery red jewel in Sylva's hand. 'Give it to me,' she said, pointing to the gem.

At first Sylva held out her hand, but then quickly drew it back. 'I cannot,' she said.

The stepmother's eyes became hard. 'Girl, give it here.'

'I will not,' said Sylva.

The stepmother's eyes narrowed. 'Then you shall tell me where you got it.'

'That I shall, and gladly,' said Sylva. She told them of the silver ribbon and the silver road, of the house with the crystal door. But strange to say, she left out the woman and her words.

The stepmother closed her eyes and thought. At last she said, 'Let me see this wondrous silver ribbon, that I may believe what you say.'

Sylva handed her the ribbon, but she was not fooled by her stepmother's tone.

The moment the silver ribbon lay prickly and limp in the stepmother's hand, she looked up triumphantly at Sylva. Her face broke into a wolfish grin. 'Fool,' she said, 'the magic is herein. With this ribbon there are jewels for the taking.' She marched out of the door, and the stepsisters hurried behind her.

Sylva walked after them, but slowly, stopping in the open door.

The stepmother flung the ribbon down. In the early morning sun it glowed as if with a cold flame.

'Say the words, girl,' the stepmother commanded.

From the doorway Sylva whispered:

Silver ribbon, silver hair,
Lead the ladies with great care,
Lead them to their home.

The silver ribbon wriggled and withered in the sunlight, and as they watched, it turned into a silver-red stair that went down into the ground.

'Wait,' called Sylva. 'Do not go.' But it was too late.

With a great shout, the stepmother gathered up her skirts and ran down the steps, her daughters fast behind her. And before Sylva could move, the ground had closed up after them and the meadow was as before.

On the grass lay the silver ribbon, limp and dull, Sylva went over and picked it up. As she did so, the jewel melted in her hand and she felt a burning in her breast. She put her hand up to it, and she felt her heart

beating strongly beneath. Sylva smiled, put the silver ribbon in her pocket, and went back into her house.

After a time, Sylva's hair returned to its own color, except for seven silver strands, but her eyes never changed back. And when she was married and had a child of her own, Sylva plucked the silver strands from her own hair and wove them into the silver ribbon, which she kept in a wooden box. When Sylva's child was old enough to understand, the box with the ribbon was put into her safekeeping, and she has kept them for her own daughter to this very day.

2. As part of your response in your Response Journal, answer the following:

- From what repressive, outmoded, or dissatisfying values is Jane Yolen trying to liberate the story of "Cinderella"?
- What values replaced the traditional ones?
- Were your initial expectations challenged during your reading? If so, at what point(s)? Were you pleasantly surprised or were you dissatisfied with the break from tradition?

Notes

Lesson 6

Genre, Part 2

This lesson continues to address the reader's expectations that are raised as a result of textual knowledge about genre, this time examining the genre of the detective story.

**General and Specific Learning Outcomes**

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts

2.1.3 Use textual cues and prominent organizational patterns to construct and confirm meaning and interpret texts

2.2.1 Experience texts from a variety of genres and cultural traditions; compare various interpretations of texts

2.2.2 Respond personally and critically to ideas and values presented in a variety of Canadian and international texts

2.2.3 Examine how language and stylistic choices in oral, print, and other media texts accomplish a variety of purposes

2.3.1 Analyze how various forms and genres are used for particular audiences and purposes

2.3.2 Examine how various techniques and elements are used in oral, print, and other media texts to accomplish particular purposes

General Learning Outcome 5: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to celebrate and build community

5.2.1 Identify various factors that shape understanding of texts, others, and self

5.2.2 Identify and examine ways in which culture, society, and language conventions shape texts

Part 1

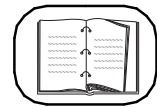
The Tradition of the Hard-Boiled Detective

Detective fiction in a general sense goes back to ancient literature, with characters such as Oedipus solving mysteries. As a genre focusing on the amateur and professional detective, it probably began in the 19th century with Edgar Allan Poe's story "The Purloined Letter" followed by Arthur Conan Doyle's popular Sherlock Holmes series. We are going to focus on the "hard-boiled" or very tough detective, popular in the magazine stories, novels, radio dramas, daily comics, and films of the 1940s and 1950s. Although these works were rarely considered "great literature," the genre continues to have a great impact on many forms of texts today.

Learning Experience

1. Review the "Genre Analysis" of detective stories provided as an example in the *Forms* section at the end of the sequence. Have you read or listened to or viewed any detective stories that follow these conventions? List any you are familiar with in your Response Journal.
2. Remove "Trouble is My Business" by Raymond Chandler from the *Forms* section of this sequence and put it in your Response Journal. This excerpt is from a classic example of the "hard-boiled detective" story.
3. A "two-column written protocol" (Wilhelm, 42) is a version of the "Think Aloud" strategy. Instead of saying aloud what you're thinking as you read (as in the Think Aloud), you write down your thoughts beside the text as you read, whenever you notice something or have questions or comments.

As you read the excerpt from "Trouble is My Business," write your thoughts alongside the text. Any time you notice a convention or icon from the detective genre being used, write it down. Also write any predictions you make about what will be said or what will happen. Some of the dialogue with its old-style detective slang may be difficult to follow — just write your questions or guesses as to meaning as they occur to you.



The following model of a two-column protocol of the beginning of the story should give you the idea:

<p style="text-align: center;">TROUBLE IS MY BUSINESS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Raymond Chandler</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>1</u></p> <p>ANNA HALSEY was about two hundred and forty pounds of middleaged puttyfaced woman in a black tailormade suit. Her eyes were shiny black shoe buttons, her cheeks were as soft as suet and about the same color. She was sitting behind a black glass desk that looked like Napoleon's tomb and she was smoking a cigarette in a black holder that was not quite as long as a rolled umbrella. She said: "I need a man."</p> <p>I watched her shake ash from the cigarette to the shiny top of the desk where flakes of it curled and crawled in the draft from an open window.</p> <p>"I need a man goodlooking enough to pick up a dame who has a sense of class, but he's got to be tough enough to swap punches with a power shovel. I need a guy who can act like a bar lizard and backchat like Fred Allen, only better, and get hit on the head with a beer truck and think some cutie in the legline topped him with a breadstick."</p> <p>"It's a cinch," I said. "You need the New York Yankees, Robert Donat, and the Yacht Club Boys."</p> <p>"You might do," Anna said, "cleaned up a little. Twenty bucks a day and ex's. I haven't brokered a job in years, but this one is out of my line. I'm in the smooth angles of the detecting business and I make money without getting my can knocked off. Let's see how Gladys likes you."</p>	<p>The title fits the basic plot formula of a hero saving society from "trouble." Also the "My" indicates the story is narrated in first person.</p> <p>I've heard of Raymond Chandler but I don't think I've read anything by him.</p> <p>Lots of examples of colourful metaphors — "eyes were shiny black shoe buttons," "cheeks were soft as suet."</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - icon — cigarettes ash instead of smoke - dialogue — refers to woman as "dame" when a woman is talking
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4. The story is quite long and the plot is complicated and loosely strung together. (Detective stories depend more on the charisma of their main characters than on the tightness of plots.) If you'd like to read the rest of the story, it is available in Appendix C. For our purposes, you just need to get a taste of the classic style of the detective genre.

Part 2

Radio Drama

The hard-boiled detective became popular not only in fiction but also in film, television, and radio dramas. One early example in film that you may want to view is *The Maltese Falcon* starring Humphrey Bogart as the legendary Sam Spade, a detective created by the writer Dashiell Hammett.

That film was so successful that a radio version was created for the *Academy Awards* radio series, which adapted Oscar-winning films to a half-hour radio drama starring the actors from the film.

Learning Experience

1. Listen to the radio version of *The Maltese Falcon* available on the audiotape included with your course materials.
2. As you listen to *The Maltese Falcon*, list on the left hand page of your Response Journal all of the sound effects (not narration or dialogue) that you hear.
Sound effects are important textual cues (see Lesson 4) used in audio and film texts.
3. You may want to listen to the drama more than once.
4. Once you have your list of sound effects, on the right hand page of your Journal, opposite your list, reflect on the roles of the different sounds. Possible roles are described below:
 - **Background music** evokes time, place, and mood, implies an emotional attitude to the story, foreshadows a change in mood, and adds rhythm.
 - **Wild sounds** are naturally occurring sounds such as traffic, crowd noises, or wind. In radio, these help the audience to imagine a scene more clearly.
 - **Sound bridges** tie separate scenes together. Sound bridges may consist of music or wild sound that anticipates the scene to follow.
 - **Musical motifs** can identify a character and bring unity of theme to the work.



- **Synchronous sound effects** (sounds that match the action narrated) add emphasis to the action.
- **Asynchronous sound effects** (sounds whose source is not included in the narration) create an ironic effect or have a subconscious effect on mood.

(adapted from *Senior 3 English Language Arts: A Foundation for Implementation*, 4-110)

Do you see any of these sounds as being icons of the detective genre? Explain.

Part 3

A Daily Detective — Dick Tracy

Another popular form of text during the 1930s through to today was the serial daily and weekly comic strips in newspapers. In response to increasing crime and gangster activities in large cities like Chicago in the 1920s and 1930s, one comics artist, Chester Gould, created a character who would take action against these criminals — Dick Tracy. Unlike Philip Marlowe and Sam Spade, Dick Tracy was not a private investigator, but a plainclothes police detective. Nevertheless, he was cool and tough, and he wore a snapbrimmed fedora and a trenchcoat. Gould's creation was so successful that he continued to produce *Dick Tracy* comic strips for syndicated use for 46 years from 1931 to 1977! And Dick Tracy continued in the hands of other artists and writers after Gould's retirement.

At the time *Dick Tracy* originated, in 1931, there were no other detective/crime strips, and the related genre of the adventure strip was only two years old (Horn, 56). Gould claimed he was most influenced by the Sherlock Holmes stories, and not at all by the popular pulp and mystery writers of the day, such as Hammett and Chandler. He apparently drew his inspiration from the news stories of the time:

“Indeed the headlines and stories about the gangster wars and the pervasive corruption that Prohibition had engendered proved the immediate cause of Gould's slowly crystallizing theme — that of ruthless crime and inescapable punishment.” (Horn, 56)



Gould was very much an artist of his time and place, and his work reflects the values and ideology of his society. Critic Maurice Horn describes this world-view:

“Since Gould and the pulp and mystery writers used the same raw material taken from the same newspapers and the same incidents, it can easily be concluded that they shared a common perception about the decaying social order of the times — the peculiar *Zeitgeist* of Prohibition-era America.

Along with the Depression, urban crime was the spectre that haunted America: writing about the hard-boiled school of detective fiction (but this may also apply to Tracy) Raymond Chandler spoke of the “smell of fear which these stories managed to generate.” Death in the city, death and the city became the pervasive imagery of menace (and still so remains to this day). The characters in these dark parables “lived in a world gone wrong,” to quote Chandler again, “a world in which ... civilization had created the machinery for its own destruction ...” For moral and social balance the myth of the city gone mad necessitated the counter-myth of the shining hero going down to do battle with the forces of evil into the very heart of the urban darkness — the obligatory descent into hell. Whether consciously or not Chester Gould put Tracy alongside the Continental Op, Sam Spade, and, later, Phil Marlowe in the ranks of the new order of modern knights ...” (56-7)

Horn also says,

“Moral outrage has long been a source for artistic expression, but expression has to match conviction — in strength, in clarity, in forthrightness — for it to become all-persuasive.” (56)

He goes on to argue that Gould’s artistic expression did indeed match his conviction, as he created and used the conventions and icons of detective fiction and film, including certain imagery, pacing, perspectives, and themes.

About Gould's imagery, Horn says,

“Gould's renderings were black, ominous, his line sharp and nervous, the perspective compact, oppressive. His imagery Gould took directly from news photos, complete with sharply-edged contours and flattened backgrounds, photoprints of the city's soul, with its skyscapes, its back alleys, its gaudy neon signs, its grandeur and squalor.”
(57)

About the narrative techniques that Gould used, Horn mentions the influences of and adaptations made to the film techniques of the time:

“Once the talkies [movies with synchronized soundtracks] had gotten over their growing pains, their visual and verbal pacing proved much more influential on Gould: his daily strips and Sunday pages were soon to acquire the rhythmic quality that stamps Tracy's unique narrative mode. Duplicating the abstract space of the movie screen, each panel alternate close ups, long shots, angle views, etc., in quick succession, forcing a feeling of irresistible motion forward upon the reader. It should be noted that Gould's technique here is kinetic, but not strictly cinematic: it is not so much a transposition of movie filming and editing as an adaptation of camera movement to paper. The action pulses relentlessly ahead, it evokes the brutal unspooling of a newsreel rather than the smooth flow of a Hollywood picture.” (57-8)

The themes listed by Horn as being introduced into the comics by Gould — violence, suspense, tension, and terror (58) — also fit into the genre of detective stories as we have constructed it.

We will examine the various techniques used by Gould in more detail in Sequence 3. For now, we will examine a sample of *Dick Tracy* to see if our expectations of the detective story genre bear out. You will probably discover some of the textual cues specific to the comics form along the way.

Learning Experience

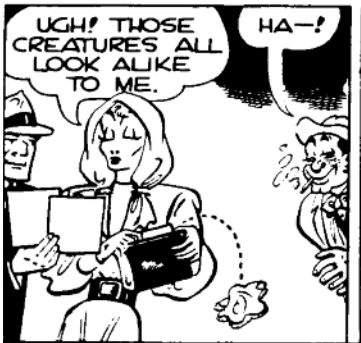
As a serial strip, *Dick Tracy*, like television soap operas, is continuous, with no distinct beginnings and endings. The following segments are taken from January, 1949. The character Sam Catchem, Tracy's new partner in the police force, has just been introduced to the storyline.

1. Read the first 12 strips on the following page. As you read, note examples of conventions and icons common to the detective story genre.
2. Also note any striking divergences from the typical detective story. What do you think accounts for these differences — artist interests, comic strip form, newspaper audience, serial format, other?
3. At this point, based on what you know of the detective genre in general, and on what this specific comic strip sequence has set up, what predictions can you make about the story to follow? Will Sleet be a help to Tracy and Catchem? Is she to be trusted? Will finding the two “torpedos” be a “cinch”? What obstacles may arise? List your predictions in your Response Journal.





*Adapted from *Dick Tracy: America's Most Famous Detective* by Bill Crouch, Jr. Copyright © 1990 Tribune Media Services, Inc. Reproduced in accordance with the Pan Canadian Schools/CANCOPY Copyright Licence Agreement (1999-2004).





4. Remove the “Jumbled Panels” page from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence. These panels are the next four strips jumbled. Cut the panels out and try to arrange them in a sequence that makes sense based on what you have read so far. Once you have an arrangement that works, glue or tape the ordered panels on a sheet of paper and put it in your Response Journal.
5. Read the following eight strips. Do they follow logically from your arrangement of the jumbled panels? In your Response Journal, note any rearrangements you would make to your arrangement now that you know what comes afterward.
6. Look back at the predictions you made earlier. Have any been realized? Should any be adjusted? Can you add any further predictions? Write a list of your updated predictions.
7. In a short entry in your Response Journal, reflect on how well you were able to predict the moves the text made. What specific textual knowledge — about genre and about textual cues — did you use to make your predictions?





Part 4**Contemporary Detective Fiction**

Like contemporary fairy tales, contemporary detective fiction has changed from the traditional. New times and new writers mean new values and expectations. For example, the hard-boiled detective has become a bit more sensitive and is no longer exclusively male — female detectives are very popular. In addition, women are rarely referred to as “dames” anymore, although they are still often portrayed as attractive and dangerous.

Learning Experience

1. Remove the text “Eyes that Never Meet” by Jeremiah Healy from the *Forms* section and put it in your Response Journal. This story is a more recently published one (1996), following in the tradition of Chandler, but reflecting the different values of today’s society.
2. Read the text and respond alongside it in a “two-column written protocol.” In your response, particularly note any conventions and icons it has abandoned and any that it holds on to.
3. Once you have finished reading, reflect on the values implied by this story, referring to the conventions it uses and those it deems outdated.

Notes



Lesson 7

Truth in Fiction

We have looked at some types of textual knowledge that influence a reader's expectations. In this lesson, we will examine the effect of world knowledge on the reading experience. Different readers, with their different personal experience and knowledge about the world, will see texts in different ways and expect different things from them.

You will focus on the following specific learning outcomes as we re-examine fairy tales and detective stories from the perspectives of readers with varying kinds and degrees of world knowledge.

**General and Specific Learning Outcomes**

General Learning Outcome 1: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences

- 1.2.1 Examine and adjust initial understanding according to new knowledge, ideas, experiences, and responses from others
- 1.2.2 Explore various viewpoints and consider the consequences of particular positions when generating and responding to texts
- 1.2.4 Extend understanding by exploring and acknowledging multiple perspectives and ambiguities when generating and responding to texts

General Learning Outcome 3: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to manage ideas and information

- 3.3.2 Summarize and record information, ideas, and perspectives from a variety of sources; document sources accurately
- 3.3.3 Evaluate information for completeness, accuracy, currency, historical context, relevance, and balance of perspectives

Part 1

Truth in Fairy Tales

Although fairy tales are not expected to be **realistic**, that is, accurate representations of real life with ordinary people and everyday events, they are seen as representing deeper “truths” by various critics.

Bruno Bettelheim, a child psychologist, sees a psychological truth in fairy tales that appeals to children and helps them develop. He says,

“... fairy tales have great psychological meaning for children of all ages, both boys and girls, irrespective of the age and sex of the story’s hero. Rich personal meaning is gained from fairy stories because they facilitate changes in identification as the child deals with different problems, one at a time.” (17)

He also quotes others:

“Literary critics such as G.K. Chesterton and C.S. Lewis felt that fairy stories are “spiritual explorations” and hence “the most life-like” since they reveal “human life as seen, or felt, or divined from the inside.” (24)

Other critics, such as Jack Zipes, see an underlying social or cultural truth that reflects the ideologies of the societies that produce the tales.

“The nature and meaning of folk tales have depended on the stage of development of a tribe, community, or society. Oral tales have served to stabilize, conserve, or challenge the common beliefs, laws, values, and norms of a group. The ideology expressed in wonder tales always stemmed from the position that the narrator assumed with regard to the developments in his or her community, and the narrative plot and changes made in it depended on the sense of wonder or awe that the narrator wanted to evoke. In other words, the sense of wonder in the tale and the intended emotion sought by the narrator is ideological.”
(*When Dreams Come True*, 6)



Finally, Jane Yolen, a famous author of children's and other books, says that myth and folklore state "in symbolic or metaphoric terms the abstract truths of our common human existence" (18). She says,

"The tales and stories handed down to us from the cultures that preceded us were the most serious, succinct expressions of the accumulated wisdom of those cultures. They were created in a symbolic, metaphoric story language and then honed by centuries of tongue-polishing to a crystalline perfection.

... even very young children can absorb the meanings and wisdom of these symbolically expressed ancient tales and use them as tools for interpreting their own day-to-day experiences." (17)

When speaking of fantasy fiction, which includes fairy tales, Yolen sees an expression of a sort of moral truth:

"So the fantasy book, like the fairy tale, may not be Life Actual but it is Life in Truth.

Life Actual tells us that the world is not perfectly ordered; it is, in fact, most often immoral or anyway amoral. Endings are as often unhappy as happy. Issues are seldom clear-cut That is Life Actual.

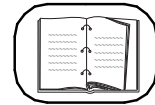
But Life in Truth tells us something else. It tells us of the world as *it should be*. It holds certain values to be important. It makes issues clear. It is, if you will, a fiction based on great opposites, the clashing of opposing forces, question and answer, speech and echo, yin and yang, the great dance of opposites. And so the fantasy tale, the "I that is not I," becomes a rehearsal for life as it should be lived." (55-56)

Seeing these various “truths” in fairy tales depends to a large extent on the interests and world knowledge of the reader. Bettelheim, as a child psychologist, has studied children’s responses to fairy tales in conjunction with their psychological development. So he sees truths related to his knowledge. Zipes is a Marxist literary critic who has studied literature from a perspective that examines conflicts between social-economic classes, and so he extends that perspective to his readings of fairy tales. And Yolen, as a fantasy writer, is interested in the moral value of such stories to our society, and so reads with an eye toward finding such value.

The world knowledge that you have may lead you to very different readings. Some readers have a difficult time relating to stories when the connections to their real lives are not readily apparent. They may see genres like fairy tales, science fiction, and musicals as “too phoney” to enjoy. Their knowledge of how the world works simply does not connect with the worlds of some texts. Good readers expect to find ways to connect a text to their world.

Learning Experience: Life’s Little Instruction Booklet

1. Choose your favourite version of “Cinderella” from Lesson 5 or elsewhere.
2. In your Response Journal, write about how that fairy tale connects with what you know about how the world works. You may want to write in the form of two-column notes comparing situations, problems, and resolutions in the tale with situations, problems, and resolutions you’ve experienced in your life. Try to go deeper than the surface details of place and action to the motivations of and relationships among the characters. Look at the details symbolically and metaphorically. Search for the deeper truths that can apply to life in our world today.
3. Once you have come up with at least five deeper “truths” or words of wisdom, design a pocket-sized booklet of ideas or suggestions for better living that you found in “Cinderella.” You could title it “Life’s Little Instruction Booklet” or “All I Ever Needed to Know I Learned from Cinderella.” Produce it on index cards and include attractive borders and/or illustrations.



Part 2

Real-World Detectives

Detective stories are generally seen to be more “realistic” than fairy tales, taking place in modern cities and involving main characters of generally average abilities and fallible natures. Nevertheless, the representations of people, places, and events in detective stories are not reflections of the world but **constructions** of a world or versions of reality. In formulaic fiction like detective stories, these constructed representations rely a great deal on **stereotypes** — “simplified images which define certain groups of people in narrow ways” (Moon, 143). Readers of this genre do not expect the characters and events to relate directly to the real world but to what they know of other texts in the genre.

Even so, most readers require a certain amount of verisimilitude in order to be drawn into the fictional world. If some detail regarding police procedure or gun mechanisms does not fit with what the reader knows to be true in real life, the reader may be jarred out of the fictional world and lose faith in its consistency. Fictional texts need to have “an authenticity that allows the audience to suspend disbelief and enter into the imaginative world they create” (*Senior 3 English Language Arts: A Foundation for Implementation*, 4-234). Suspending disbelief requires that a reader “step into the new world, partake of its wonders, assuming for the moment that they are real” (Yolen, 56).

And, of course, since different readers have vastly different amounts and types of world knowledge against which to check the authenticity of details, they will expect different levels of authenticity. For example, a reader whose knowledge of private detectives comes strictly from detective stories will expect other detective stories to match that knowledge, whether or not it is “true-to-life.” On the other hand, an actual private investigator would read these stories differently, with a more critical eye toward the authenticity of the details. She or he would have more world knowledge about detectives than the average reader.

Learning Experience

1. Create a concept map of your knowledge about private detectives. Write “Private Detectives” in the middle of a sheet of paper, and “cluster” any facts or ideas you have about detectives around it. (See section 017 in *Writers INC* for an example of clustering.) Use lines and arrows to represent connections, different geometric forms, or colour codes to categorize ideas, and symbols or sketches where you like.
2. Read the following texts about “real life” private investigators.

The first text is from a government periodical called *Manitoba Prospects* which provides information about career opportunities. Read the “Private Investigator” section of the chart.

The second text is from the book *Working* by Studs Terkel, published in the early 1970s. The book is a collection of interviews with people working in a wide variety of occupations. Although it is dated, the interview provides you with a first-hand account of one type of investigator’s job.

The third text is the first two chapters of a book called *Private Eyes: A Writer’s Guide to Private Investigating*. As indicated by the title, it is a guide to what a writer of detective fiction needs to know in order to be able to write authentically.

3. As you read, for each of the texts create a concept map of the ideas and information about private investigators presented in the text (i.e., three concept maps).
4. Compare the three maps with your original one, and identify points of difference. Then create a revised concept map of your new understanding of private detectives.



20 Job Title (NOC) Place of Work	Job Description	Job Outlook And Wage Range	Training and Education Routes	Senior years Course Selection Focus
Correctional Officer (NOC 6462) Employed – 885 Provincial and federal govern- ments, jails, juvenile institutions.	Guard prisoners in jails. Search prisoners and cells. Patrol assigned areas. May guard prisoners being transferred. Shift work.	Average \$29,200-50,200	BU, UM, UW, CUSB, YC, KCC, ICS, LEST, RCI, (Courses in sociology or criminology preferred). On-the-job training	Senior 4
Fire Fighter (NOC 6262) Employed – 1,300 Local governments, airports, railways.	Respond to fire alarms and calls for assistance. Rescue victims from burning buildings, accident sites including hazardous waste spills. Give first-aid. Inform and educate the public on fire prevention. Irregular hours, shift work.	Below Average \$27,200-56,300	MESC. On-the-job training.	Senior 4
Police Officer (NOC 6261) Employed – 2,700 Cities and towns, federal and provincial governments.	Protect the public, detect and prevent crime. Direct road traffic. Patrol assigned areas, investigate crimes and accidents, arrest suspects. Provide emergency assistance to victims of accidents, crimes and natural disasters. Irregular hours, shift work.	Average \$26,700-67,800	BU, UM, UW, CUSB, KCC, YC. City of Winnipeg — on-the-job training (degree in Criminology preferred). RCMP — on-the job training (six months training in Regina). Physical and written tests for selection, second language training.	Senior 4
Private Investigator (NOC 6465) Employed – not available Security and Investigation services Hotels, large firms, self-employed.	Conduct investigations to locate missing persons. Obtain information for use in legal cases. Implement severity measures to protect against theft and fire. Investigate unlawful acts of employees or clients of companies. Irregular hours, shift work.	Average \$12,500-53,700	BU, UM, UW, CUSB, KCC, YC, ICS, LEST, RCI.	Senior 4
Retail Loss Prevention Inspector (NOC 6465) Employed – 360 Retail establishments, security companies.	Prevent and detect shoplifting and theft in retail establishments. Implement security measures to protect property against theft or damage.	Average \$12,500-54,000	YC, ICS, LEST, RCI. On-the-job training.	Senior 4

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Anthony Ruggiero*

He is an undercover investigator for a private agency. "My outfit has forty, fifty undercover agents. They have three surveillance teams, eight polygraph operators, and I don't know how many background investigators. And they got a good thirty guards. Mike, my supervisor, is the liaison man. Every time we're gonna make a move, we let him know. He's our contact. I report to Mike every day. We use a phone if something comes up quick.

"How would I describe my work? Different. Weird. At times, inconvenient. What they use us for is large thefts, continuous thefts of merchandise. Or if a client feels there's mismanagement, they'll put an undercover agent there, too. I've been doing this for two years and never had no problem. Undercover guys are the greatest actors in the world. You make a mistake and you're not allowed to come home. (Laughs.) If they knew I was undercover there, they woulda thrown me out of the window.

"It's a fast growing field of employment. Tremendous. Just pick up the papers, any day of the week, you can see it. There's a definite need for it. You take the department stores, they are being literally torn apart. It's three billion dollars a year in department stores. It's unreal.

"I like my work because you're not stuck in a lousy office. And I think people are very interesting. You get beautiful material . . . Pay's good, I got no complaints—Christmas bonus, three or four raises a year. I plan staying in it a long time. It's a very important field. This is one industry that affects all industries. Security. It's also very helpful to the police department. We supply the police with a hell of a lot of information."

His wife, Diane, occasionally joins in the conversation. A delightful little boy scrambles around and about the apartment. There is an openhanded hospitality, as beer and sandwiches are urged upon the guest.

I've been on a case one day and I've been on a case eight months. You never know how long you're gonna be there. You put in an application for employment like you come off the street. You're hired. It's set up. The plant manager may be the only one in on it. Ninety percent of your job is mobility, to be able to move around, like a porter or a stock clerk. In the event of theft, you're put in the department where it's occurring.

*Reprinted from *Working: People Talk About What They Do All Day and How They Feel About What They Do* by Studs Terkel. Copyright © 1972, 1974 Studs Terkel. Reproduced in accordance with the Pan Canadian Schools/CANCOPY Copyright Licence Agreement (1999-2004).

In this one job I was a baker. They threw me in. You have a training program. I was hired as a dough mixer. They had a theft of butter. It sounds ridiculous but it ran into quite a bit of money. Seventy cartons of butter was being swiped on an average of once a week. This was going on for six months to a year, which amounted to something like four, five thousand dollars. This wasn't too important. The problem was this company had a contract with the city. It was well over a million-dollar contract and they were worried about losing it. If the city sent an order down to find out where the stuff was going.

After working in the mixing room about two or three weeks, I was positive these guys were clean. I needed more mobility, so I went on the sanitation gang. They're the guys that clean up. I had only a week to bust this case because I was going on a surveillance detail starting Monday. I did it in exactly one week.

We knew the butter was being taken out of the refrigerator. I stationed myself on top of the refrigerator, which was a completely dark end of the room. I stayed up there four days, eight-hour shifts. I sat, I walked around, there was room. The ceiling was a foot over my head. Nobody saw me.

I knew who had access to the refrigerator. I would see them take the key. You'd time it. You look at your watch and see what time he went and what time he came back. I'd say to the guy I work for, "I have to go to the men's room." I'd go up and check out the area. I had an idea it was being done on the weekend because they usually found the butter gone on a Monday or a Tuesday.

This one particular Friday he comes. This was like two o'clock in the morning. He takes the butter, brings it to an adjacent room, and then he left. I got the lot number, the serial number, wrote it down, and called my supervisor, "We got the guy, the case is over." He says, "Find out where he's gonna take it." That's where we ran into a problem. I never seen him actually take the butter out of the place.

On Monday our office sent down the polygraphers, the lie detector guys. They confronted him and explained to him that he'd have to take the test. Everything came out. He signed a confession. But he signed without any witnesses around. He didn't have any counsel. The confession, according to the union's lawyers, was useless. It was a big, drawn out affair. The union wanted the company to take him back. Meanwhile, he couldn't get unemployment because he was fired for theft. They won't give you unemployment for that. So it had to go to arbitration.

He was there, the union lawyer, I was there, the company's lawyer. He didn't have a leg to stand on. They fired him. When I got, up and took the stand, my testimony destroyed the man. I never thought I'd finish a case

in a week. I never thought I'd catch the guy. I met my deadline. I'm proud of that.

DIANE (suddenly interrupts): *You want it honestly? I can see sometimes where it really makes him feel bad. Where he really feels like the villain. Like the time that guy lost his job. (Addresses him) I couldn't talk to you for a couple of days.*

This one particular time she's talkin' about, it did. He was with the company twenty, twenty-five years. He was supposed to retire that September. Black man. And he just blew everything. He was out. That's it. We busted the guy. Nothing, after twenty-five years. He ain't got a job, he's not a kid any more, what does he do?

DIANE: *What'd you say? In your own words, you said the employer was wrong. You're always stickin' up for the employer, but in this case you didn't. (Addresses me) He said, "The employer should have more rapport with the guy than that. He shoulda called him in and said, 'What's the problem? What do you need that extra money for?' Maybe the guy's in a bind or something. You shouldn't throw him out in the street." (To him) It was the first and only time he ever met the man that owned the company, right? He works for him for twenty-five years and never saw his face for twenty-five years. You said, "He should have some respect for the guy, as a man who put his life's work into the business." All right, so he stole some lousy butter. He should have found out the reasons. Apparently he needed extra money for something, whatever it was, right?*

(He looks away for a moment. A slight pause.) First of all, most people don't steal for money. These people are not criminals, they're just like you and I. They feel they can get away with somethin'. Whatever his reason was I don't know. I don't think it was money. He was splittin' it up with two other guys, so what the hell did he get out of it?

I testified. Sure, it bothered me in that the guy lost so much. I don't know if I was mad at the guy for bein' so stupid to pull somethin' like this or what. The outcome was bad. You picture a guy fifty years old, out after twenty-five years. And if he's got kids, they're probably married, maybe they have children. He's gotta go home now and tell his wife, "I lost my job because I stole."

What happened to him?

I don't know. (A long pause.) My company doesn't like the idea that you're gonna go out of your way to maybe hurt somebody for a buck. I don't think they believe in that. Contrary to popular opinion, we do more good for people than damage. I wish I had a penny for every guy that became a manager because of me. You report the bad things, but you also report the good things. You've got a good man here, this guy knows what

he's doing. He didn't go to college, but he knows his job—boom! I report ability as well as mismanagement. We're complete. It's everything.

The thing I like is I could start on a case tomorrow and there could be an office boy there and I could make that son of a gun a manager within six months. If this kid's got something on the ball. I could say, "Why don't you give him a better job? The other guy you got is a flunky, he's a loser." So he went to college, but he's not smart.

A lot of people say, "Oh, you're undercover," right away, "bustin' people by the dozen." How many people of all the cases I worked on, with the exception of one, every other case, was there any jail involved?

DIANE: *They can fire you.*

Yeah, but that's a far cry from servin' as I go into a place, everybody's a suspect.

A long time ago I had this weirdo case. We had a client that was a big tire company that lost two hundred and some odd thousand dollars. They felt this one individual was stealin' 'em. He owned a bar, this guy. My job was to go to the bar and drink beer and eat sandwiches all night and get friends with this guy. (Laughs.) So I used to go every night. I got pretty friendly with this guy. He was sellin' hot jewelry and hot shoes, silverware you could buy, coats. But it never got down to tires. After two, three weeks, they pulled me off the case. I never found out what happened. I think if they woulda left me, I woulda found out, because the guy was mixed up in all kind of shady dealings.

The first night I walked in there, he comes over and says, "Are you a cop?" I said, "Jeez, I've been called a lot of things, I never been called that before." I got a little nervous. He was a big guy, big Polack, nine feet tall and a thousand pounds. That was the only time I was ever confronted. It was a raunchy neighborhood and anybody in their right mind wouldn't have gone in. I was clean. I never shoulda shaved.

I was called one weekend on a restaurant job. They felt it was being hit. The guys that were running it—at two o'clock they close it up—they were taking cases of beer and soda and putting it in shopping bags, and walking out with the joint. I had a beautiful spot to watch. I started at six. They close at twelve-thirty. They shut the lights out, they lock the door, and that's when they get their shopping bags and beer and soda and milk and everything. I sent in my report and that was it.

I was working on a very short case. They couldn't understand why all this stealing was going on. I found out their top man was making \$1.85 an hour. I said, "You don't know why you have this theft problem?" (Laughs.) Give a guy a halfway decent salary—\$1.85 an hour! What's he, kidding me or what? He said, "That's enough." I worked there one day and they gave

me something like eighty dollars. They hired a lot of Spanish-speaking people, Puerto Rican, Bolivia, and all that. I said, “You can’t understand . . . ?” He’s smokin’ a cigar and didn’t say nothin’. (Laughs.) They canceled the following day. The big bosses were the ones that pulled the cork.

The surveillance I was on was hijacking. You follow a truck all night, five days a week. You report all activities of the truckdriver and anyone you encounter. You gotta be a very good driver, you gotta have eyes like an eagle, and you gotta be a quick talker if you’re picked up by the cops. Every time we had an encounter with the police, they were very cooperative.

You got identification. They give you a card. The only time I have identification on me is when I’m on surveillance. In undercover work you have nothing at all. You may lose your wallet or the guy may fool around and grab your wallet, pull out the card—hey, boom! it’s all over.

Before I was a placement manager in a personnel agency. (Laughs.) The outfit I work for was one of my accounts. I used to send people there for jobs. A lot of guys went for it and a lot of guys didn’t. Before they hire you, you take a polygraph test. If they don’t like the way the results are, you’re not hired. They’re interested if you’ve ever been a drug user, whether you ever stole anything—in event you have to testify in court and you’re cross-examined. Do you love your wife? They ask you that.

The guys who would shy away couldn’t have made it anyway. They’re looking for a fairly honest person, a guy not afraid to work—because you’re put on cases involving manual labor. Reliability is the key. You need someone to show up for work, will do the reports and all this.

When I was in the personnel business, Wall Street was dying. Eighty percent of our business was Wall Street—brokerage houses, banks . . . I got laid off. (Laughs.) I knew these people were looking for someone, so I spoke to Mike and the following week I was hired.

The recession isn’t hurting this business, jeez, no! It’s the fastest growing field in the past ten years. There’s a need for it. If a person did something wrong twenty years ago or immoral, today’s it’s accepted, like nothin’. There’s a moral decay since after the Second World War.

Take petty thefts. A guy’ll take a salt shaker and then the other guy takes it. Years ago this was frowned down upon. Today it’s the thing. If you don’t take nothin’, you’re an idiot. You get five hundred people takin’ fifty-cent ash trays, it’s not fifty cents any more. It runs into money. That’s what brought the need for these security outfits. Our company does a lot of polygraph. They have contracts with trucking firms.

DIANE: *Do they have to get the polygraph before they get the job?*

Sure, oohhh sure. Imagine they hire you to drive a truck loaded with a hundred million dollars worth of fur coats. Hey, you drive away, you're set for life. (Laughs.) The guy's out the money.

DIANE: *If you refuse, you don't get the job?*

I'm gonna hire a cashier, right. I want you to take a polygraph and you say no. I can say to you, "I don't want to hire you."

DIANE: *That's stupid.*

You don't *have* to take the test.

DIANE: *But you don't get the job.*

Yeah. Why wouldn't you want to take it?

DIANE: *Because I wouldn't. I want people to accept me as I am. I don't need a test to prove my honesty.*

Who said so?

DIANE: *I said so.*

It's your word against the employer's. He's got more to lose than you. He's gonna pay you X amount of dollars a week to do X amount of work. Maybe you're a loser, maybe you're a turkey.

DIANE: *That's the chance he takes.*

Why should he take a chance? You're gonna be guaranteed a week's salary. Shouldn't you guarantee a week's work?

DIANE: *I'd want to polygraph him.*

(Looks heavenward.) Everybody looks at the employer like he's the evil guy.

DIANE: *He is the evil guy.*

He is not, he wants to make a buck, just as much as you do.

DIANE: *He wants to make a buck on you, not the same as you.*

Of course. If he can't make a buck on you, you'd be out of a job. If my company wasn't makin' money on me, you think I'd be workin' there?

DIANE: *You always seem to think people are doin' you a favor and they're not. You're really doin' them a favor because they're makin' money on you.*

Of course. This is a capitalist society, whether you like it or not. It's not like goin' on welfare, you gotta work. There's nothin' wrong with it.

DIANE: *Big business uses people. They use people as long as they can.*

No news in that.

I been on this one case now about eight months. The problem is bad management, not theft. I started at the bottom and now I'm my own boss. Strange as it may seem, it's hampered my investigation like a son of a gun, 'cause I don't have the time to get around. I gotta answer this guy's question, take care of this and the other thing, I gotta know traffic. And I'll go higher than that. The guy who's on the case with me is today the merchandising manager of the company. He's still an undercover agent, and they don't know nothin' about it. (Laughs.)

The case is never gonna be solved. It's what we call preventive maintenance. Say an outbreak of thefts starts. Rather than call a UC man in after it started, they have a guy there all the time, who can report it constantly.

You and your friend may be at this company permanently?

I hope so.

DIANE: *He's got dental plans now with this one. You can get your teeth done and everything.*

When they claim losses on their income tax, they have to show the Internal Revenue that they're doing something to deter it. You can't go over to IRS and say we were robbed a million dollars last year. They'd say, "What kind of security you got?" Security is a tremendous break to the company. You could start a company tomorrow and put a UC man in there and you could be in business ten years and he could still be there and you know everything that's goin' on.

DIANE: *They have another agent workin' with him that is reporting on him. (Chuckles.)*

Yeah. What happened is this: Say I'm an agent and you're an employee. I'll go over to you and I'll say, "Hey, I seen a TV in there. I wonder what the chances are of gettin' that out." You as an employee would more or less go along or say, "You're crazy." But if you're an agent too, you're gonna feed me. You're gonna say, "Yeah, how the hell could we get it out of here?" And that's what happened. (Laughs.) As soon as I gave him the bait, this other guy says, "Right. What do you think we oughta do about it?" So I called up my office and I said, "This guy, Hal... " They said, "Forget it, he's one of our own men."

DIANE: *They finally told him, "Don't send us any more reports on him."* So part of the work is provocative—you tempt . . . ?*

*A note of One Worldism might be in order at this point. A news item: Bangkok, Thailand (UPI)—"Police battled a gang of bandits in southern Thailand Saturday. One bandit was killed. A police spokesman said the battle began when the bandit gang, disguised as policemen, challenged a group of policemen disguised as bandits:"

You can't do that, it's against the law. I'm just providin' conversation. Entrapment is if I put a wallet on the floor, with a ten-dollar bill on it—forget it! Talkin' about it is just a line of conversation. It may lead anywhere.

You know what another problem is today? The upper echelon of the management hasn't the faintest idea of what's going on in the business. I report the likes and dislikes of the workers. A lot of 'em I get along with and I tell 'em, "The guys are right and the system's no good, it stinks, get rid of it." When I was workin' on another gig, it was 106 degrees in the goddamn place and they didn't have a water fountain. "Are you kiddin'?" I said. "The board of health comes down here, they'll close your joint up." All this little trivia, put them all together and it's no trivia any more. It's a big thing.

Are you ever called in on cases involving labor troubles?

No comment.

DIANE: *Oh, come on.*

I better not talk about it.

With friends, I say I'm an investigator and don't go into detail, 'cause you never know who you're gonna meet. When I go on a job, I suspect everybody and everything. Until they prove by their actions they're not doing anything, they're suspect.

This job has done more for me as far as understanding people is concerned than ever before. Some say, "That guy's a thief." I say, "What kind of a thief is he?" There are thieves and there are thieves. Why does a person steal? If a guy steals a loaf of bread because his kid is hungry, you call this man a thief? There's a thief who's a junkie and there's a thief who just for the hell of it wants to see what he can get away with. Funny. My job's made me less suspicious of people. Constantly listening to conversations, you find that people aren't that bad, really. Regardless of what you read in the papers, people are pretty good. Everybody's the same, that's my discovery. I'm more tolerant of people now, right, Di?

DIANE: *Yeah, you come a long way.*

What do you mean?

DIANE: *He tended to see everything in black and white, no shades. You used to put people in categories, like into boxes. I think you've come out of that. Especially when you have to work on surveillance where his partners were colored guys and Puerto Ricans. He loved 'em.*

I'm one of the few white undercover guys in the agency. Most outfits prefer a guy that can speak two languages, particularly Spanish. Give you an idea, I was workin' for a big company and it was manual labor like I've

never seen in my life. I used to come home and I was dyin'. There's a ramp where all the bosses used to walk on top, lookin' down at you, and you had to throw those boxes . . .

DIANE: *Like a jail.*

That's exactly what it was. It was me and, two other white guys. There was maybe six colored guys and everybody else was Spanish. I didn't know what the hell they were talkin' about and I was supposed to be investigatin'. I told my supervisor, "This is for a Spanish UC." He says, "Stay with it." I'm breakin' my ass, I'm dyin'. I never got nothin' out of there. I didn't even hear any good dialogue. It was a complete waste.

Things you pick up regarding narcotics. I was in on a bust. In the course of my work I come across this girl, she's pushin' pot, hash, pills. She's workin' her way through college. I saw her make sales and everything else. I notified the police. They said: Okay, they're gonna set up a meeting between me and two narcs. And the narcs bring their informer. They say, "Set up a buy." They want me to introduce their informant to the girl. At the time of the buy, they'll bust her. This is supposed to take place the following day.

In the interim, these guys take it upon themselves to give her a shakedown. They go into the store like gangbusters. She isn't there. They question the manager, everybody, "Where is she? Where is she?" All this bullshit's goin' on and I don't know nothin' about it. I'm still under the impression I'm gonna set up this buy. The next morning a friend of mine says, "Did you hear what happened to Jilly? Two detectives came yesterday and wanted to bust her." I called my office, "Hey. Mike, what's with these two guys? They tried to bust the broad and now I gotta set up a sale. Are you kiddin' me?" He said, "Stay away from her." She's still around.

People are really stupid. When I was on surveillance during this hijacking case, we're workin' for a newspaper. The guys deliverin' were sellin' papers on the side. The newspaper was losin' a fortune. These guys knew they were being tailed and they still continued the same shit. People like that you have no sympathy for, they're stupid. They deserve everything they get. There were fifty-two indictments and twenty-five convictions.

I was with a cop, a retired cop, twenty years on the force. We're sittin' in a car, surveillance—this newspaper gig. It's three o'clock in the morning. Just then a truck pulls up. He says, "You got a gun?" I say, "No, ain't you got a gun, you're a cop." He says, "I turned mine in." I say, "Shit, thanks." He says, "There's the truck we're lookin' for." So he throws it into gear. We take off and we're drivin' and drivin'. The truck's goin'

about sixty. We're right behind. He jams on the brakes and we're squeakin'. He says, "Let's get 'em!" I says, "Larry, that's a hot dog truck." This is a professional, twenty years on the force. Plus my encounter with those two narcs, you can see I don't have too much faith in professionals. They leave something to be desired.

What I'm doin' now is just like a regular worker. The only thing is listening to conversation, watching certain movements of people. Without thinkin', people reveal their innermost secrets and plots and everything. I was workin' with a guy and he's tellin' me how they robbed televisions out of a Hilton hotel. They were puttin' 'em in laundry bags with old clothes. Another guy was workin' for a drugstore and he was robbin' very expensive perfume—Chanel and all that. He's got boric acid, the boxes—and pourin' the boric acid out and puttin' the perfume in. And he's put 'em back on the shelf. He'd go back there at night and buy three or four tins of boric acid. (Laughs.) Forty dollars worth of perfume.

I'm constantly listenin'. We went to an affair, a dinner dance. In the bathroom I heard somethin' said and I'm listenin' and listenin'. The guy, he paid an X amount of dollars and the other guy hands him a little brown bag. And I wasn't workin', we were socializin'.

You're gonna have a lot more security. I think the neighborhoods are gonna instill their own police force, 'cause as far as cops are concerned, they're complete failures. Eventually every block association is gonna hire their own police department. I belong to an association and I got two patrolmen on my block, I'm payin' their salary and I have a voice in what they do and how they do it. More and more people will be under surveillance.

DIANE: *Innocent people will also be under surveillance, is that what you're trying to get at?*

Who the hell do you think is under surveillance? Criminals aren't under surveillance. The thefts you get in department stores is usually under ten dollars. They're not professional thieves. It's the everyday goodhearted American citizen who owns his own home—these are the people that are causin' the problem. You get a woman who's a sales clerk or a cashier and takes a three dollar blouse and sticks it in her pocket, she's not a criminal. She's a mother. She figures she can get away with it, so she takes it. So my job doesn't bother me, 'cause nothin' ever happens to these people really.

To write a report up every day about somethin' and to really tell 'em somethin' is rough. I'm up to the 178th report where I'm workin'. What the hell can I tell these people that I haven't told them already? So you gotta look for dialogue and make it sound interesting. You have to have a

memory like an IBM machine. I usually use word association. I can remember what's said and I quote it. If you're quoting somebody you gotta be accurate, because you may be up on the stand.

The reason sex is in on this: say the manager's got a young girl working for him and he's goin' out with her. He may let her get away with theft. As far as this guy goin' out with the girl, the company doesn't give a shit. They just want to know where their money's goin', that's all.

Mike, the supervisor, reads all the reports. And he's got about twenty agents workin' for him. Mike was an agent for the FBI. Artie had his own business as a polygrapher. They're very savvy people. All you got is young guys as undercover. You're dealing mostly with young people. The bearded guys are our best agents. Who the hell would suspect 'em? Hair down, dress outrageously. A bunch of flunkies, they'll tell 'em anything. (Laughs.)

There's one thing I look forward to: to be licensed by the state and do it on my own at my own convenience. I would like to have a major concern call me up and say, "We have a problem. We'll give you X amount of dollars." And I'd say, "Call me next week, I'm busy this week. I'm goin' to Miami for the weekend." To be able to work on my own terms is what I'd like. Any private detective, he has one thing and only one thing—it's his wits.

(To his wife) You want to be an agent, Di? I can get you in. (Laughs.)

DIANE: *I couldn't do it. I can't lie. When I lie it shows all over my face. I can't even lie on the phone. When I'm callin' up sick at work, I can't even do it. (Laughs.) I make him.*

Private Eyes*

ONE

AN INTRODUCTION

I pulled the flame-red Ferrari in directly behind Louis Pee's parked car. His black, smoked glass Caddy looked like a barbecue grill on wheels, and I felt ready to play backyard chef. Carefully I fitted the silencer over the barrel of my snub-nosed .38 Smith & Wesson Detective Special, then got out.

Tapping my gun on the driver's window, I flashed my gold PI shield. The glass dropped faster than a stripper's innocence.

"So what do you want, bub?" said the driver, Solly.

I yanked Louis's hired muscle through the window and pistol whipped him so his nose leaked blood like oil from a teenager's hot rod. Louis took one look at the solitary cold eye of my S&W and began to sing like Madame Theodora's trained macaw.

Richard Steele,
Josh Shepherd, PI

Sound familiar? Like it could have been taken from a hard-boiled PI paperback? Maybe, but this excerpt from a fictitious novel illustrates one of the major problems with mystery and detective stories: The writer knows very little about how a real private investigator works.

While absolute fidelity to proper investigative procedure and the day-to-day routine is not necessary, probably not even desirable, effective writers need to create a sense of verisimilitude. After all, mystery readers expect an insider's view of the detective's world, and the quickest way to lose that audience's willing suspension of disbelief (not to mention an editor's interest in your manuscript) is to commit factual errors, display shoddy research, or generally portray PIs unrealistically.

The Need for Verisimilitude

A few years ago two of us were writing as Brett Halliday, ghosting the eponymous lead novella for *Mike Shayne Mystery Magazine*. Each month

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we were turning out 20,000 words about the adventures of America's longest continuously running private detective. Of the thirty-something stories we wrote, what do you think 90 percent of the readers who wrote letters to the editor were concerned about? Our near-perfect prose? Our intriguing labyrinthine plots? Our staccato, streetwise dialogue?

No. Verisimilitude. One reader from Spokane, Washington, pointed out that what we'd called a state-of-the-art sniper scope wasn't. A member of the Miami Police Department wrote that our Miami-based PI had in one tale violated proper chain of command to obtain information from the MPD. Another letter from Florida suggested that for working such dangerous cases around the Orange Bowl area, Shayne should double his fee.

Early on we learned our lesson about the illusion of truth. We contacted the MPD public relations division to obtain chain of command charts, publicity photos, maps of the city. We started reading the *Miami Herald* in our university library, and we wrote groups like the Miami Chamber of Commerce for any information we could get our hands on.

And when we started writing a series of books about A.E. Holliday, a Louisville-based detective, we decided we had to know more about how private investigators really work. We talked to the Jefferson County Police Department about their relationship with PIs. Research unearthed the Kentucky statute pertaining to the licensing of investigators. Then we struck up a relationship with John Landreth, a local PI with more than twenty years in the business. Our eyes were opened as John got down to the nitty-gritty about actual cases he had worked and legal ramifications in the field.

Debunking the Myths

John is an avid mystery reader; the duller the stakeout, the more avidly he reads. And, for the most part, what he finds in mystery fiction causes him to drop the book faster than a nonpaying client. One of his least favorite scenes is that seemingly obligatory moment where the cop/DA tells the PI to back off the investigation or, "I'll pull your ticket." In fact, most cops can't get an investigator's license suspended. States have regulatory divisions separate from local police to ascertain whether the detective has gone too far. In Ohio, for instance, the legislature has created a State Private Investigator Advisory Commission. Another myth John dislikes centers on the bar where the detective is constantly swilling down the hard stuff in the midst of an investigation. To get much of anything accomplished, a PI has to be mentally and physically sharp, something precluded by volumes of alcohol. Many times when John has a drink in a bar while interviewing somebody, the glass is filled with ginger ale. In

truth, the major beverage John consumes is coffee—always with three or more sugars. So much detective fiction is filled with gnats. Do you really think all PIs have offices with pebble-glass doors? Can every detective KO every opponent with one or two punches, then spend the next few days without so much as taking a single aspirin?

Mystery writers too often obtain the investigatory information they use from earlier PI novels. While some material is valid, quite often it is outdated, inappropriate for another locale, or simply wrong. Many myths get perpetuated and writers get lazy (“If it was good enough for Pulp Smith back in ‘57, it’s good enough for me”). The best example of this myth perpetuation involves Dash Hammett. In *The Maltese Falcon* he describes a specific handgun, the Webley-Fosbery automatic revolver, as having a safety. This is one of the very few revolvers with a safety, and the gun itself even back then was extremely rare. But a generation later mystery writers still had their characters using such a collector’s item, by then worth thousands of dollars. In addition, an awful lot of automatic revolvers in PI fiction (though not in real life) suddenly came equipped with safeties.

Our Goal

This book, then, is designed for you, the mystery writer, to get it right. Each chapter will treat a separate aspect of the investigator’s world, progressing from obtaining a license to special problems. Each chapter will open with a passage from detective fiction, Richard Steele’s *Josh Shepherd, PI*, then detail the reality, often emphasizing the gap between the popular concept and real life. Our ultimate goal is to provide sufficient details about an investigation so that you can respect your audience’s intelligence and their desire for accuracy.

Why is a book such as this necessary? Look back at the passage from *Josh Shepherd, PI*. Richard Steele needs to do a little more research (as well as work on his prose style) if he wants to make Shepherd’s caper believable. Do you think a real detective would drive around in a billboard of a car like a “flame-red Ferrari”? A key to successful surveillance is invisibility, being able to blend into the environment. There’s no such weapon as a snub-nosed .38 S&W Detective Special, and putting a silencer on a revolver is usually a study in futility. Furthermore, PIs are not exempt from civil or criminal codes. How many laws did Shepherd break by forcibly extracting Solly from the Caddy, pistol-whipping him, and intimidating his boss? Does Assault & Battery ring a bell? Then there’s Shepherd’s badge, his approaching the Caddy, his . . .

At the start we suggest that you ask yourself some key questions: Are you sure you want to write a PI novel? Do you really want to go to the

effort to write a good one? Is your goal actually to write the Great American Novel, and you're taking the back door through detective fiction? If you are sincere, have a realistic assessment of detective fiction, and want to achieve the goal of fiction that John D. MacDonald said was "to tell it true," then read on.

Before starting, we offer some caveats. First, this book is intended as a guide, not a comprehensive treatise about detectives. Whole books have been written on some of our individual chapters. We offer a launch pad, not an entire universe. If you are interested in more detail, you can consult our "Works Cited and Secondary Sources" for additional information.

Second, our focus is mainly on the small-town PI, the one person operation. Why? The majority of PI fiction is not written about Pinkertons or agents for large firms. In fact, the world's first fictional detective, C. Auguste Dupin, lived by himself and operated as a loner. While in real life the Burns and Wackenhut agencies have flourished, the fiction-reading public has remained fascinated with the rugged individual, that quintessential American prototype that mirrors our country's evolution in breaking away from traditional ties to seek a new path and new solutions on its own. Truthfully, too, major agencies often "farm out" investigative work to the small-towners.

A case in point. Back in 1967 when *Mannix* debuted on CBS, the gumshoe worked for Intertect, an investigative conglomerate run by computers and Lou Wickersham. The ratings weren't so hot, and the writers had difficulty coming up with inventive plots each week that pitted Joe Mannix against the corporate mentality. So when *Mannix* returned for its second year, the detective operated a one-man shop aided only by his secretary.

Besides, reality being what it is, the expert in the writing of this book is John, who has spent the majority of his investigative career as a small-town PI.

Third, we are not advocating turning your stories into encyclopedias on detectives. A major part of the police procedural's appeal is the illusion of voluminous inside information; with PI fiction, a little information goes a long way, but it must be accurate.

Fourth, we will try to tell the truth about PIs, not paint a portrait of a modern-day white knight. But, truthfully, this goal presents some problems. There is no national, must join organization of PIs that acts as a clearinghouse for information or even surveys its own membership. In preparing this book we sent out questionnaires to every national organization of PIs. We had a net total of zero responses. Secrecy is the trademark of the profession; clients don't want information about them

divulged, and individual PIs don't like to aid the competition by revealing tricks of the trade. Also, the detective biz is a transient profession; people drift in and out of it on a daily basis. As a result, little data, especially recent, exists, and much of the data that can be found is "tainted" because researchers usually lump apples—PIs—with oranges—private security agencies.

An Invitation

"Down these mean streets a man must go," wrote Raymond Chandler, but the creator of Phillip Marlowe didn't mean that the eyes of the writer or the detective should be closed. Join the three of us as we show you how to shine the spotlight of authority on those mean streets and guide you from getting into the business and setting up shop to closing the case file.

T W O

JOB REQUIREMENTS

So what if Louis Vee had more juice than the nuclear reactor on Three Mile Island and more soldiers in his organization than the Red Army? I wasn't about to back down. I was in my prime—6 feet 4 inches, 220 pounds, and I spent more time in Gold's Gym than Gold himself. And seven years on the city police force had taught me a lot of ways to scrape bugs like Louis Vee off my windshield.

Richard Steele,
Josh Shepherd, PI

This cliché of the physical ex-cop turned PI has appeared so often in print and film that some writers have come to think it's the only possible background for a detective. Stats show that back in 1985 more than 40,000 licensed detectives were working in this country, so it stands to reason that PIs come in all sizes and from all walks of life. Though a lot are ex-cops, thousands of paths into the profession exist, and writers can choose to follow the less-traveled roads.

Previous Experience

John actually began his law enforcement career as an assistant manager for a local branch of CIT, a large New York-based finance company. Despite the title, most of his job entailed repossession work and tracing "skips" who stopped paying back loans. After a stint as an intelligence officer in the Army, he joined the police force of Lexington, Kentucky. Then to help finance his college education he became a county probation

officer in Estill County, Kentucky. That led to PI work for a bonding company and eventually a job with a local judge's detective agency. He is currently Chief of the Special Operations Division of a bank. In addition to his wide background in law enforcement, he has a B.A. from Eastern Kentucky University in Speech and Drama. Not only has his acting ability helped him with role-playing in many cases, but as a sidelight it got him some small parts in movies. In fact, if you want to know what John looks like, check out the villain in *The Thoroughbreds*.

A West Coast gumshoe, Josiah Thompson, has been in the business for fifteen years. Before that, he was a professor of philosophy at Haverford College in Pennsylvania. While on a sabbatical in San Francisco to research a book on Nietzsche, he developed writer's block and a bad marriage. On a whim he decided to be like one of his favorite literary characters, Walter Mitty, and applied for a job in a Bay Area detective agency. Recently Thompson published a book, *Gumshoe*, about his personal odyssey from being a privileged child to an adult PI.

William Callahan is president of United Intelligence, Inc., a large firm with an office on New York's Park Avenue and yearly revenues in excess of \$1 million. Callahan, who sounds like a model for Clint Eastwood's Dirty Harry, began as a law student at St. John's University. After clerking for former President Richard Nixon's law firm, he joined the Justice Department.

Edmund Pankau heads up Intertect Inc., the largest detective agency in Texas. Although he now has thirty investigators working for him, Pankau started by himself as an IRS agent in Florida. On his way to another law enforcement job in Oregon, he got stuck in a rare Houston snowstorm. The snow melted, and he's still there.

Dan Eisenberg, founder and first president of Miami's Tracers Company of America, really entered the business in his childhood. After unsuccessfully trying to locate two rich uncles, Eisenberg was asked by a neighbor to find her long-lost brother. The stock market crash in 1929 provided him with a huge list of clientele as so many people ran from their financial obligations.

Emmanuel C. (Mike) Ackerman was Phi Beta Kappa at Dartmouth when he joined the CIA. An eleven-year stint with "The Company" ended with his leaving after congressional meddling in the agency. He and a retired agent opened their own firm, The Ackerman Group, a security business with \$3.5 million in revenues and a specialty in hostage negotiations..

Other investigators did take a more traditional route. Ed Hino, who operates his own agency outside of Philadelphia, is a retired agent from

the FBI. In fact, his business card announces he is a member of the Society of Former Special Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Florence Sperbeck, an Oakland detective with more than 10,000 cases under her belt, started as a police clerk there. Jerry Bussard, who runs the AAA Detective Agency in Kenwood, Ohio, left the Columbus police force after fifteen years to become a private detective. Jim Simmons was a Marine surveillance expert in Vietnam who used radar and electronics to track Viet Cong movements. He now operates Security American Protection Services Inc. in Northside, Ohio.

In short, a PI rarely enters the field without some sort of law enforcement background. No matter how strong your detective's motives, without some training in the field, the detective comes across as unrealistic. Attitude without aptitude is insufficient. In real life, most of us don't jump into a lake until we've stuck our toe in or checked the water's depth.

Getting Physical

Do size, gender and age matter? Does every detective have to be an over-six-foot hulk like Robert Parker's Spenser, an ex-boxer, who in a recent novel tied one hand behind his back and still managed to pummel a pack of Neanderthal thugs?

In real life, size and age vary. Ed Hino, who lives in a Philly suburb, is 5 feet 10 inches, 180 pounds, about the same size as when he played quarterback for George Washington University. Mike Ackerman is over fifty years old and stands 5 feet 10 inches. Dan Eisenberg is in his seventies, as is Florence Sperbeck. The S & Elle Detective Agency near London, England, is run by two women in their late thirties. Jay J. Armes, an El Paso investigator, lost both hands in an accident when he was a teenager. W. Russel Gray once studied Philadelphia-based single operative offices and determined the average height of these real detectives was 5 feet 10 inches; the average weight, 175 pounds.

In the past 150 years, fiction writers have created two opposite detective stereotypes. On one hand, the PI is portrayed as Sam Spade, a tough but tarnished knight on a moral quest to right wrongs primarily with his fists and his .38. On the other is the Nero Wolfe type who sends his legmen out to do the physical work, then sits back, cogitates and brilliantly solves crimes through the genius of his tiny gray cells.

In real life most investigators fall somewhere in between. John, who by the way is 5 feet 10 inches and 185 pounds, admits there have been situations where he's used his fists and an arsenal that rivals the National Guard's. Sometimes, though rarely, he's solved cases without leaving his

office by simply using his three favorite operatives—his brain, his telephone and his long list of contacts.

One such case involved a couple who asked him to check their son's financial condition. The son, who was a sergeant in the U.S. Army, kept writing to ask them to send him money supposedly to help pay for his daughters' operations. Right off, John figured the son was lying about the medical expenses if not the operations themselves. Having been in the Army himself, John knew that as a government dependent, the son and his family were provided full medical care by the government. Obviously the son was making up hardship stories to bilk his parents, who didn't want to turn down their only child. A few calls revealed the money was financing some rodeo horses, some tack and some gambling.

Dan Eisenberg has traced many people by relying on his vast collection of telephone books. Sally Denton and Bonnie Goldstein, two Washington, D.C.-based investigators, prefer to read over public documents and locate on-the-record interviews. Likewise, Ed Pankau likes the telephone. If the missing person in question is a secretary, he calls a notary public board; a bowler, he dials the American Bowling Congress. Real-life PIs try to join as many lodges as possible (anything for a brother Elk, Moose, Bison, etc.).

But most searching is physically oriented. Mike Ackerman once chartered a helicopter to fly over northern Guatemala to personally pay a half-million dollar ransom. Josiah Thompson, though he refuses to carry a gun, flew to India to rescue a child kidnapped by his father. John believes that 95 percent of his time is taken up driving his car around to various interviews. To him, the phoniest TV detective ever was David Janssen as Harry O., who in the first year of the show had no car and had to make do with public transportation. A PI needs a car. John figures that an average out-of-state case will take five days during which he will put around 1,200 miles on a rental vehicle.

Having the Personality for It

No matter the type, is there a necessary personality trait that makes a good detective? According to Irwin Blye (a PI for more than thirty years who has worked some 15,000 cases and written a book, *Secrets of a Private Eye*), PIs are sort of like Boy Scouts: They must be diligent, observant, prepared, resourceful, creative, inquisitive, patient and neutral. In his *Practical Guide for Private Investigators*, Edward Smith reduces the list to four necessary traits: objectivity, thoroughness, reliance, accuracy.

Persistence stands out. A PI must be willing to tail a suspect for days as well as pore over courthouse records in a musty vault for long hours. For fictional PIs, the first trail they follow usually pays off; in real life it's

try and try again. William Callahan spent more than nine months on one case tracking down the Shah of Iran's personal assets. John recalls a case that necessitated more than twenty trips from Kentucky to the West Coast from March to October. Was it worth it? In the end, he found the missing child alive and returned him. Moreover, he's found the emotional high from such successes can carry him through months of routinely dull cases.

Aggressiveness is another vital skill. John thinks of himself primarily as a catalyst. "Sooner or later you've collected all the information you're going to get, and you're still stumped. The only way to break the case is to make something happen." Investigators have to be willing to keep knocking on doors, to refuse to take no for an answer, to go where they aren't wanted, and to mix with socially unacceptable people—things the average citizen doesn't want to do. It isn't always what the detective does; it's often how or what his pressure in the case causes others to do.

And PIs have to be curious—they've got to know why, who, where or when. Once, on a missing person case, John's client got a phone call on the anniversary of the date her husband had disappeared, saying the husband was alive. The woman hit her Caller I.D. button. John traced the number to a phone booth outside the Continental Inn in Lexington. John had learned earlier that his client's missing husband had left her and lived with another woman, whose previous boyfriend was a musician. On the anniversary of the call, John discovered the boyfriend had been playing—you guessed it—the Continental Inn. The time of the call? During a musician's break. Question, John asked himself: How had the musician known the date the husband had disappeared unless he had had something to do with the disappearance?

John believes in healthy paranoia. He's learned to be skeptical when he puts his car in the shop. When he gets it back, he checks to see that nothing has been added or deleted. He worried when he was younger that the kids' baby-sitters might be paid to look through his files. In motel rooms, he sticks ashtrays in the coats he leaves in suitcases (if the case is opened, the ashtray moves). And he constantly wonders if local and federal authorities might try to set him up with prostitutes or drugs.

Rotten Apples

In PI fiction, detectives may be recovering alcoholics, ex-cops who were booted off the force, disgraced war heroes, Neanderthals quick with their fists, or aloof aristocrats who occasionally condescend to help the great unwashed. But they are still knights in slightly tarnished armor.

In real life, the PI is not always a knight or even a squire, but often a knave. John estimates that of all the PIs he's encountered, at least half are

in the business for less than honorable reasons: sex, ego, quick money earned by exploiting the innocent and the vulnerable. He calls these PIs “rotten apples.” Common types include the Cowboy, the Staller, the Turncoat and the MineSalter, all of whom you will meet in sidebars placed throughout the book.

Though many of these rotten apples have been caught employing their unscrupulous methods, they continue to operate, preying on their clients for all they can get. The very nature of PI work lends itself to abuses. Face it. If the detective doesn’t have much work and is getting paid by the day for a case, what is the incentive to provide an immediate solution?

PIs who break the law are still private citizens and can be subjected to civil suits. However, because PIs know so much about their clients, the clients tend not to raise allegations of wrongdoing. For this reason, licenses are difficult to revoke.



Learning Experience: Make It Real

1. Choose one of the four detective story texts from Lesson 6.
2. Acting as an editor who expects and requires strict authenticity in detail, review the text with your new knowledge of real-world detectives, and make notes on the details that need to be revised. Note both the details and the necessary revisions.
3. Draft a letter to the author of the text outlining the necessary revisions and explaining the rationale or reasons behind them. (See sections 374 to 381 of *Writers INC* for information on writing a business letter.)
4. Include both your notes and the draft of your letter in your Response Journal.

Notes



Lesson 8

Cueing Systems

Finally, in this lesson we will look in detail at **linguistic** knowledge or knowledge about how language works, which was briefly introduced in Lesson 3. Your knowledge of syntactic, semantic, graphophonic, and pragmatic cueing systems plays a large role in your expectations and your adjustment of them as you read. Although the terms used to describe these cueing systems may be unfamiliar to you, your knowledge of each system is extensive.

In this lesson, you will draw on and learn to identify these four cueing systems by working through a “Cracking the Code” puzzle, ending this sequence on a fun note.



General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts

- 2.1.1 Examine connections between personal experiences and prior knowledge of language and texts to develop understanding and interpretations of a variety of texts
- 2.1.4 Use syntactic, semantic, graphophonic, and pragmatic cueing systems to construct and confirm meaning and interpret texts

Part 1

Syntactic Cues

Syntactic cues make use of your knowledge of word order and patterns of language in sentences, phrases, and clauses to help you to make meaning in texts and to identify unknown words. For example, the order of words in a sentence can tell you if a word is a noun, a verb, an adjective, and so on. (If you need a review of language terms, see sections 702 to 774 in *Writers INC.*)



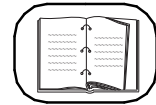
Learning Experience

To demonstrate how you use syntactic cues, answer the following question about this nonsense sentence:

The borblyak nattered its preb.

What did the borblyak natter?

In your Response Journal, reflect on how you were able to answer this question so easily despite the fact that three of the five words in the sentence were unfamiliar to you.



Part 2

Semantic Cues

Semantic cues include the ways that your knowledge of the meanings of words and word parts helps you to make meaning in texts and identify unknown words. For example, if you know that *arachnophobia* means a fear of spiders, and that *hydroelectricity* is electricity generated using water, then you could probably figure out the meaning of *hydrophobia*, even if you'd never seen it before. Your knowledge of word meanings includes your understanding of multiple meanings and connotations or nuances of words, as well. For example, you know that the word *calf* refers to two different things in these two sentences:

He had a cut on his **calf** from the barbed wire.

The **calf** wandered around in search of its mother.

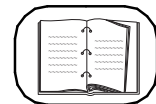
Learning Experience

Without using a dictionary, choose the most appropriate word to write in the blank in the sentence below:

The _____ child could not reach the countertop without standing on a chair.

- a. dimeter b. diminutive c. dimerize

In your Response Journal, reflect on how your knowledge of other word meanings and of word parts helped you to choose the appropriate word. You probably used some syntactic cues as well.



Part 3

Graphophonic Cues

The **graphophonic cueing system** is the knowledge of how the pronunciation of words is related to their visual appearance or spelling. This kind of knowledge also helps you to make meaning in texts and identify unknown words. Graphophonic cues include the ways that certain letters and sounds in a particular language can follow others or not. For example, you know it is quite common for the consonant combination *str* to begin a word in English, but if you saw the consonant combination *dkl* starting a word, you would assume it was some other language. You make use of graphophonic cues extensively whenever you play word games such as Hangman, Scrabble, word searches, crossword puzzles, and so on.

Learning Experience

Choose the letter that will form a word in English.

b l ___ n c h (d, e, r)

In your Response Journal, explain how you knew which of the three letters was correct.

Part 4

Pragmatic Cues

Pragmatic cues include the ways that your knowledge of the social and cultural context of a text helps you to understand the text. For example, your knowledge of the social settings of a classroom and an amusement park would enable you to construct two very different meanings of the sentence “It’s just a thrill a minute around here.” Your cultural knowledge of winter allows you to understand a description of a blizzard in a way that a student who’s always lived in Africa could not.

Pragmatic cues also include your knowledge of cultural texts and your purposes for reading them. For example, if you read the phrase “rain is falling” in a poem with an aesthetic purpose, you would feel the sensation of rain on your skin and relate the poem to moods and experiences you’ve had in the rain. Reading the same phrase as part of a weather report would mean simply and directly what it says — additional associations would not be needed for a full understanding.

Learning Experience

In your Response Journal, explain the possible meanings of the sentence “Approach the bench” if you heard it

- a. in a court room
- b. in a park

Part 5

Cracking the Code

You will now draw on all four of these cueing systems as you complete a puzzle. Remove “Cracking the Code” from the *Forms* section of this sequence and put it in your Response Journal. Clues are given in the form of fill-in-the-blank statements that relate to the information you have been given in this lesson. Identify the words to fill the blanks (using syntactic, semantic, graphophonic, and pragmatic cues), and transfer the letters from each answer to the corresponding numbered spaces in the blank text. Once you get going, you may find yourself filling in the text blanks without clues, or filling in the clue blanks from what you’ve deciphered in the text. When you are done, unscramble the circled letters to name the genre of the text you have deciphered.

Throughout the process, you should use

- **syntactic** cues to recognize the types of words needed in certain places in different kinds of sentences such as statements and questions
- **semantic** cues to fill in gaps with words that make sense in the context of the other words, gradually building meanings that will in turn give clues to other meanings
- **graphophonic** cues to determine words based on the number of letters in each and the combinations of letters possible and to recognize when an error has been made (for example, if two letters beside each other are not a possible combination)
- **pragmatic** cues to recognize the genre of the text and to use conventions of that genre to fill in blanks

Expect to enjoy yourself and to succeed in completing the puzzle in no time!

Then go on to Lesson 9 where you will draw on your knowledge of the reading experience to create a portrait of yourself as a reader (Assignment 2).

Lesson 9

Assignment 2: Portrait of a Reader

In this lesson, as you complete Assignment 2 — Portrait of Myself as a Reader, you will focus on the following specific learning outcomes.

**General and Specific Learning Outcomes**

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts

- 2.3.1 Analyze how various forms and genres are used for particular audiences and purposes
- 2.3.4 Experiment with language, visuals, and sounds to convey intended meaning and impact

General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

- 4.1.1 Generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose
- 4.1.3 Select and use a variety of organizational structures and techniques and appropriate transitions in oral, written, and visual texts to communicate clearly and effectively
- 4.2.2 Analyze and revise drafts to ensure appropriate content and to enhance unity, clarity, and coherence
- 4.2.4 Use effective language, visuals, and sounds, and arrange ideas for emphasis and desired effect
- 4.2.5 Use appropriate strategies and devices to enhance the clarity and appeal of presentations
- 4.4.1 Demonstrate confidence when presenting ideas and information; revise presentations as needed for subsequent occasions
- 4.4.2 Use appropriate voice and visual production factors to communicate and emphasize intent in personal and public communication

In this assignment, you will draw on all that you have been learning about the role of the reader in the reading process as you create a portrait of yourself as a reader. This will be in the form of an audiotape presentation (approximately 20 minutes long) or, if you have the skills and equipment necessary, a short video or hypertext. The following guidelines apply to an audiotape — if you plan to do a video or hypertext, see Appendix D or E and adapt the directions accordingly.



Part 1

Prewriting

Prepare for your presentation by doing the following:

1. Review your work in this sequence, particularly the “Reading Inventory” from Lesson 2, the “Genre Analysis” from Lesson 5, and all personal narratives about past reading experiences. Also be sure you understand terms like *prior knowledge* (of world, texts, and language), *textual cues*, *genre*, *formula*, *conventions*, *icons*, and *cueing systems* (graphophonic, semantic, syntactic, and pragmatic).
2. Consider the following communication variables:
 - Topic — yourself as a reader
 - Audience — your tutor/marker
 - Purpose — to inform and reflect
3. Review the criteria for assessment outlined in the “Assessment of Assignment 2 — Portrait of a Reader” chart, found in the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence.

Part 2

Drafting

Your presentation should include the following:

- a **metaphor** for yourself as a reader or your reading experience i.e., *For me, reading is like ... (safari, relay, puzzle, etc.)* and an explanation of how your metaphor applies.

metaphor: a particular use of language where two or more disparate or dissimilar things are said to be equivalent or are identified with each other. For example, "Life is a highway" is a metaphor, pointing out similarities that underlie the differences between the two things. In this way, a familiar, concrete object can be used to explain an unfamiliar or abstract idea or concept. Metaphors can be created using a form of the "to be" verb, as in the example above, but they may also be made by describing the looks or actions of one object in terms that are typically used to describe the other object. For example, "The boy galloped across the yard, his mane blowing in the wind" describes a boy in terms usually used to describe a horse ("galloped" and "mane").

- the type(s) of reading in which you most typically engage
- the purposes for which you most often read
- a focus on one particular genre that you now enjoy or used to enjoy
 - favourite examples of that genre
 - purposes it serves/served
 - textual cues typical of that genre
 - formula, conventions, and icons of that genre
 - world knowledge needed to read that genre
 - linguistic knowledge needed to read that genre, such as specialized vocabulary
- connections between your reading and your life
- the general nature of your expectations for reading works of your choice — positive or negative



Remember, your reading experiences include visual and oral texts as well as print texts, so you should have a variety of genres to choose from.

Part 3

Revising

Once you have your raw material drafted, look at ways to enhance and improve it.

1. Experiment with different ways to organize it — different orders, transitional devices such as music or other sound effects, repetitive phrases, connections to your central metaphor, etc. Try for a strong opening and closing. See sections 522 to 524 and 533 to 542 of *Writers INC* for possible techniques.
2. Consider using background music, other sound effects, and/or text excerpts. Experiment with the pacing, tone, volume, and pitch of your voice and the phrasing and stress patterns of your words.
3. Refer to section 038 of *Writers INC* for a comprehensive revising process. Also consider presenting a practice run to your response partner, asking for feedback.
4. Rehearse until you feel confident and comfortable. Record your presentation on audiotape. You will submit this to the Distance Learning Unit as Assignment 2.



Assessment

Congratulations! You have completed Sequence 2 and will soon be able to move on to the rest of this course.

Before you do, you must

- complete a self-assessment of Assignment 2
- complete a checklist to make sure you have done all the work in this sequence
- submit all work from this sequence to the Distance Learning Unit



Assessment of Assignment 2

Remove the “Assessment of Assignment 2 — Portrait of a Reader” chart from the *Forms* section of this sequence. This assessment form corresponds to the one your tutor/marker will use. You will both assess your achievement of the targeted specific learning outcomes according to the following five-point scale.

Rating Scale				
0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work does not show evidence of this specific outcome, or evidence of specific learning outcome is incomplete 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work does not meet the expectations identified in the specific learning outcome for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> (work is below range of expectations for Grade 11) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work demonstrates minimal expectations identified in the specific learning outcome for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work meets expectations for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> (work demonstrates the specific learning outcome) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work demonstrates maximum expectations for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i>

Rate your performance on each learning outcome as it applies to your assignment, using the rating scale. Place a checkmark in one box for each line.

Checklist: Sequence 2

Remove the “Checklist: Sequence 2 — Reader’s Expectations” chart from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence. Complete the checklist to make sure you have completed all of the work required for Sequence 2. As you check each item, make sure that it is labelled with the appropriate lesson and assignment name. To help you keep track of your work in this course, you can write the completion date in the blank for each assignment.

Your tutor/marker will also check to make sure that you have submitted all work for this sequence **before** marking Assignment 2.

Preparing for Submission of Sequence 2

Steps

- Complete the checklist to make sure all of your work is complete.
- Make sure all of your work pages are correctly labelled and ordered.
- Assemble your work as follows:
 - (top) Checklist for Sequence 2
 - Work pages
 - Assignment 2 — Portrait of a Reader
 - (bottom) Assessment of Assignment 2 — Portrait of a Reader

Note:

Send Sequence 2, hand-in assignments to:

Distance Learning Unit
599-555 Main Street
P.O. Box 2020
Winkler, MB
R6W 4B8



**Include
Checklist**

Sequence 2
Forms

Questionnaire – Page 1

Name _____ Date _____

I. When you consider reading a particular book, viewing a particular film, or purchasing a particular music album, do you	Always	Sometimes	Never
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • read or listen to reviews? • seek the opinions of others (friends, family members, coworkers, etc.?) • base your decision on previews of the text that you have seen, heard, or read? • base your decision on the cover of the book, the video jacket, or the album cover? 	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/>
II. If you do any of the above when making your decision, do you			
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • follow the direction recommended by the reviewer? • follow the direction recommended by another person (friend, family member, coworker, etc.)? • find yourself influenced by the preview even against the recommendations of reviews or other people? • find yourself influenced by the cover art even against the recommendations of reviews or other people? 	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/>
III. Thinking of a time when a review, the opinion of another person, a preview, or the cover art convinced you to read a book, view a film, or purchase a music album, what aspect most convinced you ...			
<p>in the reviews?</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • past reviews by the same reviewer that proved accurate • the selection, number, and soundness of details supporting the main points • the writing skill of the reviewer • the audience the reviewer appears to be targeting based on the tone used, background information given, reviewer biases or perspectives identified, and where the review appeared (newspaper, television program, movie theatre, magazine, school newspaper, literary journal, etc.) • other: _____ 	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/>		
<p>in other's opinions?</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • what you know of the person's taste or biases • enthusiasm expressed by the person • specific information and details about the text that give you a good idea about what to expect • how well the person knows you and your likes and dislikes • other: _____ 	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/>		

Questionnaire – Page 2

Name _____ Date _____

III. Thinking of a time when a review, the opinion of another person, a preview, or the cover art convinced you to read a book, view a film, or purchase a music album, what aspect most convinced you ... (Cont'd)

in previews?

- accompanying commentary
- length and/or coherence of excerpts presented
- emotions with which you respond — Do you feel excited, happy, disturbed, intrigued, etc.?
- other: _____

in cover art?

- the content of the images — what the images represent and the associations they bring to mind
- the arrangement and colours of the images
- the cultural attitudes and values implied by the images and arrangement (i.e., peace and harmony, rebellion and action, family and friends, etc.)
- other: _____

IV. After having read a book, viewed a film, or purchased and listened to a music album, how often were the expectations set up valid (i.e., did the text fulfill the promises of the reviews, opinions of others, previews, and/or cover art)?

Always Usually Rarely Never

- | | | | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| • Reviews? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| • Opinions of others? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| • Previews? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| • Cover Art? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

V. Rank the following according to their reliability in predicting your enjoyment of a text with 1 for most reliable and 4 for least reliable.

- _____ Reviews
- _____ Opinions of others
- _____ Preview
- _____ Cover Art

Questionnaire – Page 1

Name _____ Date _____

I. When you consider reading a particular book, viewing a particular film, or purchasing a particular music album, do you	Always	Sometimes	Never
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • read or listen to reviews? • seek the opinions of others (friends, family members, coworkers, etc.?) • base your decision on previews of the text that you have seen, heard, or read? • base your decision on the cover of the book, the video jacket, or the album cover? 	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/>
II. If you do any of the above when making your decision, do you			
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • follow the direction recommended by the reviewer? • follow the direction recommended by another person (friend, family member, coworker, etc.)? • find yourself influenced by the preview even against the recommendations of reviews or other people? • find yourself influenced by the cover art even against the recommendations of reviews or other people? 	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/>
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<p>in the reviews?</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • past reviews by the same reviewer that proved accurate • the selection, number, and soundness of details supporting the main points • the writing skill of the reviewer • the audience the reviewer appears to be targeting based on the tone used, background information given, reviewer biases or perspectives identified, and where the review appeared (newspaper, television program, movie theatre, magazine, school newspaper, literary journal, etc.) • other: _____ 	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/>		
<p>in other's opinions?</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • what you know of the person's taste or biases • enthusiasm expressed by the person • specific information and details about the text that give you a good idea about what to expect • how well the person knows you and your likes and dislikes • other: _____ 	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/>		

Questionnaire – Page 2

Name _____ Date _____

III. Thinking of a time when a review, the opinion of another person, a preview, or the cover art convinced you to read a book, view a film, or purchase a music album, what aspect most convinced you ... (Cont'd)

in previews?

- accompanying commentary
- length and/or coherence of excerpts presented
- emotions with which you respond — Do you feel excited, happy, disturbed, intrigued, etc.?
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in cover art?

- the content of the images — what the images represent and the associations they bring to mind
- the arrangement and colours of the images
- the cultural attitudes and values implied by the images and arrangement (i.e., peace and harmony, rebellion and action, family and friends, etc.)
- other: _____

IV. After having read a book, viewed a film, or purchased and listened to a music album, how often were the expectations set up valid (i.e., did the text fulfill the promises of the reviews, opinions of others, previews, and/or cover art)?

Always Usually Rarely Never

- | | | | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| • Reviews? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| • Opinions of others? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| • Previews? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| • Cover Art? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

V. Rank the following according to their reliability in predicting your enjoyment of a text with 1 for most reliable and 4 for least reliable.

- _____ Reviews
- _____ Opinions of others
- _____ Preview
- _____ Cover Art

Analyzing Outcomes

Name _____ Date _____

Outcome:	
Key Words & Questions:	Responses: My Understandings
Goals Related to this Outcome (What is expected of me in this assignment?):	

Reading Inventory

Name _____ Date _____

Text	Purpose(s)	Met Expectations?

Reading Log

Date Completed	Title	Author	Form/Genre/Type	Cultural Tradition	Purpose (Aesthetic or Pragmatic)
Sept. 4, 2001	"To Serve Man"	Damon Knight	Short story—science fiction	U.S.	Aesthetic

Textual Cues

Name _____ Date _____

Text	"No Blood in the Home"	"No Blood on Victim Despite Awful Injuries"
Type of Text (Form)		
Textual Cues (How were you able to identify the form? What makes it look like a _____ ?)		
Purpose (For what purposes do you generally read this type of text?)		
Expectations (What do you expect of this text before and during reading?)		

No Blood in the Home*

he was surprised
to find no
blood on Moar's
body or clothes
which were soaked
with water for some
unknown
reason

a strong smell
of cleaning
solution hung in the air
while a mop and pail
sat nearby
"there should have been blood"
Buchanan testified
yesterday at the opening
of a man-
slaughter case

the lack of blood
in the basement
wasn't the only surprise
Buchanan found that day

he couldn't believe
how calmly
residents in the home acted
when firefighters first
arrived and found Moar
dying in the basement

three children continued
to watch television
while his wife
simply sat
at the kitchen table and
barely blinked
an eye when they
stormed
into their home

*Adapted from the *Winnipeg Free Press*, October 24, 2000. Used with permission of the publisher.

No blood on victim despite awful injuries*

Man's clothing soaked with water, court told

By Mike McIntyre

CORY Moar's injuries suggested he had suffered a terrible death. But when paramedics arrived at a Pacific Avenue home to find the mentally challenged man dying in the basement, it was clear someone had tried to wash evidence of the crime away, court heard yesterday.

District Chief John Buchan of the Winnipeg fire department said he was surprised to find no blood on Moar's body or clothes, which were soaked with water for some unknown reason.

He said the stairs leading to the basement were also wet, along with the floor and area near the bed where Moar was found beaten to death on Dec. 11, 1998.

Buchan said a strong smell of cleaning solution hung in the air while a mop and pail sat nearby.

"There should have been tears or gouges to the clothing, and for the amount of trauma he experienced, there should have been blood," Buchan testified yesterday at the opening of a manslaughter case against the victim's brother, Elie Pruden.

Pruden is accused of beating Moar with weapons over an extended period of time, eventually causing his death.

A 14-year-old relative of the victim

was also charged and pleaded guilty to manslaughter in June 1999.

He was sentenced to three years in prison.

Buchan said yesterday the victim's injuries were extreme. Most appeared to be fresh wounds, while some had already scabbed over.

Winnipeg police later found clothing, a bed sheet and pieces of wood in a garbage dumpster near the victim's home that had his blood on them, court heard yesterday.

The lack of blood in the basement wasn't the only surprise Buchan found that day, he said. He testified yesterday he couldn't believe how calmly residents in the home acted when firefighters first arrived and found Moar dying in the basement.

Buchan said Pruden's three children continued to watch television while his wife simply sat at the kitchen table and barely blinked an eye when they stormed into their home. The exception was Pruden, who rocked anxiously back and forth in a chair downstairs.

A Winnipeg police constable testified yesterday that Pruden claimed his brother had been attacked two days earlier by some unknown assailants in the street.

The trial is expected to last two weeks.

*Reprinted from the *Winnipeg Free Press*, October 24, 2000. Used with permission of the publisher.

Genre Analysis

Name _____ Date _____

Genre:	
Basic Plot Formula	
Conventions	
Typical Characters	
Typical Events or Incidents	
Typical Dialogue	
Common Techniques of Narration or Filming (flashback, chapter breaks, camera angles, lighting, etc.)	
Icons	
Objects, Landscapes, Costumes, Sounds, etc.	

Genre Analysis

Name _____ Date _____

Genre: Fairy Tales	
Basic Plot Formula	
Hero/powerless underdog must overcome obstacles or complete tasks (usually three) with magical assistance in order to exchange places with the powerful enemy.	
Conventions	
Typical Characters	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Hero — good, brave, adventurous, good-looking — usually powerless — child, poor person, or naive and innocent • Enemy — evil, powerful, of high social status or great size and strength or great wisdom • Helper — a fairy elf, witch, gnome, etc. with magical powers
Typical Events or Incidents	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Hero is abused or humiliated in some way. • Magical transformations of some kind occur.
Typical Dialogue	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Rhymes and chants
Common Techniques of Narration or Filming (flashback, chapter breaks, camera angles, lighting, etc.)	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • “Once” or “Once upon a time” beginnings • “lived happily ever after” endings • third person point of view
Icons	
Objects, Landscapes, Costumes, Sounds, etc.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Costumes — extremes of either rags or riches (ornate jewels and gowns) • Setting is a fantasylike land from the past with a castle surrounded by deep woods and/or a hut deep in the woods. • Magic wands, potions, foods, etc.

Genre Analysis

Name _____ Date _____

Genre: Detective Fiction and Film	
Basic Plot Formula	
Society is in trouble — hero called on to save society — series of obstacles to overcome/problems to solve — encounters culminate in one big struggle after which society (if not the hero) is returned to a state of harmony.	
Conventions	
Typical Characters	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Hero — loner, barely on right side of law, cool and tough, somewhat cynical and sarcastic, usually male. Knows society's rules are necessary but also recognizes that they are often unfair. • "Femme fatale" — an alluring but dangerous woman.
Typical Events or Incidents	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Fist fight resulting from surprise attack.
Typical Dialogue	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Refer to women as "dames". • Use a variety of slang terms of 1930s.
Common Techniques of Narration or Filming (flashback, chapter breaks, camera angles, lighting, etc.)	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Voice-over/first person narration — framed flashback • Narrator uses many colourful metaphors. • Dark lighting, often filmed in black and white
Icons	
Objects, Landscapes, Costumes, Sounds, etc.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • urban night landscape • detective office — pebbled glass door, telephone • murky bar or nightclub, cigarette smoke, neon lights • costumes — snapbrimmed hat pulled down, dark trenchcoat — cheap satin dresses • perfume • sounds of cars speeding away, gunshots

Trouble Is My Business*

1

ANNA HALSEY was about two hundred and forty pounds of middle-aged puttyfaced woman in a black tailor-made suit. Her eyes were shiny black shoe buttons, her cheeks were as soft as suet and about the same color. She was sitting behind a black glass desk that looked like Napoleon's tomb and she was smoking a cigarette in a black holder that was not quite as long as a rolled umbrella. She said: "I need a man."

I watched her shake ash from the cigarette to the shiny top of the desk where flakes of it curled and crawled in the draft from an open window.

"I need a man good-looking enough to pick up a dame who has a sense of class, but he's got to be tough enough to swap punches with a power shovel. I need a guy who can act like a bar lizard and backchat like Fred Allen, only better, and get hit on the head with a beer truck and think some cutie in the leg-line topped him with a breadstick."

"It's a cinch," I said. "You need the New York Yankees, Robert Donat, and the Yacht Club Boys."

"You might do," Anna said, "cleaned up a little. Twenty bucks a day and ex's. I haven't brokered a job in years, but this one is out of my line. I'm in the smooth angles of the detecting business and I make money without getting my can knocked off. Let's see how Gladys likes you."

She reversed the cigarette holder and tipped a key on a large black-and-chromium annunciator box. "Come in and empty Anna's ash tray, honey."

We waited.

The door opened and a tall blonde dressed better than the Duchess of Wig strolled in. She swayed elegantly

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across the room, emptied Anna's ash tray, patted her cheek, gave me a smooth rippling glance and went out again.

"I think she blushed," Anna said when the door closed. "I guess you still have it."

"She blushed—and I have a dinner date with Darryl Zanuck," I said. "Quit horsing around. What's the story?"

"It's to smear a girl. A red-headed number with bedroom eyes. She's shill for a gambler and she's got her hooks into a rich man's pup."

"What do I do to her?"

Anna sighed. "It's kind of a mean job, Philip, I guess. If she's got a record of any sort, you dig it up and toss it in her face. If she hasn't, which is more likely as she comes from good people, it's kind of up to you. You get an idea once in a while, don't you?"

"I can't remember the last one I had. What gambler and what rich man?"

"Marty Estel."

I started to get up from my chair, then remembered that business had been bad for a month and that I needed the money.

I sat down again.

"You might get into trouble, of course," Anna said. "I never heard of Marty bumping anybody off in the public square at high noon, but he don't play with cigar coupons.

"Trouble is my business," I said. "Twenty-five a day and a guarantee of two-fifty, if I pull the job."

"I gotta make a little something for myself," Anna whined.

"Okay. There's plenty of coolie labor around town. Nice to have seen you looking so well, So long, Anna."

I stood up this time. My life wasn't worth much, but it was worth that much. Marty Estel was supposed to be pretty tough people, with the right helpers and the right protection behind him. His place was out in West Hollywood, on the Strip. He wouldn't pull anything crude, but if he pulled at all, something would POP.

“Sit down, it’s a deal,” Anna sneered. “I’m a poor old broken-down woman trying to run a high-class detective agency on nothing but fat and bad health, so take my last nickel and laugh at me.”

“Who’s the girl?” I had sat down again.

“Her name is Harriet Huntress—a swell name for the part too. She lives in the El Milano, nineteen-hundred block on North Sycamore, very high-class. Father went broke back in thirty-one and jumped out of his office window. Mother dead. Kid sister in boarding school back in Connecticut. That might make an angle.”

“Who dug up all this?”

“The client got a bunch of photostats of notes the pup had given to Marty. Fifty grand worth. The pup—he’s an adopted son to the old man—denied the notes, as kids will. So the client had the photostats experted by a guy named Arbogast, who pretends to be good at that sort of thing. He said okay and dug round a bit, but he’s too fat to do legwork, like me, and he’s off the case now.”

“But I could talk to him?”

“I don’t know why not.” Anna nodded several of her chins.

“This client—does he have a name?”

“Son, you have a treat coming. You can meet him in person—right now.”

She tipped the key of her call box again. “Have Mr. Jeeter come in, honey.”

“That Gladys,” I said, “does she have a steady?”

“You lay off Gladys!” Anna almost screamed at me. “She’s worth eighteen grand a year in divorce business to me. Any guy that lays a finger on her, Philip Marlowe, is practically cremated.”

“She’s got to fall some day,” I said. “Why couldn’t I catch her?”

The opening door stopped that.

I hadn’t seen him in the paneled reception room, so he must have been waiting in a private office. He hadn’t enjoyed it. He came in quickly, shut the door quickly, and yanked a thin octagonal platinum watch from his vest and glared at it. He was a tall white-blond type in

pin-stripe flannel of youthful cut. There was a small pink rosebud in his lapel. He had a keen frozen face, a little pouchy under the eyes, a little thick in the lips. He carried an ebony cane with a silver knob, wore spats and looked a smart sixty, but I gave him close to ten years more. I didn't like him.

"Twenty-six minutes, Miss Halsey," he said icily. "My time happens to be valuable. By regarding it as valuable I have managed to make a great deal of money."

"Well, we're trying to save you some of the money," Anna drawled. She didn't like him either. "Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Jeeter, but you wanted to see the operative I selected and I had to send for him."

"He doesn't look the type to me," Mr. Jeeter said, giving me a nasty glance. "I think more of a gentleman—"

"You're not the Jeeter of Tobacco Road, are you?" I asked him.

He came slowly towards me and half lifted the stick. His icy eyes tore at me like claws. "So you insult me," he said. "Me—a man in my position."

"Now wait a minute," Anna began.

"Wait a minute nothing," I said. "This party said I was not a gentleman. Maybe that's okay for a man in his position, whatever it is—but a man in my position doesn't take a dirty crack from anybody. He can't afford to. Unless, of course, it wasn't intended."

Mr. Jeeter stiffened and glared at me. He took his watch out again and I looked at it. "Twenty-eight minutes," he said. "I apologize, young man. I had no desire to be rude."

"That's swell," I said. "I knew you weren't the Jeeter in Tobacco Road all along."

That almost started him again, but he let it go. He wasn't sure how I meant it.

"A question or two while we are together," I said. "Are you willing to give this Huntress girl a little money—for expenses?"

"Not one cent," he barked. "Why should I?"

“It’s got to be a sort of custom. Suppose she married him. What would he have?”

“At the moment a thousand dollars a month from a trust fund established by his mother, my late wife.” He dipped his head. “When he is twenty-eight years old, far too much money.”

“You can’t blame the girl for trying,” I said. “Not these days. How about Marty Estel? Any settlements there?”

He crumpled his gray gloves with a purple-veined hand. “The debt is uncollectible. It is a gambling debt.”

Anna sighed wearily and flicked ash around on her desk.

“Sure,” I said. “But gamblers can’t afford to let people welsh on them. After all, if your son had won, Marty would have paid him.”

“I’m not interested in that,” the tall thin man said coldly.

“Yeah, but think of Marty sitting there with fifty grand in notes. Not worth a nickel. How will he sleep nights?”

Mr. Jeeter looked thoughtful. “You mean there is danger of violence?” he suggested, almost suavely.

“That’s hard to say. He runs an exclusive place, gets a good movie crowd. He has his own reputation to think of. But he’s in a racket and he knows people. Things can happen—a long way off from where Marty is. And Marty is no bathmat. He gets up and walks.”

Mr. Jeeter looked at his watch again and it annoyed him. He slammed it back into his vest. “All that is your affair,” he snapped. “The district attorney is a personal friend of mine. If this matter seems to be beyond your powers—”

“Yeah,” I told him. “But you came slumming down our street just the same. Even if the D.A. is in your vest pocket—along with that watch.”

He put his hat on, drew on one glove, tapped the edge of his shoe with his stick, walked to the door and opened it.

“I ask results and I pay for them,” he said coldly. “I pay promptly. I even pay generously sometimes,

although I am not considered a generous man. I think we all understand one another.”

He almost winked then and went on out. The door closed softly against the cushion of air in the door-closer. I looked at Anna and grinned.

“Sweet, isn’t he?” she said. “I’d like eight of him for my cocktail set.”

I gouged twenty dollars out of her—for expenses.

The Arbogast I wanted was John D. Arbogast and he had an office on Sunset near Ivar. I called him up from a phone booth. The voice that answered was fat. I wheezed softly, like the voice of a man who had just won a pie-eating contest.

“Mr. John D. Arbogast?”

“Yeah.”

“This is Philip Marlowe, a private detective working on a case you did some experting on. Party named Jeeter.”

“Yeah?”

“Can I come up and talk to you about it—after I eat lunch?”

“Yeah.” He hung up. I decided he was not a talkative man.

I had lunch and drove out there. It was east of Ivar, an old two-story building faced with brick which had been painted recently. The street floor was stores and a restaurant. The building entrance was the foot of a wide straight stairway to the second floor. On the directory at the bottom I read: John D. Arbogast, Suite 212. I went up the stairs and found myself in a wide straight hall that ran parallel with the street. A man in a smock was standing in an open doorway down to my right. He wore a round mirror strapped to his forehead and pushed back, and his face had a puzzled expression. He went back to his office and shut the door.

I went the other way, about half the distance along the hall. A door on the side away from Sunset was lettered:

JOHN D. ARBOGAST,
EXAMINER OF QUESTIONED DOCUMENTS
PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR
ENTER

The door opened without resistance onto a small windowless anteroom with a couple of easy chairs, some magazines, two chromium smoking stands. There were two floor lamps and a ceiling fixture, all lighted. A door

on the other side of the cheap but thick and new rug was lettered:

JOHN D. ARBOGAST,
EXAMINER OF QUESTIONED DOCUMENTS
PRIVATE

A buzzer had rung when I opened the outer door and gone on ringing until it closed. Nothing happened. Nobody was in the waiting room. The inner door didn't open. I went over and listened at the panel—no sound of conversation inside. I knocked. That didn't buy me anything either. I tried the knob. It turned, so I opened the door and went in.

This room had two north windows, both curtained at the sides and both shut tight. There was dust on the sills. There was a desk, two filing cases, a carpet which was just a carpet, and walls which were just walls. To the left another door with a glass panel was lettered:

JOHN D. ARBOGAST
LABORATORY
PRIVATE

I had an idea I might be able to remember the name.

The room in which I stood was small. It seemed almost too small even for the pudgy hand that rested on the edge of the desk, motionless, holding a fat pencil like a carpenter's pencil. The hand had a wrist, hairless as a plate. A buttoned shirt cuff, not too clean, came down out of a coat sleeve. The rest of the sleeve dropped over the far edge of the desk out of sight. The desk was less than six feet long, so he couldn't have been a very tall man. The hand and the ends of the sleeves were all I saw of him from where I stood. I went quietly back through the anteroom and fixed its door so that it couldn't be opened from the outside and put out the three lights and went back to the private office. I went around an end of the desk.

He was fat all right, enormously fat, fatter by far than Anna Halsey. His face, what I could see of it, looked about the size of a basketball. It had a pleasant pinkness, even now. He was kneeling on the floor. He had his large head against the sharp inner corner of the knee-hole of the desk, and his left hand was flat on the floor with a piece

of yellow paper under it. The fingers were outspread as much as such fat fingers could be, and the yellow paper showed between. He looked as if he were pushing hard on the floor, but he wasn't really. What was holding him up was his own fat. His body was folded down against his enormous thighs, and the thickness and fatness of them held him that way, kneeling, poised solid. It would have taken a couple of good blocking backs to knock him over. That wasn't a very nice idea at the moment, but I had it just the same. I took time out and wiped the back of my neck, although it was not a warm day.

His hair was gray and clipped short and his neck had as many folds as a concertina. His feet were small, as the feet of fat men often are, and they were in black shiny shoes which were sideways on the carpet and close together and neat and nasty. He wore a dark suit that needed cleaning. I leaned down and buried my fingers in the bottomless fat of his neck. He had an artery in there somewhere, probably, but I couldn't find it and he didn't need it any more anyway. Between his bloated knees on the carpet a dark stain had spread and spread.

I knelt in another place and lifted the pudgy fingers that were holding down the piece of yellow paper. They were cool, but not cold, and soft and a little sticky. The paper was from a scratch pad. It would have been very nice if it had had a message on it, but it hadn't. There were vague meaningless marks, not words, not even letters. He had tried to write something after he was shot—perhaps even thought he *was* writing something—but all he managed was some hen scratches.

He had slumped down then, still holding the paper, pinned it to the floor with his fat hand, held on to the fat pencil with his other hand, wedged his torso against his huge thighs, and so died. John D. Arbogast, Examiner of Questioned Documents. Private. Very damned private. He had said “yeah” to me three times over the phone.

And here he was.

I wiped doorknobs with my handkerchief, put off the lights in the anteroom, left the outer door so that it was locked from the outside, left the hallway, left the building and left the neighborhood. So far as I could tell nobody saw me go. So far as I could tell.

3

The El Milano was, as Anna had told me, in the I900 block on North Sycamore. It was most of the block. I parked fairly near the ornamental forecourt and went along to the pale blue neon sign over the entrance to the basement garage. I walked down a railed ramp into a bright space of glistening cars and cold air. A trim light-colored Negro in a spotless coverall suit with blue cuffs came out of a glass office. His black hair was as smooth as a bandleader's.

"Busy?" I asked him.

"Yes and no, sir."

"I've got a car outside that needs a dusting. About five bucks worth of dusting."

It didn't work. He wasn't the type. His chestnut eyes became thoughtful and remote. "That is a good deal of dusting, sir. May I ask if anything else would be included?"

"A little. Is Miss Harriet Huntress' car in?"

He looked. I saw him look along the glistening row at a canary-yellow convertible which was about as inconspicuous as a privy on the front lawn.

"Yes, sir. It is in."

"I'd like her apartment number and a way to get up there without going through the lobby. I'm a private detective." I showed him a buzzer. He looked at the buzzer. It failed to amuse him.

He smiled the faintest smile I ever saw. "Five dollars is nice money, sir, to a working man. It falls a little short of being nice enough to make me risk my position. About from here to Chicago short, sir. I suggest that you save your five dollars, sir, and try the customary mode of entry."

"You're quite a guy," I said. "What are you going to be when you grow up—a five-foot shelf?"

"I am already grown up, sir. I am thirty-four years old, married happily, and have two children. Good afternoon, sir."

He turned on his heel. "Well, goodbye," I said. "And pardon my whiskey breath. I just got in from Butte."

I went back up along the ramp and wandered along the street to where I should have gone in the first place. I might have known that five bucks and a buzzer wouldn't buy me anything in a place like the El Milano.

The Negro was probably telephoning the office right now.

The building was a huge white stucco affair, Moorish in style, with great fretted lanterns in the forecourt and huge date palms. The entrance was at the inside corner of an L, up marble steps, through an arch framed in California or dishpan mosaic.

A doorman opened the door for me and I went in. The lobby was not quite as big as the Yankee Stadium. It was floored with a pale blue carpet with sponge rubber underneath. It was so soft it made me want to lie down and roll. I waded over to the desk and put an elbow on it and was stared at by a pale thin clerk with one of those mustaches that get stuck under your fingernail. He toyed with it and looked past my shoulder at an Ali Baba oil jar big enough to keep a tiger in.

"Miss Huntress in?"

"Who shall I announce?"

"Mr. Marty Estel."

That didn't take any better than my play in the garage. He leaned on something with his left foot. A blue-and-gilt door opened at the end of the desk and a large sandy-haired man with cigar ash on his vest came out and leaned absently on the end of the desk and stared at the Ali Baba oil jar, as if trying to make up his mind whether it was a spittoon.

The clerk raised his voice. "You are Mr. Marty Estel?"

"From him."

"Isn't that a little different? And what is your name, sir, if one may ask?"

"One may ask," I said. "One may not be told. Such are my orders. Sorry to be stubborn and all that rot."

He didn't like my manner. He didn't like anything about me. "I'm afraid I can't announce you," he said coldly. "Mr. Hawkins, might I have your advice on a matter?"

The sandy-haired man took his eyes off the oil jar and slid along the desk until he was within blackjack range of me.

“Yes, Mr. Gregory?” He yawned.

“Nuts to both of you,” I said. “And that includes your lady friends.”

Hawkins grinned. “Come into my office, bo. We’ll kind of see if we can get you straightened out.”

I followed him into the doghole he had come out of. It was large enough for a pint-sized desk, two chairs, a knee-high cuspidor, and an open box of cigars. He placed his rear end against the desk and grinned at me sociably.

“Didn’t play it very smooth, did you, bo? I’m the house man here. Spill it.”

“Some days I feel like playing smooth,” I said, “and some days I feel like playing it like a waffle iron.” I got my wallet out and showed him the buzzer and the small photostat of my license behind a celluloid window.

“One of the boys, huh?” He nodded. “You ought to of asked for me in the first place.”

“Sure. Only I never heard of you. I want to see this Huntress frail. She doesn’t know me, but I have business with her, and it’s not noisy business.”

He made a yard and a half sideways and cocked his cigar in the other corner of his mouth. He looked at my right eyebrow. “What’s the gag? Why try to apple polish the dinghe downstairs? You gettin’ any expense money?”

“Could be.”

“I’m nice people,” he said. “But I gotta protect the guests.”

“You’re almost out of cigars,” I said, looking at the ninety or so in the box. I lifted a couple, smelled them, tucked a folded ten-dollar bill below them and put them back.

“That’s cute,” he said. “You and me could get along. What you want done?”

“Tell her I’m from Marty Estel. She’ll see me.”

“It’s the job if I get a kickback.”

“You won’t. I’ve got important people behind me.”

I started to reach for my ten, but he pushed my hand away. “I’ll take a chance,” he said. He reached for his phone and asked for suite 814 and began to hum. His humming sounded like a cow being sick. He leaned forward suddenly and his face became a honeyed smile. His voice dripped.

“Miss Huntress? This is Hawkins, the house man. Hawkins. Yeah . . . Hawkins. Sure, you meet a lot of people, Miss Huntress. Say, there’s a gentleman in my office wanting to see you with a message from Mr. Estel. We can’t let him up without your say so, because he don’t want to give us no name . . . Yeah, Hawkins, the house detective, Miss Huntress. Yeah, he says you don’t know him personal, but he looks okay to me . . . Okay. Thanks a lot, Miss Huntress. Serve him right up.”

He put the phone down and patted it gently.

“All you needed was some background music,” I said.

“You can ride up,” he said dreamily. He reached absently into his cigar box and removed the folded bill. “A darb,” he said softly. “Every time I think of that dame I have to go out and walk around the block. Let’s go.”

We went out to the lobby again and Hawkins took me to the elevator and highsigned me in.

As the elevator doors closed I saw him on his way to the entrance, probably for his walk around the block.

The elevator had a carpeted floor and mirrors and indirect lighting. It rose as softly as the mercury in a thermometer. The doors whispered open, I wandered over the moss they used for a hall carpet and came to a door marked 814. I pushed a little button beside it, chimes rang inside and the door opened.

She wore a street dress of pale green wool and a small cockeyed hat that hung on her ear like a butterfly. Her eyes were wide-set and there was thinking room between them. Their color was lapis-lazuli blue and the color of her hair was dusky red, like a fire under control but still dangerous. She was too tall to be cute. She wore plenty of make-up in the right places and the cigarette she was poking at me had a built-on mouthpiece about three inches long. She didn’t look hard, but she looked as if

she had heard all the answers and remembered the ones she thought she might be able to use sometime.

She looked me over coolly. “Well what’s the message, brown eyes?”

“I’d have to come in,” I said. “I never could talk on my feet.”

She laughed disinterestedly and I slid past the end of her cigarette into a long rather narrow room with plenty of nice furniture, plenty of windows, plenty of drapes, plenty of everything. A fire blazed behind a screen, a big log on top of a gas teaser. There was a silk Oriental rug in front of a nice rose davenport in front of the nice fire, and beside that there was Scotch and swish on a tabouret, ice in a bucket, everything to make a man feel at home.

“You’d better have a drink,” she said. “You probably can’t talk without a glass in your hand.”

I sat down and reached for the Scotch. The girl sat in a deep chair and crossed her knees. I thought of Hawkins walking around the block. I could see a little something in his point of view.

“So you’re from Marty Estel,” she said, refusing a drink.

“Never met him.”

“I had an idea to that effect. What’s the racket, bum? Marty will love to hear how you used his name.”

“I’m shaking in my shoes. What made you let me up?”

“Curiosity. I’ve been expecting lads like you any day. I never dodge trouble. Some kind of a dick, aren’t you?”

I lit a cigarette and nodded. “Private. I have a little deal to propose.”

“Propose it.” She yawned.

“How much will you take to lay off young Jeeter?”

She yawned again. “You interest me—so little I could hardly tell you.”

“Don’t scare me to death. Honest, how much are you asking? Or is that an insult?”

She smiled. She had a nice smile. She had lovely teeth. “I’m a big girl now,” she said. “I don’t have to ask. They bring it to me, tied up with ribbon.”

“The old man’s a little tough. They say he draws a lot of water.”

“Water doesn’t cost much.”

I nodded and drank some more of my drink. It was good Scotch. In fact it was perfect. “His idea is you get nothing. You get smeared. You get put in the middle. I can’t see it that way.”

“But you’re working for him.”

“Sounds funny, doesn’t it? There’s probably a smart way to play this, but I just can’t think of it at the moment. How much would you take—or would you?”

“How about fifty grand?”

“Fifty grand for you and another fifty for Marty?”

She laughed. “Now, you ought to know Marty wouldn’t like me to mix in his business. I was just thinking of my end.”

She crossed her legs the other way. I put another lump of ice in my drink.

“I was thinking of five hundred,” I said.

“Five hundred what?” She looked puzzled.

“Dollars—not Rolls-Royces.”

She laughed heartily. “You amuse me. I ought to tell you to go to hell, but I like brown eyes. Warm brown eyes with flecks of gold in them.”

“You’re throwing it away. I don’t have a nickel.”

She smiled and fitted a fresh cigarette between her lips. I went over to light it for her. Her eyes came up and looked into mine. Hers had sparks in them.

“Maybe I have a nickel already,” she said softly.

“Maybe that’s why he hired the fat boy—so you couldn’t make him dance.” I sat down again.

“Who hired what fat boy?”

“Old Jeeter hired a fat boy named Arbogast. He was on the case before me. Didn’t you know? He got bumped off this afternoon.”

I said it quite casually for the shock effect, but she didn’t move. The provocative smile didn’t leave the comers of her lips. Her eyes didn’t change. She made a dim sound with her breath.

“Does it have to have something to do with me?” she asked quietly.

“I don’t know. I don’t know who murdered him. It was done in his office, around noon or a little later. It may not have anything to do with the Jeeter case. But it happened pretty fast—just after I had been put on the job and before I got a chance to talk to him.”

She nodded. “I see. And you think Marty does things like that. And of course you told the police?”

“Of course I did not.”

“You’re giving away a little weight there, brother.”

“Yeah. But let’s get together on a price and it had better be low because whatever the cops do to me they’ll do plenty to Marty Estel and you when they get the story—if they get it.”

“A little spot of blackmail,” the girl said coolly. “I think I might call it that. Don’t go too far with me, brown eyes. By the way, do I know your name?”

“Philip Marlowe.”

“Then listen, Philip. I was in the Social Register once. My family were nice people. Old Man Jeeter ruined my father—all proper and legitimate, the way that kind of heel ruins people—but he ruined him, and my father committed suicide, and my mother died and I’ve got a kid sister back east in school and perhaps I’m not too damn particular how I get the money to take care of her. And maybe I’m going to take care of old Jeeter one of these days, too—even if I have to marry his son to do it.”

“Stepson, adopted son,” I said. “No relation at all.”

“It’ll hurt him just as hard, brother. And the boy will have plenty of the long green in a couple of years. I could do worse—even if he does drink too much.”

“You wouldn’t say that in front of him, lady.”

“No? Take a look behind you, gumshoes. You ought to have the wax taken out of your ears.”

I stood up and turned fast. He stood about four feet from me. He had come out of some door and sneaked across the carpet and I had been too busy being clever with nothing on the ball to hear him. He was big, blond, dressed in a rough sporty suit, with a scarf and open-neck shirt. He was red-faced and his eyes glittered and

they were not focusing any too well. He was a bit drunk for that early in the day.

“Beat it while you can still walk,” he sneered at me. “I heard it. Harry can say anything she likes about me. I like it. Dangle, before I knock your teeth down your throat!”

The girl laughed behind me. I didn’t like that. I took a step towards the big blond boy. His eyes blinked. Big as he was, he was a pushover.

“Ruin him, baby,” the girl said coldly behind my back. “I love to see these hard numbers bend at the knees.”

I looked back at her with a leer. That was a mistake. He was wild, probably, but he could still hit a wall that didn’t jump. He hit me while I was looking back over my shoulder. It hurts to be hit that way. He hit me plenty hard, on the back end of the jawbone.

I went over sideways, tried to spread my legs, and slid on the silk rug. I did a nose dive somewhere or other and my head was not as hard as the piece of furniture it smashed into.

For a brief blurred moment I saw his red face sneering down at me in triumph. I think I was a little sorry for him—even then.

Darkness folded down and I went out.

Notes



Dick Tracy Jumbled Panels*

DICK TRACY

CHESTER SQUID

I'M EXPECTING A CALL FROM SAM CATCHEM ANY MINUTE, CHIEF.

I RESENT THAT REMARK! I JUST WANT A COUPLE OF MEN TO HANDLE MY BUSINESS AFFAIRS, AND NOW THAT BIG FROST'S GONE I THOUGHT THEY'D LIKE THE JOB.

HEY! THAT'S HER VOICE! HOW—

"SURE," SAYS SAM CATCHEM, "LISTEN!"

I'M ON THE LEVEL NOW. I'VE CHANGED A LOT SINCE I LEFT BOSTON.

HA! THAT'S A LAUGH! C'MON, SLEET, WHAT'S YOUR GAME?

YEAH? HAND ME THAT CIGARET LIGHTER, PLEASE.

CERTAINLY!

YOU LIKE MY LITTLE SET-UP HERE, EH? COME LET'S SIT AT MY PRIVATE TABLE, SLEET.

I'VE COME ON BUSINESS, JOHNNY. I MUST TALK WITH YOU.

YOU SEE, SLEET OFFERED TO HELP US LOCATE THE REST OF BIG FROST'S GANG, BUT I DON'T TRUST HER. I'M WAITING— NOW FOR SAM—

LISTEN! IT'S NOT LIKE YOU TO GO OUT LOOKING FOR A COUPLE OF COMMON TORPEDOES! WHO ARE YOU PLAYING STOOL PIGEON FOR NOW?

THIS IS SAM CATCHEM. YEAH, I TAILED HER TO THE "GLASS STEM". SHE'S IN THERE NOW. I'M IN A CIGAR STORE ACROSS THE STREET.

AS SLEET TOUCHES THE "FAKE" LIGHTER, IT CAUSES AN ELECTRICAL CONTACT. THE TABLE AND A PORTION OF THE FLOOR DROP—

I TOLD HER TO STRAP IT TO HER LEG. THEN IF SHE GOT IN A TIGHT OR DANGEROUS SPOT, TO TURN ON THE SWITCH.

YOU ARE ALWAYS ON BUSINESS. DON'T YOU EVER—

I'M LOOKING FOR 2 MEN— MEN WHO USED TO WORK FOR BIG FROST.

HOW IS THAT GIRL'S VOICE GETTING OUT TO US, SAM?

WELL, YOU SEE I TOOK THE 2-WAY WRIST RADIO YOU ISSUED TO ME, AND—

I'LL GET IN A CAB AND PICK YOU UP AT 3RD AND BOLDEN. WE WANT TO NAB HER WHEN SHE COMES OUT, AND SEE WHAT PROGRESS SHE'S MADE.

Fig. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright, 1945 by The Chicago Tribune.

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Eyes That Never Meet*

One

Marla Van Dorn owned a condo in one of those bay-windowed brownstones on Commonwealth Avenue. The living room had a third-floor view of the Dutch-elméd mall as it runs eastward through Back Bay to Boston's Public Garden. The view westward tends toward the bars and pizza joints of Kenmore Square and derelicts on public benches, so most people with bay windows look eastward for their views. As I was.

Behind me, Van Dorn said, "When the leaves are off the trees, you can see straight across Commonwealth to the buildings on the other side. Even into the rooms, at night with the lights on."

I nodded. Ordinarily, I meet clients in my office downtown, the one with JOHN FRANCIS CUDDY, CONFIDENTIAL INVESTIGATIONS stenciled in black on a pebbled-glass door. But I live in Van Dorn's neighborhood, so stopping on the way home from work at her place, at her request, wasn't exactly a sacrifice.

She said, "It might be helpful if we sat and talked for a while first, then I can show you some things."

I turned and looked at her. Early thirties, Cosmo cover girl gone straight into a high-rise investment house. Her head was canted to the right. The hair was strawberry blond and drawn back in a bun that accented the cords in her long neck. The eyes were green and slightly almond-shaped, giving her an exotic, almost oriental look. The lipstick she wore picked up a minor color in the print blouse that I guessed was appropriate business attire in the dog days of July. Her skirt was pleated and looked to be the mate to a jacket that I didn't see tossed or folded on the burlappy, sectional furniture in the living room. The skirt ended two inches above the

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knee while she was standing and six inches farther north as she took a seat across a glass and brass coffee table from me. Van Dorn made a ballet of it.

The head canted to the left. "Shall I call you 'John' or 'Mr. Cuddy?'"

"Your dime, your choice."

The tip of her tongue came out between the lips, then back in, like it was testing the wind for something. "John, then. Tell me, John, do you find me attractive?"

"Ms. Van—"

"Please, just answer the question."

I gave it a beat. "I think you're attractive."

"Meaning, you find me attractive?"

"Meaning based on your face and your body, you'd get admiring glances and more from most of the men in this town."

"But not from you."

"Not for long."

"Why?"

"You're too aware of yourself. The way you move your head and the rest of you. I'd get tired of that and probably tired of trying to keep up with it."

Her lips thinned out. "You're a blunt son of a bitch, aren't you?"

"If you don't like my answers, maybe you shouldn't ask me questions."

A more appraising look this time. "No. No, on the contrary. I think you're just what I need."

"For what?"

"I'm being . . . I guess the vogue-ish expression is 'stalked.'"

"There's a law against that now. If you go to—"

"I can't go to the police on this."

"Why not?"

"Because a policeman may be the one stalking me."

Uh-oh. "Ms. Van Dorn—"

“Perhaps it would be easier if I simply summarized what’s happened.”

She didn’t phrase it as a question.

I sat back, taking out a pad and pen, show her I was serious before probably turning her down. “Go ahead.”

She settled her shoulders and resettled her hands in her lap. “I was burglarized two months ago, the middle of May. I came home from work to find my back window here, the one on the alley, broken. I’ve since had security bars installed, so that can’t happen again. Whoever it was didn’t take much, but I reported it to the police, and they sent a pair of detectives out to take my statement. One of them . . . He called me on a pretext, about checking a fact in my statement, and he . . . asked me to go out with him.”

Van Dorn stopped. I said, “Did you?”

“Did I what?”

“Go out with him?”

“No. He was . . . unsuitable.”

“Did you hear from him again?”

“Yes. I’m afraid I wasn’t quite clear enough the first time I turned him down. Some of them just don’t get it. The second time, I assure you he did.”

“What’d you tell him?”

“I told him I don’t date black men.”

I looked at her, then said, “His name?”

“Evers, Roland Evers. But he told me I could call him ‘Rollie.’”

“Then what happened?”

“Nothing for a week. I travel a good deal in my job, perhaps ten days a month. When I’d get back from a trip, there would be . . . items waiting for me, downstairs.”

When I came into her building, there had been a double set of locked doors with a small foyer between them and a larger lobby beyond the inner door. “What do you mean by ‘downstairs’?”

“In the space between the doors, as though somebody had gotten buzzed in and just dropped off a package.”

“Buzzed in by one of your neighbors, you mean?”

“Yes. The buzzer can get you past the outer door to the street but not the second one.”

“What kind of package?”

“Simple plain-brown-wrappers, no box or anything with a name on it.”

“What was in the packages?”

“Items of women’s . . . The first one was a bra, the second one panties, the third . . .” Van Dorn’s right hand went from her lap to her hair, and she looked away from me. “The bra was a peekaboo, the panties crotchless, the third item was a . . . battery operated device.”

I used my imagination. “Escalation.”

“That’s what I’m afraid. . . . That’s the way it appears to me as well.”

“You said the burglar didn’t take much.”

Van Dorn came back to me. “Excuse me?”

“Before, when you told me about the break-in, you said not much was taken.”

“Oh. Oh, yes. That’s right.”

“Exactly what did you lose?”

“A CD player, a Walkman. Camera. They left the TV and VCR, thank God. More trouble hooking them up than replacing them.”

“No items of . . . women’s clothing, though.”

“Oh, I see what . . .” A blush. “No, none of my . . . things. At first I assumed the burglary wasn’t related to all this, beyond bringing this Evers man into my life. But now, well, I’m not so sure anymore.”

“Meaning he might have pulled the burglary hoping he’d get assigned to the case and then have an excuse for meeting with you?”

Van Dorn didn’t like the skepticism. “Farfetched, I grant you, but let me tell you something, John. You’ve no doubt heard burglary compared to violation. Violation of privacy, of one’s sense of security.”

“Yes.”

“Well, let me tell you. Living in this part of the city, being such a target for the scum that live off drugs and need the money to buy them and get that money by stealing, I’ve come to expect burglary. It’s something you build in, account for in the aggravations of life, like somebody vandalizing your Beemer for the Blaupunkt.”

Beemer. “I see what you mean.”

“I hope you do. Because this man, whoever it is, who’s leaving these . . . items, is grating on me a lot more than a burglary would. Than my own burglary did. It’s ruining my peace of mind, my sense of control over my own life.”

“You just said, ‘whoever it is.’”

“I did.”

“Does that mean it might not be Evers?”

“There’s someone else who’s been . . . disappointed in his advances toward me.”

“And who is that?”

“Lawrence Fadiman.”

“Can you spell it?”

“F-A-D-I-M-A-N. ‘Lawrence’ with a ‘W,’ not a ‘U.’” Van Dorn opened a folder on the coffee table and took out a photo. A nail the color of her lipstick tapped on a face among three others, one of them hers. “That’s Larry.”

Thirtyish, tortoiseshell glasses, that hairstyle that sweeps back from the forehead in clots like the guys in Ralph Lauren clothes ads. The other two people in the shot were older men, everybody in business suits. “How did you come to meet him?”

“We work together at Tower Investments.”

“For how long?”

“I started there three years ago, Larry about six months later.”

“What happened?”

“We were on a business trip together. To Cleveland of all places, though a lot of people don’t know what that city is famous for in an investment sense.”

“It has the highest number of Fortune 500 headquarters outside New York?”

Van Dorn gave me the appraising look again. “Very good, John.”

“Not exactly a secret. What happened in Cleveland?”

“A few too many drinks and ‘accidental’ brushings against me. I told him I wasn’t interested.”

“Did that stop him?”

“From the unwanted physical contact, yes. But he’s made some other . . . suggestions from time to time.”

“And that makes him a candidate.”

“For the items, yes.”

“You talk with Fadiman or his superior about sexual harassment?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

Van Dorn got steely. “First, Larry and I are peers. I’m not his subordinate, not in the hierarchy and not in talent, either. However, if I can’t be seen to handle his . . . suggestions without running to a father figure in the firm, there would be some question about my capability to handle other things—client matters.”

“Your judgment. Evers and Fadiman. That it?”

“No.”

“Who else?”

“A bum.”

“A bum?”

“A homeless man. A beggar. What do you call them?”

I just looked at her again. “‘Homeless’ will do.”

Van Dorn said, “He’s always around the neighborhood. He stinks and he leers and he whistles at me when I walk by, even across the street when I’m coming from the Copley station.”

The subway stop around the corner. “Anything else?”

“He says things like ‘Hey, lovely lady, you sure look nice today,’ or ‘Hey, honey, your legs look great in those heels.’”

She'd lowered her voice and scrunched up her face imitating him. In many ways, Van Dorn was one of those women who got less attractive the more you talked with them.

I said, "Any obscenities?"

"No."

"Unwanted physical contact?"

Van Dorn looked at me, trying to gauge whether I was making fun of the expression she'd used. She decided I wasn't. "Not yet."

"You have a name for this guy?"

"You can't be serious?"

"How about a description?"

"Easier to show you."

She stood, again making a production of it, and swayed past me to the bay window. "Over here." I got up, moved next to her. Van Dorn pointed to a bench on the mall with two men on it. "Him."

One wore a baseball cap, the other was bareheaded. "Which one?"

"The one closer to us."

"With the cap on."

"Yes."

"Does he always wear that cap?"

"No."

"You're sure that he's the one?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it's kind of hard to see his face under the cap."

Van Dorn looked at me as though I were remarkably dense. "I couldn't describe his face if I tried. I mean, you don't really look at them, do you? It's like . . . it's like the eyes that never meet."

"I don't get you."

"It was an exhibit, a wonderful one from Greece at the Met in New York the last time I was there. There were a dozen or so funeral stones from the classical period, 'stelae' I think is the plural for it. In any case,

they'll show a husband and wife in bas relief, her sitting, giving some symbolic wave, him standing in front of her, sort of sadly? The idea is that she's died and is waving goodbye, but since she's dead, the eyes—the husband's and the wife's—never meet.”

I thought of a hillside in South Boston, a gravestone that had my wife's maiden and married names carved into it. “And?”

“And it's like that with the homeless, don't you find? You're aware of them, you know roughly what they look like—and certainly this one's voice—but you never look into their faces. Your eyes never meet theirs.”

It bothered me that Van Dorn was right. “So, you think the guy in the cap might be leaving these items for you?”

“He's around all the time, seeing me get into cabs with a garment bag. God knows these bums don't do anything, they have all the time in the world to sit on their benches, planning things.”

“The items . . . the pieces of underwear in the packages, were they new?”

“Well, I didn't examine them carefully, of course. I threw them away.”

“But were they new or old?”

“They seemed new.”

“And the device.”

The blush again. “The same.”

“Where would a homeless man get the money to buy those things new?”

“Where? Begging for it, stealing for it. For all I know, he's the one who broke into this place. Fence the CD and such for whatever money he needed.”

I looked down at the guy in the cap. He didn't look like he was going anywhere for a while. “Anybody else?”

“Who could be leaving the packages, you mean?”

“Yes.”

“No.”

“How about a neighbor?”

“No.”

“Jilted boyfriend?”

“John, I haven’t had a boyfriend in a long time.”

She looked at me, catlike. “I do have some very good menfriends from time to time, but one has to be so much more careful these days.”

I nodded and changed the subject. “What exactly is it that you want me to do, Ms. Van Dorn?”

She swayed back to the couch, rolling her shoulders a little, as though they were stiff. “What I want you to do is pay all these men a visit, rattle their cages a little. Let them know that I’ve hired you and therefore that I treat this as a very serious issue.”

I waited for her to sit again. “It’s not very likely one of them’s going to break down and confess to me.”

“I don’t care about that. Frankly, I don’t even care who it is, who’s been doing these things. I just want it to stop because I made it stop through hiring you.”

Through her getting back in control. “I can talk to them. I can’t guarantee results.”

A smile, even more like a cat now. “I realize that. But somehow I think you achieve results, of all different kinds, once you put your mind to it.”

I folded up my pad.

Van Dorn let me see the tip of the tongue again. “You may regret not finding me attractive, John.”

“Our mutual loss.”

The tongue disappeared, rather quickly.

Two

I left Marla Van Dorn’s building through the front doors, holding open the outer one for a nicely dressed man carrying two Star Market bags and fumbling to find his keys. He thanked me profusely, and I watched to be sure he had a key to open the inner door, which he did. Most natural thing in the world, holding a door open for someone, especially so they could just drop off a package safely for someone in the building.

Before crossing to the mall, I walked around the corner to the mouth of the alley behind Van Dorn's block, the side street probably being the one she'd use walking from the subway station. The alley itself was narrow and typical, cars squeezed into every square inch of pavement behind the buildings in a city where parking was your worst nightmare. I moved down the alley, a hot breeze on my face, counting back doors until I got to the one I thought would be Van Dorn's. There were bars across a back window on the third floor, but a fire escape that accessed it. Before the bars, nobody would have needed anything special to get up and in there, just hop on a parked car and catch the first rung of the escape like a stationary trapeze.

I walked the length of the alley and came out on the next side street, turning right and taking that back to Commonwealth. I crossed over to the mall and started walking down the macadam path that stretched like a center seam on the eighty-foot-wide strip of grass and trees. And benches.

The way I was approaching them, the guy in the baseball cap was farther from me than the other man, who looked brittle old and seemed asleep. The guy in the cap was sitting with his legs straight out, ankles crossed, arms lazing over the back of the bench. He wore blue jeans so dirty they were nearly black, with old running shoes that could have been any color and a chamois shirt with tears through the elbow. He was unshaven but not yet bearded, and the eyes under the bill of the cap picked me up before I gave any indication I was interested in talking to him.

The guy in the cap said, "Now who might you be?"

"John Cuddy." I showed him my ID folder.

"Private eye. Didn't think you looked quite 'cop.'"

"You've had some experience with them."

"Some. Mostly Uncle Sugar's, though."

The eyes. I'd seen eyes like that when I strayed out of Saigon or they came into it. "What's your name?"

"Take your pick, John Cuddy, seeing as how I don't have no fancy identification to prove it to you."

I said, "What outfit, then?"

The shoulders lifted a little. "Eighty-second. You?"

"Uncle Sugar's cops."

The cap tilted back. "MP?"

"For a while."

"In-country?"

"Part of the while."

He gestured with the hand closest to me. "Plenty of bench. Set a spell."

"I won't be here that long."

The hand went back to where it had been. "Why you here at all?"

"A woman's asked me to speak to you about something that's bothering her."

"And what would that be?"

"You."

A smile, two teeth missing on the right side of the upper jaw, the others yellowed and crooked. "Miss Best of Breed?"

"Probably."

"Saw you going into her front door over there."

"You keep pretty good tabs on the building?"

"Passes the time."

"You seen anybody leaving things in the foyer?"

"The foyer? You mean inside the door there?"

"That's what I mean."

"Sure. United Parcel, Federal Express."

"Anybody not in a uniform and more than once?"

"This about what's bothering her?"

"Partly."

"What does 'partly' mean?"

"It means she isn't nuts about you grizzling her every time she walks by."

The cap tilted down. "I don't grizzle her."

"She doesn't like it."

“All’s I do, I tell her how good she looks, how she makes my day better.”

“She doesn’t appreciate it.”

The guy tensed. “Fine. She won’t hear it no more, then.”

“That a promise?”

The guy took off the cap. He had a deep indentation scar on his forehead, one you didn’t notice in the shadow of the bill. “Got this here from one of Charlie’s rifle butts. The slope that done it thought he’d killed me, but he learned he was mistaken, to his everlasting regret. When I was in, I found I liked hand-to-hand, picked up on it enough so’s the colonel had me be an instructor.”

“What’s your point?”

“My point, John Cuddy, is this. You come over here to deliver a message, and you done it. Fine, good day’s work. But you come back to roust me some more, and you might find you’re mistaken and regret it, just like that slope I told you about.”

“No more comments, no more whistles, no more packages.”

“I don’t know nothing about no packages. What the hell’s in them, anyways?”

“Things that bother her.”

“What, you mean like . . . scaring her?”

“You could say that.”

The head drooped, the arms coming off the back of the bench, hands between his knees, kneading the flesh around his thumbs. “That ain’t right, John Cuddy. Nossir. That ain’t right at all.”

Three

The Area D station that covers my neighborhood is on Warren Street, outside Back Bay proper. The building it’s in would remind you of every fifties black-and-white movie about police departments. Inside the main entrance, I was directed to the Detective Unit. Of eight plainclothes officers in the room, there was one Asian male, one black female, and one black male.

The black male looked to be about my size and a good stunt double for the actor Danny Glover. He was sitting behind a desk while a shorter, older white detective perched his rump on the edge of it. The black guy wore a tie and a short-sleeved dress shirt, the white guy a golf shirt and khaki pants. They were passing documents from a file back and forth, laughing about something.

I walked up to the desk, and the black detective said, "Help you?"

"Roland Evers?"

"Yeah?"

"I wonder if I could talk to you."

"Go ahead."

"In private?"

The white guy swiveled his head to me. Brown hair, clipped short, even features, the kind of priest like face you'd tell your troubles to just before he sent you away for five-to-ten. "Who's asking?"

I showed them my ID holder.

The white guy said, "Jesus, Rollie, a private eye. I'm all a-quiver."

Evers said, "Can't hardly stand it myself, Gus. Alright, Cuddy, what do you want?"

"Without your partner here might be better."

Gus looked at Evers, but Evers just watched me. "Partner stays."

Gus said, "You need to use a name, mine's Minnigan."

I decided to play it on the surface for a while. "You two respond to a B & E couple months back, condo belonging to Marla Van Dorn."

Evers blinked. "We did."

"The lady's been getting some unwelcome mail. She'd like it to stop."

Minnigan said, "We never made a collar on that, did we, Rollie?"

Evers said, very evenly, "Never did."

Minnigan looked at me. “Seems we can’t help you, Cuddy. We don’t even know who did it.”

“You spend much time trying?”

“What, to find the guy?”

“Yes.”

Minnigan shook his head. “She lost, what, a couple of tape things, am I right?”

I said, “Walkman, CD player, camera.”

“Yeah, like that. She never even wrote down the serial numbers. That always amazes me, you know? These rich people, can afford to live like kings and never keep track of that stuff.”

“Meaning no way to trace the goods.”

Evers said, “And no way to tie them to any of our likelies.”

“That’s alright. I’m not sure one of your likelies is the problem, anyway.”

Minnigan said, “I don’t get you.”

“Van Dorn’s not sure it’s the burglar who’s become her admirer.”

Evers said, “Who does she think it is?”

“She’s not sure.” I looked from Evers to Minnigan, then back to Evers and stayed with him. “That’s why I’m talking to you.”

Minnigan said, “We already told you, we can’t help you any.”

Evers said, “That’s not what Cuddy means, Gus. Is it?”

I stayed with Evers. “All she cares about is that it stops, not who’s doing it or why. Just that it stops.”

Minnigan glared at me.

Evers said, “You don’t push cops, Cuddy.”

“Is that what I’m doing?”

“You push a man, you find out he can hurt you, lots of different ways.”

“I’m licensed, Evers.”

“Licenses get revoked.”

“Not without some kind of cause, and when you stop to think about it, everybody’s licensed, one way or the other.”

Minnigan came down off the glare. “Hey, hey. What are we talking about here?”

Evers glanced at him, then back to me. “Okay, let me give you the drill. I ask the woman out one time, she says ‘no’ like she maybe means ‘maybe.’ Fine. I ask her a second time, she gives me a real direct lecture on why she thinks the races shouldn’t mix. I got the hint, you hear what I’m saying?”

I looked at both of them, Minnigan trying to look reasonable, Evers just watching me with his eyes as even as his voice.

I nodded. “Thanks for your time.”

Outside the building, I took a deep breath. Halfway down the block, I heard Gus Minnigan’s voice say, “Hey, Cuddy, wait up a minute.”

I stopped and turned.

Minnigan reached me and lowered his voice. “Let me tell you something, okay?”

“Okay.”

“Rollie’s going through a divorce. I know I been there, maybe you have, too.”

“Widowed.”

“Wid—Jeez, I’m sorry. Really. But look, he’s just out on his own a month, maybe two, when we answer the call on that Van Dorn woman. And you’ve seen her, who wouldn’t try his luck, am I right? But that don’t mean Rollie’d do anything more than that.”

“So?”

“So, cut him a little slack, okay?”

“As much as he needs.”

Minnigan nodded, like I meant what he meant, and turned back toward the Area D door.

Four

When I got off the elevator on the forty-first floor, I let my ears pop, then turned toward the sign that said TOWER INVESTMENTS, INC. The receptionist was sitting at the center of a mahogany horseshoe and whispered into a minimike that curved from her ear toward her mouth like a dentist's mirror. She gave me the impression she'd hung up however you have to in that kind of rig, then smiled and asked if she could help me.

"Lawrence Fadiman, please."

As she looked down in front of her, a man came through the internal doorway behind her. He wore no jacket, but suspenders held up pin-striped suit pants and a bow tie held up at least two chins. He looked an awful lot like one of the two older men in the photo Marla Van Dorn had shown me.

The receptionist pushed a button I could see and stared at a screen that I couldn't. "I'm afraid Mr. Fadiman's out of the office for at least another hour. Can someone else help you?"

"No, thanks. I'll catch him another time."

As I left, I heard the older man say, "Fadiman's not back yet?" and the receptionist say, "No, Mr. Tice."

The lobby of the building had a nice café with marble table-tops over wrought-iron bases that Arnold Schwarzenegger would have had a time rearranging. I chose a table that gave me a good view of the elevator bank servicing floors 25 through 50. I'd enjoyed most of a mint-flavored iced tea before the man in the tortoiseshell glasses and clotted hair came through the revolving door from outside. He wore a khaki suit against the heat, the armpits stained from sweat as he checked his watch and shook his head.

I said, "Larry!"

He stopped and looked around. Seeing no one he knew, Fadiman started for the elevator again.

"Larry! Over here."

This time he turned completely around. "Do I know you?"

“Only by telephone. John Cuddy.”

“Cuddy . . . Cuddy . . .”

“Mr. Tice upstairs said I might catch you if I waited here.”

The magic word in the sentence was “Tice,” which made Fadiman move toward me like he was on a tractor beam.

He said, “Well, of course I’d be happy to help. What’s this about?” As we shook hands and he sank into the chair opposite me, I said, “It’s about those nasty little packages Marla’s been getting.”

Fadiman looked blank. “Marla Van Dorn?”

“How many ‘Marlas’ you know, Larry?”

“Well, just—”

“*The* packages have to stop.”

“What packages?”

“The packages.”

“I don’t know what—”

“Larry. No more of them, understand?”

He looked blanker. If it was an act, he was very, very good.

“I’m sorry, but I don’t have a clue as to what—”

“Just remember, Larry. I want them to stop, Marla wants them to stop, and most important of all, Mr. Tice would want them to stop if I were to tell him about them.”

Blank was replaced by indignant. “Is this some sort of . . . veiled threat?”

I stood to leave. “No, I wouldn’t call it ‘veiled,’ Larry.”

Five

When I got back to the office, I called her at Tower Investments.

“Marla Van Dorn.”

“John Cuddy, Ms. Van—”

“What the hell did you say to Larry?”

“Not much. If he isn’t the one who’s been sending the packages, he wouldn’t have guessed what was in them.”

“Yes, well, that’s great, but you should have seen him fifteen minutes ago.”

“What did he do?”

“He grabbed me by the arm, pulled me into a cubbyhole and hissed at me.”

“Hissed at you?”

“Yes. At least, that’s what it sounded like. He told me he didn’t appreciate my ‘goon’ accosting him across a crowded lobby.”

I liked “accosted.” “The lobby wasn’t that crowded.”

A pause. “What I mean is, I think you’ve rattled his cage enough.”

“He say anything else?”

“Just that if I stood in the way of any opportunities he had here, he’d know what to do about it.”

I didn’t like that. “Maybe I rattled a little too hard.”

“Don’t worry about it, I can’t say I feel sorry for him. Did you see the others?”

I told her about Evers and the guy in the cap.

“Well, then, I guess we just wait and see if the packages stop?”

“I guess.”

“Unless you have something else in mind, John?”

“No.”

“Well then.” Brusquely. “I have things to do if I’m going to be out of here by six.”

She hung up. I pushed some papers around my desk for a while, trying to work on other cases, but I kept coming back to Marla Van Dorn. I turned over what I’d learned. Lawrence Fadiman may have confronted her at work, but he wasn’t likely to do anything violent there. Her condo was a better bet, and with the back window barred, that left the front entrance as maybe the best bet of all.

The paperwork on my desk could wait. I locked the office and headed home to change.

The guy in the baseball cap was already on the bench with the best view of Marla Van Dorn's likely route from the subway station down the side street toward Commonwealth. Even with me wearing sunglasses and a Kansas City Royals cap of my own above and a Hawaiian shirt, Bermuda shorts, and black kneesocks below, I thought he might recognize me. So I sat with my Boston guidebook and unfolded map on the next bench up the mall, keeping my eye on the side street as best I could, which really meant just from the alley mouth to Commonwealth. I checked my watch. Five-forty.

While I waited, taxis stopped, dropping off some fares and picking up others. United Parcel and Federal Express trucks plied the double-parked lane, moving down a few doors at a time. Owners walked dogs and summer-school students played Frisbee and nobody thought to ask the obvious tourist if he needed any help.

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed the guy in the cap straighten. Looking over to the side street, I saw Marla Van Dorn walking, left hand holding a bag of some kind, hurrying a little as she approached the mouth of the alley, accentuating her figure under the cream-colored dress she wore.

Then one of the UPS trucks entered the intersection, its opaque, beetle-brown mass blocking my eyes for a frame. Before it passed, the guy in the ball cap was up and running hard, crossing Commonwealth toward the side street. As I got up, the UPS truck went by, and I could see the mouth of the alley again. But not my client.

I started running, too.

The guy in the cap disappeared into the alley, and I heard two cracks and a man's yell and a woman's scream. I drew a Smith & Wesson Chief's Special from under the Hawaiian shirt and flattened myself against the brick wall at the mouth of the alley, using my free hand as a stop sign to the people starting to stream down the side street. The two cracks had sounded to me like pistol shots, and both the man and the woman in the alley were still making noise, him more than her.

That's when I looked around the wall.

Marla Van Dorn was on her hands and knees, the front of the dress torn enough to see she was wearing a

white bra and white panties. On his back on the ground in front of her was the guy in the cap, but he was bareheaded now, the cap still blowing near him from the hot breeze in the alley. The yelling was coming from Detective Gus Minnigan, whose right arm was pointing at an angle from his shoulder that God never intended, a four-inch revolver about twenty feet away from him.

I came into the alley fast, Minnigan clenching his teeth and yelling to me now. “The goddamn bum broke my arm, he broke my goddamn, arm!”

Hoarsely, Van Dorn said, “This bastard . . . was waiting for me . . . grabbed me and pulled me into the alley.”

Minnigan said, “She don’t know what she’s saying!”

Van Dorn looked up at me. “He put his gun in my . . . between my legs and said, ‘What, you don’t care about who’s sending you the undies and the toy, I don’t mean that much to you?’”

I remembered Minnigan in the Area D station, glaring at me when I told him and Evers that.

Minnigan said, “She’s lying, I tell you!”

I said, “Shut up or I’ll break your other arm.”

Rocking back onto her ankles, Van Dorn pointed at the guy lying in front of her. “Then he came out of . . . nowhere. He ran right at us, against the gun. . . . The shots . . . He broke this bastard’s arm and kicked the gun away, then fell. He came right through the bullets.”

I looked down at the guy in the cap. His eyes were open, but unfocused, and I knew he was gone. Two blossoms of red, one where a lung would be, the other at his heart, grew toward each other as they soaked the chamois shirt.

“Why?” said Van Dorn staring at the man’s face from communion height above his body. “Why did you do that?”

I thought, eyes that never meet, but kept it to myself.

Cracking the Code — Page 1

Name _____ Date _____

Text: $\overline{1} \overline{2} \overline{3} \overline{4} \overline{5} \overline{6} \overline{7} \overline{6} \overline{8} \overline{9} \overline{6} \overline{6} \overline{10} \overline{11} \overline{6} \overline{12} ?$ $\overline{1} \overline{2} \overline{3} \overline{4} \overline{5} \overline{6} \overline{7} \overline{6} \overline{8} \overline{9} \overline{6} \overline{6} \overline{10} \overline{11} \overline{6} \overline{12} ,$ $\overline{1} \overline{2} \overline{3} \overline{4} \overline{5} \overline{6} \overline{7} \overline{6} \textcircled{8} \overline{13} \overline{14} \overline{14} \overline{10} ?$ $\overline{3} \overline{13} \overline{15} \overline{9} \overline{16} \overline{14} \overline{12} \overline{17} \overline{15} \overline{12} \overline{5} \overline{1} \overline{15} \overline{4} \overline{2} \overline{3}$ $\overline{18} \overline{6} \overline{9} \overline{5} \overline{14} \overline{19} \overline{17} \overline{14} \overline{3} \overline{10} .$ $\overline{1} \overline{2} \overline{3} \overline{4} \overline{5} \overline{6} \textcircled{7} \overline{6} \overline{8} \overline{9} \overline{6} \overline{19} \overline{18} \overline{11} \overline{6} \overline{12} ,$ $\overline{1} \overline{2} \overline{3} \overline{4} \overline{5} \overline{6} \overline{7} \overline{6} \overline{8} \overline{20} \textcircled{12} \overline{3} \overline{16} \overline{14} ?$ $\overline{18} \overline{6} \overline{9} \overline{5} \overline{14} \overline{19} \overline{18} \overline{14} \overline{21} \overline{13} \overline{15} \textcircled{19} \overline{3} \overline{13} \overline{15} \overline{9} \overline{16} \overline{14} \overline{12}$ $\overline{20} \overline{3} \overline{16} \overline{14} .$ $\overline{1} \overline{2} \overline{3} \overline{4} \overline{5} \overline{6} \overline{7} \overline{6} \overline{8} \overline{9} \overline{3} \overline{20} \overline{10} , \overline{3} \overline{19} \overline{5}$ $\overline{1} \overline{2} \overline{3} \overline{4} \overline{5} \overline{6} \overline{7} \overline{6} \overline{8} \overline{19} \textcircled{14} \overline{14} \overline{5} ?$ $\overline{3} \overline{13} \overline{15} \overline{9} \overline{16} \overline{14} \textcircled{12} \overline{13} \overline{1} \overline{6} \overline{12} \overline{5} \overline{3} \overline{19} \overline{5} \overline{3}$ $\overline{18} \overline{6} \overline{9} \overline{5} \overline{14} \overline{19} \textcircled{13} \overline{4} \overline{14} \overline{14} \overline{5} .$

Cracking the Code — Page 2

Name _____ Date _____

$\overline{1} \overline{2} \overline{3} \overline{4} \overline{5} \overline{6} \overline{7} \overline{6} \overline{8} \overline{1} \overline{3} \overline{19} \overline{4}$, $\overline{6} \overline{2} \overline{1} \overline{2} \overline{3} \overline{4}$

$\overline{5} \overline{6} \overline{7} \overline{6} \overline{8} \overline{5} \overline{12} \overline{14} \overline{3} \overline{21}?$

$\overline{3} \overline{18} \overline{6} \overline{9} \overline{5} \overline{14} \overline{19} \overline{13} \overline{2} \overline{15} \overline{22} \overline{6} \overline{19} \overline{3}$

$\overline{13} \overline{15} \overline{9} \overline{16} \overline{14} \overline{12} \overline{13} \overline{4} \overline{12} \overline{14} \overline{3} \overline{21}$.

$\overline{1} \overline{2} \overline{3} \overline{4} \overline{5} \overline{6} \overline{7} \overline{6} \overline{8} \overline{2} \overline{3} \overline{16} \overline{14}$, $\overline{3} \overline{19} \overline{5}$

$\overline{1} \overline{2} \overline{3} \overline{4} \overline{5} \overline{6} \overline{7} \overline{6} \overline{8} \overline{6} \overline{1} \overline{19}?$

$\overline{3} \overline{13} \overline{15} \overline{9} \overline{16} \overline{14} \overline{12} \overline{12} \overline{6} \overline{17} \overline{14} \overline{3} \overline{19} \overline{5} \overline{3}$

$\overline{18} \overline{6} \overline{9} \overline{5} \overline{14} \overline{19} \overline{20} \overline{12} \overline{6} \overline{1} \overline{19}$.

$\overline{1} \overline{2} \overline{3} \overline{4} \overline{1} \overline{6} \overline{8} \overline{9} \overline{5} \overline{7} \overline{6} \overline{8} \overline{17} \overline{14}?$ $\overline{6} \overline{2}$,

$\overline{1} \overline{2} \overline{3} \overline{4} \overline{1} \overline{6} \overline{8} \overline{9} \overline{5} \overline{7} \overline{6} \overline{8} \overline{17} \overline{14}?$

$\overline{6} \overline{19} \overline{9} \overline{7} \overline{4} \overline{2} \overline{14} \overline{10} \overline{15} \overline{19} \overline{18} \overline{6} \overline{11} \overline{4} \overline{2} \overline{14}$

$\overline{9} \overline{3} \overline{19} \overline{5} \overline{3} \overline{19} \overline{5} \overline{13} \overline{14} \overline{3}$.

Genre: _____

Cracking the Code — Page 3

Name _____ Date _____

Directions

Use the answers to the clues below to fill in the letters of the text on pages 1 and 2. When you have completed it, the circled letters can be unscrambled to name the genre of the text.

Clues

The cueing system that uses your knowledge of sentence structure is the _____ .

13 7 19 4 3 20 4 15 20

_____ cues help you to pronounce unfamiliar words.

18 12 3 22 2 6 22 2 6 19 15 20

The cueing system that makes use of your knowledge about word meaning is the _____ cueing system.

13 14 21 3 19 4 15 20

Prior _____ of the English language and the various genres or forms helps to form a reader's expectations.

10 19 6 1 9 14 5 18 14

Repetition is one of the _____ of poetry.

20 6 19 16 14 19 4 15 6 19 13

Cultural _____ is a part of the pragmatic cueing system.

17 3 20 10 18 12 6 8 19 5

Hopefully, completing this puzzle was _____ !

11 8 19

Assessment of Assignment 2 — Portrait of a Reader

Name _____ Date _____

Specific Student Learning Outcomes	Performance Rating				
Portrait of a Reader: how effectively did you...	0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> explore a range of texts and genres and discuss how they affect personal interests, ideas, and attitudes (1.1.4) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> explain how you examine connections between personal experiences and prior knowledge of language and texts to develop understanding and interpretations of a variety of texts (2.1.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> explain how you use and adjust comprehension strategies to monitor understanding and develop interpretations of a variety of texts (2.1.2) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> explain how you use textual cues and prominent organizational patterns to construct and confirm meaning and interpret texts (2.1.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> explain how you use syntactic, semantic, graphophonic, and pragmatic cueing systems to construct and confirm meaning and interpret texts (2.1.4) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> analyze how a particular form or genre is used for particular audiences and purposes (2.3.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop the topic of yourself as a reader, express your perspective on the reading process, engage your audience, and achieve informational and reflective purposes (4.1.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> use effective language, visuals, and sounds for desired effect (4.2.4) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> use appropriate strategies and devices to enhance the clarity and appeal of your presentation (4.2.5) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> demonstrate your confidence when presenting ideas and information (4.4.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> use appropriate voice and visual production factors to communicate and emphasize intent in public communication (4.4.2) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> identify various factors that shape your understanding of texts, others, and yourself (5.2.1) 					

Checklist: Sequence 2 Reader's Expectations – Page 1

Name _____ Date _____

C = Completed I = Incomplete			
Lesson 1: Previews and Reviews	Date	For Student	For Tutor/Marker
Part 1: "Questionnaire" (form)			
Reflection on questionnaire discussion			
Part 2: Personal Narrative (one page)			
Lesson 2: Adjusting Expectations According to Purpose			
Part 1: Analyzing Outcomes (form)			
Part 2: "Reading Inventory" (chart)			
Part 3: Reflection in RJ (half of a page)			
Lesson 3: Prior Knowledge — The Basis for Expectations			
"To Serve Man" — before reading (lists, notes)			
— responses to questions in RJ			
Lesson 4: Responding to Textual Cues			
"Textual Cues" (chart)			
Responses to poem & news article in RJ			
Responses to questions (five) in RJ			
Lesson 5: Genre			
Part 1: "Genre Analysis" (chart)			
Part 2: List and reflection on fairy tales			
Responses to "Cinderella" versions (five)			
Responses to questions about versions			
Summaries of Yolen & Nodelman			
RJ entry on personal view			
Response to "The Moon Ribbon"			

Checklist: Sequence 2 Reader's Expectations – Page 2

Name _____ Date _____

C = Completed I = Incomplete			
Lesson 6: Genre, Part 2	Date	For Student	For Tutor/Marker
Part 1: Prereading list about detective stories			
TwoColumn Protocol for "Trouble is My Business"			
Part 2: Sound effects (list and reflection)			
Part 3: <i>Dick Tracy</i> (7 step response including "Jumbled Panels")			
Part 4: "Eyes that Never Meet" TwoColumn Protocol reflective entry in RJ			
Lesson 7: Truth in Fiction			
Part 1: RJ entry			
"Life's Little Instruction Booklet"			
Part 2: Concept Map (prereading)			
Concept Maps from reading (three)			
Revised Concept Map			
Letter to author re: revisions (notes & draft)			
Lesson 8: Cueing Systems			
Part 1: Syntactic Cues — RJ entry			
Part 2: Semantic Cues — RJ entry			
Graphophonic Cues — RJ entry			
Pragmatic Cues — RJ entry			
"Cracking the Code" (puzzle)			
Assignment			
Assignment 2 — Portrait of a Reader			
Assessment of Assignment 2 — Portrait of a Reader			

GRADE 11
ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS:
COMPREHENSIVE FOCUS

Sequence 3
Writer's Expectations

Sequence 3

Writer's Expectations

Introduction

This sequence is a companion sequence to the previous one. It will examine many of the same texts and topics, although from the perspective of a writer* more than a reader. However, the processes of writing and reading are so interrelated that maintaining a clear distinction between the expectations of a writer and those of a reader is at times difficult. So some of these topics and discussions could have fit just as easily into the Reader's Expectations sequence.

You will focus more on the practice of writing, but you will also continue to read texts closely in order to understand more about the techniques and craft of writing. In this way, you will focus on these General Learning Outcomes:

- General Learning Outcome 1, as you explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences
- General Learning Outcome 2, as you comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts
- General Learning Outcome 4, as you enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

In this sequence, you will take on the role of a writer and, as such, will use a form of Writer's Notebook in which to practise, experiment with, draft, and reflect upon writing. You will begin several writing projects, and you will choose one of them to take through the entire creative process of drafting, revising, polishing, and publishing. This project, together with all of the preliminary work that went into it, will be submitted to the Distance Learning Unit and assessed by your tutor/marker as Assignment 3 — Process Package.

*Throughout this sequence, the terms *write*, *writer(s)*, and *writing* will refer to the process of creating texts of all kinds — print, oral, and visual.



Notes



Lesson 1

General Expectations of Writers

In this lesson you will look at what is generally expected of writers. You will examine your own ideas about what a writer does, and you will determine what you expect of yourself as a writer. You will also begin to work in your Writer's Notebook.



You will focus on Specific Learning Outcome 1.1.5 as you establish goals and plans for personal language learning based on self-assessment of achievements, needs, and interests.

Part 1

Introduction to Writer's Notebook



Before you begin the explorations around what a writer expects, separate a section in your Resource Binder to serve as your Writer's Notebook. All of the work you do in this sequence should be collected in this section.

A Writer's Notebook is a valuable tool for a writer or artist of any kind. It is a place to collect ideas, experiences, and information, to explore those ideas and experiences, and to experiment or play with ways to express them. In your Notebook, you can sketch or draft pieces and reflect upon the creative process and how it works for you. Your Notebook is not to be considered a finished product, so, although you will share your work with your tutor/marker and response partner, that work is not expected to be polished. It can be silly, stupid, messy, and/or confused. Any assessment of it will be based on the quantity and variety of work done, not on the neatness and correctness.

Part 2

What Writers Expect to Do

Begin your Writer's Notebook work with an exploration of what you, as a writer, expect to do.

Learning Experience: Listing Strategy

In your Writer's Notebook, under the heading "As a writer, I expect to ... ," list everything you expect to do as a writer both in this course and in the rest of your life.

Hopefully, fairly high on your list is "write." The most basic (and somehow often overlooked) expectation of writers is that they write. A lot. Regularly. Only through writing can the rest of the expectations come close to being fulfilled.

Other items on your list could include the following:

- be understood — to communicate and achieve my purpose
- develop my craft/technique
- explore my own ideas and interests
- process experience
- expand my ways of looking at things
- have fun / enjoy myself

You can add any of these that apply to you to your list. Notice one thing that isn't on this list: "Make a lot of money." In today's society, that is not an especially realistic expectation for a writer.



Part 3

Specific Goals

So far, the expectations you have considered are very general. At this point, you will establish more specific goals for yourself as a writer.

Learning Experience

1. Look over your list of expectations from Part 2. Circle or highlight the one that you think will be the most challenging to achieve.
2. Based on your past learning experiences and using the maps of learning outcomes (see Appendix A), break this expectation down into specific goals.

For example, if you circled “expand my ways of looking at things,” you could break that down into specific goals such as the following:

- connect ideas, observations, opinions, and emotions through a variety of means using my Writer’s Notebook (1.1.1)
 - examine and adjust initial understanding according to new knowledge, ideas, experiences, and responses from others (1.2.1)
 - explore various viewpoints and consider the consequences of particular positions when generating and responding to texts (1.2.2)
 - combine ideas and information through a variety of means to clarify understanding when generating and responding to texts (1.2.3)
 - extend understanding by exploring and acknowledging multiple perspectives and ambiguities when generating and responding to texts (1.2.4)
 - experience texts from a variety of genres and cultural traditions; compare various interpretations of texts (2.2.1)
 - access information using a variety of tools, skills, and sources to accomplish a particular purpose (3.2.4)
3. Choose the three specific goals most important to you as a writer. Remove the three “Writing Goal Sheet” forms from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence. Write your three goals on the blanks provided.

4. Keep these sheets at the beginning of your Writer's Notebook, and use them to monitor or track your progress in achieving these goals. Particular strategies or ways to achieve the various specific learning outcomes will be provided throughout this sequence. (For example, the listing strategy in this lesson could be a way to achieve a goal such as generating ideas to develop a topic.) Whenever you have tried one that you feel connects to your particular goal, record it on the sheet. Include the date as well as a brief reflection on whether the strategy successfully helped you to move toward the attainment of your goal.

Lesson 2

Expectations of Purpose

Writers expect to achieve a particular purpose, and they carefully consider the appropriate form and techniques to use to do so. In this lesson, we will briefly look at the various purposes possible and the forms appropriate to each. You will also adapt a text to suit a purpose different from its original one.

You will be given the opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes.



General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts

2.2.3 Examine how language and stylistic choices in oral, print, and other media texts accomplish a variety of purposes

2.3.1 Analyze how various forms and genres are used for particular audiences and purposes

2.3.2 Examine how various techniques and elements are used in oral, print, and other media texts to accomplish particular purposes

2.3.5 Create original texts to communicate ideas and enhance understanding of forms and techniques

General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

4.1.2 Select and use a variety of forms appropriate for content, audience, and purpose

Part 1

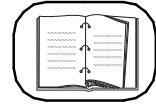
For What Purpose?

Just as we read for both pragmatic and aesthetic purposes, we also write for both pragmatic and aesthetic purposes. Review the general distinctions made between aesthetic and pragmatic purposes in the Introduction and in Lesson 2 of Sequence 2 before doing the following learning experience.

Learning Experience: Sort

In this learning experience, you will gain familiarity with the possible purposes for which you may choose to produce a text, as well as the varieties of forms you may use to achieve those purposes.

1. Remove the “Aesthetic and Pragmatic Purposes” form from the *Forms* section of this sequence and put it in your Writer’s Notebook.
2. Sort the purposes listed below into pragmatic and aesthetic purposes, and write each under the appropriate heading on the form.

**Possible Purposes for Writing**

- to create an imagined reality
- to set up an interaction
- to reflect culture
- to use language in creative ways
- to inform
- to capture and represent an experience
- to bring enjoyment
- to persuade
- to prompt a decision or action
- to plan
- to use forms in creative ways
- to foster understanding and empathy
- to argue
- to capture and represent feelings
- to analyze
- to explain
- to instruct
- to capture and represent a vision

(Senior 3 English Language Arts: A Foundation for Implementation, 1-14)

3. Remove the “Forms Often Used for Aesthetic and/or Pragmatic Purposes” form from the *Forms* section of this sequence. Note that the forms listed are not themselves pragmatic or aesthetic in nature but are often used or seen as appropriate for such purposes. Again, sort the forms listed below into pragmatic and aesthetic purposes, and write each under the appropriate heading on the form. Some of these are not easily categorizable, and may fit under both headings. If you are unfamiliar with any of the forms listed, look them up in the index of *Writers INC* or in your dictionary.

Forms Often Used

short story	mural	debate
business letter	television script	novel
poem	editorial	panel discussion
recipe	resume	speech
fable	folktale	photo essay
announcement	poster	obituary
comics	graph	pamphlet
newscast	interview	choral reading
documentary	map	stage play
review	essay	news article
storytelling	advertisement	website

Part 2

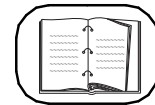
Analyzing Outcomes

Before you begin to try out a variety of forms in your own writing (which you will be doing at the end of the next several lessons), you will look at specific learning outcome 2.3.5: Create original texts to communicate ideas and enhance understanding of forms and techniques. This learning outcome is targeted in several of the lessons in this sequence, and your achievement of it is assessed in Assignment 3, so it is important that you have an understanding of it.



Learning Experience

1. Remove the “Analyzing Outcomes” form from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence.
2. Fill out the form for Specific Learning Outcome 2.3.5. Remember to use your dictionary and the definitions of terms provided in the Introduction if you need them. The individual words in this specific learning outcome are not especially difficult, so you may want to focus on establishing what they mean together in the context of this sequence.
Apply your thinking about this outcome to the assignment of this sequence, “Process Package.” This is a fairly flexible assignment where you begin to create a piece at the end of this and the next three lessons, and then choose one to take through the entire creative process.
3. Save the completed form in your Resource Binder to submit with the rest of your sequence work.
4. Add to or revise your form as your understandings develop throughout the sequence.



Part 3

Adapting Text to Purpose

Now that you have a general idea of the purposes possible and the variety of forms available to achieve those purposes, you will look at how to choose the appropriate form for your purpose.

Look back to Lesson 4 of Sequence 2 and the poem and news story you read there. Notice again how the two different forms, despite using the same words in the same order, achieved very different purposes. One can imagine the poet reading the news story, which was written to inform the public of recent events, and being so emotionally affected by it that s/he wanted to capture her/his emotional reaction and share it with other readers.

What form does s/he choose for such a purpose? A poem.

- A poem that deliberately chooses only part of the story, leaving out details about the actual crime and focusing on details about the lack of blood and the indifferent behaviour of the residents of the home.

- A poem titled “No Blood in the Home,” communicating what the poet sees to be the centre of the story, leaving it open for readers to fill in with their own ideas about blood and home, and revealing nothing about the events of the story (as opposed to the headline of the news story).
- A poem which breaks the lines at points that play with the sounds of the words (e.g., emphasizing alliterative effects in phrases such as “simply sat” and “barely blinked”) and allow for ambiguity and revisions of meaning (for example in line 11, “solution hung in the air” can mean something different than when combined with the previous “cleaning”).

In this example, a poem much more clearly suits the aesthetic purpose of evoking strong feelings and inviting the reader to share in an experience than a news story could.

Learning Experience: Found Poem

“No Blood in the Home” is an example of a **found** poem, a poem created from text already written for another purpose, and re-formed into a poem through its arrangement on the page (and through being called a poem).



1. Create a found poem by searching a variety of materials typically created for pragmatic purposes — newspaper and magazine articles, editorials, textbooks, instruction manuals, catalogues, labels, want ads, etc. — for one to three sentences that you can use to achieve aesthetic purposes such as evoking emotion, amusing or entertaining, using language creatively, or representing an experience.
2. Copy the sentences into your Writer’s Notebook, along with the bibliographic information about the original source — title of piece and publication, date, and page number. (Look up bibliography in the index of *Writers INC* for more information on bibliographies.)
3. In your Writer’s Notebook, play around with a variety of ways to break the lines and add spaces. Try to create new meanings or sound effects. Search for hidden ironies, puns, and incongruities. Try to find the most surprising and meaningful arrangement. Try at least four different arrangements.

4. You do not have to go beyond the experimentation stage at this point. If you choose this piece to take through the entire creative process and submit as Assignment 3, you can return to it later in the sequence.

Lesson 3

Audience Expectations

It is in relation to audience expectations of writers and writers' expectations of their audience that our discussion will overlap the most with the previous sequence. In this lesson we will examine how a consideration of audience affects how a writer uses form and technique to communicate. In the next lesson we will look further at what a writer expects of his or her audience.

In this lesson, we will look particularly at the audience of newspaper readers, and at how a genre traditionally intended for an adult audience can be adapted for children.

You will focus on the following specific learning outcomes:



General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts

- 2.3.1 Analyze how various forms and genres are used for particular audiences and purposes
- 2.3.2 Examine how various techniques and elements are used in oral, print, and other media texts to accomplish particular purposes
- 2.3.3 Demonstrate understanding of how vocabulary and idiom affect meaning and impact; use appropriate vocabulary when discussing and creating texts
- 2.3.4 Experiment with language, visuals, and sounds to convey intended meaning and impact
- 2.3.5 Create original texts to communicate ideas and enhance understanding of forms and techniques

General Learning Outcome 3: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to manage ideas and information

- 3.3.1 Organize and reorganize information and ideas in a variety of ways for different audiences and purposes

continued ...

... continued

General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

4.1.1 Generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose

4.2.3 Use appropriate text features to enhance legibility for particular audiences, purposes, and contexts

General Learning Outcome 5: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to celebrate and build community

5.2.2 Identify and examine ways in which culture, society, and language conventions shape texts

Part 1

Newspaper Audiences

If a writer expects to communicate clearly, he or she must consider the interests, background knowledge, skills, context, and purpose of his or her audience. These considerations will affect not only the particular form chosen, but also the techniques used.

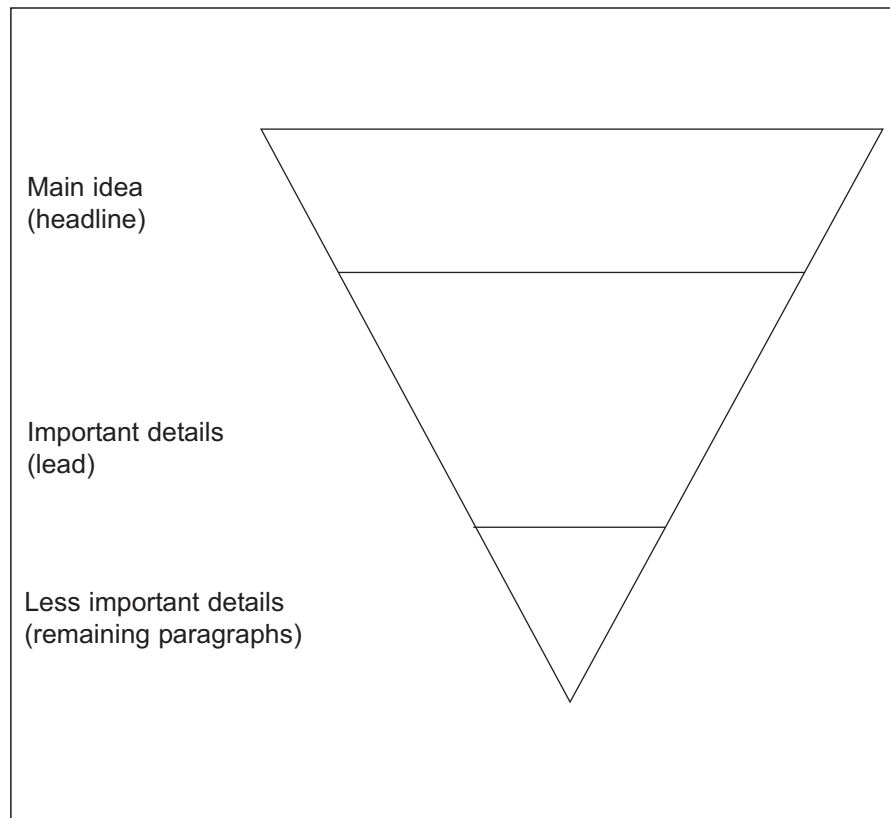
To illustrate, think about the audience of daily newspapers. How carefully can a writer expect these readers to read her article or his comic strip?

Newspaper writers do not expect every reader to read every word in a daily paper. Ted McCain says such readers will

- *scan* for articles that interest them
- *skim* the beginning of selected articles
- *scour* articles or parts of articles that have held their interest through the scan and skim process.

(Senior 3 English Language Arts: A Foundation for Implementation, 4-318)

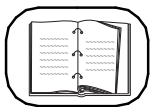
In order to give the basic information to the reader in a limited amount of time (and for other editorial reasons), news story writers write in an “inverted pyramid” style:



Newspaper writers do not necessarily expect their readers to read to the end of an article. (In fact, the editor often cuts the ends of articles if space is needed).

Learning Experience:

1. Reread the news story “No Blood on Victim Despite Awful Injuries” from Sequence 2.
2. Remove the “Hard News Stories” chart from the *Forms* section of this sequence and fill in the details from the story to see how it follows the inverted pyramid form.
3. Respond to the following in your Writer’s Notebook under the heading “Newspaper Audiences”:
 - Approximately what percentage of readers do you think would have read the headline of this story if it was found on the front page? on an inside page?
 - Of the people who read the headline, about what percentage do you think would read the lead (first paragraph) of the story?
 - About what percentage of those readers would have gone on to read to the end of the story?



Just as the writers of the news stories realize that their audience spends a limited amount of time with each article, so do the comics artists who create for daily newspapers. Chester Gould, the creator of *Dick Tracy*, said he expected the audience to spend an average reading time of under 30 seconds per comic strip (Gould, 40). This expectation of the audience influenced the techniques he used in his comics.

Gould worked hard to achieve the four purposes of text design, as outlined below:

1. *Get the reader's attention:* The page must have an overall look that gets the reader's attention within the first four to 10 seconds during the scan step of reading.
2. *Draw in the reader:* Once you have succeeded in getting the reader to look at the text, you must give clues as to the specific details of the message. The design must incorporate elements that hook the reader on the content of the text.
3. *Keep the reader's attention:* You must maintain two kinds of reader interest in your text: along with interest in the content of your text, the reader must find the document visually appealing in order to scour parts or all of it.
4. *Make a lasting impression:* Lasting impressions can be made in each of the three steps of reading.

(Senior 3 English Language Arts: A Foundation for Implementation, 4-318)

Some examples of techniques that Gould developed in his *Dick Tracy* comics in response to what he expected of his audience (mainly a short attention span) follow:

- *Humour* — Gould often ended a sequence with a humorous one-liner. He says, “The excruciating suspense of a mystery story is enhanced by the nervous laugh and quip of a finale that says, ‘All’s well!’” (Gould, 37).
- *Hook* — Gould says he tried for “one panel in every daily that the readers felt they had to investigate; something that would appeal to the eye for just a second so they would take a second look” (38-39).

- *Variety* — Gould “tried for constant variety in all aspects” (41) of his comic strip, including moving from close-ups to long shots, contrasting objects with Tracy’s profile, and including carefully considered details in the backgrounds and foregrounds to support the main action (39, 41).
- *Layout* — Gould thoughtfully designed his use of solid black ink “to direct the reader’s eye; you might say they acted as arrows” (39-40).
- Gould’s so-called “trademark” was little boxes with an arrow and label to point out important objects. He says, “I wanted these busy people to take note of certain things” (40).

Learning Experience

1. Reread the *Dick Tracy* sequence from Lesson 6 of Sequence 2, finding at least one example of each of the techniques above.
2. Note the examples of techniques in your Writer’s Notebook to try in a later writing project.

Part 2

Children as Audience

Texts written for children carefully consider the interests, background knowledge (of world, texts, and language), and sensibilities of children. At the same time, the real market for children’s books is adults who are purchasing the books to give and/or read to children. For this reason, a children’s picture book needs to appeal to both an adult’s sensibility and emotions as well as to a child’s understanding (Dils, 11).

There are some general conventions that creators of picture books use to appeal to children: such books tend to have children as main characters, they tend to play with the sounds of language, they tend to end on a hopeful note, and their plots follow a pattern that is fairly easy for children to learn and follow.

How well would a hard-boiled detective story, with its conventions of cool tough characters, dark city streets, complicated and loosely strung plot elements, use of 1930s slang in dialogue, and cynical endings appeal to children? Obviously, some adaptations would be necessary beyond merely simplifying the language a bit and adding illustrations.

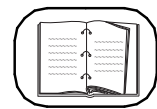


The following learning experience asks you to examine these adaptations in a children's picture book.

Learning Experience: Private I. Guana

1. Read the children's picture book *Private I. Guana: The Case of the Missing Chameleon* by Nina Laden.
2. Review the "Genre Analysis" of detective stories from Lesson 5 of Sequence 2.
3. Remove the "Venn Diagram" from the *Forms* section and put it in your Writer's Notebook. Use this diagram to note the formula, conventions, and icons that *Private I. Guana* shares with the adult versions of detective stories you have read (in the middle section of the diagram) and the changes or adaptations made or the differences between the adult and children's texts (in the side sections of the diagram).
4. Respond to the following in your Writer's Notebook:
 - How successful do you think the author is in adapting a very adult genre to an audience of children? If possible, read the book to a child and see.
 - What prior knowledge of texts would children have that would help them to appreciate this book? Consider both general conventions of children's books as well as detective conventions children may be familiar with from other books, television cartoons, and movies.
 - How does this book also appeal to adults? Consider the ways conventions and icons are used in the printed text, the illustrations, and the layout.
5. Choose a genre you are familiar with (possibly the one you analyzed in Sequence 2) that is not usually intended for children, and plan a picture book using and adapting the formula, conventions, and icons of that genre to appeal to children. Draft the basic story first, and then create a "dummy" copy, by folding six pages of blank paper in half to look like a book. On your dummy, play around with where you would position the story on the pages, and make notes and/or sketches about the illustrations.

Again, at this point, you don't need to go beyond this experimental stage. Later in the sequence, you may choose to take this project through the entire creative process if you decide to submit it as Assignment 3.



Lesson 4

Parody

Once genre conventions and readers' expectations are set, writers often enjoy playing with those expectations by adapting them. You have already seen how Nina Laden played with the detective genre by adapting it to a children's picture book.

In this lesson we will look at the kind of adaptation called **parody**. You will focus on the following specific learning outcomes.



General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 1: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences

- 1.1.3 Experiment with language and forms of expression to achieve particular effects
- 1.2.2 Explore various viewpoints and consider the consequences of particular positions when generating and responding to texts.
- 1.2.4 Extend understanding by exploring and acknowledging multiple perspectives and ambiguities when generating and responding to texts

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts

- 2.1.1 Examine connections between personal experiences and prior knowledge of language and texts to develop understanding and interpretations of a variety of texts
- 2.2.2 Respond personally and critically to ideas and values presented in a variety of Canadian and international texts
- 2.3.1 Analyze how various forms and genres are used for particular audiences and purposes
- 2.3.5 Create original texts to communicate ideas and enhance understanding of forms and techniques

General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

- 4.1.1 Generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose
- 4.1.2 Select and use a variety of forms appropriate for content, audience, and purpose

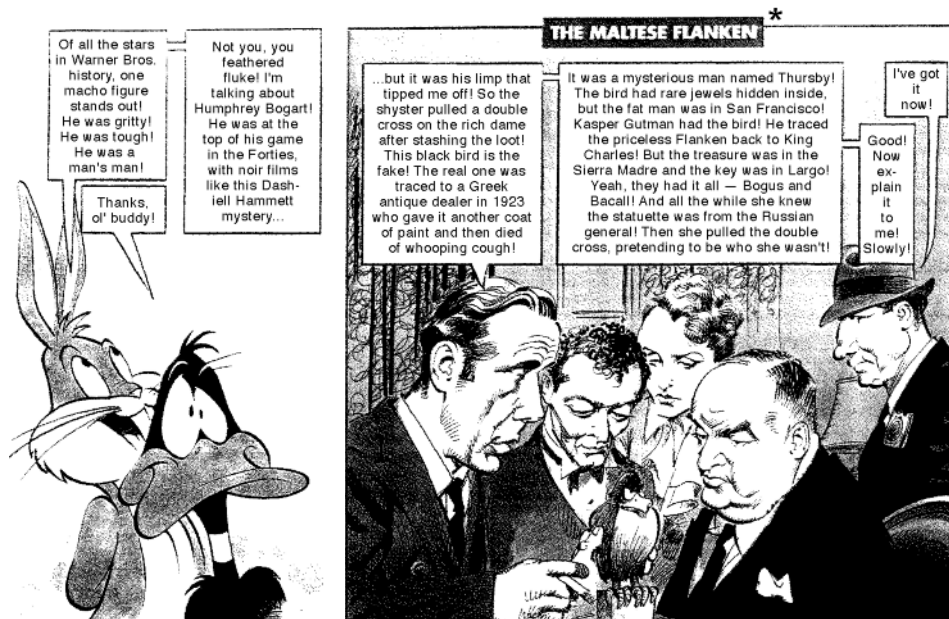
One popular adaptation is the **parody**. A parody is an imitation of a form, a specific work, or a particular author's style that makes fun of the original through exaggerating its most noticeable features and/or by relocating it to a new context where its meaning becomes absurd. Although parodies make fun of well-known texts, they are also paying tribute to the power those texts still have on audiences. "Parody and other forms of adaptation assume that the original still has some life in it if certain aspects of it are modified, others eliminated, and some new things added" (Scholes, 142)

When choosing to write a parody, the writer expects the reader to recognize and be familiar with the original. At the same time, the writer expects the reader to share a lighthearted, often irreverent, attitude toward the original. If a reader considers a film like *Airport* to be a serious work of art never to be outdone, she or he is not likely to appreciate a parody like *Airplane!* that makes fun of it.

Part 1

Parody of a Particular Text

MAD Magazine, throughout its years of publication, has parodied what seems like every popular film ever made. Below is a short parody of *The Maltese Falcon* created as part of a longer text, "An Illustrated History of Warner Bros."





Learning Experience

1. Read the MAD parody of *The Maltese Falcon* above.
2. Compare it to the radio version you listened to in Sequence 2 (or the film if you watched it). Make notes in your Writer's Notebook responding to the following questions:
 - What do the creators expect the readers to recognize from the original?
 - What features are exaggerated in this parody?
 - What convention(s) of the detective story in general are being made fun of?



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Part 2

Parody of a Genre — Fairy Tale

Fairy tales, because they are so well known in our culture, and because they still quite powerfully affect the psychological development of children, are frequent targets of parodists.

Manitoba author David Arnason has written collections of stories that parody the fairy tale genre, relocating it to a contemporary Canadian setting and pointing out the absurdity of traditional portrayals and events, although at the same time drawing interesting parallels between the world of fairy tales and our world.

Learning Experience

The following story by Arnason, “The Evil Stepchildren,” plays with the particular fairy tale “Hansel and Gretel,” as well as with the fairy tale genre in general. (If you are unfamiliar with “Hansel and Gretel,” a version of it is provided in Appendix F.)

1. Read “The Evil Stepchildren” by David Arnason.

The Evil Stepchildren*

Once, not so very long ago, a beautiful young woman named Stephanie fell in love with a handsome television anchorman. He had beautiful silver hair and a deep mellifluous voice, and she was half in love with him from the late news before she ever actually met him. She had been married once before to a famous Canadian poet who never washed, but she had got up one morning and found him using her toothbrush, and so she had left him that very day. She didn’t count that marriage.

The anchorman had also been married once before. In fact, his wife had left him for the famous Canadian poet who never washed, and Stephanie had met the anchorman in family court at one of those endless hearings that are required to end a modern marriage. The anchorman had two children from his earlier marriage, a boy of fifteen named Hans and a girl of thirteen named Greta. Stephanie promised that she would try to win their affection. She knew she could never replace their mother but thought that with good will on both sides, they might eventually become buddies.

At first, things went reasonably well. The children stayed with their mother while Stephanie and the anchorman went on a honeymoon to Costa Rica where they slept late every morning and went out bird-watching in the afternoons. When they returned, the anchorman still had a couple of weeks of holidays so they lazed around home while the children were at summer camp. Stephanie had kept her job as the design editor for a national women’s magazine, and everybody was so busy that they didn’t spend much time together until school started in September.



*Reprinted from *The Dragon and The Dry Goods Princess* by David Arnason.

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Then one day Greta appeared for breakfast dressed as a teenage hooker. She wore a low-cut white blouse, a short leather skirt, net stockings and high heels. Her eyes were so blackened with mascara that she looked a little like a raccoon, and she wore neon lipstick.

“You’re not going to school dressed like that?” Stephanie asked.

“What do you mean?”

“The costume. You can’t go to grade seven looking like a tart in a seedy movie.”

“What’s wrong with this outfit? My mom bought me this. It’s what all the girls are wearing.” And with that Greta ran from the room in tears. The anchorman followed her, and Stephanie could hear him consoling Greta, talking to her in his low, beautiful voice.

Afterwards, he said to Stephanie, “Could you try to be a bit more sensitive to Greta’s needs? She’s going through a difficult period. Styles do change you know, and she does want to be like the other kids. Now, she’s missed her bus. Would you mind driving her to school?”

Stephanie was so mad she could have spit. She wanted to say that she knew a lot more about styles than he did, thanks. It was how she made her living. And his ex-wife’s notion of style had been to cover the walls of the kitchen in green and fuschia flowered wallpaper. But she didn’t say anything. She drove Greta to school, and sure enough, all her friends also looked like teenage hookers.

Hans was no better. He burped loudly at the dinner table. He took off his dirty clothes and left them wherever they dropped. He took one-and-one-half-hour showers and used up all the hot water, and he blew his nose loudly into the sink. One night at supper he was apparently trying to suck his soup directly into his body without the aid of a spoon when Stephanie could take no more. She showed him her spoon.

“Do you know what this is?”

“Yeah, it’s a spoon.”

“Good, now would you take yours, put it into your soup like this, raise it to your mouth, put it all the way into your mouth, close your mouth, and then swallow silently.”

“You don’t like the way I eat?”

“I don’t like the sound of your eating.”

“You always criticize me. I can’t do nothin’ around here. I hate this place. I hate you.” He turned to his father. “I hate you, too. If you weren’t so mean, Mom wouldn’t never have gone.” And he ran crying from the room.

The anchorman followed Hans to console him in his deep, lovely voice.

Later the anchorman said to Stephanie, “Look, Steph, the kid’s having a rough time. His mother has rejected him entirely. She doesn’t mind taking out Greta and buying her clothes, but she doesn’t want to have anything to do with Hans. Could you try and be a little sympathetic? He needs a proper relationship with a woman.”

He needs a boot in the butt, Stephanie thought, but she didn’t say that aloud. She had something in common with the anchorman’s ex-wife, she reflected. Neither of them could stand his son. Still, she tried. She asked him to bring over some of his friends. He did so and they sat around all day long, playing Nintendo, squeezing their pimples and giggling. They had burping contests and sneaked into the basement to smoke cigarettes.

Work wasn’t going all that well either. There was talk that they were going to be merged with another magazine and they’d only need one design department. The new editor was a committed feminist, and since she’d arrived they’d published articles about why it was dangerous to shave your legs and some tough articles on politics, and the subscription rate had plummeted. Stephanie lived in daily fear that her job would end and she would have to spend full time with the kids.

The kids, meanwhile, had developed new weapons. Stephanie had brought her baby grand piano to the marriage. Greta took to playing it incessantly, the theme from Star Wars over and over again. She only played when her fingers were sticky from jam, and after a while, the keys stopped coming up by themselves. Hans begged his father for his own stereo system, which he played so loud that the walls of the house shook. He only played it loud when Stephanie was home. If his father came home, he played it quietly and sensibly, in fact Stephanie could tell when the anchorman was coming home, even if he wasn’t expected. Through some sixth sense only available to stepchildren, he always turned down the sound thirty seconds before his father arrived.

“You’re much too sensitive to things,” the anchorman told Stephanie. “They’re just ordinary kids, doing what ordinary kids do. They’re not engaged in some sort of conspiracy to drive you mad.”

“If they’re not,” Stephanie thought, “then I’d hate to think what they could do if they tried.”

Then one day, the anchorman was sent out to do live reports from Nagorno-Karabach. Stephanie was left with the children for an entire month. They stepped up their war on her sanity. Hans and some of his friends got into the anchorman’s liquor cabinet and drank a bottle of single-malt scotch. Then they backed her Toyota Corolla into the

neighbour's BMW. Stephanie had to go down to the police station to get them out.

"Your son is very lucky he didn't get into a worse accident," the officer told her. "Some parents are simply irresponsible about the way they handle alcohol, and their children are the victims of their neglect. I hope I don't see your son here again, because the next time the consequences will be much worse." Stephanie took him home and delivered his two drunken friends to their own homes. Each of them vomited in her car, and she considered setting it on fire in the driveway and letting it burn rather than cleaning it.

Then one evening a few days later, Stephanie came home and heard noises from Greta's bedroom, and went in to find Greta lying on the bed with a large hairy boy. They were not actually making love, but the distinction was a fine one. Stephanie ordered the boy out of the house, and he went. The boy was tall, with shifty eyes and he never looked directly at Stephanie. He roared his motorcycle as he left.

"I hate you." Greta screamed at Stephanie. "I can never do anything around here. Now Brad will never come back. Why don't you die, you old witch!" And she ran screaming from the house, out into the dark.

And at that moment, something snapped in Stephanie. She lay awake the whole night making plans. In the morning, she looked normal, except for the hollow stare in her eyes and the unnatural slowness of her movements. She made herself a cup of coffee and drank it slowly. Then she went to Greta's room and knocked on the door.

"What do you want?"

"I want to talk to you."

"What about?"

"Do you really love Brad?"

The girl was suspicious. "Yes."

"Do you want to marry him?"

"No." Then the floodgates burst. "We're gonna run away. We're going to move to Vancouver, and never see any of you people again. I hate you. Can't you get it into your skull that I really hate you."

"I've got an idea," Stephanie said. "You get Brad over and I'll give you enough money so that you can move to Vancouver."

Brad was suspicious, but he came over. Stephanie gave them two thousand dollars she had taken from her account, and she helped Greta pack. She knew that what she was doing was wicked, but she couldn't help herself. In fact, Greta was full of affection as they kissed good-bye

and she got on the motorcycle and headed out to Vancouver, more like a daughter than she had ever been.

Then she took Hans out to a downtown bar, and told him she'd buy him anything he wanted to drink. The bartender was suspicious, but Stephanie told him that her son was certainly old enough to drink, and so he served them. Hans couldn't believe his luck. He ordered whiskey sours and martinis and manhattans and three zombies in a row. Then Stephanie drove him around until they came to a doughnut shop with a patrol car parked in the lot. She parked as close to the patrol car as she could. Then she got out and handed Hans the keys. She told him to back out and drive the car around to the front. Then she went around the doughnut shop and got on a bus. She heard the crunch through the bus window and saw the policemen running out to their car. Then she went home.

A few days later, the anchorman returned from Nagorno-Karabach.

"Hi honey, I'm home."

"Good. I missed you."

"So did I. Where are the kids?"

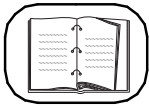
"Gone."

"What do you mean gone?"

"They're gone away. Now there's just you and me. And we can live happily ever after."

But the anchorman was not at all sympathetic. When he discovered that his daughter had run off to Vancouver with a motorcyclist and that his son was in jail, he was even less sympathetic. He ordered Stephanie out of his house and immediately filed for divorce. Then he flew to Vancouver and brought his daughter back and he hired a good lawyer and got his son out of jail. He convinced his first wife that they should get back together for the sake of the children, and they did. Hans kept getting drunk and stealing cars and Greta kept running away to live with increasingly more decadent bikers. They spent the rest of their days in misery.

As for Stephanie, she went back to the famous Canadian poet. He had to wash more now, because he had a job as writer-in-residence at a university, and he still didn't have any children. Stephanie kept her toothbrush in her purse so that nobody else could use it. When they merged the magazine she worked for with the other magazine, they made Stephanie the design editor for both publications, and gave her a small raise. She lived happily ever after, except for the times when she was in the company of children, and she kept that to a minimum.



2. In your Writer's Notebook, note any adaptations to the original that strike you as particularly funny or that make an interesting comment on our society today.
3. Think of fairy tales with which you are familiar and possible adaptations you could make to amusing and critical effect. Note your possible adaptations in the form of a list or concept map.

Margaret Atwood, a well-known Canadian author, has parodied the fairy tale genre in general in her work "There Was Once." She goes beyond making fun of the fairy tale genre itself to comment on the current trend toward revising traditional texts to be more "politically correct," that is, non-sexist, class-conscious, multicultural, and so on.

Learning Experience

1. Read Atwood's "There Was Once."

There Was Once*

There was once a poor girl, as beautiful as she was good, who lived with her wicked stepmother in a house in the forest.

Forest? *Forest* is *passé*, I mean, I've had it with all this wilderness stuff. It's not a right image of our society, today. Let's have some *urban* for a change.

There was once a poor girl, as beautiful as she was good, who lived with her wicked stepmother in a house in the suburbs.

That's better. But I have to seriously query this word *poor*.

But she was *poor*!

Poor is relative. She lived in a house, didn't she?

Yes.

Then socio-economically speaking, she was not poor.

But none of the money was *hers*! The whole point of the story is that the wicked stepmother makes her wear old clothes and sleep in the fireplace—

*From *Good Bones* by Margaret Atwood. Copyright © 1992 O.W. Toad Ltd. Used with permission of McClelland and Stewart.

Aha! They had a *fireplace*! With *poor*, let me tell you, there's no fireplace. Come down to the park, come to the subway stations after dark, come down to where they sleep in cardboard boxes, and I'll show you *poor*!

There was once a middle-class girl, as beautiful as she was good—

Stop right there. I think we can cut the *beautiful*, don't you? Women these days have to deal with too many intimidating physical role models as it is, what with those bimbos in the ads. Can't you make her, well, more average?

There was once a girl who was a little overweight and whose front teeth stuck out, who—

I don't think it's nice to make fun of people's appearances. Plus, you're encouraging anorexia.

I wasn't making fun! I was just describing—

Skip the description. Description oppresses. But you can say what colour she was.

What colour?

You know. Black, white, red, brown, yellow. Those are the choices. And I'm telling you right now, I've had enough of white. Dominant culture this, dominant culture that—

I don't know what colour.

Well, it would probably be *your* colour, wouldn't it?

But this isn't about me! It's about this girl—

Everything is *about* you.

Sounds to me like you don't want to hear this story at all.

Oh well, go on. You could make her ethnic. That might help.

There was once a girl of indeterminate descent, as average-looking as she was good, who lived with her wicked—

Another thing. *Good* and *wicked*. Don't you think you should transcend those puritanical judgemental moralistic epithets? I mean, so much of that is conditioning, isn't it?

There was once a girl, as average-looking as she was well-adjusted, who lived with her stepmother, who was not a very open and loving person because she herself had been abused in childhood.

Better. But I am so tired of negative female images! And stepmothers—they always get it in the neck! Change it to *stepfather*, why don't you? That would make more sense anyway, considering the bad behaviour you're about to describe. And throw in some whips and

chains. We all know what those twisted, repressed, middle-aged men are like—

Hey, just a minute! I'm a middle-aged—

Stuff it, Mister Nosy Parker. Nobody asked you to stick in your oar, or whatever you want to call that thing. This is between the two of us. Go on.

There was once a girl—

How old was she?

I don't know. She was young.

This ends with a marriage, right?

Well, not to blow the plot, but—yes.

Then you can scratch the condescending paternalistic terminology. It's *woman*, pal. *Woman*.

There was once—

What's this was, once? Enough of the dead past. Tell me about now.

There—

So?

So, what?

So, why not *here*?



2. In your Writer's Notebook, speculate on whether you think it is important to consider issues of political correctness as pointed out in "There Was Once." Is it possible to write in traditional forms such as fairy tales in today's world? Or is it more important to come up with original forms?

Part 3

Parody of a Genre — Detective Story

Although the detective story probably reached its peak in popularity in the 1940s, the distinctiveness of its conventions and the stereotypical qualities of its characters leave it wide open to parody today.

Angus Kohm, a Winnipeg playwright, has written a very playful parody of the detective genre — the stage play *Samantha Panther, P.I.: Tough Girls Don't Sing*. In this play, he not only exaggerates the distinct conventions of the genre, but also reverses the gender stereotypes to very humorous effect.

Learning Experience

1. Read the following excerpt from *Samantha Panther, P.I.: Tough Girls Don't Sing* by Angus Kohm. If you'd like to read the complete play, it is provided in Appendix G.

Samantha Panther, P.I.: Tough Girls Don't Sing*

(Lights up on SAMANTHA, the toughest hard boiled detective in the world.)

SAMANTHA: I finally had her. Lippy Lipshitz, the lowlife punk who'd backstabbed me and left me for dead. The professional shooters she'd put on my tail had died three years ago. When they made the mistake of thinking I was an easy mark. But Lippy had taken a powder, and after two years of searching for her, I'd given up.

But tonight I'd found her anyway.

In a broken down bar, surrounded by broken down hoods who knew how lucky they were that I hadn't come for them. My rod leapt into my hand, and started begging me to pull its trigger. But I wasn't gonna do it that easy. I wanted to get nice and close before I splattered Lippy's brains — I wanted to feel the spray.

She was cornered, and the 32 caliber toy she called a gun was empty. I told her to reload it if she wanted. I don't mind a little extra noise. But she was either out of bullets, or she didn't believe me. Oh, well. It wouldn't have helped her anyway. Nothing could've helped her, cause even though I hadn't slept in days, I was sharp as a broken tooth. And nothing — I mean nothing — was gonna stand in my way.

But then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw someone dropping a coin into the battered old jukebox. And then the pain began.

MUSIC of 'That Song' starts to play. SAMANTHA grabs her ears in pain.)

SAMANTHA: "You stupid, rotten, brain-dead, wino! Turn that off! !"

I pointed my rod at him, and he did his best, but that music was relentless. That stupid, horrible piece of music! How can anyone pay money to hear

*Reprinted by permission of Angus Kohm.

it?! I staggered over, and punched and kicked and abused that machine in every way I knew how. But the puke box kept playing.

As I fell to my knees, I remembered Lippy. And with my last ounce of strength I turned to look where she'd been standing.

The lowlife punk was gone.

(BLACKOUT. MUSIC of 'That Song' fades. Other MUSIC plays.)

(A SLIDE APPEARS: It reads 'Samantha Panther, P.I.' SAMANTHA appears next to the slide. She has a pointer.)

SAMANTHA: That's me. Samantha Panther, P.I.. P.I. — or Private Investigator. Sometimes Private I. But never P. Investigator. It's a tough racket. Not many can handle it. But it's the life for me. Sure, I get beat up, shot at, arrested and almost run over on a regular basis, but I get to set my own hours. It doesn't matter that the pay's bad. I don't have to be anywhere at 9:00 AM, and sometimes that's worth all the dough in the world.

(THE SLIDE DISAPPEARS and the MUSIC fades.)

(LIGHTS UP.)

(SAMANTHA is in her apartment.)

SAMANTHA: When I got home I checked my messages.

(SAMANTHA hits a button on an answering machine. The taped voice of POLLY is heard.)

POLLY: Samantha? Are you there? It's an emergency. I really need your help!

SAMANTHA: I guess I haven't erased this tape in a while. That's my best friend Polly. She got murdered by a group of neo-Nazis who were trying to undermine the government. I solved that case two weeks ago.

(There is a BEEP, and the voice of LISA is heard on the tape.)

LISA: Hello? Sam? Pick up the phone! I'm in a lot of trouble. Sam? Sam?!

SAMANTHA: That's my other best friend, Lisa. She was murdered by two bit hoods over a gambling debt that wasn't even hers. I solved that case last week.

(A BEEP, and the voice of BROOKE is heard.)

BROOKE: Hi, Samantha. It's Brooke.

SAMANTHA: Brooke! Don't tell me she's —

BROOKE: Everything's fine. I just need to talk to you about something. It's kind of personal. Give me a call.

SAMANTHA: That was a close one.

(A BEEP, and the voice of PATTY is heard.)

PATTY: Sam Panther, pick up that phone! I'm not kidding around with you.

SAMANTHA: That's my friend Patty. She's a cop. I can't say she's my best friend, because cops and P.I.'s don't always see eye to eye. But she's been a good friend for a lot of years. And if it turns out that some rat bastard has killed her —

PATTY: For your sake, you better not be avoiding me, Sam. I've got a body here with your name all over it.

SAMANTHA: That's a relief. Patty's just ticked off 'cause I left a body somewhere again. But I didn't kill anyone last night. What is she talking about?

PATTY: You better get over here and explain yourself, Sam. I won't bother giving you the address because you already know it. I'm at Brooke's place.

SAMANTHA: Brooke's place?! She's my best friend, dammit! Are you trying to tell me she's dead? Patty? Patty?! Oh hell, I'm on my way!

(SAMANTHA runs out. MUSIC plays.)

(SAMANTHA enters the crime scene.)

SAMANTHA: Brooke's place was crawling with cops. I could hear Patty yelling at someone for a reason that wasn't clear. She was the Captain so that was her job. A couple of uniforms tried to stop me at the door. I flashed my P.I. ticket and shoved past, heading straight for the bloodstained sheet. The sheet that I knew must cover a body. But was it Brooke's body? I had to find out.

(SAMANTHA yanks the sheet away, revealing a taped outline of a body.)

SAMANTHA: It was Brooke, alright. But you could hardly tell anymore. Whoever killed her had made a real mess of it. Chocolate cake on her shirt, spaghetti in her hair, and grape juice on her pants. Looked like the only thing that made it into her stomach was a slug from a thirty-eight. It was the work of a rank amateur, alright. But still, I could see why Patty said it had my name written all over it. It was in red lipstick on Brooke's face, to be exact. It said: "You're next, Panther."

Dealing with your best friend's murder is never easy. It's one of the toughest parts of a P.I.'s job. When it's sadistic and uncalled for, that makes it even tougher. But when the killer has the nerve to imply that she could do the same number on you — that's what can make a P.I. really lose her cool. And I would've, too. If it hadn't been for Patty's words of ice.

“You’re gonna tell me who did this, Sam. You’re not gonna withhold information and go gunning after her yourself. The department won’t stand for it anymore. And neither will I.”

I guess Patty was still sore at me over the Lisa case. And the Polly case. And that international incident I caused at the UN. I could understand that. But to accuse me of deliberately withholding evidence? I’ve handed her dozens of killers. Granted, I’d killed them all first. But sometimes a P.I. doesn’t have any choice. Patty was being very disrespectful of a fellow professional.

“If I thought your slow working department of P.I. rejects could handle the case, I’d back right off. You know, that, Patty. And you know I don’t know who did this, cause if I did they’d already be suffering from a case of the forty-five caliber flu. So, lay off.”

“The department can handle this, Sam.”

“Yeah, I can see what a great job they’re doing. That one’s dusting the tv remote for prints. Does she think the killer came in to catch a few reruns of Quincy?”

As if to prove my point, someone else shouts that there’s a record still spinning on the turntable.

“Better dust it for prints,” I remarked.

The sure to be promoted uniform had other ideas. She moved the needle back to the start.

(‘That Song’ starts to play.)

SAMANTHA: “No! It can’t be. Brooke, how could you? For god’s sake, turn it off!”

(SAMANTHA rips the cord from the wall. The MUSIC stops.)

SAMANTHA: The uniform looked at me like I’d punched her, and for a second I almost considered it. Patty had the nerve to say something like, “What did you do that for? It’s not a bad tune.”

Not a bad tune! That song makes me want to —

It was no use. I was feeling too betrayed by Brooke to explain myself. She knew how I felt about that song. But still she went behind my back and listened to it. It was enough to make me not want to avenge her death.

But then a faint glimmer of hope entered my mind. I turned to Patty and raised my voice so every cop in the room could hear me.

“This killer is sick, Patty. Real sick. Dumping food on people and making them listen to music like that! I’m gonna get her. I’m gonna make her suffer just like Brooke suffered. When she dies, it won’t be by lethal

injection or a hot-wired chair. It'll be on the floor of her own apartment, with cake all over her and that horrible, horrible sound ringing in her ears. DON'T try to stop me or get in my way, Patty. You're a good cop — but you're stuck following a lot of bad rules. Rules that help sick killers get away with murder. Not me, chum. I've got my own set of rules — just like those animals do — and that's why you need someone like me around.

“Cause when the Panther's on the prowl, no other predator stands a chance.”

(BLACKOUT. MUSIC plays.)

(LIGHTS UP ON SAMANTHA.)

SAMANTHA: I dropped by the office for the first time in three days.

(SAMANTHA enters her office.)

SAMANTHA: My secretary, Mungo, rushed over to greet me with tears in his eyes. He was always worried about me winding up dead in a gutter somewhere.

I let him hug me for a minute, until I was sure he was gonna be alright. Then I gently pushed him away. That boy had a million dollar body, alright. And he wasn't afraid to show it off. But don't get any ideas about him being easy. I've seen him give the brush off to some pretty hard cases. And when necessary, he can whip off his shoe and crack a skull in the blink of an eye. He was a class act all the way — and truth be told, he was nuts about me. I'd never made a pass at him, though. Not that I hadn't wanted to, but a P.I. should never take advantage of her love-struck secretary.

He told me that I had visitors in my private office. And from his expression I could tell they were trouble. I told him not to sweat it and went in.

Like I said before, being a P.I. is no cakewalk. Your friends get murdered and you have to avenge them. The cops all hate you but you have to solve their cases. You don't get paid cause you never have a live client. And then there are things like this...

There were twelve of them, and they all had guns pointed at my head. As if that wasn't enough, two more grabbed me and sat me in a chair. I opened my mouth and six of them told me to shut it. One looked like she wanted to shoot me. Three of them encouraged her. All of them hated me. And that was their job.

They were The Feds. That's right. Federal Agents. You know the type. Always flashing badges with a lot of initials on them. FBI, CIA, NBC — they're all the same.

And they've always got a beef with P.I.'s.

I noticed they'd brought a projector and a screen with them.

"Pictures of your wedding night?" I speculated.

I'm not sure how many slapped me. They told me to shut up and pay attention, cause they had a job for me to do.

"What makes you think I'll help a bunch of initial-waving geeks like you?" I asked, preparing for more slaps. The light's went out instead.

(The lights go out and a SLIDE appears on a screen. It's a picture of Samantha on the streets in front of an old hotel.)

"This is you."

(SLIDE #2: a picture of a GANGSTER, eating spaghetti at a restaurant table.)

"And this is Stacks Malone — the mafia queenpin who used to control the east side."

"How very informative. Are you going to be quizzing me on which is which?"

(SLIDE #3 appears. It's a picture of SAMANTHA shoving a huge handful of spaghetti into STACKS MALONE's mouth.)

"And this is you killing Stacks Malone in much the same way as she had killed your best friend what was her name?"

"Sandie."

"How many best friends do you have, Panther?"

"Less every day. Get to the point."

"This wasn't self defense, Panther. It was cold-blooded revenge. A public service, perhaps. But the law would still consider it to be murder. What do you think about that?"

(LIGHTS UP on SAMANTHA.)

SAMANTHA: It wasn't good. The Feds had me caught between a murder rap and a bad case of indigestion. Every cop in town had been happy to see Stacks go — especially in such an embarrassing way — but they still had their book of rules to follow. And that could mean trouble for a P.I. like me.

(The LIGHTS go back OUT.)

"Alright, you win. What do you want me to do?"

"Listen to this."

(MUSIC starts. 'That Song' fills the air.)

“What the hell? Are you crazy?! Turn that off!!”

(MUSIC stops.)

“That song was found at the scene of your friend’s murder, right?”

“Don’t rub it in.”

“It’s been found at others, too. Most of them mob related.”

“It’s the people with no brains who enjoy it.”

“The singer, Caterina Mynx, has been receiving death threats.”

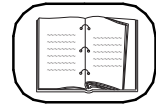
“I’ve been tempted to make a couple myself, so what?”

“We think these cases are connected.”

(LIGHTS UP ON SAMANTHA.)

2. Following the lead of Rosen, Arnason, Atwood, and Kohm, plan a parody of a familiar genre. Play with exaggerating key conventions, reversing stereotypes of gender, race, or class, and relocating the genre into another context. Play with the expectations of your readers, setting them up and then subverting them in surprising and humorous ways.

Write and/or sketch these plans in your Writer’s Notebook. Again, you do not have to go beyond the experimentation stage at this point. You may decide later in this sequence to take this piece through the entire creative process and submit it as a process package for Assignment 3.



Lesson 5

Crossing Genres

In this lesson we'll look at one last way writers can play with the genre expectations of readers — a sort of relocation of one genre within another one. In this way writers can play with two genres at once.



General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts

2.3.5 Create original texts to communicate ideas and enhance understanding of forms and techniques

General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

4.1.1 Generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose

4.1.2 Select and use a variety of forms appropriate for content, audience, and purpose



Learning Experience

1. Read the following two texts. They are examples of crossing the genres of fairy tales and detective stories. The first, “Rumpelstiltskin, Private Eye” by Jason Sanford, is written for older children, aged approximately eight to twelve, and revises the fairy tale “Rumpelstiltskin.” (If you are unfamiliar with that story, a version of it is provided in Appendix H.) The second text, “Love and Justice” by Kristine Kathryn Rusch, uses the content of “Cinderella” to create a detective story for an adult audience.

Rumpelstiltskin, Private Eye*

The name on my door says it all: “Rumpelstiltskin, Private Eye.” I’m the one people turn to when they’re in a jam. Remember that crazy wolf who blew down those pigs’ houses? I caught him. When Jack stole the giant’s golden-egg-laying hen, I tracked him down.

‘Course, things don’t always go so smoothly. Take my last case. What started out as a good mystery almost ended with me in the dungeon . . . all because of the captain of the guard, a miller’s daughter, and a whole lot of straw.

It began on a rainy Friday afternoon. I was watching an old Sherlock Holmes movie on TV when the miller walked in the door. I recognized him right away; he and his daughter had been in the news a lot lately. Rumor had it she’d been spinning straw into gold for the king, but I didn’t believe that for a minute.

“I’m looking for a private eye,” the miller said.

“That’s me. Have a seat.”

I poured the miller a glass of soda pop. He was a scraggly looking man, clothes patched and double patched. He needed a haircut worse than Rapunzel.

The miller sipped his drink, then sighed. “It’s my daughter,” he said. “She’s been kidnaped by the king.”

I whistled. The king was a little greedy—he said he’d marry anyone who could increase his stash of golden cash. Still, he was a nice guy and I had trouble believing that he would kidnap anyone. “Can your daughter really spin straw into gold?”

The miller shook his head. “Of course not. What fairy tale do you think this is?”

“Then why would the king kidnap her?”

“Well . . .” the miller said, looking a little sheepish. “I was bowling with the captain of the palace guard, and I happened to mention how intelligent my daughter is, how beautiful she is, how . . .” he paused. “How she can spin straw into gold. Next day she was gone.” There’s no telling how many kids have gotten into trouble because their parents brag a little too much.

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“I guess the captain told the king what I said,” the miller concluded. “Can you get my daughter out of the castle?”

I thought about it. I’d had a run-in with the captain of the guard before—caught him taking a bribe from Puss in Boots. It didn’t surprise me that he was mixed up in this. But why would the king keep the miller’s daughter in the castle if she couldn’t spin straw into gold? Surely he’d have discovered that little fact by now.

I told the miller I’d take the case. I loved a good mystery, and this one was a puzzler. I shook hands with the miller, then ran to the castle. It was still raining, but I figured, hey, this’ll save me the trouble of bathing tonight.

I stopped at the guard house by the drawbridge. My friend Happy was on duty. He and I had been the first really short people to make it through the Guard Academy. After I quit to become a private eye, Happy’d stayed on and became a lieutenant. He said being a castle guard paid better than working for Snow White, and it was easier than being self-employed like me.

“What’s up, Rump?” Happy asked.

“I need to see the king;” I said. “Got a case that involves him.”

Happy shook his head. “No can do, bud. The captain of the guard said no visitors today, and I’m doing just what he says. The captain’s got a major case of hay fever and he’s in a nasty mood.”

“Now why would hay fever be bothering him inside the castle?”

Happy grinned. “The captain found someone to spin straw into gold for the king. His Highness was so excited he ordered us to collect every bit of straw in the kingdom. One of the three pigs came by today and yelled at me because we even took down his straw house.”

“Can the miller’s daughter really spin straw into gold?” I asked.

Happy nodded. “Seen it myself—straw goes in the main storeroom at night; gold comes out the next day. The king’s making a bundle.”

I was just about to ask Happy to let me in the castle to snoop around when the captain of the guard appeared.

“What is he doing here?” the captain barked at Happy.

“I’m looking for the miller’s daughter,” I said. “Seen her?”

The captain glared at me. As he leaned close to me, I caught a whiff of him. Phew! His uniform was filthy, and he smelled like rotten fish. “I don’t talk to little creeps like you; Bumblestiltskin,” he said.

“Rumpelstiltskin,” I said. “The name’s Rumpelstiltskin.” The captain had never been able to remember my name.

“Whatever,” the captain said. “Happy, follow your orders. No visitors.” He walked back into the castle.

Happy sighed. He didn’t like the captain, either.

“Where’s the miller’s daughter?” I asked.

“She’s in the storeroom,” Happy whispered, “but you’d better stay away. You get anywhere near her and the captain’ll be after you like the Big Bad Wolf.”

I thanked Happy and walked away. Things just didn’t make sense. No one could spin straw into gold, but it sure sounded as if that were happening. I had to get in the castle to see for myself—but how? The castle walls were forty feet tall, and the rain made them as slick as ice. I looked down at the moat and saw water shooting out of a drainpipe.

Bingo, I thought. Every room in the castle had a large drain on the floor to let water out.

Later that night, after the rain had stopped, I swam across the moat and squirmed like a worm through the drainpipe. Talk about disgusting—mushy garbage and rats were everywhere. I even got a bath in some old fish stew that someone had dumped down the drain.

Soon the drainpipe widened into a sewer. It was so dark in there, I had to feel my way along the sewer wall. Suddenly I stumbled over some heavy bags of trash. One of the bags slumped onto me as I went sprawling in the muck. I wiggled out from under it and kept groping along. Eventually I found the pipe leading to the storeroom. As I eased up the room’s drain cover, it clanked softly on the stone floor.

“Who’s there?” a voice snapped.

I looked around and saw a young woman sitting by a spinning wheel in one corner of the room.

“My name’s Rumpelstiltskin,” I said. “I’m a private eye. Your father sent me to help you.”

“Great,” she said. “I thought I’d be stuck here until not-so-happily ever after.” Suddenly she wrinkled her nose. “Phew!” she said, waving her hand at me.

“Yeah, well,” I said. “Real-life rescues tend to be messier, than in fairy tales.”

I crawled out of the drain and stood up. “The cleanest escape would be out the window,” I said as I approached her. Then it hit me: the miller’s daughter had supposedly been spinning straw into gold all night, but there was no gold—and only a little straw—in the room.

“Aren’t we missing something here?” I asked. “Where’s all the straw and gold?”

“Oh, the captain’s already stashed the straw. As for the gold: . . . well, I suppose you’ll be taking the blame for that.”

Blame for what? I thought. Suddenly an alarm went off in my head. I’d been set up! I tried to run, but the woman grabbed me. She was a full two feet taller than me and held me in a half nelson.

“I’ve got the thief?” she yelled, tightening her grip on my neck. “Guards! Guards!”

“No,” I choked. “I’m here to help you.”

“I don’t need your help,” she said. “I’m going to be a queen.”

I couldn’t believe my ears. Before I could say anything, the storeroom door opened, and in walked the captain and a couple of guards.

“Looks like we’ve caught the thief,” the captain said.

“I’m not a thief.”

The captain chuckled.

“You made it easy, Bumpletallskin,” he said.

“Rumpelstiltskin,” I said. “The name’s Rumpelstiltskin.”

“Whatever,” the captain said. He pulled out a handkerchief and sneezed. “Anyway, I knew you couldn’t ignore a good mystery”

“What’s going on?” I asked. “Tricking the king into believing the miller’s daughter can spin straw into gold isn’t going to do anything for you.”

The captain laughed. “We’ll see,” he said. “Arrest him.”

Gee, I thought, the Wicked Witch hasn’t got anything on this guy. Still, you don’t get to be a P. I. if you can’t improvise. I pushed my shoe under some straw and kicked it up into the captain’s face. He exploded into a fit of coughs and sneezes as the other guards tried to help him.

“Gotta love hay fever,” I said to the miller’s daughter as I stomped on her foot. She screamed and let me go. I lunged for the window.

“Get him!” the captain gasped, but I was already jumping. It was forty feet down—right into the moat. Looks like I was finally getting my bath. I pulled myself out of the water and ran for my life.

The next morning I was on the lam. I hid in an apple tree on Old McDonald’s farm, listening to my Walkman. The radio was full of news about me stealing twenty bags of gold from the king’s treasury.

I groaned. It was a good scam. The captain was stealing gold from the treasury to convince the king that the miller’s daughter could spin straw into gold. With me accused of robbing the treasury, it would be hard to prove that no new gold had been added to it. Instead, the miller’s daughter

would marry the king, the captain would gain a fortune in stolen gold, and I'd be on my way to the dungeon.

I wanted to scream. I couldn't let the captain get away with this, but what could I do? It would only be a matter of time until the guards found me.

Suddenly it hit me. Actually, it bit me. A horse thrust its head into my tree to nibble an apple and got me instead. I fell out of the apple tree and landed hard on my butt. As I rubbed my bruised leg, I felt something in my pocket that hadn't been there the day before. I pulled it out: a gold coin. How had that gotten in there?

Then I smiled. All at once, I knew how to expose the captain as a thief, stop the king from marrying a con artist, and clear my name.

The radio said the king's wedding would be that Saturday in the castle. The entire kingdom was invited, and I figured it wouldn't be too hard to sneak in. Nobody would expect that I'd be dumb enough to return to the scene of the crime.

On the wedding day, I hid until the miller and his daughter were marching down the aisle. Then, with a yell I jumped up on the pipe organ. That wedding went quiet faster than Little Bo Peep lost her sheep. The king and his bride were horrified.

The captain of the guard ran toward me.

"You're under arrest, Wrinklesoftskin!" he shouted.

"Rumpelstiltskin!" I yelled. "The name's Rumpelstiltskin!"

"Whatever," the captain said. Behind him, the wedding guests whispered excitedly. Well, I'd give them even more to whisper about.

"I have come to throw myself on the mercy of Your Majesty," I said, bowing low. "And to restore the stolen gold."

As you can imagine, that got the greedy king's attention. He signaled for silence, then looked at me.

"Very well," he said. "Please tell me where my gold is." "I'll do better than that; I'll show you."

The captain of the guard started to protest, but the king hushed him. He wanted his gold back. Figuring that he still had the best of me, the captain gave in. Happy came up to tie my hands.

"I can't believe you did it," Happy said with dismay.

"Wait and see;" I said. "I might surprise you yet."

Happy finished tying my hands, then dragged me before the king.

"Now;" the king said, "lead us to the gold."

I started walking toward the throne room.

“Where are you going?” the king asked.

“The gold’s in the castle,” I said.

The captain of the guard and the miller’s daughter exchanged worried looks, but the king didn’t notice. He really wanted his gold back. So I took off, with the king, Happy, the miller and his daughter, and the captain trooping along behind me.

I kept close to the captain. We walked through the throne room, past the treasury, down into the kitchen. The captain was starting to get restless.

“You are trying my patience, Stumblestiltskin,” he said.

“The name’s . . . oh, never mind,” I said. “The gold’s nearby; I just forgot which room.”

We descended a stairway and walked down a long hall. This was taking longer than I’d thought it would. I was, just getting nervous when the captain pulled out a handkerchief, took a deep breath, and sneezed.

“The gold’s in there,” I said, pointing to the nearest door. It led to the dungeon.

“Preposterous,” the captain blustered, but he wasn’t in charge here.

“Open the door,” the king ordered. Happy marched forward and swung the door wide open. We crowded in to stare at . . . straw. There were piles and piles of straw.

At first no one understood. “Where’s the gold?” the king asked. Then Happy smiled, and turned toward the king.

“The captain said all the straw in the kingdom had been turned into gold;” Happy said. “If that’s true, what’s this straw doing here?”

The captain sneezed.

“The miller’s daughter didn’t spin any straw into gold;” I said. “The captain swapped the straw for gold from the treasury, then blamed his theft on me. The two were working in cahoots to rob you, Your Majesty.”

“Then where is, my gold?” the king asked.

“Hidden in the sewer under the castle;” I said. Then I pulled out the gold coin I’d found in my pocket. “I tripped over the bags climbing up here to ‘rescue’ the miller’s daughter, and this slid into my pocket. Then I remembered how the captain smelled like rotten fish the other day—just like I did after crawling through the sewer. I figure he was hiding the gold there until the coast was clear.”

The king frowned at the captain and the miller’s daughter.

“It wasn’t my fault;” the miller’s daughter stammered. “My father and the captain made me do it:”

Well that did it. The miller, his daughter, and the captain began yelling and arguing like you wouldn’t believe. There was no honor among these thieves. The king ordered Happy to throw them all in the dungeon. Happy and I then crawled into the sewer and retrieved all the stolen gold.

The next day I came to the castle.

“Congrats on the promotion,” I told Happy. He’d been bumped up to captain, what with the former captain doing time.

“Thanks,” he said. “Glad to know that you’re not a thief.”

“How’s the king doing, now that he knows his gold-spinning bride was a fake?”

Happy shrugged. “Actually, he’s feeling great. He just heard about this guy named Midas, who has the golden touch. The king thinks he’ll be rolling in gold before the week is out.”

I groaned. It looked as if the king would be keeping me busy for the next few happily ever afters—very busy. And that’s nothing to sneeze at.



Love and Justice*

Let me explain the difficulties:

1. I'm a sheriff. No title. I own land, but I work for the palace. I keep the peace and, keep the peasants in line. Occasionally I investigate servants at the castle, but that's all. No power, really, except that which lies in the rules that have existed long before me.

2. The king believes in justice for all. Honest, he does. I can't tell you how many times he's said to me, "Bertrand, it doesn't matter to us if one of our lords or one of our peasants commits a crime. Criminals should be equal under the eyes of the law."

3. The king hates liars and sycophants.

All of this would have worked to my advantage if it weren't for the last item.

4. The king loves his kids.

Things would be much easier for me if he were your average coldhearted monarch. But he's not. He came into office at age thirty with reform on the brain and love in his heart. And for forty years he's stayed true to all that.

Which brings us back to number one: me. I have no power. Except the truth.

And I tell you. After that night, I hate the truth.

It begins just after sunset. I'm snoozing in front of the fire when someone pounds on the door. They pound hard, so I can't beg off. The wife has long since retired, and I'm alone with my empty glass of ale. I get up, and pull the door open only to discover a palace guard.

He's young, maybe twenty-five, and he's got that flat-faced look the inexperienced get when they're terrified.

"Need you down to the Quarter," he says.

Already I know it's bad. The Quarter is short for the Royal Quarter. It's where displaced people of the court live. The queen mother has a cottage there. (Cottage, hell. You could fit fifteen of my cottages in hers.) So do several of the royal spouses, most thrown over for the mistress *du jour*.

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The official spouse appears at the palace for official events, then returns to the Quarter to a life of relative ease and inconsequence until the next royal event occurs.

I hate the Quarter. Its semi-unofficial status makes my job even more difficult.

I grab a torch and follow the young guard. My head is pounding from the aftereffects of the ale, and my mouth is dry. I should have taken a few minutes to clean up. As the wife says, it never pays to drink alone. Not even on Sunday.

The cobblestone streets aren't precisely empty. Several ladies of the evening try to blend in with the shadows of the tavern doorways as I pass by. Voices inside are raised in raucous song. Beggars lay against the chimney stones in a vain attempt to get warm. This part of town never sleeps.

As we cross the invisible line that separates poor from rich, the clock in the guard tower strikes ten. It's darker here, among the stately homes and manicured gardens. Private guards stand by gates, but even they don't look awake. The palace guard and I slip by with nary a notice from anyone.

Then we enter the Quarter. The palace guard makes a turn, and as I follow, my stomach twists. I know where we are. The disgraced royals section. Not everyone who lives here is disgraced per se, but most are here because they need to pay for their quarters themselves. The "cottages" are smaller, the gardens tiny, and the guards nonexistent. If crimes are committed against royals, they happen here precisely because of the lack of protection.

The streets here are narrow and dark. The guard leads me to a tall house at the end of a road. A handful of my men pace outside it, waiting for me. Two other palace guards stand beside them, looking nervous.

The ale in my stomach churns even more. I recognize this place. I've sent men here more times than I care to count. I steel my shoulders, run a hand through my thinning hair, push forward.

"What've we got?" I ask the nearest man, his face obscured by the dark.

"See fer yerself, sir," he says, and in the lackadaisical tone I recognize the voice of Robert, one of my sharper assistants.

The gate stands open, and several torches burn in torch holders. Blood coats the bricked path. A woman is crumpled in the center, on her side, one hand extended before her. A man is leaning against a tree, his eyes open and staring, the pupils reflecting the torches in an eerie imitation of life.

I walk through the grass, careful not to disturb the blood. I've learned in my years as sheriff that crime scenes tell their own tale. A good man reads it. An inept man tramples it.

I crouch behind the woman, where there is less blood, and hold my torch close to her face. Her long blond hair obscures her features but leaves one image vividly clear:

Her throat has been cut, the wound so deep it gapes like a second mouth. I can see the bones in her neck. Whoever did this nearly severed her head from her body.

I leave her for a moment and approach the man. He's wearing publican's clothing, and his hair is longer than fashion. He's been stabbed dozens of times—torso, hands, forearms. He fought his assailant—and lost.

I order that he remain untouched. He's the out-of-place detail, the key to the whole thing. Publicans do not visit the Quarter, at least not to my knowledge. And I know a lot more than I should. Then I return to the woman.

Gingerly I push the hair out of her face. Her eyes are nearly closed, a bruise fading near her jaw. But I still recognize her.

The Princess.

The one they used to call Cinder Ella.

The whole kingdom knows the tale of Cinder Ella and the handsome prince, the one they call Charming. Little girls repeat it before they go to sleep, a hopeful fairy tale for the underclasses: If you're pretty enough, and kind enough, and resourceful enough, you can marry into royalty. Live happily ever after, guarded by your prince and his charm.

What the kingdom doesn't know is that shortly after the wedding, Charming became distressed with his wife's lack of breeding. She wore scarves to hide the bruises and, after she bore him two children and tried to negotiate things with the palace wise women, she petitioned the king for a separation.

The king is, as I said, a fair man, and he saw things a bit too clearly for Charming's sake. It didn't help that Charming was, by then, a has-been. He made his name in the wars, the expendable second son who proved to be a most able general. He kept the invaders at bay twenty-five years ago, and he earned his reputation as the most powerful general the country has ever seen.

He just didn't have anything to do when the war ended.

I've seen it before: old soldiers who don't quite know how to behave off the battlefield. Charming, who was handsome and still young, went to

a series of balls, found a wife, and developed a reputation for benevolence that didn't apply at home.

The king knew that. It's hard to ignore bruises that occur in your presence. So he granted the princess's appeal for separation, and even allowed her to raise the children outside the palace. With Charming's older brother's ten children, Charming's children had no real hope of succession. The king thought: Separate the combatants and the war ends.

How wrong he was.

At least once a week, my men went to the Quarter to break up a fight between Charming and his princess.

She was trapped in a netherworld of her own making. Too famous to live in a different section of town, too disgraced to live in the protected part of the Quarter. We'd stop the fights between her and the prince, but we really couldn't do much. It was up to her, I thought, to tell the king that the war continued.

Of course she didn't.

And now she's dead.

I remain crouched even though my thighs ache. "The children?" I say.

"They're all right," Robert says. He stands off the walk, just near the gate, watching me. He wants my job, he does, and someday he can have it. "They're inside with one of the men."

"They know what happened?"

"No."

"They hear anything?"

"I don't think so."

I sigh. Too messy for me. Much too messy. I get up slowly, and my knees creak. I'm getting too old for these kinds of jobs.

I hold my torch over the walk. It tilts down. The blood from the princess ran down the walk toward the street. Behind her, though, near where I stood, is one great smear, and then small drops and several footprints. Man-sized, bigger than mine. I follow the prints. They lead to the back gate. It's smeared, too: a single handprint, large. Then the steps disappear in the dirt.

I sigh and close my eyes. There's no way out of this one for me. The princess is dead, and the king will want to know why. And how.

And by whom.

Then I have an idea.

“Robert,” I say as I come back through the gate. “Who’s seen the bodies?”

“Us, sir,” he says.

“Anyone else?”

“Not up close.”

“Good.” I rub a hand over my scalp. I hate this, but I will do it anyway. It will be the best for all of us. “Find the knife.”

“Sir?”

“Find the knife.” I make my tone fierce.

“And if I can’t?”

“You will,” I say. He’ll understand. Robert is one of my very best. If he finds no knife, he’ll provide one. And if he provides one, I can always say that I had no knowledge of it. Such things will make all of our jobs easier.

I add, “Take care of the bodies personally.”

That way no one else will see the defensive wounds on the publican. If we can, if we’re quick enough, we can blame him and close the case, no questions asked.

“Yes, sir,” Robert says.

“And Robert?”

“Yes?”

“Make sure no one talks. About any of it.” And with that, I go into the house.

Candles are burning everywhere. A copper tub sits in the kitchen, the water cool. I look around for servants but see none. Only my man, warming his feet by the dying fire.

“Where’re the children?” I ask.

“Upstairs. Asleep. Didn’t have the heart to wake them.”

“We’ll have to do so now,” I say, “and take them out the back way. We’ll need a carriage.”

“Aye, sir,” he says, and goes to see to the carriage first.

I investigate the kitchens and the servants’ area and find what I suspect. No evidence of on-premise servants. Only day servants. It confirms the rumors I’d heard, that the king had made a deal with the princess. *Leave if you want*, he reportedly said, *but if you do, you’ll lose your bride’s portion. The palace will pay for the children’s care.*

She got by on the children's money and provided well for them. The king had forgotten, or maybe he hadn't, that she had lived poor most of her adult life. This place is incredibly big, incredibly nice for a woman without much financial backing.

But not nice enough. Overnight servants would have prevented the attack.

Or maybe they would have talked, something the king and his family did not want. It is one thing to believe in justice. It is another to enforce it strictly for one's own child.

I sigh. This, then, is what faces me. Justice and children. They do not go together.

I leave the servants' area and climb the stairs to the second story. The children are awake, huddled together in the middle of a bed, lights out. I wonder how long they've been like this. Their eyes glow in the torchlight, in an uncomfortable imitation of the dead man's below.

The girl sits up. She holds her brother tightly. He is the younger, his mouth a thin line. The children combine their mother's prettiness with their father's firm jaw. I get a sense that this pose is common to them; they've sought comfort like this before, probably whenever violence has touched their home.

"Who're you?" the girl asks. Her voice trembles.

"I'm the sheriff," I say. "I've come to take you to the palace."

The children come quietly. They ask no questions about their mother. They do not mind leaving through the back door. They are strangely calm about using the old carriage even though it smells of onions and dung.

I wonder at how much they know. They claim they know nothing, but their denials ring false.

When we arrive at the palace, we are shown into a small room I have never seen before. A fire burns in the grate, and candles flicker in lamps on the walls. A comfortable, well-used chair and stool are close to the fire, and a large rug made of many animal skins covers the stone floor. The room smells of old tobacco and wood smoke.

The children sit on the rug. After a moment, a servant comes and takes them to their rooms. He bids me to stay.

I sigh. I was afraid of this. I prepared my story for this moment. I am, despite the king's hatred of liars, about to lie to him: I will tell him that the publican murdered his daughter-in-law for reasons I do not yet know, and that the publican then died of the wounds she managed to inflict on him before he slit her throat. Although it's false, it is, I believe, the best for all of us, for him, for the children, and most of all, for the kingdom.

My thinking is this: The prince did it. He saw the wife with another man and lost his temper. I know. It has happened before, only not so severely. He warned her about letting it happen again.

But blaming the publican causes no dilemmas. No choice between love and justice. The guy is dead, and nothing can bring him back. He was unremarkable in life, and he'll gain a small measure of infamy in death. Infamy that can't hurt him.

Whereas the prince . . .

A door opens behind me. It's the king. He's wearing a hastily donned robe. His hair is mussed. His unusual vulnerability makes him look older than normal.

I bow.

He closes the door quietly. "You may rise," he says. "We're alone. You brought my grandchildren?"

"Yes, sire." I take a deep breath, dreading this moment. "The princess has been murdered."

"Murdered?"

"Yes, sire," I say. My hands are trembling. I clasp them together, getting ready to spring my tale.

"By whom?" he asks and then, almost as the words leave his mouth, he adds, "No. Do not tell me that."

I blink, uncertain what to say. "Sire?"

He looks away from me. "Is my son all right?"

"I—ah—do not know, sire."

"You do not know or are unwilling to say?" The king's voice shows none of the weakness of his body. It is strong, but his shoulders slump as he speaks.

"I do not know, sire. The princess died outside her home. I tended to the investigation and then brought the children to you."

"The children know she is dead?"

"I have not told them," I say. "Although they did not seem to think the trip out of the ordinary."

"I shall tend to them," the king says, "after I tend to my son. Come along, man. We shall see him together."

I do not know what the king is thinking, but whatever it is, I do not like it. I think I shall like it even less as the night goes on.

The king says nothing as he opens the door. He beckons me to follow, and we go through a maze of small corridors. As we enter a wing, a valet greets him.

The king dispenses with the usual greetings. "I have come for my son."

"He left shortly before you appeared, sire. He said he is going on a hunting trip and will not be back for some days."

"A trip?" the king says. "I was not informed of this."

"Nor I, sire. But he insisted it was long planned and that I had merely forgotten."

A shiver ran down my back. Maybe now I can try the story on the king.

But the king pushes past the valet and tries to open a nearby door. "This is locked!" he says.

"I was instructed not to touch it," the valet says, "nor to let anyone enter."

The king is paler than usual, but he bites his lower lip. He is determined. "Give me the key," the king says. The valet does so. "You are dismissed."

The valet bows and backs away. When he is gone, the king unlocks the door and pushes it open.

The room is larger than my cottage. It is the main room of a suite, the living area, with a fireplace, comfortable chairs, and thick rugs. The fire still burns; although it will burn itself out. The room is dim, but I can see rather clearly. The king grabs a torch from a nearby holder before going inside.

He stops just inside the doorway. The light from his torch illuminates the mess: clothing strewn everywhere, and fresh blood spattered on the white fur rugs. Spattered not as if someone were injured, but as if someone were wet and dripping.

I walk past the king, but he does not object to this breach of protocol. I touch the shirt lying across the rug. My fingers come away bloody.

"Now," the king says, "you shall tell me how the princess died."

I do not face him. The shirt has left a blood imprint on the rug. "Her throat was cut, and the publican who was with her had been stabbed repeatedly. Defensive wounds."

"Stabbed." The king's voice sounds strangled. It is well known that the prince collects knives. "How should I proceed, Sheriff?"

I take a deep breath. He will not believe my lie now. Still, I have no answer for him. "Sire, we do not know who killed her. We have only supposition—"

“You’ve hanged many men on less supposition,” the king says.

I swallow, knowing as I do that the next words might condemn me or save me. “Forgive me, sire,” I say. “They died by your orders.”

“At your recommendation, Bertrand,” he says. “If this were any other dead woman, any other husband’s bloody room, what would you recommend?”

I wipe my bloody fingers on my pants. “This is not any other woman, sire, and you cannot hang a prince.”

“I can do anything I wish,” he says. “I am king.”

“True enough,” I say. I turn. The king is watching me. He is trying to evaluate my sincerity. “But you do not know how the masses feel about your son, about your daughter-in-law.”

“She is—was—popular,” he says. “It is why I did not let the boy put her aside.”

“No, sire,” I say. “She was their hope, their dreams of a better life. They do not know how your son treated her. They do not know—forgive me, sire—that her life differed from theirs only in the amount of wealth at her disposal. They believed her fortunate, your son charmed, and to disabuse them of that notion, well, sire, it will only reflect poorly on you.”

“They will blame me?” he asks, clearly startled at the thought. His eyes narrowed. “What were you planning to tell me?”

I take a deep breath. I will no longer lie to this man, not even in my imagination. “I was going to make the evidence point to the publican.”

“Because he is no one?”

“Because he is already dead.”

The king nods. “If this man is who I think he is, he is a friend of the princess from before her marriage. A man who would occasionally bring her food and play with the children. A man who had no designs but friendship, no matter what my son thought.”

He is not speaking to me. He is speaking to himself. Then his eyes clear. He frowns at me. “We shall clean up this room,” he says, “and you shall bring the bodies here. Then we shall speak no more of this.”

“We, sire?” It does not sound like a royal “we” to me, but more like two men in conspiracy with each other.

“We,” he says. “And perhaps by the time we are done, we shall have an idea about how to avenge two murders, maintain the public perception, and find an equitable way of punishing my son.”

The king proved an able accomplice. He did not mind bloodying his hands.

We cleaned the room and burned the clothes, and then I returned to the crime scene, removed the bodies, and closed the house. No one spoke of the deaths again.

Except me and the king, that dawn. The truth between two men, the decision between unequals. The idea mine, the action his.

The prince is on a pilgrimage—a fancy term for exile—banished forever from this land, from his children, from this site. No public hangings, no public outcry. The public believes the princess is with him. Those who knew the publican—who was the young man the king thought—believe he has run off.

In doing this, we have achieved only one of the king's aims. We have preserved public opinion. The myth continues and may outlive us all. We have avenged no deaths and have, perhaps, caused more. And we have not punished the prince. In my heart of hearts, I believe we have rewarded him.

He was a has-been, a man without purpose, a man who would rather fight and wander than go to balls and social events. We have allowed him to fight, allowed him to roam. He still has his wealth and his position. He has merely been freed from the constraints of his cage.

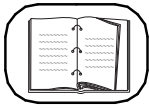
I do not like the decisions we have made. I like rules and justice, just as my king does. I like the simple, straightforward way in which the world normally works.

But the shadings of power cripple me. Each time I hear someone mention the myth of Cinder Ella, I catch myself from speaking. I have told the truth once, and in doing so, I have lied. The king and I both have. We have lied to protect a man who does not deserve it.

All to maintain a popular fiction, to keep alive a belief that keeps the masses happy and the king in power.

I hope he is sleeping well, because I am not.

And after that night, I doubt I ever will.



2. Using these texts as models, plan a work where you cross two familiar genres. You could cross soap opera with fairy tale, science fiction with the detective story, a situation comedy with a western, horror with musical theatre, and so on. Choose genres that you are familiar with and enjoy, and ones that you expect your readers to recognize.

Write your plans in your Writer's Notebook.



3. Extend the crossing of genres to crossing forms and purposes. Draft an editorial commenting on the ills of society as portrayed in a familiar fairy tale, an advertisement for Dick Tracy's two-way wrist radio, a how-to guide for fairy godmothers, or a panel discussion of famous fairy tale princesses on how to live happily ever after. Review your "Forms Often Used" form from Sequence 2 and the list of forms in section 135 of *Writers INC*, and mix and match until you find something that tickles your funny bone or piques your interest.

Again, write your plans, designs, and/or drafts in your Writer's Notebook.

The following lessons will guide you in the creative process of drafting, revising, and polishing one of the pieces you have started. The work you do will be compiled into a process package (Assignment 3) to be submitted to the Distance Learning Unit for assessment.

Notes

Lesson 6

The Creative Process

You have started a variety of pieces throughout this sequence. You have, in fact, been generating ideas to develop topics, express perspectives, engage various audiences, and achieve various purposes (4.1.1) through strategies like listing, mapping, and collecting examples of techniques and ideas from other texts.

In this lesson you will choose one of those pieces to continue to work on. You will take this piece through the entire creative process, following General Learning Outcome 4, including these specific learning outcomes:



General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

- 4.1.1 Generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose
- 4.1.2 Select and use a variety of forms appropriate for content, audience, and purpose
- 4.1.3 Select and use a variety of organizational structures and techniques and appropriate transitions in oral, written, and visual texts to communicate clearly and effectively
- 4.2.1 Appraise own choices of ideas, language use, and forms relative to purpose and audience, and provide others with constructive appraisals
- 4.2.2 Analyze and revise drafts to ensure appropriate content and to enhance unity, clarity, and coherence
- 4.2.3 Use appropriate text features to enhance legibility for particular audiences, purposes, and contexts
- 4.2.4 Use effective language, visuals, and sounds, and arrange ideas for emphasis and desired effect
- 4.3.1 Select appropriate words, grammatical structures, and register for audience, purpose, and context
- 4.3.2 Know and apply Canadian spelling conventions and monitor for correctness using appropriate resources; recognize adapted spellings for particular effects
- 4.3.3 Know and apply capitalization and punctuation conventions to clarify intended meaning, using appropriate resources as required

You will follow the same basic process that you did in Sequence 1, but here you have more choice as to form, audience, and purpose. Remember that the creative process is recursive and you may move back and forth among stages.

This lesson is intended to take the equivalent of several class periods. Do not rush through the various stages, but work at a steady pace.

Part 1

Evaluating and Selecting Ideas (4.1.1) and Forms (4.1.2)

Begin the process of selecting your piece to work on by reviewing the plans, notes, drafts, and sketches in your Writer's Notebook. These should include ideas for

- a found poem (Lesson 2)
- a picture book (Lesson 3)
- a parody (Lesson 4)
- a cross-genre piece (Lesson 5)
- a cross-purpose piece (Lesson 5)

As you review your work, ask yourself these “writer’s questions” formulated by writer and teacher Ralph Fletcher:

- What seems interesting/intriguing to me? What stuff do I most deeply care about? What ideas keep tugging at me?
- What seems bold and original? Where are the places where it’s not just “the same old thing”? Where does the writing seem fresh and new?

(*A Writer's Notebook*, 114)

Carefully consider which project has the potential to engage an audience and achieve a purpose you are interested in. Your choice should not rest on which project is most fully developed at this point, but on which one has the most potential to keep you and your audience engaged. Which one can you envision taking you in new and interesting directions? Which one will use techniques that you want to develop? Which one will help you to achieve your goals listed in Lesson 1?

Go on to the next part of the lesson once you have selected the piece you want to keep working on.





Part 2

Drafting (4.1.3)

If you have not yet written a first draft or design dummy of your chosen piece, now is the time to do so. The following suggestions (Murray, *Write to Learn*, 46-47) may help you to get a draft started:

- **Begin by Ending**

Write as many as 10 or 20 last sentences (or draw sketches if you are working visually), and choose one so that you know your final destination. Of course, this could change along the way, but having an end in mind may help you to begin.

- **Find a Controlling Image**

Picture in your mind what you are thinking and either write or sketch the image that you want to focus on.

- **Anticipate the Reader's Need**

Put yourself in the reader's place to see if you can understand what a particular reader expects from the writing. Then try to meet or play with those expectations.

- **Adjust the Distance**

Try to look at your subject from a variety of distances — move in close to see all the details clearly and to feel the intensity; move way back and see with detachment to big picture and how things fit into the context. Describe the details in close-up and the context in a long shot in words and/or sketches. Review *Dick Tracy* and *Private I. Guana* to see the effects of each. Keep moving back and forth as you focus to see how it will help you explore your subject and communicate it to others.

- **Move the Angle of Vision**

Look at the variety of angles possible — from up above, looking down; from below looking up; or from eye-level. Think about from where you, the writer, are looking at your subject from and what you want to point out to the reader. Again, experiment with shifting the angle or perspective, and look at how different ones were used in the texts you've studied.

Note:

See sections 112, 115, and 523 in *Writers INC* for examples of organizational patterns and transitions.



If you get stuck in the drafting process, and things don't seem to be flowing or fitting together well, consider a new organizational structure — a different order, different types of transitions, different techniques. Refer to *Writers INC* or to examples collected in your Writer's Notebook. It never hurts to begin your draft again from scratch, taking a different approach. Some specific suggestions follow:

- Identify the narrative **voice** and **point of view** if your text is a narrative. Rewrite the text from a different narrative stance, changing both the surface mechanics (e.g., the pronouns such as “I” to “you” or “she”) and the perspective (e.g., what the new narrator would know and see).
- Take your draft and cut it into pieces at natural dividing points (between complete thoughts or scenes, or at an interesting moment in the middle of a scene). Experiment with radically different ways of ordering your text.

(*Senior 3 English Language Arts: A Foundation for Implementation*, 4-254)

Part 3

Enhance and Improve (4.2.1, 4.2.2, 4.2.3, 4.2.4)

Once you have a workable draft or dummy copy, begin the process of revising it. Carefully look at the content of your piece (the ideas, characters, events, images, etc.) and your use of language to ensure that they are appropriate to your audience and purpose. Look again at section 038 in *Writers INC* for a comprehensive revising strategy. Other approaches (*Senior 3 English Language Arts: A Foundation for Implementation*, 4-314) include:

- Collect feedback from others, such as your response partner, family members, or friends. Audiotape any of these discussions to include in your process package. See Appendix I for response sheets to guide their feedback.
- Leave the draft to “percolate” for a while. Take a break and let your mind think of other things before trying to see the draft with fresh eyes.
- Begin to rewrite or redesign on a fresh paper. You can refer to your first draft from time to time, but you should be open to new directions, insights, and language.

point of view: the perspective from which a narrative is told. It can be told by a character within the story in the first person (“I knew I should be afraid”), or told by a narrator outside the story in the third person (“She knew she should be afraid”). The perspective or point of view can be limited to one character or can be omniscient, knowing everything about everyone. For a more detailed outline of possible points of view, see Appendix L.



Be sure that your piece balances variety with unity, and surprise with an overall cohesiveness. While you may want to play with readers' expectations, you don't want them to be jarred out of your text when they don't see what they expect. Keep your audience's attention by using a variety of techniques, but don't lose the reader by veering off into totally bizarre directions.

Carefully look at all the details such as particular words and phrases, colours and images, and design and layout features such as font, visuals, and placement of print to be sure that they effectively say what you want to say.

Part 4

Attend to Conventions (4.3.1, 4.3.2, 4.3.3)



Once you are satisfied with your piece and are sure you are saying what you want to say, you can begin to edit to ensure you are getting your ideas across in the most effective way to your readers or viewers or listeners. Again, review this stage in Sequence 1, and follow the suggestions for selecting appropriate words, grammatical structures, and register (4.3.1); applying Canadian spelling conventions, and/or adapting spellings for stylistic effect (4.3.2); and applying capitalization and punctuation conventions and/or experimenting with these to produce a particular effect (4.3.3).



Be sure to use your *Writers INC* handbook, dictionary, thesaurus, spell and grammar check features on your computer program (if available) at this stage. Your response partner or someone else is invaluable at this point — he or she can provide a second set of eyes and the more detached reading perspective needed to notice small details that may obscure your intended meaning.

Notes





Lesson 7

Assignment 3: Process Package

In this lesson you will explain what you have learned about your expectations of yourself as a writer, and your expectations of your audience (3.3.4) as you prepare your “process package” to submit as Assignment 3. Begin this lesson once you have taken your piece through the entire creative process and are satisfied with your final product.

Steps

1. Collect all the material from your Writer’s Notebook, all drafts, and any audiotaped discussions that went into the creation of your piece. Order and label these.
2. Write a “Biography of a Work” for your piece, narrating the process you went through and reflecting on what you learned during the process. Update your “Writing Goal Sheets” to see what progress you’ve made in your goals.

“Biography” of a Piece of Writing — Guidelines

Thinking about the following questions should help you to write a “biography” or “life story” of a piece of writing.

1. How did you get started on this piece of writing?
2. Did you write fluently or in spurts? Explain.
3. Were you caught up in the writing or did you find it hard to concentrate? Explain.
4. Did you have enough time?
5. Did you have enough support to begin and sustain your writing?
6. Did your topic emerge quickly? Why or why not?
7. What kind of pre-writing preparation did you do?
8. At what pace did you write?
9. Did you reread what you wrote or just keep going?
10. Did you take any wrong turns or come to any halts? Explain.

continued

continued

11. If so, what did you do?
12. How did you revise?
13. How did the piece change from draft to draft?
14. What part of the process was hardest for you? What was easiest?
15. Did you share your writing with someone else to get their ideas about it? If so, how did this sharing change the way you looked at the piece?
16. How did your particular audience make a difference to your writing?
18. How important was this writing to you?
19. Did you accomplish what you set out to do? Explain.
20. Do you have any writing rituals or routines? Explain.
21. How is the process you went through with this piece like the way you usually work on your writing? How is it different?
22. How did you know that this piece was finished?
23. If you could go on working on this piece, what would you do?
24. What have you learned about yourself as a writer and about writing?
25. How might what you learned in writing this piece affect your writing of other pieces?
26. Is there anything about this piece that is still puzzling or intriguing to you — anything else you are interested in learning about?
27. Is there a particular technique or interest that you would like to try out or investigate further in future pieces of writing as a result of your work on this piece? If so, what is it?
28. Why did you select this particular piece of writing?
29. What do you see as the special strengths of this work?

3. Organize the material (notes, drafts, tapes, final product, and biography) into a mini-portfolio or “process package.”
4. Congratulate yourself on a job well done!



Assessment

Congratulations! You have completed Sequence 3 and will soon be able to move on to the rest of this course.

Before you do, you must

- complete a self-assessment of Assignment 3
- complete a checklist to make sure you have done all the work in this sequence
- submit all work from this sequence to the Distance Learning Unit

Assessment of Assignment 3

Remove the “Assessment of Assignment 3 — Process Package” chart from the *Forms* section of this sequence. This assessment form corresponds to the one your tutor/marker will use. You will both assess your achievement of the targeted specific learning outcomes according to the following five-point scale.

Rating Scale				
0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • work does not show evidence of this specific outcome, or evidence of specific learning outcome is incomplete 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • work does not meet the expectations identified in the specific learning outcome for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> (work is below range of expectations for Grade 11) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • work demonstrates minimal expectations identified in the specific learning outcome for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • work meets expectations for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> (work demonstrates the specific learning outcome) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • work demonstrates maximum expectations for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i>

Rate your performance on each outcome as it applies to your assignment, using the rating scale. Place a checkmark in one box for each line.

Checklist: Sequence 3

Remove the “Checklist: Sequence 3 — Writer’s Expectations” chart from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence. Complete the checklist to make sure you have completed all of the work required for Sequence 3. As you check each item, make sure that it is labelled with the appropriate lesson and assignment name. To help you keep track of your work in this course, you can write the completion date in the blank for each assignment.

Your tutor/marker will also check to make sure that you have submitted all work for this sequence **before** marking Assignment 3.

Preparing for Submission of Sequence 3

Steps

- Complete the checklist to make sure all of your work is complete.
- Make sure all of your work pages are correctly labelled and ordered.
- Assemble your work as follows:
 - (Top) Checklist for Sequence 3
 - Work pages
 - Assignment 3 — Process Package
 - (Bottom) Assessment of Assignment 3 — Process Package

Note:

Send Sequence 3, hand-in assignments to:

Distance
Learning Unit
500-555 Main
Street
P.O. Box 2020
Winkler, MB
R6W 1C4



**Include
Checklist**

Sequence 3
Forms

Writing Goal Sheet

Name _____ Date _____

Goal #1: _____

Date	Strategy Tried	Successful?

Writing Goal Sheet

Name _____ Date _____

Goal #2: _____

Date	Strategy Tried	Successful?

Writing Goal Sheet

Name _____ Date _____

Goal #3: _____

Date	Strategy Tried	Successful?

Aesthetic and Pragmatic Purposes

Name _____ Date _____

Aesthetic Purposes for Writing	Pragmatic Purposes for Writing

Forms Often Used for Aesthetic and/or Pragmatic Purposes

Name _____ Date _____

for Aesthetic Purposes	for Pragmatic Purposes

Analyzing Outcomes

Name _____ Date _____

Outcome:	
Key Words & Questions:	Responses: My Understandings
Goals Related to this Outcome (What is expected of me in this assignment?):	

Hard News Stories

Name _____ Date _____

Other Paragraphs						
Lead						
Headline						
			Who?			
			What?			
			Where?			
			When?			
			Why?			
			How?			

Venn Diagram

Name _____ Date _____

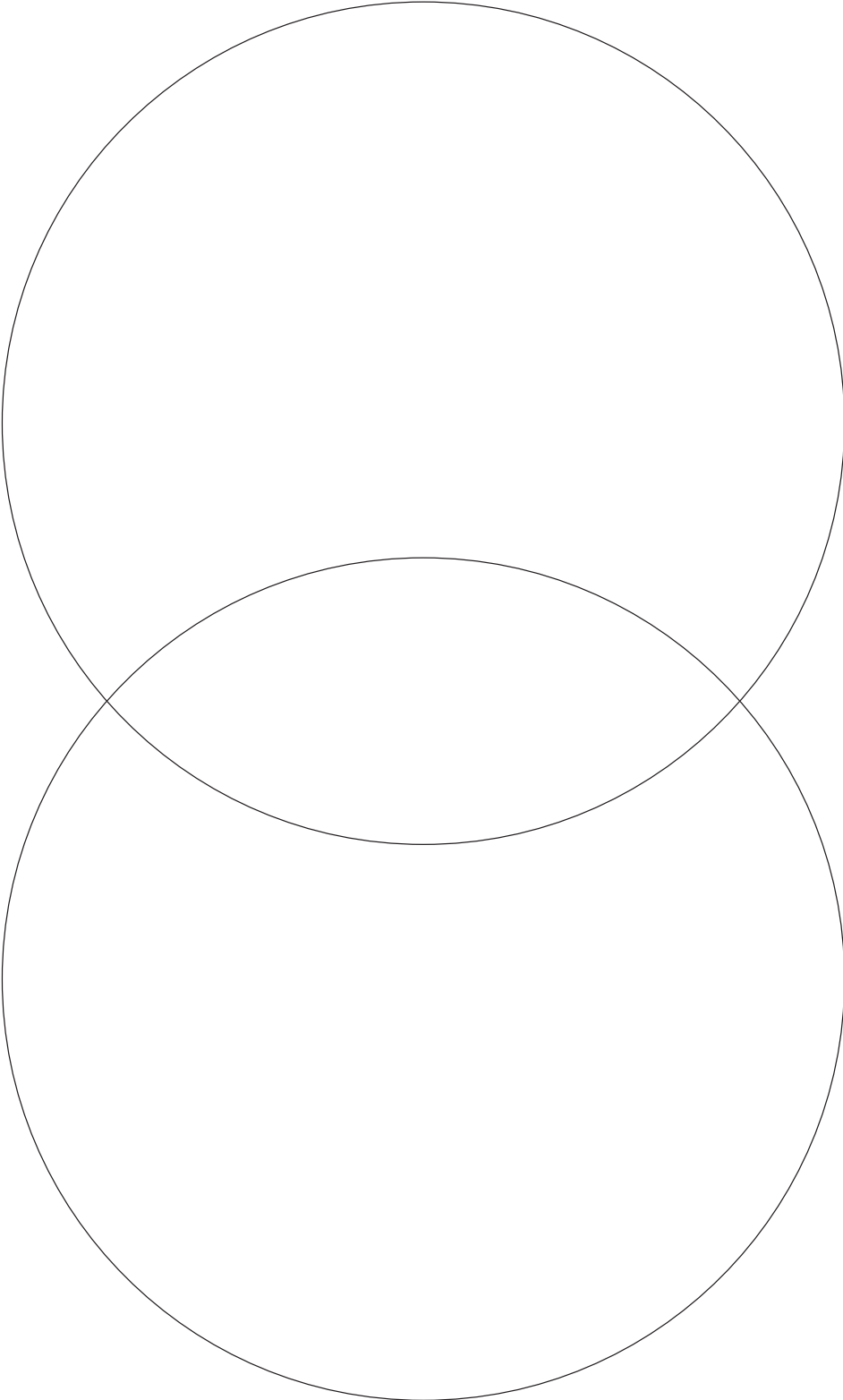
Private I. Guana

Different

Alike

Adult Detective Stories

Different



Assessment of Assignment 3 — Process Package (Prewriting Material, Drafts, Biography of the Piece, Product) – Page 1

Name _____ Date _____

Specific Student Learning Outcomes	Performance Rating				
Process Package Prewriting Material: how effectively did you...	0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> connect ideas, observations, opinions, and emotions through a variety of means to develop a train of thought and test tentative positions (1.1.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> explore various viewpoints and consider the consequences of particular positions when generating your text (1.2.2) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> extend your understanding by exploring and acknowledging multiple perspectives and ambiguities when generating your text (1.2.4) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> examine how language and stylistic choices in oral, print, and other media texts accomplish a variety of purposes (2.2.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> analyze how various forms and genres are used for particular audiences and purposes (2.3.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> examine how various techniques and elements are used in oral, print, and other media texts to accomplish particular purposes (2.3.2) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> summarize and record information, ideas, and perspectives from a variety of sources (3.3.2) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose (4.1.1) 					
Process Package Drafts: how effectively did you...	0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> experiment with language and forms of expression to achieve particular effects (1.1.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> experiment with language, visuals, and sounds to convey intended meaning and impact (2.3.4) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> create original texts to communicate ideas and enhance understanding of forms and techniques (2.3.5) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> organize and reorganize information and ideas in a variety of ways for different audiences and purposes (3.3.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> select and use a variety of organizational structures and techniques and appropriate transitions in your text to communicate clearly and effectively (4.1.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> appraise your choices of ideas, language use, and forms relative to your purpose and audience (4.2.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> analyze and revise drafts to ensure appropriate content to enhance unity, clarity, and coherence (4.2.2) 					

Assessment of Assignment 3 — Process Package (Prewriting Material, Drafts, Biography of the Piece, Product) – Page 2

Name _____ Date _____

Specific Student Learning Outcomes	Performance Rating				
Process Package Biography of the Work: how effectively does your biography of the work...	0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • establish future goals and plans for your language learning based on your self-assessment of your achievements, needs, and interests in this piece (1.1.5) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • explain how you developed, used, and adapted a plan appropriate for the content, audience, purpose, context, sources, and procedures (3.1.4) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • explain the importance of new understanding to yourself and others (3.3.4) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • identify and examine ways in which culture, society, and language conventions shaped your text (5.2.2.) 					
Process Package Product: how effectively did you...	0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • use appropriate text features to enhance legibility for particular audiences, purposes, and contexts (4.2.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • use appropriate words, grammatical structures, and register for audience, purpose, and context (4.3.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • use Canadian spelling conventions and/or adapted spellings for particular effects (4.3.2) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • use capitalization and punctuation conventions to clarify intended meaning (4.3.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • celebrate personal and/or community occasions and/or accomplishments (5.2.4) 					

Checklist: Sequence 3 Writer's Expectations – Page 1

Name _____ Date _____

C = Completed I = Incomplete			
Lesson 1: General Expectations of Writers	Date	For Student	For Tutor/Marker
Part 2: What Writers Expect to Do (list)			
Part 3: Writing Goal Sheet (three forms)			
Lesson 2: Expectations of Purpose			
Part 1: "Aesthetic & Pragmatic Purposes" (form)			
"Forms Often Used..." (form)			
Part 2: Analyzing Outcomes (form)			
Part 3: Found Poem draft			
Lesson 3: Audience Expectations			
Part 1: "Hard News Stories" (chart)			
Responses to three questions			
Examples of comics techniques in WN			
Part 2: Venn diagram			
Responses to three questions			
Dummy copy of picture book			
Lesson 4: Parody			
Part 1: Notes and responses to questions in WN			
Part 2: Notes and possible adaptation ideas (list or concept map)			
"There Was Once" response			
Part 3: Plan of parody in WN			
Lesson 5: Crossing Genres			
Part 1: Plan of cross-genre piece in WN			
Plan/design/draft of cross form/purpose			

Checklist: Sequence 3 Writer's Expectations – Page 2

Name _____ Date _____

C = Completed I = Incomplete			
Lesson 6: The Creative Process	Date	For Student	For Tutor/Marker
Part 1: Selection of plans, notes, drafts, sketches			
Part 2: Draft(s)			
Part 3: Revised draft(s)			
Part 4: Final product			
Lesson 7: Process Package			
Process Package including Biography of Work			
Assignment			
Assignment 3 — Process Package			
Assessment of Assignment 3 — Process Package			

GRADE 11
ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS:
COMPREHENSIVE FOCUS

Sequence 4
Family Expectations

Sequence 4

Family Expectations

Introduction

Your roles in the family are various and shifting, and with every role comes a set of expectations. Families themselves come in a variety of shapes and sizes, including nuclear families, blended families, adoptive families, foster families, extended families (including grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, etc.), community families, and families made up of friends.

In a family of several children, you could be the smart one, the athletic one, the mechanical one, the sociable one, the quiet one, the wild one, the dependable one, or the not-to-be-trusted one. As an only child, you could be expected to be everything your parents wanted in a child.

As with expectations around learning, reading, and writing, the influences of family expectations can be both positive and negative, can challenge you to do things you'd never tried, or can limit you from ever considering things you might enjoy or be good at. The expectations of people around you affect what you expect of yourself.

And your roles in the family are not your only roles in life. You also have roles among your friends, at school or work, in your community, and in the larger society and world. All of these roles can come into conflict with each other and you must constantly negotiate which role will take priority and which expectations you will try to live up to. And it's not always easy.

In this sequence we will focus on the expectations around family — the broad expectations that we have for the family as a social institution as portrayed in picture books and television (Lesson 2) and the more specific expectations associated with the various roles of family members and how they can conflict (Lessons 3 to 7).

Throughout the sequence, learning experiences are provided to give you the opportunity to explore and inquire into the shifting expectations of family and to generate raw material on the topic of “Family Expectations Today.” One of these learning experiences, an intergenerational interview (Lesson 7), will be submitted as Assignment 4. In Lesson 8, you will draw on these investigations and this raw material to create a multigenre paper (Assignment 5). You will continue to respond to texts in your Response Journal and to collect, experiment, and draft in your Writer’s Notebook.

You will have the opportunity to achieve a variety of specific learning outcomes under these general learning outcomes:

- General Learning Outcome 1, as you explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences
- General Learning Outcome 2, as you comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts
- General Learning Outcome 3, as you manage ideas and information
- General Learning Outcome 4, as you enhance the clarity and artistry of communication
- General Learning Outcome 5, as you celebrate and build community

Families and associated expectations are determined to a great extent by the larger society, and you will continue to look at how family roles are played out in later sequences about school, community, and society.



Lesson 1

What We Expect of Families

You will begin by exploring the broad idea of “family” and what a family is expected to do and be. Our ideas about family come from many sources — in the next lesson you will choose one of two sources to investigate.

In this lesson, as you explore your own thoughts and feelings about family, you will focus on the following specific learning outcomes:

**General and Specific Learning Outcomes**

General Learning Outcome 1: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences

- 1.1.1 Connect ideas, observations, opinions, and emotions through a variety of means to develop a train of thought and test tentative positions
- 1.2.2 Explore various viewpoints and consider the consequences of particular positions when generating and responding to texts
- 1.2.4 Extend understanding by exploring and acknowledging multiple perspectives and ambiguities when generating and responding to texts

General Learning Outcome 5: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to celebrate and build community

- 5.2.1 Identify various factors that shape understanding of texts, others, and self

Part 1**My Ideas About Family**

A good place to begin any inquiry is with your own knowledge, beliefs, and feelings about the topic. The concept of family means different things to different people, and it is useful to examine what it means to you. You have a lot of background experience and knowledge related to the topic of family, and probably definite ideas about what should be expected of a family.

Learning Experience

In your *Writer's Notebook*, freewrite (refer to Sequence 1 and/or section 020 of *Writers INC* for a review of the strategy) for at least 15 minutes on the topic of family and expectations of family. You may use the following prompts or starters:

- A family is ...
- A family isn't ...
- A family should ...
- A family shouldn't ...

Remember, you should write your first thoughts on the topic — these don't have to be particularly good thoughts or even true thoughts, just your first thoughts. (Elbow, 61)



bias: an inclination or preference that makes one lean in a particular direction with regard to opinions or judgments. For example, a person's bias against young people may influence his or her hiring practices.

prejudice: a usually unfavourable opinion or judgment made before all information has been gathered. For example, a person's prejudice against doctors may lead him or her to dislike a particular doctor before finding out anything about her or him.



Part 2

Biases about Family

Everyone has certain **biases** or **prejudices** about any topic, based on their own personal experiences. The topic of family is no exception. Some people firmly believe that children need both a mother and a father living with and supporting them; others believe single parent families work well. Some think a sibling is necessary to social development; others think having an “only child” is ideal. Some people believe an extended family (grandparents, aunts, uncles, etc.) is essential for supporting young families while others believe that public facilities such as daycare centres and schools should provide that support. Some people believe that “blood is thicker than water,” whereas others consider their chosen friends to be their true family. And so on.

Learning Experience

1. Reread your freewrite about family. What assumptions, biases, and viewpoints do you have about family?
2. On any issue, there is a range of viewpoints from one extreme to the other. Once you have identified your particular point of view on this subject, write a second freewrite, taking one of these extreme points of view. If you have trouble writing in this mode without censoring yourself or moderating your viewpoint, pretend to be someone with these extreme views and write as if you were that person (Elbow, 63). This will help you to discover any unconscious assumptions you may have about families.

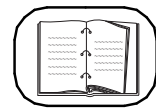
Part 3

Analyzing Outcomes

Before you begin your inquiry into the expectations of family, you will look at Specific Learning Outcome 3.3.2: Summarize and record information, ideas, and perspectives from a variety of sources; document sources accurately. This learning outcome is targeted in several of the lessons in this sequence, and your achievement of it is assessed in Assignment 5, so it is important that you have an understanding of it.

Learning Experience

1. Remove the “Analyzing Outcomes” form from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence.
2. Fill out the form for Specific Learning Outcome 3.3.2. Remember to use your dictionary and the definitions of terms provided in the Introduction if you need them. The individual words in this specific learning outcome are not especially difficult, so you may want to focus on establishing what they mean together in the context of this sequence.
Apply your thinking about this outcome to the upcoming inquiry into textual representations of family and to the assignments of this sequence — an intergenerational interview and a multigenre paper. The inquiry process and the final product will both require particular knowledge, skills and strategies, and attitudes implied by this specific learning outcome.
3. Save the completed form in your Resource Binder to submit with the rest of your sequence work.
4. Add to or revise your form as your understandings develop throughout the sequence.



Lesson 2

Textual Representations of Family — An Inquiry

Some of our ideas about family and what it should or shouldn't be come from portrayals of family in the texts we read, listen to, and view, particularly in our younger, "impressionable" years. Young people in our culture are exposed to a variety of influences outside of their parents. Two types of texts that can influence children's perceptions about families are picture books and television series.

In this lesson, you will choose to conduct an inquiry into either children's picture books or current television series, examining the portrayals of families and the influence these portrayals have on your own expectations of families. You will collect your data in your Writer's Notebook and use it in your production of Assignment 5 — Multigenre Paper.

The opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes will be given in this lesson.

**General and Specific Learning Outcomes**

General Learning Outcome 1: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences

- 1.1.2 Seek others' responses through a variety of means to clarify and rework ideas and positions.
- 1.1.4 Explore a range of texts and genres and discuss how they affect personal interests, ideas, and attitudes
- 1.2.1 Examine and adjust initial understanding according to new knowledge, ideas, experiences, and responses from others

continued ...

... continued

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts

- 2.1.1 Examine connections between personal experiences and prior knowledge of language and texts to develop understanding and interpretations of a variety of texts
- 2.2.2 Respond personally and critically to ideas and values presented in a variety of Canadian and international texts

General Learning Outcome 3: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to manage ideas and information

- 3.3.2 Summarize and record information, ideas, and perspectives from a variety of sources; document sources accurately
- 3.3.3 Evaluate information for completeness, accuracy, currency, historical context, relevance, and balance of perspectives
- 3.3.4 Explain the importance of new understanding to self and others; assess own inquiry and research skills

General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

- 4.4.3 Demonstrate critical listening and viewing behaviours to understand and respond to presentations in a variety of ways

General Learning Outcome 5: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to celebrate and build community

- 5.2.3 Explain ways in which languages and texts express and shape the perceptions of people and diverse communities

... continued

Because of the nature of this lesson, you should plan to spend approximately a week completing it, rather than the usual one to two hours.





Part 1

Textual Representations of Families

A **textual representation** is how a text creates a particular version of reality. Readers, viewers, and listeners are free to go along with the textual version or to question and/or resist it. The following explanation of **textual representation** comes from *Literary Terms: A Practical Glossary*:

In everyday life we tend to think of texts as somehow “reflecting” the world around us. Some television programs seem to reflect the activities of “real” police, lawyers, and doctors. Some paintings seem to offer images of “real” trees and hills. Some novels and stories seem to offer reflections of “real” characters and events. These texts seem able to “call up” aspects of the world and present them to us. This process is called representation, which simply means to “present again.”

New understandings of language and culture tell us that the representations we find in texts — these images of the world — are not reflections but constructions. That is, the images do not relate directly to an objective, “real world”; instead, they relate to habitual ways of thinking about and acting in the world. In other words, representations refer to versions of reality that particular cultures construct, and which people work within. (Moon, 142)

Brian Moon, the author of that book, also says,

“Representations cannot be judged on the basis of “accuracy.” Instead, they must be evaluated in terms of their social effects. Some representations can be judged harmful and undesirable because they support a version of reality which favors some social groups and disadvantages others.” (143)

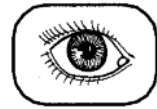
Your inquiry into textual representations will look at how our culture constructs the institution of the family, and you will reflect on the social effects of these constructions.

Learning Experience

1. Choose one of the following types of texts for your inquiry:
 - a. children’s picture books
 - b. prime time television series

Base your decision on your personal interest and on the availability of resources (i.e., if you don't have access to regular television viewing, choose children's picture books which you can access in your local public or school library).

2. View or read a broad sample of the form, analyzing according to the guide questions below.
 - a. Watch television during prime time for one week, and examine a television guide for information about shows you didn't watch. Choose at least five shows that portray families to analyze in depth.
 - b. Examine the children's book section in your local library, bookstore, and/or home collection. Read at least 10 to 15 children's picture books that portray families to analyze in depth.
3. Look at your broad sample, and record the following information in your Writer's Notebook:
 - The titles and bibliographic information for each text. (See sections 185 to 240 in *Writers INC* for information on bibliographies.)
 - The total number of texts examined.
 - The proportion of these that portrayed some form of family.
 - The proportion of the total that focus on family relationships.
 - The range of historical contexts represented.
4. Analyze your smaller sample in depth, answering the following questions about each text. You may want to make a chart in your Writer's Notebook on which to record your answers.
 - What family configuration is portrayed — nuclear family (one mother, one father, children), single-parent family, extended family, blended family (step-family members joined by a second union), number of children, adopted members, foster families, friends considered family, pets, etc.?
 - What is expected of the various family members? Which members play the key role(s)? Which play supporting roles? What occupational roles do they play? What actions are associated with each member? Who listens to whom? Who leads and who follows?



- What issues or conflicts do the families confront? Are they effective in resolving these?
- What do the families teach or reinforce? What values are important to each family?
- Do the texts exalt the family? Do they show weakness in families?
- Were any of the texts awarded prizes (e.g., Emmy Awards or People’s Choice Awards for television, Caldecott Award or Governor General’s Award for books)?

Part 2

Reflecting on Representations

Now you will compare your ideas and feelings about family with the textual representations of family that you studied. You will then reflect on the similarities and differences and what these imply about the influence of texts on your ideas and attitudes.

Learning Experience

1. Review your freewrites from Lesson 1 and your data analysis from this lesson.
2. Write at least one page in your Writer’s Notebook reflecting on the aspects of textual representations that match what you think and the aspects that don’t match. Which text do you think is most “realistic” in its portrayal of families? (Take into account historical contexts.) Did any of the texts broaden your ideas about family? Did any of the portrayals of families disturb or offend you? If so, why?
3. a. If you studied television texts, read the essay below entitled “TV Families” by Ella Taylor. This essay was published in the 1980s, so the texts it discusses are somewhat dated, but it gives a good historical overview. How do TV families in the year 2000 compare to Taylor’s descriptions of them in the ‘50s, ‘60s, ‘70s, and ‘80s? Respond to this essay in your Response Journal.



TV Families*



ELLA Taylor (b. 1948) was born in Israel and raised in England. A graduate of the London School of Economics, she came to the United States in 1978 and completed her Ph.D. in sociology at Brandeis University in 1985. Professor Taylor currently teaches courses in cultural theory and popular culture in the school of Communications at the University of Washington. She has published articles on television and film criticism in a variety of newspapers, including the *Village Voice*, the *New York Times*, and the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. A version of this article will appear in her forthcoming book, *All in the Work-Family: Family and Workplace Imagery in Television*, to be published by the University of California Press.

Few contemporary forms of storytelling offer territory as fertile as television for unearthing changing public ideas about family. The tube is at once the most truly popular and the most relentlessly familial entertainment medium we have. And our national culture's so thoroughly suffused with its images that you needn't ever have seen *The Cosby Show* or *All in the Family* or *Ozzie and Harriet* to know the outlines of what these TV institutions are about. Your kids, your parents, your friends and co-workers, or, failing these, other media will tell you even if you belong to that tiny group of perverse social isolates who proudly declare they don't even own a television or that they watch only *Masterpiece Theatre* and wildlife documentaries. The shared experience of tele-history has become one of the major ways in which we locate ourselves in time, place, and generation, and at the heart of that history lies television's obsession—the family.

Domesticity was from the beginning built into the forms and structures of television, primarily for the sound business reasons that have always guided programming policy. An early alliance between broadcasters and advertising sponsors installed television, as it had radio, in private homes as a domestic appliance, used to sell other appliances to audiences conceived as family units. With its small screen, "talking heads" format, and interior settings, television combines the looming proximity of film with the constraining space of the theater. It lends itself to the intimacy of character and relationship rather than to action, the routinized intimacy of domestic life rather than the melodramatic intensity of live theater or film. In all its genres — whether comedy or dramatic series, day or night-time soaps, TV movies, even news — the language and imagery of family break obsessively through its surface forms. Still, it is the episodic series, which fosters a gradual

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buildup of audience attachment to individual characters and primary relationships, that generates the fullest possibilities for a meditation on domestic themes. The situation comedy that TV inherited from radio and from vaudeville has evolved into a character comedy, more a continuous family chronicle than a conventionally plotted narrative, though it still provides the satisfaction of a weekly resolution that the soaps lack.

Over the years, television's changing commentary on family life has been by turns reflective, utopian, dystopic, its mood now anxious, now euphoric, now redemptive. It articulates prevailing cultural attitudes but these come filtered through the changing world views and daily routines of producers, network executives, and advertisers, and are filtered again through the varied perceptions of viewers.

To some degree the stance TV adopts toward social trends has been determined by ad hoc changes in the strategies used by the TV industry to attract audiences. The powers that be who decided, in the early fifties, to phase out ethnic sitcoms like *Amos and Andy*, *Life with Luigi*, and *The Goldbergs* and replace them with the upper-middle-class white coziness of *Leave It To Beaver* and *Ozzie and Harriet* may well have thought they were reproducing the typical American family, if not of the present, then certainly of the near future — just the people their advertisers wanted to reach. What they reproduced, in fact, was not the reality of most family lives, but a postwar ideology breezily forecasting a steady rate of economic growth that would produce sufficient abundance to eliminate the basis for class and ethnic conflict. The “end of ideology” would produce a vast middle-class consensus, with the family as the essential building block integrating the individual into a fundamentally benign social order. So the Nelsons and the Cleavers were both advertising — and embodying — the American Dream.

It's unlikely that such grand visions circulated at programming conferences in the network entertainment divisions, or if they did they percolated through the more immediate, perceived imperatives of the market. From the beginning, producers and networks made their programming decisions with advertisers in mind. In the fifties that meant casting nets as wide as possible to deliver a “mass audience” of potential buyers for the explosion of consumer goods and services that poured off production lines. Fashioning a mass out of an enormous, heterogeneous, and highly mobile population meant, in practice, producing entertainment so bland that it would offend no one.

Out of this climate grew the motto of the successful network careerist, “least objectionable programming,” and it produced those least objectionable families, the Cleavers, the Nelsons, and the Andersons of *Father Knows Best*. The magically spotless kitchens of those least objectionable wives and mothers, June Cleaver, Harriet Nelson, and Margaret Anderson, came amply stocked with all the latest consumer

durables. Harriet promoted Listerine and other products on her own show, exhorting her viewers to become model consumers and, by extension, model families.

Taken together, these shows proposed family life as a zany, conflict-free adventure. Past and future merged into an eternal present in which parents would love and respect each other and their children forever. The children would grow up, go to college, and take up lives identical in most essentials to those of their parents, only wealthier. (The sad fate of that dream is well expressed in an early 1980s TV movie in which the Beaver returns, a true child of his generation, jobless, divorced, and confused.) Even the working-class families, the Kramdens and the Rileys, and the upwardly mobile ones like Lucy and Ricky, embraced the rags-to-riches mythology and labored ceaselessly, through their get-rich-quick schemes, to attain the rewards and the life styles of the middle class.

By the mid-sixties, the dream of a great harmonious middleclass America was fraying at the edges, and the latent schisms of class, race, gender, and age erupted into open conflict. But programming executives, for all their declared sensitivity to changes in public mood, stubbornly went on seeing — and producing for — the masses they needed to draw advertising dollars. Throughout the sixties the industry continued to consolidate around blandly consensual family comedies like *The Donna Reed Show* and *My Three Sons*, or loony clans like *The Munsters* and *The Addams Family*. The *Beverly Hillbillies*, one of the most popular (and populist) shows of the decade, plonked a pre-industrial extended family down in big bad Los Angeles, extolling the virtues of unpretentious rural innocence at the same time as it poked fun at the double standards and snobbery of the urban *nouveaux riches*. The *Dick Van Dyke Show* extended the fifties dream of middle-class prosperity and harmony into the more sophisticated, urban/suburban style of John F. Kennedy's America. If TV news was preoccupied with urban unrest, an unstable economy, the escalating Vietnam War, and a generation of college kids rebelling against the values of their parents — the world of TV entertainment blithely pretended nothing was happening.

Until 1970, that is, when a decisive shift in network ratings policy reshaped the industry's perceptions of its audience and created conditions more hospitable to the emergence of new kinds of family-oriented shows. Bob Wood, the incoming president of "top network" CBS, quickly realized that the network's most successful shows (*Gunsmoke*, *The Beverly Hillbillies*, and *Hee Haw*) appealed primarily to older, rural viewers and did less well in the big cities. Wood also saw that from the advertising sponsors' point of view, what mattered was less how many people tuned in than how much they earned and spent. So he turned his attention to the political attitudes of the younger, better educated, and more affluent urban viewers between the ages of 18 and 34 who, at least in the eyes of the media, were

fast becoming cultural leaders. The new ratings game of “demographics” would break down the mass audience by age, gender, income, and other variables to isolate the most profitable markets for TV entertainment. Accordingly, scheduling became an elaborate strategic exercise whose purpose was no longer merely to reach the widest possible audience with any given show, but to group programs and commercials in time slots by the type of audience most likely to watch — and spend. The mass audience became a collection of specific “target” audiences.

It was, then, largely as a marketing device that the turbulence of the middle to late sixties, and the lively adversarial spirit and liberal politics of the generation coming of age during this period, found their way into television entertainment. The “age of relevance,” as it’s often called in TV histories, was ushered in by Norman Lear’s *All in the Family*, which after a rocky start on CBS shot to number one in the ratings and reigned over the top three positions for much of the decade, spawning spinoffs and clones on all three networks as it went. The Bunkers (and in their wake, the George Jeffersons and Maude Findlays and the Ann Romanos of *One Day at a Time*) quarrelled and stormed and suffered their way through the 1970s, blazing a trail for the vast array of social problems that have since become the standard fare of television families.

In their early years the Bunkers remained resolutely intact as a family unit, confining their squabbles to highly formalized public issues of race, class, gender, and government corruption. But as the decade went on, the problems that plagued those close to them — menopause, infidelity, divorce, alcoholism, impotence, depression — became steadily more private in nature and drew closer to the Bunkers themselves. Family-show comedy was mixed more and more with drama as the issue became the painful fragility of marriage and the family unit; many episodes were barely identifiable as comedies. Finally Gloria and Meathead, true to their generation, moved to California and divorced, and with Edith’s death both Archie and Gloria were left free to negotiate the vicissitudes of life after the nuclear family, on their own spinoff shows.

For the first half of the 1970s, *All in the Family* set the tone for the TV series: the vast majority of series with domestic settings offered their viewers troubled or fractured or “reconstituted” families. (Two striking exceptions were *The Waltons* and *Little House on the Prairie*, both intact-family dramas but set in a rural past sodden with romantic nostalgia.) These early seventies domestic dramas echoed an anxiety about the erosion of domestic life that was beginning to punctuate the rhetoric of politicians and policymakers, social scientists and therapists. From the more visible problems like wife or child abuse, divorce, or teenage pregnancy, to the less tangible areas of marital and generational conflict, social trouble was increasingly being defined as family trouble. The women’s movement was

raising bracing questions about the compatibility of traditional family forms with women's emancipation, and since women (because they buy things and stay home more than men) are television's most prized viewers, a "prime time feminism" of sorts developed with heart-warming rapidity. It was television's new single women — Mary Richards, Rhoda Morgenstern, Maude Findlay, Ann Romano — who cobbled together all kinds of interesting new family forms from the remnants of old families.

Archie Bunker's blustery authority was eroded week after week by the hip liberal pluralism of his daughter and son-in-law, while feminists rejoiced. Archie's fulminations against "hebes" and "coons" and "fags" amounted to a long bellow of pain from a man whose most cherished guidelines for living — family, country, authority — were being pried loose by the relentless rush of modernity. It's fitting that his worn chair, icon not only of an outmoded patriarchy but of a whole working class way of life, has ended up as a museum piece at the Smithsonian.

If TV's domestic hearth was becoming a repository for family anxiety, other, more benign images of family and community were surfacing in a subgenre also designed for the younger, upscale markets, the television workplace series. The success of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* and *M*A*S*H* in CBS's Saturday night lineup early in the seventies led to a wave of shows with occupational settings like *Lou Grant*, *Taxi*, *Barney Miller*, *The Bob Newhart Show*. The emotional center of these shows was not work, not even the star, but the relationships between colleagues whose own family attachments were either severely attenuated or non-existent. *M*A*S*H*'s medical team, the television producers of WJM in *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, the detectives of *Barney Miller*, all these groups had the claustrophobic testiness and warm solidarity of the families we carry around as ideals in our heads. "You've been a family to me," cried tearful Mary Richards when WJM was shut down at the end of its seventh successful season. If the television workplace was offering a community that compensated for the ravaged instability of the domestic shows, it may also have been suggesting to a career-oriented generation that the opportunities for emotional engagement and support no longer lay in the family, but in the workplace.

American television is by nature faddish. The sheer volume of its ephemeral output; the fierce competition between the networks; their collective fear of the commercial threat from cable and pay TV, and of the power of home video and other new technologies to restructure viewing habits — all these constraints press into the routines of programming a demand for constant novelty with relatively little innovation. Even the most successful series usually last no longer than seven years which, some critics argue, suggests that changes in genre or style have little significance as indices of social trends. Fads, however, are more than whims; they're the

staple diet of our culture, and fads with staying power can tell us much about the ways people respond to social change. As advertisers and broadcasters try to second-guess the public mood (a daunting project, even if a unitary Zeitgeist existed), they pay earnest attention to what they consider to be the mirrors of public concern, namely the media themselves. Television feeds off itself and other media, and in this way its images both echo and participate in the shaping of cultural trends. Buzz-words like “the sixties,” “the me-decade,” “yuppies,” are casually threaded through the rhetoric of television and become enshrined in programming knowledge and routines. That makes them important, however short-lived.

By the 1980s, the craze for domestic comedies seemed to be tapering off and, in the wake of Reagan’s massive victory at the polls, cultural diagnosticians at the networks were announcing a “shift to the right.”

In fact, the “shift to the right” was expressing itself with greatest force on the American domestic front. If in the seventies the family had been acknowledged as the primary arena for the expression of social conflict, by the early 1980s it had become the focus of a fierce backlash, led by the religious right. The failure of many states to ratify the Equal Rights Amendment, the struggles over abortion rights and contraception for teenagers, the call for a “return to basic values” (less government intervention in family matters and a reassertion of parental authority over the young), all became major issues of public concern. Television leaped onto the ideological bandwagon not just in news and talk shows, but also in its entertainment themes. The made-for-TV movie in particular, with its solemn sociological-therapeutic format, framed the “official” social problems of our day — rape, anorexia, mental illness, drug abuse, incest, divorce, homosexuality — and resolved them within the family.

But it is the sitcom, where the routines of everyday “normal” life are rehearsed weekly, that works over and redefines the meaning of family. The extraordinarily successful Thursday night lineup that catapulted NBC to the head of the network race begins in Family Hour with *Cosby* and *Family Ties*, which secure the mass audience, and, after children’s bedtime, moves smoothly into the adult markets with the work-families of *Cheers*, *Night Court*, and *Hill Street Blues*, now bounced in favor of the glossier *L.A. Law*: in short, an advertiser’s paradise.

Like *All in the Family*, *The Cosby Show* has attracted an enormous amount of attention from critics and public interest groups, as well as a huge and devoted audience, but there the similarity ends. The robustly working-class Bunker household was never a model of consumer vitality, nor did it aspire to be. If Archie was dragged, kicking and screaming, into the seventies, the Huxtables embrace modernity with gusto. From grandparents to the disarmingly cute Rudy, this family is sexy and glamorous. Surrounded by the material evidence of their success, the Huxtables radiate wealth,

health, energy, and up-to-the-minute style. *The Cosby Show* offers the same pleasures as a commercial, a parade of gleaming commodities and expensive designer clothing, unabashedly enjoyed by successful people. And Cosby himself is a talented promoter of the goods and services, from Jell-O to E. F. Hutton, that finance his series.

Given the troubled condition of many American families in the eighties, *Cosby* must be palpably compensatory for many of its fans. Week after week, the show offers what family comedy in the fifties offered, and what most of us don't have, the continuity of orderly lives lived without major trauma or disturbance, stretching back into an identical past and reaching confidently forward into an identical future. Two generations of Huxtable men attended "Hillman College" and met their wives there, and although Cliff's eldest daughter chooses Princeton, the next goes for Hillman too.

But where the TV families of the fifties casually took harmony and order for granted, the Huxtables work strenuously and self-consciously at showing us how well they get along. Not that much happens on *Cosby*. It's a virtually plotless chronicle of the small, quotidian details of family life, at the heart of which lies a moral etiquette of parenting and a developmental psychology of growing up. Every week provides family members, and us, with a Learning Experience and a lesson in social adjustment. Rudy's terrified playmate learns to love going to the dentist. Rudy learns to stop bossing her friends around. Theo learns not to embark on expensive projects he won't complete. Sandra and her boyfriend learn to arbitrate their bickering over sex roles. Denise learns to cope with bad grades in college. Even Cliff and Clair, who despite high-powered careers as physician and lawyer respectively, have all the leisure in the world to spend "quality time" with their kids, teach each other parenting by discussion as well as by example. The show's endless rehearsal of mild domestic disorder and its resolution suggests a perfect family that *works*. The family that plays, sings, dances, and above all, communicates together, stays together.

Didacticism is nothing new in television entertainment. *All in the Family* was stuffed with messages of all kinds, but on *Cosby*, moral and psychological instruction are rendered monolithic and indisputable. Unlike the Bunkers, for whom every problem became the occasion for an all-out war of ideas, no one ever screams at Huxtable Manor. True, beneath their beguiling mildness there lurks a casual hostility, in which everyone, Clair and Cliff included, trades insults and makes fun of everyone else. But there's no dissent, no real difference of opinion or belief, only vaguely malicious banter that quickly dissolves into sweet agreement, all part of the busy daily manufacture of consensus.

Undercutting the warm color and light, the jokey good humor and the impeccable salutes to feminism, is a persistent authoritarianism. The tone is set by *Cosby* himself, whose prodigious charm overlays a subtle menace. If

the pint-sized Rudy gets her laughs by aping the speech and manners of adults, Cliff gets his laughs — and his way by turning into a giant child, and then slipping his kids or his wife their moral or psychological pills with a wordless, grimacing comic caper. A captivating child, undoubtedly, with his little vanities and his competitiveness, but he's also quietly coercive: Father knows best, or else. The cuddly, overgrown schoolboy becomes the amused onlooker and then the oracle, master of the strategic silence or the innocent question that lets one of his kids know they've said or done something dumb, or gives his wife to understand that her independence is slipping into bossiness. In Huxtable-speak, this is called "communicating." Cliff practices a thoroughly contemporary politics of strong leadership, managing potential conflicts with all the skill of a well-socialized corporate executive.

There's none of the generational warfare that rocked the Bunker household every week. And this family doesn't *need* the openly authoritarian "tough love" that's cropping up more and more in recent TV movies, because parental authority has already been internalized. The kids put up a token display of playful resistance, then surrender happily to the divine right of parents whose easy knowledge of the difference between right and wrong irons out the inconvenient ambiguities of contemporary life. Indeed, since the Huxtables are a supremely "intact" nuclear family, those ambiguities rarely come up, or if they do, they occur outside the charmed circle and stay outside it. A teenage pregnancy, a drug problem, a worker laid off; occasionally one of the problems that bedevil most families hovers near, casts a brief shadow on the bright domestic light and then slinks away, intimidated by the fortress of Huxtable togetherness. Unlike the sitcoms of the fifties whose vision of the social terrain outside the family was as benign as that inside it, the "world outside" *Cosby* is downright perilous, to the limited degree that it exists at all.

The Huxtables have friends but no discernible neighborhood community, indeed no public life to speak of aside from their jobs, which seem to run on automatic pilot. They inhabit a visibly black world, whose blackness is hardly ever alluded to. "I'm not going to talk about social justice or racial harmony or peace, because you all know how I feel about them," intones the retiring President of Cliff's alma mater, and delivers a limp homily exhorting old alumnae to invite young alumnae to dinner, which earns him a standing ovation from old and young alike — all black. No wonder *The Cosby Show* is number one in the South African ratings. It is, as a Johannesburg television executive remarked complacently on the nightly Hollywood chat show *Entertainment Tonight* last year, not a show about race, but about "family values."

Even *Family Ties* (the white obverse of *Cosby*), whose premise of ex-hippie parents with a pre-corporate, neoconservative son promises some refreshing friction, flattens genuine argument into the stifling warmth of

domestic affection. The mild-mannered Keaton father, Stephen, is persuaded by an old friend from the campus Left to start a radical magazine. A difference of opinion leads to Stephen's being accused of copping out, but his wife Elyse assures him that "you're making a statement by the way you live your life and raise your children," suggesting not only that family integrity transcends politics, but that political affiliation is reducible to being nice to other people — especially your family.

This is not to say that the articulation of family trouble so central to seventies television has disappeared from the small screen. Other sitcoms retain the preoccupation with "reconstituted" families, if in watered-down form. "Do I have to be a relative to be family?" a small boy asks his mother on *Who's the Boss?*, a role reversal comedy about two single parents (she the breadwinner, he the housekeeper) living together. "Not necessarily," his mother smiles down at him, "a family means people who share each other's lives and care about each other." An unexceptionable definition, and also virtually meaningless; with the sting of divorce and family poverty removed, single parenthood and step-parenting turn into a romp, a permanent pajama party. Even *Kate and Allie*, which began as a witty comedy of divorce manners and a chronicle of the single life encountered second time around, has slipped into the parenting psychology mold, focusing more on the kids and teenagers' rites of passage than on the adults. Here we see television hedging its bets by nodding in the direction of radical changes in family form and structure, without really taking them on. And the "single woman" comedy so wildly popular in the seventies seems to have little resonance for the eighties; several new shows of this kind, including a new *Mary Tyler Moore Show*, were cancelled in short order. Christine Cagney of *Cagney and Lacey* alone survives as a prototype of the mature single woman, and even she must be balanced with her partner Marybeth Lacey, the harried working mother.

If anything, the locus of family disharmony on TV these days seems to be the nighttime soaps, and nothing else on prime time matches the seething ambiguities and flaring passions of these clans. On *Dynasty* this season, Blake Carrington struggles to contain his wife and his former wife (who collects younger men with a studied casualness only Joan Collins could bring off with a straight face); his son Stephen, whose sexual identity oscillates between gay and straight as the plot requires; his son Adam, who turns out not to be his son at all (so he adopts him); his niece Leslie, who has just discovered her lover is her brother; and, in a grand but wildly implausible burst of televisual affirmative action, his sister Dominique, who's black. Season after season, the soaps' elastic tribal boundaries expand and contract to admit or expel undiscovered relatives, bogus and genuine. But I suspect that soap audiences appropriate these shows in the high camp spirit in which they're offered. This is not "reality," which may be why soap

stars invariably collapse into disclaiming giggles when interviewed about the characters they play.

Bill *Cosby*, in his rare interviews, *never giggles*. The actor takes his responsibilities as an educator very seriously. Newsweek reported in 1984 that Cosby had commissioned a well-known black psychiatrist to review every *Cosby Show* script for authenticity. And the actor told the *Los Angeles Times* in 1985 that viewers loved the series because it showed that “the people in his house respect the parents and the parents respect the children and that there is a 1-o-v-e generated in this house.” Norman Lear in his heyday felt convinced that viewers loved *All in the Family* because it exposed bigotry and addressed “real life” problems. No one really knows much about audience responses to television, but there’s probably always an asymmetry between producers’ intentions and viewers’ readings. It’s equally plausible that Bunker fans were as engaged by the rage that imprinted itself on almost every episode of *All in the Family* as by its liberal politics.

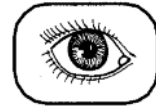
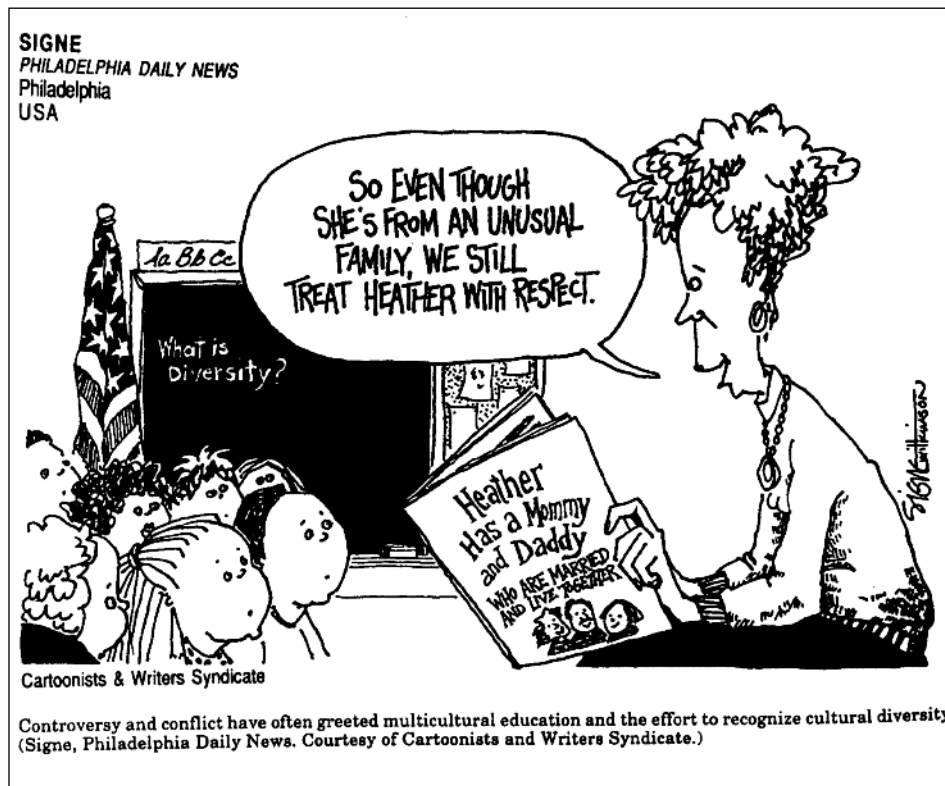
Similarly, the Huxtable brand of patriarchal dominance may strike as resonant a chord as the 1-o-v-e Cosby cites — testified to by the success of his recent book *Fatherhood*, which topped the bestseller list in 1986. And if Cosby’s child-like charm works, it may also be catering to what is most child-like in us, his audience; namely the yearnings for a perfectly synchronized family, or community, that provides for the needs of all its members and regulates itself through a benevolent dictatorship, a family that always was as perfect as it is now, and always will be. That isn’t merely infantile; it also signals the political retrenchment that comes from a cultural exhaustion, a weary inability to imagine new forms of community, new ways of living.

In each successive television era, a particular congruence of marketing exigencies and cultural trends has produced different portraits of the American family. In television, genre is always about eighty percent commerce. But in the 1970s, commerce made room for lively, innovative programming that interrupted the hitherto bland conventions of the TV family, giving us programming that above all didn’t condescend to its audiences. The Bunkers were never a restful or reassuring family, but their battles, however strident, raised the possibility that there might be, might have to be more ways than one to conduct family life, that blood ties are not the only bonds of community, that divorce is a feature of modern life to be confronted, that women and men must find new ways of living together and raising children.

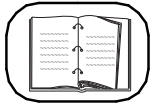
Today, the generous space that was opened up then for public discussion is once again being narrowed. With their eyes firmly fixed on the new mass audience, *The Cosby Show* and its clones are shortcircuiting the quarrelsome gutsiness of seventies TV by burying their heads in the nostalgic sands of “traditional values” that never were.

Public interest groups may be all smiles at the jolly harmony of these shows. But their obsession with engineering a spurious consensus returns us to the dulllest kind of television, with its twin besetting sins, sentimentality and a profound horror of argument.

- b. If you studied picture books, read the following cartoon. Respond to it in your Response Journal, speculating about what comments it is making about the way families are portrayed in picture books and the way schools and teachers are approaching texts. Do your inquiry results support such comments? Did you notice any historical trends toward more diverse portrayals of families, such as a move away from strictly nuclear families toward single-parent families or foster families or community-based families?



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4. In your Writer's Notebook, draft an opinion piece (see sections 337 to 353 in *Writers INC* for information about a variety of reflective forms, including commentaries and editorials) about the social effects of the textual representations of family that you have studied. Can they "be judged harmful and undesirable because they support a version of reality which favors some social groups and disadvantages others"? Or do they reinforce values that you feel are important to an understanding of today's family? Use specific examples from the texts examined to support your view. Draft approximately one to two pages.

Save all your work in your Writer's Notebook and Response Journal to use later in your creation of a multigenre paper.

Notes



Lesson 3

Family Roles and Expectations

You found in the previous lesson that a wide variety of family configurations are possible and that different roles are available for family members. Nuclear families include mother, father, and children; extended families include grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, and so on. Single-parent families, blended families, and families with adopted members are all quite common now. In addition, community-based families and friendship-based families are recognized. Within these configurations, a single person may have roles as daughter, mother, wife, sister, and aunt. When an issue arises, such a person may be expected to react in one way as a mother, another as a wife, and another as a daughter. Loyalties and priorities may shift from situation to situation.

In this lesson, you will examine more texts portraying family relationships and look at how roles in the family can conflict and shift. You will also begin to prepare for an intergenerational interview that you will conduct in Lesson 7 by starting to write questions you will want to ask.

This lesson will give you the opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes:

General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 1: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences

- 1.1.4 Explore a range of texts and genres and discuss how they affect personal interests, ideas, and attitudes

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, literary, and media texts

- 2.1.1 Examine connections between personal experiences and prior knowledge of language and texts to develop understanding and interpretations of a variety of texts.
- 2.2.2 Respond personally and critically to ideas and values presented in a variety of Canadian and international texts
- 2.3.2 Examine how various techniques and elements [such as point of view and flashbacks] are used in oral, print, and other media texts to accomplish particular purposes

General Learning Outcome 3: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to manage ideas and information

- 3.1.2 Formulate and revise questions to focus inquiry or research topic and purpose
- 3.3.1 Organize and reorganize information and ideas in a variety of ways for different audiences and purposes

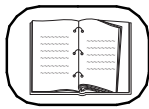
**Part 1****A Bird in the House — Interrelated Stories**

A Bird in the House is a collection of interrelated stories by Manitoban author Margaret Laurence. The form of interrelated stories, also used by writers such as Sandra Birdsell and Alice Munro, allows for the precision of theme, image and style of short stories while at the same time provides the depth and complexity of character development, interconnecting themes, and long-term reader engagement of the novel.

The stories in *A Bird in the House* are narrated by Vanessa MacLeod, generally from the point of view of Vanessa as a child but often ending with a look back by the adult Vanessa who attempts to make sense of her experience. Because of this child's point of view, the significance of certain events and dialogue is often ambiguous and/or subtle. This requires the reader to participate in the meaning-making process and to fill in the gaps between what Vanessa sees and hears and what that means in terms of the complex relationships among the characters and in terms of the nature of life.

The first four stories centre around the extended family of Vanessa and the relationships and conflicts among the family members.

Learning Experience



1. Remove the four “*A Bird in the House* Response Sheets” from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence and put them in your Response Journal.

2. The first of the four “Response Sheets” models the following procedure for filling in the forms for each story. Read it and the first story, “The Sound of the Singing,” as you read the directions in Step 3 below.



3. As you read each of the next three stories of *A Bird in the House*, fill in a form as follows:
- In the first column, list the names of each of the characters who are members of Vanessa's family as they are introduced in the text.
 - In the second column, opposite each name, write the roles each plays in the family; for example, grandmother, mother, wife, mother-in-law.
 - In the third column, write the corresponding expectations for each role (e.g., what is expected of her as a grandmother, as a mother, as a wife, as a mother-in-law). Include also who expects what of the character.
 - In the fourth column, speculate about the fairness of the expectations listed. Could characters live up to them? Were they reasonable? What effects did they have on the various relationships? Are any role expectations in direct conflict with others?

3. After reading each story, choose a key passage that requires the reader to fill in a gap. This would be a passage that you find particularly confusing or ambiguous, one where Vanessa does not provide a full explanation because she doesn't understand something herself. Copy this passage and the page number on which you found it onto the reverse side of the "Response Sheet."
4. Reread the passage and the rest of the story looking for clues as to its significance. Write under "My Questions / Tentative Interpretations" all the questions the passage raises and any possible meanings you can think of. You'll often find that you can think through confusing passages by writing your questions which in turn can lead to answers.
5. Create a "Family Diagram" of Vanessa's family in your Response Journal. You may use the following system and legend or create one of your own.



The name and family role is written in the enclosed space of the square or circle. Write a cross in the square or circle if the person has died.

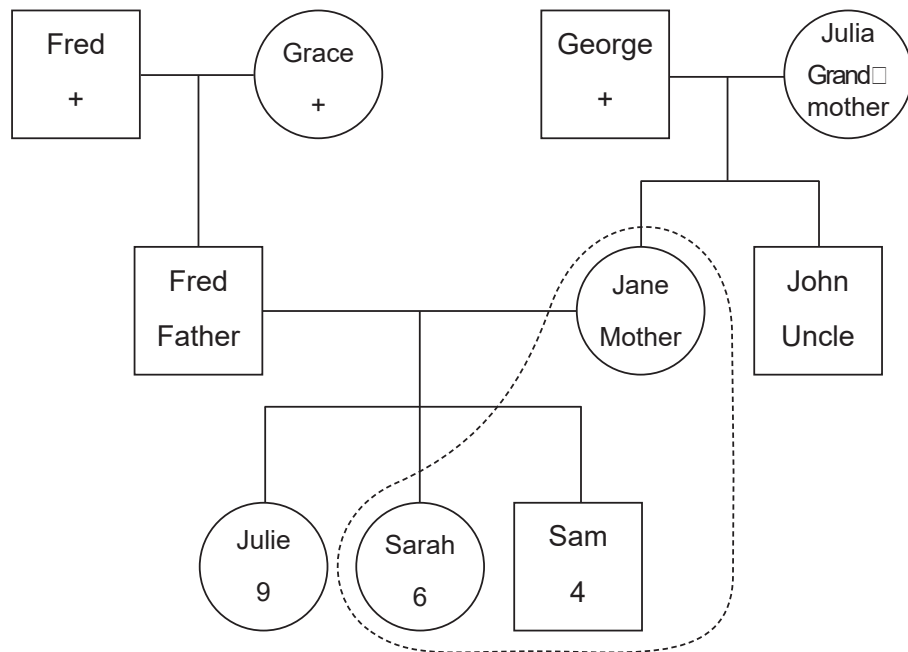
Relationships — Connecting Lines:

———— marriage / union

out of the horizontal line = children

Family members are placed along horizontal rows, each row representing a different generation. Siblings are ordered according to age, eldest on the left, youngest on right.

You can also draw lines around characters or groups of characters to indicate boundaries between them.

Example

You will read other stories in the collection *A Bird in the House* in later sequences.

Part 2**“The Kindness of Strangers”**

The family in *A Bird in the House*, although it has its problems and suffers its losses, is fairly traditional in its structure. Now you will read about a more contemporary family in the short story “The Kindness of Strangers” by Martha Brooks, another Manitoban writer.

Although this story is not narrated in the first person voice (refer to sections 423 and 714 in *Writers INC* for a definition of first person) as the stories in *A Bird in the House* are, the point of view is again limited, this time to a boy named Laker who is almost seventeen years old.

The story is quite short, following a two-day period in Laker's life, but enough background information is woven in through dialogue and **flashbacks** to portray the central events of Laker's whole life.

flashbacks: a device by which the writer of a work of fiction or drama provides background information in a dramatic way by presenting scenes or incidents that occurred before the opening of the story. This can be done through a variety of ways including a memory of a character, a confession or narration by a character, or a dream sequence.

The Kindness of Strangers*

In a telephone booth near the waterfront in Bemidji, Minnesota, Laker Wyatt takes the quarter, the one he panhandled from a tourist, from the zippered pocket of his sweaty leather jacket. The telephone booth smells of vomit, urine, and stale cigarette smoke, and Laker has left the door open. Still, the combination—hinting at shabby despair and regret—is almost more than he can stand.

He hasn't looked at himself in days. The last time was in a public toilet mirror—he can't remember where. It had scared him. He'd disappeared somewhere between then and three weeks before. His replacement was a haunted-looking stranger with stringy, greasy hair. It seemed a lifetime ago when he had withdrawn \$120 from his now-defunct bank account, stuffed a few belongings and a gray wool blanket into a big army-green duffel bag, and then left home suddenly and finally. He took the first bus that was leaving for anywhere. Anywhere, as it turned out, was Bemidji.

Now he picks up the receiver, leans his head back, closes his eyes.

His mother was wearing a peach-colored bathrobe the morning he left. It was something one of their neighbors had lent her. She was getting bigger, the baby only three months away.

Her head is bent over a cup of coffee, and she's not looking at him. In spite of everything, she's still so blond and pretty.

"Why do you let him talk to you that way?" he says, appalled. "He comes home from one of his trips, and in five minutes he's got you crying. Why do you put up with it?"

"Laker, he's not a bad man." She puts her slender hand down flat on the table. "If you two could just get along a little better . . ." Her voice trails off.

He hesitantly reaches out and lightly places one finger on her back, tracing it slowly down her shoulder. She stiffens. He lets his hand drop.

"I've got to go," he says. But he waits.



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“Right,” she says, looking into her cup, searching for whatever it is he can no longer give her. “So go,” she adds.

“Why did you ever marry him? Mom?”

She turns up this stony face she’s taken to giving him ever since Rick the Prick muscled in on their lives. “Laker,” she says, “will you just go?”

“Fine,” he says in disgust. “Fine, I’m going.”

He picks up his backpack and leaves for school. It’s the last week before summer vacation. His last week in eleventh grade.

Later, when he comes home, he hears them arguing. His stepfather going on about how she forgot to get his beer when she was at the store.

“I just forgot,” says his mother. “I’m sorry, okay?”

“Jesus, Audrey,” he whines. “Didn’t I ask you before you left? Just *before?*”

Laker walks into the kitchen. Rick is sagged over the table, chewing a sandwich. Chewing with his mouth open. He actually makes noises when he eats. This man is so beneath his mother; he should be begging at her feet for attention.

Instead, she’s standing against the stove, her hand on her stomach, on that obscene baby that will be hers and his, drinking a glass of water. She quietly finishes it, her pale throat arched like a Swedish queen’s. She sets the glass down on the counter and says, “I know you’re tired. I’ll go back.”

“Don’t do that, Mom,” says Laker.

His mother shoots him a look.

“I said,” says Laker as he stands between them, in the middle of the kitchen floor, “you don’t have to go back to the store. Mom, don’t go.”

“So why don’t you go, hotshot?” says Rick, opening his pack of cigarettes, flipping out the last one. “I’ll pay you five bucks if you go get me a six-pack of beer.”

“Screw you, asshole.”

“Oh, right,” says Rick, lighting his cigarette, exhaustedly shaking out the match. “Now he’s calling me an asshole. Nice son you raised, Audrey.” He picks up his sandwich with his other hand.

“I beg your pardon?” says Laker. “Don’t talk to her that way. And what makes you such a Lord High Shit that you can make judgments on anything she does?”

“Laker, please,” his mother pleads. “Stop this, right now.”

“No I mean it, Mom. He has no right. Look . . . *at him*. Look at what you married. *Look* . . . at him. He has the manners of a pig.”

“Pig?” Rick snorts. “That’s nice, too. Oh, that’s just peachy. Calling me a pig.”

What made that moment so different from all the others? He has replayed it over and over in his mind. The bright kitchen light. The floor that always gleams with a high fresh polish. Rick’s terrified face, the sandwich dropping from his hand as their bodies collide. Laker on top of him on the floor, his hands on that whiskered chicken-skin neck. And then the banging and banging and banging of Rick’s head on the black and white tiles.

His mother has such thin arms. How did she manage to lift him off just like he was a five-year-old again?

Rick coughed and gagged, his face scarlet. His mother screamed, “Get out! Get out of here! Get out of this house—get out!”

For a moment he hoped she meant Rick. Then, unbelievably, he knew that she meant him.

Laker puts the quarter back in his pocket. He can’t face making the call home today. Maybe tomorrow. The hamburger he begged from the perky blond with the too bright smile, outside wherever it was, is making him sick. Now all he wants to do is go lie down in the grass under some tree and sleep forever.

He weaves off, leaving the receiver dangling, and throws up outside the booth.

It’s midnight. Top of another day. The phone booth affords the best view in Bemidji of the wooden statue of Paul Bunyan. Laker stumbles past Paul and his blue ox, goes in behind a clump of bushes, and lies down. He hides inside his jacket, grateful that it’s so big and loose. He’s paranoid that someone will steal it right off his body while he’s sleeping. So whenever he finds someplace to lie down for a few hours, he does it all up—zipper, snaps, the works.

Hugging his arms around it and himself, he curls up into a tight ball with his head on his duffel bag. He shivers from exhaustion and from having been sick. Then he remembers, with an acute pang, that he lost his blanket somewhere near the amusement park. Was that yesterday? A big guy, wearing a red cap like Chucky’s, just walked off with the blanket dangling like a serape down his back. And smiled over his shoulder. What a loser. His big front teeth just the same as Laker’s old stuffed toy, Chucky the Beaver. Whatever happened to Chucky? He can’t quite remember his bedroom, back then. Was it blue? Yes. That was it. And on the window ledges, lined up like good soldiers—all those books he used to read. One or two a night before he’d finally fall asleep.

Books. That last one he finished reading, holed up on a rainy night in a Bemidji library (before a young librarian with an apologetic smile turned off

the lights and said, “You can come back tomorrow”). The Tennessee Williams play. *A Streetcar Named Desire*. He thinks about the main character, Blanche Dubois. About that line that comes near the end of the play. A doctor has come to cart her away to the loony bin, and she’s hanging on to his arm. “Whoever you are . . .,” she says, “I have always depended on the kindness of strangers.”

He thinks about how, as he left, he could actually feel Blanche Dubois follow him out of the library into the steamy, downpouring rain. He slowed, feeling her presence behind him. She leaned against one of the white pillars, her blond hair drenched, her flowing summer dress clinging to her frail body.

That was last Friday. And here it is— Tuesday? Wednesday? So far, he’s avoided being hauled off for vagrancy. He wonders how long his luck will hold out. Just lately he’s begun to rely on handouts. He’s fast becoming dependent on sympathetic librarians, the odd tourist, and all the cheerful Scandinavian Bemidji blonds (their tanned legs, clean white shorts, and throwaway snacks) who only a month ago would have given him their phone numbers.

He rolls over onto his back. The northern lights, spooky and shifting, have begun to dance and expand in the cooling night sky.

Next morning, as he’s walking toward the Marketplace, he finds a ten-dollar bill. It flutters like a large green butterfly across Paul Bunyan Drive.

He buys two hamburgers and a hot apple pie and a jumbo cup of coffee with three sugars and four creams. Later he sees an elderly man, wearing suspenders to hold up his loose-fitting brown polyester pants. Standing under a canopy, surveying the early slanting sunlight, he gently licks away the tail end of an ice-cream cone. He seems to be waiting for someone.

Laker politely walks up to him, asking softly, “Can you spare some change, sir?”

“You should be working” is the grumbling reply. But a veined, slightly shaky hand searches a pocket of the polyester pants, pulls out a couple of broken toothpicks and a handful of change, pauses as the man deliberates how much to give. He hands over seven quarters, four dimes, and a penny. Eyeing the penny, he advises, “It’ll keep you honest.”

Weird old duck. “Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.” Laker walks away, glad of the change. He carefully tucks that, with the remaining silver from the ten dollars, into the zippered pocket of his jacket.

The next day, it rains constantly. His shoes feel like sponges on his feet. His jacket is a chilled, damp misery against his bare arms. The rain that began in little drizzles early in the morning has, by mid-afternoon, started to shed huge, steady plops. People dash in and out of stores, in and out of

water-beaded cars and trucks that pull in to park, pull out again, splash on by.

Near the doorway of Thriftway Drugs, he sinks to the sidewalk and sits on his wet duffel bag.

“I don’t suppose another handful of quarters is going to help you over the long haul. Goddamn economy, it’s got everybody down. Like the goddamn thirties in some ways. I’ve seen you around here quite a bit lately, and I’ve got to tell you that you have about as much eye appeal as a drowned cat.”

Laker lifts a slow gaze from the sidewalk to the profile of the old guy from yesterday. He’s staring off into the rain as he works away at his teeth with a toothpick. He’s got on a green plaid fedora-style hat and an unbuttoned floppy yellow rain slicker and the same brown pants and suspenders.

“I hate this goddamn weather,” he says. “Makes my arthritis seize up like crazy. And it makes me grumpy as hell. Damp cold—it’s the worst.”

“No kidding,” says Laker dismally.

An old-model maroon Chevy, windshield wipers clapping back and forth, pulls up to the curb. The driver is a middle-aged woman in turquoise sweats and plastic earrings; she reaches over the passenger’s side and flips open the door.

“That one’s Vera Lynn,” says the old guy. “Got two of them—kids, that is. My son’s happily *un*-married and living in San Diego. But that one is married and miserable, bossy as hell. My wife died just over two years ago, and I’ve been henpecked ever since.” He touches the brim of his hat. “Well, nice talking to you, then.”

“Bye,” says Laker. With lonely eyes, he watches the old guy ease himself into the car, then make two attempts before finally banging shut the passenger’s door.

He gives Laker a quick appraising once-over as Vera Lynn pulls out from the curb. Gently swaying, the car splashes away through the puddles.

Not more than three minutes later, when the rain has slowed once more to a drizzle, Vera Lynn’s car comes tearing back to the curb and lurches to a halt. The car rocks back and forth. The window on the passenger’s side rolls down. The old man first sticks out a yellow rainslickered elbow, then, stiffly, his head. “It occurs to me,” he says to Laker (who has stood up out of sheer surprise). “It occurs to me,” he repeats, then turns his head to his daughter. “Vera Lynn, turn down those goddamn whiny violins . . . thank you,” and turning back to Laker: “It was my intention to phrase this properly, but evidently I am being rushed.” Once again he turns to his daughter, who is saying something—Laker can’t hear what. The old man interrupts her, “Vera Lynn, if this is too goddamn much trouble for you, then I will get out, right here, and walk home.”

Laker wonders if he should move a little closer to the car but then remembers to remain neutral. Begging has its own rules. He's quickly learned that opportunities can blow either way. If you can manage to stand in the middle, somewhere between taking action and yielding to fate, then things sometimes work out in your favor.

"I live about a ten-minute drive from here," says the old man, finally addressing Laker. "Name's Henry Olsen. Do you do yard work?"

The rain patters softly all around them. Vera Lynn rolls down her window a few inches. Her right hand still grips the top of the steering wheel.

"Yard work," says Laker. "You need yard work done?"

"Yep. Need quite a few things done. And then there's this tree branch the size of a hotel that's resting on my roof. Has to be trimmed back. Has to be done. I'll pay you"—he drums his fingers on the side of the car—"six dollars an hour. Is that fair?"

Yard work. He wants to hire an illegal underage hobo runaway to do yard work. Maybe he's an old pervert. Maybe he does this all the time. Or maybe he's just lonely as hell. "You need yard work done?" Laker repeats.

"That's what I just said. I'll give you cash, by the way. No checks. No questions asked. If you want to keep sitting on your hindquarters out here in the rain, that's your choice and none of my business. But it doesn't take a genius to see that you're getting nowhere fast."

Laker feels as if he's being shaken from a deep and troubling sleep. He tries to focus on all that is being asked of him, and it's a painful effort that stubbornly hooks him to the spot.

Henry Olsen stares politely away. "When you're ready," he says in a slow, patient tone, "hop in. And don't forget your gear over there."

It's been a long time since he had a shower, and that's the first thing Henry Olsen insists he do. It's a cluttered little house that smells faintly of coffee and wood smoke. Laker steps into the metal shower stall with a bottle of shampoo. The hot water blasts his skin and feels incredible as he washes away three weeks' worth of itchy dirt and trouble. He can't believe how luxurious it is to simply get clean.

The old man has lent him an old-fashioned gray sweat suit. Laker towels down and then puts it on, the warm fleece against his skin. Emerging from the steamy bathroom, he suddenly feels wobbly with exhaustion.

At the stove, Henry Olsen turns and says, "Washing machine's over there, in the corner." Written in green letters across the front of his white chef's apron is TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS—THE PORK PRODUCERS.

“Vera Lynn,” he announces, “went home in a tempestuous huff. Says I’m being foolish. Foolish for inviting a complete stranger into my home.” It’s a statement that seems to demand a response.

“I don’t think you’re being foolish,” Laker says quietly. He sets down his duffel bag by the washing machine.

“Good. I’m glad you feel that way,” says Henry Olsen. He’s easing something white and flour-dusted into the pan. “I’ve got at least a couple of days’ work waiting right outside for you to do. But not tonight. How do you feel about that?”

“That would be fine,” Laker says gratefully.

“Good. I figure tomorrow’s soon enough. Everybody’s always in such a goddamn hurry.”

Along with his rain-soaked clothes, Laker throws everything from the duffel bag into the washing machine. He then pours in a cup of detergent, closes the lid, and turns the dial to Wash. With an alarming rattle and a high-pitched whine, the machine suddenly shakes into action. He jumps back, afraid he’s done something wrong. And then, surprisingly, it settles into a gentle churning cycle.

“Trouble with Vera Lynn is her blind obstinacy,” says Henry Olsen, reflectively poking at the pan with a metal spatula. “She operates on the notion that anybody over seventy-five has nothing to contribute—not that she’d ever put it into so many words. No, no, she means to be kind. She’d blow your nose for you if you asked her. Works in a seniors’ home. God help those poor old buggers over there. She’s probably got them all organized into wheelchairs and diapers and songfests.”

A buttery, peppery smell has begun to steam and bubble up. He continues, “Do you like panfried fish? Friend of mine, Frank Johanns, was up at Blackduck Lake yesterday. Best walleye in the world.”

Laker straddles a kitchen chair, his arms folded along the smooth curved wooden back, and faces his host.

“Of course I don’t drive anymore,” says Henry Olsen. “Had an accident last year. After that I figured at eighty-two years of age, I’d had a pretty good run at it. Who wants to kill somebody just because they’re too damn proud to know when it’s time to give it up? I miss it, though. I surely do. Kissed off a good-size chunk of my independence, right then and there. Any that remains, my daughter is only too happy to take off my hands. Got your driver’s license?”

“Yes,” says Laker.

“Had it long?”

“Awhile.”

“There’s a few things I should know about you, son—like, for starters, your name.”

He hesitates. “It’s Laker.” He pauses, and then he adds, “Wyatt.”

“Your parents must really like basketball,” responds Henry Olsen, quick as anything.

“My biological father does,” says Laker with a slow smile. “Apparently I was conceived during an L.A. Lakers game.”

“That a fact?” Henry Olsen chuckles, flipping over a crispy golden chunk of walleye. “That’s one game he didn’t get to watch.” He turns down the element. “Does he still like basketball?”

“I don’t know. He took off shortly after I was born. We hear from him once in a while. Never used to stay in any one place for too long. But I guess he’s settling down now, because he’s married and got a two-year-old kid.”

“So where’s your mother living?”

“Duluth,” says Laker and right away he realizes he’s been caught off guard. Henry Olsen is an old snake charmer.

“So you’re not too far from home, then. Could always go back if you wanted to.” He carefully dishes the fish onto a platter, then sets it in the oven.

Laker blinks at the bright blue kitchen floor.

Henry Olsen nods sympathetically. “Life is full of suffering, son. Suffering is normal. How old are you?”

Might as well tell him. Sooner or later he’s going to charm everything out into the open, anyway. “I’m sixteen. I’ll be seventeen in four months,” says Laker, trying to work up a little enthusiasm.

“Seventeen.” Henry Olsen considers this. He pulls a couple of plastic food containers from the fridge, and he says, “See, there’s this big difference between us.” He brings the containers to the table, leans over, setting them down, then stiffly straightens up. “Unlike me, you’ve got a thousand more chances to start all over again with people.”

Laker turns his head, resting his cheek on his arm. Out past the kitchen’s modern sliding glass door, a door oddly out of keeping with the rest of the house, is an enormous old oak tree. The sun has finally come out and slants late afternoon gold, down Bemidji’s summer sky. Backlit, a thick ancient-looking branch rises up over the roof of Henry Olsen’s house. Thinner leafy branches protrude downward. Dangling from one is a child’s wool mitten. It’s bright red and dripping with rain.

The telephone rings, a black wall-phone by the doorway that leads into another room. Henry Olsen answers on the fourth ring.

“No, no,” he’s saying, “thanks for calling, but everything’s just fine here. Yes . . . well, that’s Vera Lynn for you. Sorry that she bothered you with this, Frank. Ever since her mother died, her diligence on my behalf has become an increasing pain in the ass. But today it occurred to me that I still have a mind of my own, and I guess it’s high time we had a discussion about that. By the way, the walleye looks terrific. Just cooked it up. Say, thanks again for bringing it around.”

“Well, well,” says Henry Olsen, coming to the table with the rest of their supper.

“Do you mind,” says Laker, “if I make a phone call before we eat?”

“Yes, I mind,” says Henry Olsen. He wears half glasses, and he does a quick study of Laker’s face before he loads up his plate with two pieces of walleye, a big spoonful of potato salad, and some marinated vegetables. “You should never make a rash decision on an empty stomach,” he explains. “What’s your hurry?”

“I don’t know,” Laker mumbles.

“Well, if you don’t know, then you don’t need to hurry. Eat.”

Laker listlessly cuts off a corner of walleye.

“When’s the last time you had a decent meal?”

“I don’t know,” says Laker. “I guess it was yesterday. Or maybe the day before. I don’t remember.”

“Fish is supposed to be brain food. What grade are you in?”

“Going into my senior year in high school. I guess.”

“Listen, son, when you call that mother of yours, will you let me talk to her?”

Laker thinks about that time when he and his hippie mother were camping in a trailer park in Oregon. He remembers running away into the water in the fierce sunlight and her picking him up, his legs still kicking, and carrying him back to the beach. In those days, when he did something he wasn’t supposed to, she’d usually scold him with a smile in the back of her eyes.

He stares at his plate, his hands resting on either side. His nervous fingers curl and uncurl. He hopes that Henry Olsen doesn’t notice what a mess he’s in, here at this table where kindness abounds.

Henry Olsen clears his throat, wipes his mouth with his napkin, then sets the napkin down. He reaches out a mottled, veiny hand and pats Laker’s shoulder.

“Make your call, son,” he says quietly.

So, he’ll simply make the call. That’s all he has to do.

Tomorrow morning he could be back on the bus, this time heading home to Duluth. Maybe the old man will even lend him the bus fare.

Maybe things will be different this time. Maybe this time, her shell will crack and his real mother will step away from the tall, straight, hard-chiseled covering that hides her. She'll step away, laughing, and something about him will please her. Her eyes will soften. Her arm will ride easily along his back.

He pushes away from the table, gets up, walks across Henry Olsen's kitchen to the phone. He makes his call. When she picks up the phone, the cord at the other end makes a familiar clinking sound. This means she's in the kitchen. The cord has passed across the fruit bowl, which is usually empty. He's pulled her away from her own dinner. She accepts the collect call, and then says, "Laker, where are you?"

"I'm in Bemidji."

"You're in Bemidji."

"And I want to come home."

"Laker . . ." She pauses, seems unable to continue, then quickly: "Rick and I have talked this over." She pauses again.

"Mom? I want to come home."

Has she turned to look at Rick, her gray-streaked blond hair falling over one eye?

The cord clinks again, over the bowl—the one he gave her two Christmases ago. It's the only recent thing he's given her that she's set out for the world to see. "The colors are nice," she said absently, and put it back in its wrapping. But later, it appeared on the table under the phone and has been there ever since.

"Laker," she says softly, "you can't live at home anymore."

I can't live at home. Can't live at home. He feels an overwhelming all-over cold, as if he's standing in a freezer. He's so numb, he's not sure if he can open his mouth to speak, and then, unbelievably, he feels these words forming in his mouth, foreign words as if some stranger inside his body has taken over and is about to speak for him. "Oh, that's all right," he hears this new voice say. "I didn't expect to, anyway. I was just phoning to find out how you were and if you needed anything."

He remembers bringing her tissues whenever she cried, making her supper when she couldn't get out of bed, calling into work—he must have been only ten years old at the time—to say that she couldn't make it in again today. No, not today, but maybe tomorrow.

"Well, Mom," Laker says: "I'm going to go now."

There's just silence at her end. Maybe she's crying. Who knows? Maybe Rick is there with his arm around her, holding her up, supporting her in this decision they have made together.

"I'll be in touch," he promises, and for just a few seconds, he waits. He waits for her to stand up for him. To tell him that she loves him. To ask him to come back. To tell him that they can still work things out. None of these things happens. Gently as a kiss, he sets the receiver back in its cradle.

He turns, comes back to the table, sits down.

"You can stay," says Henry Olsen firmly, then clears his throat, "for as long as it takes to get yourself together."

"That might be quite some time," Laker says quietly.

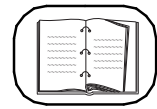
"I'm in no rush, son. Time is something I've got more of than I know what to do with."

The old man looks away, out the window. Laker follows his gaze to where the red mitten moves in a light wind. It spins one way, stops, then begins to unwind high in the arms of the huge old tree. He wonders about that bizarre perfect little mitten. He wonders how in the world it got there, and how it's managed, this far, to keep hanging on.

Learning Experience

1. Remove the graph 'Narrative Structure of "The Kindness of Strangers"' from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence and put it in your Response Journal.
2. As you read and/or reread the story, fill in the basic events on the graph. Time clues are provided and stars are positioned on the "Present" line for each thing that Laker does or that happens to him in the present. (Note: Not all of these events are especially major ones.) Note each present event above the appropriate star. You can add more stars if you need to.

The vertical lines point to events in the near and distant past. Again, time clues are provided when available. The length of the line very roughly indicates how far in the past the flashback takes place. In addition, the words that signal the shift in time are written beside the lines. The arrows across flashbacks indicate a short transitional passage — a shift in verb tense to an earlier time that leads into a fuller flashback of a scene. Note the scene/memory of each flashback at the bottom of the appropriate vertical line.



3. Also as you read, pay particular attention to all family background information provided about Laker and his mother in both the flashbacks and the dialogue.
4. When you have finished reading the story, put the “Venn Diagram” from the *Forms* section into your Response Journal and use it to compare and contrast this story with “The Evil Stepchildren” by David Arnason, which you read in Sequence 3. Compare elements such as plot, including events and what they lead to; character relationships, including family configurations; and overall tone or feeling.
5. In your Writer’s Notebook, draft a letter to Laker from his mother, explaining her decision. Have her describe her conflicting roles as mother and wife, and explain why she chose to prioritize the role she did.



If you’d like to know more about Laker, his family, and his time with Henry, read the novel *Being with Henry* by Martha Brooks, which is an expansion of this story. It is available in bookstores and libraries across Manitoba.

Part 3

Interview Preparation

Later in this sequence, you will interview a person of a generation older than yours, asking him or her a variety of mostly open-ended questions about the expectations his or her family had/has of him or her.



At this point, begin on a page in your Writer’s Notebook to generate possible interview questions. You could ask about family size and configuration, the various roles taken on, the expectations associated with each, and about any conflicts between roles.

Again, save all of your work in your Response Journal and Writer’s Notebook to use later in your multigenre paper.

Notes



Lesson 4

Gender-Related Roles and Expectations

Although the family is not the only socializing force in our culture, it is the first and a very powerful one. One type of socialization that takes place is gender conditioning — training children to behave and think in ways considered appropriate to their gender, that is, in supposedly masculine or feminine ways. You may have already noticed in previous lessons that certain roles in families are determined to a large extent by gender. The idea of a strict limiting of roles and actions based on gender is not popular now, but even so, studies show that such gender conditioning is still having a powerful effect.

In this lesson, you will explore the effect that gender expectations have on members of families by reading and responding to fictional and nonfictional texts, and by writing a personal narrative based on your own experience. You will also add to your list of questions for your interview in Lesson 7.

You will have the opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes:



General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 1: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences

- 1.1.1 Connect ideas, observations, opinions, and emotions through a variety of means to develop a train of thought and test tentative positions
- 1.1.2 Seek others' responses through a variety of means to clarify and rework ideas and positions
- 1.2.4 Extend understanding by exploring and acknowledging multiple perspectives and ambiguities when generating and responding to texts

General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

- 4.1.1 Generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose

General Learning Outcome 5: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to celebrate and build community

- 5.1.3 Recognize and analyze how personal language use may create and sustain an inclusive community
- 5.2.1 Identify various factors that shape understanding of texts, others, and self

Part 1

Raising Girls and Boys

The stereotypical feminine nature is nurturing, gentle, supportive, emotional, and giving. Stereotypical masculine qualities include being protective, aggressive, authoritative, rational, and deserving of rights and attention. These stereotypes in practice can lead to gender-based roles and expectations in the family — women may be expected to be the caregiver, looking after the home and children, while men may be expected to go out into the world to actively provide for and to be the “head” of the family. Such stereotypes are deeply entrenched in cultures, and related expectations determine roles subtly in some communities and more obviously in others.

Learning Experience

Read the following four texts and introductions. As you read, respond to them in your Response Journal using the three-column “Think-Link” Response Sheets in the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence. Focus particularly on the gender-related expectations portrayed in each.

Under “Observations,” include statements about what is said and/or happening in the text and about techniques and elements you notice. Under “Wonderings,” include questions, confusions, and any vocabulary that needs clarification. Under “Connections,” write links to similar experiences, related ideas, and recollections of television shows, movies, song lyrics, and literature with similar themes, techniques, or ideas (Skeans, 71).

Text 1

“Girl” is a work of very short fiction by Jamaica Kincaid. It could be considered a **prose poem** with its use of rhythm and repetition and its lack of a traditional plot. The piece is in the form of a monologue spoken by a mother to her daughter, with brief responses by the daughter in italics.

Kincaid was born and raised in Antigua, an island in the Caribbean, and currently lives in the United States. The gender expectations in her native culture are very explicit, as portrayed in this fiction.



prose poem: is a poem that uses many poetic devices such as imagery, rhythm, and figurative language, but does not use formal line arrangements; that is, it is written in paragraph form.



Girl*

Wash the white clothes on Monday and put them on the stone heap; wash the color clothes on Tuesday and put them on the clothesline to dry; don't walk barehead in the hot sun; cook pumpkin fritters in very hot sweet oil; soak your little cloths right after you take them off; when buying cotton to make yourself a nice blouse, be sure that it doesn't have gum on it, because that way it won't hold up well after a wash; soak salt fish overnight before you cook it; is it true that you sing benna in Sunday school?; always eat your food in such a way that it won't turn someone else's stomach; on Sundays try to walk like a lady and not like the slut you are so bent on becoming; don't sing benna in Sunday school; you mustn't speak to wharf-rat boys, not even to give directions; don't eat fruits on the street—flies will follow you; *but I don't sing benna on Sundays at all and, never in Sunday school*; this is how to sew on a button; this is how to make a buttonhole for the button you have just sewed on; this is how to hem a dress when you see the hem coming down and so to prevent yourself from looking like the slut I know you are so bent on becoming; this is how you iron your father's khaki shirt so that it doesn't have a crease; this is how you iron your father's khaki pants so that they don't have a crease; this is how you grow okra—far from the house, because okra tree harbors red ants; when you are growing dasheen, make sure it gets plenty of water or else it makes your throat itch when you are eating it; this is how you sweep a corner; this is how you sweep a whole house; this is how you sweep a yard; this is how you smile to someone you don't like too much; this is how you smile to someone you don't like at all; this is how you smile to someone you like completely; this is how you set a table for tea; this is how you set a table for dinner; this is how you set a table for dinner with an important guest; this is how you set a table for lunch; this is how you set a table for breakfast; this is how to behave in the presence of men who don't know you very well, and this way they won't recognize immediately the slut I have warned you against becoming; be sure to wash every day, even if it is, with your own spit; don't squat down to play marbles—you are not a boy, you, know: don't pick people's flowers—you might catch something; don't throw stones at blackbirds, because it might not be a blackbird at all; this is how to make a bread pudding; this is how to make doukona; this is how to make; pepper pot; this is how to make a good medicine for a cold; this is how to make a good medicine to throw away a child before it even becomes a child; this is how to catch a fish; this is how to throw back a fish you don't like, and that way something bad won't fall

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on you; this is how to bully a man; this is how a man bullies you; this is how to love a man, and if this doesn't work there are other ways, and if they don't work don't feel too bad about giving up; this is how to spit up in the air if you feel like it, and this is how to move quick so that it doesn't fall on you; this is how to make ends meet; always squeeze bread to make sure it's fresh, *but what if the baker won't let me feel the bread?* you mean to say that after all you are really going to be the kind of woman who the baker won't let near the bread?

Text 2

"Boys and Girls" is a short story by Canadian writer Alice Munro, who is one of the most respected short story writers today. The story is set during and after World War II (in the 1940s) on a fox farm outside of the fictional town of Jubilee, Ontario. It is narrated by an unnamed girl, and tells of her life up until an episode that occurred when she was eleven years old.

Boys and Girls*

My father was a fox farmer. That is, he raised silver foxes, in pens; and in the fall and early winter, when their fur was prime, he killed them and skinned them and sold their pelts to the Hudson's Bay Company or the Montreal Fur Traders. These companies supplied us with heroic calendars to hang, one on each side of the kitchen door. Against a background of cold blue sky and black pine forests and treacherous northern rivers, plumed adventurers planted the flags of England or of France; magnificent savages bent their backs to the portage.

For several weeks before Christmas, my father worked after supper in the cellar of our house. The cellar was whitewashed, and lit by a hundred-watt bulb over the worktable. My brother Laird and I sat on the top step and watched. My father removed the pelt inside-out from the body of the fox, which looked surprisingly small, mean and rat-like, deprived of its arrogant weight of fur. The naked, slippery bodies were collected in a sack and buried at the dump. One time the hired man, Henry Bailey, had taken a swipe at me



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with this sack, saying, “Christmas present!” My mother thought that was not funny. In fact she disliked the whole pelting operation—that was what the killing, skinning, and preparation of the furs was called—and wished it did not have to take place in the house. There was the smell. After the pelt had been stretched inside-out on a long board my father scraped away delicately, removing the little clotted webs of blood vessels, the bubbles of fat; the smell of blood and animal fat, with the strong primitive odour of the fox itself, penetrated all parts of the house. I found it reassuringly seasonal, like the smell of oranges and pine needles.

Henry Bailey suffered from bronchial troubles. He would cough and cough until his narrow face turned scarlet, and his light blue, derisive eyes filled up with tears; then he took the lid off the stove, and, standing well back, shot out a great clot of phlegm—hsss—straight into the heart of the flames. We admired him for this performance and for his ability to make his stomach growl at will, and for his laughter, which was full of high whistlings and gurglings and involved the whole faulty machinery of his chest. It was sometimes hard to tell what he was laughing at, and always possible that it might be us.

After we had been sent to bed we could still smell fox and still hear Henry’s laugh, but these things, reminders of the warm, safe, brightly lit downstairs world, seemed lost and diminished, floating on the stale cold air upstairs. We were afraid at night in the winter. We were not afraid of outside though this was the time of year when snowdrifts curled around our house like sleeping whales and the wind harassed us all night, coming up from the buried fields, the frozen swamp, with its old bugbear chorus of threats and misery. We were afraid of *inside*, the room where we slept. At this time the upstairs of our house was not finished. A brick chimney went up one wall. In the middle of the floor was a square hole, with a wooden railing around it; that was where the stairs came up. On the other side of the stairwell were the things that nobody had any use for any more—a soldiery roll of linoleum, standing on end, a wicker baby carriage, a fern basket, china jugs and basins with cracks in them, a picture of the Battle of Balaclava, very sad to look at. I had told Laird, as soon as he was old enough to understand such things, that bats and skeletons lived over there; whenever a man escaped from the county jail, twenty miles away, I imagined that he had somehow let himself in the window and was hiding behind the linoleum. But we had rules to keep us safe. When the light was on, we were safe as long as we did not step off the square of worn carpet which defined our bedroom-space; when the light was off no place was safe but the beds themselves. I had to turn out the light kneeling on the end of my bed, and stretching as far as I could to reach the cord.

In the dark we lay on our beds, our narrow life rafts, and fixed our eyes on the faint light coming up the stairwell, and sang songs. Laird sang “Jingle

Bells,” which he would sing any time, whether it was Christmas or not, and I sang “Danny Boy.” I loved the sound of my own voice, frail and supplicating, rising in the dark. We could make out the tall frosted shapes of the windows now, gloomy and white. When I came to the part, *When I am dead, as dead I well may be*—a fit of shivering caused not by the cold sheets but by pleasurable emotion almost silenced me. *You’ll kneel and say, an Ave there above me*—What was an Ave? Every day I forgot to find out.

Laird went straight from singing to sleep. I could hear his long, satisfied, bubbly breaths. Now for the time that remained to me, the most perfectly private and perhaps the best time of the whole day, I arranged myself tightly under the covers and went on with one of the stories I was telling myself from night to night. These stories were about myself, when I had grown a little older; they took place in a world that was recognizably mine, yet one that presented opportunities for courage, boldness and self-sacrifice, as mine never did. I rescued people from a bombed building (it discouraged me that the real war had gone on so far away from Jubilee). I shot two rabid wolves who were menacing the schoolyard (the teachers cowered terrified at my back). I rode a fine horse spiritedly down the main street of Jubilee, acknowledging the townspeople’s gratitude for some yet-to-be-worked-out piece of heroism (nobody ever rode a horse there, except King Billy in the Orangemen’s Day parade).

There was always riding and shooting in these stories, though I had only been on a horse twice—bareback because we did not own a saddle—and the second time I had slid right around and dropped under the horse’s feet; it had stepped placidly over me. I really was learning to shoot, but I could not hit anything yet, not even tin cans on fence posts.

Alive, the foxes inhabited a world my father made for them. It was surrounded by a high guard fence, like a medieval town, with a gate that was padlocked at night. Along the streets of this town were ranged large, sturdy pens. Each of them had a real door that a man could go through, a wooden ramp along the wire, for the foxes to run up and down on, and a kennel—something like a clothes chest with airholes—where they slept and stayed in winter and had their young. There were feeding and watering dishes attached to the wire in such a way that they could be emptied and cleaned from the outside. The dishes were made of old tin cans, and the ramps and kennels of odds and ends of old lumber. Everything was tidy and ingenious; my father was tirelessly inventive and his favourite book in the world was Robinson Crusoe. He had fitted a tin drum on a wheelbarrow, for bringing water down to the pens. This was my job in summer, when the foxes had to have water twice a day. Between nine and ten o’clock in the morning, and again after supper, I filled the drum at the pump and trundled it down through the barnyard to the pens, where I parked it, and filled my watering can and went along the streets. Laird came too, with his little cream and green gardening

can, filled too full and knocking against his legs and slopping water on his canvas shoes. I had the real watering can, my father's, though I could only carry it three-quarters full.

The foxes all had names, which were printed on a tin plate and hung beside their doors. They were not named when they were born, but when they survived the first year's pelting and were added to the breeding stock. Those my father had named were called names like Prince, Bob, Wally and Betty. Those I had named were called Star or Turk, or Maureen or Diana. Laird named one Maud after a hired girl we had when he was little, one Harold after a boy at school, and one Mexico, he did not say why.

Naming them did not make pets out of them, or anything like it. Nobody but my father ever went into the pens, and he had twice had blood-poisoning from bites. When I was bringing them their water they prowled up and down on the paths they had made inside their pens, barking seldom—they saved that for nighttime, when they might get up a chorus of community frenzy—but always watching me, their eyes burning, clear gold, in their pointed, malevolent faces. They were beautiful for their delicate legs and heavy, aristocratic tails and the bright fur sprinkled on dark down their backs—which gave them their name—but especially for their faces, drawn exquisitely sharp in pure hostility, and their golden eyes.

Besides carrying water I helped my father when he cut the long grass, and the lamb's quarter and flowering money musk, that grew between the pens. He cut with the scythe and I raked into piles. Then he took a pitchfork and threw fresh-cut grass all over the top of the pens, to keep the foxes cooler and shade their coats, which were browned by too much sun. My father did not talk to me unless it was about the job we were doing. In this he was quite different from my mother, who, if she was feeling cheerful, would tell me all sorts of things—the name of a dog she had had when she was a little girl, the names of boys she had gone out with later on when she was grown up, and what certain dresses of hers had looked like—she could not imagine now what had become of them. Whatever thoughts and stories my father had were private, and I was shy of him and would never ask him questions. Nevertheless I worked willingly under his eyes, and with a feeling of pride. One time a feed salesman came down into the pens to talk to him and my father said, "Like to have you meet my new hired man." I turned away and raked furiously, red in the face with pleasure.

"Could of fooled me," said the salesman. "I thought it was only a girl."

After the grass was cut, it seemed suddenly much later in the year. I walked on stubble in the earlier evening, aware of the reddening skies, the entering silences, of fall. When I wheeled the tank out of the gate and put the padlock on, it was almost dark. One night at this time I saw my mother and father standing talking on the little rise of ground we called the gangway, in

front of the barn. My father had just come from the meathouse; he had his stiff bloody apron on, and a pail of cut-up meat in his hand.

It was an odd thing to see my mother down at the barn. She did not often come out of the house unless it was to do something—hang out the wash or dig potatoes in the garden. She looked out of place, with her bare lumpy legs, not touched by the sun, her apron still on and damp across the stomach from the supper dishes. Her hair was tied up in a kerchief, wisps of it falling out. She would tie her hair up like this in the morning, saying she did not have time to do it properly, and it would stay tied up all day. It was true, too; she really did not have time. These days our back porch was piled with baskets of peaches and grapes and pears, bought in town, and onions and tomatoes and cucumbers grown at home, all waiting to be made into jelly and jam and preserves, pickles and chili sauce. In the kitchen there was a fire in the stove all day, jars clinked in boiling water, sometimes a cheesecloth bag was strung on a pole between two chairs, straining blue-black grape pulp for jelly. I was given jobs to do and I would sit at the table peeling peaches that had been soaked in the hot water, or cutting up onions, my eyes smarting and streaming. As soon as I was done I ran out of the house, trying to get out of earshot before my mother thought of what she wanted me to do next. I hated the hot dark kitchen in summer, the green blinds and the flypapers, the same old oilcloth table and wavy mirror and bumpy linoleum. My mother was too tired and preoccupied to talk to me, she had no heart to tell about the Normal School Graduation Dance; sweat trickled over her face and she was always counting under her breath, pointing at jars, dumping cups of sugar. It seemed to me that work in the house was endless, dreary and peculiarly depressing; work done out of doors, and in my father's service, was ritualistically important.

I wheeled the tank up to the barn, where it was kept, and I heard my mother saying, "Wait till Laird gets a little bigger, then you'll have a real help."

What my father said I did not hear. I was pleased by the way he stood listening, politely as he would to a salesman or a stranger, but with an air of wanting to get on with his real work. I felt my mother had no business down here and I wanted him to feel the same way. What did she mean about Laird? He was no help to anybody. Where was he now? Swinging himself sick on the swing, going around in circles, or trying to catch caterpillars. He never once stayed with me till I was finished.

"And then I can use her more in the house," I heard my mother say. She had a dead-quiet, regretful way of talking about me that always made me uneasy. "I just get my back turned and she runs off. It's not like I had a girl in the family at all."

I went and sat on a feed bag in the corner of the barn, not wanting to appear when this conversation was going on. My mother, I felt, was not to

be trusted. She was kinder than my father and more easily fooled, but you could not depend on her, and the real reasons for the things she said and did were not to be known. She loved me, and she sat up late at night making a dress of the difficult style I wanted, for me to wear when school started, but she was also my enemy. She was always plotting. She was plotting now to get me to stay in the house more, although she knew I hated it (because she knew I hated it) and keep me from working for my father. It seemed to me she would do this simply out of perversity, and to try her power. It did not occur to me that she could be lonely, or jealous. No grown-up could be; they were too fortunate. I sat and kicked my heels monotonously against a feedbag, raising dust, and did not come out till she was gone.

At any rate, I did not expect my father to pay any attention to what she said. Who could imagine Laird doing my work—Laird remembering the padlock and cleaning out the watering-dishes with a leaf on the end of a stick, or even wheeling the tank without it tumbling over? It showed how little my mother knew about the way things really were.

I have forgotten to say what the foxes were fed. My father's bloody apron reminded me. They were fed horsemeat. At this time most farmers still kept horses, and when a horse got too old to work, or broke a leg or got down and would not get up, as they sometimes did, the owner would call my father, and he and Henry went out to the farm in the truck. Usually they shot and butchered the horse there, paying the farmer from five to twelve dollars. If they had already too much meat on hand, they would bring the horse back alive, and keep it for a few days or weeks in our stable, until the meat was needed. After the war the farmers were buying tractors and gradually getting rid of horses altogether, so it sometimes happened that we got a good healthy horse, that there was just no use for any more. If this happened in the winter we might keep the horse in our stable till spring, for we had plenty of hay and if there was a lot of snow—and the plow did not always get our road cleared—it was convenient to be able to go to town with a horse and cutter.

The winter I was eleven years old we had two horses in the stable. We did not know what names they had had before, so we called them Mack and Flora. Mack was an old black workhorse, sooty and indifferent. Flora was a sorrel mare, a driver. We took them both out in the cutter. Mack was slow and easy to handle. Flora was given to fits of violent alarm, veering at cars and even at other horses, but we loved her speed and high-stepping, her general air of gallantry and abandon. On Saturdays we went down to the stable and as soon as we opened the door on its cosy, animal smelling darkness Flora threw up her head, rolled her eyes, whinnied despairingly and pulled herself through a crisis of nerves on the spot. It was not safe to go into her stall; she would kick.

This winter also I began to hear a great deal more on the theme my mother had sounded when she had been talking in front of the barn. I no

longer felt safe. It seemed that in the minds of the people around me there was a steady undercurrent of thought, not to be deflected, on this one subject. The word girl had formerly seemed to me innocent and unburdened, like the word child; now it appeared that it was no such thing. A girl was not, as I had supposed, simply what I was; it was what I had to become. It was a definition, always touched with emphasis, with reproach and disappointment. Also it was a joke on me. Once Laird and I were fighting, and for the first time ever I had to use all my strength against him; even so, he caught and pinned my arm for a moment, really hurting me. Henry saw this, and laughed, saying, "Oh, that there Laird's gonna show you, one of these days!" Laird was getting a lot bigger. But I was getting bigger too.

My grandmother came to stay with us for a few weeks and I heard other things. "Girls don't slam doors like that." "Girls keep their knees together when they sit down." And worse still, when I asked some questions, "That's none of girls' business." I continued to slam the doors and sit as awkwardly as possible, thinking that by such measures I kept myself free.

When spring came, the horses were let out in the barnyard. Mack stood against the barn wall trying to scratch his neck and haunches, but Flora trotted up and down and reared at the fences, clattering her hooves against the rails. Snow drifts dwindled quickly, revealing the hard grey and brown earth, the familiar rise and fall of the ground, plain and bare after the fantastic landscape of winter. There was a great feeling of opening-out, of release. We just wore rubbers now, over our shoes; our feet felt ridiculously light. One Saturday we went out to the stable and found all the doors open, letting in the unaccustomed sunlight and fresh air. Henry was there, just idling around looking at his collection of calendars which were tacked up behind the stalls in a part of the stable my mother had probably never seen.

"Come to say goodbye to your old friend Mack?" Henry said. "Here, you give him a taste of oats." He poured some oats into Laird's cupped hands and Laird went to feed Mack. Mack's teeth were in bad shape. He ate very slowly, patiently shifting the oats around in his mouth, trying to find a stump of a molar to grind it on. "Poor old Mack," said Henry mournfully. "When a horse's teeth's gone, he's gone. That's about the way."

"Are you going to shoot him today?" I said. Mack and Flora had been in the stable so long I had almost forgotten they were going to be shot.

Henry didn't answer me. Instead he started to sing in a high, trembly, mocking-sorrowful voice, *Oh, there's no more work, for poor Uncle Ned, he's gone where the good darkies go.* Mack's thick, blackish tongue worked diligently at Laird's hand. I went out before the song was ended and sat down on the gangway.

I had never seen them shoot a horse, but I knew where it was done. Last summer Laird and I had come upon a horse's entrails before they were

buried. We had thought it was a big black snake, coiled up in the sun. That was around in the field that ran up beside the barn. I thought that if we went inside the barn, and found a wide crack or a knothole to look through, we would be able to see them do it. It was not something I wanted to see; just the same, if a thing really happened, it was better to see it, and know.

My father came down from the house, carrying the gun.

“What are you doing here?” he said.

“Nothing.”

“Go on up and play around the house.”

He sent Laird out of the stable. I said to Laird, “Do you want to see them shoot Mack?” and without waiting for an answer led him around to the front door of the barn, opened it carefully, and went in. “Be quiet or they’ll hear us,” I said. We could hear Henry and my father talking in the stable, then the heavy, shuffling steps of Mack being backed out of his stall.

In the loft it was cold and dark. Thin, crisscrossed beams of sunlight fell through the cracks. The hay was low. It was a rolling country, hills and hollows, slipping under our feet. About four feet up was a beam going around the walls. We piled hay up in one corner and I boosted Laird up and hoisted myself. The beam was not very wide; we crept along it with our hands flat on the barn walls. There were plenty of knotholes, and I found one that gave me the view I wanted—a corner of the barnyard, the gate, part of the field. Laird did not have a knothole and began to complain.

I showed him a widened crack between two boards. “Be quiet and wait. If they hear you you’ll get us in trouble.”

My father came in sight carrying the gun. Henry was leading Mack by the halter. He dropped it and took out his cigarette papers and tobacco; he rolled cigarettes for my father and himself. While this was going on Mack nosed around in the old, dead grass along the fence. Then my father opened the gate and they took Mack through. Henry led Mack way from the path to a patch of ground and they talked together, not loud enough for us to hear. Mack again began searching for a mouthful of fresh grass, which was not to be found. My father walked away in a straight line, and stopped short at a distance which seemed to suit him. Henry was walking away from Mack too, but sideways, still negligently holding on to the halter. My father raised the gun and Mack looked up as if he had noticed something and my father shot him.

Mack did not collapse at once but swayed, lurched sideways and fell, first on his side; then he rolled over on his back and, amazingly, kicked his legs for a few seconds in the air. At this Henry laughed, as if Mack had done a trick for him. Laird, who had drawn a long, groaning breath of surprise when the shot was fired, said out loud, “He’s not dead.” And it seemed to me it

might be true. But his legs stopped, he rolled on his side again, his muscles quivered and sank. The two men walked over and looked at him in a businesslike way; they bent down and examined his forehead where the bullet had gone in, and now I saw his blood on the brown grass.

“Now they just skin him and cut him up,” I said. “Let’s go.” My legs were a little shaky and I jumped gratefully down into the hay. “Now you’ve seen how they shoot a horse,” I said in a congratulatory way, as if I had seen it many times before. “Let’s see if any barn cat’s had kittens in the hay.” Laird jumped. He seemed young and obedient again. Suddenly I remembered how, when he was little, I had brought him into the barn and told him to climb the ladder to the top beam. That was in the spring, too, when the hay was low. I had done it out of a need for excitement, a desire for something to happen so that I could tell about it. He was wearing a little bulky brown and white checked coat, made down from one of mine. He went all the way up, just as I told him, and sat down on the top beam with the hay far below him on one side, and the barn floor and some old machinery on the other. Then I ran screaming to my father, “Laird’s up on the top beam!” My father came, my mother came, my father went up the ladder talking very quietly and brought Laird down under his arm, at which my mother leaned against the ladder and began to cry. They said to me, “Why weren’t you watching him?” but nobody ever knew the truth. Laird did not know enough to tell. But whenever I saw the brown and white checked coat hanging in the closet, or at the bottom of the rag bag, which was where it ended up, I felt a weight in my stomach, the sadness of unexorcized guilt.

I looked at Laird who did not even remember this, and I did not like the look on this thin, winter-pale face. His expression was not frightened or upset, but remote, concentrating. “Listen,” I said, in an unusually bright and friendly voice, “you aren’t going to tell, are you?”

“No,” he said absently.

“Promise.”

“Promise,” he said. I grabbed the hand behind his back to make sure he was not crossing his fingers. Even so, he might have a nightmare; it might come out that way. I decided I had better work hard to get all thoughts of what he had seen out of his mind—which, it seemed to me, could not hold very many things at a time. I got some money I had saved and that afternoon we went into Jubilee and saw a show, with Judy Canova, at which we both laughed a great deal. After that I thought it would be all right.

Two weeks later I knew they were going to shoot Flora. I knew from the night before, when I heard my mother ask if the hay was holding out all right, and my father said, “Well, after tomorrow there’ll just be the cow, and we should be able to put her out to grass in another week.” So I knew it was Flora’s turn in the morning.

This time I didn't think of watching it. That was something to see just one time. I had not thought about it very often since, but sometimes when I was busy, working at school, or standing in front of the mirror combing my hair and wondering if I would be pretty when I grew up, the whole scene would flash into my mind: I would see the easy, practised way my father raised the gun, and hear Henry laughing when Mack kicked his legs in the air. I did not have any great feeling of horror and opposition, such as a city child might have had; I was too used to seeing the death of animals as a necessity by which we lived. Yet I felt a little ashamed, and there was a new wariness, a sense of holding-off, in my attitude to my father and his work.

It was a fine day, and we were going around the yard picking up tree branches that had been torn off in winter storms. This was something we had been told to do, and also we wanted to use them to make a teepee. We heard Flora whinny, and then my father's voice and Henry's shouting, and we ran down to the barnyard to see what was going on.

The stable door was open. Henry had just brought Flora out, and she had broken away from him. She was running free in the barnyard, from one end to the other. We climbed up on the fence. It was exciting to see her running, whinnying, going up on her hind legs, prancing and threatening like a horse in a Western movie, an unbroken ranch horse, though she was just an old driver, an old sorrel mare. My father and Henry ran after her and tried to grab the dangling halter. They tried to work her into a corner, and they had almost succeeded when she made a run between them, wild-eyed, and disappeared around the corner of the barn. We heard the rails clatter down as she got over the fence, and Henry yelled, "She's into the field now!"

That meant she was in the long L-shaped field that ran up by the house. If she got around the center, heading towards the lane, the gate was open; the truck had been driven into the field this morning. My father shouted to me, because I was on the other side of the fence, nearest the lane, "Go shut the gate!"

I could run very fast. I ran across the garden, past the tree where our swing was hung, and jumped across a ditch into the lane. There was the open gate. She had not got out, I could not see her up on the road; she must have run to the other end of the field. The gate was heavy. I lifted it out of the gravel and carried it across the roadway. I had it halfway across when she came in sight, galloping straight towards me. There was just time to get the chain on. Laird came scrambling through the ditch to help me.

Instead of shutting the gate, I opened it as wide as I could. I did not make any decision to do this, it was just what I did. Flora never slowed down; she galloped straight past me, and Laird jumped up and down, yelling, "Shut it, shut it!" even after it was too late. My father and Henry appeared in the field a moment too late to see what I had done. They only saw Flora heading for the township road. They would think I had not got there in time.

They did not waste any time asking about it. They went back to the barn and got the gun and the knives they used, and put these in the truck; then they turned the truck around and came bouncing up the field toward us. Laird called to them, "Let me go too, let me go too!" and Henry stopped the truck and they took him in. I shut the gate after they were all gone.

I supposed Laird would tell. I wondered what would happen to me. I had never disobeyed my father before, and I could not understand why I had done it. Flora would not really get away. They would catch up with her in the truck. Or if they did not catch her this morning somebody would see her and telephone us this afternoon or tomorrow. There was no wild country here for her to run to, only farms. What was more, my father had paid for her, we needed the meat to feed the foxes, we needed the foxes to make our living. All I had done was make more work for my father who worked hard enough already. And when my father found out about it he was not going to trust me any more; he would know that I was not entirely on his side. I was on Flora's side, and that made me no use to anybody, not even to her. Just the same, I did not regret it; when she came running at me and I held the gate open, that was the only thing I could do.

I went back to the house, and my mother said, "What's all the commotion?" I told her that Flora had kicked down the fence and got away. "Your poor father," she said, "now he'll have to go chasing over the countryside. Well, there isn't any use planning dinner before one." She put up the ironing board. I wanted to tell her, but thought better of it and went upstairs and sat on my bed.

Lately I had been trying to make my part of the room fancy, spreading the bed with old lace curtains, and fixing myself a dressing-table with some leftovers of cretonne for a skirt. I planned to put up some kind of barricade between my bed and Laird's, to keep my section separate from his. In the sunlight, the lace curtains were just dusty rags. We did not sing at night any more. One night when I was singing Laird said, "You sound silly," and I went right on but the next night I did not start. There was not so much need to anyway, we were no longer afraid. We knew it was just old furniture over there, old jumble and confusion. We did not keep to the rules. I still stayed awake after Laird was asleep and told myself stories, but even in these stories something different was happening, mysterious alterations took place. A story might start off in the old way, with a spectacular danger, a fire or wild animals, and for a while I might rescue people; then things would change around, and instead, somebody would be rescuing me. It might be a boy from our class at school, or even Mr. Campbell, our teacher, who tickled girls under the arms. And at this point the story concerned itself at great length with what I looked like—how long my hair was, and what kind of dress I had on; by the time I had these details worked out the real excitement of the story was lost.

It was later than one o'clock when the truck came back. The tarpaulin was over the back, which meant there was meat in it. My mother had to heat dinner up all over again. Henry and my father had changed from their bloody over-alls into ordinary working overalls in the barn, and they washed their arms and necks and faces at the sink, and splashed water on their hair and combed it. Laird lifted his arm to show off a streak of blood. "We shot old Flora," he said, "and cut her up in fifty pieces."

"Well I don't want to hear about it," my mother said. "And don't come to my table like that."

My father made him go and wash the blood off.

We sat down and my father said grace and Henry pasted his chewing-gum on the end of his fork, the way he always did; when he took it off he would have us admire the pattern. We began to pass the bowls of steaming, over-cooked vegetables. Laird looked across the table at me and said proudly, distinctly, "Anyway it was her fault Flora got away."

"What?" my father said.

"She could of shut the gate and she didn't. She just open' it up and Flora run out."

"Is that right?" my father said.

Everybody at the table was looking at me. I nodded, swallowing food with great difficulty. To my shame, tears flooded my eyes.

My father made a curt sound of disgust. "What did you do that for?"

I did not answer. I put down my fork and waited to be sent from the table, still not looking up.

But this did not happen. For some time nobody said anything, then Laird said matter-of-factly, "She's crying."

"Never mind," my father said. He spoke with resignation, even good humour, the words which absolved and dismissed me for good. "She's only a girl," he said.

I didn't protest that, even in my heart. Maybe it was true.

Text 3

The previous two works of fiction explored feminine roles and conditioning — the next two excerpts of nonfiction are from books about raising boys against the cultural stereotypes.

The first excerpt is from *Real Boys: Rescuing Our Sons from the Myths of Boyhood* by William Pollack, Ph.D. In it, Pollack advises parents on ways to “transcend the stereotypes” to raise a new version of “real boys.”

Mothers and Fathers — Working Together to Transcend the Stereotypes*

Obviously, the best parenting of sons will be achieved when mothers and fathers transcend gender straitjackets in actions as well as words. Unfortunately, in real life, couples tend to split up roles, with each partner doing whatever he or she feels most comfortable with. This can lead to a pernicious pattern where mothers do more nurturing and daily care and fathers do more disciplining. The real problem with such a pattern is that it perpetuates the rigid gender stereotypes we hope to teach boys to overcome.

One way gender stereotypes get stuck is that some mothers unconsciously play the role of gatekeeper, preventing a father from getting involved in parenting.

Nina and Mark

When they entered counseling, Nina and Mark epitomized the dilemma of gatekeeping ... with Nina complaining bitterly that Mark was not more involved with the children.

Mark exploded: “What am I supposed to do? Every time I try to help, she tells me I’m not doing it right.”

“What do you mean exactly?” I asked Mark.

“For example,” he explained, “the other day I was trying to diaper the baby. The Velcro stuck to his leg and he gave a little squawk. In a flash Nina was there, scooping the baby out of my hands, asking, ‘What did you do to him?’ as if I were torturing him, for God’s sake.”

“How did you respond to that?”

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“I left Nina and the baby and tried to help Matthew, our nine-year-old with his math homework, and before I knew it, she was criticizing that too, telling me I was helping too much and giving him all the answers. Whenever I do something, I can just see her in the background, wincing, as if I’m ruining the kids for life.”

“Do you feel you do have an important role with the boys?” I asked.

“The only thing she lets me do is be the bad guy. I come home and she tells me I have to talk to Matthew about his manners. Why can’t she do it?”

“You’re his father,” Nina responded. “You know how to talk to boys better than I do.”

In this case, we had to address Nina’s strong desire to be the perfect mother to her children. She was a professional woman who had chosen to stay home with her two boys, and it was hard for her to admit that her husband, who saw his children only in the evenings and weekends, could be as good a parent as she was. And in truth, she was quite right when she said that Mark was not as skilled at physically taking care of a baby or at reading his older child’s emotional needs.

Mark, in turn, finally realized that sometimes he colluded with Nina, playing dumb at child care, so she would take over and let him return to his newspaper. We emphasized that Mark had the right—and the need—to learn his own style of interacting with his children. Over several weeks, Nina learned to ask Mark for help with the children, and then to be less hypervigilant about how he accomplished it. They found it worked best when Nina physically left the room, so she wasn’t wincing and shrugging in the background and, also, so that Mark had no possibility of getting help. He struggled through on his own and found he enjoyed the sense of accomplishment and intimacy that resulted.

Nina and Mark also had to address what they had learned from their own families about parents’ roles. Nina’s father had been a strict, distant man. She remembered her father would yell and punish her, and afterward she could always run to her mother for a hug and cuddle. She realized she was replicating that pattern, which allowed her to always be the good, loving parent, by forcing Mark into being the authority figure. But this ultimately undermined his ability to be intimate with his children. Mark, in turn, resented playing the role of authority figure because his own father had been so ineffectual. When Mark’s father was home, which was rare, he had read a book to the children or kissed them good-night so absentmindedly that Mark wasn’t sure he even knew which child he was dealing with. Mark’s mother had run the house with a firm hand. So Mark really felt, subconsciously, that Nina should take care of all discipline problems.

Nina and Mark were able to recognize these patterns and gradually work to improve them. Nina learned to set limits more effectively. Mark learned

to take a greater role in all areas of parenting. Of course, they did not magically become equal partners. Nina will always have a somewhat fierce protectiveness of her sons, as compared with Mark's lackadaisical style. Changing one's typical style takes constant work. In their case, as in many others, the reward for the work is a greater sense of comradeship as parents and a greater sense of intimacy with their children. In addition, the boys are learning something about appropriate gender roles—i.e., that both mother and father can be responsible for nurturing *and* setting limits. Such modeling will help the boys keep an open mind toward gender roles.

Parents should discuss issues of masculinity and agree in principle on how to raise their sons, but they need not worry if they don't do things exactly the same way. As Nina and Mark show, parents can have very different styles. A son can get different things from each parent, ultimately learning more. (104-106)

Text 4

The final text in this lesson is an excerpt from the book *Raising Cain: Protecting the Emotional Life of Boys* by Dan Kindlon, Ph.D. and Michael Thompson, Ph.D. In this book the authors maintain that boys need to be better taught to recognize and talk about a wider range of emotions than they traditionally are. In this excerpt, they describe how subtly and unconsciously parents often limit the range of their sons' emotional knowledge.



Excerpt: Raising Cain*

Popular culture is a destructive element in our boys' lives, but the emotional miseducation of boys begins much earlier and much closer to home. Most parents, relatives, teachers, and others who work or live with boys set out to teach them how to get along in the world and with one another. In the process of teaching them one thing, however, we often teach them another, quite different thing that ultimately works against their emotional potential. Traditional gender stereotypes are embedded in the way we respond to boys and teach them to respond to others. Whether unintentionally or deliberately, we tend to discourage emotional awareness in boys. Scientists who study the way parents shape their children's emotional responses find that parents tend to have preconceived stereotypic gender notions even about infants (like the father we know who bragged to us that his son didn't cry when he was circumcised). Because of this, parents provide a different emotional education for sons as opposed to daughters.

This has been shown to be true in a variety of contexts. Mothers speak about sadness and distress more with their daughters and about anger more with sons. And it shows. A study observing the talk of preschool-aged children found that girls were six times more likely to use the word *love*, twice as likely to use the word *sad*, but equally likely to use the word *mad*. We know that mothers who explain their emotional reactions to their preschool children and who do not react negatively to a child's vivid display of sadness, fear, or anger will have children who have a greater understanding of emotions. Research indicates that fathers tend to be even more rigid than mothers in steering their sons along traditional lines. Even older siblings, in an imitation of their parents, talk about feelings more frequently with their two-year-old sisters than with their two-year-old brothers.

Here's how this gender socialization can look in its mildest, most ordinary form: Brad is four years old and has a question about everything. His mother fields most of these questions because she's with him more often than his dad, and even when the whole family is together, she typically is the more verbally responsive of the two. She tries to give all questions equal attention, but what she doesn't fully realize is that she, like any parent, subtly shapes the kinds of questions her child asks.

*Reprinted from *Raising Cain: Protecting the Emotional Life of Boys* by Dan Kindlon and Michael Thompson. Copyright © 1999 Dan Kindlon and Michael Thompson. Reproduced in accordance with the Pan Canadian Schools/CANCOPY Copyright Licence Agreement (1999-2004).

“Mommy, why do I have to sit in a car seat if you don’t?” he asks. She responds with a discussion of the safety advantages, and explains how it is against the law for children to ride in a car unless they ride in a car seat. Because of her thoughtful answer, Brad feels rewarded for asking about how things work and is thereby encouraged to do it again sometime.

But in the park, when Brad points to a small boy who is crying and asks his mother why, she gives a much shorter and less animated answer. “I don’t know, Brad, he just is. Come on, let’s go. It’s not polite to stare.”

The truth is, Brad’s mother may not know why the little boy is crying, and she is teaching her son good manners when she tells him not to stare. But her short answer is less engaging, less informative, and less rewarding for her son. It subtly discourages him from thinking any further about why someone cries or what might have moved this particular child to tears. Her quick closure on the inquiry also may convey her own discomfort with the subject—a message that boys frequently “hear” when fathers give short shrift to questions or observations about emotions.

Studies of parent interactions with both boys and girls suggest that, when a girl asks a question about emotions, her mother will give longer explanations. She’s more likely to speculate with her daughter about the reasons behind the emotion or to validate or amplify her daughter’s observation: “Yes, honey, he does look very sad. Maybe he’s got a little hurt or he’s lost his toy... . What do you think?” The message the daughter gets is that it’s okay to be concerned about another’s feelings; her natural concern and empathy are reinforced.

Boys experience this kind of emotional steering constantly. (16-17)

Part 2

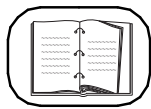
Gender Reversal

You may or may not have recognized some of the gender-related expectations portrayed in the four texts above. Perhaps you were raised without any obvious gender-based limitations or perhaps your family maintained very traditional gender roles. Either way, there were probably some differences in how boys and girls and mothers and fathers were expected to behave in your family. The following learning experience asks you to explore some of these differences by contemplating how your life would be different had you been raised a different gender.

Learning Experience

1. Recall an event in your childhood, one that is clearly etched in your memory.
2. In your Writer's Notebook, draft a brief but detailed narrative of the experience. Include concrete sensory details appealing to the five senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch. Also include dialogue.
3. Rewrite the narrative, changing your gender.
4. Review both versions, highlighting or underlining the passages that were altered because of the gender change.
5. Also in your Writer's Notebook, briefly reflect on what this learning experience revealed about gender-related expectations in your family.

(McClure, 80)



Part 3**Interview Preparation**

Add to your list of possible interview questions in your Writer's Notebook. You could ask about any differences in expectations associated with the roles of mother and father and son and daughter based on gender. You could ask if the person has noticed changes in these gender-related expectations since childhood.

Gender-related issues will be noticed again the following lesson about parental expectations and in later sequences about expectations in the wider society.

Again, save all of your work in your Response Journal and Writer's Notebook to use later in your multigenre paper.

Lesson 5

Parental Expectations

As seen in the previous lesson, parental expectations of how children should behave greatly influence the development of children. In this lesson you will look at further textual portrayals of the effects of parental expectations, reading and responding to two poems and three short works of fiction.

You will then write a fictional contract between a parent and child, making the expectations of each explicit. You will also continue to add to your list of questions for your upcoming interview.

You will have the opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes:

**General and Specific Learning Outcomes**

General Learning Outcome 1: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences

- 1.1.1 Connect ideas, observations, opinions, and emotions through a variety of means to develop a train of thought and test tentative positions
- 1.1.3 Experiment with language and forms of expression to achieve particular effects
- 1.2.4 Extend understanding by exploring and acknowledging multiple perspectives and ambiguities when generating and responding to texts

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts

- 2.1.1 Examine connections between personal experiences and prior knowledge of language and texts to develop understanding and interpretations of a variety of texts
- 2.2.2 Respond personally and critically to ideas and values presented in a variety of Canadian and international texts

continued ...

... continued

2.3.1 Analyze how various forms and genres are used for particular audiences and purposes

2.3.5 Create original texts to communicate ideas and enhance understanding of forms and techniques

General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

4.1.1 Generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose

4.1.2 Select and use a variety of forms appropriate for content, audience, and purpose

Part 1

Taking On and Resisting Parental Expectations

Some parents have very high expectations for their children — they want them to be more financially successful, more respected, more free from hard labour, and more happy than their own life circumstances permitted. Other parents fully expect their children to follow in their footsteps and resent any implication that a better, different life is possible. And some parents have learned to accept their children as they are and simply hope they are happy.

Children respond to these expectations in a variety of ways as well. Some strive to live up to high expectations and succeed in life. Some are forever striving to become someone they are not. Some resent their parents' ideas of who they should be and do everything in their power to be someone else. Whatever the response, the expectations that parents have for their children affect who they become in some way.



Learning Experience

Read the following texts and their introductions and respond to them in your Response Journal as indicated.

1. Remove the poems “My mother’s novel” and “Warren Pryor” from the *Forms* section at the end of the sequence, and put them in the Response Journal section of your Resource Binder. Read the poems “My mother’s novel” by Marge Piercy and “Warren Pryor” by Alden Nowlan for two descriptions of high parental expectations and two different responses to them.

Read each poem more than once and respond by using the “Mental Walk Around a Poem” strategy as described below:

Strategy: A “Mental Walk Around a Poem”

For this strategy, you will write directly onto the page containing the poem.

- Read the poem, both silently and aloud.
- Take a “mental walk” around the poem, jotting feelings and thoughts in notes and questions in the spaces around it, underlining words and phrases you like or don’t understand, circling and connecting any patterns such as repeating sounds, words, images or ideas.
- Reread your jottings and markings and formulate the three questions you feel are most important to understanding the poem.

(adapted from *Examining Poetry*, 41)

2. Alden Nowlan wrote fiction as well as poetry. Read the story “Skipper,” printed below, which illustrates how the expectations each parent has may differ and conflict. This makes living up to the expectations of both impossible. As you read, respond in your Response Journal freely (you can use the “Think-Link” format if you like), and try to determine what social factor was the deciding one in making Skipper into who he became.

Skipper*



Skipper was the youngest of the five sons of Ethel and Rupert Syverson. As a small boy, Skipper, like each of his brothers before him, feared and hated his father and entered into a wordless pact of mutual defence with his mother.

Rupert, as he himself said, was a hard man. For sixty hours in every week, he carried wood at the sawmill, balancing the long, green boards on a leather-padded shoulder and bearing them from the trimmer saw to the lumber piles. Weeknights he lounged about the kitchen, sluggish and sullen, until nine o'clock, then went to bed. In his father's presence, Skipper adopted his formal manners, as though before a stranger; he walked softly and seldom spoke. In conversation with his mother, Skipper spoke of "Rupert," never of "Father." For his part, Rupert demanded obedience but otherwise left his son pretty much alone. On Saturday night, like almost all of the mill hands, Rupert went to town and came home, violently drunk at two or three o'clock the following morning.

When with his drinking companions, Rupert was sportive and exuberant. But when he came home drunk, he cursed his wife, called the boys brats and wished they were kittens so that he could sew them in a sack weighted down with rocks and drown them. On several occasions, he beat Ethel with his fists, and once he kicked her and sent her sprawling while Skipper stood by, screaming. Many times, he yanked Skipper out of bed in the dead of night and, on one pretext or another, flogged him with a cowhide strap. Often, if the weather was warm, Ethel led Skipper out into the night and they hid, wrapped in each other's arms, on the hillside overlooking the house until Ethel felt certain that Rupert's rage had been extinguished by sleep.

In a curiously dispassionate way, Skipper hated his father. He loathed the mill where Rupert worked himself into dumb exhaustion. He detested the men who came for his father with rum bottles hidden under their overall bibs. On numerous occasions between his sixth and fourteenth year, he vowed to his mother that never, as long as he lived, would he taste strong drink.

Ethel fostered those aspects of Skipper's character which Rupert most despised. While a little lad in cotton shorts and a polo shirt, Skipper often brought her bouquets: handfuls of violets or bunches of mayflowers or daisies. She never took such gifts for granted; they touched her deeply, like presents from a lover.

She encouraged Skipper to daydream. She had done this with his brothers before him. When he grew up, she said, he would be a clean, sober man who would wear a white shirt and necktie to work. He would go far away from the village and, of course, his mother would accompany him. Perhaps he would never become rich—but he would be a gentleman.

Skipper listened attentively to all that she told him. She was his guide and his refuge. A snivelling brat, Rupert called him when he saw him clinging to Ethel's skirts. His daydreams were foolishness, Rupert snorted. When Skipper grew up, he would go into the mill, as his father and grandfather had done before him. He would become hard, because a man had to be hard to survive. And if there was any man in him, when Saturday came he would get drunk, because the ability to drink was one of the measures of a man.

Skipper told his mother that he would die rather than allow this to happen to him. Often, at night, Ethel slipped into his room and lay on the bed beside him, and listened to him whisper his thoughts, feelings and ambitions.

He liked to play with crayons. She bought him a watercolour set. To Rupert's vocal disgust, he spent many evenings making pictures at the kitchen table. On Ethel's infrequent visits to town, she bought him books. First, Hans Christian Andersen. Later, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Kidnapped* and *Treasure Island*. She rejoiced to see him run his fingers affectionately along the edges of the pages.

In Skipper, Ethel saw her last hope. His elder brothers had followed the old, brutal pattern to its conclusion. Harold, for example, had left school at fifteen to go into the mill. There he had learned to drink. At eighteen he got a girl in trouble and had to marry her. By the time he was twenty-two, they had four children. Ethel's daughter-in-law told her that now every Saturday night he came home roaring drunk like his father. The others, for whom she had once had such high splendid hopes, were much like Harold. They were not different from any of the men who worked in the mill and lived in the village. Ethel's love for them had been soured by disappointment and hurt. Sometimes, thinking of what they had done with their lives, she almost hated them.

In the summer of his twelfth year, Skipper killed a sparrow with a sling-shot. Ethel looked upon this as an omen. To his astonishment, she wept and berated him. For several days, following this incident, she refused to speak to him.

For his fourteenth birthday, Rupert gave him a .22 calibre rifle. This gift, Ethel knew, had been inspired not by affection but by the knowledge that she would hate it. Sick at heart, she saw Skipper go hunting birds with his father. He came back dragging a partridge, a poor, bloody thing with dead, fear-crazed eyes. She could not bring herself to refuse to cook it, but she would not taste the meat. And she detested her son when she observed the gusto

with which he attacked a greasy drumstick. “That Skipper’s a dead shot for sure,” Rupert boasted, eyeing his wife slyly. Skipper grinned, relishing his father’s praise. For the first time, the man and the boy had established a bond of fellowship.

Still, she refused to believe that he would be like the others. It was not until the fall of his sixteenth year that she was for certain what the future was destined to bring.

It was Saturday night. Skipper had gone to town with the boys, something he did frequently now. Most of these boys had left school and gone into the mill. Ethel harboured a dark suspicion that they were already learning to drink. She knew that they fought with their fists and picked up strange girls. She had warned Skipper about them. “Be careful honey,” she had said. He had patted her hand, reassuringly, and she had hated the amusement she detected in his eyes.

She was waiting up for him when he got home. Rupert had not come back from town. Ethel sat in the kitchen and listened to her son’s movements in the porch. He was trying to be very quiet, she knew. The knowledge that she was going to surprise him gave her a strange sensation of triumph.

“Hi, Mama,” he said as he opened the kitchen door. He wore his cap at a rakish angle, like the boys who worked at the mill. There were mud-stains on the sleeves of his jacket.

“Skipper...” she began.

“Yeah-?” He continued to grin, swaying back and forth on his heels.

She got up from her chair and went over to him. She inhaled deeply, smelling his breath. Skipper laughed. “Yeah, Mama, I guess maybe I been drinking,” he said.

She put her hand on his shoulders. “Skipper! You promised.”

He shrugged. She had a momentary vision of him coming to her in his shorts and polo shirt, his hands filled with flowers.

“I’m a big boy now, Mama.”

She returned to her chair and sat there, staring sightlessly at the floor. He shuffled his feet on the linoleum. “Look Mama,” he said. “I was talking to Bill Spence tonight.”

Bill Spence was the foreman at the mill. *Don’t say it*, she prayed silently. *Please don’t say it.*

“He says he might be able to find a job for me.”

“Yes.” She would not argue. She would not try to reason with him. Already she had given up. For the fifth time, she had been defeated.

“We need the money, Mama.”

“Yes.”

“I didn’t tell him yes and I didn’t tell him no.”

“No.”

“Are you listening to me, Mama?”

“Yes.”

He burst into laughter. “I just thought of something funny,” he explained.

“What?”

“Oh, it doesn’t matter.” He laughed again. “The old man really tied one on tonight. I ran into him in town. Drunk as a skunk.”

In his voice, there was a strange alloy of contempt and empathy. Never before had she heard him use this tone of voice in speaking of his father.

Wearily, she rose and headed towards the stairs. “I’m going to bed now, Skipper.”

“Okay, Mama. I guess I’ll wait up for the old man.” He threw himself into a chair at the table and lit a cigarette. For an instant, she hated him and wished that it were within her power to hurt him as he had hurt her. Then there was only the emptiness of defeat.

“You used to sit in that same chair and paint watercolours,” she said.

He had not been listening. “Huh?” he said.

“Be careful of fire.”

“Sure, Mama.”

“Good night, Mama.”

Ethel got into bed and switched off the light. In a little while she heard Rupert arrive. Then for a long time she lay in the darkness, listening to the man and his son laughing together at the other end of the house.

3. “Two Kinds” by Amy Tan is excerpted from her novel *The Joy Luck Club*. Tan is an American writer of Chinese heritage, and this excerpt describes the high hopes with which many Chinese immigrated to the United States. This excerpt also illustrates how high parental expectations can backfire as Jing-mei, the narrator, resists the expectations of her mother. Again, as you read, respond briefly in your Response Journal with comments, questions, sketches, and/or connections to your experience and other texts.

Two Kinds*



My mother believed you could be anything you wanted to be in America. You could open a restaurant. You could work for the government and get good retirement. You could buy a house with almost no money down. You could become rich. You could become instantly famous.

“Of course you can be prodigy, too,” my mother told me when I was nine. “You can be best anything. What does Auntie Lindo know? Her daughter, she is only best tricky.”

America was where all my mother’s hopes lay. She had come here in 1949 after losing everything in China. Her mother and father, her family home, her first husband, and two daughters, twin baby girls. But she never looked back with regret. There were so many ways for things to get better.

We didn’t immediately pick the right kind of prodigy. At first my mother thought I would be a Chinese Shirley Temple. We’d watch Shirley’s old movies on TV as though they were training films. My mother would poke my arm and say, “*Ni kan*”—You watch. And I would see Shirley tapping her feet, or singing a sailor song, or pursing her lips into a very round O while saying, “Oh my goodness.”

“*Ni kan*” said my mother as Shirley’s eyes flooded with tears. “You already know how. Don’t need talent for crying!”

Soon after my mother got this idea about Shirley Temple, she took me to a beauty training school in the Mission district and put me in the hands of a student who could barely hold the scissors without shaking. Instead of getting big fat curls, I emerged with an uneven mass of crinkly black fuzz. My mother dragged me off to the bathroom and tried to wet down my hair.

“You look like Negro Chinese,” she lamented, as if I had done this on purpose.

The instructor of the beauty training school had to lop off those soggy clumps to make my hair even again. “Peter Pan is very popular these days,” the instructor assured my mother. I now had hair the length of a boy’s, with straight-across bangs that hung at a slant two inches above my eyebrows. I liked the haircut and it made me actually look forward to my future fame.

In fact, in the beginning, I was just as excited as my mother, maybe even more so. I pictured this prodigy part of me as many different images, trying each one on for size. I was a dainty ballerina girl standing by the curtains,

*Reprinted from *The Joy Luck Club* by Amy Tan. Copyright © 1989 Amy Tan. Reproduced in accordance with the Pan Canadian Schools/CANCOPY Copyright Licence Agreement (1999-2004).

waiting to hear the right music that would send me floating on my tiptoes. I was like the Christ Child lifted out of the straw manger, crying with holy indignity. I was Cinderella stepping from her pumpkin carriage with sparkly cartoon music filling the air.

In all of my imaginings, I was filled with a sense that I would soon become *perfect*. My mother and father would adore me. I would be beyond reproach. I would never feel the need to sulk for anything.

But sometimes the prodigy in me became impatient. “If you don’t hurry up and get me out of here, I’m disappearing for good,” it warned. “And then you’ll always be nothing.”

Every night after dinner, my mother and I would sit at the Formica kitchen table. She would present new tests, taking her examples from stories of amazing children she had read in *Ripley’s Believe It or Not*, or *Good Housekeeping*, *Reader’s Digest*, and a dozen other magazines she kept in a pile in our bathroom. My mother got these magazines from people whose houses she cleaned. And since she cleaned many houses each week, we had a great assortment. She would look through them all, searching for stories about remarkable children.

The first night she brought out a story about a three-year-old boy who knew the capitals of all the states and even most of the European countries. A teacher was quoted as saying the little boy could also pronounce the names of the foreign cities correctly.

“What’s the capital of Finland?” my mother asked me, looking at the magazine story.

All I knew was the capital of California, because Sacramento was the name of the street we lived on in Chinatown. “Nairobi!” I guessed, saying the most foreign word I could think of. She checked to see if that was possibly one way to pronounce “Helsinki” before showing me the answer.

The tests got harder—multiplying numbers in my head, finding the queen of hearts in a deck of cards, trying to stand on my head without using my hands, predicting the daily temperatures in Los Angeles, New York, and London.

One night I had to look at a page from the Bible for three minutes and then report everything I could remember. “Now Jehoshaphat had riches and honor in abundance and ... that’s all I remember, Ma,” I said.

And after seeing my mother’s disappointed face once again, something inside of me began to die. I hated the tests, the raised hopes and failed expectations. Before going to bed that night, I looked in the mirror above the bathroom sink and when I saw only my face staring back—and that it would always be this ordinary face—I began to cry. Such a sad, ugly girl! I made high-pitched noises like a crazed animal, trying scratch out the face in the mirror.

And then I saw what seemed to be the prodigy side of me—because I had never seen that face before. I looked at my reflection, blinking so I could see more clearly. The girl staring back at me was angry, powerful. This girl and I were the same. I had new thoughts, willful thoughts, or rather thoughts filled with lots of won'ts. I won't let her change me, I promised myself. I won't be what I'm not.

So now on nights when my mother presented her tests, I performed listlessly, my head propped on one arm. I pretended to be bored. And I was. I got so bored I started counting the bellows of the foghorns out on the bay while my mother drilled me in other areas. The sound was comforting and reminded me of the cow jumping over the moon. And the next day, I played a game with myself, seeing if my mother would give up on me before eight bellows. After a while I usually counted only one, maybe two bellows at most. At last she was beginning to give up hope.

Two or three months had gone by without any mention of my being a prodigy again. And then one day my mother was watching “The Ed Sullivan show” on TV. The TV was old and the sound kept shorting out. Every time my mother got halfway up from the sofa to adjust the set, the sound would go back out and Ed would be talking. As soon as she sat down, Ed would go silent again. She got up, the TV broke into loud piano music. She sat down. Silence. Up and down, back and forth, quiet and loud. It was like a stiff embraceless dance between her and the TV set. Finally she stood by the set with her hand on the sound dial.

She seemed entranced by the music, a little frenzied piano piece with this mesmerizing quality, sort of quick passages and then teasing lilting ones before it returned to the quick playful parts.

“*Ni kan,*” my mother said, calling me over with hurried hand gestures. “Look here.”

I could see why my mother was fascinated by the music. It was being pounded out by a little Chinese girl, about nine years old, with a Peter Pan haircut. The girl had the sauciness of a Shirley Temple. She was proudly modest like a proper Chinese child. And she also did this fancy sweep of a curtsy, so that the fluffy skirt of her white dress cascaded slowly to the floor like the petals of a large carnation.

In spite of these warning signs, I wasn't worried. Our family had no piano and we couldn't afford to buy one, let alone reams of sheet music and piano lessons. So I could be generous in my comments when my mother bad-mouthed the little girl on TV.

“Play note right, but doesn't sound good! No singing sound,” complained my mother.

“What are you picking on her for?” I said carelessly. “She’s pretty good. Maybe she’s not the best, but she’s trying hard.” I knew almost immediately I would be sorry I said that.

“Just like you,” she said. “Not the best. Because you not trying.” She gave a little huff as she let go of the sound dial and sat down on the sofa.

The little Chinese girl sat down also to play an encore of “Anitra’s Dance” by Grieg. I remember the song, because later on I had to learn how to play it.

Three days after watching “The Ed Sullivan Show,” my mother told me what my schedule would be for piano lessons and piano practice. She had talked to Mr. Chong, who lived on the first floor of our apartment building. Mr. Chong was a retired piano teacher and my mother had traded housecleaning services for weekly lessons and a piano for me to practice on every day, two hours a day, from four until six.

When my mother told me this, I felt as though I had been sent to hell. I whined and then kicked my foot a little when I couldn’t stand it anymore.

“Why don’t you like me the way I am? I’m not a genius! I can’t play the piano. And even if I could, I wouldn’t go on TV if you paid me a million dollars!” I cried.

My mother slapped me. “Who ask you be genius?” she shouted. “Only ask you be your best. For you sake. You think I want you be genius? Hnnh? What for! Who ask you!”

“So ungrateful,” I heard her mutter in Chinese. “If she had as much talent as she has temper, she would be famous now.”

Mr. Chong, whom I secretly nicknamed Old Chong, was very strange, always tapping fingers to the silent music of an invisible orchestra. He looked ancient in my eyes. He had lost most of the hair on top of his head and he wore thick glasses and had eyes that always looked tired and sleepy. But he must have been younger than I thought, since he lived with his mother and was not yet married.

I met Old Lady Chong once and that was enough. She had this peculiar smell like a baby that had done something in its pants. And her fingers felt like a dead person’s, like an old peach I once found in the back of the refrigerator; the skin just slid off the meat when I picked it up.

I soon found out why old Chong had retired from teaching piano. He was deaf. “Like Beethoven!” he shouted at me. “We’re both listening only in our head!” And he would start to conduct his frantic silent sonatas.

Our lessons went like this. He would open the book and point to different things, explaining their purpose: “Key! Treble! Bass! No sharps or flats! So this is C major! Listen now and play after me!”

And then he would play the C scale a few times, a simple chord, and then, as if inspired by an old, unreachable itch, he gradually added more notes and running trills and a pounding bass until the music was really something quite grand.

I would play after him, the simple scale, the simple chord, and then I just played some nonsense that sounded like a cat running up and down on top of garbage cans. Old Chong smiled and applauded and then said, “Very good! But now you must learn to keep time!”

So that’s how I discovered that Old Chong’s eyes were too slow to keep up with the wrong notes I was playing. He went through the motions in half-time. To help me keep rhythm, he stood behind me, pushing down on my right shoulder for every beat. He balanced pennies on top of my wrists so I would keep them still as I slowly played scales and arpeggios. He had me curve my hand around an apple and keep that shape when playing chords. He marched stiffly to show me how to make each finger dance up and down, staccato like an obedient little soldier.

He taught me all these things, and that was how I also learned I could be lazy and get away with mistakes, lots of mistakes. If I hit the wrong notes because I hadn’t practiced enough, I never corrected myself. I just kept playing in rhythm. And Old Chong kept conducting his own private reverie.

So maybe I never really gave myself a fair chance. I did pick up the basics pretty quickly, and I might have become a good pianist at that young age. But I was so determined not to try, not to be anybody different that I learned to play only the most earsplitting preludes, the most discordant hymns.

Over the next year, I practiced like this, dutifully in my own way. And then one day I heard my mother and her friend Lindo Jong both talking in a loud bragging tone of voice so others could hear. It was after church, and I was leaning against the brick wall wearing a dress with stiff white petticoats. Auntie Lindo’s daughter, Waverly, who was about my age, was standing farther down the wall above five feet away. We had grown up together and shared all the closeness of two sisters squabbling over crayons and dolls. In other words, for the most part, we hated each other. I thought she was snotty. Waverly Jong had gained a certain amount of fame as “Chinatown’s Littlest Chinese Chess Champion.”

“She bring home too many trophy,” lamented Auntie Lindo that Sunday. “All day she play chess. All day I have no time do nothing but dust off her winnings.” She threw a scolding look at Waverly, who pretended not to see her.

“You lucky you don’t have this problem,” said Auntie Lindo with a sigh to my mother.

And my mother squared her shoulders and bragged: “Our problem worse than yours. If we ask Jing-mei wash dish, she hear nothing but music. It’s like you can’t stop this natural talent.”

And right then, I was determined to put a stop to her foolish pride.

A few weeks later, Old Chong and my mother conspired to have me play in a talent show which would be held in the church hall. By then, my parents had saved up enough to buy me a second-hand piano, a black Wurlitzer spinet with a scarred bench. It was the showpiece of our living room.

For the talent show, I was to play a piece called “Pleading Child” from Schumann’s *Scenes from Childhood*. It was a simple, moody piece that sounded more difficult than it was. I was supposed to memorize the whole thing, playing the repeat parts twice to make the piece sound longer. But I dawdled over it, playing a few bars and then cheating, looking up to see what notes followed. I never really listened to what I was playing. I daydreamed about being somewhere else, about being someone else.

The part I liked to practice best was the fancy curtsy: right foot out, touch the rose on the carpet with a pointed foot, sweep to the side, left leg bends, look up and smile.

My parents invited all the couples from the Joy Luck Club to witness my debut. Auntie Lindo and Uncle Tin were there. Waverly and her two older brothers had also come. The first two rows were filled with children both younger and older than I was. The little ones got to go first. They recited simple nursery rhymes, squawked out tunes on miniature violins, twirled Hula Hoops, pranced in pink ballet tutus, and when they bowed or curtsied, the audience would sigh in unison, “Awww,” and then clap enthusiastically.

When my turn came, I was very confident. I remember my childish excitement. It was as if I knew, without a doubt, that the prodigy side of me really did exist. I had no fear whatsoever, no nervousness. I remember thinking to myself, This is it! This is it! I looked out over the audience, at my mother’s blank face, my father’s yawn, Auntie Lindo’s stiff-lipped smile, Waverly’s sulky expression. I had on a white dress layered with sheets of lace, and a pink bow in my Peter Pan haircut. As I sat down I envisioned people jumping to their feet and Ed Sullivan rushing up to introduce me to everyone on TV.

And I started to play. It was so beautiful. I was so caught up in how lovely I looked that at first I didn’t worry how I would sound. So it was a surprise to me when I hit the first wrong note and I realized something didn’t sound quite right. And then I hit another and another followed that. A chill started at the top of my head and began to trickle down. Yet I couldn’t stop playing, as though my hands were bewitched. I kept thinking my fingers would adjust themselves back, like a train switching to the right track. I played this strange jumble through two repeats, the sour notes staying with me all the way to the end.

When I stood up, I discovered my legs were shaking. Maybe I had just been nervous and the audience, like Old Chong, had seen me go through the right motions and had not heard anything wrong at all. I swept my right foot out, went down on my knee, looked up and smiled. The room was quiet, except for Old Chong, who was beaming and shouting. “Bravo! Bravo! Well done!” But then I saw my mother’s face, her stricken face. The audience clapped weakly, and as I walked back to my chair, with my whole face quivering as I tried not to cry, I heard a little boy whisper loudly to his mother, “That was awful,” and the mother whispered back, “Well, she certainly tried.”

And now I realized how many people were in the audience, the whole world it seemed. I was aware of eyes burning into my back. I felt the shame of my mother and father as they sat stiffly throughout the rest of the show.

We could have escaped during intermission. Pride and some strange sense of honor must have anchored my parents to their chairs. And so we watched it all: the eighteen-year-old boy with a fake mustache who did a magic show and juggled flaming hoops while riding a unicycle. The breasted girl with white makeup who sang from *Madama Butterfly* and got honorable mention. And the eleven-year-old boy who won first prize playing a tricky violin song that sounded like a busy bee.

After the show, the Hsus, the Jongs, and the St. Clairs from the Joy Luck Club came up to my mother and father.

“Lots of talented kids,” Auntie Lindo said vaguely, smiling broadly.

“That was somethin’ else,” said my father, and I wondered if he was referring to me in a humorous way, or whether he even remembered what I had done.

Waverly looked at me and shrugged her shoulders. “You aren’t a genius like me,” she said matter-of-factly. And if I hadn’t felt so bad, I would have pulled her braids and punched her stomach.

But my mother’s expression was what devastated me: a quiet, blank look that said she had lost everything. I felt the same way, and it seemed as if everybody were now coming up, like gawkers at the scene of an accident to see what parts were actually missing. When we got on the bus to go home, my father was humming the busy-bee tune and my mother was silent. I kept thinking she wanted to wait until we got home before shouting at me. But when my father unlocked the door to our apartment, my mother walked in and then went to the back, into the bedroom. No accusations. No blame. And in a way, I felt disappointed. I had been waiting for her to start shouting, so I could shout back and cry and blame her for all my misery.

I assumed my talent-show fiasco meant I never had to play the piano again. But two days later, after school, my mother came out of the kitchen and saw me watching TV.

“Four clock,” she reminded me as if it were any other day. I was stunned, as though she were asking me to go through the talent-show torture again. I wedged myself more tightly in front of the TV.

“Turn off TV,” she called from the kitchen five minutes later.

I didn’t budge. And then I decided. I didn’t have to do what my mother said anymore. I wasn’t her slave. This wasn’t China. I had listened to her before and look what happened. She was the stupid one.

She came out of the kitchen and stood in the arched entryway of the living room. “Four clock,” she said once again, louder.

“I’m not going to play anymore,” I said nonchalantly. “Why should I? I’m not a genius.”

She walked over and stood in front of the TV. I saw her chest was heaving up and down in an angry way.

“No!” I said, and I now felt stronger, as if my true self had finally emerged. So this was what had been inside me all along.

“No! I won’t!” I screamed.

She yanked me by the arm, pulled me off the floor, snapped off the TV. She was frighteningly strong, half pulling, half carrying me toward the piano as I kicked the throw rugs under my feet. She lifted me up and onto the hard bench. I was sobbing by now, looking at her bitterly. Her chest was heaving even more and her mouth was open, smiling crazily as if she were pleased I was crying.

“You want me to be someone that I’m not!” I sobbed. “I’ll never be the kind of daughter you want me to be!”

“Only two kinds of daughters,” she shouted in Chinese. “Those who are obedient and those who follow their own mind! Only one kind of daughter can live in this house. Obedient daughter!”

“Then I wish I wasn’t your daughter. I wish you weren’t my mother,” I shouted. As I said these things I got scared. I felt like worms and toads and slimy things were crawling out of my chest, but it also felt good, as if this awful side of me had surfaced, at last.

“Too late change this,” said my mother shrilly.

And I could sense her anger rising to its breaking point. I wanted to see it spill over. And that’s when I remembered the babies she had lost in China, the ones we never talked about. “Then I wish I’d never been born!” I shouted. “I wish I were dead! Like them.”

It was as if I had said the magic words. Alakazam!—and her face went blank, her mouth closed, her arms went slack, and she backed out of the room, stunned, as if she were blowing away like a small brown leaf, thin, brittle, lifeless.

It was not the only disappointment my mother felt in me. In the years that followed, I failed her so many times, each time asserting my own will, my right to fall short of expectations. I didn't get straight A's. I didn't become class president. I didn't get into Stanford. I dropped out of college.

For unlike my mother, I did not believe I could be anything I wanted to be. I could only be me.

And for all those years, we never talked about the disaster at the recital or my terrible accusations afterward at the piano bench. All that remained unchecked, like a betrayal that was now unspeakable. So I never found a way to ask her why she had hoped for something so large that failure was inevitable.

And even worse, I never asked her what frightened me the most: Why had she given up hope?

For after our struggle at the piano, she never mentioned my playing again. The lessons stopped. The lid to the piano was closed, shutting out the dust, my misery, and her dreams.

So she surprised me. A few years ago, she offered to give me the piano, for my thirtieth birthday. I had not played in all those years. I saw the offer as a sign of forgiveness, a tremendous burden removed.

"Are you sure?" I asked shyly. "I mean, won't you and Dad miss it?"

"No, this your piano," she said firmly. "Always your piano. You only one can play."

"Well, I probably can't play anymore," I said. "It's been years."

"You pick up fast," said my mother, as if she knew this was certain. "You have natural talent. You could be genius if you want to."

"No, I couldn't."

"You just not trying," said my mother. And she was neither angry nor sad. She said it as if to announce a fact that could never be disproved. "Take it," she said.

But I didn't at first. It was enough that she had offered it to me. And after that, every time I saw it in my parents' living room, standing in front of the bay windows, it made me feel proud, as if it were a shiny trophy I had won back.

Last week I sent a tuner over to my parents' apartment and had the piano reconditioned, for purely sentimental reasons. My mother had died a few months before and I had been getting things in order for my father, a little bit at a time. I put the jewelry in special silk pouches. The sweaters she had knitted in yellow, pink, bright orange—all the colors I hated—I put those in moth-proof boxes. I found some old Chinese silk dresses, the kind with little

slits up the sides. I rubbed the old silk against my skin, then wrapped them in tissue and decided to take them home with me.

After I had the piano tuned, I opened the lid and touched the keys. It sounded even richer than I remembered. Really, it was a very good piano. Inside the bench were the same exercise notes with handwritten scales, the same secondhand music books with their covers held together with yellow tape.

I opened up the Schumann book to the dark little piece I had played at the recital. It was on the left-hand side of the page, “Pleading Child.” It looked more difficult than I remembered. I played a few bars, surprised at how easily the notes came back to me.

And for the first time, or so it seemed, I noticed the piece on the right-hand side. It was called “Perfectly Contented.” I tried to play this one as well. It had a lighter melody but the same flowing rhythm and turned out to be quite easy. “Pleading Child” was shorter but slower; “Perfectly Contented” was longer but faster. And after I played them both a few times, I realized they were two halves of the same song.

4. Sometimes, even when their lives have veered away from what their parents had hoped for, people find themselves living up to their parents’ expectations almost against their will. This is the case in the story “On the Shooting of a Beaver” by George Kenny, an Aboriginal writer from Ontario. Briefly respond to this story in your Response Journal as you read it.

On the Shooting of a Beaver*

Joe Rivers stood in front of an irregular line of spruce. He rubbed his leather mitts together. The air was still quite cold. The sun of spring in early April had not yet begun to melt the snows of the winter past, here in this region of Northwestern Ontario.

Joe's brown deep-set eyes scanned to his left and right as he faced a hole in the frozen creek surface. Careful not to move too much, he removed the leather covering of his new Olympus OM-1. He wanted to get a photograph of any creature, likely a beaver or a muskrat, that might crawl out of that watery opening.

His father, a trapper, had positioned him in this spot so that Joe might be able to shoot any furry animal using this hole to get a look at the above-water surroundings of its habitat. The elder Rivers had left Joe a Winchester 30:30 for this purpose.

Joe, who had spent most of his twenty-one years in town going to various schools, had not been too eager to act on his father's wish. Maybe it was because he never had to depend upon trapping and hunting in order to live, Joe reasoned, consenting nonetheless to follow his father's instructions.

What a contrast, being a bush man compared to life in the town of Dryden. Where did he belong, really, he wondered.

Joe, a native graduate should have gone to college and worked at getting some "real education." Though he had not been an outstanding student, he had the marks to go on.

He had decided, however, to work, and he had worked at the Dryden Paper mill ever since.

Joe shook a lock of hair out of his eyes. He began to feel his leather booted feet getting cramped as well as cold. Maybe living in town had its advantages, he thought ruefully, as he shifted his hundred and seventy pounds; then again, it was really something out here.

He took his eyes away from the watery hole and gazed around. To his left, the snowy shoreline could not totally conceal golden strands of bulrushes, nor hide the broken pieces of aged trees lying down in natural death. Across the frozen stream a wall of balsam, cedar, and birch trees stood in uniform—nature's vanguard, he thought. To his right, the curve of shoreline ended at a shrub-tipped point. Beyond it lay the wide expanse of Moose Lake, across

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which he and his father had come on snowshoes. Squinting his eyes, he looked up at the sun, a round saucer coloured bright yellow in the empty blue sky.

The breeze rippled the water of the opening, making Joe's heart seem to bob up to his throat; but as no furry animal appeared, he slowly exhaled and found that he was relaxing muscles of his body. Come on, you dumb beaver, he thought, and then smiled at the idea of a beaver hurrying out to be shot.

His legs sore from standing, Joe sat back on his haunches as he thought of where he was.

He was by a small stream, deep in a forest somewhere to the north-west of Dryden, Ontario. Town life had gotten to be too much for him. Joe had gone to the foreman in the finishing room of the plant and had asked for a leave of absence for a couple of months. His boss, he first thought, would be disgusted, but instead had broken into a grin and said, go ahead, but come back if you still want to work. He seemed to understand this need that Joe, and others before him, had had. Joe began to feel a sense of freedom he had never experienced before.

For three years, he had visited his father along the shores of Moose Lake. On his visits, during winter weekends, he had used a friend's snowmobile, roaring up the forty miles or so, on old logging trails. His father, a small and tough Indian, had never ceased to fish, trap, and hunt, as so many of the men from the reserve had done. Joe recalled those days and nights of his weekends off when he and his father would drink tea brewed in a cast-iron pot, munch on fried bannock, and talk in the comfort of the well-insulated log cabin. Measuring no more than eight by twelve, the cabin was warmed by the heat of an old oil drum stove. Ah, those were the clays, he thought, his chest aching with the memory of his father. On those occasions his father had hinted how nice it would be if his only son would come to share his few remaining years. Joe had wanted that. Yet, he had been too dependent upon living in electrically heated homes with their flush toilets, the town's offerings of a library, picture shows, a coffee and talk in the small Chinese-owned restaurants. Sighing, Joe gazed blindly at the hole, remembering his father's gladness and smile when Joe told him that he had come to stay with the elder Rivers for at least a couple of months. And so wrapped in his thoughts was he, that Joe didn't see...

A brown, furry head with a black nose peeking from the water, its button eyes sliding around in a circling watch, its rounded ears pointing to the other shore. The head of the beaver was barely above the water level, when with a catch of breath, Joe became aware of it. Apparently satisfied no danger was near, the large rodent put its front paws on the far edge of the ice, and slowly started to climb onto the ice.

With a sudden throbbing of his temples, Joe instinctively recovered from his initial surprise; bending swiftly, he exchanged items. For one long drawn out moment he held his breath, focusing, as the large beaver swung around to face him, droplets of moisture rolling down its glistening fur. Joe seemed to see sudden shock in the beaver's eyes as he fired, and then a red spurt of liquid came from just above the animal's right temple, as it fell backward onto the icy surface. Feeling sick instantly, Joe watched, frozen, as the large adult beaver spat out scarlet, its heated breath substance coming into the cold air as steam. Its wide flat tail pounded hard, then gradually stilled as the animal thrashed out its death throes.

Bending down, Joe picked up the expensive camera he had so quickly forsaken. I really only wanted a picture, he thought. What does this say about me? The first cloud of the coming spring day seemed to chill the sun as he swung both the camera and the Winchester over one shoulder. With his hands he picked up the now-still creature. One man, he knew, would be pleased with his choice.

Part 2

Making Expectations Explicit

In our society, written contracts are often drawn up so that parties involved in an interaction know exactly what to expect and what is expected of them. Contracts are used in work situations and business transactions, and also in schools between teachers and students. Even some family relationships use contracts such as marriage contracts or prenuptial agreements. Perhaps written contracts between parents and their children would open the lines of communication and give both sides an equal voice.

Learning Experience

1. Review the texts you've read, viewed, and listened to that portray a parent and a child, both texts from this course and ones from your independent reading, viewing, and listening.
2. Choose one child and either one or two of his/her parents or guardians from the texts.



3. Remove the “Parent-Child Contract” from the *Forms* section of this sequence and put it in your Writer’s Notebook.
4. Choose a time period — from ages ___ to ___ of the child — and brainstorm lists of expectations you think could be included in a contract — both what the child could expect of the parent(s) and what the parent(s) could expect of the child.
5. Begin to draft a contract using the form and your lists. Feel free to adjust the form as you see fit.
6. Brainstorm corresponding consequences that would result from the failure to meet any of the expectations and continue drafting the contract.

Part 3

Interview Preparation

Add to your list of possible interview questions in your Writer’s Notebook. You could ask about what the person’s parents expected of him or her in terms of chores, curfews, behaviour, school, and future occupations.

Again, save all of your work in your Response Journal and Writer’s Notebook to use later in your multigenre paper.

Notes

Lesson 6

Naming Stories

One way parents can express their expectations of their children is through the names they give them. Our names are a big part of our identities — in some ways we grow into them. Think of the old Johnny Cash song, “A Boy Named Sue.” Our names often point the way to the past, if we inherit them from people who lived before, and to the future of who we will become.

In this lesson you will write your naming story — how you came to be given your name, how you feel about it, and the expectations you think go along with it. You will read a variety of short texts to use as models for your work. You will also generate more questions for your intergenerational interview in the next lesson.

You will have the opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes in this lesson:



General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 1: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences

- 1.1.1 Connect ideas, observations, opinions, and emotions through a variety of means to develop a train of thought and test tentative positions
- 1.1.2 Seek others’ responses through a variety of means to clarify and rework ideas and positions
- 1.1.3 Experiment with language and forms of expression to achieve particular effects

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts

- 2.2.3 Examine how language and stylistic choices in oral, print, and other media texts accomplish a variety of purposes

continued ...

... continued

- 2.3.2 Examine how various techniques and elements are used in oral, print, and other media texts to accomplish particular purposes
- 2.3.4 Experiment with language, visuals, and sounds to convey intended meaning and impact
- 2.3.5 Create original texts to communicate ideas and enhance understanding of forms and techniques

General Learning Outcome 3: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to manage ideas and information

- 3.1.2 Formulate and revise questions to focus inquiry or research topic and purpose
- 3.2.2 Identify and discuss the purpose and usefulness of information sources relevant to particular inquiry or research needs
- 3.2.4 Access information using a variety of tools, skills, and sources to accomplish a particular purpose
- 3.3.1 Organize and reorganize information and ideas in a variety of ways for different audiences and purposes

General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

- 4.1.1 Generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose
- 4.1.2 Select and use a variety of forms appropriate for content, audience, and purpose
- 4.1.3 Select and use a variety of organizational structures and techniques and appropriate transitions in oral, written, and visual texts to communicate clearly and effectively

... continued

Part 1

Given Names

Parents think long and hard about the names they give their children. Some pore through books of baby names, checking out meanings. Some think back to older members of the family they'd like to honour. Some remember their favourite characters from television or literature. Some even use numerology. Some give traditional names hoping to maintain their cultural ways, while others deliberately break from tradition to give their children a fresh start.

You will now investigate how your name was given to you and what influence it has had on your life — what is expected of you as indicated by your name, what hopes your parents had for you.

Learning Experience



1. Remove the following texts from the *Forms* section of this sequence and put them in the Writer's Notebook section of your Resource Binder:
 - “My Name” by Sandra Cisneros, an excerpt from her work of fiction, *The House on Mango Street*;
 - “Diana,” a poem by Di Brandt, a poet originally from southern Manitoba;
 - excerpt from the essay “Hidden Name and Complex Fate” by Ralph Ellison, an African American author;
 - “By Any Other Name” from a personal essay by Bernard Cooper;
 - “Untitled,” a work of short fiction by Aboriginal writer Jerome Berthelette;
 - “Lilyrose,” a short story by Manitoba writer Linda Holeman.
2. Read these texts as models for possible ways to write about your name. As you read, underline or highlight particular passages or techniques that strike you as effective or that give the kinds of details you may want to use. Jot notes on the copies about any questions or ideas they stimulate. Pay attention to the origin of the names in the texts, the feelings each person has about the name, the searches for meaning, and/or the sense of destiny or expectations built into names.

3. Set about investigating your own name. Consider the following sources of information:
- Interview your parents or other family members about how you came to be named as you were, other names under consideration, and who ended up choosing your name.
 - Find information about the meaning of your name, using home and library resources such as language dictionaries (if your name translates into a word in some language), name dictionaries, biographical dictionaries of famous people, dictionaries of myths, websites on the Internet, and so on. Ask your librarian for assistance.

Document all sources in bibliographic form. (Refer to sections 169 and 185 to 245 in *Writers INC.*)

4. Explore how you feel about your name. Freewrite for at least 10 minutes about whether or not you like your name, how your feelings may have changed over the years, and how your name has influenced who you are. Are you well-named?
5. Play around with your name. Explore the words that can be generated out of your given name using **puns** or **anagrams**. Sketch images contained in your name.

pun: is “a word or phrase that is used in such a way as to suggest more than one possible meaning” (Sebranek et. al., 423). This word or phrase may be words or phrases with more than one meaning, as in “People who love horses are stable people.” They may be words that sound the same, as in “I really don’t mind going to school; it’s the principal (principle) of the thing.” Or, they may be words that sound like another word and have a meaning that fits or clashes with the context of the sentence in a striking way, as in “Get ready for the hollerdays (holidays).”

anagram: is “a word or phrase made by transposing the letters of another word or phrase, as cask is an anagram of sack” (Thrall et. al., 16).

6. Write briefly about names you wish you had been given and why.
7. Naming characters in fiction is also done carefully. Begin a list of character names in your Writer’s Notebook for future use. Remove the three puzzles from the *Forms* section (“The Naming,” “Names Related to Animals,” and “Occupational Names”) and complete them. They may give you ideas for characters, and they may also provide some more information about your own name.





8. Review all the raw material you have generated and the model texts provided, and experiment with forms to use to tell the story of your name. Try a poem, a short personal essay, or a more fictionalized account. Draft your piece and play around with the organization and order of the parts. Be sure to include the expectations that you feel are part of your given name.

Note: If you are a parent, you may prefer to go through a similar process to tell the story of how you gave your child the name you did.

Part 2

Interview Preparation

Add to your list of questions to ask someone of another generation in an interview in the next lesson. You could ask about how he or she was named, how he or she feels about his or her name, and whether he or she has lived up to or grown into his or her name.

The issue of how we name people and the effects of this will be addressed again in later sequences.

Again, save all of your work in your Writer's Notebook to use later in your multigenre paper.

Notes



Lesson 7

Assignment 4: Intergenerational Interview

Throughout the previous lessons, you have been preparing questions for an interview with someone you know from an earlier generation. In this lesson, you will complete your preparation and planning and conduct the interview. Your plans and an audiotape of your interview will be submitted to the Distance Learning Unit as Assignment 4. This interview will provide you with another perspective on family expectations and more raw material to use in your multigenre paper.

Conducting the interview will also provide the opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes:

**General and Specific Learning Outcomes**

General Learning Outcome 1: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences

- 1.1.2 Seek others' responses through a variety of means to clarify and rework ideas and positions
- 1.2.1 Examine and adjust initial understanding according to new knowledge, ideas, experiences, and responses from others
- 1.2.2 Explore various viewpoints and consider the consequences of particular positions when generating and responding to texts
- 1.2.4 Extend understanding by exploring and acknowledging multiple perspectives and ambiguities when generating and responding to texts

General Learning Outcome 3: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to manage ideas and information

- 3.1.2 Formulate and revise questions to focus inquiry or research topic and purpose
- 3.2.1 Select ideas and information from prior knowledge of inquiry or research topic appropriate for audience, purpose, and personal perspective or focus

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- 3.2.2 Identify and discuss the purpose and usefulness of information sources relevant to particular inquiry or research needs
- 3.2.3 Evaluate how perspectives and biases influence the choice of information sources for inquiry or research
- 3.2.4 Access information using a variety of tools, skills, and sources to accomplish a particular purpose
- 3.3.2 Summarize and record information, ideas, and perspectives from a variety of sources; document sources accurately
- General Learning Outcome 4:** Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication
- 4.4.2 Use appropriate voice and visual production factors to communicate and emphasize intent in personal and public communication
- 4.4.3 Demonstrate critical listening and viewing behaviours to understand and respond to presentations in a variety of ways
- General Learning Outcome 5:** Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to celebrate and build community
- 5.1.1 Use language to build and maintain collaborative relationships; take responsibility for respectfully questioning others' viewpoints and requesting further explanation

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Part 1

Preparing for the Interview

A successful interview depends to a great extent on the thoroughness of the preparation that went into it. Even though in this case, the situation will be fairly informal as you will know the interviewee, he or she will still appreciate the effort you take to make the interview as smooth and relaxed as possible.

Learning Experience

To prepare thoroughly for the interview, follow these steps:

1. Confirm the availability of the person you want to interview. Contact the person to make an appointment.
2. Think about why you want to interview this particular person. What can he or she tell you about family expectations in the past as compared to those today?





3. Review the list of questions you have generated in your Writer's Notebook. Jot down key phrases of each in roughly the order you think they'll come up.
4. Examine the questions:
 - How many do you have?
 - What points are missing or weak?
 - What questions require careful wording?
 - Are they open-ended (i.e., can't be answered by a simple "yes" or "no")?
 - Are they short and addressing only one point?
5. Add, cut, or revise your list of questions as you see fit.
6. Carefully formulate your opening question. Make it specific enough to give you useful information, but open enough to allow your guest to go about answering it at his or her own pace. Make it a logical place to begin.
7. Test out your questions and your interview technique on your response partner or someone else. If a question gets little response, you may want to drop it.
8. Check that you have a working tape recorder and tapes available.
9. Read over the tips for interviewing in the next section "Part 2: Conducting the Interview" and the "Assessment of Assignment 4 — Intergenerational Interview" chart in the *Forms* section.

Part 2

Conducting the Interview

Good interviewing skills take a lot of practice, but some of the nervousness from being inexperienced should be relieved by choosing someone you know and are comfortable with as your subject or "guest."

Learning Experience

To conduct your intergenerational interview, follow these steps:

1. Arrive promptly for the interview appointment.
2. Explain your purpose for the interview and test your recording equipment.



3. In addition to tape recording the interview, take notes of details of the setting of the interview and of the appearance and gestures of your subject.
4. Ask your questions, keeping in mind these guidelines or tips:
 - Ask brief questions one at a time. Resist making statements of your own.
 - Don't answer the question for the guest.
 - Be a good listener. Don't say "okay" or "right" after every response as this can be annoying, and it suggests that you're not really listening.
 - Give your guest time to think and answer fully. Don't be too quick to cut in with your next question.
 - Do not simply follow your prepared questions. Build questions based on previous answers. If your guest veers off into an interesting but unplanned area, go with it. If your guest says something that connects to a text or texts that you've read on the topic, you can share a brief summary or excerpt of it, and ask for your guest's response to the text.
 - Don't say you understand something unless you do.
 - Don't be afraid to ask simple questions.
 - If your mind goes blank, which can happen no matter how experienced you are, there are ways to recover. Don't be afraid of a few moments of silence. Take a moment and recover your train of thought. Explain to the guest that you've blanked momentarily and need a second to regroup.
 - As a parting note, ask if there was anything you didn't ask that he or she thinks is important, or if he or she has anything to add.
5. Thank your guest very much for the time and thought given.

(Senior 3 English Language Arts: A Foundation for Implementation, 4-240; McLaughlin, 132-143)

Date and label all of the plans you made for your interview and the audiotape of the intergenerational interview itself, and save it to submit to the Distance Learning Unit as Assignment 4 at the end of this sequence. You will also use this interview together with the raw material you have generated on the topic of family expectations in your crafting of a multigenre paper in the next lesson.

Lesson 8

Assignment 5: Multigenre Paper

In this lesson you will go through the creative process to produce Assignment 5, a multigenre paper, or “collage essay” as it is also called. You will draw on all of your work in your Writer’s Notebook and Response Journal from the previous lessons in this sequence to express your thoughts and feelings on “Family Expectations Today.”

You will have the opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes:

**General and Specific Learning Outcomes**

General Learning Outcome 1: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences

1.1.1 Connect ideas, observations, opinions, and emotions through a variety of means to develop a train of thought and test tentative positions

1.1.3 Experiment with language and forms of expression to achieve particular effects

1.1.4 Explore a range of texts and genres and discuss how they affect personal interests, ideas, and attitudes

1.2.3 Combine ideas and information through a variety of means to clarify understanding when generating and responding to texts

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts

2.3.5 Create original texts to communicate ideas and enhance understanding of forms and techniques

General Learning Outcome 3: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to manage ideas and information

3.3.1 Organize and reorganize information and ideas in a variety of ways for different audiences and purposes

3.3.2 Summarize and record information, ideas, and perspectives from a variety of sources; document sources accurately

continued ...

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General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

- 4.1.1 Generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose
- 4.1.2 Select and use a variety of forms appropriate for content, audience, and purpose
- 4.1.3 Select and use a variety of organizational structures and techniques and appropriate transitions in oral, written, and visual texts to communicate clearly and effectively.
- 4.2.1 Appraise own choices of ideas, language use, and forms relative to purpose and audience, and provide others with constructive appraisals
- 4.2.2 Analyze and revise drafts to ensure appropriate content and to enhance unity, clarity, and coherence
- 4.2.3 Use appropriate text features to enhance legibility for particular audiences, purposes, and contexts.
- 4.2.4 Use effective language, visuals, and sounds, and arrange ideas for emphasis and desired effect
- 4.3.1 Select appropriate words, grammatical structures, and register for audience, purpose, and context
- 4.3.2 Know and apply Canadian spelling conventions and monitor for correctness using appropriate resources; recognize adapted spellings for particular effects
- 4.3.3 Know and apply capitalization and punctuation conventions to clarify intended meaning, using appropriate resources as required

... continued

Read over the “Suggested Procedure” below and the “Assessment of Assignment 5 — Multigenre Paper” chart in the *Forms* section of this sequence before you begin.

Suggested Procedure: “Cut-and-Paste” Revising

The writing teacher Peter Elbow uses his “cut-and-paste” revising process to create what he calls a “collage essay” which is a series of diverse fragments arranged intuitively without transitions or connectives.



In a collage, or a multigenre paper, you do not spell out the development of your ideas, as in a formal essay, but allow the reader to do the connecting and to participate more in the making of meaning.

Elbow's "cut-and-paste" method is as follows:

1. Generate lots of raw material.

You have been doing this throughout the sequence. Collect all of this raw material from your Response Journal and Writer's Notebook. You should have the following pieces to draw upon:

- freewrites about family
- textual representation research and opinion piece
- family diagram
- fictional letter
- responses to various texts
- contract
- naming story/poem and the research that went into it
- intergenerational interview

You may also use additional bits such as quotations from other texts, dictionary definitions, and sketches, photos, magazine cut-outs, etc.

2. Find the "good bits." You will not use all of your material but should read it all carefully looking for the fragments with power, the sections that have life in them. You need "bits" from at least five of your different pieces.

3. Tighten and polish the "good bits" to make them better.

Experiment with different word choices, different sentence structures, and different forms. You can try nontraditional sentences such as fragments or "labyrinthine" or very long sentences (Fike and Cook, 15). Sentence fragments can suggest fragmentation or isolation and can be used to contrast with or balance more traditional sentences.

Labyrinthine sentences can reflect complexity and confusion. You could try a technique like the repetition of a word, phrase, or sentence. Also, be sure to properly document all bits from other sources. (See sections 185 to 245 in *Writers INC.*)

4. Lay out your selected fragments on the table or floor and find the best order for them. Experiment with a variety of combinations to see what works best.

The one basic rule is, according to Elbow, to “get rid of everything dead, keep everything alive” (149). Don’t worry about connecting everything together with transitions and/or some kind of logical order. “You get an *implied thread* to assert itself by arranging the good bits in the right order” (Elbow, 150).

5. Once you have selected and arranged your fragments, consider using various textual features to enhance the legibility of the multigenre paper. You may want to use
 - lists
 - two columns of text running beside each other to reflect opposing or very different viewpoints, and/or
 - a variety of font styles for the various voices and forms, as well as bold, underlined, capitalized, and italic types

Before you begin you should examine the examples of multigenre papers provided in Appendix J to get an idea of the possibilities.

6. Make your final copy, and carefully proofread it to ensure clarity of grammar and usage, spelling, and capitalization and punctuation. Any unconventional use of these should be done with a definite purpose or effect in mind.

If possible, you should photocopy your final copy, and send the photocopy with your submission to the Distance Learning Unit in case it is lost in the mail, especially if you used valued photos.

Portfolio Conference

At this point in the course, you need to assess your progress in collecting and selecting items for your final portfolio. Note any concerns or questions you have. Finally, make an appointment for a teleconference with your tutor/marker to discuss your portfolio progress.





Assessment

Congratulations! You have completed Sequence 4 and will soon be able to move on to the rest of this course.

Before you do, you must

- complete self-assessments of Assignments 4 and 5
- complete a checklist to make sure you have done all the work in this sequence
- submit all work from this sequence to the Distance Learning Unit

Assessment of Assignment 4 and Assignment 5

Remove the “Assessment of Assignment 4 — Intergenerational Interview” and “Assessment of Assignment 5 — Multigenre Paper” charts from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence. These assessment forms correspond to the ones your tutor/marker will use. You will both assess your achievement of the targeted specific learning outcomes according to the following five-point scale.

Rating Scale				
0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • work does not show evidence of this specific outcome, or evidence of specific learning outcome is incomplete 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • work does not meet the expectations identified in the specific learning outcome for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> (work is below range of expectations for Grade 11) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • work demonstrates minimal expectations identified in the specific learning outcome for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • work meets expectations for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> (work demonstrates the specific learning outcome) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • work demonstrates maximum expectations for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i>

Rate your performance on each outcome as it applies to your assignments, using the rating scale. Place a checkmark in one box for each line.

Checklist: Sequence 4

Remove the “Checklist: Sequence 4 — Family Expectations” chart from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence. Complete the checklist to make sure you have completed all of the work required for Sequence 4. As you check each item, make sure that it is labelled with the appropriate lesson and assignment name. To help you keep track of your work in this course, you can write the completion date in the blank for each assignment.

Your tutor/marker will also check to make sure that you have submitted all work for this sequence **before** marking Assignments 4 and 5.

Preparing for Submission of Sequence 4

Steps

- Complete the checklist to make sure all of your work is complete.
- Make sure all of your work pages are correctly labelled and ordered.
- Assemble your work as follows:
 - (Top) Checklist for Sequence 4
 - Work pages
 - Assignment 4 — Intergenerational Interview
 - Assessment of Assignment 4 — Intergenerational Interview
 - Assignment 5 — Multigenre Paper
 - (Bottom) Assessment of Assignment 5 — Multigenre Paper

Note: When you receive your materials back from your tutor/marker, be sure to save it, especially your Writer’s Notebook, for possible inclusion in your portfolio.

Note:

Send Sequence 4, hand-in assignments to:
Distance Learning Unit
500-555 Main Street
P.O. Box 2020
Winkler, MB
R6W 4B8



Include Checklist



Sequence 4
Forms

Analyzing Outcomes

Name _____ Date _____

Outcome:	
Key Words & Questions:	Responses: My Understandings
Goals Related to this Outcome (What is expected of me in this assignment?):	

A Bird in the House Response Sheet – Page 1

Name _____ Date _____

Story Title: “The Sound of the Singing”			
Character	Family Roles	Expectations	Fairness of Expectations
Timothy Connor	grandfather father husband brother father-in-law	He is expected by everyone, especially himself, to be very active, to respect the Sabbath, to be hard-working (17/8)*, and responsible for other family members.	The expectations seem fair, maybe because he has set most of them himself.
Agnes Connor	grandmother mother wife sister-in-law	She is expected to be calm, polite, truthful (14/4), gentle, and fragile, requiring protection (23/14). Everyone in the family expects these of her.	Again, she seems to have set up the expectations with her behaviour and manners.
Beth MacLeod	mother daughter wife sister niece	Her father expects her to be punctual (12/2). Her husband and sister expect her to be physically careful and to take it easy (12/2). Her sister expects her to be sensitive to her needs and to be affectionate and understanding.	The expectations seem to work against her active and independent nature.
Ewen MacLeod	father husband son-in-law	His father-in-law expects him to stay home on Sunday (13/4).	This is not reasonable, considering that he is a doctor.
Vanessa MacLeod	daughter granddaughter grandniece	Grandfather and mother expect her to be well-groomed, well-dressed, and presentable (not looking “like a hooligan,” (12/3)). They also expect her to be restrained, to resist running around (“too old for that kind of shenanigans,” (13/3)).	This is not totally reasonable considering the setting of the Depression. It’s hard to say, but considering she is only 10 and how active her mother and grandfather are, it seems a bit unfair.
		She is expected to be both prudent and polite (13/4, 17/8).	This seems fair and probably necessary for her survival.
		Her grandmother expects her to pay attention to her Sunday school lessons.	Vanessa fits this expectation in to her own inclinations toward drama and lit.

* The page numbers referenced (in parentheses) are from the New Canadian Library 1989 and 2010 editions of this book. The first page reference is from the 1989 edition and the second page number is from the 2010 edition currently sold by the MTBB (#12684).

A Bird in the House Response Sheet – Page 2

Name _____ Date _____

Story Title: “The Sound of the Singing”			
Character	Family Roles	Expectations	Fairness of Expectations
Edna Connor	aunt daughter sister niece	Her father expects her to work hard and to be as independent as possible.	It is unfair in that he expects her to have a job even when none are available.
		Her sister expects her to be practical.	This is totally in keeping with her personality, so fair.
		Her niece expects her to be trustworthy.	She seems to live up to these expectations which adds to the closeness of their relationship without hurting her relationship with Beth, her niece’s mother.
Dan Connor	brother brother-in-law uncle great uncle	Very little seems to be expected of him from his brother other than irresponsibility.	This is perhaps unfair, because his good qualities are not recognized.
		Agnes expects the brothers to be on speaking terms and to appreciate each other.	She seems to be able to bring about this closer relationship.
		His nieces and grandniece expect him to be lively and fun.	These expectations seem justified by his manner and behaviour.
Gap-to-Fill Passage (p. 25/16):			
“At the time I imagined, because she was laughing, that she thought it was funny.”			
My Questions/Tentative Interpretations:			
The phrase “At the time” implies that this is no longer what Vanessa thinks. As an adult looking back, she realizes that laughter does not always mean something is funny — it can, in fact, mean quite the opposite. Why exactly did Edna laugh when telling about the five boyfriends “lost” due to her father’s rudeness? Could it be to cover up the hurt, to prevent herself from crying? I imagine the laugh was a very bitter sounding one.			

A Bird in the House Response Sheet – Page 1

Name _____ Date _____

Story Title: _____			
Character	Family Roles	Expectations	Fairness of Expectations

***A Bird in the House* Response Sheet – Page 2**

Name _____ Date _____

Gap-to-Fill Passage (p. ____):

My Questions/Tentative Interpretations:

***A Bird in the House* Response Sheet – Page 1**

Name _____ Date _____

Story Title: _____			
Character	Family Roles	Expectations	Fairness of Expectations

***A Bird in the House* Response Sheet – Page 2**

Name _____ Date _____

Gap-to-Fill Passage (p. ____):

My Questions/Tentative Interpretations:

***A Bird in the House* Response Sheet – Page 1**

Name _____ Date _____

Story Title: _____			
Character	Family Roles	Expectations	Fairness of Expectations

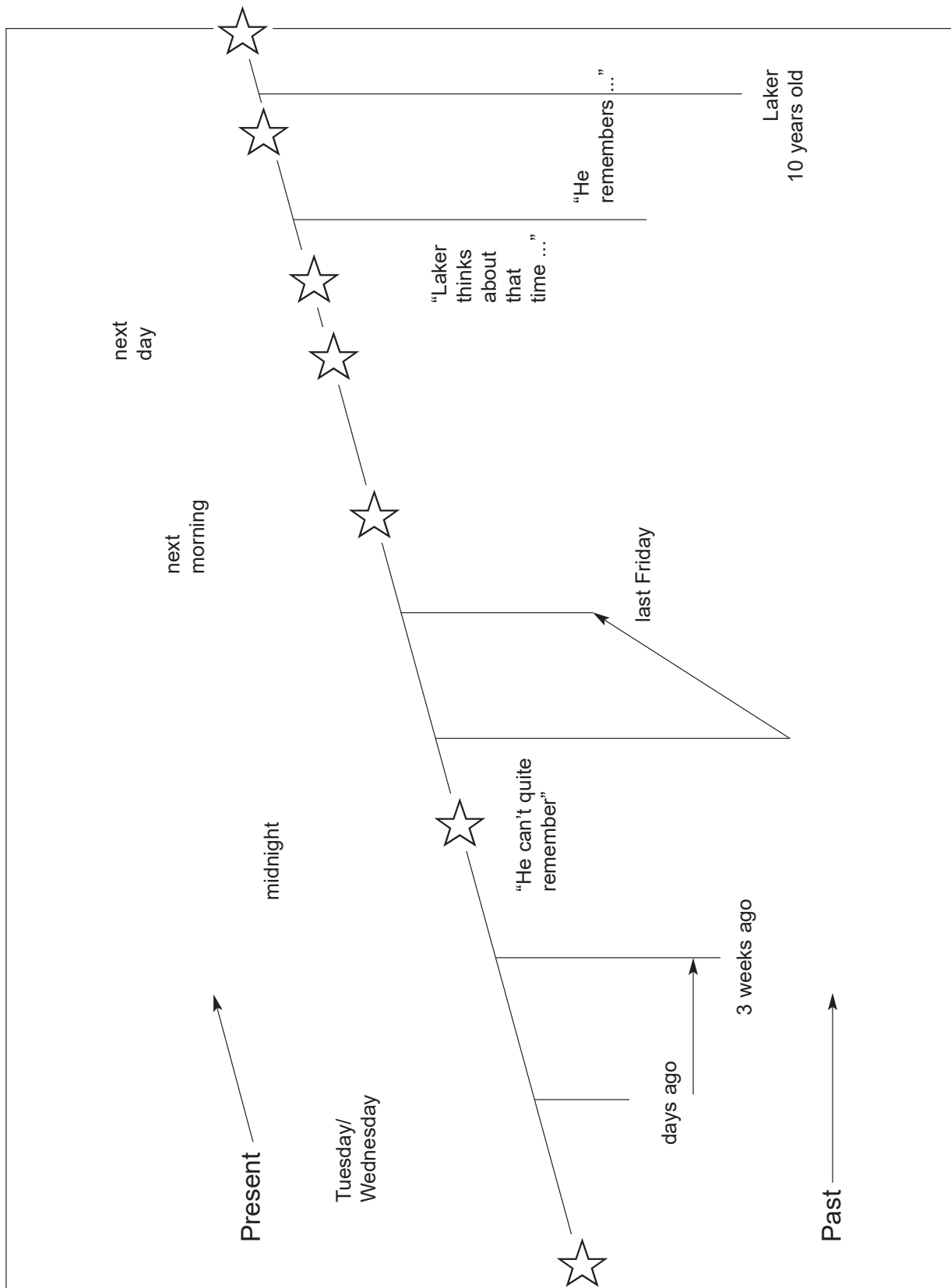
***A Bird in the House* Response Sheet – Page 2**

Name _____ Date _____

Gap-to-Fill Passage (p. ____):

My Questions/Tentative Interpretations:

Narrative Structure of "The Kindness of Strangers"



Venn Diagram

Name _____ Date _____

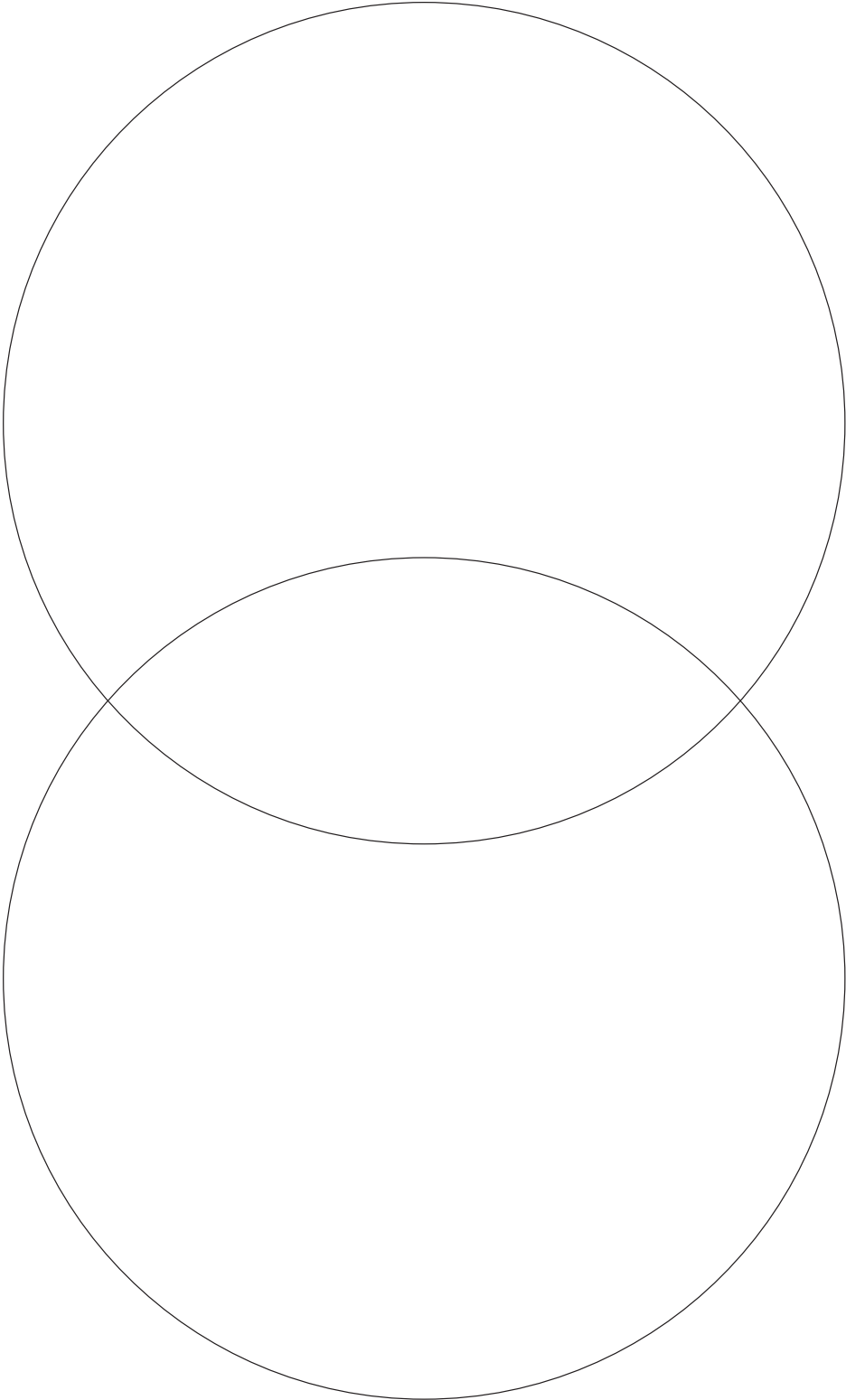
The Evil Stepchildren

Different

Alike

The Kindness of Strangers

Different



“Think-Link” Response Sheet

Name _____ Date _____

Observations (I noticed ...)	Wonderings (I wonder ...)	Connections (This reminds me of ...)

“Think-Link” Response Sheet

Name _____ Date _____

Observations (I noticed ...)	Wonderings (I wonder ...)	Connections (This reminds me of ...)

“Think-Link” Response Sheet

Name _____ Date _____

Observations (I noticed ...)	Wonderings (I wonder ...)	Connections (This reminds me of ...)

“Think-Link” Response Sheet

Name _____ Date _____

Observations (I noticed ...)	Wonderings (I wonder ...)	Connections (This reminds me of ...)

My mother's novel*

Married academic woman ten
years younger holding that microphone
like a bazooka, forgive
me that I do some number of things
that you fantasize but frame
impossible. Understand:
I am my mother's daughter,
a small woman of large longings.

Energy hurled through her
confined and fierce as in a wind
tunnel. Born to a mean
harried poverty crosshatched
by spidery fears and fitfully
lit by the explosions
of politics, she married her way
at length into the solid workingclass:
a box of house, a car she could
not drive, a TV set kept turned
to the blare of football,
terrifying power tools, used wall
to wall carpeting protected
by scatter rugs.

Out of backyard posies
permitted to fringe
the proud hanky lawn
her imagination hummed
and made honey,
occasionally exploding
in mad queen swarms.

I am her only novel.
The plot is melodramatic,
hot lovers leap out of
thickets, it makes you cry
a lot, in between the revolutionary
heroics and making good
home-cooked soup.
Understand: I am my mother's
novel daughter : I
have my duty to perform.

*Reprinted from *The Moon is Always Female* by Marge Piercy. Copyright © 1996 Marge Piercy.
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(1999-2004).

Warren Pryor*

When every pencil meant a sacrifice
his parents boarded him at school in town,
slaving to free him from the stony fields,
the meagre acreage that bore them down.

They blushed with pride when, at his graduation,
they watched him picking up the slender scroll,
his passport from the years of brutal toil
and lonely patience in a barren hole.

When he went in the Bank their cups ran over.
They marvelled how he wore a milk-white shirt
work days and jeans on Sundays. He was saved
from their thistle-strewn farm and its red dirt.

And he said nothing. Hard and serious
like a young bear inside his teller's cage,
his axe-hewn hands upon the paper bills
aching with empty strength and throttled rage.

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Parent-Child Contract – Page 1

Name _____ Date _____

An Agreement for Expectations Dated: _____

Between _____ (called "Parent") _____ (called "Parent")

and

_____ (called "Child")

Parent and Child Agree as Follows:

i. Parental Expectations

The parent(s) expect(s) the child to provide and/or to perform the following:

ii. Child's Expectations

The child expects the parent(s) to provide and/or to perform the following:

iii. Time Period

The above expectations cover the period of _____ to _____.

Parent-Child Contract – Page 2

Name _____ Date _____

iv. Review and Adjustments

This agreement should be reviewed every _____ and any adjustments made just be agreed upon by both parent(s) and child.

v. Failure to Meet Terms

In the event that either parent or child fails to live up to the expectations of this agreement, the following consequences will result:

a. Failure to Meet Parental Expectations

b. Failure to Meet Child's Expectations

Signed in the Presence of:

Witness

Parent

Date: _____

Witness

Parent

Date: _____

Witness

Child

Date: _____

My Name*

In English my name means hope. In Spanish it means too many letters. It means sadness, it means waiting. It is like the number nine. A muddy color. It is the Mexican records my father plays on Sunday mornings when he is shaving, songs like sobbing.

It was my great-grandmother's name and now it is mine. She was a horse woman too, born like me in the Chinese year of the horse—which is supposed to be bad luck if you're born female but I think this is a Chinese lie because the Chinese, like the Mexicans, don't like their women strong.

My great-grandmother. I would've liked to have known her, a wild horse of a woman, so wild she wouldn't marry. Until my great-grandfather threw a sack over her head and carried her off. Just like that, as if she were a fancy chandelier. That's the way he did it.

And the story goes she never forgave him. She looked out the window her whole life, the way so many women sit their sadness on an elbow. I wonder if she made the best with what she got or was she sorry because she couldn't be all the things she wanted to be. Esperanza. I have inherited her, name, but I don't want to inherit her place by the window.

At school they say my name funny as if the syllables were made out of tin and hurt the roof of your mouth. But in Spanish my name is made out of a softer something, like silver, not quite as thick as sister's name Magdalena—which is uglier than mine. Magdalena who at least can come home and become Nenny. But I am always Esperanza.

I would like to baptize myself under a new name, a name more like the real me, the one nobody sees. Esperanza as Lisandra or Maritza or Zeze the X. Yes. Something like Zeze the X will do.

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Diana*

i used to have a lot of trouble with my name in Reinland where i grew up people named their children Peter & Agnes & Sara & Jacob in fact there was so much duplication of names you might find yourself in the position of say Peter Peters son of Peter Peters son of Peter Peters this wasn't as confusing as it sounds there wasn't a lot of mail & the identities of fathers & sons were not that clearly distinguished anyway most of the time you referred to people by their nicknames which everybody knew like Schwauta Petasch or Boaut Jaunzen what was an exotic name like Diana doing in a plain village like Reinland not only did it lack the resonance of a long line of aunts & grandmothers it was hard for people to say they would roll it around on their tongues tasting its foreignness & then spit it out a friend of my grandfather's once asked me aren't you terribly depressed to have a name like that my mother's cousin Susch was undaunted by it she would hug me tight on her lap & tickle & squeeze me with her crippled hand all the while crooning Diantche oba Diantche oba Diantche later my brother & sister would follow me around mercilessly chanting Diantche oba Diantche part of the joke was it sounded a lot like little duckling little duckling in Low German we didn't get to read books much the school library was a tiny cupboard in the corner of the room you could read through the entire collection in half a year & you only got to switch rooms every four years the public library which came to town once a month in a van was forbidden to us on grounds of worldliness but we did get to hear a fantastic array of Bible stories i was fascinated by their exotic foreign flavour they always came with a moral attached at the end which would relate them to our own plain little world but it never came close to capturing their beauty & terror it was extremely hard to see for example how the point

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of a story like the multicoloured Joseph in Egypt being seduced by Potiphar's wife could possibly be that we shouldn't tell lies to our parents. I did find one story which I felt I could claim for my own. My second name is Ruth so I paid particular attention to Ruth the Moabite who followed her mother in law home & worked in the fields with her. Her faithfulness made her belong in spite of her foreign past. Your people shall be my people & your God shall be my God. I clung to this story as a way of getting through the other passage from the Bible which had to do with me whenever the minister in church read about the heathenish Diana of the Ephesians & the wickedness she caused among God's people I modestly lowered my head & tried to look Ruthlike. I even told my teacher once to call me Ruth from now on. She smiled indulgently & instantly forgot. Later in high school I discovered other more interesting stories about the goddess whose name I bore. Greek myths were okay to read as long as you didn't mix them up with the Bible. They were strictly classical references to explain the strange names strewn so improvidently through English literature which we had to read to get through Grade 12. I found out that she was a huntress & a moon goddess both of which suited me fine. There weren't any forests around our farm but I could easily imagine gliding among trees in buskins & I was on intimate terms with the moon already. A ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas. She was also the virgin goddess which worried me a lot during the time my twin sister Rosie & her friends were going on heavy dates & I was sitting at home vacillating between the terror of acquiring breasts & periods & the shame of getting them so late. I liked the story of Actaeon who was turned into a stag for spying on Diana. It was a thrill to think of being able to turn boys' tricks inside out like that. By this time my friends were calling me Di which I liked because it was short & neat & it turned every greeting into a little song. Hi Di bye Di. The only problem with it was meeting new people who would usually raise their eyebrows & say oh you mean Diane & even if I emphasized the *a* at the end of Diana they would still invariably spell it with a double *n* or some other unforgivable mistake. This problem was solved miraculously for me a few years ago by his royal highness Prince Charles. He

couldn't know of course that his choice of the future Queen of England would personally affect the identity of a missing Mennonite peasant girl from Reinland but it did since the advent of Lady Di no one has ever questioned my name in fact it has given me my own modest taste of royalty a five year old girl at Victoria Albert school in Winnipeg came up to me one day & said i saw you on tv what was i doing on tv i asked her much surprised getting married she said to Prince Charles so i felt like a princess for one day going back to Reinland now i notice several young Dianas swinging in the school yard & skipping in the ditches nothing feels as separate as everything once did it's hard to tell anymore what is exotic & what is plain i like it that way

From: Hidden Name and Complex Fate*

For in the dim beginnings, before I ever thought consciously of writing, there was my own name, and there was, doubtless, a certain magic in it. From the start I was uncomfortable with it, and in my earliest years it caused me much puzzlement. Neither could I understand what a poet was, nor why, exactly, my father had chosen to name me after one. Perhaps I could have understood it perfectly well had he named me after his own father, but that name had been given to an older brother who died and thus was out of the question. But why hadn't he named me after a hero, such as Jack Johnson, or a soldier like Colonel Charles Young, or a great seaman like Admiral Dewey, or an educator like Booker T. Washington, or a great orator and abolitionist like Frederick Douglass? Or again, why hadn't he named me (as so many Negro parents had done) after President Teddy Roosevelt?

Instead, he named me after someone called Ralph Waldo Emerson, and then, when I was three, he died. It was too early for me to have understood his choice, although I'm sure he must have explained it many times, and it was also too soon for me to have made the connection between my name and my father's love for reading. Much later, after I began to write and work with words, I came to suspect that he was aware of the suggestive powers of names and of the magic involved in naming.

I recall an odd conversation with my mother during my early teens in which she mentioned their interest in, of all things, prenatal culture! But for a long time I actually knew only that my father read a lot, and that he admired this remote Mr. Emerson, who was something called a "poet and philosopher"—so much so that he named his second son after him.

I knew, also, that whatever his motives, the combination of names he'd given me caused me no end of trouble from the moment when I could talk well enough to respond to the ritualized question which grownups put to very young children. Emerson's name was quite familiar to Negroes in Oklahoma during those days when World War I was brewing, and adults, eager to show off their knowledge of literary figures, and obviously amused by the joke implicit in such a small brown nubbun of a boy carrying around such a heavy moniker, would invariably repeat my first two names and then to my great annoyance, they'd add "Emerson."

And I, in my confusion, would reply, "No, no, I'm not Emerson, he's the little boy who lives next door." Which only made them laugh all the louder. "Oh, no," they'd say, "you're Ralph Waldo Emerson," while I had fantasies of blue murder.

For a while the presence next door of my little friend, Emerson, made it unnecessary for me to puzzle too often over this peculiar adult confusion. And since there were other Negro boys named Ralph in the city, I came to suspect that there was something about the combination of names which produced their laughter. Even today I know of only one other Ralph who had as much comedy made out of his name, a campus politician and deep-voiced orator whom I knew at Tuskegee, who was called in friendly ribbing, Ralph Waldo Emerson Edgar Allan Poe, spelled Powe. This must have been quite a trial for him, but I had been initiated much earlier.

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During my early school years the name continued to puzzle me, for it constantly evoked in the faces of others some secret. It was as though I possessed some treasure or some defect, which was invisible to my own eyes and ears; something which I had but did not possess, like a piece of property in South Carolina, which was mine but which I could not have until some future time. I recall finding, about this time, while seeking adventure in back alleys—which possess for boys a superiority over playgrounds like that which kitchen utensils possess over toys designed for infants—a large photographic lens. I remember nothing of its optical qualities, of its speed or color correction, but it gleamed with crystal mystery and it was beautiful.

Mounted handsomely in a tube of shiny brass, it spoke to me of distant worlds of possibility. I played with it, looking through it with squinted eyes, holding it in shafts of sunlight, and tried to use it for a magic lantern. But most of this was as unrewarding as my attempts to make the music come from a phonograph record by holding the needle in my fingers.

I could burn holes through newspapers with it, or I could pretend that it was a telescope, the barrel of a cannon, or the third eye of a monster—I being the monster—but I could do nothing at all about its proper function of making images, nothing to make it yield its secret. But I could not discard it.

Older boys sought to get it away from me by offering knives or tops, agate marbles or whole zoos of grass snakes and horned toads in trade, but I held on to it. No one, not even the white boys I knew, had such a lens, and it was my own good luck to have found it. Thus I would hold on to it until such time as I could acquire the parts needed to make it function. Finally I put it aside and it remained buried in my box of treasures, dusty and dull, to be lost and forgotten as I grew older and became interested in music.

I had reached by now the grades where it was necessary to learn something about Mr. Emerson and what he had written, such as the “Concord Hymn” and the essay “Self-Reliance,” and in following his advice, I reduced the “Waldo” to a simple and, I hoped, mysterious “W.,” and in my own reading I avoided his works like the plague. I could no more deal with my name—I shall never really master it—than I could find a creative use for my lens. Fortunately there were other problems to occupy my mind ...

By Any Other Name*

by Bernard Cooper

“Is this Mr. Felix Ott?”

“Yes, this is Felix.”

“Greetings! This is the (mumble, mumble) radio program calling. If you can answer today’s quiz question correctly, you will be the winner of a two-hundred-dollar cash prize!”

“How many hundred?”

“Now listen closely: If Elvis Presley’s nickname is Elvis the Pelvis, Mr. Ott, what — for the cash — is the nickname of his brother, Enis?”

A long pause in which our hearts were pounding and our breath held back, and then we would start to sputter and laugh, three kids with flushed faces crowded around the ear-piece of the phone. Not one of our intended victims was fool enough to venture a guess. Not Birdie Turley, Gilliam Ong, Venus Deitz, Lafayette Lipshitz, Panos Injjikian, Porntip Yang, or Buster Hummer — names we picked from the phonebook after great deliberation, after gales of hysteria which left us limp on the sea-green carpet. We’d base our choices on assonance, or on the alliteration some parents had bestowed, a mellifluous gift to their offspring which made us roll our eyes. More poets than pranksters, we thrilled to language in its abstract conditions, were amazed by the ways a name could bluster and make us as giddy as the pop tunes of the time: *My boy lollipop, he makes my heart go giddy-up* and *Da do ron ron ron, da do ron ron*.

But our most significant discoveries, extracted from alphabetical columns, were the names in which a sentence was encoded: Iva Wright, Hugo First, Pat A. Head, R. U. Standing. To find them took hours of textual analysis, and often, after much vetoing and page turning, we were so embroiled in the nonsense of sound (our minds balked, our eyes blurred) that it was hard to tell if those flukes of unintended syntax were the genuine article or the product of imagination. Were we trying to will meaning into being? Jeffrey, the youngest among us, would become nearly delirious from our endeavor. Entranced by any old ordinary word, he’d begin to say it over and over. Mary, his sister, once let out an earsplitting scream because, after a flurry of our crank calls, Jeffrey sat in a corner incessantly chanting “cheese.”

It would be five years before I heard Shakespeare’s comment on the name for a rose, (William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Sc. 2, line 43. Juliet says, “What’s in a name? That which we call a rose/By any other name would smell as sweet.”) but had I heard it then, I’m afraid I’d have disagreed. For example, wasn’t the smell of Limburger somehow linked to its foul sound? Weren’t the forget-me-nots blooming on Mary’s blouse made softer and bluer by their designation? Weren’t names designed to enhance the matter to which they referred?

My own name was problematic. While Jeff and Mary could go to the five-and-dime and find cups and wallets bearing their names — evidence that they belonged to a vast and accepted subset of humanity — Bernard was always out of the question, however much I’d spin the

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squeaking racks and dig in the bins with hope: Andy, Art, Bill, Bobby, Charles. Even my mother had trouble with my name; calling me home at dusk, she'd stand in the doorway and shout the names of my older brothers — Richard, Robert, Ronald! — before she remembered mine. A recurring dream I have involves just this childhood scene, but in the dream my mother continues bellowing names, and soon her friends and relatives, the postman and the grocer, her hairdresser and podiatrist — *everyone* — converges on the house; her voice drawing life from the dream's dark corners.

In an attempt to make up for her habitual oversight, my mother once showed me the page in *What to Name the Baby* that explained the derivation of Bernard. Far from the bearish obstinance and earthiness the name was said to imply, it held for me the connotations of myopia, introversion, and bookishness that my destiny has borne out. But more important, I was astonished that the mothers of America were so unmoved by their own sense of cadence that they had to rely on a book. In those days I had little inclination toward being a parent, yet I imagined playing with my progeny and wondered what I'd call them. Soon I came up with Praline for a girl (this came to me one night during dessert), and Conch for a boy (a visit to Marine Land). Perhaps it was the common ring of my brothers' names that led them to dub their daughters Dalisa, Cambria, and Jordana, names as strange as orchids at the florist's — throats on fire with purple and pink as though they're about to announce what they are: Cymbidium, Miltonia, Catalaya.

Running the gamut from airplane pilot to zoologist, the ambitions of my playmates were subject to daily fluctuations. For almost a year, I wanted to be the man who got to name the paint chips at Bromley's Hardware. I'd cram them in my pockets, sneak them home, fan them open, contemplate. Fiesta Magenta, Magma Red, Sunstroke, Topaz, Obsidian, Smoke. Surely the advent of metallic and fluorescent paint would increase the demand for persons with my calling. I pictured myself with a huge palette, mixing new additions to the language of chromatics. Before me loomed a long good life — Carrot Orange, Eden Green — of indulgence in the spectrum.

Unfortunately, my schoolwork suffered as a result of my passion for nomenclature. In biology, for instance, instead of concentrating on the position and function of the bones in the skeletal system, I imagined Ulna, Tibia, and Fibula as visitors from outer space; during lengthy fantasies, I'd try to teach them English. Astronomy, on the other hand, with its vocabulary of umbra, penumbra, corona, and nova, was inspiration for the names of colors but shed little light on my place among the planets. Reading was the only subject at which I excelled — especially poetry, a treasure-trove of rhyme from which one melodramatic teacher, her arms akimbo, her glasses awry, would unearth a jewel like “Gitche Gumee.” (Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, *The Song of Hiawatha* (1855), Part 3. The lake by which the Indians make their camp is named Gitche Gumee: “By the shores of Gitche Gumee, / By the shining Big Sea-Water, . . .”)

One trick I learned in the sixth grade (and which tempts me to this day) was to yell out the names of passengers while traveling through a tunnel. There was something elegiac in hearing the names of friends I loved — Mary *ary ary*, Jeff *eff eff* — rebounding against the underground walls, buffeted by oncoming traffic, fading with every echo. And then we'd be restored to the light and the road, and the sky was robin's-egg blue, and a cringing parent behind the wheel would admonish me by name, two syllables rippling out on the surface of time.

Untitled*

“Dad!”

“Yes?” came the reply from behind the newspaper.

“I need some money.”

“Oh?” came the reply from behind the newspaper.

“I need my own oboe.”

There was no reply this time from behind the newspaper. Just silence. The silence of someone sitting beside a fire in the middle of a moonless night after hearing a noise. A silence of someone straining to hear what he thought he had heard but hoping he had not.

“My music teacher insists that if I am going to improve I need my own oboe.”

“Then let your music teacher buy it for you.” He turned the page of the newspaper and settled back into his chair. The noise had really been nothing at all.

The boy’s mother spoke up and supported her son’s request for the money to buy an oboe. Then the boy’s sister spoke up in support. The father looked at the dog. The dog remained neutral.

“What is an oboe? No, don’t tell me let me look it up.” Upon which note the father stood up and went upstairs to the office where he pulled out a 1967 version of the *Chambers Etymological English Dictionary* which had travelled with him since 1970 after winning it in a bet on the 1970 Stanley Cup finals. He made his way through the o’s to page 429 and oboe between obnoxious and obol.

Oboe, n. a treble woodwind musical instrument, with a double reed and keys. There was more but the rest was not pertinent to the discussion.

“This is not a traditional Anishnabe musical instrument.” And with that statement proceeded back up the stairs to the office where he replaced the Chambers Dictionary. On his return to his chair he found that the definition and his pronouncement had done nothing to quell the discussion and had seemed even to stiffen the resolve of the family including the dog who had now taken his place by the boy.

There were further entreaties on behalf of her son, her brother and his master. The arguments could be summed up as follows:

First, the private school which the boy attended at the will of his father taught music and expected that the families of their students would support their children in the development of all their talents.

Second, the boy had a talent for woodwind instruments, particularly the oboe.

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Third, he was a member of a woodwind quintet that had a concert, scheduled for 6 weeks from now which required his attention on a more regular basis than is possible with a school loaned oboe.

Finally, there was the unstated point made that if the father did not relent he would not be spoken to for the next six weeks if not longer.

Faced with such strong logical arguments how could a father refuse his first born son anything?

“Ok. But we cannot afford a new one. If you find one in the classifieds or the *Pennysaver* it’s yours.” He opened his newspaper and read on. The *Pennysaver* fell through the mail slot and the children and dog were on it like...like...well the metaphor doesn’t matter. As luck would have it there on the first page in the first square was an ad for a slightly used oboe.

The boy was off in his mother’s automobile in a flash and returned almost as quickly with a very handsome oboe. The quintet was over in the next half hour and they practised. The father listened to CD’s by Kashtin and Robbie Robertson and then he watched Thunderheart. When the house quietened down, he sat and wondered how his son with the jet black braids, the brown skin, the brown eyes, the high cheekbones, the traditional regalia and the Indian name which he had given him at birth could now be the oboe playing member of a woodwind quintet. He and his partner had worked hard at raising their children to be INDIAN. They had taught them much of the language, while learning it themselves even as they taught it to their children. They had taken them to ceremonies, sweats, powwows and numerous other cultural events. They had taught them to be proud and to say in the language that they are Anishnabe members of the great Ojibwe nation. Never in his dreams had he seen his son playing the oboe.

Time passed quickly and the father soon found himself looping a tie around his neck and putting on his double vested jacket with lined pants held up by suspenders picked out by his daughter. He could smell his partner’s perfume and could hear the hair dryer. His partner hurried them along. The son had already left.

The school auditorium filled up, the lights dimmed and the school orchestra played “O Canada.” The quintet was last on the programme.

The M.C. had introduced four of the five young woodwind specialists when the father’s son stood up and proceeded to the microphone. He cleared his voice.

“Boozhooh! Quishquishenoodin ezhenekausoowin waubezhashe dodaim.” This is how I have learned to introduce myself. My Indian name translates into English to mean something like the wind whispers. I am of the Marten Clan. My name was given to me by my father. It came to him in a dream. In this dream a Manidoo, a spirit, came to him holding a baby in her arms. She showed the baby to him and he immediately noticed that the baby as he breathed out whistled like the wind that he felt blowing out of the east. He told this to the woman but she and the baby disappeared. When he woke he looked up the Ojibwe, Anishnabe, words for wind and whistle and put them together because he had determined that the Manidookwee, woman spirit, had told him what my name would be. And when I was born he lifted me up and introduced me to the four directions to the four winds that live in the four cardinal points of the Anishnabe Medicine Wheel and said, ‘Here is that young spirit you have helped bring into the world. Look

upon him and fill him with your music that we hear when you are around us. The whistle of your voice in the spring the whistle of your voice we hear in the leaves of the autumn. Fill him with your breath of life. Fill him with your music. He will be known to all of creation as Quishquishenoodin which is the best that I can do to translate what I saw in my dream into a name. Forgive me but this is as close as I can come.’ My father told me this story of my name and birth often and I wanted to tell it tonight while he is in the audience so that he knows that I was listening and so that he remembers why I have my name.”

His father didn’t know quite what to do. He did not even know what he was feeling. How could anyone feel embarrassed, humble and humbled all at the same time. And these were only a few of the feelings that twirled around him as he sat there and remembered the dream of the birth of his son.

It seemed to the father that as his son played the ceiling of the auditorium opened up, that the stars gathered around and the four winds entered taking their place in the four corners of the auditorium where he heard them whistling along to the European composer’s music. But, there was more. At the end of a standing ovation in which the stars and the four winds participated his son took out a traditional flute and played a Siouian tradition song. Now all was still. It seemed that all of creation had stopped to listen. Even the winds did not move or whistle for so beautiful was the sound that came from his son that everyone and everything strained to listen. And when he had finished there was no sound made by anyone. His son stood there and smiled. He pointed to his father and said, “That was for you.” For he knew how concerned his father had been about the oboe and he wanted his father to know that regardless of what instrument he played he was first Anishnabe and that his name was Quishquishenoodin.

It was his father who stood up and began the standing ovation for his son as he remembered that he had traded for that traditional flute shortly after the dream and that he had given the flute to his son immediately after his fast.

Lilyrose*

I SWAYED BACK AND FORTH on the old wooden swing, watching Lilyrose run through the sprinkler.

The swing belonged to the landlady who lived on the main floor. In the afternoons, when she was at work, I could use the backyard, but before she got home I had to make sure I was upstairs, with no signs I'd been in the fenced-in scruffy patch of grass. No popsicle wrappers or stray Barbie-doll clothes, no magazine fluttering on the seat of the swing.

The old dragon didn't mind if I put the sprinkler on for Lilyrose on warm days, as long as I wound up the hose when I was done. The afternoon was hot, even for early September, the air heavy and buzzing with heat and insects.

Everything I did was slow, careful, like an invalid just recovering from some long illness. I knew that if I moved too fast something would hurt. I had felt this way on the eighth of September for the last four years. It was the anniversary of the day it had happened, the day Lilyrose had started.

If it had been a boy, I wouldn't have kept him.

I made that clear to the caseworker, told her that I couldn't give her an answer until the baby was born.

Then, I still had to see her before I could be sure of my decision. If she was fair, with his smooth, blond look, I don't know what I would have said.

But when I first held her, and looked down at the tiny head covered with tufts of black hair, and saw the angry, squalling face, the face that reminded me of what was in the mirror in the morning, or late at night, I thought it might be alright.

Lilyrose, I whispered, trying out the name. Lilyrose.

I hoped the name would help, would bring back childhood memories, a rush of love and reassurance. Lily, my mother's name. My grandma Rose. If I started off by naming her after people I'd loved, loving the name, it would naturally lead into loving the child. I thought it would be that easy, the first day.

Lily, right up to the day she died, had been a very earnest woman, not particularly gentle, but strong and calm. A woman who was religious. She didn't have a particular denomination, nothing formal. She had religion itself.

"God's will," she said, about practically anything. It was all God's will. God's will that she had to suffer with arthritis, God's will that we would never have enough money, God's will that men were made the way they were. Until I was nine or ten, I thought that the bad things that happened to my family were a direct result of the curse, this godswill, something unspeakable, mushy and rotten smelling, something to feed to pigs.

*Reprinted from *Flying to Yellow* by Linda Holeman. Used with permission.

I loved my mother in a noisy roundabout way, pushing up against her, demanding her time and attention, out-hollering my brothers.

My grandma Rose had heard the calling too, but she talked a lot about the baby in the manger, ignoring my mother's grown-up suffering Jesus. Grandma called me one of His lambs. She sang songs about seeing the little sparrow fall, and shining with a small, clear light.

I loved her in a quiet way that didn't include any touching, but was somehow warm and comforting, like woollen sweaters and pots of homemade soup.

I loved them both, my mother and my grandmother, but in different ways, in the particular way that suited each woman, the way that I knew would let them be comfortable with my love.

So it came as a surprise that I couldn't find the right way to love my daughter. The way that suited both her, and me.

I spied on other mothers at parks and playgrounds. I saw how they wrapped their arms around their children. They whispered into dusty hair and smelled sun-warmed necks and kissed away the hurts on scraped knees and elbows. I wanted to love Lilyrose that way, so whole and unselfconscious, call her honey, sweetheart, even silly things like Babycakes and Angelface. Words that slipped easily, unbidden, from those other mothers. But I couldn't seem to twist my tongue around the words, couldn't make my body soft, open, so Lilyrose could lean into me, like grass into the wind.

I watched Lilyrose squeal and run away from the pulsing needles of water. As she grew bolder, she ran under the arc created just before the sprinkler hit its full height. Braver, she eventually lowered her head over the water, screaming. "Washing my hair, Mommy," she shrieked. "See? Washing my hair."

"That's nice," I said, not wanting to raise my voice, not wanting to jar anything.

After she'd finished with her hair, she stepped one leg over the icy jets and squatted. As the water made its upward journey she laughed, loud and wild. "It's on my pee-pee!"

"Don't do that," I called. "Stop it."

Lilyrose didn't stop, maybe because she heard the annoyance in my voice, maybe because she was getting off on it in some intangible, three-year-old way. Some way that I didn't know about.

"I said stop it," I called again, but she hovered there, suspended easily on her sleek little thighs.

"Why?" she finally yelled.

I looked at her for a second, thinking of a plausible answer. "Because you'll get a cold in your bladder."

She stayed where she was, grinning, staring at me. "What's a bladder?"

I walked over, through the spray, and yanked her arm hard. The grin disappeared. "I said stop it, and I meant it."

Her face screwed up into a square-mouthed, feral look for a second, then she started howling. We stood like that for three up-and-down pulses of the sprinkler. Her screaming while the water

beat around me, first up the legs of my shorts, then over my breasts, the icy needles stinging my nipples, and finally biting into my neck and face.

I dropped Lilyrose's arm and made it back to the swing, my legs shaky, head light and unconnected, like I was a kid again, on a carnival ride. The ride that tipped you upside down and held you there until you wanted to spit out the taste of iron, of fear. When you still counted on prayers, and said a silent one: if you don't let me die I'll always be good. I promise.

We came inside just after three. Our apartment was the top floor of the house. The big bedroom was converted into a living room with a strip of kitchen along one side.

The room felt still, dead. I pushed up the window and wedged an old ruler under it. Lilyrose was whining.

"I wanna go back out, Mommy. Play in the water."

"Mommy doesn't feel good, Lilyrose. Why don't you watch TV?"

I turned on the set and adjusted the rabbit ears, twisting the ribbon of foil between them a little tighter. The black-and-white picture jumped and faded, then brightened.

"Look, Lilyrose. *Friendly Giant*. It's just starting."

Lilyrose stared at the television. She stuck out her bottom lip, put her thumb into her mouth.

"Here's the part you like. 'The rocking chair, for those who like to rock.'" I echoed the kindly, patient voice of the TV giant. "'And the big chair, for two of you to curl up in.'" I looked at Lilyrose. "Which is your favourite chair? The rocker or the big one?"

Lilyrose didn't answer. Her cheeks sucked in and out as she worked on her thumb.

"We'll take off your wet bathing suit, and you can curl up with blankie."

"Soo-soo," she said, around the thumb.

"Yes. You can have soo-soo."

As I got her into dry clothes and found her blanket and soother, I hoped she'd fall asleep, for just an hour. An hour, that was all I wanted. An hour when I didn't have to talk or listen or nod or smile.

When I could start in on the bag of Oreos in the cupboard, eat them all, if I felt like it. Think about smoking, how good it used to feel to light a cigarette, remembering the pleasure of that first inhale in my chest, that long calming pull. Wait for my heart to slow, numb. So I could sit and imagine the smoke, curling up and away from me, towards the ceiling, snaking across the peeling paint to the lure of the window.

So I didn't have to look into her eyes. Tea-coloured, clear. The same colour as her father's.

I'd only seen his eyes that one night. First on the smoky dance floor, then in his car, the front seat. My head crammed painfully against the door handle, my arms useless, caught under his grinding weight, one knee wedged under the steering wheel, the other held by the crushing grip of his fingers.

His eyes never closed, not even for that final heaving moment. They just flickered once, darkened by the fury that never left them.

I took out the bag of Oreos, set it on the table in front of me, but I didn't open it. On the couch, Lilyrose's head dropped to one side. Her lips parted slightly, and the soother tipped down, no longer caught between her teeth. A wedge of sunlight tripped across the deep chestnut of her hair, picking up golden threads.

I turned off the television and looked back at the cookies, rubbing my thumbnail against my index finger. I put the cookies back in the cupboard, went to the bathroom cabinet and found an emery board and a bottle of polish. Sandy Beach.

I hadn't painted my nails for at least eight months, maybe longer. The polish looked thick, gummy, but when I tried it on the nail of my little finger, it slid on, wet and shiny. The polish made my nail look longer, the finger more graceful. I did my whole left hand.

As I started in on my right, I noticed Lilyrose rolling her head back and forth. In another minute she sat up and the soother dropped, unnoticed, between the cushions.

Lilyrose went to the plastic laundry basket beside the TV, started digging through the jumble of toys. She was so small, so self-absorbed, busily wrapping something in her blankie. I saw her mouth moving, caught the slight hiss of her words as she talked to herself.

"What are you playing?"

Lilyrose looked over, startled, as if she'd forgotten I was there. She came to me, cradling the blanket, and pulled aside one corner of the worn material, showing me the lifeless face of a brown monkey.

"Oh. George. Curious George."

"Not George." She carefully folded the blanket back over the monkey's face.

"Because George not a good name for a girl monkey," she said, looking up at me, as if she had heard my silent why, why not George?

Her eyes widened, and before she looked back down again, I saw a soft glimmer so swift, so tiny, I almost missed it. In that second her eyes magnified, looked like a painting that had smeared, then were clear again.

Lilyrose went back to the couch.

I kept on with the sticky brush, the last slow, careful strokes, my left hand unsteady.

"What do you call it, then?" I stared at my hand, fingers spread wide on the table.

"Judith."

At the sound of my name I looked away from my hand, at Lilyrose.

"What?"

"Judith. Monkey's name is Judith." Lilyrose sat on the edge of the couch, holding the wrapped animal against her chest, rocking and humming tunelessly. After a few minutes she gently laid it down beside her.

"Mommy loves you, Judith," she said. "You're a good little snuggle-baby."

I watched her patting the little bundle, murmuring to it, until a shadow fell across the couch, across her gold-lit hair and eyes, and my nails were dry.

Names of Imaginary People*

Name _____ Date _____

Occasionally you encounter people whose names in some way suit their professions. For example, there actually is a dentist named Peter Hertz, and there is a James Bugg who is an exterminator. A search through a phone book will yield many more such names. The people below, however, are strictly imaginary. You are to pretend that these people are all authors. The titles of their books are given, along with their first names. Think of appropriate last names. Examples: A book entitled *Car Repair* might be authored by *Otto Mobile*, and a book with the title *Writing Editorials* might be written by *Ed Itor*. (There may be more than one appropriate last name for some of the authors below.)

BOOK TITLES

1. *Successful Gambling*
2. *Bacteria*
3. *Synthetic Fabrics*
4. *Treating Arthritis*
5. *Aging*
6. *Coastal Areas*
7. *The Dangers of Tobacco*
8. *The Lumbering Industry*
9. *Garden Salads*
10. *Autumn Flowers*
11. *Maintaining Public Buildings*
12. *Mounting Photographs*
13. *Vocal Music*
14. *Common Birds*
15. *Roadside Signs*
16. *Building Canoes*
17. *Minnesota Cities*
18. *Thorny Problems*
19. *Cops and Robbers*
20. *Recipes for Cool Drinks*
21. *Musical Instruments*
22. *Optimism*
23. *Cuts of Beef*
24. *Outdoor Cooking*
25. *The Story of the Pilgrims*

AUTHORS

- Jack _____
- Mike _____
- Polly _____
- Ben _____
- Jerry _____
- Sandy _____
- Nick _____
- Tim _____
- Tom _____
- Chris _____
- Jan _____
- Al _____
- Sarah _____
- Bob _____
- Bill _____
- Doug _____
- Minnie _____
- Rose _____
- Dee _____
- Ginger _____
- Clara _____
- Rosie _____
- Chuck _____
- Barbie _____
- May _____

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Names Related to Animals*

Name _____ Date _____

Our given names are steeped in history, some going back to biblical times. *Mary*, for example, is a Hebrew name that means “distressed or tearful,” and *David* means “beloved.” *Christopher* is from Greek, and *Chester* is of Latin origin. Names come from many sources and some of them have a connection with animals. Identify the animal source of each name below. The circled letters from the Boys’ section below will spell another boy’s name when rearranged, and the circled letters from the Girls’ section will spell another girl’s name.

Write them here: _____

ANIMALS

___ _ _ (O)

(O) _ _ _ _

___ _ (O) _

___ _ _ _ _ (O)

___ _ _ _ (O)

(O) _ _ _

___ _ (O)

___ _ (O) _ _ _ _ _

G _ _ _ _ _ (O) _ _

___ _ (O) _

B _ (O) _ _ _ _ _ _ _

___ _ (O) _ _

BOYS’ NAMES

1. Leonard and Leon (Latin), from the king of the jungle
2. Adolph (Teutonic), from a member of the canine family that is sometimes “in sheep’s clothing”
3. Bernard (Teutonic), from a member of Smokey’s family
4. Arnold (Teutonic), from the bird that is the symbol of the United States
5. Wilbur (Saxon), from an undomesticated relative of the pig
6. Alan (Gaelic), from man’s best friend

GIRLS’ NAMES

7. Deborah (Hebrew) and Melissa (Greek), from the name of a buzzing insect
8. Ophelia (Greek), from the reptile that deceived Eve
9. Dorcas (Greek) and Tabitha (Hebrew), from a member of the deer family in Africa
10. Jemima (Hebrew), from a bird that is a symbol of peace
11. Merle (Latin), from a bird of a very dark color
12. Rachel (Hebrew), from a woolly animal

BONUS

Look up your own first and middle names and discover their meanings and the language from which they come. Write the information on the back of this sheet.

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Occupational Names*

Name _____ Date _____

At a business luncheon, a group of men and women discussed the names of their children, and it became apparent that all of them had given their children names related to their occupations. For example, the boxer had named his son *Knox*, and the ornithologist had named her two daughters *Phoebe* and *Robin*. Find the names of the sons and daughters of the following persons by unscrambling the letters. The names in each set will be in alphabetical order.

BOYS

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|----------|-------|
| 1. Dentist | NEKIA | _____ |
| 2. Calendar manufacturer | TUSGUA | _____ |
| 3. Telephone company executive | TOOBH | _____ |
| 4. Coffee pot manufacturer | TRESWEBR | _____ |
| 5. Artist | WERD | _____ |
| 6. Barber | YAHRR | _____ |
| 7. Credit manager | ENOW | _____ |
| 8. Handbag manufacturer | CERYP | _____ |
| 9. Fisherman | DRO | _____ |

GIRLS

- | | | |
|---------------------------|---------|-------|
| 10. Gambler | TEBYT | _____ |
| 11. Construction engineer | DIGTREB | _____ |
| 12. Songwriter | LARCO | _____ |
| 13. Restaurant manager | HANDI | _____ |
| 14. Weather forecaster | ALGI | _____ |
| 15. Liquor salesman | NINYG | _____ |
| 16. Flour mill operator | LIMYL | _____ |
| 17. Deep-sea diver | LERAP | _____ |
| 18. Florist | TELIVO | _____ |

BONUS

The florist's other daughters are Pansy, Fern, Flora, Iris, and Ivy. Try to think of names for other sons and daughters for the persons listed above.

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Assessment of Assignment 4 — Intergenerational Interview

Name _____ Date _____

Specific Student Learning Outcomes	Performance Rating				
In your plans and notes for, and audiotape of your intergenerational interview, how effectively did you ...	0	1	2	3	4
• seek others' responses to clarify and rework ideas and positions (1.1.2)					
• examine and adjust initial understanding according to new knowledge, ideas, experiences, and responses from others (1.2.1)					
• extend your understanding by exploring and acknowledging multiple perspectives and ambiguities (1.2.4)					
• determine your inquiry focus and parameters based on personal knowledge and others' expertise (3.1.1)					
• formulate and revise questions to focus your topic and purpose (3.1.2)					
• develop, use, and adapt a plan appropriate for an intergenerational interview on the topic of family expectations (3.1.4)					
• demonstrate critical listening and viewing behaviours to understand and respond to your interviewee (4.4.3)					
• use language to build and maintain a collaborative relationship with your interviewee; take responsibility for respectfully questioning his or her viewpoints and requesting further explanation (5.1.1)					

Assessment of Assignment 5 — Multigenre Paper

Name _____ Date _____

Specific Student Learning Outcomes	Performance Rating				
How effectively does your multigenre paper ...	0	1	2	3	4
• combine ideas and information through a variety of means to clarify understanding (1.2.3)					
• explore and acknowledge multiple perspectives and ambiguities about family (1.2.4)					
• show how you responded personally and critically to ideas and values about family in a variety of Canadian and international texts (2.2.2)					
• provide evidence of how you focused your inquiry based on personal knowledge and on others' expertise (3.1.1)					
• show that you selected ideas and information from your prior knowledge of family appropriate for your audience, purpose, and personal perspective or focus (3.2.1)					
• give evidence that you accessed information using a variety of tools, skills, and sources to accomplish your purpose (3.2.4)					
• organize and reorganize information and ideas in a variety of ways for your audience and purpose (3.3.1)					
• give evidence that you summarized and recorded information, ideas, and perspectives from a variety of sources; document sources accurately (3.3.2)					
• use a variety of forms appropriate for the content, audience, and purpose (4.1.2)					
• use appropriate text features to enhance legibility for your audience, purpose, and context (4.2.3)					
• use effective language and visuals, and arrange ideas for emphasis and desired effect (4.2.4)					
• use language to celebrate personal and/or family occasions and accomplishments (5.2.4)					

Checklist: Sequence 4 Family Expectations – Page 1

Name _____ Date _____

= omp			
= omp			
Lesson 1: What We expect of Families	Date	For Student	For Tutor/Marker
Par 1: Fam y fr wr			
Par 2: Ex r m v w fr wr			
Par 3: A a yz g O om (form)			
Lesson 2: Textual Representations of Family — An Inquiry			
Par 1: Ba forma o o x r ar g WN			
A ay of forma o WN (r po o q o)			
Par 2: O pag r f o WN			
R po o ay/ ar oo RJ			
Op o p raf			
Lesson 3: Family Roles and Expectations			
Par 1: <i>A Bird in the House</i> r po (gr form)			
Fam y D agram RJ			
Par 2: Narra v S r r of “K of S ra g r ” (form)			
V agram (form)			
L r oLa r (raf WN)			
Par 3: rv w pr para o (q o)			
Lesson 4: GenderRelated Roles and Expectations			
Par 1: “Tg □ ” r po (fo r form)			
Par 2: G r r v r a arra v (wo v r o & r f o)			
Par 3: rv w pr para o (q o)			

Checklist: Sequence 4 Family Expectations – Page 2

Name _____ Date _____

C = Completed I = Incomplete			
Lesson 5: Parental Expectations	Date	For Student	For Tutor/Marker
Part 1: Walk Around a Poem (two responses)			
Free RJ responses to three stories			
Part 2: ParentChild Contract			
Part 3: Interview preparation (questions)			
Lesson 6: Naming Stories			
Part 1: Prewriting & draft of Naming Story (research, freewrite, puzzles, etc.)			
Part 2: Interview preparation (questions)			
Lesson 7: Intergenerational Interview			
Part 1: List of revised questions			
Assignment			
Assignment 4 — Intergenerational Interview			
Assessment of Assignment 4 — Intergenerational Interview			
Assessment 5 — Multigenre Paper			
Assessment of Assignment 5 — Multigenre Paper			

GRADE 11
ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS:
COMPREHENSIVE FOCUS

Sequence 5
Societal and Cultural
Expectations, Part 1

Sequence 5

Societal and Cultural Expectations, Part 1

Introduction

Some of a society's and culture's expectations are firmly established in the laws of that society with clear consequences for failing to live up to those expectations. Other societal and cultural expectations are less obvious — many values of a society are expressed in the people's cultural artifacts, their environment, their appearance, their use of language, and their everyday behaviour.

To a person growing up as part of a particular society and culture, these values and expectations may be assumed to be “natural” and “right,” but to an outsider from another culture, those same expectations may seem quite bizarre and unnatural.

Author Alain de Botton explains:

“Every society has notions of what one should believe and how one should behave in order to avoid suspicion and unpopularity. Some of these societal conventions are given explicit formulation in a legal code, others are more intuitively held in a vast body of ethical and practical judgements described as ‘common sense’, which dictates what we should wear, which financial values we should adopt, whom we should esteem, which etiquette we should follow and what domestic life we should lead. To start questioning these conventions would seem bizarre, even aggressive. If common sense is cordoned off from questions, it is because its judgements are deemed plainly too sensible to be the targets of scrutiny.” (9)

In this and the following sequence, you will “start questioning these conventions.” You will look at societal expectations and their effects on the people or members of particular societies and cultures. You will examine how such expectations are constructed in a variety of texts, including media texts (specifically, a department store catalogue), short fiction, poetry, and extended texts (a full-length play in this sequence and a novel in the next). You will also read and respond to non-fiction texts that study the effects of various expectations on people. To a large extent, you will take on the perspective of the outsider in order to look at societal and cultural expectations more objectively.

Sequence 5 is designed to prepare you for Sequence 6 in which you will conduct a “virtual ethnographic study” of a group of people in a novel (Assignment 8). To this end, the lessons in this sequence will give you the opportunities to practise strategies that you will use in your more independent study in Sequence 6. You will examine how cultural expectations are physically revealed in the artifacts, environment, appearance, language, and behaviour of the people in various textual constructions of different groups, and speculate on the implications of each. Assignment 6 at the end of this sequence gives you the opportunity to creatively explore these cultural components and their effects.

In Sequence 5, you will have the opportunity to achieve a variety of specific Learning Outcomes under these general learning outcomes:

- General Learning Outcome 1 as you explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences
- General Learning Outcome 2 as you comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts
- General Learning Outcome 3 as you manage ideas and information
- General Learning Outcome 4 as you enhance the clarity and artistry of communication
- General Learning Outcome 5 as you celebrate and build community

virtual ethnographic study: an ethnographic study in which the researcher does not physically participate in the culture or subculture being studied, but participates imaginatively by engaging with a text that portrays the culture or group of people.





Note: The lessons of this sequence are organized around aspects of ethnographic study (artifacts and environment, appearance, language, and behaviour) with several texts used to practise observational, recording, and reflective skills. As a result, each lesson is fairly long, so don't expect to complete a whole lesson in one session. Completing one or two parts of a lesson per session is quite satisfactory.

Notes

Lesson 1

Artifacts and Environment

Artifacts and the physical environment give clues to what a society or culture expects of its members. Artifacts, or physical objects, may represent or symbolize certain expected characteristics or behaviours of members of a culture. The physical environment, that is the buildings and landscapes in which members go about their daily activities, indicate what those routine activities involve. Both artifacts and environments also reflect the values of the society — what is considered important and what is believed to be true.

Because you cannot directly observe the inner thoughts and feelings of subjects in an ethnographic study, your main job is to observe how these may be revealed in physical, observable ways. This lesson focuses on the virtual observation of physical objects and environments. In Sequence 6, you will be asked to transfer your skills in virtual observation and reflection to your ethnographic study of a novel.

In this lesson, you will look at a variety of texts (poems, a department store catalogue, and a full-length play) and examine the artifacts and environments represented in each.

You will be given the opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes:

General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 1: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences

- 1.1.1 Connect ideas, observations, opinions, and emotions through a variety of means to develop a train of thought and test tentative positions
- 1.2.1 Examine and adjust initial understanding according to new knowledge, ideas, experiences, and responses from others

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts

- 2.2.2 Respond personally and critically to ideas and values presented in a variety of Canadian and international texts

General Learning Outcome 3: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to manage ideas and information

- 3.1.2 Formulate and revise questions to focus inquiry or research topic and purpose
- 3.2.2 Identify and discuss the purpose and usefulness of information sources relevant to particular inquiry or research needs
- 3.2.3 Evaluate how perspectives and biases influence the choice of information sources for inquiry or research
- 3.2.4 Access information using a variety of tools, skills, and sources to accomplish a particular purpose
- 3.2.5 Use knowledge of text cues, organizational patterns, and persuasive techniques to sort and relate ideas in extended texts; adjust reading and viewing rates according to purpose, content, and context
- 3.3.2 Summarize and record information, ideas, and perspectives from a variety of sources; document sources accurately

General Learning Outcome 5: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to celebrate and build community

- 5.2.1 Identify various factors that shape understanding of texts, others, and self.
- 5.2.2 Identify and examine ways in which culture, society, and language conventions shape texts
- 5.2.3 Explain ways in which languages and texts express and shape the perceptions of people and diverse communities





Before you begin, create a section in your Resource Binder called your Inquiry Log. The format should be a double-column one. On the left-hand pages, write the heading “Observations” — here you will note the details of what you see and hear in the texts throughout this sequence. Your “field notes” will include descriptions of artifacts and environments, behaviours and appearances of characters, reported speech of characters, and particular uses of language.

On the right-hand pages, write the heading “Reflections / Questions.” Here you will record your own feelings about what you have observed, any questions you have about your observations and what they may imply about the subjects of your studies, and any conclusions, however tentative, you can make about what your observations show about the values, assumptions, and expectations held by your subjects. This could include tentative conclusions about

- how much the characters and their societies value education, social class, different kinds of work, and various habits and interests
- the importance of their religious and political beliefs
- how they maintain and value relationships with family and friends
- what is considered a virtue and what is considered a vice;
- what they are expected to love and what they are expected to hate
- what kinds of the above serve to place characters into different groups



Below is a diagram showing the format of your Inquiry Log:

Observations	Reflections / Questions
Text title: _____ Date _____	
Descriptions, quotations, sketches, and/or pictures of	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • artifacts • environments • behaviours • reported speech • language use • appearance 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • feelings • questions • implications • tentative conclusions about values, assumptions, and expectations
Example: “All of the older people carry umbrellas.”	Example: “This could mean that the people value safety and protection, particularly older members. Does it rain a lot here?”

Part 1

“Barbie Doll”

You will be reading and re-reading the poem “Barbie Doll” by Marge Piercy throughout this sequence. In this lesson you will be asked to read it paying particular attention to the objects associated with the “girlchild,” especially in the first verse paragraph, and to how these contrast with objects in the final verse paragraph.



Learning Experience

1. Remove the poem “Barbie Doll” by Marge Piercy from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence and put it in the Inquiry Log section of your Resource Binder.
2. Read the poem. Feel free to write notes or questions, and to underline or circle words and phrases, directly onto the page.
3. On the left-hand page of your Inquiry Log, under “Observations,” write the title of the text, today’s date, and a list of all the objects or artifacts presented in the poem.

4. On the right-hand page of your Inquiry Log, under “Reflections / Questions,” write your response to your list of artifacts, including any feelings the objects evoke in you, any questions you have, and any speculations about what these artifacts say about what is expected of the “girlchild.”

Part 2

An Alien Perspective

In this part of the lesson, you will take on an outsider’s viewpoint in examining a department store catalogue (listed as one of your required texts in the Introduction to this course).

Learning Experience

1. Pretend that you are an alien from another universe, studying human life in Manitoba in the 21st century. Your only source of information about Manitobans and how they live is a department store catalogue.
2. Flip through your catalogue. On a new left-hand page of your Inquiry Log, under “Observations,” write the title of the catalogue (including its date), today’s date, and
 - a list of the artifacts or objects you observe in your catalogue. Rather than listing each individual object, list the broad categories, giving several examples for each. Describe these examples from an alien’s point of view, and cut pictures from the catalogue and paste them in your Inquiry Log
 - the approximate numbers of pages devoted to each category of objects
 - the most bizarre or perplexing artifact you notice. Again, describe it as an alien would see it, and paste a picture of it into your Log.
3. Go through your catalogue again, this time focusing on the environments represented in the picture. Write objective, detailed descriptions of what you determine to be typical rooms, homes, outdoor scenes, and/or public spaces. Write at least five descriptions. You can also paste pictures to accompany your descriptions.



4. On the right-hand page of your Inquiry Log under “Reflections / Questions,” still in the persona of an alien, speculate on the meanings of the artifacts and environments you have observed. Write questions about possible uses and the importance of the various objects. Speculate on what the inhabitants of these environments spend their time doing and what they place great importance on. Write about your feelings about this observed society.

Part 3

“Metrics”

Come back down to Earth, and examine both the artifacts and environment in another short text, the poem “Metrics” by Al Purdy. This poem, published in 1967, provides an outsider’s perspective on an Inuit community on Baffin Island called Slaughter Beach or Brown’s Harbour.

Note: At the time Al Purdy wrote this poem, the term “Eskimo” was commonly used. Today, it is not considered correct. The term “Inuit” is the accepted term today.

Learning Experience

1. Remove the poem “Metrics” by Al Purdy from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence and place it in your Inquiry Log.
2. Read the poem through, making whatever notes or markings directly on the pages as you read.
3. Read the poem again, this time noting the various artifacts and descriptions of the environment on a new left-hand page of your Inquiry Log under “Observations” and the title of the text and today’s date. Note observations of both the community environment and artifacts and of the speaker’s artifacts.
4. On the right-hand page opposite, under “Reflections / Questions,” write your feelings about your observations, your questions, and your speculations on what the various artifacts and aspects of the environment mean to the inhabitants of the community and to the speaker of the poem.



Part 4

Props and Sets

Now you will turn your observational and reflective practices to the full-length play you have chosen to study (either *A Doll's House* or *The Importance of Being Earnest*). The dramatic equivalents of cultural artifacts and environments are the **props** (short for “properties”) and the **sets** and atmosphere of a play. Props include all moveable objects needed to perform a scene, such as furniture, dishes, papers, handbags, and so on. The set is the physical representation of the setting of the play (time and place) and includes the scenery or screens, frames, painted draperies, and so on that represent walls, skies, doors, etc., and the various props. Together with the stage set, the **lighting and sound** also contribute to the overall atmosphere or feel of the environment. Directions for all of these elements are given in **stage directions** in italics in the script, although creative leeway is often left to the director to add to what is required explicitly in the text.

Lighting can be used to emphasize a particular piece of scenery, a particular character, or a particular action. It can also be used to indicate the time of day — bright lighting for sunlight, cool lighting for moonlight, warm lighting for sunset, and so on. Shadowy lighting expresses a dark, mysterious mood, whereas bright lighting a happier one. Finally, the dimming of lights or a blackout can be used as a transition indicating shifts in time and scene.

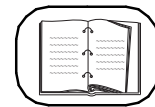
Sound elements can include things like background noises indicating place and time (barnyard animals, night time insects, crowds of people, etc.), music that contributes to the mood and/or signals shifts in atmosphere, and particular sound effects signalling actions both on-stage and off-stage, such as knocks on doors, gunshots, or rings of telephones.

Learning Experience

1. Before you begin a particular examination of props, stage sets, and atmosphere, you should set aside time to read the play straight through in its entirety, with short breaks between acts, in order to get a sense of how the play works as a whole, how an audience would experience it.



2. A big part of being able to read a play is the ability to visualize and hold in your mind the physical stage set in which the action takes place. To help you to do this, and to record important details for your ethnographic study, carefully read the set descriptions (in italics) at the beginning of each act of your play, and sketch your understanding of the details on a new left-hand page of your Inquiry Log, under the heading “Observations” and the play’s title and today’s date. Note any changes in setting from act to act (if necessary, draw a sketch for each act), and any sound or lighting cues that add to the atmosphere.
3. On the right-hand page of your Inquiry Log opposite your observations of the set(s), under the heading “Reflections / Questions,” speculate about what the sets say about the kinds of behaviour expected of people in this setting. Ask questions about the importance of particular details. Reflect on the mood or feeling you get from the set descriptions, particularly regarding the changes from act to act.
4. In order to focus on the relationship between the props used and the actions and values of the characters, do the following:
 - a. Remove the two “Props Charts” from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence and place them in your Inquiry Log.
 - b. Reread the opening scene: In *A Doll’s House*, read from the opening of Act 1 to when Mrs. Linde enters; in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, read the opening of Act 1 to when Lady Bracknell and Miss Fairfax enter.
 - c. On “Props Chart 1,” in the “Props” column, list all the props that are necessary to the performance of the scene and that are mentioned in the text (in both the stage directions and the dialogue). In the “Actions” column, opposite each prop, write how it will be used (i.e., who will do what with it), and in the “Lines” column, note the lines in the play when this action will take place.
 - d. On “Props Chart 2,” in the “Props” column, list any additional props that are not mentioned in the text but that you think could be useful in the scene. In the “Actions” column opposite each prop, write how it could be used, and in the “Lines” column, the lines where this action could take place.



-
5. On the right-hand page of your Inquiry Log, opposite each chart, under the heading “Reflections / Questions,” make any meaning you can about the significance of the props used, and about the props that could be used. What do they say about the characters, and about the actions expected of the characters? What do they say about what is valued in this society?

Notes



Lesson 2

Appearance

The expectations of a society and culture have a definite effect on how people choose to appear. People often wear clothing to show they are affiliated with a particular group, or that they resist particular affiliations, and people often try to shape their body image to conform to societal and cultural expectations. Styles and ideal appearances are promoted through the various media, most obviously in advertising, but also in films and television, where models and actors set the standard for others to achieve. Identification as a member of a visible minority group also has an impact on expectations.

In this lesson, you will look at a variety of texts, revisiting “Barbie Doll,” your department store catalogue, and your play, reading three personal essays, and viewing a documentary video.

You will be given the opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes in this lesson:



General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 1: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences

- 1.1.1 Connect ideas, observations, opinions, and emotions through a variety of means to develop a train of thought and test tentative positions
- 1.2.2 Explore various viewpoints and consider the consequences of particular positions when generating and responding to texts

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts

- 2.1.1 Examine connections between personal experiences and prior knowledge of language and texts to develop understanding and interpretations of a variety of texts

continued ...

... continued

- 2.2.2 Respond personally and critically to ideas and values presented in a variety of Canadian and international texts
- 2.2.3 Examine how language and stylistic choices in oral, print, and other media texts accomplish a variety of purposes.
- 2.3.1 Analyze how various forms and genres are used for particular audiences and purposes
- 2.3.2 Examine how various techniques and elements are used in oral, print, and other media texts to accomplish particular purposes

General Learning Outcome 3: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to manage ideas and information

- 3.2.1 Select ideas and information from prior knowledge of inquiry or research topic appropriate for audience, purpose, and personal perspective or focus
- 3.2.2 Identify and discuss the purpose and usefulness of information sources relevant to particular inquiry or research needs
- 3.2.5 Use knowledge of text cues, organizational patterns, and persuasive techniques to sort and relate ideas in extended texts; adjust reading and viewing rates according to purpose, content, and context
- 3.3.2 Summarize and record information, ideas, and perspectives from a variety of sources; document sources accurately
- 3.3.3 Evaluate information for completeness, accuracy, currency, historical context, relevance, and balance of perspectives

General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

- 4.4.3 Demonstrate critical listening and viewing behaviours to understand and respond to presentations in a variety of ways

General Learning Outcome 5: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to celebrate and build community

- 5.2.2 Identify and examine ways in which culture, society, and language conventions shape texts
- 5.2.3 Explain ways in which languages and texts express and shape the perceptions of people and diverse communities

... continued



Part 1

Analyzing Outcomes

One outcome that is targeted in every lesson in this sequence, in the assessment of Assignment 6, as well as in several lessons and an assignment in the next sequence, is Specific Learning Outcome 5.2.3: Explain ways in which languages and texts express and shape the perceptions of people and diverse communities. Because your achievement of it is assessed in Assignments 6 and 8, it is important that you have an understanding of it.

Learning Experience

1. Remove the “Analyzing Outcomes” form from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence.
2. Fill out the form for Specific Learning Outcome 5.2.3. Remember to use your dictionary and the definitions of terms provided in the Introduction if you need them. Focus both on your understanding of individual words and on what they mean together in the context of conducting a virtual ethnographic study.

Apply your thinking about this outcome to the process of conducting a virtual ethnographic study, which you are doing step-by-step in this sequence, and more independently in Sequence 6. Your observations and reflections on cultural artifacts, environments, appearances, behaviours, and language use should help you to achieve Specific Learning Outcome 5.2.3 — try to explain how.

3. Save the completed form in your Resource Binder to submit with the rest of your sequence work.
4. Add to or revise your form as your understandings develop throughout the sequence.

Part 2

A “Barbie Doll” Appearance

In this part of the lesson you will reread the poem “Barbie Doll” by Marge Piercy, looking particularly at details of the appearance of the character — her physical attributes, make-up, and dress. You will then reflect on what these details imply about the values and expectations of the society constructed in the poem and your feelings and questions about them.



Learning Experience

1. Reread the poem “Barbie Doll” by Marge Piercy.
2. On a new left-hand page of your Inquiry Log under the heading “Observations” and the title of the text and today’s date, write the subheading “Details of Appearance.” List all the details about the character’s appearance presented in the poem — physical attributes, clothing, and make-up.
3. On the right-hand page, opposite the details about the character’s appearance, under the heading “Reflections / Questions,” write about how these details in the text make you feel, any questions they raise, and any speculations you can make about what they imply about the values and expectations of the society. What kind of appearance is important in this society? How important is it? What is expected of people with regard to their appearance?

Part 3

Personal Essays on Appearance

Now you will read two personal essays that discuss the relationship between appearance and larger societal values and expectations.

A personal essay is a combination of a personal narrative and a formal essay on a particular topic. It typically uses personal experiences to explore larger meanings using autobiographical details, an informal voice, a loose rather than strict construction, and an exploratory or tentative tone.

Part of the purpose of a personal essay is to connect the writer’s personal experience to concerns that are also of importance to the general reader. Toward this purpose, the narrator shares experiences and feelings that she or he hopes will affect the reader emotionally and/or intellectually and provoke some response, such as action or reflection.

Part of the purpose of an ethnographic study is to examine not only the culture you are studying, but also to make connections between that culture and your own, and to reflect on how what you’ve learned about one culture can be applied to your own — how others’ values can help you to challenge your own. So try to use these essays to examine the values and expectations you feel at work in your own culture, and challenge any that you feel are questionable.





Learning Experience

1. Remove “The Art of the Ponytail” by Akkida McDowell and “At Home in My Body: An Asian-American Athlete Searches for Self” by Allison Torres from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence, and place them in your Inquiry Log.
2. Because these texts are examples of nonfiction, we as readers have a tendency to accept them as objectively factual. However, we still need to recognize that any facts presented were chosen by the writers and are represented from their subjective points of view.

For each essay, under “Observations” on a new left-hand page of your Inquiry Log, write the title and today’s date, and as you read, note details of appearance described and emphasized in the essay. Also note any writing techniques used to emphasize the importance of these details — exaggeration, contrasts, humour, metaphor and simile, reported research, questioning or tentativeness, personal anecdotes, and so on.

3. In nonfictional texts such as personal essays, the perspective and feelings of the writer are stated much more directly than in texts such as poems or stories. Therefore, it will seem much easier to record the implications of the details of appearance and what they say about the values and expectations of the society represented. However, in your reflections on the right-hand page opposite your observations, don’t be afraid to question or challenge the importance placed on these values and expectations. Write about how you feel about them and whether you share any of them. Speculate about the details left out by the writers and what those could have implied. Also write about anything in your own experience that either helps or hinders making connections to the text — perhaps your own experiences have been similar or strikingly different.



Part 4

Dangerous Effects of Expectations

This part of the lesson examines texts that focus on particular effects that can result in societies that place great importance on appearance and that have high expectations for the members.

You will read another personal essay from *The Globe and Mail* and view a documentary video produced in the United States — both on the topic of eating disorders among young people.

Both of these texts have pragmatic purposes — to inform and to persuade. These pragmatic purposes affect the information and points of view presented, as well as the techniques used to achieve them.

Learning Experience

1. Remove the essay “The High Cost of Chasing Slimness” by Julia Wells from the *Forms* section and put it in your Inquiry Log.
2. As you read the essay, on a new left-hand page of your Inquiry Log, under “Observations” and the title of the essay and today’s date, record the phrases Wells uses to describe the appearances of various women and girls (herself, her friend, a student in the video, ideals in the media, and so on). Also record any particular techniques she uses to achieve her purposes of informing and persuading — exaggeration, contrasts, humour, metaphor and simile, reported research, questions, personal anecdotes, and so on.
3. On the right-hand page opposite your observations, under “Reflections / Questions,” write your responses to these details and techniques. How do they make you feel? Do you share the concerns of Wells? What do you feel about a society with the kinds of values and expectations that lead to such widespread disorders? Do you share any of these values and expectations? How effective were the techniques used in achieving Wells’ purposes?
4. Before viewing the video, *Body Image for Boys*, read over the following “Documentary Types and Techniques” and “Glossary of Film Terms” so that you will be able to identify the combination of techniques used in the video.



Documentary Types and Techniques

- *Cinéma-vérité*: “A form of documentary in which a small hand-held camera and unobtrusive techniques are used to record scenes under the most natural conditions possible” (*Webster’s New World College Dictionary*).
- *Direct Interview Documentary*: A form of documentary in which interview subjects face the camera while speaking. The filmmaker or interviewer does not appear on screen, and interview questions are not heard.
- *Docudrama*: A fictionalized dramatization of an actual event or of the lives of actual people. Documentaries of all types may include dramatic reconstructions, employing actors or the individuals who were involved in the actual incidents.
- *Investigative Narrative*: A narrative organized around the filmmaker’s quest for information.
- *Narrated Documentary*: A form of documentary that typically uses footage of settings, clips from news archives, and interview clips with voice-over narration. The filmmaker or interviewer may or may not appear on screen.

(*Senior 3 English Language Arts: A Foundation for Implementation*, 4-152)

Glossary of Film Terms

Types of Shots

- *Establishing Shot*: a long shot that establishes setting, showing landscape, buildings, or a large crowd.
- *Long Shot*: a shot from a distance that sets character(s) in the setting.
- *Close-up*: a shot of one face or object that completely fills the screen.
- *Extreme Close-up*: a shot of a small object or part of a face that fills the screen.

Camera Angles

- *High Angle*: the camera looks down on what is being photographed.
- “Eye Level”: a shot that approximates human vision; the line between the camera and the subject is parallel to the ground.
- *Low Angle*: the camera looks up at what is being photographed.

Camera Movement

- *Pan*: the camera moves horizontally on a fixed base.
- *Tilt*: the camera points up or down from a fixed base.
- *Tracking (Dolly) Shot*: the camera moves through space on a wheeled truck (or dolly) but stays in the same plane.
- *Boom*: The camera moves up or down through space.
- *Zoom*: Not a camera movement, but a shift in the focal length of the camera lens to give the impression that the camera is getting closer to or farther from an object.

Glossary of Film Terms (Continued)

Duration of Shots

- *Subliminal*: a few frames
- *Quick*: less than a second
- *Average*: less than a minute
- *Lengthy*: more than a minute

Editing / Transitions

- *Cut*: one scene ends and another immediately begins
- *Fade-out/Fade-in*: one scene gradually goes dark and the next gradually emerges from the darkness
- *Dissolve*: the end of one scene is superimposed over the beginning of a new one
- *Wipe*: an optical effect in which one shot appears to “wipe” the preceding one from the screen

Sources of Sound

- *Voice-Over Narration*: the speaker may or may not be in shot, but is not seen to speak
- *Dialogue*
- *Synchronous Sound Effects*: sounds that match the action
- *Asynchronous Sound Effects*: sounds whose source is not visible on screen
- *Sound Bridge*: sounds that tie together disparate elements or shots
- *Musical Underscoring*: background music assumed not to be audible to characters
- *Wild sounds*: naturally occurring sounds, such as traffic or wind

(*Senior 4 English Language Arts: A Foundation for Implementation*, 4-186 and 4-188)

5. Remove the chart “Documentary Viewing Guide” from the *Forms* section of this sequence. View the video, “Eating Disorders: Profiles of Pain.” As you watch, fill in the chart:

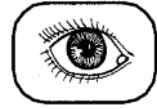
- **under “Content”**

- Identify the various sources of information and opinion (e.g., interviews with experts, news clips, narration, interviews with observers, etc.)

- **under “Visuals”**

- Note the appearances of the people profiled, the doctors interviewed, people in the background, and the narrator. What about their facial expressions, dress, posture, and general appearance do you notice?
 - Camera angles and distance: From what angle (high, eye-level, or low) and from what distance (long shot, medium shot, close-up) are the various scenes shot? Is there a pattern as far as how the interview subjects are shot compared to the group scenes in the school hallways and cafeterias? On what or who do close-ups focus?
 - Transitions: What is used to signal shifts from profile to profile?
 - Written text and images: Besides the interview subjects, what images are filmed? What written text is filmed?
- **under “Sound”**
 - Voice-overs: Does the voice narration ever carry over from one scene to another? If so, when?
 - Music: In which scenes or shots is music overdubbed? What is the style of the music?

You may want to view the video more than once. Viewing it with the sound turned off is especially helpful to focus on the visual elements.



6. On the right-hand page opposite your chart, under “Reflections / Questions,” write what you think the purpose of this video is and who is its intended audience. Then reflect on how effective it is in achieving its purpose and holding the attention of its audience. How credible do the speakers appear to be? What makes them appear so? Are they people that members of the targeted audience would be inclined to listen to and trust? Is the content chosen and presented in a way that would make an impact on the targeted audience? How effective are the various techniques you noted at achieving the video’s purpose and at appealing to the targeted audience?

Part 4

Catalogue Standards

As shown in the previous texts of this lesson, the media are very influential in constructing the values and expectations of a society. In this part of the lesson, you will look at how advertising, in particular the department store catalogue, sets the standard for how people are expected to appear in Manitoba today. As in the previous lesson, you will examine this text and the values and expectations portrayed from the perspective of an alien with no other source of information about Manitoban society, but this time you will also compare that perspective with your own knowledge and experience.

Learning Experience

1. On a new left-hand page of your Inquiry Log, under “Observations,” write the title of your catalogue, today’s date, and the subheading “Details of Appearance.”
2. As you flip through the catalogue, carefully look at the people portrayed on the pages. Write down the details of what you observe — the clothing, accessories, make-up, physical attributes, body type, ages, gender, and so on — of the people portrayed. Roughly calculate the proportions of different age groups, different gender groups, and different ethnic groups. For example, maybe 70% of the people are female.



3. On the right-hand page opposite, under “Reflections / Questions,” draw what conclusions you can from your observations. What will you tell your supervisor about people living in Manitoba? How much variety is there? What seems to be the standard appearance?
4. Now step out of your alien persona, and examine the conclusions of the aliens against your own personal experience and prior knowledge of people in Manitoba. Under “Reflections / Questions,” note the differences between what the alien concluded and what you know.
5. These differences should demonstrate the danger of making conclusions with insufficient prior knowledge. It is this sort of lack of the full picture of complexity and diversity that leads to the construction of stereotypes. Reflect on and ask questions about how the alien would treat a real person living in Manitoba today (such as yourself) based on the preconceptions built during the study of the catalogue.

Lesson 3

Language

Language interacts with societal and cultural expectations in many ways. We will focus on how groups of people are named, by themselves and by others, and on how these names or categories affect what is expected of them and how they reflect the values of society.

Again in this lesson you will revisit the poem “Barbie Doll” and your play, and be introduced to another poem and two nonfiction pieces.

You will be given the opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes:



General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 1: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences

1.2.2 Explore various viewpoints and consider the consequences of particular positions when generating and responding to texts

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts

2.1.4 Use syntactic, semantic, graphophonic, and pragmatic cueing systems (especially semantic) to construct and confirm meaning and interpret texts

2.2.2 Respond personally and critically to ideas and values presented in a variety of Canadian and international texts

2.2.3 Examine how language and stylistic choices in oral, print, and other media texts accomplish a variety of purposes

2.3.3 Demonstrate understanding of how vocabulary and idiom affect meaning and impact; use appropriate vocabulary when discussing and creating texts

continued ...

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General Learning Outcome 3: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to manage ideas and information

- 3.2.3 Evaluate how perspectives and biases influence the choice of information sources for inquiry or research
- 3.2.5 Use knowledge of text cues, organizational patterns, and persuasive techniques to sort and relate ideas in extended texts; adjust reading and viewing rates according to purpose, content, and context
- 3.3.2 Summarize and record information, ideas, and perspectives from a variety of sources; document sources accurately
- 3.3.3 Evaluate information for completeness, accuracy, currency, historical context, relevance, and balance of perspectives

General Learning Outcome 5: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to celebrate and build community

- 5.1.3 Recognize and analyze how personal language use may create and sustain an inclusive community
- 5.2.2 Identify and examine ways in which culture, society, and language conventions shape texts.
- 5.2.3 Explain ways in which languages and texts express and shape the perceptions of people and diverse communities

Part 1

“Barbie Doll” Language

Language is used especially carefully in poetry because of poetry’s concentrated form — every word has to be precise and used toward a particular effect. In this part of the lesson, you will reread “Barbie Doll” by Marge Piercy, noticing the particular words she uses to describe the subject of her poem and the objects associated with her.

Learning Experience

1. On a new left-hand page of your Inquiry Log, under “Observations,” the title “Barbie Doll,” today’s date, and the subheading “Details of Language,” list all the descriptive words or adjectives used and what they describe in the poem. Look up any unfamiliar words in your dictionary.



2. On the right-hand page opposite, under “Reflections / Questions,” try substituting synonyms for these descriptive words; for example, “dolls that wet” rather than “dolls that did pee-pee.” Reflect in writing on the changes in meaning that result from the substitutions.
3. Also reflect in writing on the contrasts in the uses of language from verse paragraph to verse paragraph. What overall impressions are made in each? What differences are emphasized?
4. Still under “Reflections / Questions,” reflect on what this poem is saying about the societal expectations and values represented. What does the language imply about them?

Part 2

“the naming”

As mentioned in the previous lesson, the construction of stereotypes results from an incomplete knowledge of the complexity of people. One way commonly used to construct and maintain stereotypes is through naming, which will be the focus of the rest of this lesson.



The poem introduced in this part of the lesson, “the naming” by Canadian Aboriginal poet Connie Fife, was originally created for performance in the “Half Breed Series” at Grunt Gallery in Vancouver. The performance element is very evident in the chant-like rhythm of the refrain.

Learning Experience

1. Remove the poem “the naming” by Connie Fife from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence and add it to your Inquiry Log.
2. Read the poem several times, at least once aloud, and feel free to make notes, ask questions, underline or circle and connect key phrases, and so on directly onto the page as you read.
3. On a new left-hand page of your Inquiry Log, under “Observations,” the title of the text, and today’s date, note the names listed in the refrain, and any phrases or lines that strike you as particularly effective or connected to the names. Also note any images connected to voices, including singing, laughing, and crying.

4. On the right-hand page opposite, under “Reflections / Questions,” write any responses you have to your list of observations — questions, speculations about the meanings, connections, effects, and so on — of the naming of the speaker of the poem.
5. Still on the right-hand page, write an overall reflection on the effects that naming and stereotyping have had on the cultural identity of the speaker of this poem. What do people expect of her? How does she respond to these expectations?

Part 3

The Appropriation of Names as Cultural Symbols

As seen in the previous text, naming is part of the construction of culture and identity. This naming is done not only of people, but of commercial objects and franchises that become symbols of a culture.

The two texts in this part of the lesson present two very different perspectives on the meaning and effects of one dominant culture using the names of another in the construction of symbols. The first text is an excerpt from the book *The Imaginary Indian* by Daniel Francis, a non-Aboriginal historian and author. This book examines the construction of mainstream images of Aboriginal peoples in North American non-Aboriginal culture.

The second piece is written by Richard Wagamese, an Aboriginal columnist and novelist. His columns for the *Calgary Herald* examine a variety of issues around Aboriginal peoples and their relationships to the mainstream North-American culture.

Francis discusses the naming of the car Pontiac by General Motors and its role as a commercial icon, and Wagamese discusses the naming of sports teams and the possible implications.

Learning Experience

1. Remove the texts “Appropriating the Image” by Daniel Francis and “Fan Fun, Not Politics, is Behind the Tomahawk Chop” by Richard Wagamese from the *Forms* section of this sequence, and add them to your Inquiry Log.



2. As you read each text, note the key ideas and arguments in your Inquiry Log, on a new left-hand page under “Observations,” the title of the text, and today’s date.
3. On the right-hand page opposite, under “Reflections / Questions,” write your response to the two perspectives. Which perspective do you tend toward? What questions might you ask of each author to gain a deeper understanding and to form a more committed opinion? Which points do you find most persuasive?
4. Neither of the authors uses the information that a number of cars and sports teams are also named after animals, for example, the Mustangs or the Chicago Bears. What would the addition of this information do to the arguments of each text? to your opinion? Write your answers under “Reflections / Questions.”

Part 4

How Characters are Named in Drama

Names are chosen very deliberately by writers of drama and fiction to suggest certain qualities in a character or to symbolize a certain type of character. For example, in the play *Death of a Salesman*, the lead character’s name is Willie Loman — or “low man” emphasizing his low status on a social scale of success.

In this part of the lesson, you will look again at the play you are studying, paying particular attention to the names given to the characters, by the playwright, by themselves, and by each other. You will also reflect on what these names imply about what is expected of these characters in the society of the play.

Learning Experience

1. Skim through your play again, and on a new left-hand page of your Inquiry Log, under “Observations,” the title, today’s date, and the subheading “Names,” list
 - the names of the characters as given in the cast list
 - the names used by the characters when referring to themselves, and
 - the names used by characters to address and refer to each other

Note the circumstances under which characters are addressed using “pet” names, informal first names, and more formal titles such as *Mr.*, *Mrs.*, *Sir*, and *Madam*.

2. On the right-hand page opposite, under “Reflections / Questions,” choose at least two given names from your list and brainstorm any possible meanings or associations you can think of for each. For example, a name such as Cindy could conjure up images of Cinderella, cinders, or a doll you owned as a child. You can consult a name book if one is available.
3. Also under “Reflections / Questions,” speculate on what the names used in particular situations indicate about the societal values and expectations in the world of the play. What relationships among characters do they imply? Can characters be grouped according to how they are addressed? What do any contrasts or contradictions in naming practices imply about certain values such as honesty, respect, tolerance, and so on? Do any characters resist the naming, and the associated expectations, given them?
4. Write a brief overall reflection for this lesson. An old saying says, “Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names will never hurt me.” How important are names? How careful should you be in the naming of others?



Lesson 4

Behaviour

One final area of observation you will practise is that of the behaviour of characters and the rules guiding that behaviour. The categorization of people through naming and appearance sets up societal and cultural expectations for certain norms of behaviour. People in a particular group are expected to behave in particular ways, and breaking these norms of behaviour can have severe effects.

In this lesson, you will again revisit the poem “Barbie Doll” and your play, and you will be introduced to three short stories that highlight how societal expectations and values influence the behaviour of members.

You will be given the opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes:



General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 1: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences

1.2.2 Explore various viewpoints and consider the consequences of particular positions when generating and responding to texts

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts

2.1.1 Examine connections between personal experiences and prior knowledge of language and texts to develop understanding and interpretations of a variety of texts

2.1.2 Use and adjust comprehension strategies to monitor understanding and develop interpretations of a variety of texts.

2.1.3 Use textual cues and prominent organizational patterns to construct and confirm meaning and interpret texts

2.2.2 Respond personally and critically to ideas and values presented in a variety of Canadian and international texts

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General Learning Outcome 3: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to manage ideas and information

3.2.5 Use knowledge of text cues, organizational patterns, and persuasive techniques to sort and relate ideas in extended texts; adjust reading and viewing rates according to purpose, content, and context

3.3.2 Summarize and record information, ideas, and perspectives from a variety of sources; document sources accurately

General Learning Outcome 5: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to celebrate and build community

5.2.1 Identify various factors that shape understanding of texts, others, and self

5.2.2 Identify and examine ways in which culture, society, and language conventions shape texts

5.2.3 Explain ways in which languages and texts express and shape the perceptions of people and diverse communities

Part 1

Routine Behaviours

Part of what you observe in an ethnographic study is the routine behaviours of the subjects — what they do automatically and “naturally” without thinking. These “natural” everyday behaviours are the result of years of socialization and are not natural at all, but learned through social institutions such as the family and schools. Societal institutions powerfully influence behaviour at all levels, but perhaps most especially at this routine level. Therefore, routine behaviours say a lot about what a particular society considers important.

In this part of the lesson, you will read a story that highlights the learned rather than natural aspect of routine behaviour by representing a society with much different norms of behaviour than our own.

Learning Experience

1. Remove the story “Do You Want My Opinion?” by M.E. Kerr from the *Forms* section of this sequence and put it in your Inquiry Log.





2. As you read the story, on a new left-hand page of your Inquiry Log, under “Observations,” the title, and today’s date, note all of the routine, everyday behaviours of the characters, the things they do without question, knowing they are expected to do them.
3. In a separate list, still under “Observations,” note the actions and behaviours that are not “normal” in this society, but that tempt John and Lauren.
4. On the right-hand page opposite your observations, under “Reflections / Questions,” reflect on the differences between the society of this story and your own. What does each assume about exchanging ideas and about sexual behaviour? What is considered “nice” and respectful in each? Which set of assumptions and norms of behaviour is more natural or reasonable? Why do you think so?

Part 2

Societal Norms

Every society has **norms** of behaviour, ways the members of the society are expected to behave. Norms have been defined as “shared rules or guidelines that prescribe the behavior that is appropriate in a given situation” (Roberston, 57). Such norms are necessary to the smooth functioning of any society. Because they are important, there is pressure on people to conform to them. Specific norms and the amount of pressure to conform to them shift from place to place and over time. Despite the need for these norms, they are often restrictive to the development of a person. Every society has members who deviate from them; in fact, most members violate some norms occasionally.



In this part of the lesson, you will look at the poem “Barbie Doll” once more to determine the norms of behaviour operating in the society portrayed and to reflect on the effects of conforming to these norms.

Learning Experience

1. On a new left-hand page of your Inquiry Log, under “Observations,” the title of the poem, today’s date, and the subheading “Details of Behaviour,” note the various behaviours mentioned in the poem “Barbie Doll” by Marge Piercy. Note both what “she” does, and what she is advised to do.

2. On the right-hand page opposite, under “Reflections / Questions,” write any questions and reflections you have about this behaviour. What are the rules of behaviour that would elicit the particular advice given? What are the effects of conforming to these norms? Were the norms helpful or harmful?
3. Also on the right-hand page, reflect on how this girl would have developed and grown without the pressure to conform to the norms of her society. Speculate about why a society would want to prevent such a development.

Part 3

Breaking Norms

Within cultures there are smaller groups of people, or subcultures, and these too have norms or shared rules of behaviour that must be followed if one is to remain a member. These include organized groups such as clubs, classes, or sports teams, as well as less formal groups such as peer groups. Usually such groups are formed around shared interests and activities. The human needs to be popular and to belong are strong and so the pressure to conform to expectations of a group is powerful.

In this part of the lesson, you will read two works of short fiction about teens who belong to groups and feel pressure to conform to the norms or expectations of their groups. You will reflect on their experiences of trying to break the norms and leave their groups.

Learning Experience

1. Remove the stories “I Go Along” by Richard Peck and “The Code” by R.P. McIntyre from the *Forms* section of this sequence, and put them in your Inquiry Log.
2. As you read each text, note the groups or subcultures the narrators belong to, any norms or shared rules of behaviour of the groups, and the attempts made by the narrators to break the norms and leave the groups. Make these notes on a new left-hand page of your Inquiry Log, under “Observations,” the title of the text, and today’s date.



3. On the right-hand page opposite your observations, under “Reflections / Questions,” reflect on the behavioral expectations of the groups in the stories. Are they realistic? Are they fair? How important are the norms of the group (i.e., how strictly are they enforced?) How severe are the consequences of breaking them?
4. “I Go Along” ends with Gene having taken one big step outside of the expectations of his group. What do you think he will do next? Mike, in “The Code,” takes several drastic steps to leave his team. Do you think he succeeded? Write your speculations under “Reflections / Questions.”

Part 4

Dramatic Norms

As said previously, the norms of a society shift over time, and different societies have different norms. The society portrayed in your play is from a different time and place than here and now, and so the norms or expectations are quite different from those of our society.

Learning Experience

1. Review your play once more, and on a new left-hand page of your Inquiry Log, under “Observations,” the title, today’s date, and the subheading “Details of Behaviour,” note details of routine behaviours, the different groups characters belong to, the norms of each group, and any attempts to break the norms.
2. On the right-hand page opposite, reflect on the importance placed on various norms and what that implies about the values and expectations of the society. How serious are the consequences for violating norms? What are the effects?

Notes



Lesson 5

A Mini Virtual Ethnographic Study

In this lesson, you will bring together all that you have learned in order to do a virtual ethnographic study of a short text as practice for the next sequence. You will examine a culture through its artifacts, environment, appearance of members, language used to name and describe the culture, and the norms of behaviour for the culture.

You will have the opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes:

**General and Specific Learning Outcomes**

General Learning Outcome 1: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences

- 1.2.2 Explore various viewpoints and consider the consequences of particular positions when generating and responding to texts
- 1.2.4 Extend understanding by exploring and acknowledging multiple perspectives and ambiguities when generating and responding to texts

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts

- 2.2.2 Respond personally and critically to ideas and values presented in a variety of Canadian and international texts.
- 2.3.3 Demonstrate understanding of how vocabulary and idiom affect meaning and impact; use appropriate vocabulary when discussing and creating texts

General Learning Outcome 3: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to manage ideas and information

- 3.1.2 Formulate and revise questions to focus inquiry or research topic and purpose
- 3.2.2 Identify and discuss the purpose and usefulness of information sources relevant to particular inquiry or research needs.

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- 3.2.3 Evaluate how perspectives and biases influence the choice of information sources for inquiry or research
- 3.3.1 Organize and reorganize information and ideas in a variety of ways for different audiences and purposes.
- 3.3.2 Summarize and record information, ideas, and perspectives from a variety of sources; document sources accurately.
- 3.3.3 Evaluate information for completeness, accuracy, currency, historical context, relevance, and balance of perspectives
- 3.3.4 Explain the importance of new understanding to self and others; assess own inquiry and research skills

General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

- 4.1.1 Generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose

General Learning Outcome 5: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to celebrate and build community

- 5.1.3 Recognize and analyze how personal language use may create and sustain an inclusive community
- 5.2.1 Identify various factors that shape understanding of texts, others, and self
- 5.2.3 Explain ways in which languages and texts express and shape the perceptions of people and diverse communities

Part 1

Real versus Virtual

An **ethnographic study** is a study of a culture through a participant observer method, i.e., the researcher participates in the culture while observing various behaviours, rituals, language practices, artifacts, and so on. A **micro-ethnographic study** studies a very specific group for a limited amount of time.

ethnographic study: research done by immersion or participation in a culture to illuminate the patterns of that culture. A *microethnographic study* is one “focusing on a particular institution, group, or setting for a short period of time” (*S4 ELA A Foundation for Implementation, Appendices-17*).

There are certain differences between a “virtual” ethnographic study and a “real” one. In a real ethnographic study, you would interact with your subjects, which would affect how they appear and behave. In a real study, the constant taking of fieldnotes can be awkward and intrusive, making subjects self-conscious and aware of everything they do and say. There are also ethical considerations such as confidentiality — you need to decide whether it is right to tell what you find. In a virtual ethnographic study, you are in the position of an invisible observer who can watch and take notes without affecting the behaviour or appearance of the characters, and without hurting them.

However, you as reader are often more than just a fly-on-the-wall observer — you can also get inside the minds of select subjects, which is not possible in real situations where you must rely on interviews and interpretations of behaviour.

At the same time, you are not as free to observe whatever you want or to enter the minds of characters whenever you feel it is important — in fiction, the selection of details and incidents and thoughts provided for you is already made in the text itself. Just as in a real study you cannot be everywhere and cannot notice everything, in a virtual study you can observe only what is provided in the text.

One final difference between a real and a virtual ethnographic study is the role of your fieldnotes or written observations in your Inquiry Log. In a real study, the notes are needed to jog your memory when you come to write more complete entries and to draw conclusions about your observations. You cannot go back in time and re-experience an interesting incident. In a virtual study, if you forget some detail or want to observe an event a second time, you can reread the text. So your fieldnotes are not so much an aid to memory as a record of what you notice as you read and observe, and a way to organize details toward reflection and interpretation.

Despite these differences, you are going to conduct your virtual ethnographic studies in this lesson and in the next sequence following the model of a real ethnographic study as closely as possible. The “field work” you do will be reading the text. The “collaborator” or “cultural broker” in a real study would be an individual who is inside the culture being studied and who is willing to help you study the culture by providing background, introducing you to other subjects, and guiding you through important activities and events. In your virtual study, the cultural broker will be the character through whose **point of view** the story is told. The “fieldnotes” you take will be the observations of artifacts and environments, appearances, language, and norms of behaviour of the characters in the text, just as in a real study you would observe these things in your subjects. Rather than direct interviews with real subjects, as in a real study, you will attend to the speech and inner thoughts of the characters as given in the text.

Learning Experience

1. Begin a new section of your Inquiry Log. On a title page or index divider, title it “Mini Virtual Ethnographic Study of the Métis in ‘The Loons’ by Margaret Laurence.”
2. Write the heading “Observations” on each left-hand page and the heading “Reflections / Questions” on each right-hand page opposite.

Part 2

“The Loons” by Margaret Laurence

The story “The Loons” by Margaret Laurence is found in her collection of inter-related stories, *A Bird in the House*. You have already read the first four of these stories and so recall that they are narrated by Vanessa MacLeod, a girl living in the prairie town of Manawaka.

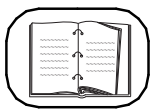
point of view: the perspective from which a narrative is told. It can be told by a character within the story in the first person (“I knew I should be afraid”), or told by a narrator outside the story in the third person (“She knew she should be afraid”). The perspective or point of view can be limited to one character or can be omniscient, knowing everything about everyone. For a more detailed outline of possible points of view, see Appendix L.



“The Loons” allows for a somewhat different way of conducting a virtual ethnographic study than will the novel in the next sequence. In this story, your cultural broker, Vanessa, is not really an insider or member of the culture under study, which is the Métis community of Wachakwa Valley. Rather, she is herself conducting something of a micro-ethnographic study, with the character Piquette serving as her, rather unwilling, cultural broker. So in this lesson you will be conducting your study second-hand, through Vanessa, which will allow you to see how the observations and interpretations made by the researcher are affected by her cultural background and assumptions. This will help you to recognize the way your own cultural background and assumptions will affect your observations and interpretations in your study in Sequence 6.

Learning Experience

1. On the left-hand page of your Inquiry Log, under “Observations,” write
 - My cultural broker — Vanessa MacLeod
 - Vanessa’s cultural broker — Piquette Tonnerre
 - Culture under study — Métis of Wachakwa Valley
2. On the right-hand page opposite, under “Reflections / Questions,” write any questions or predictions you have about how Vanessa’s perspective will colour the information gathered and the interpretations made. Include what you know of Vanessa from the previous stories as support for your predictions.
3. As you read “The Loons,” take careful notes and/or draw sketches of the following on the left-hand page of your Inquiry Log under “Observations”:
 - details of artifacts and environments that Vanessa associates with Piquette and her family
 - the appearance of Piquette and other members of her family as described by Vanessa and by Vanessa’s mother
 - the language used to name and describe Piquette and her family
 - the norms of behaviour under which Piquette lives — what is expected of her
 - the effects of breaking from behavioral norms on Piquette’s life



Include page references for the details noted. You can also write brief quotations from the text. Note your observations in the order you notice them in your reading — you will code and organize them later. Date your entries.

4. On the right-hand page opposite your observations, under “Reflections / Questions,” write about what you think the details say about the values and assumptions of the Métis culture and the Tonnerre family. Also reflect on how Vanessa’s perspective colours her, and so your, observations and interpretations. What doesn’t she see? What doesn’t she understand? Why does Piquette give her some information but not other information? How do Vanessa’s expectations of or assumptions about Piquette’s culture determine what she sees?
5. Read through your Inquiry Log entries and process the data:
 - Code your observations according to whether they are details of artifacts, environments, appearance, language, or behaviour. You can use letters or letter combinations such as A for artifacts, or symbols, or coloured self-stick dots.
 - Look for patterns, categories, and/or themes that connect the various observations. Does the environment support or work against the behaviour of the subjects? What connections are there between the artifacts and the languages used to describe the subjects? Map out these connections in your Inquiry Log.
 - Look for gaps in information — what is not told? Point these out on your map.
 - Speculate on how the information would have been different if Piquette was your direct and willing cultural broker i.e., if Piquette narrated the story.
6. At the end of this section of your Inquiry Log, write a one to two page commentary or reflection on your study. Follow these general guidelines:
 - a. Give the background of your study. Describe your method of observing the culture and the background knowledge and interest you brought to it.



- b. Find a central image or metaphor that expresses your interpretation of this culture or your view of the study itself. You could take this image from the artifacts or environments observed or choose one you feel connects your observations and interpretations in some overall frame. See Appendix K for Peter Elbow’s “Metaphors for Priming the Pump.”
- c. Make a few main points of interpretation and/or analysis about the culture studied and/or the study itself. These could be the points of connection or contrast you discovered while processing your data. You could also include your speculations related to the culture and/or the study. You do not need an authoritative tone — you can be tentative in your conclusions, since your information was limited.
- d. For each point, give the general context, and support it with excerpts from your fieldnotes. Explain how your observations led to your conclusion or interpretation. Connect each point to your central image or overall pattern of commentary.

This commentary is a short practice piece to prepare you for the larger assignment in Sequence 6. You do not need to take it through all the stages of the creative process — simply write an initial draft for practice.

Notes



Lesson 6

Assignment 6

In this final lesson of Sequence 5, you will complete an assignment based on some of the texts you have read in this sequence, and demonstrate what you have learned about societal and cultural expectations in a fun and creative way. You are to complete one of the four options provided.

Whichever option you choose, you will have the opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes:



General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 1: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences

- 1.1.1 Connect ideas, observations, opinions, and emotions through a variety of means to develop a train of thought and test tentative positions
- 1.1.5 Establish goals and plans for personal language learning based on self-assessment of achievements, needs, and interests
- 1.2.4 Extend understanding by exploring and acknowledging multiple perspectives and ambiguities when generating and responding to texts

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts

- 2.3.4 Experiment with language, visuals, and sounds to convey intended meaning and impact
- 2.3.5 Create original texts to communicate ideas and enhance understanding of forms and techniques

General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

- 4.1.1 Generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose
- 4.1.2 Select and use a variety of forms appropriate for content, audience, and purpose

continued ...

... continued

- 4.1.3 Select and use a variety of organizational structures and techniques and appropriate transitions in oral, written, and visual texts to communicate clearly and effectively
 - 4.2.1 Appraise own choices of ideas, language use, and forms relative to purpose and audience, and provide others with constructive appraisals
 - 4.2.2 Analyze and revise drafts to ensure appropriate content and to enhance unity, clarity, and coherence
 - 4.2.3 Use appropriate text features to enhance legibility for particular audiences, purposes, and contexts
 - 4.2.4 Use effective language, visuals, and sounds, and arrange ideas for emphasis and desired effect
 - 4.3.1 Select appropriate words, grammatical structures, and register for audience, purpose, and context
 - 4.3.2 Know and apply Canadian spelling conventions and monitor for correctness using appropriate resources; recognize adapted spellings for particular effects
 - 4.3.3 Know and apply capitalization and punctuation conventions to clarify intended meaning, using appropriate resources as required
- General Learning Outcome 5:** Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to celebrate and build community
- 5.2.2 Identify and examine ways in which culture, society, and language conventions shape texts
 - 5.2.3 Explain ways in which languages and texts express and shape the perceptions of people and diverse communities

You may find yourself achieving additional specific learning outcomes in an area such as inquiry (General Learning Outcome 3). If so, and especially if you feel these are outcomes which you haven't been demonstrating enough achievement of, add these to the "Assessment of Assignment #6" checklist in the spaces provided.

For example, you may have chosen to do a visual representation of the play *A Doll's House* and decided you needed more information on the clothing worn in that setting. You could then add specific learning outcomes such as 3.1.4, 3.2.2, 3.2.4, and 3.3.3.



Part 1

Choosing Your Assignment Option

Read through the options outlined below and the related appendices. Also review your “Goal Sheets” and your “Assessment” checklists from previous assignments to identify any gaps or needs you may have regarding achieving particular specific learning outcomes or broadening the variety of forms or language arts you’ve worked in. Take these needs as well as your personal interests and the resources available to you into consideration when choosing your assignment option.

Option 1: “G.I. Joe” Poem

Rewrite the poem “Barbie Doll” as “G.I. Joe,” adapting the expectations relating to artifacts, appearances, and behaviour, paying particular attention to the language used to describe each.

You may follow the form of the original poem closely, or you may choose to alter it quite radically. Use parallel images, ideas, and themes to create a parallel poem.

Ask yourself the following questions, and attempt to answer them in your poem:

- What toys are foisted upon boys during childhood, with what sorts of social, personal, and psychological implications?
- What kind of comment from a classmate can undermine a boy’s self-concept?
- What adolescent qualities that seem positive in a neutral context are the bane of a young boy’s existence?
- What would he feel obliged to apologize for or dismiss?
- What implicit advice does “everyone” give young men?
- What behaviours are they encouraged to engage in?
- What would make a boy’s good nature wear out, and what contrasting image would replace the fan belt?
- What ceremonial image of a young man would the undertaker create?

(General assignment and specific questions from Perrin, 84-85)



Option 2: Short Story

Write a short story modeled on the story “Do You Want My Opinion?” by M.E. Kerr, reversing some assumption of a behavioural norm in Canadian society (Nilsen, 86).

Brainstorm (with the help of your response partner if possible) a list of assumptions that all Canadians take for granted. What does everyone do “naturally” as if there is no other way? What kinds of behaviour are appropriate or “right”?

Choose one of these assumptions of a behavioural norm and reverse it — what is the opposite behaviour? What if this opposite behaviour was “natural” or normal for Canadians today?

Starting with this idea, create a short story that explores it. See Appendix L for guidelines on writing short fiction.

Option 3: Alien Report

Write an alien’s report on the culture of Manitoba based on the department store catalogue. Include brief sections on artifacts and environments, appearances of the people, language use, and behaviour, as well as a section of recommendations about how the aliens should respond to the expectations of Manitoban culture if they immigrate to Manitoba. See Appendix M for the format of an investigation report.

A report is generally a pragmatic form and so has a very clear audience and purpose. In this case, your audience is your supervisor and fellow aliens, and your purpose is to inform them about your findings and to recommend the appropriate behaviours in the event of alien immigration to Manitoba.

Option 4: Visual Representation

Create a visual representation of one cultural group constructed in the play you studied. Include representations of the artifacts, environment, appearance, behaviour, and language of the members.

This visual representation can be two-dimensional as in a poster, collage, concept map, or PowerPoint presentation, or it can be three-dimensional, as in an artifact box, report sack, model, clay sculpture, or diorama. See Appendix N for details on creating some of these forms.





Also write a short commentary on your visual representation, explaining why you chose the visuals you did, what they mean, and what your arrangement expresses about their relationship to each other.

If you choose to do this option, you may not want to submit your final product through the mail. Take photographs of it that clearly show the various elements, and submit the photos with your written explanation.

Whichever option you choose to do, you will work your way through all stages of the creative process as outlined in the “Map of General Learning Outcome 4” (Appendix A) and in previous sequences.

Part 2

The Creative Process

Review the creative process as outlined in previous sequences. Remember again that this is not a hard and fast linear process, but is individual to you the creator and to your particular project, and is recursive, meaning you can go back to earlier stages at any time.



A review of the stages as outlined in General Learning Outcome 4 and the possible tasks of each stage are given below:

1. Generate and Focus

- Brainstorm in lists or maps the various ideas you have.
- Examine a variety of examples of the form you have chosen.
- Review your notes in your Inquiry Log for ideas.
- Talk with your response partner about possible ideas.
- Draft or sketch a dummy copy of your piece, experimenting with organization and arrangement.

2. Enhance and Improve

- Look carefully at your draft or dummy copy with an eye toward improving it.
- Show your draft or dummy copy to your response partner, and ask for suggestions for improvement.
- Look specifically at the effectiveness of ideas, text features, language and visuals, and arrangement of ideas.
- Look over the “Assessment of Assignment #6” checklist.

3. Attend to Conventions

- After making all of your revisions and improvements, carefully proofread to ensure that you are following the conventions of grammar and usage, spelling, and capitalization.

Note: If you have chosen the visual representation option, this step applies to any words included on your piece, as well as to the written explanation accompanying it.

4. Present and Share

- Prepare your piece for submission to the Distance Learning Unit. Date and label it, and package it attractively. Show it off to friends and family before submitting it, if you like.

Assessment

Congratulations! You have completed Sequence 5 and will soon be able to move on to the rest of this course.

Before you do, you must

- complete a self-assessment of Assignment 6
- complete a checklist to make sure you have done all the work in this sequence
- submit all work from this sequence to the Distance Learning Unit

Assessment of Assignment 6

Remove the “Assessment of Assignment 6 — Option # ___ : _____” chart from the *Forms* section of this sequence.

This assessment form corresponds to the one your tutor/marker will use. You will both assess your achievement of the targeted specific learning outcomes according to the following five-point scale.



Rating Scale				
0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work does not show evidence of this specific outcome, or evidence of specific learning outcome is incomplete 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work does not meet the expectations identified in the specific learning outcome for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> (work is below range of expectations for Grade 11) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work demonstrates minimal expectations identified in the specific learning outcome for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work meets expectations for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> (work demonstrates the specific learning outcome) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work demonstrates maximum expectations for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i>

Rate your performance on each outcome as it applies to your assignment, using the rating scale. Place a checkmark in one box for each line.

Checklist: Sequence 5

Remove the “Checklist: Sequence 5 — Societal and Cultural Expectations” chart from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence. Complete the checklist to make sure you have completed all of the work required for Sequence 5. As you check each item, make sure that it is labelled with the appropriate lesson and assignment name. To help you keep track of your work in this course, you can write the completion date in the blank for each assignment.

Your tutor/marker will also check to make sure that you have submitted all work for this sequence **before** marking Assignment 6.

Preparing for Submission of Sequence 6

Steps

- Complete the checklist to make sure all of your work is complete.
- Make sure all of your work pages are correctly labelled and ordered.
- Assemble your work as follows:
 - (Top) Checklist for Sequence 5
 - Work pages / Inquiry Log
 - Assignment 6 — Option # ____
 - (Bottom) Assessment of Assignment 6 — Option # ____

Note:

Send Sequence 5, hand-in assignments to:

Distance
Learning Unit
500-555 Main
Street
P.O. Box 2020
Winkler, MB
R6W 4B8



**Include
Checklist**

Sequence 5
Forms

“Barbie Doll”*

This girlchild was born as usual
and presented dolls that did pee-pee
and miniature GE stoves and irons
and wee lipsticks the color of cherry candy.
Then in the magic of puberty, a classmate said:
You have a great big nose and fat legs.

She was healthy, tested intelligent,
possessed strong arms and back,
abundant sexual drive and manual dexterity.
She went to and fro apologizing.
Everyone saw a fat nose on thick legs.

She was advised to play coy,
exhorted to come on hearty,
exercise, diet, smile and wheedle.
Her good nature wore out
like a fan belt.

So she cut off her nose and her legs
and offered them up.
In the casket displayed on satin she lay
with the undertaker’s cosmetics painted on,
a turned-up putty nose,
dressed in a pink and white nightie.
Doesn’t she look pretty? everyone said.
Consummation at last.
To every woman a happy ending.

*Reprinted from *Circles on the Water* by Marge Piercy. Copyright © 1982 Marge Piercy. Reproduced in accordance with the Pan Canadian Schools/CANCOPY Copyright Licence Agreement (1999-2004).

Metrics*

Expecting to arrive at a crowded village
I land on a little rocky island
as a kind of star boarder
in charge of an Eskimo family
and English is not spoken here
At first I think it must be
the place I'm supposed to arrive at and
the facsimile I'd made beforehand didn't match
the real thing
 tho it has
 the same sky and the same sea
as the place in my head
Feeling unsure of myself
I take a fast count of the population
(14 Eskimos 1 white man some dogs)
as a rational measure to make sure
I'm not a computer with built-in defects
 but a man
with heavy loneliness included
for which there seems no answer
And the brown children peer out
 behind
 small
 snotty
 faces
with secret rules to their games
the hunter breaks out a torn spare tent
his wife sews with a hand machine
among stones and
 into
 it an
 raise east
we wind

*Reprinted from *North of Summer: Poems from Baffin Island* by Alfred Purdy. Copyright © 1967 McClelland and Stewart Limited. Reproduced in accordance with the Pan Canadian Schools/CANCOPY Copyright Licence Agreement (1999-2004).

while a blind husky bitch
sniffs at my heels
Now the pictures in my head
of what I'd expected things to be like
start to come true
 bones everywhere
even inside the tent
that swells in wind like a heart
 trying to break
loose from flesh and
pieces of animal carcass around
yellow blubber in cold sunlight
a white whale's body in shallow water
on the beach with blood
like smoke
 drifting
 from the beast face
another island 200 yards away
covered with gaunt starving dogs
climbing the crags like goats apparently
left there for the Arctic summer
to survive or not survive
My lost feelings begin to simmer down
to a take what comes attitude
tho I set up the portable typewriter
on a cardboard box in the tent
for an 'order of things'
 I can stay outside
or join in case of desperation
 and eat some beans
and try to decide if all this is a poem
Brief Arctic twilight
 darkens the stone island
something neither day nor night begins
blue water loses what makes it alive
shadows aren't shadows but proxy things
 that represent things

and I wonder what I represent
(– some husting of the soul?)
Here I'm alone as I've ever been in my life
a windup gramophone scratching out "You Are
My Sunshine"
 in the next tent
the sea crowded with invisible animals
the horizon full of vague white shapes
of icebergs in whispering lagoons where
Old Squaw ducks are going
 "ouw-ouw-ouw"
And I think to the other side of that sound
I have to
 because it gathers everything
all the self-deception and phoniness
of my lifetime into an empty place
and the RUNNER IN THE SKIES
I invented
 as symbol of the human spirit
 crashes like a housefly
my only strength is blind will
 to go on
I think to the other side of that sound
 "ouw-ouw-ouw"
to the point where I know some damfool ducks
are having a ball out there
 far out
 there
where I can't join them
and really it isn't really it isn't
the echo of cosmic emptiness at all
(really it isn't!)
and start typing
Slaughter Beach (Brown's Harbour)

Props Chart 1

Play Title _____ Date _____

Props	Actions	Lines

Props Chart 2

Play Title _____ Date _____

Props	Actions	Lines

Analyzing Outcomes

Name _____ Date _____

Outcome:	
Key Words & Questions:	Responses: My Understandings
Goals Related to this Outcome (What is expected of me in this assignment?):	

The Art of the Ponytail*

My crowning glory is a war zone. Every day I wake up prepared to do battle, to fight both for and against the enemy that lies on top of my head.

For years, I clashed with my hair. I struggled to make it mind my fingers. I flip-flopped over the best direction to take with it. From outside sources, I got the message: If my hair didn't look good (to them), I wasn't any good. My hair dictated whether I went out or not. On days that my hair acted up, the TV kept me company. According to movies, my beloved television, my classmates and even my neighbors, a proper hairstyle not only completed the package, but defined and delivered it.

When my hairstyle differed from the elaborate norm, my classmates and peers viewed me as unacceptable. My search for simple hairstyles in the realm of celebrities, newscasters, billboards and family proved futile. Even perusing the aisles for hair care products bombarded me with the idea of change and improvement. To me, the presence of so many products equaled the vast amount of work I needed to do. I've since learned the mechanics of supply, demand and trickery, but at the time, I felt besieged. I became hard pressed to find products for women that stressed simple hair maintenance. Finally, I waved my flag and surrendered to a simpler style that has become my trademark: the basic ponytail.

The war is far from over, though. I may be perfectly content with my usual hairstyle (or lack thereof), but other folks are not. It seems like everybody has an opinion when it comes to my hair. You'd think they'd have more to worry about than the state of my tresses. Yet, I can hardly make it through the day without people offering unsolicited, Nike-esque advice: *Just do it.*

Still, I understand the fascination with hair—at least intellectually. African Americans have a rich “hair-story” that directly relates to our identity. Aside from my skin coloring, my hair tattletales that some “creeping” was done with a person of black African descent in my family. African Americans come in all shades, but those sporting my hair texture are clearly marked “black.” This physical mark bears ancestral significance. In African societies, hair told your story. Hair transcended style: It conveyed status and condition. So depending on how your hair was braided, twisted or otherwise adorned, your hair could signify age, marital status, mood and community affiliation. That I choose not to decorate my head in braids or ornaments signals, perhaps, some form of disrespect to my heritage, an abandonment of my literal and figurative roots.

I'm not the only one obsessed with hair. Studies show that African Americans spend seven to ten times more money annually on hair care than any other racial or ethnic group. Throughout her various novels and essays, Zora Neale Hurston discussed our “will to adorn.” Cultural critic

*Reprinted from *Adios, Barbie* by Ophira Edut (ed.). Copyright © 1998 Seal Press. Reproduced in accordance with the Pan Canadian Schools/CANCOPY Copyright Licence Agreement (1999-2004).

Pearl Cleage states that “you can’t be a black woman writer in America and not talk about hair.” And, after all, hair is woven through much of modern African-American folklore and rites of passage.

For me, it wasn’t so much the “good” hair vs. “bad” hair debate among African Americans (good hair being the silky tresses usually found on my fair-skinned compadres; bad hair meaning the kinky, tightly curled hair that I call mine). Left to nature, my hair is coarse and thick, but it’s also wavy. I’ve even been told that I have a “good” grade of the “bad” stuff. I’ve spent time unlearning the implications of good and bad hair. I mean, it’s silly—how can hair be good or bad? Plain and simple, if the characteristic of a whole group of people is devalued—be it facial features, body shape or whatever—that group is devalued. If I carry the image of “bad” hair with me, then I walk around believing that I was created wrong. Still, this self-defeating notion has scarred me, because it has shaped my understanding of my physical image, caused me pain and continues to color the lens in which the world views me.

During my childhood, Saturdays belonged to the beauty shop. When I was younger, my grandmother did my hair in her kitchen. I watched cartoons as she placed a hot comb through my locks and scolded me when I wiggled in my seat. I listened to her tell colorful stories as her fingers artfully twisted my hair. Later, I accompanied my mother to her favorite salon in the heart of Cleveland, where women lined the chairs to have their hair washed, pressed, curled, relaxed and braided. I saw women handling real business against a backdrop of music, gossip, steam and oil sheen. I encountered professional women, housewives, teachers and women from other walks of life. This world of hair belonged to us—young and old. I discovered the latest news, saw the recent fashion trends, ate delicious, home-cooked food and heard grown folks’ talk. In that arena, I felt safe. I enjoyed this nurturing ritual and scarcely noted the tugging and twisting. I bonded with my grandmother and my mother and flourished in the company of the women in the shop. I had a standing appointment somewhere other than school and my house. At age ten, I had a life.

Today, the most compelling excuse I have for sticking with the simple ponytail is that I simply have no hair ability. I cannot do my hair. My vision of my hair (prior to any attempt) never lives up to the reality (the aftermath). I can play a pretty mean “Greensleeves” on the piano, hit a softball, hold my own with a calculus equation and write a thesis on the Japanese economy. However, the day after a hair appointment, I can’t re-create the French rolls, the perfect curls or the shiny finger waves that adorned my head twenty-four hours before. Short of hiring a personal beautician on a daily basis or borrowing my brother’s baseball caps, the ponytail is the only solution.

Now that I’ve dethroned myself from the beautician’s chair, I admit that at times I feel left out of an important black woman’s bonding ritual. As I got older and started trekking to the salon solo, I just stopped enjoying the process. Maybe it was the fear of a sizzling hot pressing comb conducting business less than an inch from my nervous neck. Or maybe it was when my head became a pawn in a game of tug of war called braiding. Or when I returned home sore and

bruised from the battlefield, I mean, the beauty shop. Contrary to popular belief, I don't eagerly await the slap of no-lye (a big lie) relaxer to the beast sprouting on top. The smells and the waiting, the tugs and the pulls are really just unappealing. Reminiscent of an unfortunate trip to the clinic, the question "Are you burning?" plain scares me. Somehow, it seems perverse to apply the old adage "no pain, no gain" to hair care. Plus, it takes time to "do" my hair. Depending on the style, the process can take two days. That's a time commitment I can't always pledge my allegiance to, especially if the rewards last only until bedtime. So please forgive me if I don't rush to the nearest shop every month.

Maybe my ponytail comes off as a lack of self-expression or personal care. To many black women, hairstyles are a source of pride and beauty, evident by the intricate asymmetrical cuts, the vibrant colors and the crisp curls. I think that's wonderful, and in some ways, I feel the same about my hair. However, a mindless or excessive pursuit of vanity concerns me. Besides, keeping up with Patti, Janet and Brandy costs. Faced with other debts, *sans* the diva income, investing hard-earned cash into disappearing 'dos seems downright ridiculous. But many women gladly fork over their last fifty to look the part.

I'll admit that the pressure got to me once. I buckled for a while and tried to align myself with the cute ones. In the span of seven months, this poor, college-education-seeking soul witnessed the worst case of inflation this side of the Atlantic. The price of my mandated monthly visits jumped from \$30 to \$67.50 in the blink of my pretty brown eyes. I decided to retire from the salon circuit, convinced it was literally becoming too much for me. Yet, in the name of beauty, other sisters will scrimp and scrape to get their weaves in, their "kitchens" touched up and their hair braided while neglecting other, more pressing bills.

Aside from our underlying connection to hair, I can't comprehend what drives African-American women to be so heavily invested in our hair. After careful thought, I kicked around three plausible explanations.

First, black folks reject the Barbie image, and then end up buying into it anyhow. Only "Aunt Thomasinas" subscribe to the dictate of straight blond hair and blue eyes, right? Wrong. Let's face it, we've become accustomed to envisioning Eurocentric ideals. The prevalence of black people who espouse ideas about good and bad hair proves that the notion of inferiority still plagues African Americans. Though we know how to shake what our mamas gave us, we may find it difficult to shake what time and tradition have taught us.

Second, there's that strong black women thing. Black women are heralded as the strongholds in our families. We keep the faith and the appearance of strength. I guess some of us use our looks to cover our pain. If I look like a million bucks (or like I paid a million bucks), then maybe I can fool the rest of the world (or myself) into thinking that my life is balanced and wonderful.

Third, those disappearing black men. I shudder to say it, but it's true. Many of us have bought into the idea that it's all about men—pleasing them, getting them, keeping them. I feel as if I've overdosed on the myth of the decent African-American male shortage. And the oft-cited lower

marriage rates among black women can make the average heterosexual sister reach for the nearest curling iron. Deep down, we might even believe that we must be in a perpetual state of artificial fineness to attract men. Under this assumption, all women become competition. The prize (men) amounts to short-term rewards that must be continuously protected from our true states.

Allow me to get this straight. To get a man, I need to beautify myself by any means necessary—including starving and having my power/telephone/hot water shut off in favor of phat hairstyles? To keep that man happy, I need to be overly beautiful at all times (read: in perpetual need of outside assistance)? To keep that man from straying, I must be more beautiful than the rest? It’s all so disgustingly shallow. Whatever the reason for looking good at all costs, to me the end result is not worth it.

I suppose that the time and attention some devote to their hair is a form of pride, a product of their creativity. Art can be powerful. Hair used as a medium conducts power as well. Bill Gaskins, professor of African Studies at the University of Missouri and creator of the photobook *Good and Bad Hair*, calls hairstyling “one of the most dramatic and diverse expressions of black self-love and acceptance.” Hairstyles convey messages alluding to class, identity, politics and mood. Hair directly reflects personality. I believe that my ponytail speaks of my casual nature: This particular pony belongs to a nonsuperficial individual. For some reason, others get a picture of carelessness or low self-esteem. Perhaps it suggests immaturity unless of course, the tail flows down to your tail. After all, pigtails are often sighted on elementary school playgrounds. I’ll concede that the pony supports my little girl look, but no more than my baby face, small size and high voice. My hair is unique and pretty regardless of the style. I am happy with the strands that adorn my crown. Yet, whether I like it or not, African-American hairstyles have complex implications.

Black women’s hair care is on a cultural see-saw. It’s not enough to have your hair nicely styled; the method of styling may be called into question. As I ride the pendulum between relaxed hair and its natural state, I consistently attempt to find the overlooked middle ground. The book *The Color Complex* describes how the political implications of our hair mirror the implications of skin color. On an intraracial level, we use hair to base judgments on class, consciousness and lifestyle. In her essay “Oppressed Hair Puts A Ceiling on the Brain,” Alice Walker suggests that straightening one’s hair is a sign of oppression. In subsequent works, she writes how natural hair releases “anger, hatred or self-condemnation.” Tulani Kinard, author of *No Lye*, echoes Walker’s sentiments. She contends that it is impossible for processed hair to be healthy. Thus, those sporting such unhealthiness limit their freedom and hinder their spirituality. Those who choose to relax, texturize or get jherried are accused of faking the funk. Scholar and writer Gloria Wade-Gayles sees an activist with straight hair as a “contradiction.” Some harsher critics will even go so far as to claim that these folks are trying to be white. To them, people without their natural kinks trade in their African connection in exchange for American acceptance. These politically incorrect styles seem to cater to societal pressures.

Clearly, those making the choice to be “happy nappy” are in the minority. As a result, they probably receive teasing and harassment about their hair decisions. Many with natural hairstyles can recall shameful childhood memories as well as recent ones of feeling too nappy by nature. They often face criticisms of being unrefined, unhygienic, low class and ugly. Alternatively, they are accused of being militant, lesbian or out of touch with the times. Just as claims of uncleanness and poverty are stereotypical and inaccurate, the concept of displaying sexual orientation or achieving righteousness with hairstyles is ignorance at its best. Granted, dreadlocks and braids often signify a spiritual undertaking and may indicate an enhanced cultural awareness. However, an overall indictment of Black Power indoctrination and holistic health practices are hardly applicable to all. I’m convinced that hearing constant reminders that the 1970s are over can be disheartening and insulting to my afro-wearing sisters.

As in the hair care industry, the decision to go straight can be all about the Benjamins—getting them. Tamed hair opens economic opportunities. In plain English, jobs are easier to get with straight hair. Of course, recent legislation outlaws hair discrimination. Nevertheless, a quick review of history shows that this holds little weight in the corporate world. Although I may have a legitimate case of hair discrimination, I’d have a snowball’s chance to prove it before I got the job. In *Hair Raising*, Noliwe Rooks recounts her grandmother’s politics of acceptance. Her grandmother understood America “as a place where power had to be finessed as well as met head on, in confrontations . . . straightening my hair would give me an advantage in the world.” Her hair would be one less battle to fight.

Whatever the style or method, black women sport brilliant hair creations that are worthy of museum exhibits. As a collective, we are extremely innovative in the manner of our appearance. According to Gaskins, our hair expressions, regardless of the hairstyles chosen, “amount to an unconscious adaptation of traditional African hair adornment.” By ancestral recall, Africa stamps all of those styles. Given the wide range of black people throughout the world, we need to expand our boundaries of acceptance. Blackness is not (and should not be) defined totally by a hairstyle. I believe there is room for all our expressions.

Gradually, my ponytail has evolved into a few variations, which are just as quick and easy. Sure, I engage in the fantasy of having naturally fine hair flowing down my back like my great-grandmother and grandmother. But when I look in the mirror, I automatically smile at the image reflected back. For now, I’m satisfied with my ponytail. It’s an art that I’ve perfected, at least in my own eyes.

I’m not equating my ponytail with a political statement. Just a personal one. However, given the complicated nature of hair, I guess this, in itself, is political. I decided that there was no need to enter the ever-changing black beauty pageant. I’ll forego making the choice between a fickle and false beauty standard and a showy display of fake consciousness. I choose to focus on the real. I don’t feel the need to look outside myself for sources of affirmation. When you see me, recognize that a true image of beauty is standing in front of you. My image of beauty.

At Home in My Body: an Asian-American Athlete Searches for Self*

I learned at a young age, as most multiracial people do, to interpret the motives behind squinting stares, furrowed brows and perplexed finger snapping. “What are you?” was an inevitable and tiring question, usually asked by complete strangers. And it was always a toss-up whether they were genuinely interested, or just frustrated that they couldn’t figure it out themselves.

A guy once approached me and asked, more bluntly than some, with a bunch of his buddies looking on. Of course, I knew what he was getting at, but I didn’t give him the satisfaction until he clarified his question. It turned out that he and his friends had been debating my ethnicity, and they were all waiting to hear. I am lots of things, and although being half Filipino is an important one of them, it is certainly not the sum total of who I am.

It’s not that I mind discussing my ethnicity—my parents are both part Filipino and a mixture of other ethnicities, and I’m used to explaining my racial makeup. What I do mind is the naive expectation that my ethnicity alone satisfies such a weighty question. Some say that attention from curious people should be flattering. Personally, I’d much rather be recognized for my accomplishments.

Being around people who were born with similar physical features doesn’t necessarily make me feel at home. Even in designated Filipino spaces, like Filipino clubs or the introductory Tagalog language course I took in college, I have still felt out of place. Surrounded by peers who grew up immersed in Filipino traditions, foods and culture, it was obvious that we didn’t have the same experiences. They were taking refuge in the familiarity of the culture, while I was only becoming familiar with it. What could I do? I came from an assimilated family. My father was in the military and we moved frequently, making it hard for me to establish roots. We rarely lived in places with any significant Filipino presence. Like most biracial people, I was destined to be a minority no matter where I went, and I grew accustomed to life without a predetermined community.

Then, I joined my college crew team. Crew, or rowing, is an intensely physical, team-oriented sport. Ironically, it also has a history as an old money, old boys’ sport. By the time I joined the team, that reputation had changed and Title IX, a 1972 federal mandate legislating gender equity in sports, was finally beginning to take effect and make sports more accessible to women.

Later, Title IX made women’s crew at my school a varsity sport, but when I joined the team my freshman year of college, it was still a club sport. This meant that anyone could join—you didn’t have to be a star athlete to row, and I was glad. I didn’t want to be judged before I had even decided completely that crew was something I wanted to try. All of us who showed up to join the team had little in common at the time, as far as we knew. But what held us there was

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the one thing we did share: our willingness to try something out, to approach a challenge—without knowing how long, how tough or how rewarding the journey would be.

There was something else that made me stay, even after I discovered that I'd have to commit to regular 5:00 A.M. practices, intensive weightlifting and out-of-state weekend competitions. It was the dawning of the notion that I fully *belonged* somewhere. Crew is a team sport if there ever was one, and I carved myself a niche in the team. It was like a community—everyone had to be in perfect sync with one another to move the long, eight-person boats we raced in. And before I could train my muscles to swing, contract and release with such precise timing, I had to understand my body and what it could do. I had to know who I was as a person, and how I worked best. Practice was never just physical; I was never *just* pumping iron or moving water. I made that boat rip through the water with my legs pounding and my arms burning because I knew that I *could*.

I had to build strong relationships of trust and understanding with my teammates, or my efforts would be in vain. I had to be acutely aware of my power. In this intense team environment, I was not an outsider, but an essential component of a well-oiled machine. Swaggering in the gym, rowing through the mist in the morning, working out past exhaustion, I was an active part of creating a new culture — the culture of my team.

By the end of the first season, I started to look like a rower. My shoulders were broader; I could see my back muscles. Now, people responded to me with a different curiosity. Once, when I was wearing a sleeveless shirt, a man told me I had “swimmer’s shoulders” and asked if I swam competitively. The questions about my ethnicity still came up, but now I had a convenient response. *What are you?* An athlete. *What’s your ethnic background?* Half Filipino, and the other half is Italian, Canadian, Spanish, Welsh, Danish and Scottish.

At the same time that other people’s attitudes toward my body changed, so did mine. Fueled by the confidence of my new identity, I became less focused on the way my body looked and more concerned about what it could do. At practice, I lifted weights until muscle failure. I had a growing collection of medals. I realized that I was at my best when I was proving myself wrong about what I could do. People took me seriously as an athlete because I took myself seriously.

I noticed a change in my teammates’ attitudes about themselves, too. One year my boat won at a national championship regatta. After the race, we got out of the boat, in sweaty spandex uniforms, to stand on the medals dock for photographs. Some of the women bursting with pride next to me were the same ones who, earlier that season, were mortified that they had to race in spandex. They used to run to the pile of loose clothing as soon as we got off the water. That day everyone was just proud. After a while, it was easy to stop critical thoughts. *So what if my thighs are big? They can lift a hundred pounds more than my body weight.*

In a women’s studies class I took, we talked about the idea of women “being” bodies rather than merely possessing bodies. A reading suggested that women were taught to separate their identities from their bodies, which distorted their self-image.

Before I became an athlete, I would have disagreed. I possessed a body, an appearance, that often belied my cultural identity. I was too many things mixed together to just “be” one of them. There was more to me than what you could see. To me, being a body suggested that I should

have an easy definition of myself, a phenomenon that occurred only after I started rowing. Then, my body became more and more indicative of who I was.

At the same time, though, my success as an athlete has depended on a slight separation between my mind and my body. To reach my goals, my mind had to be convinced that my body could do the impossible. Athletic records would never be broken if we all just did what our bodies were comfortable with. I don't believe that extraordinary athletes simply have extraordinary physical capabilities. They also have to know themselves and their limits well. Separating mind from body in the appropriate context, in my case, has led to a better union between the two. I've learned that the limits of my body's strength are as fluid as my ethnic identity. As soon as I discover a limit in people's expectations—or in my own—it pushes me harder to break past it into new terrain.

Moreover, being an athlete has taught me that I must know myself—inside and out—to succeed. I must know where my limits are in order to break them; I've never let my ethnicity stop me from challenging myself, so why should I let anything else? With nothing holding me back, and with teammates pushing me forward, it was only natural to break one more barrier by becoming a serious athlete. And when I graduated, I bought a single scull so that I could keep rowing as a part of my life even after I left my “community.”

Being an athlete is now my single most defining identity. Not everyone has to be aware of it, just as not everyone has to be aware that I'm half Filipino. I've realized that what shapes who I am—what gives me my self image—may not always be outwardly recognizable. But now I'm sure of how I see myself, and this perspective will stick with me. Just as being born half Filipino will always be part of my identity, so will the way I feel about myself and what I can do because I'm an athlete. Even if I never compete or train as rigorously as I once did, I will always be an athlete. My crew team is where I really planted roots of my own for the first time. I chose this community. It was the first time the decision was completely my own.

I'll never know for sure what the next person will see when they look at me. Filipino, white, Latina, mixed? Swimmer, rower, volleyball player? Will they look to my skin tone or my muscle tone for a clue? It's anyone's guess. But when I'm out on the water rowing, and the creases and the colors deepen on my shoulders, I'm satisfied to see how well I've defined myself.

The High Cost of Chasing Slimness*

The first time I made myself vomit, I was 18 years old.

I had just eaten a bag of chips and a dinner of macaroni and cheese. Feeling stuffed and guilty, I stuck my toothbrush down my throat (as I'd seen a woman do on the TV movie-of-the-week) and purged my meal. I forced myself to throw up because, after eating highly caloric foods, I thought I would gain weight and get fat.

I didn't anticipate how easy it would be. Whenever I was "bad" and ate something fattening, all I had to do was purge, and *voilà*—no more calories. For two years, this is how I regulated my food intake. Thinking that every calorie counted, I weighed myself two to three times a day. At 5 foot 6 and 110 pounds, I was afraid of getting fat.

I was exhibiting the first signs of bulimia, an eating disorder that afflicts thousands of young women (and a few men) across Canada. The effects of this serious disease include dehydration, tooth erosion, electrolyte imbalance, abnormal heart rhythm and death.

When I began purging, I had just started my undergraduate year at McGill University in Montreal, three thousand miles from home. Always a hard-working student, I thought I would be well-prepared for the competitiveness of university life.

Little did I know that my studies were only a small part of the competitive atmosphere. I quickly learned that to be successful I had to be not only smarter than the others, but better-looking—and thinner. To make a good impression, I needed a quick, aggressive mind and a cover-girl body.

Because of the stress of trying to live up to these lofty goals, I binged on junk food. And because of the goals themselves, I purged my food.

I no longer binge or purge my meals. My education in women's studies, experience in women's groups and the support of my family has helped me to feel comfortable with my body. However, I am one of the lucky ones. Many young women don't realize the extent of their problem and are unable to stop the cycle of guilt and denial.

Of my female friends and family members, four have openly admitted having had bulimia, and I believe two others have some form of eating disorder. One of these women has lost so much weight that she is hardly recognizable, yet she still cannot admit she has a problem.

All six women have at least one trait in common: a university education. All have bachelor's degrees, one is working on a master's and another is working on her PhD. These women know what an eating disorder is.

So why do they do it? Because today, for young women in high school and university, it is not enough to be at the top of the class; they must also be at the bottom of the weight scale.

The recent documentary film *Talk 16* perfectly illustrated this phenomenon. The top achiever from the group of teenage girls who were interviewed was a straight-A student, musically gifted

*Public domain.

and outspoken in her opinions. When questioned about her body (which was well below average in weight), she responded by pinching a tiny bit of skin on her stomach, and saying she was fat and wanted a flatter stomach. Ironically, this 16-year-old had the body that the 25-year-old bulimic dies for.

It is frightening to see the lengths to which people will go in this desire for thinness. Just last night, standing in line at the grocery store, I overheard a thin little girl say to her friend that she couldn't eat any ice cream because she had to go on a diet. This girl couldn't have been more than eight years old!

It is commonplace now for grade school children to be on diets, even though relatively few are overweight by medical standards. How are these dieting pre-teens going to react to their maturing bodies in puberty? Through the complaints of Mom and other female adults, they learn at an early age to dread the development of curvaceous hips and thighs. So you can bet they will work hard, through continued dieting, to prevent the onset of puberty.

Why aren't women satisfied with their natural body types? Where are the realistic role models?

Seven years ago, actress and fitness guru Jane Fonda was enlightening the world with her new insight into the female psyche. She talked about the pressures that women (including herself) feel to conform to certain images of thinness. Because these images have nothing to do with our real selves, we can never be satisfied with our bodies. She implored us to stop thinking about food as an enemy and to start loving our bodies as they are.

Sadly, Ms. Fonda hasn't been able to accept her own words of wisdom. She recently underwent surgery to enlarge her breasts.

Young women receive these kinds of mixed messages all the time. A glance through *Glamour* or *Cosmopolitan* will reveal the extremely thin models with their unnaturally large breasts who, we are often told, take university courses on the side. It's pretty tough to compete with perfection.

The prevalence of eating disorders among young women cannot be ignored. We must understand the extent of this problem and talk about it with friends and family. We must listen to the young women around us and recognize the destructive and unreal expectations they place on themselves. Only then can we begin to replace the ideal image of the body, and learn self-acceptance—even with that extra inch . . . or two.

Documentary Viewing Guide

Video _____ Date _____

Content	Visuals	Soundtrack

the naming*

half blood
half breed
squaw
princess mini ha ha
 voices caught between my bones
 writhe and twist between my joints
 following years of my being force fed by crow
 i push them up afraid of death by drowning
half blood
half breed
squaw
princess mini ha ha
 i place in my pockets two hands
 one brown one white (both callused)
 i pull out words sung in ceremony
 turning them over in my palm
 examining their faces (re-examining my own)
half blood
half breed
squaw
princess mini ha ha
 there were songs sleeping in my throat
 throughout my school years
 whenever the history books tried to rape me
half blood
half breed
squaw
princess mini ha ha
 i stayed drunk an entire summer
 determined to go back to a place i'd never been
 traveling through my corridors
 caught in the grip of an ugly poem
half blood
half breed

squaw

princess mini ha ha

helen betty osborne's killers got off

i live in a country run by murderers

no wonder i cried for hours when i turned thirty

i still don't care about my father being french

half blood

half breed

squaw

princess mini ha ha

where i come from you can still hear the dinosaurs

moving slowly toward the other side of the world

once a year i go back to sniff out their trail

its still clear despite the roads and cities

half blood

half breed

squaw

princess mini ha ha

there's a painted feather in my beaver top hat

that i wear to remind myself to laugh

folks are let down when i tell them its pigeon

pedestals are boring and the ordinary is where the sacred sits

half blood

half breed

squaw

princess mini ha ha

i don't want to live in a teepee

not when my apartment's warm

with heat and the smell of fresh ground coffee

i'd rather book into a local hotel to remember who i am

half blood

half breed

squaw

princess mini ha ha

voices caught between my joints

they cry out with each new poem

knowing that i'll go on living

long after they are dead

Appropriating the Image*

ONE DAY, for REASONS now forgotten, I found myself wondering why General Motors had chosen to name one of their cars Pontiac. It seemed a strange choice, on the face of it: as most North Americans learn in school, Pontiac was a leader of the Ottawa people who forged a grand alliance of tribes to drive the English from the interior of America. From 1763 to 1765, he led the Native people in assaults on several forts. “And as for these English,” he reportedly told his followers, “these dogs dressed in red, who have come to rob you of your hunting grounds, and drive away the game, you must lift the hatchet against them. Wipe them from the face of the earth . . . “Hardly the kind of sentiment designed to win favour in the boardrooms of corporate America.

Curious, I wrote to General Motors, and their public relations department sent me a package of information celebrating the career of Pontiac, described therein as “the greatest Indian Chief of all time,” and an “outstanding figure in the history of the American Indian. No individual of that race ever attained the distinction and power that Pontiac did.”

Yes, but didn’t he also lead a rebellion against White civilization, the very civilization epitomized by the automobile? General Motors was blind to the anomaly. In 1925, when the Pontiac was introduced, there can be little doubt that GM simply wanted to identify a new product with speed, power and the force of nature, attributes long associated with Indians. Pontiac was a well-known Indian; his name would lend the car exactly the image the company was seeking—let the historians worry about the details.

The point is not that General Motors presented a false image of Pontiac. That may or may not be. The point is that the company appropriated an actual historical character and turned him into a commercial icon of the industrial age. A figure who once led an unprecedented resistance against White civilization is now a symbol of that civilization. An important part of Native history is at once trivialized and domesticated.

Pontiac is not an isolated example. He represents, in fact, a final stage in the creation of the Imaginary Indian. Not only are Indian images used to represent what non-Natives think about Indians, they are appropriated by non-Natives as meaningful symbols of their own culture.

Fan Fun, not Politics, is Behind the Tomahawk Chop*

I love baseball. Love it as much now as I did when the smell of dirt, grass, sweat and the leather of my favorite glove shared my pillow and my dreams. I love it with the passion of a young boy chasing flyballs on those purple summer evenings that seemed to stretch out forever.

I love my people, too, Love them with the passion of a young man who lived his early life in cultural exile. I love them as much as one can love a group of people who lead you back to yourself, to your history and your roots.

That's why the hullabaloo over Atlanta Braves fans' Tomahawk Chop during the World Series was such a difficult thing to dissect. It's understandable that a large percentage of native people might find the image of 60,000 fans chopping away with Styrofoam tomahawks an offensive racial slur. It's understandable that they would want it stopped. The idea of such a gesture possibly denigrating an ethnic minority isn't a difficult one to grasp, given the massive battles Indians have waged over the years to cancel out the stereotypes.

But what's difficult to understand is the obvious shortsightedness of the main proponents for axing the Tomahawk Chop. First, the fact that the Braves—and include here the Kansas City Chiefs, Chicago Black Hawks, Cleveland Indians, Washington Redskins, Florida State Seminoles, etc.—would adopt a moniker derivative of native North Americans is the highest form of compliment. No one in the sporting world would consider naming their organization after anyone or anything construed to be a loser. They saw qualities in the aboriginal people that epitomized winners: loyalty, persistence, resilience, competitiveness, fairness and pride. As sporting philosophy goes, they believe their teams would be imbued with these qualities and hence more competitive, successful and marketable.

There are no Savages, Pagans, Wagon Burners, Brown Hordes or Grunters anywhere in sports. There are simply majestic, capable and respectable titles that imply nations of winners, not whiners.

As a young boy—albeit a hard-core Red Sox fan—I never once construed a denigrating image as I scanned the statistics of the Indians or the Braves. Only in later years did I join those who insisted that Atlanta's notorious Chief Nockahoma be retired to The Happy Bunting Grounds, as it were.

Secondly, as nations of people professing an eternal commitment to traditions and the right to perpetuate them, it seems strangely hypocritical for aboriginal advocates to insist that the sporting franchises abandon theirs.

Everywhere in Indian country, groups are bent on preserving the traditions that spawned their vibrant cultures. Their involvement in the Canadian Constitution squabble is based entirely on their respect and concern for preservation of tradition.

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Asking sporting franchises to abandon their traditions—some 50 to 60 years old—seems like a virtual reversal of their own hassles with governments and besmirches their credibility.

Thirdly, it's just a game, folks. Baseball evokes such a passionate response from players and fans alike that, for a lot of us, it defies any semblance of reason or rationale. It's a big party line of fandom, and the Styrofoam tomahawks of Atlanta are simply an extension of the towels of Vancouver or the sea of red at the Saddledome. They are props and symbols of being a part of it all.

I seriously doubt that a survey of Braves fans would reveal even one who would reply. "Oh yes. I'm waving this large red toy as indication of my desire to but Indians in their place. I'm here for political reasons—baseball's just a convenient vehicle."

It's a game and it extends far beyond the realm of politics into that strange world of passion, frivolity and joy that is sports, now and forever. To denounce a harmless motion like a Tomahawk Chop is to denounce the little child in all of us who lives for games, sunshine and laughter.

I love baseball. For me, and that little boy who lives inside me, it will remain forever an open field, sunshine, that chalky smell of dust, the electric feel of a bat meeting an inside fastball, cheers, hot dogs and a team from Beantown.

And I love my people, too. For me, they always will be proud, humble, spiritual people with eyes the brown of the land and the hearts that echo the heartbeat of the universe. A loving people who help me continue to define myself.

And no Tomahawk Chop could ever separate me from that.

EAGLE FEATHERS: To the Dallas Cowboys, Minnesota Vikings, Edmonton Eskimos, et al for complimenting different groups with their monikers.

John isn't sure how to relate to girls. What's worse, he has thoughts he knows he shouldn't have. Being a teenager in his kind of society is becoming increasingly difficult. He may even be on the brink of losing control. . . .

Do You Want My Opinion?*

The night before last I dreamed that Cynthia Slater asked my opinion of *The Catcher in the Rye*.

Last night I dreamed I told Lauren Lake what I thought about John Lennon's music, Picasso's art, and Soviet-American relations.

It's getting worse.

I'm tired of putting my head under the cold-water faucet.

Early this morning my father came into my room and said, "John, are you getting serious with Eleanor Rossi?"

"Just because I took her out three times?"

"Just because you sit up until all hours of the night talking with her!" he said. "We know all about it, John. Her mother called your mother."

I didn't say anything. I finished getting on my socks and shoes.

He was standing over me, ready to deliver the lecture.

It always started the same way.

"You're going to get in trouble if you're intimate, John. You're too young to let a girl get a hold on you."

"Nobody has a hold on me, Dad."

"Not yet. But one thought leads to another. Before you know it, you'll be exploring all sorts of ideas together, knowing each other so well you'll finish each other's sentences."

"Okay," I said. "Okay."

"Stick to lovemaking."

"Right," I said.

"Don't discuss ideas."

"Dad," I said, "kids today—"

"Not nice kids. Aren't you a nice kid?"

"Yeah, I'm a nice kid."

"And Eleanor, too?"

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“Yeah, Eleanor, too.”

“Then show some respect for her. Don’t ask her opinions. I know it’s you who starts it.”

“Okay,” I said.

“Okay?” he said. He mussed up my hair, gave me a poke in the ribs, and went down to breakfast.

By the time I got downstairs, he’d finished his eggs and was sipping coffee, holding hands with my mother.

I don’t think they’ve exchanged an idea in years.

To tell you the truth, I can’t imagine them exchanging ideas, ever, though I know they did. She has a collection of letters he wrote to her on every subject from Shakespeare to Bach, and he treasures this little essay she wrote for him when they were engaged, on her feelings about French drama.

All I’ve ever seen them do is hug and kiss. Maybe they wait until I’m asleep to get into their discussions. Who knows?

I walked to school with Edna O’Leary.

She’s very beautiful. I’ll say that for her. We put our arms around each other, held tight, and stopped to kiss along the way. But I’d never ask her opinion on any subject. She just doesn’t appeal to me that way.

“I love your eyes, John,” she said.

“I love your smile, Edna.”

“Do you like this color on me?”

“I like you in blue better.”

“Oh, John, that’s interesting, because I like you in blue, too.”

We chatted and kissed and laughed as we went up the winding walk to school.

In the schoolyard everyone was cuddled up except for some of the lovers, who were off walking in pairs, talking. I doubted that they were saying trivial things. Their fingers were pointing and their hands were moving, and they were frowning.

You can always tell the ones in love by their passionate gestures as they get into conversations.

I went into the Boys’ room for a smoke.

That’s right, I’m starting to smoke. That’s the state of mind I’m in.

My father says I’m going through a typical teenage stage, but I don’t think he understands how crazy it’s making me. He says he went through the same thing, but I just can’t picture that.

On the bathroom wall there were heads drawn with kids’ initials inside.

There was the usual graffiti:

Josephine Merrill is a brain! I’d like to know her opinions!

If you’d like some interesting conversation, try Loulou.

I smoked a cigarette and thought of Lauren Lake.

Who didn't think of Lauren? I made a bet with myself that there were half a dozen guys like me remembering Lauren's answer to Mr. Porter's question last week in Thoughts class.

A few more answers like that, and those parents who want Thoughts taken out of the school curriculum will have their way. Some kid will run home and tell the folks what goes on in Porter's room, and Thoughts will be replaced by another course in history, language, body maintenance, sex education, or some other boring subject that isn't supposed to be provocative.

"What are dreams?" Mr. Porter asked.

Naturally, Lauren's hand shot up first. She can't help herself.

"Lauren?"

"Dreams can be waking thoughts or sleeping thoughts," she said. "I had a dream once, a waking one, about a world where you could say anything on your mind, but you had to be very careful about who you touched. You could ask anyone his opinion, but you couldn't just go up and kiss him."

Some of the kids got red-faced and sucked in their breaths. Even Porter said, "Now, take it easy, Lauren. Some of your classmates aren't as advanced as you are."

One kid yelled out, "If you had to be careful about touching, how would you reproduce in that world?"

"The same way we do in our world," Lauren said, "only lovemaking would be a special thing. It would be the intimate thing, and discussing ideas would be a natural thing."

"That's a good way to cheapen the exchange of ideas!" someone muttered.

Everyone was laughing and nudging the ones next to them, but my mind was spinning. I bet other kids were about to go out of their minds, too.

Mr. Porter ran back and kissed Lauren.

She couldn't seem to stop.

She said, "What's wrong with a free exchange of ideas?"

"Ideas are personal," someone said. "Bodies are all alike, but ideas are individual and personal."

Mr. Porter held Lauren's hand. "Keep it to yourself, Lauren," he said. "Just keep it to yourself."

"In my opinion," Lauren began, but Mr. Porter had to get her under control, so he just pressed his mouth against hers until she was quiet.

"Don't tell *everything* you're thinking, darling," he warned her. "I know this is a class on thoughts, but we have to have *some* modesty."

Lauren just can't quit. She's a brain, and that mind of hers is going to wander all over the place. It just is. She's that kind of girl.

Sometimes I think I'm that kind of boy, and not the nice boy I claim to be. Do you know what I mean? I want to tell someone what I think about the books I read, not just recite the plots.

And I want to ask someone what she thinks about World War II, not just go over its history. And I want to . . .

Nevermind.

Listen—the heck with it!

It's not what's up there that counts.

Love makes the world go round. Lovemaking is what's important—relaxing your body, letting your mind empty—just feeling without thinking—just giving in and letting go.

There'll be time enough to exchange ideas, make points—all of it. I'll meet the right girl someday and we'll have the rest of our lives to confide in each other.

“Class come to order!” Mr. Porter finally got Lauren quieted down. “Now, a dream is a succession of images or ideas present in the mind mainly during sleep. It is an involuntary vision . . .”

On and on, while we all reached for each other's hands, gave each other kisses, and got back to normal.

I put that memory out of my poor messed-up mind, and put out my cigarette.

I was ready to face another day, and I told myself, Hey, you're going to be okay. Tonight, you'll get Dad's car, get a date with someone like Edna O'Leary, go off someplace and whisper loving things into her ear, and feel her soft long blond hair tickle your face, tell her you love her, tell her she's beautiful . . .

I swung through the door of the Boys' room, and headed down the hall, whistling, walking fast.

Then I saw Lauren, headed right toward me.

She looked carefully at me, and I looked carefully at her.

She frowned a little. I frowned a lot.

I did everything to keep from blurting out, “Lauren, what do you think about outer space travel?” . . . “Lauren, what do you think of Kurt Vonnegut's writing?” . . . “Lauren, do you think the old Beatles' music is profound or shallow?”

For a moment my mind went blank while we stood without smiling or touching.

Then she kissed my lips, and I slid my arm around her waist.

“Hi, John, dear!” She grinned.

“Hi, Lauren, sweetheart!” I grinned back.

I almost said, “Would you like to go out tonight?” But it isn't fair to ask a girl out when all you really want is one thing.

I held her very close to me and gently told her that her hair smelled like the sun, and her lips tasted as sweet as red summer apples. Yet all the while I was thinking, Oh, Lauren, we're making a mistake with China, in my opinion. . . . Oh, Lauren, Lauren, from your point of view, how do things look in the Middle East?

Like poetry? Are you kidding? Not in Mrs. Tibbetts's second-period class. . . .

I Go Along*

Anyway, Mrs. Tibbetts comes into the room for second period, so we all see she's still in school. This is the spring she's pregnant, and there are some people making some bets about when she's due. The smart money says she'll make it to Easter, and after that we'll have a sub teaching us. Not that we're too particular about who's up there at the front of the room, not in this class.

Being juniors, we also figure we know all there is to know about sex. We know things about sex no adult ever heard of. Still, the sight of a pregnant English teacher slows us down some. But she's married to Roy Tibbetts, a plumber, who was in the service and went to jump school, so that's okay. We see him around town in his truck.

And right away Darla Craig's hand is up. It's up a lot. She doesn't know any more English than the rest of us, but she likes to talk.

"Hey, Mrs. Tibbetts, how come they get to go and we don't?"

She's talking about the first-period people, the Advanced English class. Mrs. Tibbetts looks like Darla's caught her off base. We never hear what a teacher tells us, but we know this. At least Darla does.

"I hadn't thought," Mrs. Tibbetts says rubbing her hand down the small of her back, which may have something to do with being pregnant. So now we're listening, even here in the back row. "For the benefit of those of you who haven't heard," she says, "I'm taking some members of the other English class over to the college tonight, for a program."

The college in this case is Bascomb College at Bascomb, a thirty-mile trip over an undivided highway.

"We're going to hear a poet read from his works."

Somebody halfway back in the room says, "Is he living?" And we all get a big bang out of this.

But Mrs. Tibbetts just smiles. "Oh, yes," she says, "he's very much alive." She reaches for her attendance book, but this sudden thought strikes her. "Would anyone in this class like to go too?" She looks up at us, and you see she's being fair, and nice.

Since it's only the second period of the day, we're all feeling pretty good. Also it's a Tuesday, a terrible TV night. Everybody in the class puts up their hands. I mean everybody. Even Marty

Crawshaw, who's already married. And Pink Hohenfield, who's in class today for the first time this month. I put up mine. I go along.

Mrs. Tibbetts looks amazed. She's never seen this many hands up in our class. She's never seen anybody's hand except Darla's. Her eyes get wide. Mrs. Tibbetts has really great eyes, and she doesn't put anything on them. Which is something Darla could learn from.

But then she sees we have to be putting her on. So she just says, "Anyone who would like to go, be in the parking lot at five-thirty. And eat first. No eating on the bus."

Mrs. Tibbetts can drive the school bus. Whenever she's taking the advanced class anywhere, she can go to the principal for the keys. She can use the bus anytime she wants to, unless the coach needs it.

Then she opens her attendance book, and we tune out. At five-thirty that night I'm in the parking lot. I have no idea why. Needless to say I'm the only one here from second period. Marty Crawshaw and Pink Hohenfield will be out on the access highway about now, at 7-Eleven, sitting on their hoods. Darla couldn't make it either. Right offhand I can't think of anybody who wants to ride a school bus thirty miles to see a poet. Including me.

The advanced-English juniors are milling around behind school. I'm still in my car, and it's almost dark, so nobody sees me.

Then Mrs. Tibbetts wheels the school bus in. She's got the amber fogs flashing, and you can see the black letters along the yellow side: CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL DIST. She swings in and hits the brakes, and the doors fly open. The advanced class starts to climb aboard. They're more orderly than us, but they've got their groups too. And a couple of smokers. I'm settling behind my dashboard. The last kid climbs in the bus.

And I seem to be sprinting across the asphalt. I'm on the bus, and the door's hissing shut behind me. When I swing past the driver's seat, I don't look at Mrs. Tibbetts, and she doesn't say anything. I wonder where I'm supposed to sit.

They're still milling around in the aisle, but there are plenty of seats. I find an empty double and settle by the window, pulling my ball cap down in front. It doesn't take us long to get out of town, not this town. When we go past 7-Eleven, I'm way down in the seat with my hand shielding my face on the window side. Right about then, somebody: sits down next to me. I flinch.

"Okay?" she says, and I look up, and it's Sharon Willis.

I've got my knee jammed up on the back of the seat ahead of me. I'm bent double, and my hand's over half my face. I'm cool, and it's Sharon Willis.

"Whatever," I say.

"How are you doing Gene?"

I'm trying to be invisible, and she's calling me by name.

"How do you know me?" I ask her.

She shifts around. "I'm a junior, you're a junior. There are about fifty-three people in our whole year. How could I not?"

Easy, I think, but don't say it. She's got a notebook on her lap. Everybody seems to, except me.

"Do you have to take notes?" I say, because I feel like I'm getting into something here.

"Not really," Sharon says, "but we have to write about it in class tomorrow. Our impressions."

I'm glad I'm not in her class, because I'm not going to have any impressions. Here I am riding the school bus for the gifted on a Tuesday night with the major goddess girl in school, who knows my name. I'm going to be clean out of impressions because my circuits are starting to fail.

Sharon and I don't turn this into anything. When the bus gets out on the route and Mrs. Tibbetts puts the pedal to the metal, we settle back. Sharon's more or less in with a group of the top girls around school. They're not even cheerleaders. They're a notch above that. The rest of them are up and down the aisle, but she stays put. Michelle Burkholder sticks her face down by Sharon's ear and says, "We've got a seat for you back here. Are you coming?"

But Sharon just says, "I'll stay here with Gene." Like it happens every day.

I look out the window a lot. There's still some patchy snow out in the fields, glowing gray. When we get close to the campus of Bascomb College, I think about staying on the bus.

"Do you want to sit together," Sharon says, "at the program?"

I clear my throat. "You go ahead and sit with your people."

"I sit with them all day long," she says.

At Bascomb College we're up on bleachers in a curtained-off part of the gym. Mrs. Tibbetts says we can sit anywhere we want to, so we get very groupy. I look up, and here I am sitting in these bleachers, like we've gone to State in the play-offs. And I'm just naturally here with Sharon Willis.

We're surrounded mainly by college students. The dean of Bascomb College gets up to tell us about the grant they got to fund their poetry program. Sharon has her notebook flipped open. I figure it's going to be like a class, so I'm tuning out when the poet comes on.

First of all, he's only in his twenties. Not even a beard, and he's not dressed like a poet. In fact, he's dressed like me: Levi's and Levi's jacket. Big heavy-duty belt buckle. Boots, even. A tall guy, about a hundred and eighty pounds. It's weird, like there could be poets around and you wouldn't realize they were there.

But he's got something. Every girl leans forward. College girls, even. Michelle Burkholder bobs up to zap him with her flash camera. He's got a few loose-leaf pages in front of him. But he just begins.

“I’ve written a poem for my wife,” he says, “about her.”

Then he tells us this poem. I’m waiting for the rhyme, but it’s more like talking, about how he wakes up and the sun’s bright on the bed and his wife’s still asleep. He watches her.

*“Alone,” he says, “I watch you sleep
Before the morning steals you from me,
Before you stir and disappear
Into the day and leave me here
To turn and kiss the warm space
You leave beside me.”*

He looks up and people clap. I thought what he said was a little too personal, but I could follow it. Next to me Sharon’s made a note. I look down at her page and see it’s just an exclamation point.

He tells us a lot of poems, one after another. I mean, he’s got poems on everything. He even has one about his truck:

“Old buck-toothed, slow-to-start mama,”

something like that. People laugh, which I guess is okay. He just keeps at it, and he really jerks us around with his poems. I mean, you don’t know what the next one’s going to be about. At one point they bring him a glass of water, and he takes a break. But mainly he keeps going.

He ends up with one called “High School.”

*“On my worst nights,” he says, “I dream myself back.
I’m the hostage in the row by the radiator, boxed in,
Zit-blasted, and they’re popping quizzes at me.
I’m locked in there, looking for words
To talk myself out of being this young
While every girl in the galaxy
Is looking over my head, spotting for a senior.
On my really worst nights it’s last period
On a Friday and somebody’s fixed the bell
So it won’t ring:
And I’ve been cut from the team,
And I’ve forgotten my locker combination,
And I’m waiting for something damn it to hell
To happen.”*

And the crowd goes wild, especially the college people. The poet just gives us a wave and walks over to sit down on the bottom bleacher. People swarm down to get him to sign their programs. Except Sharon and I stay where we are.

“That last one wasn’t a poem,” I tell her. “The others were, but not that one.”

She turns to me and smiles. I’ve never been this close to her before, so I’ve never seen the color of her eyes.

“Then write a better one,” she says.

We sit together again on the ride home.

“No, I’m serious,” I say. “You can’t write poems about zits and your locker combination.”

“Maybe nobody told the poet that,” Sharon says.

“So what are you going to write about him tomorrow?” I’m really curious about this.

“I don’t know,” she says. “I’ve never heard a poet reading before, not in person. Mrs. Tibbetts shows us tapes of poets reading.”

“She doesn’t show them to our class.”

“What would you do if she did?” Sharon asks.

“Laugh a lot.”

The bus settles down on the return trip. I picture all these people going home to do algebra homework, or whatever. When Sharon speaks again, I almost don’t hear her.

“You ought to be in this class,” she says.

I pull my ball cap down to my nose and lace my fingers behind my head and kick back in the seat. Which should be answer enough.

“You’re as bright as anybody on this bus. Brighter than some.”

We’re rolling on through the night, and I can’t believe I’m hearing this. Since it’s dark, I take a chance and glance at her. Just the outline of her nose and her chin, maybe a little stubborn.

“How do you know I am?”

“How do you know you’re not?” she says. “How will you ever know?”

But then we’re quiet because what else is there to say? And anyway, the evening’s over. Mrs. Tibbetts is braking for the turnoff, and we’re about to get back to normal. And I get this quick flash of tomorrow, in second period with Marty and Pink and Darla, and frankly it doesn’t look that good.

The Code*

You could almost taste the blood as coach Lamb slammed a stick against the wall. “Skate!” he screamed, “Cut their legs off!” He threw the stick onto the floor. “You do that, and you’ll win.”

And we did. And we won.

We took our winning everywhere. We were used to getting our way. So to celebrate our first place finish, we went to *Dezzie’s*, a nightclub. Some of us were already inside when there was a commotion at the door. We investigated. The bouncer had asked one of the team for ID.

The sound of a beer bottle breaking against someone’s skull is not like you hear it in the movies. Nor is the sound of his head hitting the ice-coated pavement. And you never see the shards of glass mingled with blood, beer and hair on frozen snow. You know he is still alive because he is blowing small red bubbles through his nose.

And when the police come, you say nothing. You saw nothing. Not because you are afraid of ending up like the bouncer on the sidewalk, but because there is a code: *No one tells on a teammate*. And you are on the team.

I am on the team. My grandfather watches. “Good game,” he says, “just have fun,” he says. It does not matter if we win or lose. He stands at the corner of the rink. He is always there. It does not matter how cold it is. It does not matter that he is not alive. He is always there.

Coach Lamb has called a meeting. We are supposed to have a practice tonight but it has been cancelled. It’s just him and us—he doesn’t even let D’Arcy in the room and D’Arcy’s the trainer who never misses a thing.

“All right guys.” He steps between the hockey bags strewn about the dressing room. His head is down—thinking of the right words to say—his finger is to his lips. “Close the door, Mike.”

I close the door.

“Now we’ve been through a lot this year. We’ve won the division, and now we’re going to playoffs. I’m proud of you. It’s not every year I get to do this. It takes a special kind of chemistry. And this team—you—have got that chemistry. There’s no reason why we can’t go all the way.”

A couple of the animals give a half-hearted “Yeah!”

Coach Lamb looks at them. They look down between their feet. He continues.

“But what happened the other night, never should have happened. I don’t care if you went out and had a few drinks to celebrate and I don’t even care if you give some guy a knuckle sandwich—that’s going to happen from time to time—but I draw the line at trying to put a beer bottle into someone’s head! That is where I draw the line. That is criminal activity. And I don’t support criminal activity—this team does not support criminal activity.

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“Now I don’t care which one of you did that, I don’t even want to know—that’s not why I called this meeting because as far as I’m concerned, you’re all guilty! Every one of you is guilty—even those of you who weren’t there, *because you should have been there*. Whether you were there or not, you get tarred with the same brush. So don’t any of you go thinking you’re better than anybody else, because you’re not. None of you.

“What I’m going to do right now is I’m going to leave this room with you in it. And you’re going to decide among yourselves what you’re going to do about this thing. It’s all up to you. Whatever decision you come up with—that’s it. You got to live with it. For the rest of your lives.”

Coach Lamb nods, “For the rest of your lives.” With that, his eyes stop at two or three people in the room. One of them is me. It’s just for a split second, but there’s a look in his eyes that does not fit. It’s not right. He grunts as he pushes open the door and leaves.

We all sit there, staring up or down or at blank spaces on the wall. No one looks at the guy who did it, even though we all know.

Jay, our captain, feels like he’s got to break the ice. “So now what?” he says.

The words rattle around the room. No one says anything. But one of the rookies, Chris, fidgets like something inside him is trying to get out. Finally, he speaks.

“I think the guy who done it should own up.” Chris is one of the guys who was not there that night.

“We’re all in it together,” says Jay. “You heard the coach.”

“They’re going to find out anyway—sooner or later,” says Chris.

“Yeah? Who’s going to tell, you?” taunts Jay.

Chris does not answer. He just fidgets some more.

“I didn’t think so,” says Jay.

What follows is a long silence. We are all thinking *there is no way out of this*. We are all wishing “the guy who done it” would indeed own up. But he isn’t saying anything. He is a team player.

Up to now, it’s been fun. The whole season has been fun. It’s been fun because we’ve been winning. There is nothing like it. To be on a winning team. And we are used to winning, we have become accustomed to being better than everyone else. Even when we occasionally lose, we know we are better—superior. That is because *we make losers*.

Kyle whispers something to Chris. Chris shrugs his shoulders. You can almost see a little bubble of an idea rise above their heads.

“What are you guys talking about?” asks Jay.

“Nothing,” says Kyle.

“Nothing?” Jay is not ready to let this little bubble go unburst.

“Kyle thinks we should get a lawyer.”

Everyone looks up, first at Chris and Kyle, then at Jay.

Jay nods, “Yeah,” he says real slow, “good idea.”

The whole room comes to life, like this is the answer to everything—water to the thirsty. A lawyer. A team of lawyers. That will take care of the situation. Let justice take its course. Justice says that winners will win. And, of course, we are all winners.

Jay calls the coach back into the room and as he enters it suddenly occurs to me what I saw in his eyes, because I see it again. It is pure joy. Happiness. We are truly a team. We will do anything to win.

“Lawyers, eh?” says coach Lamb. “Okay, lawyers it is,” he smiles, “but I got a question for you.” He looks around the room. “Who’s going to pay for them? Who’s going to pay for the snakes to get you off the hook? I tell you one person who is not going to pay for them. I’m not going to pay for them. It’s your decision. You are going to pay for them. Your parents are going to pay for them, or whoever else you can con. But not me. I’m just doing my job with you guys. So then, that’s your decision.”

“That’s our decision,” says Jay.

“Good . . . I only got one more thing to say. A good team overcomes adversity. A good team meets all the challenges, a good team finds a way to win. That’s what we’ve done all year, and that’s what we’re going to continue to do—that’s what we have to do—because if we don’t, they are going to cut our legs off. Okay? You got that? So, let’s put this behind us then. Only a good team can become a championship team.”

The room cheers. Or, rather, the people in it do—the room is actually very quiet. The room knows.

“I did it,” I mumble.

“What?” Coach Lamb is stunned.

“I did it,” I say louder.

“You did *what?*” demands the coach.

“I hit the guy with the beer bottle,” I say.

The coach looks at me. “Did you,” he smiles, “alone?”

I nod. “On the head,” I add.

Coach Lamb looks around the room. “Mike says he hit the guy with a beer bottle. On the head. I want to ask the rest of you guys if Mike did this alone. I want you to think very carefully if Mike did this alone, because if Mike is part of the team—Mike couldn’t have done it alone.”

Again, coach Lamb looks around the room. Like he is searching. “I personally find it very difficult to believe that Mike did this *alone*.”

An air vent, which has been blasting hot air into the room all this time, shuts off. It is suddenly very quiet. You can hear Coach Lamb breathing.

Chris looks up. The Rookie. He stares the coach in the eye.

“I did it,” says Chris.

The coach raises his eyebrows.

“I did it,” says Jay, the captain.

The coach looks at him.

“It was me,” says Kyle.

The coach opens his mouth.

“No, I did it,” says the next guy. And so on, all around the room.

Then they all cheer. Again.

Coach Lamb smiles openly.

We lose the first game in the playoffs.

Grandpa is still standing at the corner of the rink.

“It’s not a game anymore,” says coach Lamb, “it’s a fight. It’s a fight to prove that you’re the best. That you can overcome any obstacle to prove that you’re the best. Don’t worry about anything off the ice. That’ll take care of itself.”

He is referring to the fact that a court date has been set for a preliminary hearing. It has been set for after the playoffs. The lawyer and the judge are team players.

Grandpa had been a judge.

Even though Grandpa was lying in his hospital bed, hooked up to machines that kept track of his feeble heartbeats, he still watched hockey. When he wasn’t watching it, he was reading about it. When he wasn’t reading about it, he was talking about it. He couldn’t get enough. It was a year ago during the Stanley Cup playoffs and some of the dark horses—teams that no one expected anything from—were doing pretty well. I said as much.

“*Teams* don’t make it to the NHL,” he said, “*individuals* do. The only problem is, you got to be part of a team and that’s a tricky thing because *it can beat you up.*”

I didn’t hit the guy because he did anything to me personally or because I was defending myself or even because he insulted me. I hit him because he was insulting the team. That’s why I hit him.

Nobody quits a hockey team. You get hurt or traded, or maybe waived. But not now, not at this time of year when you are in the playoffs. It’s unheard of. And if you did want to quit, you would never say, “I want to quit.” No, you would not say that. You would use the code. Every team has a code. On our team the code is this: *I want the key to the stick room.*

I screw up my courage. I go to the coach’s office. I knock on the door.

“Come in,” says the coach.

“I want the key to the stick room,” I say.

Coach Lamb looks up from some paperwork he is doing. He slides his glasses down his nose. “Mike,” he says, “don’t bother me now. And close the door when you leave.”

I am not ready for this abrupt dismissal. I am stunned. I turn and leave. I close the door.

The thought occurs, *I will go to D’Arcy.*

I find him in the laundry room. He is sorting sweaters. However, before I can open my mouth, he ambushes me, accusing me of theft.

“Where’s the stick saw?” he says as soon as he sees me. He is very attached to the stick saw, largely, because it seems to go missing when he wants it most. He carries it with him, along with the med bag, almost everywhere he goes.

“I don’t know,” I say.

“Well you had it last.”

“No I didn’t.”

“Yes you did. I saw you doing three sticks in a row.”

“That wasn’t me, that was Kyle.”

“Well where the hell is *he*?”

“How should I know?”

“I’m sick of buying stick saws for you guys. You want a stick saw, buy your own!”

“I didn’t take your stick saw!”

“What the hell do you want then?”

“The coach says to give me the key to the stick room.”

“Bullshit,” says D’Arcy. “If he wanted you to quit, he’d tell me.”

People always tell you that quitting is easy. That you can just walk away. But you can’t. There are routes you have to take. Quitting is as hard as starting, maybe harder. It is a process, not an event. Quitting is a way of changing who you are.

So how am I going to do it?

If I can’t quit, then I’ll have to do something so bad, so reprehensible that I’ll get kicked off the team. The question is what. Clearly, if assault is not enough, then what *is*? Manslaughter? Murder?

I’m not a murderer, that’s the problem. I’m a hockey player who can’t quit a hockey team. I don’t know how. I should wear pink. Pink laces. With pink tape on my stick. I will. I will get laughed off the team.

I wear pink. In the dressing room, the guys laugh.

I wear pink. On the ice. I score three goals, including the winner in OT.

Next game, we go on the road. *Everyone* wears pink laces. Pink tape. We lead the series two games to one.

I am a hero.

The coach smiles.

Quitting is hard.

Grandpa is still standing at the corner of the rink.

One more win and we are in the finals. We will win the fourth game at home.

It is near midnight and we are on the team bus, waiting to continue our trip home. We have stopped at a roadside gas station somewhere in the middle of nowhere. The team has settled from its adrenaline rush, although occasional clusters of laughter erupt from the rear of the bus. D'Arcy climbs aboard, clutching the med bag and his stick saw in its special little sling. He sits across from coach Lamb dozing in his seat a third of the way back. I like sitting right at the front, beside the door, and I sit there now.

The bus is running and we are waiting for the driver. He has gone to the can or something and must be constipated because there is no sign of him.

Somebody yells from the back of the bus, "Hey Mikey! You drive!" He is joking, of course. But I suddenly realize this is a gift. My chance to do something *so bad*.

I look back and give a half-salute, then casually settle into the driver's seat. Those who can see me, laugh. They keep on laughing as I close the door. Then I put the bus in gear and we begin to move. Shrieks and hollers join the laughter. A chant emerges.

"Go, Mike, go! Go, Mike, go!"

The driver is running alongside the bus. He goes to bang on the door but slips. Falls. I watch him through the rearview mirror. He gets to his feet, swiping at the snow on his knee, growing smaller. He quickly disappears into the darkness as I pick up speed.

D'Arcy shakes the coach.

The coach suddenly realizes what actually is going on.

"What the hell is he doing?" He scrambles to his feet.

I didn't realize how easy these buses are to drive. I'm doing eighty clicks in no time.

"Mike, what the hell are you doing! Stop!" Coach Lamb is standing beside me now.

I am wondering how fast this thing will go. The speedometer only goes to 140. I'm just approaching 100.

"Stop!" screams the coach. He grabs the steering wheel.

Now this is a mistake. Only one person at a time can drive. He tries to jam his foot on the brake. He in fact presses mine onto the accelerator. A car is coming. We are on the wrong side of the road. I yank the wheel to avoid the oncoming car. We swerve.

We are airborne.

In that moment before we land, there is only the roar of the diesel engine spinning tires at nothing but air. It is also in that moment that I have the absurd realization that I am no longer on the team. That there might not be much team left.

Then, a violent, shuddering, chaotic tumble filled with the grinding heave of metal and glass, till, like the carcass of some great dead thing, it lurches onto its side. Followed by one breath of terrified stillness. "Shit," somebody says.

"Anybody hurt?!" Jay hollers. "Is everybody okay?" I count my limbs. I feel my head. I know I can see, but only through one eye. Other than that . . .

“My leg,” someone moans.

“Jim’s bleeding,” says someone else.

“Turn off the engine!” screams Jay.

The motor is still running. Diesel fumes fill the air. I find the key. Turn it off.

In the next five minutes, everyone is accounted for. Alive and climbing or being pushed through the emergency exit of what is now the top of the bus.

Everybody that is, but the coach. His leg is caught in some tangle of metal near the front door and although I have placed my jacket over him, he is shaking violently. D’Arcy is trying to free him. He can’t. I am crouched behind D’Arcy trying to help, but really, I am doing nothing.

Besides shaking, Coach Lamb is wailing a single, high, thin note that increases and decreases in intensity with each breath he takes. Between these wails are guttural curses directed at us—at me really. It is a mixture of anger and pain. I have never heard sounds like these before. An acrid smoke is beginning to fill the bus.

Jay is trying to smash the front windshield of the bus to make it easier to remove the coach. The windshield is, miraculously, still intact.

“Fire! There’s a fire starting!” yells Jay. “Hurry up!”

The coach suddenly becomes quiet. And still. “Cut my leg off,” he says to D’Arcy.

“What?” D’Arcy can’t believe what he has heard.

“My leg, cut it off.”

D’Arcy swallows, “How?” he says.

“Your stick saw,” says the coach.

“I can’t,” says D’Arcy.

“Do it,” says coach Lamb.

“I couldn’t,” says D’Arcy.

“I’m going to die if you don’t,” says the coach.

D’Arcy freezes. Stiff. Small flames begin to appear at the back of the bus.

“Give it to me,” I hear myself say.

D’Arcy looks at me. He reaches for the med bag and detaches the saw from its sling. He hands it to me. He then ties a tourniquet around below coach Lamb’s knee. We trade places. I grip the saw and look at the coach.

“Are you ready?” I ask.

“Nobody wants to lose a foot, Mike,” he says.

“I know.”

Then he looks at me like he sees me for the first time. “You really did hit that guy with the bottle, didn’t you,” he says.

“Yes,” I say.

“You’re going to make it, Mikey,” he says.

“I know,” I say.

My grandfather stands at the back of the bus.

D’Arcy gets sick when I hit into the bone.

Assessment of Assignment 6 — Option # ____: Process and Product – Page 1

Name _____ Date _____

Specific Student Learning Outcomes	Performance Rating				
Process: how effectively did you ...	0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose (4.1.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • select and use a form appropriate for content, audience, and purpose (4.1.2) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • select and use organizational structures and techniques and appropriate transitions to communicate clearly and effectively (4.1.3) 					
Other specific learning outcomes you would like assessed:	0	1	2	3	4
•					
•					
•					
•					
Product: how effectively does your piece ...	0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • use appropriate content and demonstrate unity, clarity, and coherence (4.2.2) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • use appropriate text features to enhance legibility for a particular audience, purpose, and context (4.2.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • use effective language and/or visuals and arrange ideas for emphasis and desired effect (4.2.4) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • use appropriate words, grammatical structures, and register for audience, purpose, and context (4.3.1) 					

Assessment of Assignment 6 — Option # ____: Process and Product – Page 2

Name _____ Date _____

Specific Student Learning Outcomes	Performance Rating				
Product: how effectively does your piece ... <i>(continued)</i>	0	1	2	3	4
• adhere to Canadian spelling conventions and/or use adapted spellings for particular effects (4.3.2)					
• adhere to capitalization and punctuation conventions to clarify intended meaning (4.3.3)					
• identify and examine ways in which culture, society, and language conventions shape texts (5.2.2)					
• explain ways in which languages and texts express and shape the perceptions of people and diverse communities (5.2.3)					
Other specific learning outcomes you would like assessed:	0	1	2	3	4
•					
•					
•					
•					

Checklist: Sequence 5 Societal and Cultural Expectations – Page 1

Name _____ Date _____

C = Completed I = Incomplete			
Lesson 1: Artifacts and Environment	Date	For Student	For Tutor/Marker
Part 1: “Barbie Doll” — Free response			
— Observations & Reflections			
Part 2: Catalogue — Observations & Reflections			
Part 3: “Metrics” — Free response			
— Observations & Reflections			
Part 4: Play — Observations (sketch) & Reflections			
Props Charts (two) & Reflections			
Lesson 2: Appearance			
Part 1: Analyzing Outcomes (form)			
Part 2: “Barbie Doll” — Observations & Reflections			
Part 3: Personal Essays (two)			
Observations & Reflections (two sets)			
Part 4: Wells Essay — Observations & Reflections			
Documentary — Chart & Reflections			
Part 5: Catalogue Observations & (three sets of) Reflections			
Lesson 3: Language			
Part 1: “Barbie Doll” — Observations & (three sets of) Reflections			
Part 2: “The Naming” — Free response			
— Observations & (two sets of) Reflections			
Part 3: 2 nonfiction — Observations & (two sets of) Reflections			
Part 4: Play — Observations & Reflections			
Overall Reflection for lesson			

Checklist: Sequence 5 Societal and Cultural Expectations – Page 2

Name _____ Date _____

C = Completed I = Incomplete			
Lesson 4: Behaviour	Date	For Student	For Tutor/Marker
Part 1: Kerr story — Observations & (two sets of) Reflections			
Part 2: “Barbie Doll” — Observations & (two sets of) Reflections			
Part 3: Two stories — Observations & Reflections (for each)			
Part 4: Play — Observations & Reflections			
Lesson 5: A Mini Virtual Ethnographic Study			
Part 1: “The Loons” — Inquiry Log Observations & Reflections			
— data coding & map			
— commentary (draft)			
Assignment			
Assignment 6 — Option #__			
Assessment of Assignment 6 — Option #__			

GRADE 11
ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS:
COMPREHENSIVE FOCUS

Sequence 6
Societal and Cultural
Expectations, Part 2

Sequence 6

Societal and Cultural Expectations, Part 2

Introduction

In this sequence, you continue to look at societal and cultural expectations and their effects on members of a particular culture or group. You will apply the skills you developed in Sequence 5 — observing, recording, reflecting, and interpreting — to a virtual ethnographic study of a group of characters in a novel (Assignment 8).

In Lesson 1, you will set up your Inquiry Log for this sequence and choose your novel to study. (You may have made this choice already when you ordered your texts.) Lesson 2 will review the types of entries to make in your Inquiry Log as you study your novel. Your study of the novel itself is not covered lesson by lesson — use Lesson 2 as a guide to your independent reading and response, and ensure that you schedule time to complete your reading and initial Inquiry Log entries over a two to three week period.

Lesson 3 can be done once you are well into your study of the novel and feel like a change of pace. This lesson explains Assignment 7 — Group Scene and Evaluation, where you dramatize a scene that could have been in your novel but is not. This assignment is designed to give you the opportunity to achieve group work related specific learning outcomes in General Learning Outcome 5 in a virtual way, since it may be difficult for you to arrange to work with a real group of people.

Lessons 4 to 6 are to be completed when you have finished your initial reading and study of the novel. They lead you through the processing of your data and the presentation of your findings in a formal report (Assignment 8).

This sequence provides an approach to the study of a novel that is perhaps quite different from ones you are familiar with. Hopefully, you will find it interesting and stimulating, and learn new ways of looking at the concepts of culture and society. You will have the opportunity to focus on the following general learning outcomes:

- General Learning Outcome 2, as you comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts
- General Learning Outcome 3, as you manage ideas and information
- General Learning Outcome 4, as you enhance the clarity and artistry of communication
- General Learning Outcome 5, as you celebrate and build community



Lesson 1

Setting Up Your Study

In this lesson, you will set up your tools (Inquiry Log) and resources (novel) for your virtual ethnographic study. As described in Sequence 5, a **micro-ethnographic study** is “a study focusing on a particular institution, group, or setting for a short period of time” (*Senior 4 English Language Arts: A Foundation for Implementation*, Appendix C—05). A “real” ethnographic study is done by “participant observation,” where the researcher participates in the activities of the culture while observing the language, behaviour, appearances, and physical artifacts and environments of the members. In a “virtual” ethnographic study, you cannot actually interact with your subjects, but instead you vicariously and imaginatively experience the events of the novel along with the characters. This virtual aspect provides both advantages and limitations, as previously outlined in Lesson 5 of Sequence 5. In both cases, you attempt to observe and interpret the social practices of a culture.

This lesson provides the opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes:

General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 1: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences

- 1.1.4 Explore a range of texts and genres and discuss how they affect personal interests, ideas, and attitudes
- 1.1.5 Establish goals and plans for personal language learning based on self-assessment of achievements, needs, and interests

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, print, and other media texts

- 2.1.1 Examine connections between personal experiences and prior knowledge of language and texts to develop understanding and interpretations of a variety of texts
- 2.2.1 Experience texts from a variety of genres and cultural traditions; compare various interpretations of texts

General Learning Outcome 3: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to manage ideas and information

- 3.1.1 Determine inquiry or research focus and parameters based on personal knowledge and on others' expertise

**Part 1****Choosing Your Novel**

Brief descriptions of the novels from which you can choose are given below. Several of these novels are commonly studied in high school, and so may be available at your local school and/or library. To help you to decide which novel to read, the opening sections of each are provided in Appendix O.

Choose one novel to study, carefully considering the following:

- your personal interests and preferences
- your need to broaden the variety of cultural traditions and subgenres of the texts you work with (i.e., if you've read mainly British authors so far, you may want to choose the novel by a Canadian author. Or if you've read mainly realistic fiction, you may want to try a work of science fiction.)

satirical: a form of humour that criticizes its subject (usually a prominent person, a political decision, an event, an institution, a philosophy, or a system) by exaggerating it and/or making it ridiculous, in order to inspire improvements in society.

- the interests and/or prior experience of your response partner, if it is possible for her or him to read or review and discuss the novel with you
- your background knowledge of the author and/or genre and how that fits it with your interests and goals

Options

- *Brave New World* by Aldous Huxley (England) 1932: a **satirical** and futuristic work of science fiction. Huxley depicts a world where technology, consumerism, and conformity have replaced art, human relationships, and individualism. The cultural group you would study would be the people of England in the future time of 632 A.F. (After Ford). As the narrative shifts among several limited third person points of view, you can choose one or more than one cultural broker through whom to gain access to the society. Possible cultural brokers are the Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning (Thomas), the Resident Controller for Western Europe (Mustapha Mond), Henry Foster, Lenina Crowne, Bernard Marx, and Helmholtz Watson.
- *Fahrenheit 451* by Ray Bradbury (United States) 1953: a science fiction novel set in an unnamed city in the United States in the not-too-distant future. In the society depicted, books and the thinking they stimulate are prohibited, and conformity and consumerism rule. The narrative is told from the limited third person perspective of fireman Guy Montag, so he would be your cultural broker.
- *The Giver* by Lois Lowry (United States) 1993: a futuristic novel, depicting a world where everyone's roles are predetermined and rules are enforced to ensure a smooth and worry-free life for all. The story is told from the perspective of Jonas, a twelve-year-old boy given the role of Receiver. Jonas would be your cultural broker, giving you access to the workings of "the Community."
- *The Loved One* by Evelyn Waugh (England) 1948: this "Anglo-American Tragedy" depicts a group of English expatriates in Hollywood during the 1940s. A funny satire on mortuary practices, it is told through the perspective of Dennis Barlow, who would be your cultural broker.

- *The Night We Stole the Mountie's Car* by Max Braithwaite (Canada) 1971: winner of the Stephen Leacock Medal for Humour, this novel tells of life on the prairies during the Depression years. It is told in the first person by Max, a school teacher and would-be writer in a variety of small towns, who is trying to learn to fit in and so makes a fun, if not always effective, cultural broker into the societies of small town Saskatchewan. Although perhaps more of an autobiography than a novel, this book is generally referred to as a novel (*Oxford Companion to Canadian Literature*, 558). So you may treat it as an autobiographical novel.

Part 2

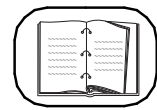
Inquiry Log

Your Inquiry Log for this sequence will use the same two-page format used in Sequence 5.

Learning Experience

1. Create a separate section of your Resource Binder to use as your Inquiry Log for this sequence. Use a divider or title page to separate it, and title it “Sequence 6: Virtual Ethnographic Study of (cultural group) in (title of novel) by (author) .”
2. Write the heading “Observations” on each left-hand page and the heading “Reflections / Questions” on each right-hand page.
3. Under “Observations,” note the name of the cultural broker(s) or character(s) through whose perspective you will be given access to the culture of your study.

Now that you have chosen your novel and set up your Inquiry Log, you will quickly review the types of fieldnotes to make, and begin your fieldwork in Lesson 2.



Lesson 2

Fieldwork

The “fieldwork” or research you will undertake in your virtual ethnographic study consists mainly of reading your novel and noting and reflecting on your observations as you read. You will also ask questions, and perhaps do some further research or inquiry to find the answers to some of your questions. All of these “fieldnotes” will be recorded in your Inquiry Log.

This lesson provides the framework for your fieldwork, and you should refer to it frequently throughout your reading of the novel. The lesson does not guide you chapter by chapter through the reading of the novel, but is provided as a guide to your more independent reading and responses to the novel.

The specific learning outcomes listed below are to be achieved, not by reading this lesson, but through the reading of and responses to your novel over the next two to three weeks.



General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 1: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences

- 1.1.1 Connect ideas, observations, opinions, and emotions through a variety of means to develop a train of thought and test tentative positions
- 1.2.2 Explore various viewpoints and consider the consequences of particular positions when generating and responding to texts

General Learning Outcome 2: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to comprehend and respond personally and critically to oral, literary, and media texts

- 2.1.2 Use and adjust comprehension strategies to monitor understanding and develop interpretations of a variety of texts
- 2.1.3 Use textual cues and prominent organizational patterns to construct and confirm meaning and interpret texts

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- 2.1.4 Use syntactic, semantic, graphophonic, and pragmatic cueing systems to construct and confirm meaning and interpret texts
- 2.2.2 Respond personally and critically to ideas and values presented in a variety of Canadian and international texts
- 2.3.3 Demonstrate understanding of how vocabulary and idiom affect meaning and impact; use appropriate vocabulary when discussing and creating texts

General Learning Outcome 3: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to manage ideas and information

- 3.1.3 Explore group knowledge and strengths to determine inquiry or research topic, purpose, and procedures
- 3.1.4 Develop, use, and adapt an inquiry or research plan appropriate for content, audience, purpose, context, sources, and procedures
- 3.2.1 Select ideas and information from prior knowledge of inquiry or research topic appropriate for audience, purpose, and personal perspective or focus
- 3.2.2 Identify and discuss the purpose and usefulness of information sources relevant to particular inquiry or research needs
- 3.2.3 Evaluate how perspectives and biases influence the choice of information sources for inquiry or research
- 3.2.4 Access information using a variety of tools, skills, and sources to accomplish a particular purpose
- 3.2.5 Use knowledge of text cues, organizational patterns, and persuasive techniques to sort and relate ideas in extended texts; adjust reading and viewing rates according to purpose, content, and context
- 3.3.2 Summarize and record information, ideas, and perspectives from a variety of sources; document sources accurately
- 3.3.3 Evaluate information for completeness, accuracy, currency, historical context, relevance, and balance of perspectives

General Learning Outcome 5: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to celebrate and build community

- 5.1.3 Recognize and analyze how personal language use may create and sustain an inclusive community
- 5.2.1 Identify various factors that shape understanding of texts, others, and self
- 5.2.3 Explain ways in which languages and texts express and shape the perceptions of people and diverse communities

Part 1

Observations

As you did in Sequence 5, you will record the details you “observe” or notice as you read under the heading “Observations” on the left-hand pages of your Inquiry Log. Record them in the order you notice them — you will sort them into categories later. As with your much smaller study of “The Loons,” you can record direct quotations from the text — be sure to record the page references as well. Also be sure to date each set of entries.

The following chart should be used as a guide for your “Observations”:



Cultural Aspects	Guiding Questions / Suggestions
Artifacts	What objects do you notice being used by members of this culture? What do people carry? What do people make? What are some differences between objects associated with one group and those associated with another?
Environments	Where do the people spend their time? Do different groups spend time in different places? Write brief descriptions and/or quote descriptions of the various environments. Draw sketches or diagrams. Describe the size, the shape, the colours, the noise level, the smells of the environments.
Appearance	What do the people typically look like? Do any individuals look different? Describe the clothing of the members. Draw sketches. Do different groups dress differently?
Language	How do members of the culture address each other? Do the terms of address change with the circumstances? What names do the members call themselves? How do members greet one another? Note any typical routine conversational exchanges. Note any unfamiliar words, expressions, jargon, or slang that is particular to this culture, and the meanings. Include the context of any speech you record — what kind of speech was it (formal / informal), to whom was the person speaking, and the purposes of the speech.

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Cultural Aspects	Guiding Questions / Suggestions
Behaviour	What do you see people doing? Describe any daily routines. Describe any formal rituals or ceremonies observed. How do individuals handle any breaks from routines? What do the people do “naturally” or automatically? What do they have to think about before doing? Are the people included or excluded from certain groups based on how they behave? How do people react to key events?

Part 2

Reflections / Questions

Again, as you did in Sequence 5, you will also reflect on your observations and ask questions about what they could mean as far as the values and expectations of the culture under study. For each detail or group of details on the left-hand page, write a reflection, ask questions, and/or speculate about meanings on the right-hand page.

In addition to asking questions, make notes to yourself about how you could do further research to find the answers. Use your reflections to see where information is lacking and how you can extend your inquiry. Ask others for information and help, and note how they have helped you. Note what you plan to watch for in your further reading of the novel. Also note any places you’ve gone wrong in your conclusions and interpretations up to this point — ideas you had that turned out to be mistaken once you had more information. In these ways, you can achieve Specific Learning Outcomes 1.2.1, 3.1.3, and 3.2.2.

Use the following chart as a guide to writing your “Reflections / Questions”:

Cultural Aspects	Guiding Questions / Suggestions
Artifacts	<p>What do objects symbolize? What is the significance of each object?</p> <p>Are any objects associated with power or lack of power?</p> <p>Which objects are most valued? Why? What does this say about the society?</p> <p>What feelings do the objects evoke in you? Why?</p>
Environments	<p>What do the environments say about what the members of this culture feel is important?</p> <p>What do the environments make it easy to do?</p> <p>What do they make difficult to do?</p> <p>How do the environments make you feel? Why?</p> <p>What more would you like to find out about the environments? How could you?</p>
Appearance	<p>Speculate about what kind of appearance is important in this society.</p> <p>What is expected of people with regard to their appearance?</p> <p>How do you feel about the importance or lack of importance of appearance in this society?</p> <p>What else would you like to know about the people’s appearances? How might you find out?</p>
Language	<p>What relationships among the characters are implied by the ways they address each other?</p> <p>Do certain terms of address imply the relative status of people (who has power, who doesn’t)?</p> <p>Do they imply something about the closeness, respectfulness, deference, or hostility of the relationships?</p> <p>How does language use include people in various groups?</p> <p>How does it exclude people from various groups?</p> <p>Can characters be grouped by the way they use language?</p> <p>How does the way people use language make you feel?</p>
Behaviour	<p>Why do you think people behaved as they did?</p> <p>What could be the reasons behind the various routines and rituals you observed? What purposes do they serve?</p> <p>Why do people react as they do to any changes in routine or to people who behave differently from the norm?</p> <p>How do you feel about the behaviour you observed? What makes you feel this way?</p> <p>How reasonable and fair are the behavioural norms expected of people in this culture?</p>

In general, under “Reflections / Questions,” keep your entries tentative, speculative, and open-minded. In addition to the above guidelines, review those given in Lesson 1 of Sequence 5.

This inquiry project requires that you read your novel for purposes more pragmatic than aesthetic — those of gathering information about a culture different from your own and analyzing that information. But you can still combine those pragmatic purposes with an aesthetic enjoyment of the language, the techniques, the characters, and the events of the text.

Part 3

Plan

Working independently on this inquiry project requires that you make a plan before you begin your fieldwork. Schedule time for reading and writing in your Inquiry Log over the next two to three weeks. Try to schedule meetings to discuss the text with your response partner or someone else who has read or is willing to read your novel. Schedule some additional time to do any research necessary to answer questions that arise.

Review your timeline or plan every week, and adjust it as required. Note any problems that have arisen or any work routines that work especially well in your Inquiry Log.



Lesson 3

Assignment 7 — Group Scene and Evaluation

Now that you are well into your reading of the novel and your fieldwork, you may wish to change the pace a bit. Complete this lesson once you've gotten to know the various characters and their situations. In some cases, you may want to read the entire novel before deciding on a scene to write — read this lesson fairly early on, so that you can be alert to possibilities for dramatizing a scene.

Developing interactive skills and trusting attitudes through collaborative work are substantial goals for the Grade 11 English Language Arts courses, as outlined in the specific learning outcomes, particularly those of General Learning Outcome 5.

Although you have been working collaboratively with your response partner, and perhaps others, throughout this course, opportunities to work with a larger group may be limited in a distance education context. Gathering a group of people willing to spend the time and effort without actually taking the course themselves may be very difficult.

This lesson and Assignment 7 provide you with a “virtual” opportunity to develop and evaluate collaborative skills. Through completing this two-part assignment, you will have the opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes:

General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 1: Students will listen, speak, read, write, view, and represent to explore thoughts, ideas, feelings, and experiences

- 1.1.2 Seek others' responses through a variety of means to clarify and rework ideas and positions
- 1.2.1 Examine and adjust initial understanding according to new knowledge, ideas, experiences, and responses from others
- 1.2.2 Explore various viewpoints and consider the consequences of particular positions when generating and responding to texts
- 1.2.4 Extend understanding by exploring and acknowledging multiple perspectives and ambiguities when generating and responding to texts

General Learning Outcome 3: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to manage ideas and information

- 3.1.3 Explore group knowledge and strengths to determine inquiry or research topic, purpose, and procedures

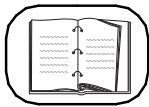
General Learning Outcome 5: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to celebrate and build community

- 5.1.1 Use language to build and maintain collaborative relationships; take responsibility for respectfully questioning others' viewpoints and requesting further explanation
- 5.1.2 Demonstrate flexibility in assuming a variety of group roles and take responsibility for tasks that achieve group goals
- 5.1.3 Recognize and analyze how personal language use may create and sustain an inclusive community
- 5.1.4 Evaluate the effectiveness of group process to improve subsequent success

**Part 1****Analyzing Outcomes (5.1.2)**

Before you begin to create a dramatic scene illustrating collaboration, you will look at Specific Learning Outcome 5.1.2: Demonstrate flexibility in assuming a variety of group roles and take responsibility for tasks that achieve group goals. This learning outcome is targeted in this lesson, and your achievement of it is assessed in Assignment 7, so it is important that you have an understanding of it.





Learning Experience

1. Remove the “Analyzing Outcomes” form from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence.
2. Fill out the form for Specific Learning Outcome 5.1.2. Remember to use your dictionary and the definitions of terms provided in the Introduction if you need them. The individual words in this specific learning outcome may not be especially difficult, so you may want to focus on establishing what they mean together in the context of this assignment. Apply your thinking about this outcome to Assignment 7, “Group Scene and Evaluation,” where you dramatize and then evaluate a scene where a group of characters make a decision or perform a task collaboratively.
3. Save the completed form in your Resource Binder to submit with the rest of your sequence work.
4. Add to or revise your form as your understandings develop throughout the sequence.

Part 2

Group Scene

For this part of Assignment 7, you will dramatize a scene that is not presented in your novel, but that could have been. You can do this in the form of fictional prose (see Appendix L) or dramatic script (see Appendix P), depending on your personal interests and needs.

Learning Experience

1. Identify a group of characters in your novel who must work together to complete a task or make a decision. Possibilities include
 - in *Brave New World* — a scene in which a group of state programmers in the State Conditioning Centre decide on the lessons to be taught through hypnopaedia.
 - in *Fahrenheit 451* — a scene where Granger and the network of memorizers plan their strategies to rebuild a society with books.
 - in *The Giver* — a scene where the Committee of Elders decides that Jonas will be the Receiver.

- in *The Loved One* — a scene where the English members of the Cricket Club decide to send home the “deserter” who opened a restaurant with an Italian partner.
- in *The Night We Stole the Mountie’s Car* — a scene where a small-town school board decides whether or not to hire Max.

The above are only suggestions — you may choose any group decision or task that is referred to or implied or even possible in the course of your novel.

2. Make notes on what you know of the group of characters identified and their decision or task. Give names or titles to any of the identified characters not named in the novel.
3. Review the “Assessment of Assignment 7 — Group Scene & Evaluation” chart in the *Forms* section of this sequence.
4. Draft the scene, writing it as naturally as you can based on what you know of the characters and context. Not every character needs to be good at collaborating — it may be more interesting to include at least one character who impedes rather than promotes the smooth functioning of the group.
5. Read over your draft, checking to see that it achieves the learning outcomes listed on the “Assessment of Assignment 7” chart. Have your response partner read it and offer suggestions.
6. Rewrite your draft, making the appropriate revisions. Save it to submit as Part 1 of Assignment 7.

Part 3

Group Scene Evaluation

In this part of the assignment, you focus on Specific Learning Outcomes 5.1.3 and 5.1.4, looking closely at the group process and evaluating its effectiveness.

The group skills required for effective collaborative skills are outlined below.



Skills Gained through Collaboration

Collaborative work teaches two kinds of group skills:

- *Task skills*: Behaviours that are effective in getting the job done include
 - initiating activity
 - asking for information or opinions
 - offering information or opinions
 - clarifying contributions or group direction
 - coordinating contributions
 - summarizing
- *Group maintenance skills*: Behaviours that keep the group functioning smoothly include
 - encouraging others
 - inviting contributions from others
 - accepting group decisions
 - expressing disagreement appropriately
 - using respectful, encouraging, and tactful language
- *Task skills and group maintenance skills*: Behaviours that are effective both in task completion and group maintenance include
 - listening actively
 - analyzing difficulties and suggesting solutions
 - taking on and meeting responsibilities

Learning Experience

1. Review the “Skills Gained Through Collaboration” above.
2. Read your Group Scene as if it were an actual group process, and complete the “Group Assessment Questionnaire” found in the *Forms* section of this sequence. Write your answers to the questions in complete sentences on a separate piece of paper.
3. Prepare and save your Group Scene and Evaluation for submission to the Distance Learning Unit

In the next lesson, you will begin to process the data for your virtual ethnographic study. You must have completed reading the novel before beginning that lesson.

Notes



Lesson 4

Processing Data

In this lesson, you will review the information and reflections recorded during your study, and analyze them to come to some conclusions about the group that you have studied, following a procedure similar to the one in Lesson 5 of Sequence 5. (The basic procedure in this lesson roughly follows that outlined in Appendix C of *Senior 4 English Language Arts: A Foundation for Implementation*.)

You will have the opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes:



General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 3: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to manage ideas and information

- 3.2.5 Use knowledge of text cues, organizational patterns, and persuasive techniques to sort and relate ideas in extended texts; adjust reading and viewing rates according to purpose, content, and context
- 3.3.1 Organize and reorganize information and ideas in a variety of ways for different audiences and purposes
- 3.3.3 Evaluate information for completeness, accuracy, currency, historical context, relevance, and balance of perspectives
- 3.3.4 Explain the importance of new understanding to self and others; assess own inquiry and research skills

General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

- 4.1.1 Generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose

Part 1

Sorting and Categorizing

Before you can draw valid conclusions from your information or data, it is necessary to analyze it by sorting and categorizing it.

Learning Experience

1. Reread your Inquiry Log — all of your observations, questions, reflections, and notes from discussions with others.
2. Jot down any points that stand out.
3. Look for patterns among the observations.
4. Identify the categories or themes that emerge. These categories can be the headings of the sections of your final report. You should have at least four categories.
5. If some observations do not fit your selected categories, leave these observations out.
6. Code all the observations according to your categories with letters, symbols, or coloured self-stick dots.
7. Remove the “Interpretations and Conclusions” chart from the *Forms* section of this sequence.
 - a. Write your categories across the top of the chart.
 - b. Fill in your observations under the appropriate category.



Part 2

Drawing Conclusions

At this stage, you will reflect on your analysis and draw conclusions from your data about the culture you’ve studied.

Learning Experience

1. Reflect on the decisions you made in your analysis by answering the following questions on a right-hand page in your Inquiry Log:
 - Does the way you sorted and organized this material highlight the important findings?
 - Have you distorted any of your data to make it fit a category?



- Are any important things left out?
 - Why do some pieces of information seem more important to you than others? How have your own biases shaped the way you sorted your material?
2. Examine the data under each category in your “Interpretation and Conclusions” chart, and fill in any conclusions you draw from each in the bottom row. Focus especially on conclusions about the values and expectations of this culture — what is important, who is given power, what is expected of members, and so on.
 3. Reflect on the implications of your conclusions, by answering the following questions on a right-hand page of your Inquiry Log:
 - What can your own culture learn from the culture studied?
 - Is your culture moving in a similar direction to or an opposite direction from the one studied?
 - Should it? Why or why not?

The material you have generated in this lesson will be extended, revised, and polished to become your formal report (Assignment 8) in the following lessons.

Notes





Lesson 5

Extending Entries

In this lesson, you will extend your Inquiry Log entries into longer sketches, episodes, tales, and commentary that in the next lesson will be organized and revised to form your formal report. (The basic procedure and terms of this lesson roughly follow those outlined in Chapter 4 of Emerson et. al.)

You will have the opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes:

General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

- 4.1.1 Generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose
- 4.1.2 Select and use a variety of forms appropriate for content, audience, and purpose
- 4.2.1 Appraise own choices of ideas, language use, and forms relative to purpose and audience, and provide others with constructive appraisals.
- 4.2.2 Analyze and revise drafts to ensure appropriate content and to enhance unity, clarity, and coherence

Part 1

Extending Observations

The observations you recorded in your Inquiry Log can be extended into three types of entries: sketches, episodes, and fieldnote tales.

A **sketch** is a brief description of a setting, an individual, or a single incident. It is like a close-up photograph in which all action is stilled. The purpose of a sketch can be to give the context for incidents or interactions or to fill in a detailed background of social relations or settings against which episodes or tales can be told.

An **episode** is a description of a brief incident or of one character's routine behaviours or actions.

A **fieldnote** tale is the telling of a series of episodes that are connected because they involve the same characters or describe similar events or activities. One episode doesn't have to lead to or cause the next — they can be rather loosely related, sequenced by the order and/or the location in which they took place.

All three types of extended entries allow you to use direct quotations from the novel and the direct speech of the characters. Be sure to properly cite all quotations with page references.

Learning Experience

1. Select the key observations you will want to use in your report — choose at least two for each category.
2. For each observation, decide whether it would best be reported as a sketch, an episode, or as part of a fieldnote tale.
3. Extend these key observations, using a balance of all three types of entries.

Part 2

Extending Reflections

You will also include reflections in your Formal Report. These can take one of two forms: asides and commentary. Both types use the first person voice, as they express your personal views.

An **aside** is a brief explanation, interpretation, or question about a specific event or process. You can place asides in the midst of a description, explaining or clarifying something that might not be clear to your audience, or offering your personal emotional reaction to an incident.

A **commentary** is a longer reflection, on either a specific event or issue, or on a set of interconnected incidents or issues.

Learning Experience

1. Read over your key observations and the reflections that accompanied them.
2. Rethink and correct any earlier reflections that now strike you as misguided.
3. Read over your extended observations, and for each one, decide whether it would best be extended by the addition of asides or commentaries.
4. Add this reflective writing to your extended observations.

Now all that remains is to organize your material into a formal report, revise and polish it, and create a visual representation of the culture studied to include in that report.

Notes



Lesson 6

**Assignment 8: Presentation of Virtual
Ethnography Results**

In this lesson you will put together and present your results from your virtual ethnographic study in a formal report, complete with a visual representation.

You will have the opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes:

**General and Specific Learning Outcomes**

General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

4.1.2 Select and use a variety of forms appropriate for content, audience, and purpose.

4.1.3 Select and use a variety of organizational structures and techniques and appropriate transitions in oral, written, and visual texts to communicate clearly and effectively

4.2.2 Analyze and revise drafts to ensure appropriate content and to enhance unity, clarity, and coherence

4.2.3 Use appropriate text features to enhance legibility for particular audiences, purposes, and contexts

4.2.4 Use effective language, visuals, and sounds, and arrange ideas for emphasis and desired effect

4.2.5 Use appropriate strategies and devices to enhance the clarity and appeal of presentations

4.3.1 Select appropriate words, grammatical structures, and register for audience, purpose, and context

4.3.2 Know and apply Canadian spelling conventions and monitor for correctness using appropriate resources; recognize adapted spellings for particular effects

4.3.3 Know and apply capitalization and punctuation conventions to clarify intended meaning, using appropriate resources as required

General Learning Outcome 5: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to celebrate and build community

5.2.3 Explain ways in which languages and texts express and shape the perceptions of people and diverse communities

Part 1**Organizing Information**

Keeping in mind that you can go back to earlier stages to rethink your ideas, follow this general procedure (Chapter 7 of Emerson et. al.) for organizing your formal report:

1. Read Appendix M to get a clear idea of the form of a formal report.
2. Review your material (Inquiry Log, “Interpretation and Conclusions” chart, and extended entries), and find a central image around which to organize it.
3. Under the heading “Background,” write a description of the historical background of the culture you have studied, how you chose to study it, and the method through which you studied it (i.e., through reading the particular novel and any additional material you discovered).
4. Head the following sections according to your selected categories. For each section, organize your key observations into units, with each unit consisting of the following:
 - a. analytic point — what your data says about your category topic
 - b. context — the stage of inquiry you were at, what you were feeling, and what was happening in the novel at the time the observation was made
 - c. fieldnote excerpt — your extended observation that supports your point
 - d. reflective commentary / conclusion — the conclusion you draw from this data. Tie it to your central image.
5. Your final section headed “Conclusions and Recommendations” should consist of a summary of the conclusions you have drawn about the culture you studied and recommendations for your own society that are implied by these conclusions. Use your reflection on the implications done in Lesson 4 for these recommendations.





Part 2

Visual Representation

A visual representation of the artifacts, environment, appearance, and behaviour of the members of the culture under study must be included in your formal report. You can include it as part of the way of presenting your report, i.e., as the cover or as a three-dimensional structure / container on or in which you place your written text or in detailed borders and icons throughout the text. Or you can include it as part of your report, in an appendix or integrated into the printed text.

Procedure

1. Read Appendix N for an idea of possible forms you can use.
2. Review your material, especially any sketches or detailed descriptions, and decide which images, symbols, colours, etc. would best represent the culture.
3. Keeping in mind the principles of design (see Lesson 4 of Sequence 1 for a review), plan the arrangement and size of your visual elements.
4. Review the “Assessment of Assignment 8 — Formal Report with Visual Representation” chart in the *Forms* section.
5. Look carefully at your plan. Share it with your response partner, and consider any feedback carefully.
6. Complete the final copy of your visual representation.



Note: You may leave this step until after you have completed the final copy of the written part of your formal report.

Part 3

Enhance and Improve

As in past assignments, follow the general procedure of revising the content, language use, and organization of your report. Ask your response partner and/or others for feedback, and consider it when making changes. Review the “Assessment of Assignment 8 — Formal Report with Visual Representation” chart.

Especially look at text features such as font styles and sizes, text alignments, and a table of contents to enhance legibility.

Finally, look at how you will integrate your visual representation with your written report.

Part 4

Attend to Conventions

Once you have revised your formal report to your satisfaction, proofread it carefully to ensure that you are attending to conventions of grammar and usage, spelling, and capitalization and punctuation.

Produce a final copy and prepare it to submit to the Distance Learning Unit as Assignment 8.

Assessment

Congratulations! You have completed Sequence 6 and will soon be able to move on to the rest of this course.

Before you do, you must

- complete self-assessments of Assignments 7 and 8
- complete a checklist to make sure you have done all the work in this sequence
- submit all work from this sequence to the Distance Learning Unit

Assessment of Assignments 7 and 8

Remove the “Assessment of Assignment 7 — Group Scene and Evaluation” and the “Assessment of Assignment 8 — Formal Report with Visual Representation” charts from the *Forms* section of this sequence. These assessment forms correspond to the ones your tutor/marker will use. You will both assess your achievement of the targeted specific learning outcomes according to the following five-point scale.



Rating Scale				
0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work does not show evidence of this specific outcome, or evidence of specific learning outcome is incomplete 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work does not meet the expectations identified in the specific learning outcome for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> (work is below range of expectations for Grade 11) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work demonstrates minimal expectations identified in the specific learning outcome for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work meets expectations for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> (work demonstrates the specific learning outcome) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> work demonstrates maximum expectations for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i>

Rate your performance on each outcome as it applies to your assignments, using the rating scale. Place a checkmark in one box for each line.



Very Important Note: The “Process” section of the “Assessment of Assignment 8 — Formal Report with Visual Representation” chart lists a variety of specific learning outcomes that are not necessarily evident in your final product, but which are an important part of how you got to your final report.

As part of your self-assessment of this assignment and to help the tutor/marker to more accurately assess it, do the following:

1. Read through the specific learning outcomes listed under the “Process” part of the “Assessment of Assignment 8 — Formal Report with Visual Representation” chart.
2. Read over your Inquiry Log work for this sequence.
3. Select an excerpt from your Inquiry Log that best demonstrates your achievement of **each** specific learning outcome listed in the “Process” part of the assessment chart. It may be helpful to cross-check the specific learning outcomes targeted for each lesson when making your selections.
4. Clearly highlight, circle, or in some way identify the passages you have selected.

5. Clearly tag each excerpt with a self-stick notepaper, and label it with the appropriate specific learning outcome. Make it easy for your tutor/marker to find and assess your achievements.

Checklist: Sequence 6

Remove the “Checklist: Sequence 6 — Societal and Cultural Expectations, Part 2” chart from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence. Complete the checklist to make sure you have completed all of the work required for Sequence 6. As you check each item, make sure that it is labelled with the appropriate lesson and assignment name. To help you keep track of your work in this course, you can write the completion date in the blank for each assignment.

Your tutor/marker will also check to make sure that you have submitted all work for this sequence **before** marking Assignments 7 and 8.

Preparing for Submission of Sequence 6

Steps

- Complete the checklist to make sure all of your work is complete.
- Make sure all of your work pages are correctly labelled and ordered, and that selections have been tagged in your Inquiry Log for assessment of the “Process” specific learning outcomes for Assignment 8.
- Assemble your work as follows:
 - (Top) Checklist for Sequence 6
 - Work pages / Inquiry Log
 - Assignment 7 — Group Scene and Evaluation
 - Assignment 8 — Formal Report
 - (Bottom) Assessment of Assignment 8 — Formal Report

Note: When you receive your materials back from your tutor/marker, be sure to save it, especially your Inquiry Log, for possible inclusion in your portfolio.

Note:

Send Sequence 6, hand-in assignments to:

Distance
Learning Unit
500-555 Main
Street
P.O. Box 2020
Winkler, MB
R6W 4B8



**Include
Checklist**



Sequence 6
Forms

Analyzing Outcomes

Name _____ Date _____

Outcome:	
Key Words & Questions:	Responses: My Understandings
Goals Related to this Outcome (What is expected of me in this assignment?):	

Group Assessment Questionnaire

Name _____ Date _____

1. Did the group make major decisions through true consensus (i.e., did everyone agree to the decisions)?
2. Were they respectful of individual group members' approaches and strengths?
3. Did they challenge group members to take new roles? Give examples.
4. How did they deal with the problem of absent or disengaged members?
5. How efficiently did they use their time?
6. Did they openly voice concerns rather than letting tension build? Give examples.
7. Did they seek outside help when they were unable to reach consensus?
8. What weaknesses in their final product / decision could they have addressed through different group processes?
9. What should they have done more of? less of?
10. Does their final product / decision represent the strengths and gifts of each group member?

Assessment of Assignment 7 — Group Scene and Evaluation

Name _____ Date _____

Specific Student Learning Outcomes	Performance Rating				
Group Scene: how effectively does your group scene ...	0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> show characters seeking others' responses through a variety of means to clarify and rework ideas and positions (1.1.2) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> demonstrate that you examined and adjusted your initial understanding according to new knowledge, ideas, experiences, and responses from others (1.2.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> explore various viewpoints and consider the consequences of particular positions (1.2.2) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> extend your understanding by exploring and acknowledging multiple perspectives and ambiguities (1.2.4) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> show characters exploring group knowledge and strengths to determine inquiry purpose and procedures (3.1.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> show characters using language to build and maintain collaborative relationships and taking responsibility for respectfully questioning others' viewpoints and requesting further explanation (5.1.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> show characters assuming a variety of group roles and taking responsibility for tasks that achieve group goals (5.1.2) 					
Evaluation: how effectively did you ...	0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> recognize and analyze how language use may create and sustain an inclusive community (5.1.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> evaluate the effectiveness of the group process to improve subsequent success (5.1.4) 					

Interpretation and Conclusions

Name _____ Date _____

Categories	Data	Conclusions

Assessment of Assignment 8 — Formal Report with Visual Representation (Process and Product) – Page 1

Name _____ Date _____

Specific Student Learning Outcomes	Performance Rating				
Process: In your Inquiry Log, how effectively did you ...	0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> connect ideas, observations, opinions, and emotions to develop a train of thought and test tentative positions (1.1.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> monitor understandings and develop interpretations of your novel using and adjusting comprehension strategies (2.1.2) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> construct and confirm meaning and interpret your novel using textual cues and prominent organizational patterns (2.1.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> construct and confirm meaning and interpret your novel using syntactic, semantic, graphophonic, and pragmatic cueing systems (2.1.4) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> formulate and revise questions to focus your virtual ethnographic study (3.1.2) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> record how you explored group knowledge (i.e., asked others for assistance) to determine the focus and procedures of your virtual ethnographic study (3.1.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> develop, use, and adapt an inquiry plan appropriate for the content, audience, purpose, context, sources, and procedures of your virtual ethnographic study (3.1.4) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> select ideas and information from prior knowledge of topic appropriate for the audience, purpose, and personal perspective or focus of your virtual ethnographic study (3.2.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> identify and discuss the purpose and usefulness of information sources relevant to your inquiry needs (3.2.2) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> record how you accessed information using a variety of tools, skills, and sources to accomplish your purpose (3.2.4) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> sort and relate ideas in your novel using your knowledge of text cues, organizational patterns, and persuasive techniques (3.2.5) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> evaluate information for completeness, accuracy, currency, historical context, relevance, and balance of perspectives (3.3.3) 					

Assessment of Assignment 8 — Formal Report with Visual Representation (Process and Product) – Page 2

Name _____ Date _____

Specific Student Learning Outcomes	Performance Rating				
Process: How effectively does your formal report with visual representation ...	0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • express your personal and critical response to the ideas and values presented in the novel (2.2.2) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • evaluate how perspectives and biases influence the choice of information sources for inquiry (3.2.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • use appropriate organizational structures and techniques and transitions to communicate clearly and effectively (4.1.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • use appropriate text features to enhance the legibility for your audience, purpose, and context (4.2.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • use effective language and visuals, and arrange ideas for emphasis and desired effect (4.2.4) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • use appropriate strategies and devices (visuals, layout and design, fonts, etc.) to enhance the clarity and appeal of your presentation (4.2.5) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • use appropriate words, grammatical structures, and register for audience, purpose, and context (4.3.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • adhere to Canadian spelling conventions (4.3.2) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • adhere to capitalization and punctuation conventions to clarify intended meaning (4.3.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • recognize and analyze how language use may create and sustain an inclusive community (5.1.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • identify various factors that shape understanding of texts, others, and self (5.2.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • identify and examine ways in which culture, society, and language conventions shape texts (5.2.2) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • explain ways in which languages and texts express and shape the perceptions of people and diverse communities (5.2.3) 					

Checklist: Sequence 6 Societal and Cultural Expectations, Part 2

Name _____ Date _____

C = Completed I = Incomplete			
Lesson 2: Fieldwork	Date	For Student	For Tutor/Marker
Inquiry Log for novel — Observations & Reflections			
— Work schedules/Routines			
Lesson 3: Assignment 7 — Group Scene and Evaluation			
Part 1: Analyzing Outcomes (form)			
Part 2: Group Scene (final copy)			
Part 3: "Group Assessment Questionnaire" answers			
Lesson 4: Processing Data			
Part 1: "Interpretations and Conclusions" (chart)			
Part 2: Reflections in IL and Conclusions on chart			
Lesson 5: Extending Entries			
Part 1: Extended Observations (two for each category)			
Part 2: Extended Reflections (one for each observation)			
Lesson 6: Presentation of Virtual Ethnography Results			
Part 1: Formal Report			
Part 2: Visual Representation			
Assignment			
Assignment 7 — Group Scene & Evaluation			
Assessment of Assignment 7 — Group Scene & Evaluation			
Assignment 8 — Formal Report with Visual Representation			
Assessment of Assignment 8 — Formal Report with Visual Representation			

GRADE 11
ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS:
COMPREHENSIVE FOCUS

Sequence 7
“Living Up to Expectations”—
Assignment 9

Sequence 7

“Living Up to Expectations”

Introduction

In this final sequence, you will select and reflect upon work you have done throughout this course to create a portfolio that will show off all that you have accomplished.



The general learning outcomes targeted in this sequence are

- General Learning Outcome 3, as you manage ideas and information
- General Learning Outcome 4, as you enhance the clarity and artistry of communication
- General Learning Outcome 5, as you celebrate and build community

Notes



Lesson 1

Collect and Select

In this lesson you will collect all the work you have done and select pieces to match the portfolio requirements and to demonstrate your learning in this course. This is your final opportunity to demonstrate your achievement of the outcomes of this course.

You will have the opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes in this lesson:



General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 3: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to manage ideas and information

3.3.1 Organize and reorganize information and ideas in a variety of ways for different audiences and purposes

General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

4.1.1 Generate, assess, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose

4.2.1 Appraise choices of ideas, language use, and forms relative to purpose and audience

Part 1

Collect

Gather together all the work you have done in this course — assignments, sequence work, Response Journal (including “Reading Log”), Writer’s Notebook, Inquiry Logs, and texts created independently. You will probably be quite amazed at the quantity!

Check to be sure that all of your work is dated and labelled.

Part 2

Select

This step will be a bit more difficult. You need to review the “Portfolio Requirements” below, the comments that your tutor/marker made during your portfolio conference after Sequence 4, and the material you have collected.



Portfolio Requirements

In total, you need to include 10 pieces in your portfolio. These must include the following:

Evidence of Goal-Setting (1.1.5)

1. Introduction to Portfolio (to be written in Lesson 3 of this sequence)
2. One “Goal Sheet” complete with reflections (from Sequence 1 or Sequence 3)

Evidence of Creative Process (2.3.4, 2.3.5, and General Learning Outcome 4)

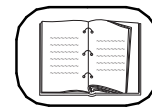
3. Process Package (Assignment 3 or other complete process package)

Evidence of Progress Over Time

4. A “breakthrough” piece where you successfully accomplished something new (3.3.4)

Evidence of Range and Variety

5. A collection of at least three samples from your Response Journal showing that you
 - examined connections between personal experiences and prior knowledge and a variety of texts to develop understanding and interpretations (2.1.1)
 - used and adjusted comprehension strategies to monitor understanding and develop interpretations of a variety of texts (2.1.2)
 - used textual cues and prominent organizational patterns to construct and confirm meaning and interpret texts (2.1.3)
 - used syntactic, semantic, graphophonic, and pragmatic cueing systems to construct and confirm meaning and interpret texts (2.1.4)





- examined how language and stylistic choices in oral, print, and other media texts accomplish a variety of purposes (2.2.3)
 - analyzed how various of forms and genres are used for particular audiences and purposes(2.3.1)
 - examined techniques and elements (2.3.2)
 - demonstrated an understanding of how vocabulary use affects meaning and impact (2.3.3)
6. One visual representational piece (collage, video, pamphlet, poster, model, storyboard, photo essay, etc.) (2.3.4, 4.4.2)
 7. “Reading Log” from Response Journal (2.2.1, 2.2.2)

Evidence of Inquiry Process

8. A collection of at least five samples from your Inquiry Logs (Sequence 5 and/or Sequence 6) demonstrating that you
 - determined inquiry focus and parameters based on personal knowledge and on others’ expertise (3.1.1)
 - developed, used, and adapted an inquiry plan (3.1.4)
 - identified and discussed the purpose and usefulness of information sources relevant to particular inquiry needs (3.2.2)
 - evaluated how perspectives and biases influence the choice of information sources for inquiry (3.2.3)
 - accessed information using a variety of tools, skills, and sources to accomplish a particular purpose (3.2.4)
 - organized and reorganized ideas and information in a variety of ways for different audiences and purposes (3.3.1)
 - summarized and recorded information, ideas, and perspectives from a variety of sources and documented sources accurately (3.3.2)
 - evaluated information for completeness, accuracy, currency, historical context, relevance, and balance of perspectives (3.3.3)
 - assessed your own inquiry and research skills (3.3.4)

Evidence of Collaboration

9. One piece using speaking and collaboration (audiotape of response discussion, writing conference, etc.) (3.1.3, 4.4.1, 4.4.2, 4.4.3, 5.1.1, 5.2.1)

Student Choice

10. One piece that you are particularly proud of and/or would like to have assessed for achievement of particular specific learning outcomes.

Carefully choose the pieces and samples to demonstrate your best achievement of the outcomes targeted by each. Your choice for #10 gives you the opportunity to achieve an outcome or outcomes that you feel you have not satisfactorily achieved in the assessed assignments so far.

Lesson 2

Reflect

In this lesson you will reflect on individual pieces in your portfolio by completing biographies of the pieces and short introductions to samples and charts.



You will focus on Specific Learning Outcome 3.3.4, as you explain the importance of new understanding to self and others and assess your own inquiry and research skills.

Part 1

Biographies



You have already written a biography or life story of the piece you created for the process package in Sequence 3 (Assignment 3). Reread this and the guidelines in Lesson 7 of Sequence 3 to refresh your memory of how to proceed. Then write biographies of Selection 4, your breakthrough piece; Selection 6, your visual representational piece; Selection 9, your speaking and collaboration piece; and Selection 10, your choice of pieces.

In addition to the questions provided in Lesson 7 of Sequence 3, focus on the following:



- Selection — Why did you select this piece?
- Process — What was different about the process of creating this piece from the way you created other pieces?
- Learning — What learning outcomes did you achieve in this piece? Explain how the piece demonstrates this achievement.

Each biography should be no longer than one page long, so you need to focus on what makes each piece unique and special, rather than repeat similar information about what is typical of your work.

Part 2**Introductions**

Now you will briefly introduce each of the remaining selections (except Selection 1, which is itself an introduction and is still to be written) — Selection 2, your Goal Sheet; Selection 5, your Response Journal samples; Selection 8, your Inquiry Log samples; and Selection 7, your Reading Log.

In these brief (approximately half a page) introductions, focus on how each artifact demonstrates your achievement of learning outcomes. Point out particular accomplishments to your audience. You may also comment on how enjoyable particular learning experiences were (such as how interesting it was to read such a range of new forms) and on which learning experiences required more effort on your part (such as reflecting on your learning, or consciously noticing your reading strategies, etc.)

Lesson 3

More Reflection

In this lesson, you will reflect on the portfolio as a whole by completing an introduction to it. You will continue to focus on Specific Learning Outcome 3.3.4 and expand your reflection to achieve the following specific learning outcomes:



General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 5: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to celebrate and build community

- 5.2.1 Identify various factors that shape understanding of texts, others, and self
- 5.2.2 Identify and examine ways in which culture, society, and language conventions shape texts
- 5.2.3 Explain ways in which languages and texts express and shape the perceptions of people and diverse communities

Learning Experience

Introduction to the Portfolio

For your introduction to the portfolio as a whole, you need to look at the big picture of your overall accomplishments. You need to examine where you started, as shown in your Goal Sheet and early sequence work; where you are now, as demonstrated by all the portfolio selections together; and where you would like to go in your future English language arts studies.

In addition to describing your personal growth, broaden the perspective and look at the role your work in English language arts plays in your community and surrounding culture. How did various members of your community support and/or challenge your development of and thinking about texts? In what ways are your community and culture reflected in your work? Present your portfolio as a collection that is relevant to the interests and lives of your community members, as they will be part of your audience.

Carefully craft, revise, and edit this introductory essay, and include it with your selections.



Notes



Lesson 4

Personal Touch

In this lesson, you will organize and package your portfolio selections, adding your own personal touches.

You will focus on these specific learning outcomes:

General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

- 4.1.3 Select and use a variety of organizational structures and techniques and appropriate transitions in oral, written, and visual texts to communicate clearly and effectively
- 4.2.2 Analyze and revise drafts to ensure appropriate content and to enhance unity, clarity, and coherence
- 4.2.3 Use appropriate text features to enhance legibility for particular audiences, purposes, and contexts
- 4.2.4 Use effective language, visuals, and sounds, and arrange ideas for emphasis and desired effect
- 4.2.5 Use appropriate strategies and devices to enhance the clarity and appeal of presentations
- 4.3.1 Select appropriate words, grammatical structures, and register for audience, purpose, and context
- 4.3.2 Know and apply Canadian spelling conventions in texts
- 4.3.3 Know and apply capitalization and punctuation conventions to clarify intended meaning
- 4.4.2 Use appropriate voice and visual production factors to communicate and emphasize intent in personal and public communication

Part 1**Order and Organize**

Take all of your selections, together with their introductions and biographies, and order them in what you consider the most effective way. You do not have to follow the order given in the “Portfolio Requirements” — those items were numbered for easy reference in the lessons that followed. You do need to begin with your introductory essay, though.

Once you have ordered your selections, create a “Table of Contents” to include at the front of the portfolio. Also consider formatting in terms of page layouts and font size, alignments, spacing, and font styles of headings and subheadings to enhance the legibility of the portfolio as a whole. You could consider enhancing your page design with abstract graphics or decorative designs that connect various pieces into particular groupings. You can also use page dividers or title pages to group pieces.

Decide what you will use to hold your materials. Options include:

- a three-ring binder
- a box
- a folder
- any other kind of container



Part 2

Cover Design

Design a cover that reflects your personality and creativity. It should include your name, and it could include a(n):

- collage
- drawing
- poem
- written comment
- personal photo(s)
- abstract pattern designs

Part 3

Perfect

Now that your portfolio is organized and artfully packaged, you need to do a careful read-through to check for any errors or inconsistencies in organization, format, grammar and usage, spelling, and capitalization and punctuation. Check especially for things like page numbers matching the “Table of Contents,” consistent size and arrangement of headings and labels, and anything else that could have crept in during the assembly of your portfolio.

Notes



Lesson 5

Celebrate

In this final lesson, you will celebrate your accomplishments by sharing your portfolio and assessing its impact on an audience.

You will focus on these specific learning outcomes:



General and Specific Learning Outcomes

General Learning Outcome 4: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to enhance the clarity and artistry of communication

4.2.1 Appraise choices of ideas, language use, and forms in own texts relative to purpose and audience

General Learning Outcome 5: Students will listen, speak, read, view, and represent to celebrate and build community

5.2.4 Use language and texts to celebrate personal and community occasions and accomplishments

Part 1

Share



Now it is time to share your portfolio. If at all possible, plan a “launch” to celebrate with your community. You may want to enlist the help of your response partner or another friend.

Follow these steps:

1. Book a space. You can hold your launch in your local library, school, bookstore, community centre, or coffee shop (as long as you receive permission), or in your home. Choose a time convenient for you, your intended audience, and your space.
2. Extend invitations. You can send personal invitations to people you’d especially like to attend and/or post a public announcement so that anyone interested can attend.
3. Plan the program. You can include a short speech where you introduce your portfolio and thank your supporters, or you can hold a more casual event where you mingle with the audience and answer individual questions. You may want to provide light refreshments. You may also want to set up an audio or video presentation of certain texts included in your portfolio.

4. Prepare for responses. In order to find out what your audience thinks of your work, make copies of the “Audience Response to Portfolio” form in the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence. Five forms are provided — make as many copies as you think you will need. Make these forms available alongside your portfolio display, and ask audience members to respond by filling them out.
5. Enjoy your launch and bask in the glory!

Note: If you know someone else in your area who is completing this course, join forces for a group launch.

If your circumstances do not allow for a community celebration, share your portfolio with at least five friends or family members. Give each person time to peruse your portfolio carefully, and answer any questions they may have. Ask each person to fill in an “Audience Response to Portfolio” form.

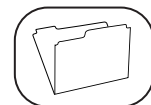
Part 2

Assess Impact on Audience

Read through the completed “Audience Response to Portfolio” forms and consider the comments carefully. Determine the strengths and weaknesses of your portfolio according to how well it achieved the effects you intended.

Write a one-page self-assessment describing the experience of sharing your portfolio and what you learned from that experience, including how well you achieved what you’d intended to achieve based on the audience response.

Include the completed “Audience Response to Portfolio” forms and your written self-assessment at the end of your portfolio to submit to the Distance Learning Unit.





Assessment

Congratulations! You have completed the final sequence of the *Grade 11 English Language Arts: Comprehensive Focus* course. Before submitting your work for this sequence, you must complete

- self-assessment of Assignment 9 — Portfolio
- a checklist to make sure you have done all the work in this sequence

Assessment of Assignment 9

Remove the “Assessment of Assignment 9 — Portfolio” chart from the *Forms* section of this sequence. This assessment form corresponds to the one your tutor/marker will use. You will both assess your achievement of the targeted specific learning outcomes according to the following five-point scale.

Rating Scale				
0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • work does not show evidence of this specific outcome, or evidence of specific learning outcome is incomplete 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • work does not meet the expectations identified in the specific learning outcome for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> (work is below range of expectations for Grade 11) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • work demonstrates minimal expectations identified in the specific learning outcome for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • work meets expectations for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i> (work demonstrates the specific learning outcome) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • work demonstrates maximum expectations for <i>Grade 11 Comprehensive Focus</i>

Rate your performance on each outcome as it applies to your assignment, using the rating scale. Place a checkmark in one box for each line.

Checklist: Sequence 7

Remove the “Checklist: Sequence 7 — Living Up to Expectations” chart from the *Forms* section at the end of this sequence. Complete the checklist to make sure you have completed all of the work required for Sequence 7. As you check each item, make sure that it is labelled with the appropriate lesson and assignment name. To help you keep track of your work in this course, you can write the completion date in the blank for each assignment.

Your tutor/marker will also check to make sure that you have submitted all work for this sequence before marking Assignment 9.

Preparing for Submission of Sequence 7

Steps

- Complete the checklist to make sure all of your work is complete.
- Make sure all of your work for this sequence is included in the portfolio as directed.
- Assemble your work as follows:
 - (Top) Checklist for Sequence 7
Assignment 9 — Portfolio
 - (Bottom) Assessment of Assignment 9 — Portfolio

Note:

Send Sequence 7,
hand-in
assignments to:

Distance
Learning Unit
500-555 Main
Street
P.O. Box 2020
Winkler, MB
R6W 1C4



**Include
Checklist**

Sequence 7
Forms

Audience Response to Portfolio – Page 1

Name of Responder: _____

Date: _____

Portfolio Artist: _____

1. What **really** impressed you?

Presentation (cover, design, organization)

Comments: _____

Range and Variety of Selections

Comments: _____

Student Progress Demonstrated

Comments: _____

Depth of Student Reflection

Comments: _____

Audience Response to Portfolio – Page 2

Artistry of Particular Pieces (State which pieces)

Comments: _____

Risks Taken in Terms of Experimentation & New Achievements

Comments: _____

Amount of Time and Effort / Enthusiasm and Pride Shown

Comments: _____

2. What questions did you ask or would you like to ask the student about the portfolio?

3. Where would you like to see the student go from here?

Audience Response to Portfolio – Page 1

Name of Responder: _____

Date: _____

Portfolio Artist: _____

1. What **really** impressed you?

Presentation (cover, design, organization)

Comments: _____

Range and Variety of Selections

Comments: _____

Student Progress Demonstrated

Comments: _____

Depth of Student Reflection

Comments: _____

Audience Response to Portfolio – Page 2

Artistry of Particular Pieces (State which pieces)

Comments: _____

Risks Taken in Terms of Experimentation & New Achievements

Comments: _____

Amount of Time and Effort / Enthusiasm and Pride Shown

Comments: _____

2. What questions did you ask or would you like to ask the student about the portfolio?

3. Where would you like to see the student go from here?

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1. What **really** impressed you?

Presentation (cover, design, organization)

Comments: _____

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Student Progress Demonstrated

Comments: _____

Depth of Student Reflection

Comments: _____

Audience Response to Portfolio – Page 2

Artistry of Particular Pieces (State which pieces)

Comments: _____

Risks Taken in Terms of Experimentation & New Achievements

Comments: _____

Amount of Time and Effort / Enthusiasm and Pride Shown

Comments: _____

2. What questions did you ask or would you like to ask the student about the portfolio?

3. Where would you like to see the student go from here?

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Date: _____

Portfolio Artist: _____

1. What **really** impressed you?

Presentation (cover, design, organization)

Comments: _____

Range and Variety of Selections

Comments: _____

Student Progress Demonstrated

Comments: _____

Depth of Student Reflection

Comments: _____

Audience Response to Portfolio – Page 2

Artistry of Particular Pieces (State which pieces)

Comments: _____

Risks Taken in Terms of Experimentation & New Achievements

Comments: _____

Amount of Time and Effort / Enthusiasm and Pride Shown

Comments: _____

2. What questions did you ask or would you like to ask the student about the portfolio?

3. Where would you like to see the student go from here?

Audience Response to Portfolio – Page 1

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Date: _____

Portfolio Artist: _____

1. What **really** impressed you?

Presentation (cover, design, organization)

Comments: _____

Range and Variety of Selections

Comments: _____

Student Progress Demonstrated

Comments: _____

Depth of Student Reflection

Comments: _____

Audience Response to Portfolio – Page 2

Artistry of Particular Pieces (State which pieces)

Comments: _____

Risks Taken in Terms of Experimentation & New Achievements

Comments: _____

Amount of Time and Effort / Enthusiasm and Pride Shown

Comments: _____

2. What questions did you ask or would you like to ask the student about the portfolio?

3. Where would you like to see the student go from here?

Assessment of Assignment 9 — Portfolio – Page 1

Name _____ Date _____

Specific Student Learning Outcomes	Performance Rating				
How effectively does your portfolio ...	0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • demonstrate that you have connected ideas, observations, opinions, and emotions through the use of metaphors to develop your own position throughout this course (1.1.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • demonstrate that you have sought others' perspectives through the use of metaphors to develop your own position throughout this course (1.1.2) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • show that you have experimented with figurative language and forms of expression to achieve your purposes (1.1.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • demonstrate — through direct evidence, personal narratives, personal discussions, etc. — how you have experimented with the use of various literary devices, ideas, and attitudes (1.1.4) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • show how you go beyond personal experience to explore the relationship between your own experiences, needs, and interests and how they have been affected throughout the course (1.1.5) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • demonstrate how you have examined connections between personal experience and prior knowledge of figurative language and the use of metaphors throughout the course (2.1.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • demonstrate that you have experimented with various literary devices and that you have completed various literary assignments in the course (2.2.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • show evidence that you respond personally and critically to ideas and values presented in the use of Critical Thinking and Interpretive assignments (2.2.2) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • show that you have experimented with figurative language, visual arts, and sounds to convey intended meaning and impact (2.3.4) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • demonstrate how you have developed, used, and interpreted the inquiry process for content, funding, purposes, context, sources, and procedures (3.1.4) 					

Assessment of Assignment 9 — Portfolio – Page 2

Name _____ Date _____

Specific Student Learning Outcomes	Performance Rating				
How effectively does your portfolio ... <i>(continued)</i>	0	1	2	3	4
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> demonstrate how you have summarized and recorded information, ideas, and perspectives from a variety of sources, and how you have documented sources accurately (3.3.2) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> explain the importance of new understanding to self and others; assess your own inquiry and research skills (3.3.4) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> show that you evaluated and selected the works to demonstrate your achievements in this course (4.1.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> demonstrate that you experimented with a variety of forms appropriate for content, audience, and purpose (4.1.2) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> use organizational structures and techniques and appropriate transitions — table of contents, introductory and concluding reflections, labelling, etc. — that communicate your learning clearly and effectively (4.1.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> use appropriate text features to enhance legibility for your audience, purpose, and context (4.2.3) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> use effective language, visuals, and sounds, and arrange pieces for emphasis and desired effect (4.2.4) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> demonstrate confidence when presenting the work you have done throughout the course (4.4.1) 					
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> celebrate your personal accomplishments in this course (5.2.4) 					

In addition to the above outcomes, I would also like the tutor/marker to assess the following:

Outcome:

Text:

Checklist: Sequence 7 “Living Up to Expectations”

Name _____ Date _____

C = Completed I = Incomplete			
Lesson 2: Reflect	Date	For Student	For Tutor/Marker
Part 1: Biographies — Selection 4			
Selection 6			
Selection 9			
Selection 10			
Part 2: Introductions — Selection 2			
Selection 5			
Selection 7			
Selection 8			
Lesson 3: More Reflection			
Introduction to Portfolio			
Lesson 4: Personal Touch			
Part 1: Table of Contents			
Part 2: Cover Design			
Lesson 5: Celebrate			
Part 1: Audience Response forms (five)			
Part 2: Self-Assessment of Portfolio			
Assignment			
Assignment 9 — Portfolio			
Assessment of Assignment 9 — Portfolio			

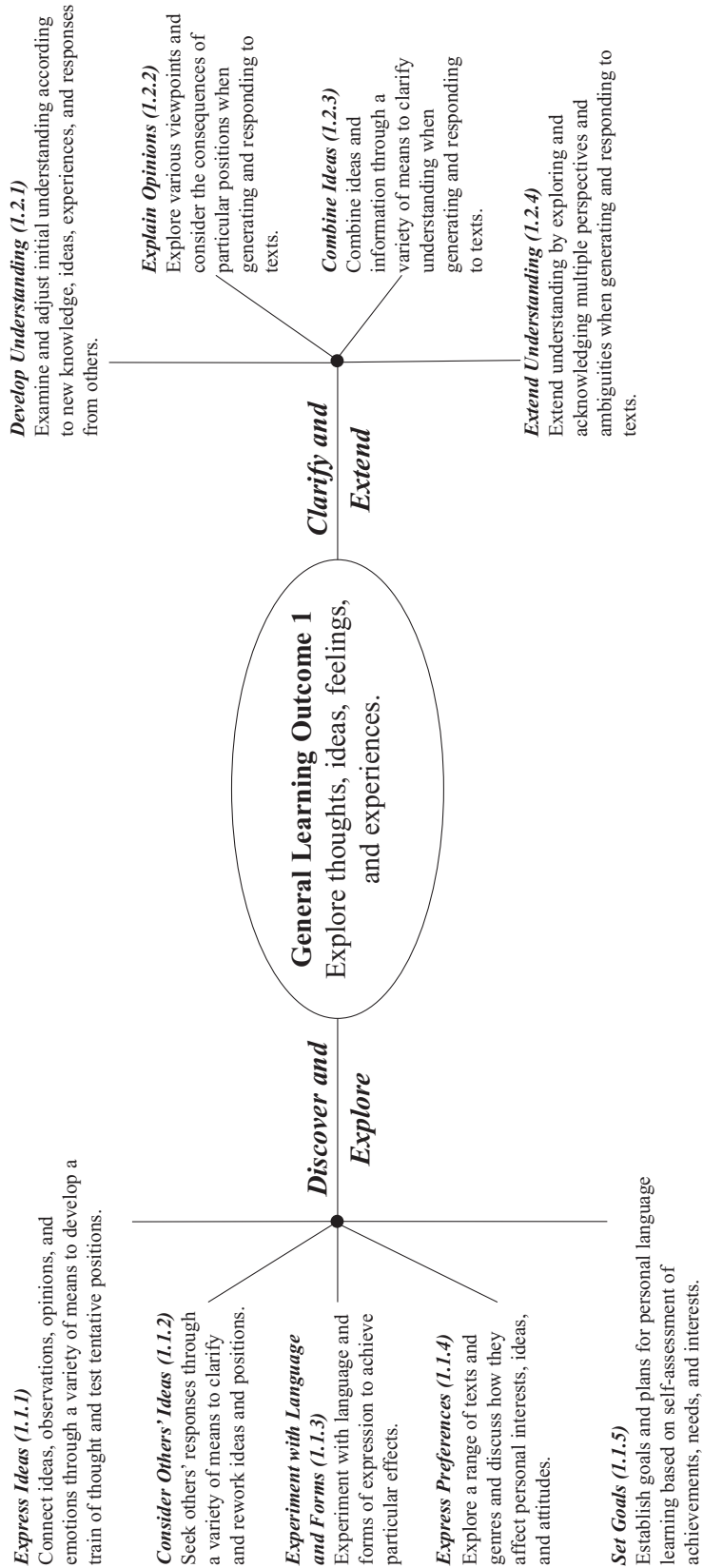
GRADE 11

ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS: COMPREHENSIVE FOCUS

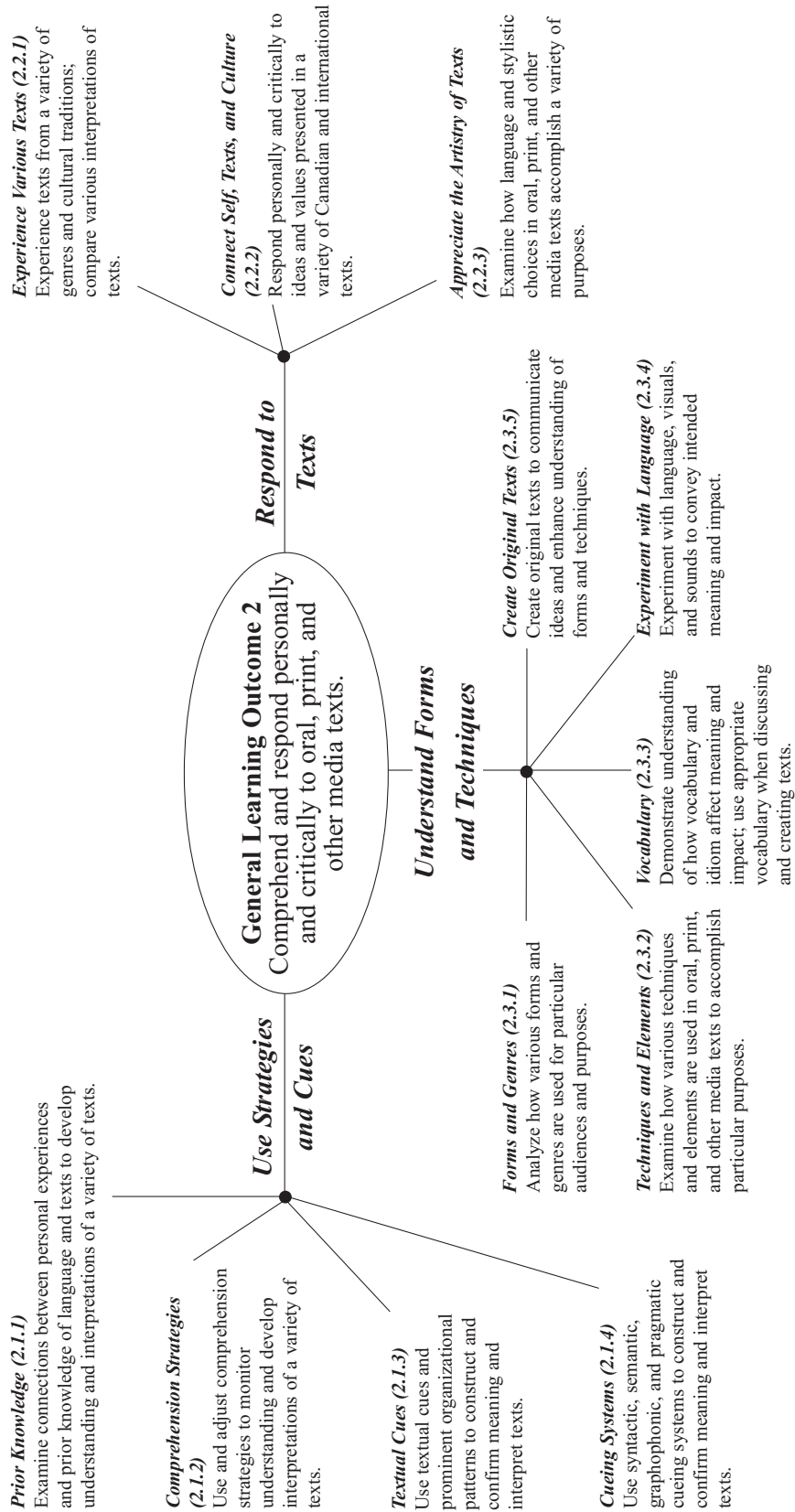
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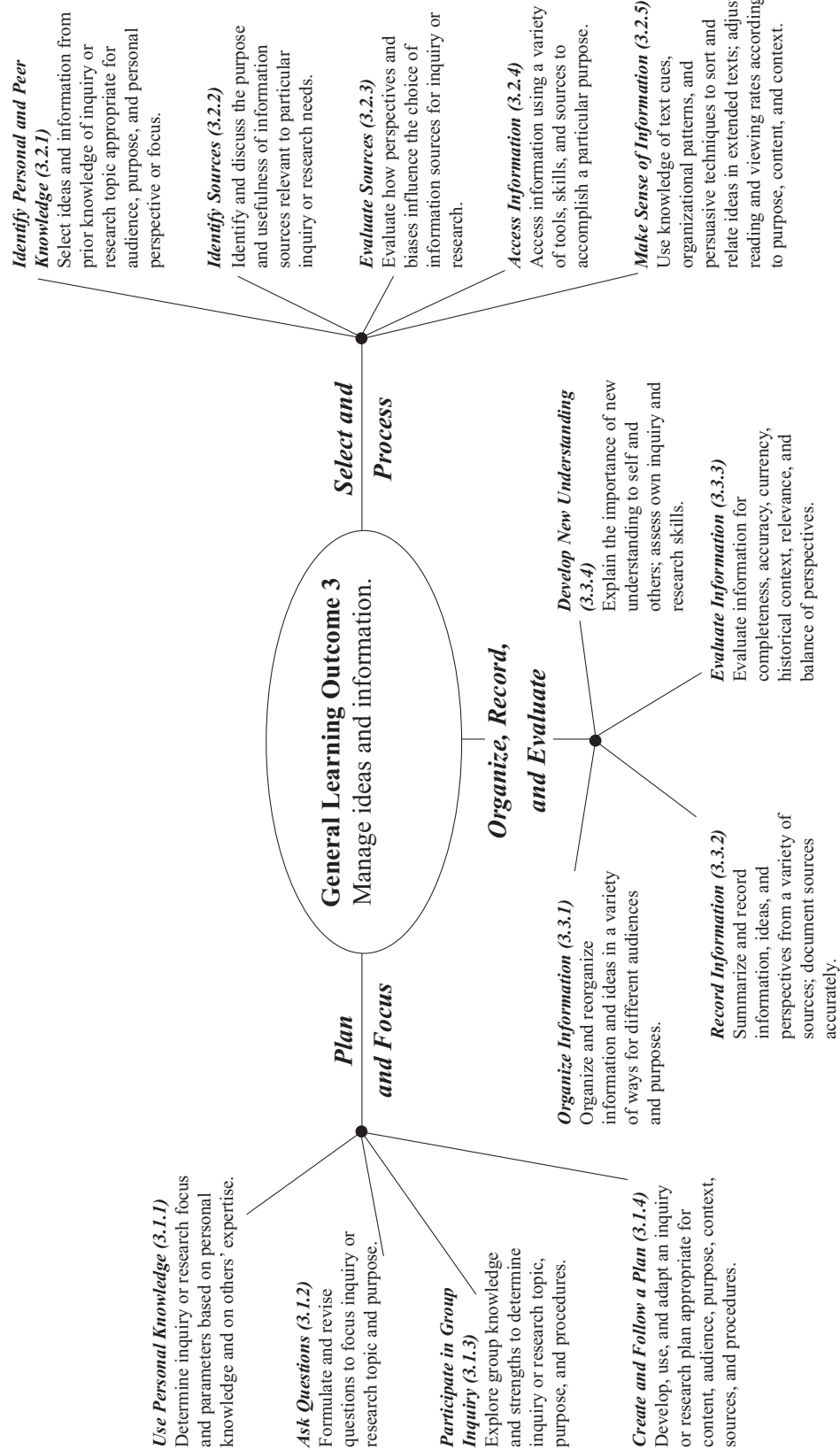
**Grade 11 English Language Arts: Comprehensive Focus
General Learning Outcome 1**

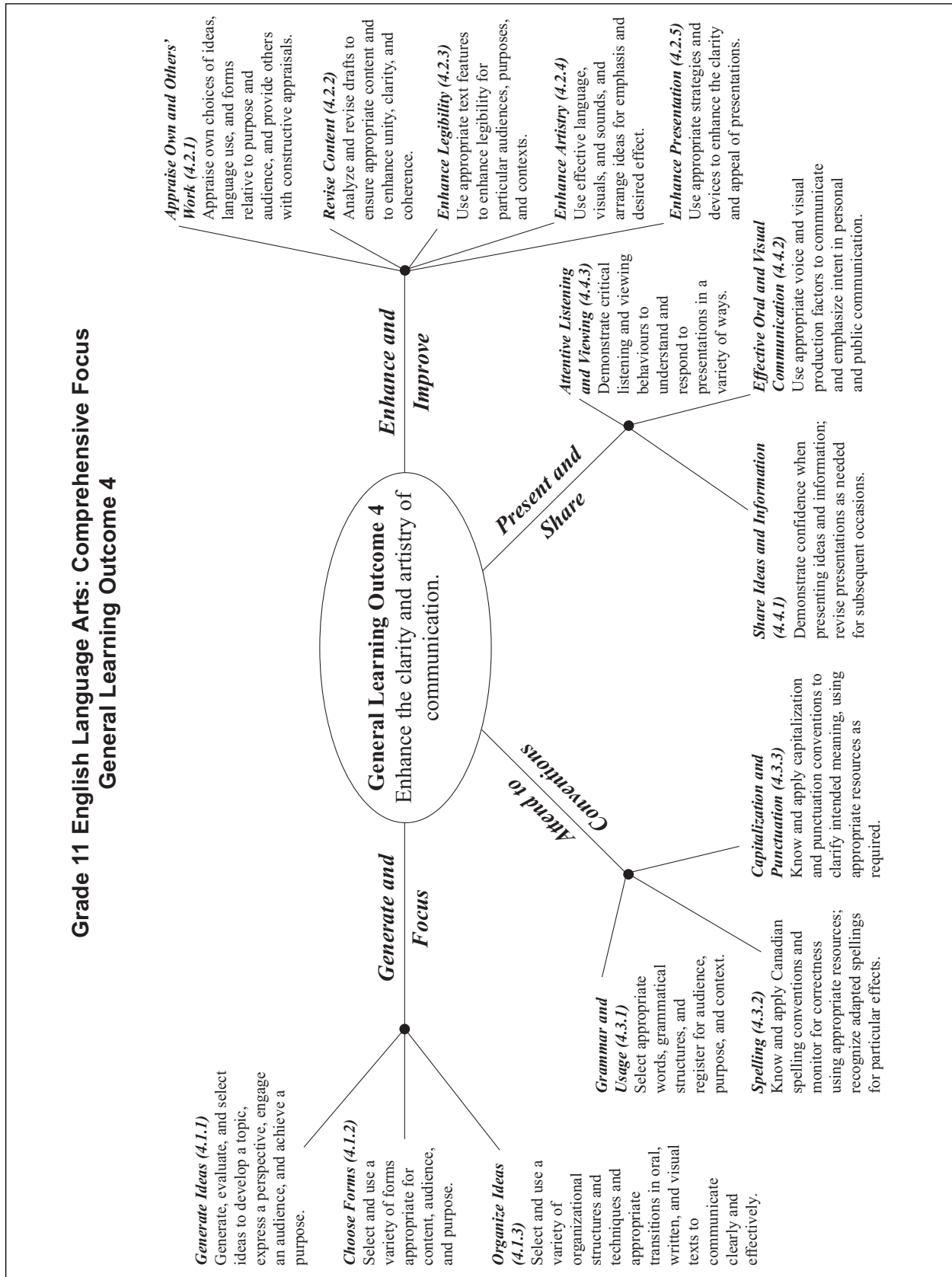


**Grade 11 English Language Arts: Comprehensive Focus
General Learning Outcome 2**

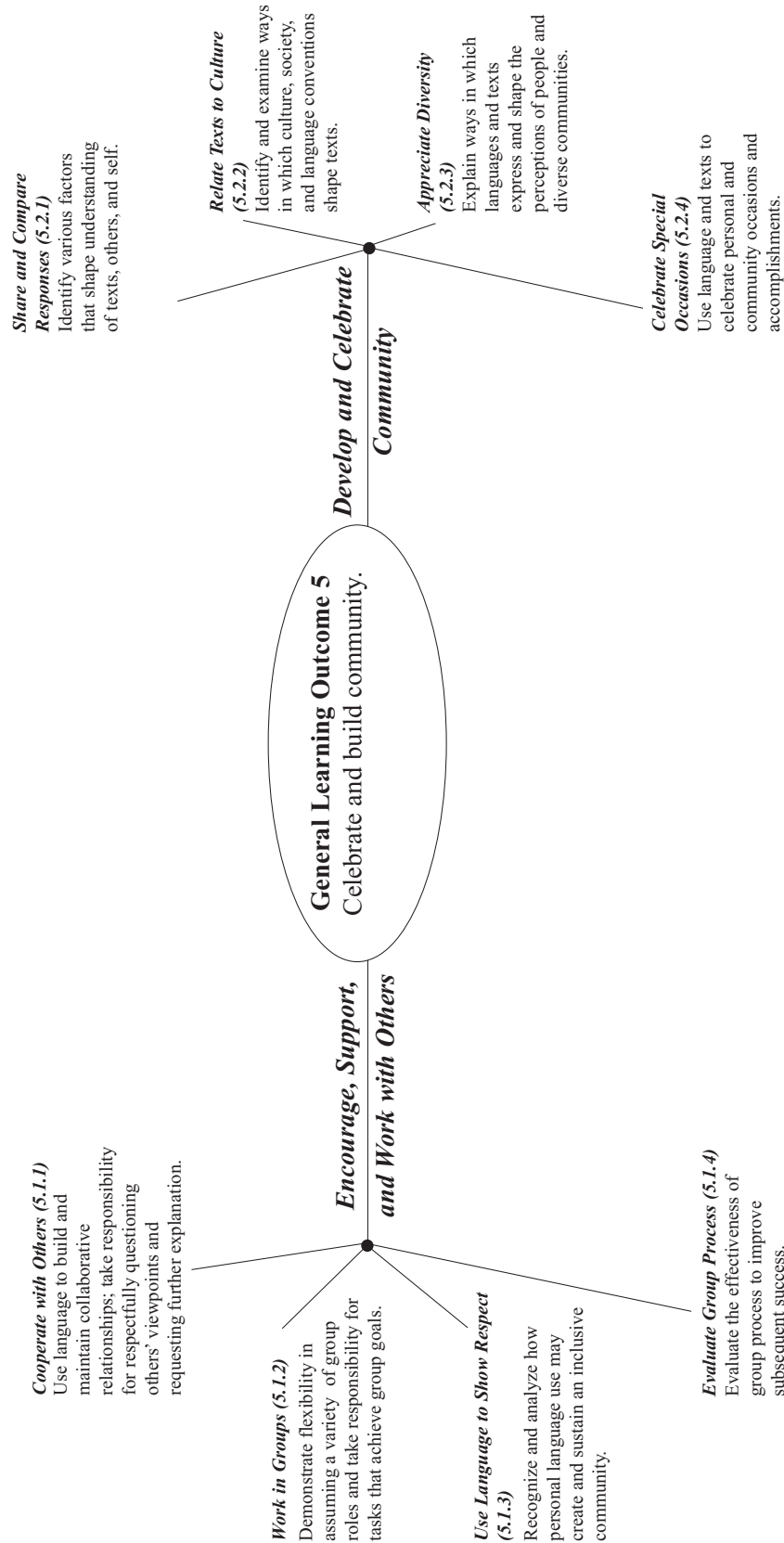


**Grade 11 English Language Arts: Comprehensive Focus
General Learning Outcome 3**





Grade 11 English Language Arts: Comprehensive Focus
General Learning Outcome 5



Notes

Appendix B

Elements of Art and Principles of Design

There are specific terms used to talk about visual art that will be useful for you both when responding to visual art and when creating it. These include the elements of art and the principles of design, and you should be familiar with them so that you can be clear about exactly what in a work is stimulating a response. They are also important concepts to know when creating your own visual art or design. These terms are described briefly in the list below:

Elements of Art

The **elements** of art are the various parts used to create a visual text.

Line can be defined as a moving point. It can describe shapes, or imply edges, and can give the illusion of texture. It is basic to the structure of a composition. Some characteristics of line include measure (length and width), type (curved, straight, jagged, angular), direction (horizontal, vertical, diagonal) and character (happy, angry, sad, calm, graceful, etc.)

Texture is the surface quality of an object. It can be experienced through the sense of touch and/or by sight. *Tactile* texture is that which can actually be felt by touch, and is key to such art forms as collage and sculpture. *Visual* texture refers to the impression of texture created on a flat, smooth surface by recreating familiar textures through colour and value patterns. It cannot be felt, but can be visually appreciated. Surface textures can be smooth, soft, rough, coarse, bumpy and so on.

Colour may be viewed as either light or pigment. As pigment, white is the absence of colour and black is the total of all colours combined. The reverse is the case with light. White is the total of all colours and black is the absence of colour. There are several important terms associated with colour:

- *Hue* — a name given to a colour of the spectrum, e.g., orange, yellow, blue
- *Primary colours* — red, yellow, and blue. All other colours are mixed from these.

- *Secondary colours* — green, orange, and violet. These are mixed from the primaries: blue and yellow make green, red and yellow make orange, and blue and red make violet.
- *Tertiary colours* — are derived by mixing a primary colour with an adjacent secondary colour: blue and green make blue-green, yellow and orange make yellow-orange.
- *Value* — the lightness or darkness of a hue. The value of a hue changes with the addition of black or white.
- *Intensity* — refers to the brightness of a hue. A colour is most intense when pure and unmixed. The intensity is altered with the addition of black, white, or another hue.

Generally, yellows, oranges, and reds tend to give a feeling of warmth and reflect happy, cheerful moods. Blues and greens are seen as cooler and reflect quieter, even sad, moods.

Shape/Form is the area created by defining an edge with colour and value changes, or by enclosing with a line. Two-dimensional shapes may be *organic* (curving or irregular), producing an informal, dynamic feeling, or *geometric* (circular, rectangular, triangular), giving a static, ordered feeling. The spaces in and around shapes are often referred to as “negative” areas. The negative space or background should provide some interest and should be integrated with the shapes in the foreground; that is, it should be easy to smoothly look from foreground to background and back. Three-dimensional shapes are called *forms*.

Space is the area between and around shapes. In a two-dimensional work, the illusion of space or depth can be created using a variety of devices:

- by *overlapping* shapes or lines.
- by varying the *size of objects* — closer objects are larger than objects further away.
- by using *varied values and intensities* — elements further away use less contrast between light and dark, and colours become duller, more neutral, and more bluish.
- by using *linear perspective* — the fact that, visually, parallel lines converge at a vanishing point of a horizon. There are a variety of perspective systems, including one-point perspective, two-point perspective, and multi-point perspective.

- by *attending to vertical location* — objects placed higher up seem to be farther away.

In a three-dimensional work, space is not only created by the object, but also by its relationship to the surroundings. In such a case, the negative space around the form is equal in importance to the form itself.

Principles of Design

Design, or **composition**, is the arrangement and use made of the various elements in a visual work.

Unity implies the creation of harmony, coherence, and a sense of order among elements in a composition. It can be achieved by proximity (putting elements close together), or through repetition of shape, colour, or texture. A work of art that shows unity is one in which a viewer notices the whole pattern before noticing particular parts.

Emphasis and Focal Point. *Emphasis* refers to the highlighting of different areas of a work to create interest. A *focal point* results when one area in a composition differs significantly from the others. The eye is drawn to this area before exploring further. There may exist more than one focal point in a composition, but too many can detract from the overall unity.

One common way to create a focal point is through **scale** or **proportion**, that is, relative size compared to the other shapes and forms. A viewer's eye naturally goes to a large-scale shape in the midst of smaller ones. Elements that seem out of proportion and unnatural also draw attention.

Contrast creates interest in a composition and is achieved by using strong variations within the elements; for example, small shapes with large shapes, geometric shapes with organic ones, light colours against dark ones, smooth textures combined with rough.

Balance implies a sense of equilibrium in a composition — a comfortable distribution of visual weight. Balance can be achieved in a variety of ways:

- A composition which has an equal distribution of the elements on either side of an axis uses *symmetrical* balance. Each side is a mirror image of the other.

- A work where balance is achieved with dissimilar objects that have equal visual weight uses *asymmetrical* balance; for example, a large shape placed to the centre of a design might be balanced by a smaller shape placed at the edge (balance by position), or by two smaller shapes. Despite the lack of symmetrical balance, the eye is equally attracted to both sides of the work. Asymmetrical balance can also be achieved by balancing bright and dull colours, light and dark values, and different textures.
- An overall sense of proportion and balance in design can be achieved by following the “golden mean,” which is a formula stating that the size of the small part of a design must relate to the large part in the same proportion that the larger part relates to the whole. Basically this means that, particularly with background figures and forms, major design features should be placed, not halfway up, down, or across the text, but one-third of the way from the horizontal or vertical edges.
- A composition in which all the elements radiate from a common central point achieves *radial balance*. Snowflakes, the petals of a flower, or a cross-section of an orange are examples found in nature. Crafts such as ceramics and jewelry design and some architectural structures make great use of radial balance, but it is not commonly used in paintings, at least not obviously.
- A work with an all-over pattern achieves *crystallographic balance*. Fabric patterns and wallpaper designs are often examples of this type of balance.

Most visual art uses a combination of the types of balance described above.

Movement. The illusion of motion in a composition can be achieved in many ways. One of the oldest devices is that of repeating a figure. Another technique used is “multiple” images, which feature one figure in a series of overlapping poses. Blurred images, dynamic brush strokes, and strong diagonals can also convey the feeling of motion.

Rhythm is related to movement, specifically the movement of the viewer’s eye, and is based on repetition. Recurring shapes or lines can be repeated at regular or irregular intervals to create simple or complex rhythms. Visual rhythms can be connecting and flowing or abrupt and dynamic.

- An *alternating rhythm* uses the repetition of two motifs that alternate with each other and set up an expected sequence.
- A *progressive rhythm* repeats a shape that changes in a regular way, becoming smaller or larger, deeper in colour, rougher or smoother in texture, and so on.

[from *Senior 1 Art*, 165-168; original source David Lauer, *Design Basics*]

How do the “Elements of Art” and the “Principles of Design” help me to respond to visual art and graphic representations?

The following comprehensive set of questions about the media used, elements of art, principles of design, subject matter, and general impact should help to guide your response to any work of visual representation.

1. On the left-hand page of your Response Journal, write down the **media** used for this visual text. What is it made of? This includes the surface the image is drawn on (e.g., paper, wood, canvas) and the media used (e.g., paint, pencil, mixed media/collage).
2. On the right-hand page of your Response Journal, write about the effect of this type of media. Have you seen it used before? Does it remind you of any favourite texts? Does it suit the subject matter of the picture?
3. On the left-hand page of your Response Journal, list the following information about the **elements** used in the text:
 - any obvious **shapes**, geometric or organic. Are any of these repeated to form a recurring motif or pattern?
 - the kinds of **lines** (thick, thin, wobbly, straight, curved, dotted, etc.) and any variations in the kinds used.
 - the surface **texture** (rough, smooth, etc.) and how this is portrayed (by line, brushstrokes, media used, colour combinations, etc.).
 - any strong **values** in the piece (contrasts between light and dark colours).
 - the **colours** used. Describe them as subdued or bright, transparent or opaque, warm (yellow, orange, red) or cool (blue, blue-violet, blue-green). Are they appropriate for the subject matter?

- the **space** portrayed. Is it shallow or deep? Does your eye travel across or into the picture? What techniques are used to achieve depth — overlapping, perspective, proportion, areas of light and shadow, foreground detail?
4. On the right-hand page of your Response Journal, speculate on the effects of each of these elements. Why would certain colours or shapes be used? What feelings are stimulated by the space or texture? Try imagining different colours or different types of shapes or lines, and see how the effect would change.
 5. On the left-hand page of your Response Journal, list the following information about the **principles of design** evident in the text:
 - the way a sense of **unity** is achieved. Are different elements placed in close proximity? Are shapes, colours, or textures repeated?
 - the area of **emphasis** or the **focal point**. Where is your eye drawn as you look at the work? How is this point made different from the rest of the work? Is there more than one focal point?
 - the sense of interest created through **contrast**. Are there strong variations within the elements (small shapes with large, light colours against dark, smooth textures with rough, etc.)
 - the way a sense of **balance** is achieved. Is the balance symmetrical, asymmetrical, radial, crystallographic? A combination of types? Is this type of balance suitable for the subject of the work?
 - any illusion of **motion** achieved. How is this done — through repetition, overlapping images, blurred images, strong diagonals, etc.? How effective is it?
 - the **rhythm** achieved. Is it simple or complex? Does it flow or is it more abrupt? Is it an alternating rhythm? A progressive rhythm?
 6. On the left-hand page of your Response Journal, write down what the text is about, what part of a story it is telling, what possible messages it is conveying.
 7. On the right hand page, write down anything this reminds you of, any memories brought to mind.

8. Also on the right hand page, write a general entry about the impact of the visual text. Do you like it? Are you most attracted to the powerful subject matter, the design elements, or the interesting use of media? What is it that holds your attention or makes you want to look again? What audience is it aimed at?

How do the “Elements of Art” and the “Principles of Design” help me to create my own visual art and graphic representations?

Basically, the elements of art and the principles of design provide you with the occasional guiding rule, such as the “golden mean,” as well as an almost endless number of ways to experiment while sketching a thumbnail. Checking the effects of different colour combinations, different line types, different textures, different shapes all arranged according to different principles of unity, contrast, balance, rhythm, and movement is not only fun, but will lead to quality work in the end.

Notes



Appendix C

Trouble Is My Business*

4

When I came to, the light from the windows across the room was hitting me square in the eyes. The back of my head ached. I felt it and it was sticky. I moved around slowly, like a cat in a strange house, got up on my knees and reached for the bottle of Scotch on the tabouret at the end of the davenport. By some miracle I hadn't knocked it over. Falling I had hit my head on the clawlike leg of a chair. That had hurt me a lot more than young Jeeter's haymaker. I could feel the sore place on my jaw all right, but it wasn't important enough to write in my diary.

I got up on my feet, took a swig of the Scotch and looked around. There wasn't anything to see. The room was empty. It was full of silence and the memory of a nice perfume. One of those perfumes you don't notice until they are almost gone, like the last leaf on a tree. I felt my head again, touched the sticky place with my handkerchief, decided it wasn't worth yelling about, and took another drink.

I sat down with the bottle on my knees, listening to traffic noise somewhere, far off. It was a nice room. Miss Harriet Huntress was a nice girl. She knew a few wrong numbers, but who didn't? I should criticize a little thing like that. I took another drink. The level in the bottle was a lot lower now. It was smooth and you hardly noticed it going down. It didn't take half your tonsils with it, like some of the stuff I had to drink. I took some more. My head felt all right now. I felt fine. I felt like singing the Prologue to Pagliacci. Yes, she was a nice girl. If she was paying her own rent, she was doing right well. I was for her. She was swell. I used some more of her Scotch.

The bottle was still half full. I shook it gently, stuffed it in my overcoat pocket, put my hat somewhere on my head and left. I made the elevator without hitting the walls on either side of the corridor, floated downstairs, strolled out into the lobby.

Hawkins, the house dick, was leaning on the end of the desk again, staring at the Ali Baba oil jar. The same clerk was nuzzling at the same itchy-bitsy mustache. I smiled at him. He smiled back. Hawkins smiled at me. I smiled back. Everybody was swell.

I made the front door the first time and gave the doorman two bits and floated down the steps and along the walk to the street and my car. The swift California twilight was falling. It was a lovely night. Venus in the west was as bright as a streetlamp, as bright as life, as bright as Miss Huntress' eyes, as bright as a bottle of Scotch. That reminded me. I got the square bottle out and tapped it with discretion, corked it, and tucked it away again. There was still enough to get home on.

*Reprinted from *Great Detectives: A Century of the Best Mysteries from England and America*.

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I crashed five red lights on the way back but my luck was in and nobody pinched me. I parked more or less in front of my apartment house and more or less near the curb. I rode to my floor in the elevator, had a little trouble opening the doors and helped myself out with my bottle. I got the key into my door and unlocked it and stepped inside and found the light switch. I took a little more of my medicine before exhausting myself any further. Then I started for the kitchen to get some ice and ginger ale for a real drink.

I thought there was a funny smell in the apartment—nothing I could put a name to offhand—a sort of medicinal smell. I hadn't put it there and it hadn't been there when I went out. But I felt too well to argue about it. I started for the kitchen, got about halfway there.

They came out at me, almost side by side, from the dressing room beside the wall bed—two of them—with guns. The tall one was grinning. He had his hat low on his forehead and he had a wedge-shaped face that ended in a point, like the bottom half of the ace of diamonds. He had dark moist eyes and a nose so bloodless that it might have been made of white wax. His gun was a Colt Woodsman with a long barrel and the front sight filed off. That meant he thought he was good.

The other was a little terrierlike punk with bristly reddish hair and no hat and watery blank eyes and bat ears and small feet in dirty white sneakers. He had an automatic that looked too heavy for him to hold up, but he seemed to like holding it. He breathed open-mouthed and noisily and the smell I had noticed came from him in waves—menthol.

“Reach, you bastard,” he said.

I put my hands up. There was nothing else to do.

This little one circled around to the side and came at me from the side. “Tell us we can't get away with it,” he sneered.

“You can't get away with it,” I said.

The tall one kept on grinning loosely and his nose kept on looking as if it was made of white wax. The little one spat on my carpet. “Yah!” He came close to me, leering, and made a pass at my chin with the big gun.

I dodged. Ordinarily that would have been just something which, in the circumstances, I had to take and like. But I was feeling better than ordinary. I was a world-beater. I took them in sets, guns and all. I took the little man around the throat and jerked him hard against my stomach, put a hand over his little gun hand and knocked the gun to the floor. It was easy. Nothing was bad about it but his breath. Blobs of saliva came out on his lips. He spit curses.

The tall man stood and leered and didn't shoot. He didn't move. His eyes looked a little anxious, I thought, but I was too busy to make sure. I went down behind the little punk, still holding him, and got hold of his gun. That was wrong. I ought to have pulled my own.

I threw him away from me and he reeled against a chair and fell down and began to kick the chair savagely. The tall man laughed.

“It ain't got any firing pin in it,” he said.

“Listen,” I told him earnestly, “I'm half full of good Scotch and ready to go places and get things done. Don't waste much of my time. What do you boys want?”

“It still ain’t got any firing pin in it,” Waxnose said. “Try and see. I don’t never let Frisky carry a loaded rod. He’s too impulsive. You got a nice arm action there, pal. I will say that for you.”

Frisky sat up on the floor and spat on the carpet again and laughed. I pointed the muzzle of the big automatic at the floor and squeezed the trigger. It clicked dryly, but from the balance it felt as if it had cartridges in it.

“We don’t mean no harm,” Waxnose said. “Not this trip. Maybe next trip? Who knows? Maybe you’re a guy that will take a hint. Lay off the Jeeter kid is the word. See?”

“You won’t do it?”

“No, I don’t see. Who’s the Jeeter kid?”

Waxnose was not amused. He waved his long .22 gently. “You oughta get your memory fixed, pal, about the same time you get your door fixed. A pushover that was. Frisky just blew it in with his breath.”

“I can understand that,” I said.

“Gimme my gat,” Frisky yelped. He was up off the floor again, but this time he rushed his partner instead of me.

“Lay off, dummy,” the tall one said. “We just got a message for a guy. We don’t blast him. Not today.”

“Says you!” Frisky snarled and tried to grab the .22 out of Waxnose’s hand. Waxnose threw him to one side without trouble but the interlude allowed me to switch the big automatic to my left hand and jerk out my Luger. I showed it to Waxnose. He nodded, but did not seem impressed.

“He ain’t got no parents,” he said sadly. “I just let him run around with me. Don’t pay him no attention unless he bites you. We’ll be on our way now. You get the idea. Lay off the Jeeter kid.”

“You’re looking at a Luger,” I said. “Who is the Jeeter kid? And maybe we’ll have some cops before you leave.”

He smiled wearily. “Mister, I pack this small-bore because I can shoot. If you think you can take me, go to it.”

“Okay,” I said. “Do you know anybody named Arbogast?”

“I meet such a lot of people,” he said, with another weary smile. “Maybe yes, maybe no. So long, pal. Be pure.”

He strolled over to the door, moving a little sideways, so that he had me covered all the time, and I had him covered, and it was just a case of who shot first and straightest, or whether it was worthwhile to shoot at all, or whether I could hit anything with so much nice warm Scotch in me. I let him go. He didn’t look like a killer to me, but I could have been wrong.

The little man rushed me again while I wasn’t thinking about him. He clawed his big automatic out of my left hand, skipped over to the door, spat on the carpet again, and slipped out. Waxnose backed after him—long sharp face, white nose, pointed chin, weary expression. I wouldn’t forget him.

He closed the door softly and I stood there, foolish, holding my gun. I heard the elevator come up and go down again and stop. I still stood there. Marty Estel wouldn't be very likely to hire a couple of comics like that to throw a scare into anybody. I thought about that, but thinking got me nowhere. I remembered the half-bottle of Scotch I had left and went into executive session with it.

An hour and a half later I felt fine, but I still didn't have any ideas. I just felt sleepy.

The jarring of the telephone bell woke me. I had dozed off in the chair, which was a bad mistake, because I woke up with two flannel blankets in my mouth, a splitting headache, a bruise on the back of my head and another on my jaw, neither of them larger than a Yakima apple, but sore for all that. I felt terrible. I felt like an amputated leg.

I crawled over to the telephone and humped myself in a chair beside it and answered it. The voice dripped icicles.

"Mr. Marlowe? This is Mr. Jeeter. I believe we met this morning. I'm afraid I was a little stiff with you."

"I'm a little stiff myself. Your son poked me in the jaw. I mean your stepson, or your adopted son—or whatever he is."

"He is both my stepson and my adopted son. Indeed?" He sounded interested. "And where did you meet him?"

"In Miss Huntress' apartment."

"Oh I see." There had been a sudden thaw. The icicles had melted. "Very interesting. What did Miss Huntress have to say?"

"She liked it. She liked him poking me in the jaw."

"I see. And why did he do that?"

"She had him hid out. He overheard some of our talk. He didn't like it."

"I see. I have been thinking that perhaps some consideration—not large, of course—should be granted to her for her cooperation. That is, if we can secure it."

"Fifty grand is the price."

"I'm afraid I don't—"

"Don't kid me," I snarled. "Fifty thousand dollars. Fifty grand. I offered her five hundred—just for a gag."

"You seem to treat this whole business in a spirit of considerable levity," he snarled back. "I am not accustomed to that sort of thing and I don't like it."

I yawned. I didn't give a damn if school kept in or not. "Listen, Mr. Jeeter, I'm a great guy to horse around, but I have my mind on the job just the same. And there are some very unusual angles to this case. For instance a couple of gunmen just stuck me up in my apartment here and told me to lay off the Jeeter case. I don't see why it should get so tough."

"Good heavens!" He sounded shocked. "I think you had better come to my house at once and we will discuss matters. I'll send my car for you. Can you come right away?"

"Yeah. But I can drive myself. I—"

“No. I’m sending my car and chauffeur. His name is George; you may rely upon him absolutely. He should be there in about twenty minutes.”

“Okay,” I said. “That just gives me time to drink my dinner. Have him park around the corner of Kenmore, facing towards Franklin.” I hung up.

When I’d had a hot-and-cold shower and put on some clean clothes I felt more respectable. I had a couple of drinks, small ones for a change, and put a light overcoat on and went down to the street.

The car was there already. I could see it half a block down the side street. It looked like a new market opening. It had a couple of head lamps like the one on the front end of a streamliner, two amber foglights hooked to the front fender, and a couple of sidelights as big as ordinary headlights. I came up beside it and stopped and a man stepped out of the shadows, tossing a cigarette over his shoulder with a neat flip of the wrist. He was tall, broad, dark, wore a peaked cap, a Russian tunic with a Sam Browne belt, shiny leggings and breeches that flared like an English staff major’s whipcords.

“Mr. Marlowe?” He touched the peak of his cap with a gloved forefinger.

“Yeah,” I said. “At ease. Don’t tell me that’s Old Man Jeeter’s car.”

“One of them.” It was a cool voice that could get fresh.

He opened the rear door and I got in and sank down into the cushions and George slid under the wheel and started the big car. It moved away from the curb and around the corner with as much noise as a bill makes in a wallet. We went west. We seemed to be drifting with the current, but we passed everything. We slid through the heart of Hollywood, the west end of it, down to the Strip and along the glitter of that to the cool quiet of Beverly Hills where the bridle path divides the boulevard.

We gave Beverly Hills the swift and climbed along the foothills, saw the distant lights of the university buildings and swung north into Bel-Air. We began to slide up long narrow streets with high walls and no sidewalks and big gates. Lights on mansions glowed politely through the early night. Nothing stirred. There was no sound but the soft purr of the tires on concrete. We swung left again and I caught a sign which read Calvello Drive. Halfway up this George started to swing the car wide to make a left turn in at a pair of twelve-foot wrought-iron gates. Then something happened.

A pair of lights flared suddenly just beyond the gates and a horn screeched and a motor raced. A car charged at us fast. George straightened out with a flick of the wrist, braked the car and slipped off his right glove, all in one motion.

The car came on, the lights swaying. “Damn drunk,” George swore over his shoulder.

It could be. Drunks in cars go all kinds of places to drink. It could be. I slid down onto the floor of the car and yanked the Luger from under my arm and reached up to open the catch. I opened the door a little and held it that way, looking over the sill. The headlights hit me in the face and I ducked, then came up again as the beam passed.

The other car jammed to a stop. Its door slammed open and a figure jumped out of it, waving a gun and shouting. I heard the voice and knew.

“Reach, you bastards!” Frisky screamed at us.

George put his left hand on the wheel and I opened my door a little more. The little man in the street was bouncing up and down and yelling. Out of the small dark car from which he had jumped came no sound except the noise of its motor.

“This is a heist!” Frisky yelled. “Out of there and line up, you sons of bitches!”

I kicked my door open and started to get out, the Luger down at my side.

“You asked for it!” the little man yelled.

I dropped—fast. The gun in his hand belched flame. Somebody must have put a firing pin in it. Glass smashed behind my head. Out of the corner of my eye, which oughtn’t to have had any corners at that particular moment, I saw George make a movement as smooth as a ripple of water. I brought the Luger up and started to squeeze the trigger, but a shot crashed beside me—George.

I held my fire. It wasn’t needed now.

The dark car lurched forward and started down the hill furiously. It roared into the distance while the little man out in the middle of the pavement was still reeling grotesquely in the light reflected from the walls.

There was something dark on his face that spread. His gun bounded along the concrete. His little legs buckled and he plunged sideways and rolled and then, very suddenly, became still.

George said, “Yah!” and sniffed at the muzzle of his revolver.

“Nice shooting.” I got out of the car, stood there looking at the little man—a crumpled nothing. The dirty white of his sneakers gleamed a little in the side glare of the car’s lights.

George got out beside me. “Why me, brother?”

“I didn’t fire. I was watching that pretty hip draw of yours. It was sweeter than honey.”

“Thanks, pal. They were after Mister Gerald, of course. I usually ferry him home from the club about this time, full of liquor and bride losses.”

We went over to the little man and looked down at him. He wasn’t anything to see. He was just a little man who was dead, with a big slug in his face and blood on him.

“Turn some of those damn lights off,” I growled. “And let’s get away from here fast.”

“The house is just across the street.” George sounded as casual as if he had just shot a nickel in a slot machine instead of a man.

“The Jeeters are out of this, if you like your job. You ought to know that. We’ll go back to my place and start all over.”

“I get it,” he snapped, and jumped back into the big car. He cut the foglights and the sidelights and I got in beside him in the front seat.

We straightened out and started up the hill, over the brow. I looked back at the broken window. It was the small one at the extreme back of the car and it wasn’t shatterproof. A large piece was gone from it. They could fit that, if they got around to it, and make some evidence. I didn’t think it would matter, but it might.

At the crest of the hill a large limousine passed us going down. It’s dome light was on and in the interior, as in a lighted showcase, an elderly couple sat stiffly, taking the royal salute. The

man was in evening clothes, with a white scarf and a crush hat. The woman was in furs and diamonds.

George passed them casually, gunned the car and we made a fast right turn into a dark street. “There’s a couple of good dinners all shot to hell,” he drawled. “And I bet they don’t even report it.”

“Yeah. Let’s get back home and have a drink,” I said. “I never really got to like killing people.”

5

We sat with some of Miss Harriet Huntress’ Scotch in our glasses and looked at each other across the rims. George looked nice with his cap off. His head was clustered over with wavy dark brown hair and his teeth were very white and clean. He sipped his drink and nibbled a cigarette at the same time. His snappy black eyes had a cool glitter in them.

“Yale?” I asked.

“Dartmouth, if it’s any of your business.”

“Everything’s my business. What’s a college education worth these days?”

“Three squares and a uniform,” he drawled.

“What kind of guy is young Jeeter?”

“Big blond bruiser, plays a fair game of golf, thinks he’s hell with the women, drinks heavy but hasn’t sicked up on the rugs so far.”

“What kind of guy is old Jeeter?”

“He’d probably give you a dime—if he didn’t have a nickel with him.”

“Tsk, tsk, you’re talking about your boss.”

George grinned. “He’s so tight his head squeaks when he takes his hat off. I always took chances. Maybe that’s why I’m just somebody’s driver. This is good Scotch.”

I made another drink, which finished the bottle. I sat down again.

“You think those two gunnies were stashed out for Mister Gerald?”

“Why not? I usually drive him home about that time. Didn’t today. He had a bad hangover and didn’t go out until late. You’re a dick, you know what it’s all about, don’t you?”

“Who told you I was a dick?”

“Nobody but a dick ever asked so goddam many questions.”

I shook my head. “Uh-uh. I’ve asked you just six questions. Your boss has a lot of confidence in you. He must have told you.”

The dark man nodded, grinned faintly and sipped. “The whole set-up is pretty obvious,” he said. “When the car started to swing for the turn into the driveway these boys went to work. I don’t figure they meant to kill anybody, somehow. It was just a scare. Only that little guy was nuts.”

I looked at George's eyebrows. They were nice black eyebrows, with a gloss on them like horsehair.

"It doesn't sound like Marty Estel to pick that sort of helpers."

"Sure. Maybe that's why he picked that sort of helpers."

"You're smart. You and I can get along. But shooting that little punk makes it tougher. What will you do about that?"

"Nothing."

"Okay. If they get to you and tie it to your gun, if you still have the gun, which you probably won't, I suppose it will be passed off as an attempted stickup. There's just one thing."

"What?" George finished his second drink, laid the glass aside, lit a fresh cigarette and smiled.

"It's pretty hard to tell a car from in front—at night. Even with all those lights. It might have been a visitor."

He shrugged and nodded. "But if it's a scare, that would do just as well. Because the family would hear about it and the old man would guess whose boys they were—and why."

"Hell, you really are smart," I said admiringly, and the phone rang.

It was an English-butler voice, very clipped and precise, and it said that if I was Mr. Philip Marlowe, Mr. Jeeter would like to speak to me. He came on at once, with plenty of frost.

"I must say that you take your time about obeying orders," he barked. "Or hasn't that chauffeur of mine—"

"Yeah, he got here, Mr. Jeeter," I said. "But we ran into a little trouble. George will tell you."

"Young man, when I want something done—"

"Listen, Mr. Jeeter, I've had a hard day. Your son punched me on the jaw and I fell and cut my head open. When I staggered back to my apartment, more dead than alive, I was stuck up by a couple of hard guys with guns who told me to lay off the Jeeter case. I'm doing my best but I'm feeling a little frail, so don't scare me."

"Young man—"

"Listen," I told him earnestly, "If you want to call all the plays in this game, you can carry the ball yourself. Or you can save yourself a lot of money and hire an order taker. I have to do things my way. Any cops visit you tonight?"

"Cops?" he echoed in a sour voice. "You mean policemen?"

"By all means—I mean policemen."

"And why should I see any policemen?" he almost snarled.

"There was a stiff in front of your gates half an hour ago. Stiff meaning dead man. He's quite small. You could sweep him up in a dustpan, if he bothers you."

"My God! Are you serious?"

"Yes. What's more he took a shot at George and me. He recognized the car. He must have been all set for your son, Mr. Jeeter."

A silence with barbs on it. “I thought you said a dead man,” Mr. Jeeter’s voice said very coldly. “Now you say he shot at you.”

“That was while he wasn’t dead,” I said. “George will tell you. George—”

“You come out here at once!” he yelled at me over the phone. “At once, do you hear? At once!”

“George will tell you,” I said softly and hung up.

George looked at me coldly. He stood up and put his cap on. “Okay, pal,” he said. “Maybe some day I can put you on to a soft thing.” He started for the door.

“It has to be that way. It’s up to him. He’ll have to decide.”

“Nuts,” George said, looking back over his shoulder. “Save your breath, shamus. Anything you say to me is just so much noise in the wrong place.”

He opened the door, went out, shut it, and I sat there still holding the telephone, with my mouth open and nothing in it but my tongue and a bad taste on that.

I went out to the kitchen and shook the Scotch bottle, but it was still empty. I opened some rye and swallowed a drink and it tasted sour. Something was bothering me. I had a feeling it was going to bother me a lot more before I was through.

They must have missed George by a whisker. I heard the elevator come up again almost as soon as it had stopped going down. Solid steps grew louder along the hallway. A fist hit the door. I went over and opened it.

One was in brown, one in blue, both large, hefty and bored.

The one in brown pushed his hat back on his head with a freckled hand and said: “You Philip Marlowe?”

“Me,” I said.

They rode me back into the room without seeming to. The one in blue shut the door. The one in brown palmed a shield and let me catch a glint of the gold and enamel.

“Finlayson, Detective Lieutenant working out of Central Homicide,” he said. “This is Sebold, my partner. We’re a couple of swell guys not to get funny with. We hear you’re kind of sharp with a gun.”

Sebold took his hat off and dusted his salt-and-pepper hair back with the flat of his hand. He drifted noiselessly out to the kitchen.

Finlayson sat down on the edge of a chair and flicked his chin with a thumbnail as square as an ice cube and yellow as a mustard plaster. He was older than Sebold, but not so good-looking. He had the frowsy expression of a veteran cop who hadn’t got very far.

I sat down. I said: “How do you mean, sharp with a gun?”

“Shooting people is how I mean.”

I lit a cigarette. Sebold came out of the kitchen and went into the room behind the wall bed.

“We understand you’re a private-license guy,” Finlayson said heavily.

“That’s right.”

“Give.” He held his hand out. I gave him my wallet. He chewed it over and handed it back. “Carry a gun?”

I nodded. He held out his hand for it. Sebold came out of the dressing room. Finlayson sniffed at the Luger, snapped the magazine out, cleared the breech and held the gun so that a little light shone up through the magazine opening into the breech end of the barrel. He looked down the muzzle, squinting. He handed the gun to Sebold. Sebold did the same thing.

“Don’t think so,” Sebold said. “Clean, but not that clean. Couldn’t have been cleaned within the hour. A little dust.”

“Right.”

Finlayson picked the ejected shell off the carpet, pressed it into the magazine and snapped the magazine back in place. He handed me the gun. I put it back under my arm.

“Been out anywhere tonight?” he asked tersely.

“Don’t tell me the plot,” I said. “I’m just a bit-player.”

“Smart guy,” Sebold said dispassionately. He dusted his hair again and opened a desk drawer. “Funny stuff. Good for a column. I like ‘em that way—with my blackjack.”

Finlayson sighed. “Been out tonight, shamus?”

“Sure. In and out all the time. Why?”

He ignored the question. “Where you been?”

“Out to dinner. Business call or two.”

“Where at?”

“I’m sorry, boys. Every business has its private files.”

“Had company, too,” Sebold said, picking up George’s glass and sniffing it. “Recent—within the hour.”

“You’re not that good,” I told him sourly.

“Had a ride in a big Caddy?” Finlayson bored on, taking a deep breath. “Over West L.A. direction?”

“Had a ride in a Chrysler—over Vine Street direction.”

“Maybe we better just take him down,” Sebold said, looking at his fingernails.

“Maybe you better skip the gang-buster stuff and tell me what’s stuck in your nose. I get along with cops—except when they act as if the law is only for citizens.”

Finlayson studied me. Nothing I had said made an impression on him. Nothing Sebold said made any impression on him. He had an idea and he was holding it like a sick baby.

“You know a little rat named Frisky Lavon?” he sighed. “Used to be a dummy-chucker, then found out he could bug his way outa raps. Been doing that for say twelve years. Totes a gun and acts simple. But he quit acting tonight at seven-thirty about. Quit cold—with a slug in his head.”

“Never heard of him,” I said.

“You bumped anybody off tonight?”

“I’d have to look at my notebook.”

Sebold leaned forward politely. “Would you care for a smack in the kisser?” he inquired.

Finlayson held his hand out sharply. “Cut it, Ben. Cut it. Listen, Marlowe. Maybe we’re going at this wrong. We’re not talking about murder. Could have been legitimate. This Frisky Lavon got froze off tonight on Calvello Drive in BelAir. Out in the middle of the street. Nobody seen or heard anything. So we kind of want to know.”

“All right,” I growled. “What makes it my business? And keep that piano tuner out of my hair. He has a nice suit and his nails are clean, but he bears down on his shield too hard.”

“Nuts to you,” Sebold said.

“We got a funny phone call,” Finlayson said. “Which is where you come in. We ain’t just throwing our weight around. And we want a forty-five. They ain’t sure what kind yet.”

“He’s smart. He threw it under the bar at Levy’s,” Sebold sneered.

“I never had a forty-five,” I said. “A guy who needs that much gun ought to use a pick.”

Finlayson scowled at me and counted his thumbs. Then he took a deep breath and suddenly went human on me. “Sure, I’m just a dumb flatheel,” he said. “Anybody could pull my ears off and I wouldn’t even notice it. Let’s all quit horsing around and talk sense.

“This Frisky was found dead after a no-name phone call to West L.A. police. Found dead outside a big house belonging to a man named Jeeter who owns a string of investment companies. He wouldn’t use a guy like Frisky for a penwiper, so there’s nothing in that. The servants didn’t hear nothing, nor the servants at any of the four houses on the block. Frisky is lying in the street and somebody run over his foot, but what killed him was a forty-five slug smack in his face. West L.A. ain’t hardly started the routine when some guy calls up Central and says to tell Homicide if they want to know who got Frisky Lavon, ask a private eye named Philip Marlowe, complete with address and everything, then a quick hang-up.

“Okay. The guy on the board gives me the dope and I don’t know Frisky from a hole in my sock, but I ask Identification and sure enough they have him and just about the time I’m looking it over the flash comes from West L.A. and the description seems to check pretty close. So we get together and it’s the same guy all right and the chief of detectives has us drop around here. So we drop around.”

“So here you are,” I said. “Will you have a drink?”

“Can we search the joint, if we do?”

“Sure. It’s a good lead—that phone call, I mean—if you put in about six months on it.”

“We already got that idea,” Finlayson growled. “A hundred guys could have chilled this little wart, and two-three of them maybe could have thought it was a smart rib to pin it on you. Them two-three is what interests us.”

I shook my head.

“No ideas at all, huh?”

“Just for wisecracks,” Sebold said.

Finlayson lumbered to his feet. “Well, we gotta look around.”

“Maybe we had ought to have brought a search warrant,” Sebold said, tickling his upper lip with the end of his tongue.

“I don’t have to fight this guy, do I?” I asked Finlayson. “I mean, is it all right if I leave him his gag lines and just keep my temper?”

Finlayson looked at the ceiling and said dryly: “His wife left him day before yesterday. He’s just trying to compensate, as the fellow says.”

Sebold turned white and twisted his knuckles savagely. Then he laughed shortly and got to his feet.

They went at it. Ten minutes of opening and shutting drawers and looking at the backs of shelves and under seat cushions and letting the bed down and peering into the electric refrigerator and the garbage pail fed them up.

They came back and sat down again. “Just a nut,” Finlayson said wearily. “Some guy that picked your name outa the directory maybe. Could be anything.”

“Now I’ll get that drink.”

“I don’t drink,” Sebold snarled.

Finlayson crossed his hands on his stomach. “That don’t mean any liquor gets poured in the flowerpot, son.”

I got three drinks and put two of them beside Finlayson. He drank half of one of them and looked at the ceiling. “I got another killing, too,” he said thoughtfully. “A guy in your racket, Marlowe. A fat guy on Sunset. Name of Arbogast. Ever hear of him?”

“I thought he was a handwriting expert,” I said.

“You’re talking about police business,” Sebold told his partner coldly.

“Sure. Police business that’s already in the morning paper. This Arbogast was shot three times with a twenty-two. Target gun. You know any crooks that pack that kind of heat?”

I held my glass tightly and took a long swallow. I hadn’t thought Waxnose looked dangerous enough, but you never knew.

“I did,” I said slowly. “A killer named Al Tessilore. But he’s in Folsom. He used a Colt Woodsman.”

Finlayson finished the first drink, used the second in about the same time, and stood up. Sebold stood up, still mad.

Finlayson opened the door. “Come on, Ben.” They went out.

I heard their steps along the hall, the clang of the elevator once more. A car started just below in the street and growled off into the night.

“Clowns like that don’t kill,” I said out loud. But it looked as if they did.

I waited fifteen minutes before I went out again. The phone rang while I was waiting, but I didn’t answer it.

I drove towards the El Milano and circled around enough to make sure I wasn’t followed.

6

The lobby hadn't changed any. The blue carpet still tickled my ankles while I ambled over to the desk, the same pale clerk was handing a key to a couple of horse-faced females in tweeds, and when he saw me he put his weight on his left foot again and the door at the end of the desk popped open and out popped the fat and erotic Hawkins, with what looked like the same cigar stub in his face.

He hustled over and gave me a big warm smile this time, took hold of my arm. "Just the guy I was hoping to see," he chuckled. "Let's us go upstairs a minute."

"What's the matter?"

"Matter?" His smile became broad as the door to a two-car garage. "Nothing ain't the matter. This way."

He pushed me into the elevator and said, "Eight" in a fat cheerful voice and up we sailed and out we got and slid along the corridor. Hawkins had a hard hand and knew where to hold an arm. I was interested enough to let him get away with it. He pushed the buzzer beside Miss Huntress' door and Big Ben chimed inside and the door opened and I was looking at a deadpan in a derby hat and a dinner coat. He had his right hand in the side pocket of the coat, and under the derby a pair of scarred eyebrows and under the eyebrows a pair of eyes that had as much expression as the cap on a gas tank.

The mouth moved enough to say: "Yeah?"

"Company for the boss," Hawkins said expansively.

"What company?"

"Let me play too," I said. "Limited Liability Company. Gimme the apple."

"Huh?" The eyebrows went this way and that and the jaw came out. "Nobody ain't kiddin' nobody, I hope."

"Now, now, gents—" Hawkins began.

A voice behind the derby-hatted man interrupted him. "What's the matter, Beef?"

"He's in a stew," I said.

"Listen, mugg—"

"Now, now, gents—" as before.

"Ain't nothing the matter," Beef said, throwing his voice over his shoulder as it were a coil of rope. "The hotel dick got a guy up here and he says he's company."

"Show the company in, Beef" I liked this voice. It was smooth quiet, and you could have cut your name in it with a thirty-pound sledge and a cold chisel.

"Lift the dogs," Beef said, and stood to one side.

We went in. I went first, then Hawkins, then Beef wheeled neatly behind us like a door. We went in so close together that we must have looked like a threedecker sandwich.

Miss Huntress was not in the room. The log in the fireplace had almost stopped smoldering. There was still that smell of sandalwood on the air. With it cigarette smoke blended.

A man stood at the end of the davenport, both hands in the pockets of a blue camel's-hair coat with the collar high to a black snap-brim hat. A loose scarf hung outside his coat. He stood motionless, the cigarette in his mouth lipping smoke. He was tall, black-haired, suave, dangerous. He said nothing.

Hawkins ambled over to him. "This is the guy I was telling you about, Mr. Estel," the fat man burred. "Come in earlier today and said he was from you. Kinda fooled me."

"Give him a ten, Beef."

The derby hat took its left hand from somewhere and there was a bill in it. It pushed the bill at Hawkins. Hawkins took the bill, blushing.

"This ain't necessary, Mr. Estel. Thanks a lot just the same."

"Scram."

"Huh?" Hawkins looked shocked.

"You heard him," Beef said truculently. "Want your fanny out the door first, huh?"

Hawkins drew himself up. "I gotta protect the tenants. You gentlemen know how it is. A man in a job like this."

"Yeah. Scram," Estel said without moving his lips.

Hawkins turned and went out quickly, softly. The door clicked gently shut behind him. Beef looked back at it, then moved behind me.

"See if he's rodded, Beef."

The derby hat saw if I was rodded. He took the Luger and went away from me. Estel looked casually at the Luger, back at me. His eyes held an expression of indifferent dislike.

"Name's Philip Marlowe, eh? A private dick."

"So what?" I said.

"Somebody's goin' to get somebody's face pushed into somebody's floor," Beef said coldly.

"Aw, keep that crap for the boiler room," I told him. "I'm sick of hard guys for this evening. I said 'so what,' and 'so what' is what I said."

Marty Estel looked mildly amused. "Hell, keep your shirt in. I've got to look after my friends, don't I? You know who I am. Okay, I know what you talked to Miss Huntress about. And I know something about you that you don't know I know."

"All right," I said. "This fat slob Hawkins collected ten from me for letting me up here this afternoon—knowing perfectly well who I was—and he has just collected ten from your iron man for slipping me the nasty. Give me back my gun and tell me what makes my business your business."

"Plenty. First off, Harriet's not home. We're waiting for her on account of a thing that happened. I can't wait any longer. Got to go to work at the club. So what did you come after this time?"

“Looking for the Jeeter boy. Somebody shot at his car tonight. From now on he needs somebody to walk behind him.”

“You think I play games like that?” Estel asked me coldly.

I walked over to a cabinet and opened it and found a bottle of Scotch. I twisted the cap off, lifted a glass from the tabouret and poured some out. I tasted it. It tasted all right.

I looked around for ice, but there wasn’t any. It had all melted long since in the bucket.

“I asked you a question,” Estel said gravely.

“I heard it. I’m making my mind up. The answer is, I wouldn’t have thought it—no. But it happened. I was there. I was in the car—instead of young Jeeter. His father had sent for me to come to the house to talk things over.”

“What things?”

I didn’t bother to look surprised. “You hold fifty grand of the boy’s paper. That looks bad for you, if anything happens to him.”

“I don’t figure it that way. Because that way I would lose my dough. The old man won’t pay—granted. But I wait a couple of years and I collect from the kid. He gets his estate out of trust when he’s twenty-eight. Right now he gets a grand a month and he can’t even will anything, because it’s still in trust. Savvy?”

“So you wouldn’t knock him off,” I said, using my Scotch. “But you might throw a scare into him.”

Estel frowned. He discarded his cigarette into a tray and watched it smoke a moment before he picked it up again and snubbed it out. He shook his head.

“If you’re going to bodyguard him, it would almost pay me to stand part of your salary, wouldn’t it? Almost. A man in my racket can’t take care of everything. He’s of age and it’s his business who he runs around with. For instance, women. Any reason why a nice girl shouldn’t cut herself a piece of five million bucks?”

I said: “I think it’s a swell idea. What was it you knew about me that I didn’t know you knew?”

He smiled, faintly. “What was it you were waiting to tell Miss Huntress—the thing that happened?” He smiled faintly again.

“Listen, Marlowe, there are lots of ways to play any game. I play mine on the house percentage, because that’s all I need to win. What makes me get tough?”

I rolled a fresh cigarette around in my fingers and tried to roll it around my glass with two fingers. “Who said you were tough? I always heard the nicest things about you.”

Marty Estel nodded and looked faintly amused. “I have sources of information,” he said quietly. “When I have fifty grand invested in a guy, I’m apt to find out a little about him. Jeeter hired a man named Arbogast to do a little work. Arbogast was killed in his office today—with a twenty-two. That could have nothing to do with Jeeter’s business. But there was a tail on you when you went there and you didn’t give it to the law. Does that make you and me friends?”

I licked the edge of my glass, nodded. “It seems it does.”

“From now on just forget about bothering Harriet, see?”

“Okay,”

“So we understand each other real good, now.”

“Yeah.”

“Well, I’ll be going. Give the guy back his Luger, Beef.”

The derby hat came over and smacked my gun into my hand hard enough to break a bone.

“Staying?” Estel asked, moving towards the door.

“I guess I’ll wait a little while. Until Hawkins comes up to touch me for another ten.”

Estel grinned. Beef walked in front of him wooden-faced to the door and opened it. Estel went out. The door closed. The room was silent. I sniffed at the dying perfume of sandalwood and stood motionless, looking around.

Somebody was nuts. I was nuts. Everybody was nuts. None of it fitted together worth a nickel. Marty Estel, as he said, had no good motive for murdering anybody, because that would be the surest way to kill his chances to collect his money. Even if he had a motive for murdering anybody, Waxnose and Frisky didn’t seem like the team he would select for the job. I was in bad with the police, I had spent ten dollars of my twenty expense money, and I didn’t have enough leverage anywhere to lift a dime off a cigar counter.

I finished my drink, put the glass down, walked up and down the room, smoked a third cigarette, looked at my watch, shrugged and felt disgusted. The inner doors of the suite were closed. I went across to the one out of which young Jeeter must have sneaked that afternoon. Opening it I looked into a bedroom done in ivory and ashes of roses. There was a big double bed with no footboard, covered with figured brocade. Toilet articles glistened on a built-in dressing table with a panel light. The light was lit. A small lamp on a table beside the door was lit also. A door near the dressing table showed the cool green of bathroom tiles.

I went over and looked in there. Chromium, a glass stall shower, monogrammed towels on a rack, a glass shelf for perfume and bath salts at the foot of the tub, everything nice and refined. Miss Huntress did herself well. I hoped she was paying her own rent. It didn’t make any difference to me—I just liked it that way.

I went back towards the living room, stopped in the doorway to take another pleasant look around, and noticed something I ought to have noticed the instant I stepped into the room. I noticed the sharp tang of cordite on the air, almost, but not quite gone. And then I noticed something else.

The bed had been moved over until its head overlapped the edge of a closet door which was not quite closed. The weight of the bed was holding it from opening. I went over there to find out why it wanted to open. I went slowly and about halfway there I noticed that I was holding a gun in my hand.

I leaned against the closet door. It didn’t move. I threw more weight against it. It still didn’t move. Braced against it I pushed the bed away with my foot, gave ground slowly.

A weight pushed against me hard. I had gone back a foot or so before anything else happened. Then it happened suddenly. He came out—sideways, in a sort of roll. I put some more weight back on the door and held him like that a moment, looking at him.

He was still big, still blond, still dressed in rough sporty material, with scarf and open-necked shirt. But his face wasn't red any more.

I gave ground again and he rolled down the back of the door, turning a little like a swimmer in the surf, thumped the floor and lay there, almost on his back, still looking at me. Light from the bedside lamp glittered on his head. There was a scorched and soggy stain on the rough coat—about where his heart would be. So he wouldn't get that five million after all. And nobody would get anything and Marty Estel wouldn't get his fifty grand. Because young Mister Gerald was dead.

I looked back into the closet where he had been. Its door hung wide open now. There were clothes on racks, feminine clothes, nice clothes. He had been backed in among them, probably with his hands in the air and a gun against his chest. And then he had been shot dead, and whoever did it hadn't been quite quick enough or quite strong enough to get the door shut. Or had been scared and had just yanked the bed over against the door and left it that way.

Something glittered down on the floor. I picked it up. A small automatic, .25 caliber, a woman's purse gun with a beautifully engraved butt inlaid with silver and ivory. I put the gun in my pocket. That seemed a funny thing to do, too.

I didn't touch him. He was as dead as John D. Arbogast and looked a whole lot deader. I left the door open and listened, walked quickly back across the room and into the living room and shut the bedroom door, smearing the knob as I did it.

A lock was being tinkled at with a key. Hawkins was back again, to see what delayed me. He was letting himself in with his passkey.

I was pouring a drink when he came in.

He came well into the room, stopped with his feet planted and surveyed me coldly.

"I seen Estel and his boy leave," he said. "I didn't see you leave. So I come up. I gotta—"

"You gotta protect the guests," I said.

"Yeah. I gotta protect the guests. You can't stay up here, pal. Not without the lady of the house is home."

"But Marty Estel and his hard boy can."

He came a little closer to me. He had a mean look in his eye. He had always had it, probably, but I noticed it more now.

"You don't want to make nothing of that, do you?" he asked me.

"No. Every man to his own chisel. Have a drink."

"That ain't your liquor."

"Miss Huntress gave me a bottle. We're pals. Marty Estel and I are pals. Everybody is pals. Don't you want to be pals?"

"You ain't trying to kid me, are you?"

“Have a drink and forget it.”

I found a glass and poured him one. He took it.

“It’s the job if anybody smells it on me,” he said.

“Uh-huh.”

He drank slowly, rolling it around on his tongue. “Good Scotch.”

“Won’t be the first time you tasted it, will it?”

He started to get hard again, then relaxed. “Hell, I guess you’re just a kidder.” He finished the drink, put the glass down, patted his lips with a large and very crumpled handkerchief and sighed.

“Okay,” he said. “But we’ll have to leave now.”

“All set. I guess she won’t be home for a while. You see them go out?”

“Her and the boy friend. Yeah, long time ago.”

I nodded. We went towards the door and Hawkins saw me out. He saw me downstairs and off the premises. But he didn’t see what was in Miss Huntress’ bedroom. I wondered if he would go back up. If he did, the Scotch bottle would probably stop him.

I got into my car and drove off home—to talk to Anna Halsey on the phone. There wasn’t any case any more—for us. I parked close to the curb this time. I wasn’t feeling gay any more. I rode up in the elevator and unlocked the door and clicked the light on.

Waxnose sat in my best chair, an unlit hand-rolled brown cigarette between his fingers, his bony knees crossed, and his long Woodsman resting solidly on his leg. He was smiling. It wasn’t the nicest smile I ever saw.

“Hi, pal,” he drawled. “You still ain’t had that door fixed. Kind of shut it, huh?” His voice, for all the drawl, was deadly.

I shut the door, stood looking across the room at him.

“So you killed my pal,” he said.

He stood up slowly, came across the room slowly and leaned the .22 against my throat. His smiling thin-lipped mouth seemed as expressionless, for all its smile, as his wax-white nose. He reached quietly under my coat and took the Luger. I might as well leave it home from now on. Everybody in town seemed to be able to take it away from me.

He stepped back across the room and sat down again in the chair.

“Steady does it,” he said almost gently. “Park the body, friend. No false moves. No moves at all. You and me are at the jumping-off place. The clock’s tickin’ and we’re waiting to go.”

I sat down and stared at him. A curious bird. I moistened my dry tips. “You told me his gun had no firing pin,” I said.

“Yeah. He fooled me on that, the little so-and-so. And I told you to lay off the Jeeter kid. That’s cold now. It’s Frisky I’m thinking about. Crazy, ain’t it? Me bothering about a dimwit like that, packin’ him around with me, and letting him get hisself bumped off.” He sighed and added simply, “He was my kid brother.”

“I didn’t kill him,” I said.

He smiled a little more. He had never stopped smiling. The corners of his mouth just tucked in a little deeper.

“Yeah?”

He slid the safety catch off the Luger, laid it carefully on the arm of the chair at his right, and reached into his pocket. What he brought out made me as cold as an ice bucket.

It was a metal tube, dark and rough-looking, about four inches long and drilled with a lot of small holes. He held his woodsman in his left hand and began to screw the tube casually on the end of it.

“Silencer,” he said. “They’re the bunk, I guess you smart guys think. This one ain’t the bunk—not for three shots. I oughta know. I made it myself.”

I moistened my lips again. “It’ll work for one shot,” I said. “Then it jams the action. That one looks like cast-iron. It will probably blow your hand off.”

He smiled his waxy smile, screwed it on, slowly, lovingly, gave it a last hard turn and sat back relaxed. “Not this baby. She’s packed with steel wool and that’s good for three shots, like I said. Then you got to repack it. And there ain’t enough back pressure to jam the action of this gun. You feel good? I’d like you to feel good.”

“I feel swell, you sadistic son of a bitch,” I said.

“I’m having you lie down on the bed after a while. You won’t feel nothing. I’m kind of fussy about my killings. Frisky didn’t feel nothing, I guess. You got him neat.”

“You don’t see good,” I sneered. “The chauffeur got him with a Smith and Wesson forty-four. I didn’t even fire.”

“Uh-huh.”

“Okay, you don’t believe me,” I said. “What did you kill Arbogast for? There was nothing fussy about that killing. He was just shot at his desk, three times with a twenty-two and he fell down on the floor. What did he ever do to your filthy little brother?”

He jerked the gun up, but his smile held. “You got guts,” he said. “Who is this here Arbogast?”

I told him. I told him slowly and carefully, in detail. I told him a lot of things. And he began in some vague way to look worried. His eyes flickered at me, away, back again, restlessly, like a hummingbird.

“I don’t know any party named Arbogast, pal,” he said slowly. “Never heard of him. And I ain’t shot any fat guys today.”

“You killed him,” I said. “And you killed young Jeeter—in the girl’s apartment at the El Milano. He’s lying there dead right now. You’re working for Marty Estel. He’s going to be awfully damn sorry about that kill. Go ahead and make it three in a row.”

His face froze. The smile went away at last. His whole face looked waxy now. He opened his mouth and breathed through it, and his breath made a restless worrying sound. I could see the faint glitter of sweat on his forehead, and I could feel the cold from the evaporation of sweat on mine.

Waxnose said very gently: “I ain’t killed anybody at all, friend. Not anybody. I wasn’t hired to kill people. Until Frisky stopped that slug I didn’t have no such ideas. That’s straight.”

I tried not to stare at the metal tube on the end of the Woodsman.

A flame flickered at the back of his eyes, a small, weak, smoky flame. It seemed to grow larger and clearer. He looked down at the floor between his feet. I looked around at the light switch, but it was too far away. He looked up again. Very slowly he began to unscrew the silencer. He had it loose in his hand. He dropped it back into his pocket, stood up, holding the two guns, one in each hand. Then he had another idea. He sat down again, took all the shells out of the Luger quickly and threw it on the floor after them.

He came towards me softly across the room. “I guess this is your lucky day,” he said. “I got to go a place and see a guy.”

“I knew all along it was my lucky day. I’ve been feeling so good.”

He moved delicately around me to the door and opened it a foot and started through the narrow opening, smiling again.

“I gotta see a guy,” he said very gently, and his tongue moved along his lips.

“Not yet,” I said, and jumped.

His gun hand was at the edge of the door, almost beyond the edge. I hit the door hard and he couldn’t bring it in quickly enough. He couldn’t get out of the way. I pinned him in the doorway and used all the strength I had. It was a crazy thing. He had given me a break and all I had to do was stand still and let him go. But I had a guy to see too—and I wanted to see him first.

Waxnose leered at me. He grunted. He fought with his hand beyond the door edge. I shifted and hit his jaw with all I had. It was enough. He went limp. I hit him again. His head bounced against the wood. I heard a light thud beyond the door edge. I hit him a third time. I never hit anything harder.

I took my weight back from the door then and he slid towards me, blank-eyed, rubber-kneed, and I caught him and twisted his empty hands behind him and let him fall. I stood over him panting. I went to the door. His Woodsman lay almost on the sill. I picked it up, dropped it into my pocket—not the pocket that held Miss Huntress’ gun. He hadn’t even found that.

There he lay on the floor. He was thin, he had no weight, but I panted just the same. In a little while his eyes flickered open and looked up at me.

“Greedy guy,” he whispered wearily. “Why did I ever leave Saint Looey?”

I snapped handcuffs on his wrists and pulled him by the shoulders into the dressing room and tied his ankles with a piece of rope. I left him lying on his back, a little sideways, his nose as white as ever, his eyes empty now, his lips moving a little as if he were talking to himself. A funny lad, not all bad, but not so pure I had to weep over him either.

I put my Luger together and left with my three guns. There was nobody outside the apartment house.

The Jeeter mansion was on a nine- or ten-acre knoll, a big colonial pile with fat, white columns and dormer windows and magnolias and a four-car garage. There was a circular parking space at the top of the driveway with two cars parked in it—one was the big dreadnought in which I'd ridden and the other a canary-yellow sports convertible I had seen before.

I rang a bell the size of a silver dollar. The door opened and a tall narrow cold eyed bird in dark clothes looked out at me.

"Mr. Jeeter home? Mr. Jeeter, senior?"

"May I ask who is calling?" The accent was a little too thick, like cut Scotch.

"Philip Marlowe. I'm working for him. Maybe I had ought to of gone to servant's entrance."

He hitched a finger at a wing collar and looked at me without pleasure. "Aw, possibly. You may step in. I shall inform Mr. Jeeter. I believe he is engaged at the moment. Kindly wait 'ere in the 'all."

"The act stinks," I said. "English butlers aren't dropping their h's this year."

"Smart guy, huh?" he snarled, in a voice from not any farther across the Atlantic than Hoboken. "Wait here." He slid away.

I sat down in a carved chair and felt thirsty. After a while the butler came cat-footing back along the hall and jerked his chin at me unpleasantly.

We went along a mile of hallway. At the end it broadened without any doors into a huge sunroom. On the far side of the sunroom the butler opened a wide door and I stepped past him into an oval room with a black-and-silver oval rug, a black marble table in the middle of the rug, stiff high-backed carved chairs against the walls, a huge oval mirror with a rounded surface that made me look like a pygmy with water on the brain, and in the room three people.

By the door opposite where I came in, George the chauffeur stood stiffly in his neat dark uniform, with his peaked cap in his hand. In the least uncomfortable of the chairs sat Miss Harriet Huntress holding a glass in which there was half a drink. And around the silver margin of the oval rug, Mr. Jeeter, senior, was trying his legs out in a brisk canter, still under wraps, but mad inside. His face was red and the veins on his nose were distended. His hands were in the pockets of a velvet smoking jacket. He wore a pleated shirt with a black pearl in the bosom, a batwing black tie and one of his patent-leather oxfords was unlaced.

He whirled and yelled at the butler behind me: "Get out and keep those doors shut! And I'm not at home to anybody, understand? Nobody!"

The butler closed the doors. Presumably, he went away. I didn't hear him go.

George gave me a cool one-sided smile and Miss Huntress gave me a bland stare over her glass. "You made a nice comeback," she said demurely.

"You took a chance leaving me alone in your apartment," I told her. "I might have sneaked some of your perfume."

“Well, what do you want?” Jeeter yelled at me. “A nice sort of detective you turned out to be. I put you on a confidential job and you walk right in on Miss Huntress and explain the whole thing to her.”

“It worked, didn’t it?”

He stared. They all stared. “How do you know that?” he barked.

“I know a nice girl when I see one. She’s here telling you she had an idea she got not to like, and for you to quit worrying about it. Where’s Mister Gerald?”

Old Man Jeeter stopped and gave me a hard level stare. “I still regard you as incompetent,” he said. “My son is missing.”

“I’m not working for you. I’m working for Anna Halsey. Any complaints you have to make should be addressed to her. Do I pour my own drink or do you have a flunky in a purple suit to do it? And what do you mean, your son is missing?”

“Should I give him the heave, sir?” George asked quietly.

Jeeter waved his hand at a decanter and siphon and glasses on the black marble table and started around the rug again. “Don’t be silly,” he snapped at George.

George flushed a little, high on his cheekbones. His mouth looked tough.

I mixed myself a drink and sat down with it and tasted it and asked again: “What do you mean your son is missing, Mr. Jeeter?”

“I’m paying you good money,” he started to yell at me, still mad.

“When?”

He stopped dead in his canter and looked at me again. Miss Huntress laughed lightly. George scowled.

“What do you suppose I mean—my son is missing?” he snapped. “I should have thought that would be clear enough even to you. Nobody knows where he is. Miss Huntress doesn’t know. I don’t know. No one at any of the places where he might be known.”

“But I’m smarter than they are,” I said. “I know.”

Nobody moved for a long minute. Jeeter stared at me fish-eyed. George stared at me. The girl stared at me. She looked puzzled. The other two just stared.

I looked at her. “Where did you go when you went out, if you’re telling?”

Her dark blue eyes were water-clear. “There’s no secret about it. We went out together—in a taxi. Gerald had had his driving license suspended for a month. Too many tickets. We went down towards the beach and I had a change of heart, as you guessed. I decided I was just being a chiseler after all. I didn’t want Gerald’s money really. What I wanted was revenge. On Mr. Jeeter here for ruining my father. Done all legally of course, but done just the same. But I got myself in a spot where I couldn’t have my revenge and not look like a cheap chiseler. So I told George to find some other girl to play with. He was sore and we quarreled. I stopped the taxi and got out in Beverly Hills. He went on. I don’t know where. Later I went back to the El Milano and got my car out of the garage and came here. To tell Mr. Jeeter to forget the whole thing and not bother to sic sleuths on to me.”

“You say you went with him in a taxi,” I said. “Why wasn’t George driving him, if he couldn’t drive himself?”

I stared at her, but I wasn’t talking to her. Jeeter answered me, frostily. “George drove me home from the office, of course. At that time Gerald had already gone out. Is there anything important about that?”

I turned to him. “Yeah. There’s going to be. Mister Gerald is at the El Milano, Hawkins the house dick told me. He went back there to wait for Miss Huntress and Hawkins let him into her apartment. Hawkins will do you those little favors—for ten bucks. He may be there still and he may not.”

I kept on watching them. It was hard to watch all three of them. But they didn’t move. They just looked at me.

“Well—I’m glad to hear it,” Old Man Jeeter said. “I was afraid he was off somewhere getting drunk.”

“No. He’s not off anywhere getting drunk,” I said. “By the way, among these places you called to see if he was there, you didn’t call the El Milano?”

George nodded. “Yes, I did. They said he wasn’t there. Looks like the house peeper tipped the phone girl off not to say anything.”

“He wouldn’t have to do that. She’d just ring the apartment and he wouldn’t answer—naturally.” I watched Old Man Jeeter hard then, with a lot of interest. It was going to be hard for him to take that up, but he was going to have to do it.

He did. He licked his lips first. “Why—naturally, if I may ask?”

I put my glass down on the marble table and stood against the wall, with my hands hanging free. I still tried to watch them—all three of them.

“Let’s go back over this thing a little,” I said. “We’re all wise to the situation. I know George is, although he shouldn’t be, being just a servant. I know Miss Huntress is. And of course *you* are, Mr. Jeeter. So let’s see what we have got. We have a lot of things that don’t add up, but I’m smart. I’m going to add them up anyhow. First-off a handful of photostats of notes from Marty Estel. Gerald denies having given these and Mr. Jeeter won’t pay them, but he has a handwriting man named Arbogast check the signatures, to see if they look genuine. They do. They are. This Arbogast may have done other things. I don’t know. I couldn’t ask him. When I went to see him, he was dead—shot three times—as I’ve since heard—with a twenty-two. No, I didn’t tell the police, Mr. Jeeter.”

The tall silver-haired man looked horribly shocked. His lean body shook like a bulrush. “Dead?” he whispered. “Murdered?”

I looked at George. George didn’t move a muscle. I looked at the girl. She sat quietly, waiting, tight-lipped.

I said: “There’s only one reason to suppose his killing had anything to do with Mr. Jeeter’s affairs. He was shot with a twenty-two—and there is a man in this case who wears a twenty-two.”

I still had their attention. And their silence.

“Why he was shot I haven’t the faintest idea. He was not a dangerous man to Miss Huntress or Marty Estel. He was too fat to get around much. My guess is he was a little too smart. He got a simple case of signature identification and he went on from there to find out more than he should. And after he had found out more than he should—he guessed more than he ought—and maybe he even tried a little blackmail. And somebody rubbed him out this afternoon with a twenty-two. Okay, I can stand it. I never knew him.

“So I went over to see Miss Huntress and after a lot of finagling around with this itchy-handed house dick I got to see her and we had a chat, and then Mister Gerald stepped neatly out of hiding and bopped me a nice one on the chin and over I went and hit my head on a chair leg. And when I came out of that the joint was empty. So I went on home.

“And home I found the man with the twenty-two and with him a dimwit called Frisky Lavon, with a bad breath and a very large gun, neither of which matters now as he was shot dead in front of your house tonight, Mr. Jeeter—shot trying to stick up your car. The cops know about that one—they came to see me about it—because the other guy, the one that packs the twenty-two, is the little dimwit’s brother and he thought I shot Dimwit and tried to put the bee on me. But it didn’t work. That’s two killings.

“We now come to the third and most important. I went back to the El Milano because it no longer seemed a good idea for Mister Gerald to be running around casually. He seemed to have a few enemies. It even seemed that he was supposed to be in the car this evening when Frisky Lavon shot at it—but of course that was just a plant.”

Old Jeeter drew his white eyebrows together in an expression of puzzlement. George didn’t look puzzled. He didn’t look anything. He was as wooden-faced as a cigar-store Indian. The girl looked a little white now, a little tense. I plowed on.

“Back at the El Milano I found that Hawkins had let Marty Estel and his bodyguard into Miss Huntress’ apartment to wait for her. Marty had something to tell her—that Arbogast had been killed. That made it a good idea for her to lay off young Jeeter for a while—until the cops quieted down anyhow. A thoughtful guy, Marty. A much more thoughtful guy than you would suppose. For instance, he knew about Arbogast and he knew Mr. Jeeter went to Anna Halsey’s office this morning and he knew somehow—Anna might have told him herself, I wouldn’t put it past her—that I was working on the case now. So he had me tailed to Arbogast’s place and away, and he found out later from his cop friends that Arbogast had been murdered, and he knew I hadn’t given it out. So he had me there and that made us pals. He went away after telling me this and once more I was left alone in Miss Huntress’ apartment. But this time for no reason at all I poked around. And I found young Mister Gerald, in the bedroom, in a closet.”

I stepped quickly over to the girl and reached into my pocket and took out the small fancy .25 automatic and laid it down on her knee.

“Ever see this before?”

Her voice had a curious tight sound, but her dark blue eyes looked at me levelly.

“Yes. It’s mine.”

“You kept it where?”

“In the drawer of a small table beside the bed.”

“Sure about that?”

She thought. Neither of the two men stirred.

George began to twitch the corner of his mouth. She shook her head suddenly, sideways.

“No. I have an idea now I took it out to show somebody—because I don’t know much about guns—and left it lying on the mantel in the living room. In fact, I’m almost sure I did. It was Gerald I showed it to.

“So he might have reached for it there, if anybody tried to make a wrong play at him?”

She nodded, troubled. “What do you mean—he’s in the closet?” she asked in a small quick voice.

“You know. Everybody in this room knows what I mean. They know that I showed you that gun for a purpose.” I stepped away from her and faced George and his boss. “He’s dead, of course. Shot through the heart—probably with this gun. It was left there with him. That’s why it would be left.”

The old man took a step and stopped and braced himself against the table. I wasn’t sure whether he had turned white or whether he had been white already. He stared stonily at the girl. He said very slowly, between his teeth: “You damned murderess!”

“Couldn’t it have been suicide?” I sneered.

He turned his head enough to look at me. I could see that the idea interested him. He half nodded.

“No,” I said. “It couldn’t have been suicide.”

He didn’t like that so well. His face congested with blood and the veins on his nose thickened. The girl touched the gun lying on her knee, then put her hand loosely around the butt. I saw her thumb slide very gently towards the safety catch. She didn’t know much about guns, but she knew that much.

“It couldn’t be suicide,” I said again, very slowly. “As an isolated event maybe. But not with all the other stuff that’s been happening. Arbogast, the stickup down on Calvello Drive outside this house, the thugs planted in my apartment, the job with the twenty-two.”

I reached into my pocket again and pulled out Waxnose’s Woodsman. I held it carelessly on the flat of my left hand. “And curiously enough, I don’t think it was this twenty-two—although this happens to be the gunman’s twenty-two. Yeah, I have the gunman, too. He’s tied up in my apartment. He came back to knock me off, but I talked him out of it. I’m a swell talker.”

“Except that you overdo it,” the girl said coolly, and lifted the gun a little.

“It’s obvious who killed him, Miss Huntress,” I said. “It’s simply a matter of motive and opportunity. Marty Estel didn’t, and didn’t have it done. That would spoil his chances to get his fifty grand. Frisky Lavon’s pal didn’t, regardless of who he was working for, and I don’t think he was working for Marty Estel. He couldn’t have got into the El Milano to do the job, and certainly not into Miss Huntress’ apartment. Whoever did it had something to gain by it and an opportunity to get to the place where it was done. Well, who had something to gain? Gerald had five million coming to him in two years out of a trust fund. He couldn’t will it until he got it. So if he died, his natural heir got it. Who’s his natural heir? You’d be surprised. Did you know that

in the state of California and some others, but not in all, a man can by his own act become a natural heir? Just by adopting somebody who has money and no heirs!”

George moved then. His movement was once more as smooth as a ripple of water. The Smith & Wesson gleamed dully in his hand, but he didn’t fire it. The small automatic in the girl’s hand cracked. Blood spurted from George’s brown hard hand. The Smith & Wesson dropped to the floor. He cursed. She didn’t know much about guns—not very much.

“Of course!” she said grimly. “George could get into the apartment without any trouble, if Gerald was there. He would go in through the garage, a chauffeur in uniform, ride up in the elevator and knock at the door. And when Gerald opened it, George would back him in with that Smith and Wesson. But how did he know Gerald was there?”

I said: “He must have followed your taxi. We don’t know where he has been all evening since he left me. He had a car with him. The cops will find out. How much was in it for you, George?”

George held his right wrist with his left hand, held it tightly, and his face was twisted, savage. He said nothing.

“George would back him in with the Smith and Wesson,” the girl said wearily. “Then he would see my gun on the mantelpiece. That would be better. He would use that. He would back Gerald into the bedroom, away from the corridor, into the closet, and there, quietly, calmly, he would kill him and drop the gun on the floor.”

“George killed Arbogast, too. He killed him with a twenty-two because he knew that Frisky Lavon’s brother had a twenty-two, and he knew that because he had hired Frisky and his brother to put over a big scare on Gerald—so that when he was murdered it would look as if Marty Estel had had it done. That was why I was brought out here tonight in the Jeeter car—so that the two thugs who had been warned and planted could pull their act and maybe knock me off, if I got too tough. Only George likes to kill people. He made a neat shot at Frisky. He hit him in the face. It was so good a shot I think he meant it to be a miss. How about it, George?”

Silence.

I looked at old Jeeter at last. I had been expecting him to pull a gun himself, but he hadn’t. He just stood there, open-mouthed, appalled, leaning against the black marble table, shaking.

“My God!” he whispered. “My God!”

“You don’t have one—except money.”

A door squeaked behind me. I whirled, but I needn’t have bothered. A hard voice, about as English as Amos and Andy, said: “Put ‘em up, bud.”

The butler, the very English butler, stood there in the doorway, a gun in his hand, tight-lipped. The girl turned her wrist and shot him just kind of casually, in the shoulder or something. He squealed like a stuck pig.

“Go away, you’re intruding,” she said coldly.

He ran. We heard his steps running.

“He’s going to fall,” she said.

I was wearing my Luger in my right hand now, a little late in the season as usual. I came around with it. Old Man Jeeter was holding on to the table, his face gray as a paving block. His

knees were giving. George stood cynically, holding a handkerchief around his bleeding wrist, watching him.

“Let him fall,” I said. “Down is where he belongs.”

He fell. His head twisted. His mouth went slack. He hit the carpet on his side and rolled a little and his knees came up. His mouth drooled a little. His skin turned violet.

“Go call the law, angel,” I said. “I’ll watch them now.”

“All right,” she said standing up. “But you certainly need a lot of help in your private-detecting business, Mr. Marlowe.”

8

I had been in there for a solid hour, alone. There was the scarred desk in the middle, another against the wall, a brass spittoon on a mat, a police loudspeaker box on the wall, three squashed flies, a smell of cold cigars and old clothes. There were two hard armchairs with felt pads and two hard straight chairs without pads. The electric-light fixture had been dusted about Coolidge’s first term.

The door opened with a jerk and Finlayson and Sebold came in. Sebold looked as spruce and nasty as ever, but Finlayson looked older, more worn, mousier. He held a sheaf of papers in his hand. He sat down across the desk from me and gave me a hard bleak stare.

“Guys like you get in a lot of trouble,” Finlayson said sourly. Sebold sat down against the wall and tilted his hat over his eyes and yawned and looked at his new stainless-steel wrist watch.

“Trouble is my business,” I said. “How else would I make a nickel?”

“We oughta throw you in the can for all this cover-up stuff. How much you making on this one?”

“I was working for Anna Halsey who was working for Old Man Jeeter. I guess I made a bad debt.”

Sebold smiled his blackjack smile at me. Finlayson lit a cigar and licked at a tear on the side of it and pasted it down, but it leaked smoke just the same when he drew on it. He pushed papers across the desk at me.

“Sign three copies.”

I signed three copies.

He took them back, yawned and rumped his old gray head. “The old man’s had a stroke,” he said. “No dice there. Probably won’t know what time it is when he comes out. This George Hasterman, this chauffeur guy, he just laughs at us. Too bad he got pinked. I’d like to wrestle him a bit.”

“He’s tough,” I said.

“Yeah. Okay, you can beat it for now.”

I got up and nodded to them and went to the door. “Well, good night, boys.”

Neither of them spoke to me.

I went out, along the corridor and down in the night elevator to the City Hall lobby. I went out the Spring Street side and down the long flight of empty steps and the wind blew cold. I lit a cigarette at the bottom. My car was still out at the Jeeter place. I lifted a foot to start walking to a taxi half a block down across the street. A voice spoke sharply from a parked car.

“Come here a minute.”

It was a man’s voice, tight, hard. It was Marty Estel’s voice. It came from a big sedan with two men in the front seat. I went over there. The rear window was down and Marty Estel leaned a gloved hand on it.

“Get in.” He pushed the door open. I got in. I was too tired to argue. “Take it away, Skin.”

The car drove west through dark, almost quiet streets, almost clean streets. The night air was not pure but it was cool. We went up over a hill and began to pick up speed.

“What they get?” Estel asked coolly.

“They didn’t tell me. They didn’t break the chauffeur yet.”

“You can’t convict a couple million bucks of murder in this man’s town.” The driver called Skin laughed without turning his head. “Maybe I don’t even touch my fifty grand now . . . she likes you.”

“Uh-huh. So what?”

“Lay off her.”

“What will it get me?”

“It’s what it’ll get you if you don’t.”

“Yeah, sure,” I said. “Go to hell, will you please. I’m tired.” I shut my eyes and leaned in the corner of the car and just like that went to sleep. I can do that sometimes, after a strain.

A hand shaking my shoulder woke me. The car had stopped. I looked out at the front of my apartment house.

“Home,” Martey Estel said. “And remember. Lay off her.”

“Why the ride home? Just to tell me that?”

“She asked me to look out for you. That’s why you’re loose. She likes you. I like her. See? You don’t want any more trouble.”

“Trouble—” I started to say, and stopped. I was tired of that gag for that night. “Thanks for the ride, and apart from that, nuts to you.” I turned away and went into the apartment house and up.

The door lock was still loose but nobody waited for me this time. They had taken Waxnose away long since. I left the door open and threw the windows up and I was still sniffing at policemen’s cigar butts when the phone rang. It was her voice, cool, a little hard, not touched by anything, almost amused. Well, she’d been through enough to make her that way, probably.

“Hello, brown eyes. Make it home all right?”

“Your pal Marty brought me home. He told me to lay off you. Thanks with all my heart, if I have any, but don’t call me up any more.”

“A little scared, Mr. Marlowe?”

“No. Wait for me to call you,” I said. “Goodnight, angel.”

“Goodnight, brown eyes.”

The phone clicked. I put it away and shut the door and pulled the bed down. I undressed and lay on it for a while in the cold air.

Then I got up and had a drink and a shower and went to sleep.

They broke George at last, but not enough. He said there had been a fight over the girl and young Jeeter had grabbed the gun off the mantel and George had fought with him and it had gone off. All of which, of course, looked possible—in the papers. They never pinned the Arbogast killing on him or on anybody. They never found the gun that did it, but it was not Waxnose’s gun. Waxnose disappeared—I never heard where. They didn’t touch Old Man Jeeter, because he never came out of his stroke, except to lie on his back and have nurses and tell people how he hadn’t lost a nickel in the depression.

Marty Estel called me up four times to tell me to lay off Harriet Huntress. I felt kind of sorry for the poor guy. He had it bad. I went out with her twice and sat with her twice more at home, drinking her Scotch. It was nice, but I didn’t have the money, the clothes, the time or the manners. Then she stopped being at the El Milano and I heard she had gone to New York.

I was glad when she left—even though she didn’t bother to tell me goodbye.

Notes



Appendix D

Video Production Guidelines

In this course, you will not be expected to produce full-length feature films. If you have the necessary equipment available, however, you are encouraged to produce short, single-camera videos recorded on videotape to be viewed by a small audience.

Possible Types of Video

- Fiction — including adaptations based on a story, book, play, or article; music videos; original short fiction, including dramas, comedies, and mysteries; game shows featuring fictional characters; historical cooking shows; or animation.
- Nonfiction — including how-to demonstrations; advertisements; news reports; documentaries or docudramas; biographies; school yearbooks; or travel videos.
- Experimental or art videos — including abstract or imagistic responses to other works of poetry, music, or art; or portrayals of your feelings, ideas, or community.

Suggested Procedure

A. Pre-Production

1. Producing a video can be a lot of work, so if you can gather a “crew” or group of people to collaborate with you, you can share some of the activities. If this is not possible, keep your project simple and short.
2. Choose your idea. Make sure it is one that will hold your interest and that will allow you to achieve the learning outcomes you are aiming for. Also consider the limitations of the equipment you have available and any of the other resources you might need.
3. Determine the type of video most appropriate to your idea. Serious topics should be presented clearly and with respect, while humorous topics can be treated lightly or satirically.

At this point, you should fill out the following “Video Program Proposal.”

Video Program Proposal*

Submitted by _____ Date _____

I Content

- A. Type of video: _____
- B. Topic: _____
- C. Title (tentative): _____
- D. Length (estimated): _____ minutes
- E. Content Summary: _____

II Rationale

- A. Purpose(s): _____
- _____
- B. Audience(s): _____
- _____

III Video Team

- A. Full-time Members _____
- _____
- _____
- _____
- B. Other Assistants _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

continued ...

Video Program Proposal

Page 2

IV Production

- A. % of Studio Production Time _____ %
- B. % of Production Time on Location _____ %
Total Production Time _____ 100%
- C. What locations will be used? _____

- D. Number of cameras required: _____

V. Editing and Other Post-Production Activities

- A. Will editing be Field and/or Post-production?
(Circle one or both. If both, explain.)

- B. Circle or list the other post-production activities you plan to do:
Audio Dubbing
Graphics
Other: _____

VI Questions and Problems

- A. List any questions you have about this proposed production:

- B. List any problems you foresee in carrying out this proposed production. Briefly describe how you are going to solve each one:

4. Research your topic. Look through your writer's notebook; read books, magazines, newspapers; listen to music and sound effects; visit possible locations or places related to your topic; interview experts; and look at photographs, maps, or Internet sites.
5. Get to know your video camera. Read the operating instructions carefully, practise handling it, and experiment with different shots, angles, movements, transitions, light sources, and audio recordings. If you will be field editing (see Step 9), experiment to see if the camera backs up when you pause so that you can avoid accidentally erasing footage.
6. Write the script — for narratives, create a simple plot with a clear beginning, middle, and end; engaging characters, providing stage directions for movements and gestures that reveal personality, and dialogue that conveys relationships, conflict, and background information in authentic and interesting ways; detailed descriptions of the setting where important, and of costumes and props. You should also include background music, sound effects, and any voice-overs.

(For further information, see the “Scriptwriting Guidelines” in Appendix P.)

7. Create a storyboard. Step 6 can be omitted if your video is not complicated and your storyboard is detailed enough.

Your storyboard is an invaluable guide to actually shooting the video, but don't feel that you have to follow it exactly. Be flexible if a better idea occurs to you, or if a shot can't be done exactly as planned. Use the storyboard to keep yourself on track, and to step back and see the whole plan.

Storyboard Guidelines

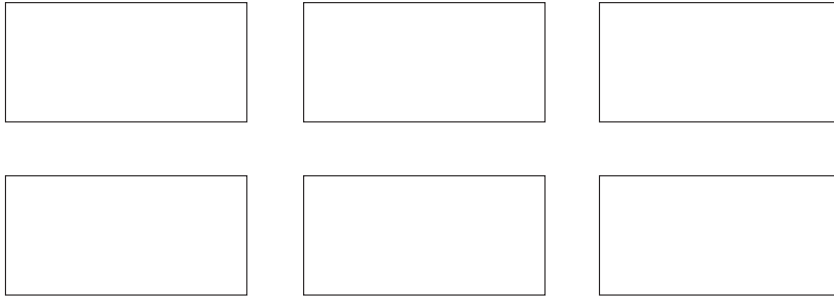
A **storyboard** is a series of rough sketches or photographs representing the key shots of a film or video, together with a written description of the speech, music, and sound effects for each shot. The drawings are framed like comic strips. Storyboards are valuable aids in the preproduction phase of video-making, but can also be products themselves, giving you practice manipulating camera techniques and combining audio and visual elements without actually producing a video.

- 1. Choose the format appropriate to your purposes. (See below.)
 - a. This format is good for beginning producers who need to explicitly plan out details.

Special Instructions	Video	Audio
(camera shots) c.u. (number of seconds shot will last) 3 seconds	(transition) cut <div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 150px; height: 100px; margin: 0 auto;"></div> (sketch of framed shot)	(speech, sound effects, music) "Oh, no!"

- b. This format does not require as much writing and assumes that you have enough experience to do some of the planning and revising in your head, rather than on paper. It is more suitable for an actual video production planning tool, rather than for a storyboard as a product in itself.

The camera cues are contained in the sketches, and audio instructions or scripting is written beneath each frame.



- c. This format, creating your storyboard on a series of 5" by 8" index cards, has the advantage of allowing you to easily share your storyboarding project with a partner, and to experiment with different ordering of shots by arranging the separate cards in a variety of ways before deciding on an order.

Video	Audio
Picture	Written message that goes with picture
Special Instructions: – camera shots and movement – background audio	

2. Analyze your text into the key shots and outline them. Ask yourself the following questions:

- What is the text about?
- Who are the characters?
- What do they do and say?
- Which characters are in the foreground, middle ground, and background?
- With whom or what are they in conflict?
- Where does the conflict take place?
- When are long, medium, and close-up shots necessary?
- What colours dominate each scene?
- What types of sets, costumes, and make-up are required?

(adapted from Hart, 27)

3. Begin to visualize the scene, sketching in the composition of each shot. Effective composition takes into account

- the items that appear in the picture
- how big each item appears, which is determined by the camera shots (extreme close-up or ECU, close-up or CU, medium close-up or MCU, medium shot or MS, medium long shot or MLS, long shot or LS, and extreme long shot or ELS). Generally, longer shots establish action taking place or surroundings, while closer shots are more detailed and convey emotional reactions.
- the angle from which the main subject is viewed by the camera — low angle, looking up at the subject; high angle, looking down on the subject, and eye level, looking from the normal eye level
- where the subjects appear in the picture. Keep in mind the “rule of thirds” or “golden mean” where the frame is divided into three equal parts horizontally and vertically and important visual elements, like characters’ heads or horizons, should be placed one-third of the way from an edge of the frame. Also realize that most attention is given to a subject in the middle of a screen, the top half gets more attention than the bottom half, and edges and corners receive very little attention.

It is not important to be able to draw well — stick figures and scribbles can work effectively, as long as you convey the positioning, size, perspective, and movement.

4. Write the camera shots (in abbreviated form), movements (such as “zoom out” or “pan”), and transitions (such as “fade” or “cut to”), and the number of seconds each shot should last in the space for special instructions.

5. In the space for audio elements, write any sound effects, music, or speech (dialogue, monologue, or voice-over) that goes with each shot.

As you fill in your storyboard, you may wish to plan the audio before the video, especially if the audio elements are more important.

At all times, keep in mind the mood you want to convey. Also be sure to use a variety of camera shots to keep your viewer interested, and to reflect the different kinds of action or emotion.

6. Inspect each of your storyboard frames carefully, making sure that you have composed them to effectively portray the subject of your video. Also examine how they flow from one to another, and check that you have them in the best order.

B. Production

8. If working with a group of people, it is necessary to assign roles (director, camera operator, actors, set manager, etc.) and to set up a schedule for rehearsals and taping. If you are working alone, you may still need to schedule your tasks, depending on the availability of equipment, settings, and props required, the time of day, weather conditions, etc. Provide adequate time for rehearsals and the set-up of scenes and equipment, whether working with a crew or on your own.

9. Shoot the video. Depending on the editing method you choose, which in turn depends largely on the editing equipment you have available, you can

- follow your storyboard closely, taping titles and credits, shooting shots in order, playing background music as required, and “field editing” as you go (i.e., closely monitoring your takes so that any bad takes can be rewound and retaken immediately)
- shoot shots according to location, or availability of crew members, or time of day, if you will be able to re-order the shots in the editing process later

C. Post-Production

10. Edit the video.
 - a. If you field edited as you shot, the video is basically finished and ready to watch.
 - b. If you have a videotape recorder, you can do “tape-to-tape” editing where you copy the shots you want to use in the order you want from the camera to the recorder.
 - c. If you have an editing machine, you can not only choose the best shots from your raw footage and experiment with their order, but can add the soundtrack, narration, sound effects, special effects, and graphics at this stage.
11. Show your video to an audience and ask for feedback. (Don’t forget the popcorn!)

Resources

The Young Producer’s Video Book by Donna Guthrie and Nancy Bentley (for a younger audience, but clear and comprehensive)

Language Arts Survival Guide, MultiSource, pages 216 to 220.

Specific Learning Outcomes

Producing a video gives you the opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes:

- 1.1.1 Connect ideas, observations, opinions, and emotions through a variety of means to develop a train of thought and test tentative positions
- 1.1.3 Experiment with language and forms of expression to achieve particular effects
- 1.2.2 Explore various viewpoints and consider the consequences of particular positions when generating texts
- 1.2.4 Extend understanding by exploring and acknowledging multiple perspectives and ambiguities when generating texts
- 2.1.3 Use textual cues and prominent organizational patterns to construct and confirm meaning and interpret texts
- 2.1.4 Use syntactic, semantic, graphophonic, and pragmatic cueing systems to construct and confirm meaning and interpret texts
- 2.3.1 Analyze how various forms and genres are used for particular audiences and purposes

- 2.3.2 Examine how various techniques and elements are used in oral, print, and other media texts to accomplish particular purposes
- 2.3.3 Demonstrate understanding of how vocabulary and idiom affect meaning and impact; use appropriate vocabulary when creating texts
- 2.3.4 Experiment with language, visuals, and sounds to convey intended meaning and impact
- 2.3.5 Create original texts to communicate ideas and enhance understanding of forms and techniques
- 3.1.1 Determine inquiry or research focus and parameters based on personal knowledge and on others' expertise
- 3.1.2 Formulate and revise questions to focus inquiry or research topic and purpose
- 3.1.4 Develop, use, and adapt an inquiry or research plan appropriate for content, audience, purpose, context, sources, and procedures
- 3.2.1 Select ideas and information from prior knowledge of inquiry or research topic appropriate for audience, purpose, and personal perspective or focus
- 3.2.2 Identify and discuss the purpose and usefulness of information sources relevant to particular inquiry or research needs
- 3.2.3 Evaluate how perspectives and biases influence the choice of information sources for inquiry or research
- 3.2.4 Access information using a variety of tools, skills, and sources to accomplish a particular purpose
- 3.3.1 Organize and reorganize information and ideas in a variety of ways for different audiences and purposes
- 3.3.2 Summarize and record information, ideas, and perspectives from a variety of sources; document sources accurately
- 3.3.3 Evaluate information for completeness, accuracy, currency, historical context, relevance, and balance of perspectives
- 4.1.1 Generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose

- 4.1.2 Select and use a variety of forms appropriate for content, audience, and purpose
- 4.1.3 Select and use a variety of organizational structures and techniques and appropriate transitions in oral, written, and visual texts to communicate clearly and effectively
- 4.2.1 Appraise own choices of ideas, language use, and forms relative to purpose and audience, and provide others with constructive appraisals
- 4.2.2 Analyze and revise drafts to ensure appropriate content and to enhance unity, clarity, and coherence
- 4.2.3 Use appropriate text features to enhance legibility for particular audiences, purposes, and contexts
- 4.2.4 Use effective language, visuals, and sounds, and arrange ideas for emphasis and desired effect
- 4.2.5 Use appropriate strategies and devices to enhance the clarity and appeal of presentations
- 4.4.2 Use appropriate voice and visual production factors to communicate and emphasize intent in personal and public communication

If you worked with a group of people to produce your video, the following specific learning outcomes could also be achieved:

- 1.1.2 Seek others' responses through a variety of means to clarify and rework ideas and positions
- 1.2.1 Examine and adjust initial understanding according to new knowledge, ideas, experiences, and responses from others
- 3.1.3 Explore group knowledge and strengths to determine inquiry or research topic, purpose, and procedures
- 5.1.1 Use language to build and maintain collaborative relationships; take responsibility for respectfully questioning others' viewpoints and requesting further explanation
- 5.1.2 Demonstrate flexibility in assuming a variety of group roles and take responsibility for tasks that achieve group goals
- 5.1.4 Evaluate the effectiveness of group process to improve subsequent success

Notes



Appendix E

Creating Hypertext Guidelines

Hypertext is a type of text made up of electronically linked documents (including words, graphics, sound, video clips, and/or animation) in which one can move from document to document by clicking on particular words or images. The term “hypertext” refers to both an individual file with its links, and to all of the other files it links to. Hypertext can be informational or aesthetic in purpose.

Possible Forms

- website
- CD-ROM
- fiction
- poetry
- e-zine

Computer Programs Available to Create Hypertext

- HyperStudio
- Storyspace
- HyperCard
- Netscape Compose

Distinguishing Features

- **Multimedia Text:** Hypertext is different from traditional print texts in that it can incorporate a variety of media including graphics, photos, sound clips, video clips, and animation, in addition to words.
- **Nonlinear:** There is no set linear way of reading hypertext, as there is in traditional print, oral, musical, and video texts where one would read page one, followed by page two, or hear words or music in the order presented, or view images in the order filmed. In hypertext the reader chooses the order in which to read the various parts by clicking on particular words and images or “buttons.” The reader therefore is forced to be more active in the reading and creative process.

- **Multiple Voices:** Because of the easy links between documents, hypertext documents can be easily joined to other hypertext documents created by other authors. Many hypertext documents also allow readers to add their own text bits to the original document. This encourages a more collaborative authoring process — single authors are not given the authority as the ultimate makers of meaning that they are in traditional texts.

Suggested Procedure

This suggested procedure focuses on the organization and presentation of material that you have already generated. The specific instructions for particular programs are not given — it is assumed that if you have access to the programs, you either are familiar with them, or have access to accompanying tutorials.

1. Clarify the purpose of your hypertext and your audience. Will it be pragmatic or aesthetic in purpose? Is your audience knowledgeable on your topic? willing to take an active role in creating a story or poem?
2. If you are creating an informational hypertext, use the “Pyramid” graphic organizer (later in this appendix) to organize your information.

If you are creating an aesthetic hypertext (fiction or poetry), you might create a graphic organizer that allows more flexibility. You may want to use something like the “Hypertext Story Planner” (later in this appendix) for a narrative. Note each part of your story (scenes with action and/or dialogue, interior thoughts of characters, journal entries, letters, descriptions of settings or characters, flashbacks, narratorial commentary, background information, etc.) in a box.

For poetry, rather than using a graphic organizer, separate each unit of your poem, that is, every phrase, line, or group of lines you want to keep intact, and copy each unit onto an index card. You may want to try this method with a narrative as well, copying each unit (description, scene, episode, flashback, commentary, dialogue, etc.) onto an index card.

3. Next, begin to translate your organizational structure into a hypertext design.

If you are creating an informational text, use a graphic organizer such as the “Hypertext Information Planner” (later in this appendix). Each solid line indicates a direct link from the subtopic to a detail. The dotted lines with arrows indicate cross links between details that are related — that add to the meaning of each other and to the understanding of the reader who follows the links.

If you are creating a narrative, draw your links directly on to your “Hypertext Story Planner” (if you used one). If you used the index card method, attach strings to indicate links between cards.

Note: Do not aim at connecting all of your details or cards to each other — only link bits that make some sort of sense together. You have more flexibility for imaginative connections in aesthetic texts than in more informational ones.

4. The more detailed the plan you make on paper, the more efficient your time on the computer will be. Use either the “Hypertext Planning Sheet” (see below) or 5" by 7" index cards to plan in detail the graphics, sounds, and words you want to appear on screen. (This is very similar to storyboarding a plan for a video as outlined briefly in Appendix D.)

Consider the background, the links (buttons or highlighted words), and the overall design features (see Appendix B) of each screen and the work as a whole. While you want to catch the attention of your audience, you don't want to use so many “bells and whistles” that they distract from your purpose — only use those features that will enhance your material.

5. Once you have planned out your document in detail, review the instructions of your particular hypertext program, and create your hypertext document. Feel free to move away from your plan — it's not carved in stone.

6. After you have completed your draft, read through to see if any revisions in content, language use, and organization would improve it. Check each link to ensure it works. Check your design features such as background, borders, colours, and font types to ensure that your text is attractive, clear, coherent, and easy to follow.
7. Share your hypertext with your response partner, and carefully consider any feedback.
8. Edit and proofread to ensure that you follow conventions of grammar and usage, spelling, and capitalization and punctuation.

Resources

ResourceLines 9/10 by Robert Dawe, Barry Duncan, and Wendy Mathieu

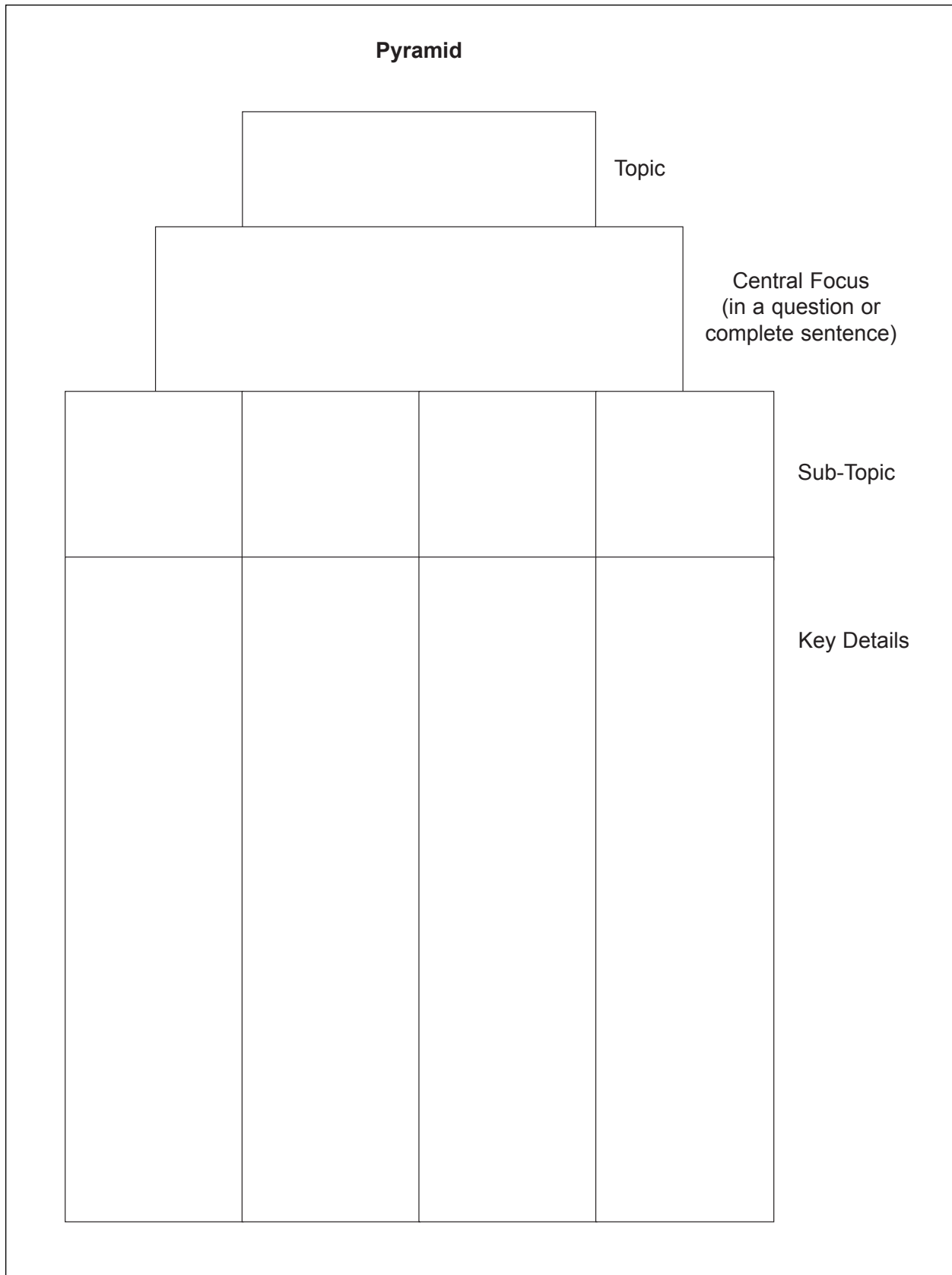
Writing for the Web by Crawford Kilian

Specific Learning Outcomes

In creating a hypertext document, you have the opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes:

- 1.1.1 Connect ideas, observations, opinions, and emotions through a variety of means to develop a train of thought and test tentative positions
- 1.1.3 Experiment with language and forms of expression to achieve particular effects
- 1.2.3 Combine ideas and information through a variety of means to clarify understanding when generating and responding to texts
- 2.3.4 Experiment with language, visuals, and sounds to convey intended meaning and impact
- 3.3.1 Organize and reorganize information and ideas in a variety of ways for different audiences and purposes
- 4.1.3 Select and use a variety of organizational structures and techniques and appropriate transitions in oral, written, and visual texts to communicate clearly and effectively
- 4.2.1 Appraise own choices of ideas, language use, and forms relative to purpose and audience, and provide others with constructive appraisals

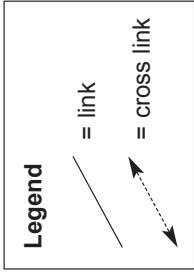
-
- 4.2.2 Analyze and revise drafts to ensure appropriate content and to enhance unity, clarity, and coherence
 - 4.2.3 Use appropriate text features to enhance legibility for particular audiences, purposes, and contexts
 - 4.2.4 Use effective language, visuals, and sounds, and arrange ideas for emphasis and desired effect
 - 4.2.5 Use appropriate strategies and devices to enhance the clarity and appeal of presentations
 - 4.3.1 Select appropriate words, grammatical structures, and register for audience, purpose, and context
 - 4.3.2 Know and apply Canadian spelling conventions and monitor for correctness using appropriate resources; recognize adapted spellings for particular effects
 - 4.3.3 Know and apply capitalization and punctuation conventions to clarify intended meaning, using appropriate resources as required



Hypertext story Planner

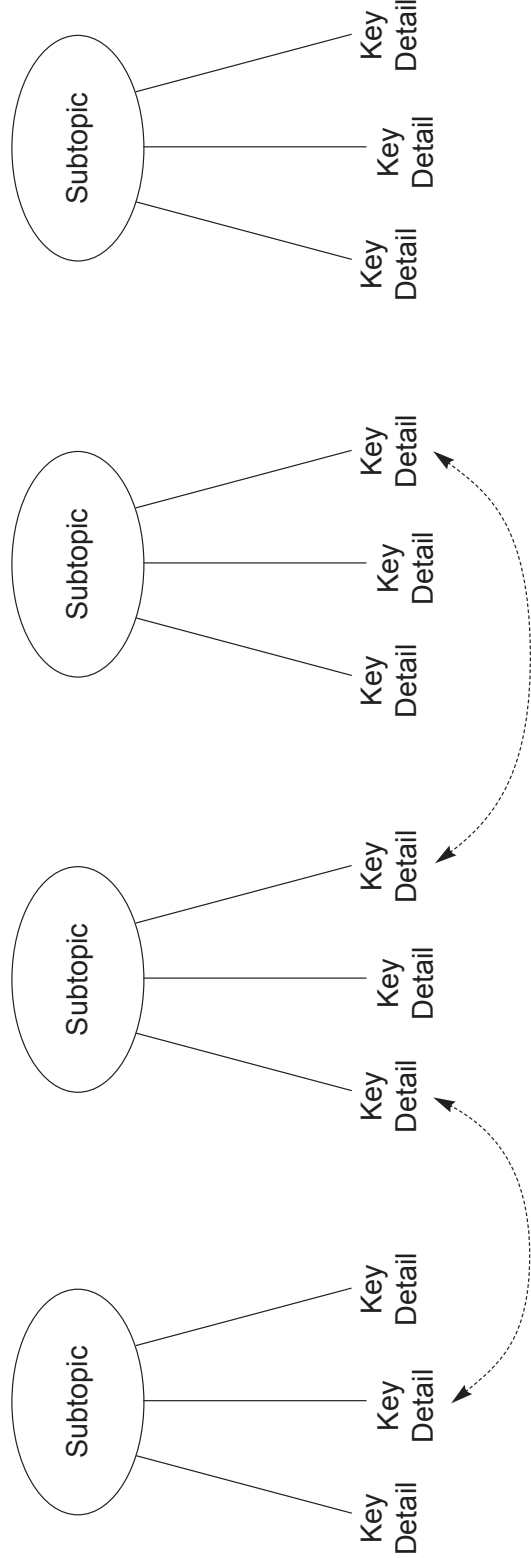
Possible Endings								
Possible Middles								
Opening								

Hypertext Information Planner



Topic: _____

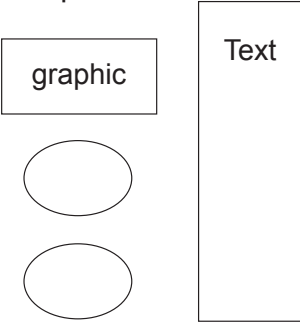
Central Focus: _____



Hypertext Planning Sheet

Title: _____

Name: _____

Screen Layout	Text / Audio	Notes
Sketch in arrangement of any graphics, buttons, and text boxes.	Write the words that will be printed or spoken, and/or any sounds or music that is included on this card.	Note any information links and where they go, video clip reminders, and/or anything else you don't want to forget.
Example: 	Welcome to "George, the Curious Comics Consumer," a portrait of a reader.	First link goes to Table of Contents. Second link goes to photo of George.

Notes

Appendix F

Hansel and Gretel*

A POOR WOODCUTTER lived with his wife and his two children on the edge of a large forest. The boy was called Hansel and the girl Gretel. The woodcutter did not have much food around the house, and when a great famine devastated the entire country, he could no longer provide enough for his family's daily meals. One night, as he was lying in bed and thinking about his worries, he began tossing and turning. Then he sighed and said to his wife, "What's to become of us? How can we feed our poor children when we don't even have enough for ourselves?"

"I'll tell you what," answered his wife. "Early tomorrow morning we'll take the children out into the forest where it's most dense. We'll build a fire and give them each a piece of bread. Then we'll go about our work and leave them alone. They won't find their way back home, and we'll be rid of them."

"No, wife," the man said. "I won't do this. I don't have the heart to leave my children in the forest. The wild beasts would soon come and tear them apart."

"Oh, you fool!" she said. "Then all four of us will have to starve to death. You'd better start planing the boards for our coffins!" She continued to harp on this until he finally agreed to do what she suggested.

"But still I feel sorry for the poor children," he said.

The two children had not been able to fall asleep that night either. Their hunger kept them awake, and when they heard what their stepmother said to their father, Gretel wept bitter tears and said to Hansel, "Now it's all over for us."

"Be quiet, Gretel," Hansel said. "Don't get upset. I'll soon find a way to help us."

When their parents had fallen asleep, Hansel put on his little jacket, opened the bottom half of the door, and crept outside. The moon was shining very brightly, and the white pebbles glittered in front of the house like pure silver coins. Hansel stooped down to the ground and stuffed his pocket with as many pebbles as he could fit in. Then he went back and said to Gretel, "Don't worry, my dear little sister. Just sleep in peace. God will not forsake us." And he lay down again in his bed.

At dawn, even before the sun began to rise, the woman came and woke the two children: "Get up, you lazybones! We're going into the forest to fetch some wood." Then she gave each one of them a piece of bread and said, "Now you have something for your noonday meal, but don't eat it before then because you're not getting anything else."

Gretel put the bread under her apron because Hansel had the pebbles in his pocket. Then they all set out together toward the forest. After they had walked a while, Hansel stopped and looked

*Reprinted from *The Complete Fairy Tales of the Brothers Grimm* by Jack Zipes (trans.). Copyright © 1987 Jack Zipes. Reproduced in accordance with the Pan Canadian Schools/CANCOPY Copyright Licence Agreement (1999-2004).

back at the house. He did this time and again until his father said, “Hansel, what are you looking at there? Why are you dawdling? Pay attention, and don’t forget how to use your legs!”

“Oh, Father,” said Hansel, “I’m looking at my little white cat that’s sitting up on the roof and wants to say good-bye to me.”

“You fool,” the mother said. “That’s not a cat. It’s the morning sun shining on the chimney.”

But Hansel had not been looking at the cat. Instead, he had been taking the shiny pebbles from his pocket and constantly dropping them on the ground. When they reached the middle of the forest, the father said, “Children, I want you to gather some wood. I’m going to make a fire so you won’t get cold.”

Hansel and Gretel gathered together some brushwood and built quite a nice little pile. The brushwood was soon kindled, and when the fire was ablaze, the woman said, “Now, children, lie down by the fire, and rest yourselves. We’re going into the forest to chop wood. When we’re finished, we’ll come back and get you.”

Hansel and Gretel sat by the fire, and when noon came, they ate their pieces of bread. Since they heard the sounds of the ax, they thought their father was nearby. But it was not the ax. Rather, it was a branch that he had tied to a dead tree, and the wind was banging it back and forth. After they had been sitting there for a long time, they became so weary that their eyes closed, and they fell sound asleep. By the time they finally awoke it was already pitch black, and Gretel began to cry and said, “How are we going to get out of the forest?”

But Hansel comforted her by saying, “Just wait awhile until the moon has risen. Then we’ll find the way.”

And when the full moon had risen, Hansel took his little sister by the hand and followed the pebbles that glittered like newly minted silver coins and showed them the way. They walked the whole night long and arrived back at their father’s house at break of day. They knocked at the door, and when the woman opened it and saw it was Hansel and Gretel, she said, “You wicked children, why did you sleep so long in the forest? We thought you’d never come back again.”

But the father was delighted because he had been deeply troubled by the way he had abandoned them in the forest.

Not long after that the entire country was once again ravaged by famine, and one night the children heard their mother talking to their father in bed. “Everything’s been eaten up again. We only have half a loaf of bread, but after it’s gone, that will be the end of our food. The children must leave. This time we’ll take them even farther into the forest so they won’t find their way back home again. Otherwise, there’s no hope for us.”

All this saddened the father, and he thought, it’d be much better to share your last bite to eat with your children. But the woman would not listen to anything he said. She just scolded and reproached him. Once you’ve given a hand, people will take your arm, and since he had given in the first time, he also had to yield a second time.

However, the children were still awake and had overheard their conversation. When their parents had fallen asleep, Hansel got up, intending to go out and gather pebbles as he had done the time before, but the woman had locked the door, and Hansel could not get out. Nevertheless,

he comforted his little sister and said, “Don’t cry, Gretel. Just sleep in peace. The dear Lord is bound to help us.”

Early the next morning the woman came and got the children out of bed. They each received little pieces of bread, but they were smaller than the last time. On the way into the forest Hansel crumbled the bread in his pocket and stopped as often as he could to throw the crumbs on the ground.

“Hansel, why are you always stopping and looking around?” asked the father. “Keep going!”

“I’m looking at my little pigeon that’s sitting on the roof and wants to say good-bye to me,” Hansel answered.

“Fool!” the woman said. “That’s not your little pigeon. It’s the morning sun shining on the chimney.”

But little by little Hansel managed to scatter all the bread crumbs on the path. The woman led the children even deeper into the forest until they came to a spot they had never in their lives seen before. Once again a large fire was made, and the mother said, “Just keep sitting here children. If you get tired, you can sleep a little. We’re going into the forest to chop wood, and in the evening, when we’re done, we’ll come and get you.”

When noon came, Gretel shared her bread with Hansel, who had dropped his along the way. Then they fell asleep, and evening passed, but no one came for the poor children. Only when it was pitch black did they finally wake up, and Hansel comforted his little sister by saying, “Just wait until the moon has risen, Gretel. Then we’ll see the little bread crumbs that I scattered. They’ll show us the way back home.”

When the moon rose, they set out but could not find the crumbs, because the many thousands of birds that fly about in the forest and fields had devoured them.

“Don’t worry, we’ll find the way,” Hansel said to Gretel, but they could not find it. They walked the entire night and all the next day as well, from morning till night, but they did not get out of the forest. They were now also very hungry, for they had had nothing to eat except some berries that they had found growing on the ground. Eventually they became so tired that their legs would no longer carry them, and they lay down beneath a tree and fell asleep.

It was now the third morning since they had left their father’s house. They began walking again, and they kept going deeper and deeper into the forest. If help did not arrive soon, they were bound to perish of hunger and exhaustion. At noon they saw a beautiful bird as white as snow sitting on a branch. It sang with such a lovely voice that the children stood still and listened to it. When the bird finished its song, it flapped its wings and flew ahead of them. They followed it until they came to a little house that was made of bread. Moreover, it had cake for a roof and pure sugar for windows.

“What a blessed meal!” said Hansel. “Let’s have a taste. I want to eat a piece of the roof. Gretel, you can have some of the window, since it’s sweet.”

Hansel reached up high and broke off a piece of the roof to see how it tasted, and Gretel leaned against the windowpanes and nibbled on them. Then they heard a shrill voice cry out from inside:

“Nibble, nibble, I hear a mouse.

Who’s that nibbling at my house?”

The children answered:

“The wind, the wind; it’s very mild,
blowing like the Heavenly Child.”

And they did not bother to stop eating or let themselves be distracted. Since the roof tasted so good, Hansel ripped off a large piece and pulled it down, while Gretel pushed out a round piece of the windowpane, sat down, and ate it with great relish. Suddenly the door opened, and a very old woman leaning on a crutch came slinking out of the house. Hansel and Gretel were so tremendously frightened that they dropped what they had in their hands. But the old woman wagged her head and said, “Well now, dear children, who brought you here? Just come inside and stay with me. Nobody’s going to harm you.”

She took them both by the hand and led them into her house. Then she served them a good meal of milk and pancakes with sugar and apples and nuts. Afterward she made up two little beds with white sheets, whereupon Hansel and Gretel lay down in them and thought they were in heaven.

The old woman, however, had only pretended to be friendly. She was really a wicked witch on the lookout for children, and had built the house made of bread only to lure them to her. As soon as she had any children in her power, she would kill, cook, and eat them. It would be like a feast day for her. Now, witches have red eyes and cannot see very far, but they have a keen sense of smell, like animals, and can detect when human beings are near them. Therefore, when Hansel and Gretel had come into her vicinity, she had laughed wickedly and scoffed, “They’re mine! They’ll never get away from me!”

Early the next morning, before the children were awake, she got up and looked at the two of them sleeping so sweetly with full rosy cheeks. Then she muttered to herself, “They’ll certainly make for a tasty meal!”

She seized Hansel with her scrawny hands and carried him into a small pen, where she locked him up behind a grilled door. No matter how much he screamed, it did not help. Then she went back to Gretel, shook her until she woke up, and yelled, “Get up, you lazybones! I want you to fetch some water and cook your brother something nice. He’s sitting outside in a pen, and we’ve got to fatten him up. Then, when he’s fat enough, I’m going to eat him.”

Gretel began to weep bitter tears, but they were all in vain. She had to do what the wicked witch demanded. So the very best food was cooked for poor Hansel, while Gretel got nothing but crab shells. Every morning the old woman went slinking to the little pen and called out, “Hansel, stick out your finger so I can feel how fat you are.”

However, Hansel stuck out a little bone, and since the old woman had poor eyesight, she thought the bone was Hansel’s finger. She was puzzled that Hansel did not get any fatter, and when a month had gone by and Hansel still seemed to be thin, she was overcome by her impatience and decided not to wait any longer.

“Hey there, Gretel!” she called to the little girl. “Get a move on and fetch some water! I don’t care whether Hansel’s fat or thin. He’s going to be slaughtered tomorrow, and then I’ll cook him.”

Oh, how the poor little sister wailed as she was carrying the water, and how the tears streamed down her cheeks!

“Dear God, help us!” she exclaimed. “If only the wild beasts had eaten us in the forest, then we could have at least died together!”

Early the next morning Gretel had to go out, hang up a kettle full of water, and light the fire.

“First we’ll bake,” the old woman said. “I’ve already heated the oven and kneaded the dough.” She pushed poor Gretel out to the oven, where the flames were leaping from the fire. “Crawl inside,” said the witch, “and see if it’s properly heated so we can slide the bread in.”

The witch intended to close the oven door once Gretel had climbed inside, for the witch wanted to bake her and eat her too. But Gretel sensed what she had in mind and said, “I don’t know how to do it. How do I get in?”

“You stupid goose,” the old woman said. “The opening’s large enough. Watch, even I can get in!”

She waddled up to the oven and stuck her head through the oven door. Then Gretel gave her a push that sent her flying inside and shut the iron door and bolted it. *Whew!* The witch began to howl dreadfully, but Gretel ran away, and the godless witch was miserably burned to death.

Meanwhile, Gretel ran straight to Hansel, opened the pen, and cried out, “Hansel, we’re saved! The old witch is dead!”

Then Hansel jumped out of the pen like a bird that hops out of a cage when the door is opened. My how happy they were! They hugged each other, danced around, and kissed. Since they no longer had anything to fear, they went into the witch’s house, and there they found chests filled with pearls and jewels all over the place.

“They’re certainly much better than pebbles,” said Hansel, and he put whatever he could fit into his pockets, and Gretel said, “I’m going to carry some home too,” and she filled her apron full of jewels and pearls.

“We’d better be on our way now,” said Hansel, “so we can get out of the witch’s forest.”

When they had walked for a few hours, they reached a large river. “We can’t get across,” said Hansel. “I don’t see a bridge or any way over it.”

“There are no boats either,” Gretel responded, “but there’s a white duck swimming over there. It’s bound to help us across if I ask it.” Then she cried out:

“Help us, help us, little duck! It’s Hansel and Gretel, and we’re really stuck. We can’t get over, try as we may. Please take us across right away!”

The little duck came swimming up to them, and Hansel got on top of its back and told his sister to sit down beside him.

“No,” Gretel answered. “That will be too heavy for the little duck. Let it carry us across one at a time.”

The kind little duck did just that, and when they were safely across and had walked on for some time, the forest became more and more familiar to them, and finally they caught sight of their father's house from afar. They began to run at once, and soon rushed into the house and threw themselves around their father's neck. The man had not had a single happy hour since he had abandoned his children in the forest, and in the meantime his wife had died. Gretel opened and shook out her apron so that the pearls and jewels bounced about the room, and Hansel added to this by throwing one handful after another from his pocket. Now all their troubles were over, and they lived together in utmost joy.

My tale is done. See the mouse run. Catch it, whoever can, and then you can make a great big cap out of its fur.

Appendix G

Samantha Panther, P.I.: Tough Girls Don't Sing*

(Lights up on SAMANTHA, the toughest hard boiled detective in the world.)

SAMANTHA: I finally had her. Lippy Lipshitz, the lowlife punk who'd backstabbed me and left me for dead. The professional shooters she'd put on my tail had died three years ago. When they made the mistake of thinking I was an easy mark. But Lippy had taken a powder, and after two years of searching for her, I'd given up.

But tonight I'd found her anyway.

In a broken down bar, surrounded by broken down hoods who knew how lucky they were that I hadn't come for them. My rod leapt into my hand, and started begging me to pull its trigger. But I wasn't gonna do it that easy. I wanted to get nice and close before I splattered Lippy's brains — I wanted to feel the spray.

She was cornered, and the 32 caliber toy she called a gun was empty. I told her to reload it if she wanted. I don't mind a little extra noise. But she was either out of bullets, or she didn't believe me. Oh, well. It wouldn't have helped her anyway. Nothing could've helped her, cause even though I hadn't slept in days, I was sharp as a broken tooth. And nothing — I mean nothing — was gonna stand in my way.

But then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw someone dropping a coin into the battered old jukebox. And then the pain began.

(MUSIC of 'That Song' starts to play. SAMANTHA grabs her ears in pain.)

SAMANTHA: "You stupid, rotten, brain-dead, wino! Turn that off!"

I pointed my rod at him, and he did his best, but that music was relentless. That stupid, horrible piece of music! How can anyone pay money to hear it?! I staggered over, and punched and kicked and abused that machine in every way I knew how. But the puke box kept playing.

As I fell to my knees, I remembered Lippy. And with my last ounce of strength I turned to look where she'd been standing.

The lowlife punk was gone.

(BLACKOUT. MUSIC of 'That Song' fades. Other MUSIC plays.)

(A SLIDE APPEARS: It reads 'Samantha Panther, P.I.' SAMANTHA appears next to the slide. She has a pointer.)

SAMANTHA: That's me. Samantha Panther, P.I.. P.I. — or Private Investigator. Sometimes Private I. But never P. Investigator. It's a tough racket. Not many can handle it. But it's the life for me. Sure, I get beat up, shot at, arrested and almost run over on a regular basis, but I get to

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set my own hours. It doesn't matter that the pay's bad. I don't have to be anywhere at 9:00 AM, and sometimes that's worth all the dough in the world.

(THE SLIDE DISAPPEARS and the MUSIC fades.)

(LIGHTS UP.)

(SAMANTHA is in her apartment.)

SAMANTHA: When I got home I checked my messages.

(SAMANTHA hits a button on an answering machine. The taped voice of POLLY is heard.)

POLLY: Samantha? Are you there? It's an emergency. I really need your help!

SAMANTHA: I guess I haven't erased this tape in a while. That's my best friend Polly. She got murdered by a group of neo-Nazis who were trying to undermine the government. I solved that case two weeks ago.

(There is a BEEP, and the voice of LISA is heard on the tape.)

LISA: Hello? Sam? Pick up the phone! I'm in a lot of trouble. Sam? Sam?!

SAMANTHA: That's my other best friend, Lisa. She was murdered by two bit hoods over a gambling debt that wasn't even hers. I solved that case last week.

(A BEEP, and the voice of BROOKE is heard.)

BROOKE: Hi, Samantha. It's Brooke.

SAMANTHA: Brooke! Don't tell me she's —

BROOKE: Everything's fine. I just need to talk to you about something. It's kind of personal. Give me a call.

SAMANTHA: That was a close one.

(A BEEP, and the voice of PATTY is heard.)

PATTY: Sam Panther, pick up that phone! I'm not kidding around with you.

SAMANTHA: That's my friend Patty. She's a cop. I can't say she's my best friend, because cops and P.I.'s don't always see eye to eye. But she's been a good friend for a lot of years. And if it turns out that some rat bastard has killed her —

PATTY: For your sake, you better not be avoiding me, Sam. I've got a body here with your name all over it.

SAMANTHA: That's a relief. Patty's just ticked off 'cause I left a body somewhere again. But I didn't kill anyone last night. What is she talking about?

PATTY: You better get over here and explain yourself, Sam. I won't bother giving you the address because you already know it. I'm at Brooke's place.

SAMANTHA: Brooke's place?! She's my best friend, dammit! Are you trying to tell me she's dead? Patty? Patty?! Oh hell, I'm on my way!

(SAMANTHA runs out. MUSIC plays.)

(SAMANTHA enters the crime scene.)

SAMANTHA: Brooke's place was crawling with cops. I could hear Patty yelling at someone for a reason that wasn't clear. She was the Captain so that was her job. A couple of uniforms tried to stop me at the door. I flashed my P.I. ticket and shoved past, heading straight for the bloodstained sheet. The sheet that I knew must cover a body. But was it Brooke's body? I had to find out.

(SAMANTHA yanks the sheet away, revealing a taped outline of a body.)

SAMANTHA: It was Brooke, alright. But you could hardly tell anymore. Whoever killed her had made a real mess of it. Chocolate cake on her shirt, spaghetti in her hair, and grape juice on her pants. Looked like the only thing that made it into her stomach was a slug from a thirty-eight. It was the work of a rank amateur, alright. But still, I could see why Patty said it had my name written all over it. It was in red lipstick on Brooke's face, to be exact. It said: "You're next, Panther."

Dealing with your best friend's murder is never easy. It's one of the toughest parts of a P.I.'s job. When it's sadistic and uncalled for, that makes it even tougher. But when the killer has the nerve to imply that she could do the same number on you — that's what can make a P.I. really lose her cool. And I would've, too. If it hadn't been for Patty's words of ice.

"You're gonna tell me who did this, Sam. You're not gonna withhold information and go gunning after her yourself. The department won't stand for it anymore. And neither will I."

I guess Patty was still sore at me over the Lisa case. And the Polly case. And that international incident I caused at the UN. I could understand that. But to accuse me of deliberately withholding evidence? I've handed her dozens of killers. Granted, I'd killed them all first. But sometimes a P.I. doesn't have any choice. Patty was being very disrespectful of a fellow professional.

"If I thought your slow working department of P.I. rejects could handle the case, I'd back right off. You know that, Patty. And you know I don't know who did this, cause if I did they'd already be suffering from a case of the forty-five caliber flu. So, lay off."

"The department can handle this, Sam."

"Yeah, I can see what a great job they're doing. That one's dusting the TV remote for prints. Does she think the killer came in to catch a few reruns of Quincy?"

As if to prove my point, someone else shouts that there's a record still spinning on the turntable.

"Better dust it for prints," I remarked.

The sure to be promoted uniform had other ideas. She moved the needle back to the start.

(That Song' starts to play.)

SAMANTHA: "No! It can't be. Brooke, how could you? For god's sake, turn it off!"

(SAMANTHA rips the cord from the wall. The MUSIC stops.)

SAMANTHA: The uniform looked at me like I'd punched her, and for a second I almost considered it. Patty had the nerve to say something like, "What did you do that for? It's not a bad tune."

Not a bad tune! That song makes me want to —

It was no use. I was feeling too betrayed by Brooke to explain myself. She knew how I felt about that song. But still she went behind my back and listened to it. It was enough to make me not want to avenge her death.

But then a faint glimmer of hope entered my mind. I turned to Patty and raised my voice so every cop in the room could hear me.

“This killer is sick, Patty. Real sick. Dumping food on people and making them listen to music like that! I’m gonna get her. I’m gonna make her suffer just like Brooke suffered. When she dies, it won’t be by lethal injection or a hot-wired chair. It’ll be on the floor of her own apartment, with cake all over her and that horrible, horrible sound ringing in her ears. DON’T try to stop me or get in my way, Patty. You’re a good cop — but you’re stuck following a lot of bad rules. Rules that help sick killers get away with murder. Not me, chum. I’ve got my own set of rules — just like those animals do — and that’s why you need someone like me around.

“Cause when the Panther’s on the prowl, no other predator stands a chance.”

(BLACKOUT. MUSIC plays.)

(LIGHTS UP ON SAMANTHA.)

SAMANTHA: I dropped by the office for the first time in three days.

(SAMANTHA enters her office.)

SAMANTHA: My secretary, Mungo, rushed over to greet me with tears in his eyes. He was always worried about me winding up dead in a gutter somewhere.

I let him hug me for a minute, until I was sure he was gonna be alright. Then I gently pushed him away. That boy had a million dollar body, alright. And he wasn’t afraid to show it off. But don’t get any ideas about him being easy. I’ve seen him give the brush off to some pretty hard cases. And when necessary, he can whip off his shoe and crack a skull in the blink of an eye. He was a class act all the way — and truth be told, he was nuts about me. I’d never made a pass at him, though. Not that I hadn’t wanted to, but a P.I. should never take advantage of her love-struck secretary.

He told me that I had visitors in my private office. And from his expression I could tell they were trouble. I told him not to sweat it and went in.

Like I said before, being a P.I. is no cakewalk. Your friends get murdered and you have to avenge them. The cops all hate you but you have to solve their cases. You don’t get paid cause you never have a live client. And then there are things like this...

There were twelve of them, and they all had guns pointed at my head. As if that wasn’t enough, two more grabbed me and sat me in a chair. I opened my mouth and six of them told me to shut it. One looked like she wanted to shoot me. Three of them encouraged her. All of them hated me. And that was their job.

They were The Feds. That’s right. Federal Agents. You know the type. Always flashing badges with a lot of initials on them. FBI, CIA, NBC — they’re all the same.

And they’ve always got a beef with P.I.’s.

I noticed they’d brought a projector and a screen with them.

“Pictures of your wedding night?” I speculated.

I’m not sure how many slapped me. They told me to shut up and pay attention, cause they had a job for me to do.

“What makes you think I’ll help a bunch of initial-waving geeks like you?” I asked, preparing for more slaps. The light’s went out instead.

(The lights go out and a SLIDE appears on a screen. It’s a picture of Samantha on the streets in front of an old hotel.)

“This is you.”

(SLIDE #2: a picture of a GANGSTER, eating spaghetti at a restaurant table.)

“And this is Stacks Malone — the mafia queenpin who used to control the east side.”

“How very informative. Are you going to be quizzing me on which is which?”

(SLIDE #3 appears. It’s a picture of SAMANTHA shoving a huge handful of spaghetti into STACKS MALONE’s mouth.)

“And this is you killing Stacks Malone in much the same way as she had killed your best friend — what was her name?”

“Sandie.”

“How many best friends do you have, Panther?”

“Less every day. Get to the point.”

“This wasn’t self defense, Panther. It was cold-blooded revenge. A public service, perhaps. But the law would still consider it to be murder. What do you think about that?”

(LIGHTS UP on SAMANTHA.)

SAMANTHA: It wasn’t good. The Feds had me caught between a murder rap and a bad case of indigestion. Every cop in town had been happy to see Stacks go — especially in such an embarrassing way — but they still had their book of rules to follow. And that could mean trouble for a P.I. like me.

(The LIGHTS go back OUT.)

“Alright, you win. What do you want me to do?”

“Listen to this.”

(MUSIC starts. ‘That Song’ fills the air.)

“What the hell? Are you crazy?! Turn that off!”

(MUSIC stops.)

“That song was found at the scene of your friend’s murder, right?”

“Don’t rub it in.”

“It’s been found at others, too. Most of them mob related.”

“It’s the people with no brains who enjoy it.”

“The singer, Caterina Mynx, has been receiving death threats.”

“I’ve been tempted to make a couple myself, so what?”

“We think these cases are connected.”

(LIGHTS UP ON SAMANTHA.)

SAMANTHA: Why didn’t they tell me that in the first place? They explained that Caterina Mynx has mob connections. In fact, she’s the lover of a mob boss named Donna Maria “Hammerhead” Puccini. Who is seen eating spaghetti here.

(LIGHTS OUT. SLIDE of HAMMERHEAD.)

“Ms Mynx will testify if we can prove that Hammerhead’s trying to kill her. Problem is, it could be Hammerhead’s jealous former lover. A mob owned exotic dancer named ‘Long’ Johnny Salami. Here he is, eating spaghetti.”

(SLIDE of JOHNNY.)

“Looks like Hammerhead swings both ways.”

“This is where the story gets weird. Two attempts have been made on Ms Mynx’s life. Both were during a particular song.”

“That’s when I’d like to kill her.”

“Not that one, Panther. It’s a new one — and you know what it’s called?”

“I’m on the edge of my seat.”

“Kill Me.”

(LIGHTS UP on SAMANTHA.)

What a perfect song for her. But ‘Kill Me’ isn’t exactly new. It was originally sung twenty years ago by a teenage sensation named Little Lola, seen in this concert photo...

(SLIDE of LITTLE LOLA.)

... eating spaghetti. She’d been on her way to fame and fortune singing ‘Kill Me’ — until some crazed fan took the song’s advice. Many thought she’d been asking for it, but it was quite a scandal for the record company. They had to pull the song from the shelves.

“Ms Mynx is the first singer to perform it since.”

“And now you don’t know if it’s the song killing her, or her mob buddies.”

“Correct, Panther.”

“So, do some investigating. You don’t need me.”

“Perhaps you haven’t seen a recent picture of Caterina Mynx?”

(SLIDE of CATERINA. She looks just like Samantha.)

(LIGHTS UP on SAMANTHA.)

SAMANTHA: I can explain this. Caterina Mynx used to be my sister. When she was still Caterina Panther. She changed her name when some scumbags agreed to bankroll her career as a singer. It broke our mother’s heart — cause she was a cop, who had dedicated her life to putting scumbags behind bars. And it didn’t matter how many scumbags I put out of

commission, Mom still felt like a failure. All because of Cat, her singing, and her scumbags.

(LIGHTS OUT.)

“Never seen her before.”

“Nice try, Panther. We’ve seen the records.”

“So, what?”

“We can’t have Ms Mynx risking her life every night. Not until after she testifies. You have to stand in for her.”

“At the concerts?”

“Hammerhead can’t suspect anything is up. The show must go on as usual.”

“I don’t sing.”

“You have the same genes as Ms Mynx.”

“Don’t remind me.”

“The fans will never know the difference.”

“Forget it. I don’t sing.”

“Would you rather go to jail for the murder of Stacks Malone?”

(SLIDE of STACKS MALONE.)

“Yes, I would. I’d rather die than help Cat further her career. Go ahead, throw the book at me. I’ll admit everything.”

(LIGHTS UP on SAMANTHA, who is snapping handcuffs onto her wrists.)

SAMANTHA: They snapped the bracelets on and took me away. But they didn’t take me to the police, or the big house, or even a private dungeon where they could torture me. No, they took me somewhere much, much worse...

(BLACKOUT. The VOICE of an announcer is heard.)

VOICE: Ladies and gentlemen. This is the moment you’ve all been waiting for. Safari Entertainment, Reified Records, Radio KLAW 108, and Ms Donna Maria ‘Hammerhead’ Puccini (president of the Honest Businesswomen’s League), are proud to present: the singer with nine lives. Please give a warm round of applause for... Caterina Mynx!

(SPOTLIGHT on a stage. MUSIC starts. It is ‘That Song’. There is a microphone on a stand. CATERINA MYNX enters and begins to sing.)

CATERINA: (singing)

I’ve got a secret I will never tell you,

I’ve got a secret I will never tell you,

I’ve got a secret I will never tell you, Shhh!

I’ve got a secret I will never tell you,

I’ve got a secret I will never tell you,

I've got a secret I will never tell you, Shhh!

(There is an instrumental section of MUSIC, over which CATERINA speaks.)

I bet you'd love to hear it, I bet you'd really love to hear it, You'd probably give just about anything in this whole wide world to hear my secret. But you won't, 'Cause I'm not telling, I'm not telling 'cause it's a secret, It's a secret and it's for me to know and you to never find out, And that's all there is to it.

(CATERINA starts to sing again.)

I've got a secret I will never tell you,

I've got a secret I will never tell you,

I've got a secret I will never tell you, Shhh!

I've got a secret I will never tell you,

I've got a secret I will never tell you,

I've got a secret I will never tell you, Shhh!

I've got a secret I will never tell you,

I've got a secret I will never tell you,

I've got a secret I will never tell you, Shhh!

('That Song' ends.)

CATERINA: Thank you. I'd like to dedicate this next one to my sister, Samantha.

(MUSIC of 'Kill Me' starts.)

Kill me, Kill me, Kill me, Kill me do.

Kill me, Kill me, Kill me, Before I kill you.

Kill me if you hate me, Kill me if you're mad,

Kill me if you love me, But you know that I've been bad.

It doesn't matter why you do it, Or where you do it, Or how...

The only thing that matters, Is you Kill Me And Kill Me Right Now!

(LIGHTS GO OUT while CATERINA is singing.)

CATERINA: Oh, my! We seem to be having technical difficulties...

(GUNSHOTS ring out. MUSIC.)

(LIGHTS UP on SAMANTHA.)

SAMANTHA: Some punk shot Cat six times and disappeared into the crowd.

When I made my way over, it was obvious that Cat was dying. She tried to speak but all she could manage were two words: Roast Beef. One of The Feds offered her a sandwich. Cat just glared at her.

I'd been pissed off with Cat for a lot of years. And many times, when I'd shot a two bit street punk, or a professional trigger woman for the mob, I'd imagined that it was Cat on the wrong

end of my bullet. And it had always made me feel better. So that's why I was surprised when I opened my mouth and heard a few all too familiar words fall out...

"I'm gonna get the louse that did this, Cat. I'm gonna make her pay, like I'm gonna make Brooke's killer pay, and if it turns out that the same killer killed both of you, I'm gonna find a way to make her pay twice. I swear it.

"Cause when The Panther moves in for the kill, sometimes she likes to play with it a little first."

(BLACKOUT. MUSIC.)

(LIGHTS UP ON SAMANTHA, entering her office.)

Back at the office, Mungo immediately embraced me and started to cry again.

"Easy, kitten. I gave The Feds the slip. Help me get these cuffs off."

He did, using a trick he'd learned with a hairpin. He informed me that he'd managed to get hold of Brooke's recent case files. He was some great secretary, alright. I don't know what I'd do without him.

(SAMANTHA picks up a file and flips through.)

Brooke was a P.I. like me. So a peek at her files might be all I needed to tell me who had wanted her dead.

"Gangsters trying to rub out the competition, a Communist plot to overthrow the government, a psychopath trying to spell out her name with the initials of her victims... It's all pretty routine stuff, kitten. And I think there's something missing."

(SAMANTHA holds up a sheet of paper with a big hole cut in the middle.)

Someone had done a real job on it, alright. But there was one thing I could still make out. It was a name...

(SAMANTHA flips the paper around and the word "HAMMERHEAD" is written in large letters overtop of the hole.)

Hammerhead.

Rumor has it that Donna Maria Hammerhead Puccini took over the mob while she was still in the womb. She communicated through her mother, and was even able to put out contracts on people. One kick meant kill the traitor, two kicks meant let her live. She was one of the most ruthless gangsters of all time.

Which is why I was surprised to find her crying in her spaghetti. Staring at a picture of Cat.

"Sad that you haven't killed her, yet?" I speculated.

Her two goons, who knew they'd be killed if they saw Hammerhead's tears, pulled the bags off their heads and attacked me. I slammed my fist into the fat one's belly and it disappeared up to my shoulder. She doubled over in pain and proceeded to puke up everything she'd eaten — which included the bumper of a small vehicle. Disgusted, I turned to the other one and broke a chair across her teeth. She'd be flossing for days.

Hammerhead grabbed me, and started demanding to know where Cat was. Why she hasn't been home.

“Maybe she doesn’t like scumbags anymore,” I shrugged.

This suggestion seemed to rock the Donna. She sat down and ate some spaghetti to calm her nerves. Then she started cursing. But not Cat. Or even me. She was spitting nails over a psychiatrist. The Donna blamed him for turning Cat against her. Poisoning her mind with strange ideas, like singing that stupid song, ‘Kill Me’.

“What’s his name?” I asked, but Hammerhead wasn’t listening. I tossed her table out a nearby window. “What’s his name?” I repeated.

Hammerhead looked down where her spaghetti should’ve been. “Hey,” was all she managed.

I gave her such a close look at my rod that tomorrow her eye will be black.

“What’s his name?” I demanded for the last time.

“Dr. Eric Dahl,” she told me.

Dr. Eric Dahl was an obnoxious old man, with an unreasonably bad temper. He started insulting me as soon as I barged into his office and told his patient to leave. He knew who I was, alright. He’d read about my exploits in the papers and he thought I was a violent, lowlife, thug — no better than the thugs I was after.

“I’m better, alright,” I told him. “Cause I’m alive and they’re dead.”

This didn’t seem to impress him.

“You need help with anger management,” he informed me. I grabbed his desk and started to throw it out the window. Then I stopped myself.

Show’s how much he knows.

“What’s this about you talking Cat into singing a suicide note like ‘Kill Me?’”

“Rubbish! It was all her idea. She thought it would be a way of apologizing to you. For what, I don’t know. She’s a successful celebrity. You’re an unemployed murderer. But she doesn’t see it that way. She feels an insane need for your approval. Which is why she needs my help.”

I considered slapping him, but I didn’t think his frail, old body could handle it.

“You’re wrong, chum. You’ve already failed her. This time she needs my help.”

(LIGHTS change.)

Back on the street, I looked at Brooke’s files again. The answer had to be in what was missing. I had never met Brooke’s secretary, but I could remember Brooke raving about him. He was talented, honest, hard working and I was sure he’d had a better filing system than this. His name was Fred Davenport and I decided to pay him a visit.

Fred answered the door wearing nothing but a clinging bathrobe. It was obvious that I’d gotten him out of the shower, but he didn’t mind. He smiled and invited me in for a drink. Some men are just handsome. Others are just gorgeous. A few, rare, miracles of nature look like Fred. And his flimsy apparel left nothing to my imagination — but somehow, my imagination was still working overtime. And as he bent over the bar, I found it hard to remember my reason for being there.

But I did. I asked him how Brooke was connected to Cat.

“Through you, silly,” he informed me.

He explained that Cat had wanted to talk to me, but was afraid that I’d refuse. She went to Brooke for help. Simple. But not enough.

“Cat told Brooke something. Something that got her killed. Think carefully. What did Cat want?”

Fred’s robe slipped a little, showing me enough leg for two. He said something, I think.

“What was that?”

“Caterina was afraid of her lover, Hammerhead. Brooke decided to find out why.”

“And did she?”

“I don’t know,” he admitted. “Brooke was dead before I could find out.”

I knew that it was getting too difficult for him to talk about. I told him I’d better go.

“No, please. I’m alright,” he insisted, leaning closer. His robe fell open a little more, giving me a glimpse of his perfectly developed chest. “I just need to slip into something more comfortable.”

It turned out to be a waterbed. When he called me into the room, I saw that his robe was now abandoned on the floor.

“Join me,” he suggested and started pulling back the covers.

I reached out and grabbed his hand, stopping him while I still had the strength.

“Not tonight, kitten. Not while there’s still a killer out there.”

“Later, then?” he asked, with a glimmer of hope in his eye.

“Later,” I agreed.

I walked out of Fred’s apartment without looking back. It was the only way I could do it. He was every P.I.’s dream man. And I could feel myself falling for him. Hard. In spite of the circumstances. And that could mean only one thing...

He was the killer, alright. He had to be. Every man I’ve ever felt this way about has been a killer. I always knock myself out investigating the suspicious people, only to discover that the killer’s been lying next to me all along. It’s a dirty trick that this rotten world likes to play on P.I.s. But I wasn’t gonna fall for it anymore.

I drew my rod and turned around, preparing to kick the door in and give Fred a forty-five caliber kiss goodnight. But something stopped me. Doubt? No. Just old fashioned P.I. etiquette. I still felt the need to go through the motions of collecting evidence. But that’s okay. I’ll prove Fred’s the killer first. Then I’ll brutally kill him.

When I hit the street in front of Fred’s building, something hit me. And it wasn’t an idea about the case. It was a rather large boot to my forehead. Needless to say, this annoyed me. And I would’ve complained about it, if it hadn’t been for a second, smaller boot connecting with my chin. For a moment, I thought I was being attacked by a lopsided blackbelt. But then another boot connected with the back of my head, and unless this girl had a really sneaky third leg, I figured there must be three blackbelts.

There were actually thirteen of them. And after they had all given me an introductory boot to the head, I knew that it was time to make my move. Unfortunately, falling to the pavement and groaning did not seem to confuse them. A few of them grabbed me and stood me up in front of their leader. She was laughing and having a great time — as if she thought she was in control, or something. Punks like her always think they're in control at a time like this.

I decided to let her keep thinking it.

“What can I do for you girls?” I asked.

Something else hit me this time. Something like a sap, a blackjack, a ten ton wrecking ball...

Everything went black.

(BLACKOUT.)

SAMANTHA: When I came to, I was staring at myself.

(A SLIDE of SAMANTHA appears on the screen. She is killing Stacks.)

“Perhaps you forgot about this, Panther.”

“Are you kidding? It sticks out in my memory like a sore head.”

“That wasn't smart to give us the slip, Panther. Caterina Mynx is dead. But as far as the newspapers are concerned, it was just a minor injury. We need you to be Ms Mynx until whoever killed her comes back to try again.”

“I told you before, I don't sing. I'll get you your killer. But I'll do it my way. I already know who it is, too. A real doe-eyed babe with a cleverly hidden mean streak — a real *homme fatale* — if you know what I mean.”

“Not that Davenport character.”

“Fred. The perfect body, the open all night smile. He's guilty as sin, alright. I just need to prove it.

“Good luck, Panther. He's dead.”

(LIGHTS UP on SAMANTHA, handcuffed again.)

SAMANTHA: This was very upsetting. Not just because I'd been falling in love with Fred. But because I was back to square one on this case.

Apparently, it was just like the other murder. Chocolate cake, spaghetti — the works. Right down to the lipstick scrawled across Fred's face: “You're next, Panther.”

(LIGHTS OUT.)

“I thought I was next last time. Someone ought to teach this killer to count.”

“They found your fingerprints all over the body, too. And you know what else, Panther?”

“No, what?”

(MUSIC of ‘That Song’ begins to play.)

“Are you crazy?! I've still got a headache!”

(MUSIC ends.)

“Touchy, touchy...”

“Alright, so you’ve blown my best lead. Now give me some new ones, or I’ll tell the whole world what really happened to Cat.”

(A SLIDE of an overly friendly looking man.)

“This is Rock Romano, owner of Big Cheese Records. He refused to let Ms. Mynx record ‘Kill Me’, so she broke her contract and signed with Reified Records. Now Rock stands to lose a lot of money. And when the press asked him about it, he said

(SLIDE of ROCK ROMANO brandishing a weapon and looking very angry.)

“That bitch is going to pay in blood for this — I mean, no comment.”

“Even an amateur P.I. can see that this guy looks too suspicious. What else have you got?”

(SLIDE of Henry Billingsley, sitting at a desk and working.)

“Henry Billingsley —

(SLIDE of Henry Billingsley, looking at the camera.)

“ — owner of Reified Records.”

(SLIDE of Henry Billingsley posing like a model on top of his desktop. Very sexy.)

(LIGHTS UP on SAMANTHA.)

SAMANTHA: Now we were getting somewhere. Even from the unglamorous surveillance photos, I could tell that Henry Billingsley was very easy on the eyes. And probably even easier on the lips. He had allowed Cat to record ‘Kill Me’ in order to sign her to a three album deal. Unfortunately, Reified paid out so much non-refundable advance money, that if Cat doesn’t record the albums, they’ll lose a fortune. Which makes it very unlikely for Henry Billingsley to want Cat dead.

And that’s exactly why he might be guilty.

(LIGHTS OUT.)

“Thanks for the tip, girls. This case is almost closed. Just take these cuffs off, and I’ll slap a confession out of someone.”

“Not so fast, Panther. You have a show to do first.”

“What? I just came from a show. A couple of hours ago.”

“Sorry, Panther. You must’ve been really tired. After you got bopped on the head, you were out for sixteen hours.”

(LIGHTS UP on SAMANTHA.)

SAMANTHA: I hate it when that happens. Now The Feds had me caught between a kick line of blackbelts and a performance of That Song. The choice was clear. I hit ‘em with everything I had, and unconscious Feds were rapidly piling up. Unfortunately, the bracelets got caught on some jerk’s teeth, and I was temporarily thrown off balance. That’s when it hit me again. That same ten ton wrecking ball.

And everything went black.

(BLACKOUT. VOICE of an announcer speaks.)

VOICE: Ladies and gentlemen. Reified Records, Radio KLAW 108, and Ms Donna Maria ‘Hammerhead’ Puccini (president of the Spaghetti Conservation League), are proud to present: the singer with nine lives... Caterina Mynx!

(SPOTLIGHT on bare stage with microphone on a stand. MUSIC of ‘That Song’ begins. There is a pause, as no one is entering. Suddenly, SAMANTHA is shoved out on stage. She is dressed like Cat. She make faces at the horrible music.)

SAMANTHA: Stop it! Turn that off!

(MUSIC stops.)

SAMANTHA: That’s better. Caterina is... tired of singing that one. Let’s skip to the point of this performance. Girls?

(MUSIC of ‘Kill Me’ starts. SAMANTHA eyes the crowd suspiciously.)

SAMANTHA: And I want you all to know I’m watching you.

(SAMANTHA looks at a little sheet of paper and sings. Tentatively at first, still watching the crowd. After a while she gets caught up in it, and stops paying attention.)

Kill me, Kill me, Kill me, Kill me do.

Kill me, Kill me, Kill me, Before I kill you.

Kill me if you hate me, Kill me if you’re mad,

Kill me if you love me, But you know that I’ve been bad.

It doesn’t matter why you do it,

Or where you do it,

Or how...

The only thing that matters,

Is you Kill Me —

And Kill Me Right Now!

Right Now! !

Right Now! ! !

Right —

(BLACKOUT. MUSIC stops.)

SAMANTHA: Hey! What’s the idea? Get your mitts off me! You wanna fight? See me after the show.

(LIGHTS UP on SAMANTHA, who now has her hat on.)

SAMANTHA: It was The Feds wrestling me to the floor. It took all of them, too. At first I thought they were just sore at me for that scene in the office. But then I noticed the bullet holes right next to where I’d been standing...

(BLACKOUT, MUSIC.)

(LIGHTS UP. MUSIC ends. SAMANTHA is dressed like herself again.)

After giving The Feds the slip again, I dropped by the offices of Reified Records. A receptionist, in pants that were too tight several pounds ago, informed me that Henry Billingsley was in a meeting. And that I could not barge in and interrupt it. After a slap in the mouth and a close look at my rod, the boy changed his mind.

I found Henry Billingsley all alone, as I expected. And he was even better than his picture. The outfit he wore wasn't at all revealing, but what he had was impossible to conceal. He was just finishing up some exercises — presumably to relieve tension — but seeing his well toned body in action, I could think of a better way to relieve it.

And when his eyes hit me, with a jolt of electricity, I could tell he was thinking about it, too.

I asked him if he had a minute.

He said he had all night if I wanted it.

I told him I wanted to talk about Cat.

His face changed, and I could tell that he was worried about her. He asked if I minded waiting while he slipped into something more comfortable. I was pretty sure he didn't have a bed stashed anywhere, so I said okay. He went behind a screen, but I could still see his silhouette as he stripped down and toweled off a little. An artist couldn't have sculpted a more perfect body. I tried to take my eyes away, but I couldn't. Beauty like that was meant to be stared at.

Suddenly there was a knock on the door. It was a delivery boy with a demo tape. Henry leaned out and told the boy to put it on. The brief glimpse of flesh made the skin on my back tingle. Henry caught me looking and smiled. A thousand hints of pleasure all rolled up into one expression. I had thought Fred was amazing. But this guy... This guy had all the best parts of all the best men I'd ever fallen for. And I knew that falling for Henry would be easier than falling down a stairwell. Which could mean only one thing.

He was the killer. No doubt about it. No one could look that good and be innocent.

I drew my rod, knowing that I could end Henry's reign of terror right there and then. If only I didn't feel this ridiculous need to prove things. I cursed and put the gun away, figuring I should ask a few questions first...

Then somebody jammed a hot poker in my ear.

(MUSIC of 'That Song' begins.)

No, it's that song! That stupid, stupid song! I turned to give the delivery boy hell, but something was happening to him. His eyes were bulging, his muscles were shaking, and he looked like he was losing brain cells by the second. I knew how he felt.

But then he pulled something out of his pocket —

And as Henry emerged from behind the screen —

The kid shot him once, twice, three times —

And then I was on him, tearing the gun out of his hand and breaking his trigger finger. But the kid didn't give up. Now he was trying to kill me — with his bare hands! I slapped him a few

times, and told him it was over. But for him it wasn't. Until the song ended. Then his eyes returned to normal and he started to wail in agony.

I looked over at Henry's beautiful, bloody, lifeless body, and felt a vow of vengeance starting to boil beneath my lips. I grabbed the sobbing delivery boy and slapped him repeatedly.

"You just killed my prime suspect — and the man I almost loved!! Who sent you? Who do you work for?"

It was useless. He had no idea. I searched his wallet and found an appointment card from a psychiatrist:

Dr. Warren Black.

(LIGHTS CHANGE.)

Every P.I. has a little voice in the back of her head. It tells her when the answers are right in front of her, but she's too confused to see them. Right now mine was working overtime. And if I could've, I would've slapped it around and told it to shut up, cause it wasn't doing me one bit of good.

When I hit the streets again, something almost hit me. It wasn't a large boot this time. It was a four door sedan. P.I.s get used to this kind of attack, so I jumped out of the way without even thinking about it. The heap crashed into the side of a building, crushing itself beyond repair. Curious about who had tried to kill me, I ripped the drivers door open. 'Long' Johnny Salami fell onto the pavement. It was obvious that he was dying, but he still managed to scream something about "that bitch sister" of mine stealing his woman. I slapped him a couple of times — just hard enough to sting — and told him to shut up and listen before he dropped dead.

"You've got about a minute to live, Johnny. I'll trade secrets with you. Cat's dead. You can rest in peace knowing that Hammerhead will never be with her again."

Long Johnny relaxed a little. And even managed a tiny smile.

"Now tell me, what's Hammerhead's game?"

He told me. And it made sense. The pieces were all coming together, now. If I could only figure out what that nagging voice was trying to tell me...

(LIGHTS change.)

I went to the address on Dr. Black's card. He wasn't in. But his partner was.

"Good morning, Dr. Dahl."

"You again," he exclaimed. "I'm sorry but I'm not taking any new patients."

(Samantha pulls out her gun.)

I stuck my rod so far in his face that he had to turn around to see it.

"Perhaps one more wouldn't hurt," he admitted.

"I thought the name Warren Black seemed familiar. I saw it on your door the last time I dropped in."

"We share the office," Dahl explained.

“Well, I’d like to have a word with Dr. Black.”

“He’s not here.”

“That’s too bad. I wanted to discuss his experiments in hypnosis. You don’t know anything about that, do you?”

“Dr. Black and I do not agree about his experiments. He says they are necessary for the sake of knowledge. I say they are evil. Therefore, he doesn’t discuss them with me.”

“He’ll talk to me. Call him in.”

“I told you he’s not here.”

“You’re lying, Dahl.”

“Perhaps you could wait here while I look for him...”

“Nuts! You’re gonna stay where I can keep an eye on you. Now call, Dahl!”

“Dr. Black? Dr. Black?”

Something started to happen to Dr. Dahl. His body shook, his eyes bugged out, and he started tearing at his hair. Suddenly, the messy grey was gone, and a well trimmed blond was left behind. He stood up and started to remove his clothes. He had a quite a body for an old guy. His leopard skin bikini briefs went, and he stood before me completely naked. He was a real blond, alright. Next, his beard came off. Then his glasses. And finally his ugly scars. I was now face to face with the most gorgeous man I’d ever met. Well, one of them.

“Dr. Black, I presume.”

“Pleased to meet you, Samantha. Dr. Dahl has told me so much about you.”

Now it all made sense. The obnoxious, ugly old man routine was just a cover. Dr. Warren Black was a friendly, seductive, perfectly developed young man. The kind of man I’d fallen for in the past — and could feel myself starting to fall for even now. And you know what that means...

“You’re a killer, Black. You rig your patients like time bombs, and when they hear the right music, they explode in a killing frenzy. It was easy to get Cat that way. The others were more tricky. You had to have the assassins deliver tapes and records to them. But it worked. You used it on Brooke and Fred when they got too close to the truth. You used it on Henry, too. But your days of musical murder are over. It’s time for you to pay in an ironically clever, but brutally violent way...”

“Wait!! Please, listen to me. I admit that I’m responsible for programming the assassins, but I never decided if or when to use them. I am a doctor. I believe in research and knowledge. And huge lumps of cash. That’s all. I am not a killer.”

“No, you just sell your services to killers, like Hammerhead. She used your assassins to try to take over the syndicate. But she’d never kill Cat. And I don’t think she killed Brooke, either. That only leaves you, doctor. Unless you sold your patients to someone else, too.”

“Yes, please, it’s true.”

“Who was it?”

“I cannot say. Doctor-patient privileges.”

“Then I’ll kill you. P.I.-scumbag privileges.”

“Dahl was right about you. You’re a brute.”

“The name!”

“Roast Beef.”

I thought he was playing with me, so I slapped him around a little. But then he explained everything, and that little voice told me that Dr. Black had come clean. I slapped him a little more — just to let him know he was still a bad guy in my book — then I stuffed him in the wastepaper basket and called Patty, letting her know where to pick up the trash.

There was no answer when I pounded on the killer’s door. So I broke in and waited. After a long time, a key turned in the lock and the killer entered.

“Looks like I was right about you all along, Henry. Or should I call you Roast Beef?”

The record executive was obviously confused.

“I guess it’s been a long time since anyone’s called you that. But your psychiatrist told me all about it. You used to be a songwriter. And you wrote a real dandy called ‘Kill Me’. You wanted to sing, too. And you thought you were gonna be the next Meat Loaf. But when Little Lola died, the record company pulled the song and canceled your album. And nobody would touch you after that, ‘cause they thought your songs were cursed. You knew that ‘Kill Me’ would’ve sold millions. But that company wasn’t prepared to exploit a tragedy. So you started your own company. It took years to build up credibility. You waited until you saw the opportunity to make history repeat itself. Then you had Dr Black set it all up for you. It was a perfect crime...

“Until Cat got suspicious and talked to Brooke. You didn’t want a clever P.I. ruining your plans, so you killed her. Then you told Cat that you’d do the same to me if she didn’t keep her mouth shut. You even left a death threat on the bodies to make it look good.

“But you didn’t count on The Feds investigating Hammerhead. And you didn’t count on me.

“I would’ve finished this a lot sooner, if it hadn’t been for that incident in your office. I assumed that the same scumbag who killed Brooke had sent that assassin for you. But I was wrong. It was Hammerhead, trying to end Cat’s singing career so she wouldn’t be in danger anymore. It worked out well for you, cause I thought you were dead. If I’d taken the time to check I would’ve found this...”

I held up the bulletproof towel he’d left in his bathroom.

“No, Samantha. I love you.” he told me. “I didn’t kill anyone. But even if I did, I’m going to be rich. We can spend the money together.”

Henry’s words made sense. Sort of. They made even more sense when his clothes began falling to the floor. Soon he was naked, and even the bandages where the bullets had grazed him could not hide his perfect form. He was making it difficult, alright. But every P.I. gets into a tough spot like this once in a while. I gritted my teeth and prepared to do the right thing...

Henry knew he was done for. He threw his underwear in my face and ran for the bedroom. By the time I got there, the door was locked. I was about to kick it in and give Henry the forty-five caliber proof that crime doesn’t pay — when my brain exploded in a ball of screaming pain.

(MUSIC of ‘That Song’ starts. SAMANTHA covers her ears in pain.)

“No, no, not again!!! It’s inhuman!!!”

Suddenly, the front door flew open and a freight train in a white hat charged in. I guess she was a chef, ‘cause she was carrying a bowl of spaghetti, a half iced chocolate cake, and a knife the size of a small child. Her eyes were bulging, her muscles were shaking — and she was heading straight for me! It looked like Henry had set up a special line of defense — and dammit if it didn’t catch me off guard. Luckily, my body reacted as if the chef was a speeding sedan, leaping safely to the side. The crazed cake-baker missed me by a hair.

The bedroom door wasn’t so lucky. Chef Girl-ar-dee slammed into it full force — and since she’d been sampling too much of her own work for years — the door never really stood a chance. It splintered into more pieces than Long Johnny Salami’s head, and the crooked cook went through like a mack truck through butter. I leveled my rod at the thing that used to be a doorframe, and waited for the crazed potboiler to return. But the gutted hole remained empty. And a second later, I could hear Henry screaming. And then the sickening sound of something being sliced, diced, and covered in spaghetti and chocolate.

I didn’t have to look to understand what was happening. Dr. Black had trained these assassins to attack whoever they were with when the song was played. I guess Henry hadn’t planned to be entertaining this one in his bedroom. He had learned too late that he couldn’t have his cake and eat it, too.

As I closed the front door and started down the hall, I thought about how I’d planned to do to the killer exactly what he’d done to Brooke. I realized now that I could never have done it properly. Not like Henry had managed to do it to himself.

I guess another case was closed. But don’t get any ideas about my job being over. I still had to get chewed out by a lot of people. Like Patty. And the Feds. And Mungo for not calling to say I’m alright. But that’s a small price for a P.I. to pay, when she knows she’s made the world a better place. And I could worry about that tomorrow. Right now it was time for me to go home and get some sleep. Right after I check my messages again. I wonder what my best friend Susan is up to these days...

Before the elevator door closed, I caught a faint echo of That Song playing. And you know something? It wasn’t half bad.

(BLACKOUT. MUSIC plays.)

(END)

Notes

Appendix H

Rumpelstiltskin*

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a miller who was poor, but he had a beautiful daughter. Now it happened that he was talking with the king one time, and in order to make himself seem important, he said to the king, “I have a daughter who can spin straw into gold.”

“That is an art that pleases me!” the king replied. “If your daughter is as talented as you say, then bring her to my castle and I’ll put her to a test.”

When the maiden was brought to him, he led her into a room that was filled with straw. There he gave her a spinning wheel and spindle and said, “Now get to work! If you don’t spin this straw into gold by morning, then you must die.” Then he locked the door himself, and she remained inside all alone.

The miller’s poor daughter sat there feeling close to her wits’ end, for she knew nothing about spinning straw into gold, and her fear grew greater and greater. When she began to weep, the door suddenly opened, and a little man entered.

“Good evening, mistress miller, why are you weeping so?”

“Oh,” answered the maiden, “I’m supposed to spin straw into gold, and I don’t know how.”

The little man then asked, “What will you give me if I spin it for you?”

“My necklace,” the maiden said.

The little man took the necklace and sat down at the wheel, and *whizz, whizz, whizz*, three times round, the spool was full. Then he inserted another one, and *whizz, whizz, whizz*, the second was full. And so it went until morning, when all the straw was spun, and all the spools were filled with gold. The king appeared right at sunrise, and when he saw the gold, he was surprised and pleased, but his heart grew even greedier. He locked the miller’s daughter in another room that was even larger than the first and ordered her to spin all the straw into gold if she valued her life. The maiden did not know what to do and began to weep. Once again the door opened, and the little man appeared and asked, “What will you give me if I spin the straw into gold for you?”

“The ring from my finger,” answered the maiden.

The little man took the ring, began to work away at the wheel again, and by morning he had spun all the straw into shining gold. The king was extremely pleased by the sight, but his lust for gold was still not satisfied. So he had the miller’s daughter brought into an even larger room filled with straw and said to her, “You must spin all this into gold tonight. If you succeed, you

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shall become my wife.” To himself he thought, Even though she’s just a miller’s daughter, I’ll never find a richer woman anywhere in the world.

When the maiden was alone, the little man came again for a third time and asked, “What will you give me if I spin the straw into gold once more?”

“I have nothing left to give,” answered the maiden.

“Then promise me your first child when you become queen.”

Who knows whether it will ever come to that? thought the miller’s daughter. And since she knew of no other way out of her predicament, she promised the little man what he had demanded. In return the little man spun the straw into gold once again. When the king came in the morning and found everything as he had wished, he married her, and the beautiful miller’s daughter became a queen.

After a year she gave birth to a beautiful child. The little man had disappeared from her mind, but now he suddenly appeared in her room and said, “Now give me what you promised.”

The queen was horrified and offered the little man all the treasures of the kingdom if he would let her keep her child, but the little man replied, “No, something living is more important to me than all the treasures in the world.”

Then the queen began to grieve and weep so much that the little man felt sorry for her. “I’ll give you three days’ time,” he said. “If you can guess my name by the third day, you shall keep your child.”

The queen spent the entire night trying to recall all the names she had ever heard. She also sent a messenger out into the country to inquire high and low what other names there were. On the following day, when the little man appeared, she began with Kaspar, Melchior, Balzer, and then repeated all the names she knew, one after the other. But to all of them, the little man said, “That’s not my name.”

The second day she had her servants ask around in the neighboring area what names people used, and she came up with the most unusual and strangest names when the little man appeared.

“Is your name Ribsofbeef or Muttonchops or Lacedleg?”

But he always replied, “That’s not my name.”

On the third day the messenger returned and reported, “I couldn’t find a single new name, but as I was climbing a high mountain at the edge of the forest, where the fox and the bare say good night to each other, I saw a small cottage, and in front of the cottage was a fire, and around the fire danced a ridiculous little man who was hopping on one leg and screeching:

‘Today I’ll brew, tomorrow I’ll bake.

Soon I’ll have the queen’s namesake.

Oh, how hard it is to play my game,

for Rumpelstiltskin is my name!’”

You can imagine how happy the queen was when she heard the name. And as soon as the little man entered and asked “What’s my name, Your Highness?” she responded first by guessing.

“Is your name Kunz?” No.

“Is your name Heinz?” No.

“Can your name be Rumpelstiltskin?”

“The devil told you! The devil told you!” the little man screamed, and he stamped so ferociously with his right foot that his leg went deep into the ground up to his waist. Then he grabbed the other foot angrily with both hands and ripped himself in two.

Notes

Appendix I

Response Sheets

Response Sheet for Early Response: Nonfiction

(from Wendy Bishop's *Released Into Language*)

Writer's Name: _____

Responder's Name: _____

Date: _____

Title: _____

Answer any five of the following questions:

1. What part of the piece do you remember best?
2. Be nosy. What do you want to know more about? Think of three questions to the writer about his or her piece.
3. Was there anything that you didn't understand? If so, what part?
4. Which sensory details were most effective?
5. What do you wish the writer would leave out in the next draft?
6. Suggest some aspects for the writer to experiment with. (Examples: past to present tense, change point of view, serious to sarcastic tone, first to third person, move ending scene to beginning, emphasize a different theme.)
7. If you could have lunch with one of the characters in the piece, which one would it be? What would you talk about?
8. What do you think about the beginning? What made you keep reading? What did you think of the end? Did you wish it had continued? Ended sooner? Or was it just right?
9. If this were your piece, what would you do next?
10. Tell the writer what he or she does best and encourage him or her to do it some more.

Response Sheet for Late Response: Polishing Nonfiction

(from Wendy Bishop's *Released Into Language*)

Writer's Name: _____

Responder's Name: _____

Date: _____

Title: _____

1. Why do you think the writer wrote this piece?
2. Why could or couldn't / should or shouldn't this piece be a short story?
3. What do you like best about this piece?
4. What other titles might be good, or is this title the best one you can think of (and why)?
5. Which sentences or paragraphs did you have to reread in order to understand?
6. Which sentences sound especially good out loud?
7. Which sentences sound awkward, too slow, too long, too heavy, or out of tune?
8. Which words or sentences need more spice?
9. Where could dialogue be added, or is there enough?
10. On the writer's paper, mark all the mechanical errors (syntax, grammar, spelling, punctuation, typing format) that bugged you or distracted you, or that you'd just like to point out to the writer. Use editing/proofreading marks if you wish.
11. Is there anything else you'd like to tell the writer?

Response Sheet for Early Response: Poetry

(from Wendy Bishop's *Released Into Language*)

Writer's Name: _____

Responder's Name: _____

Date: _____

Title: _____

1. What are the strongest images in the poem? Write them below.
2. What does this poem make you think of? How does it make you feel?
3. Is there a surprise in this poem? Where? What's the surprise?
4. Where could the poem expand? Give two or three places if possible.
5. Are there rhymes in this poem? Where do they work well? Are there places the rhymes draw attention to themselves — distract the reader? Write down some samples, lines, and words.
6. If there are clichés in this poem, list them below. Also write some examples of the writer's use of fresh and interesting language.

Response Sheet for Late Response: Polishing Poetry

(from Wendy Bishop's *Released Into Language*)

Writer's Name: _____

Responder's Name: _____

Date: _____

Title: _____

1. What are the strongest images in the poem? Write them below.
2. Is there a main emotion in this poem? If so, what? Are there other emotions that also work in this poem?
3. Is there tension, surprise, or conflict in this poem? Where? Does it work for you? If so, how?
4. Does the poem have a sense of closure? How does the writer achieve that effect? Or do you still expect more from the poem? If you expect more, what do you expect?
5. Where do the poem's rhythms work best? Where do they work the least? Is there rhyme, alliteration, assonance? Do they contribute to the effectiveness of the poem?
6. What are some of the words this poem doesn't need? Write down the word and what line it appears in.
7. Mark the clichés in the poem with an asterisk. List examples of fresh and interesting language here.

Response Sheet for Early Response: Fiction

(from Wendy Bishop's *Released Into Language*)

Writer's Name: _____

Responder's Name: _____

Date: _____

Title: _____

1. What is the best part of this story? Why?
2. Does the story have an understandable structure? How would you describe it?
3. Are the characters developed well enough? Which characters are most believable? Which could be improved?
4. Do you have a sense of the story's setting? What is it? How might it be improved?
5. Does the story have a clear point of view or points of view? What (whose) is/are it/they?
6. Are there problems with verb tense shifts? Sentence structure? Syntax? Grammar? If so, please note here and mark them on the draft.
7. Has the writer avoided clichés? Where could the writer be more careful about word choice?
8. Try to sum up what happens in this story in one sentence.

Response Sheet for Late Response: Fiction

(from Wendy Bishop's *Released Into Language*)

Writer's Name: _____

Responder's Name: _____

Date: _____

Title: _____

1. a. Do the characters' actions and the progress of the story (the plot) make sense to you? Why or why not?
b. Is the tension sustained? How?
2. Is everything in the story essential to the story's success? What could be deleted?
3. Are the characters developed (i.e., do they seem like real people to you)? How are the main characters different from each other? Consider dialogue, physical gestures, description.
4. Where is the language most vivid, or à la Pound, "charged with meaning"? Where does it go flat?
5. What is the story's point of view? Is it consistent? How is it appropriate for the story's purposes? Could a different point of view improve the story? How?
6. If you described the story's texture (i.e., the way it feels), what would it be? Why? Does the story seem three-dimensional? Where could that quality be improved?
7. Could the sentence variations be improved (i.e., do the rhythms vary sufficiently)? Where?
8. Does the story's pace fit its content? How?
9. Is the story's ending satisfying? Why or why not?
10. Why does the story fit its title?
11. What did you like most about the story?

Response Sheet for Early Response: Multigenre (poetry, fiction, nonfiction, or drama)

(from Wendy Bishop's *Released Into Language*)

Writer's Name: _____

Responder's Name: _____

Date: _____

Title: _____

1. Find several words, lines, or passages that stand out in this piece of writing. Underline / highlight them on the paper or list them in the space below. Is each one effective? Distracting? Out of place? Unusual? Interesting? Explain for each example that you choose.
2. After reading this piece, what did you still want to find out? Why?
3. For you as reader, were there any words, lines, or passages that left you unsure or confused? If so, find several and explain what you felt unsure about.
4. How do you feel about the writer's use of language in this piece? Give some examples, using page numbers and sentences or by quoting lines:
 - a. Examples of fresh, interesting, and/or appropriate language — language that you especially liked.
 - b. Examples of clichéd, too familiar, and/or out of place language — language that you think could be rewritten more effectively.
5. Suggest the most important change(s) you feel the writer could make to improve this piece while redrafting.

Response Sheet for Late Response: Multigenre (poetry, fiction, nonfiction, or drama)

(from Wendy Bishop's *Released Into Language*)

Writer's Name: _____

Responder's Name: _____

Date: _____

Title: _____

Higher-Order Concerns

1. Describe how you felt after you finished reading this piece. What impressions do you leave with?
2. List three places where the author could streamline this piece by trimming certain words, lines, or passages.
3. List three places where the author could improve the piece by adding more information.
4. Do you feel this piece is complete? If yes, why? If not, what is missing?

Lower-Order Concerns

1. Did the author use punctuation in any way that concerns you? If so, where and why?
2. Were there any places in the piece where you were dissatisfied with the author's choice of words? Where and why?
3. What do you think of the title? Does it suit the piece? Why or why not?

Appendix J

Examples of Multigenre Papers

- “Distorting the Mirror,” is an example produced by the teacher-researcher Kim Haines Korn, describing a student’s response to an assignment. Teacher-student conferences are set in italics, group discussions in class are set as dialogue, the assignment is set in brackets, and the student writing is set in bold with revised versions underlined.
- “What Am I Doing Teaching?” is by the teacher Cathy Ellis. Notice that it includes forms such as a letter, a dialogue, and written portraits.
- “A Jarrett in Your Text” by James Michael Jarrett is a much more elaborate example in which Jarrett explores his name. Don’t worry if you find it difficult to read with its references to literary theorists such as Derrida and its difficult vocabulary — just examine the variety of forms such as lists, recipes, diagrams, photos, quotations, and so on, as well as its playful exploration of his name and signature.

Distorting the Mirror*

In my high school english class we never did nothing. The teacher would tell us to just talk. Just socialize. We didn't do anything. She might give us a vocabulary paper with 10 words. That is how we got our grade. We were all like, 'Why don't we ever do anything in here?' I mean, we didn't like it because what can you talk about for a whole year? That much excitement doesn't go on in high school.

At our high school reunion we will want to know how many people got killed. We'll go to see who is still living.

I'll always have a trade to fall back on.

I want a chance for me to say something and have people actually listen.

The teacher is always right.

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The audience can't really say anything because they don't really know about you. They probably know as much as you do.

Tiffany: I notice that a lot of guys like cartoons.

Latisha: They love it man.

Tiffany: My cousins are like 22 years old and they jump up at 8:00 in the morning. Oh. X-man is coming on. They turn on the TV and I am like, let me get out of here because I don't watch cartoons.

Kim: I never thought about it being only a male thing.

Tiffany: Yeah, they play video games until they get about 50. No, I don't like cartoons or games.

Latisha: I agree with you. I don't like them.

Romeo: Come on girls. I like them.

Tiffany: You would think as guys got older they would grow out of stuff like that.

Romeo: Are you kidding? We never grow up.

Tiffany: OK you go to the mall shopping and there they are in the video store. I gotta buy me a cartridge, I gotta buy a cartridge for the game. I am not going to spend no \$60 on a game. I could buy me a pair of tennis shoes.

These are my ideas, so they can't be wrong.

To me, something on paper is hard to get. It has always been hard for me to comprehend something right off of paper. I need to hear it and if someone is talking to me I will pick it right up.

[Radical Revision entails not only an extension and refinement of your ideas but also a shift in the paper's style, content, or format.]

I wrote my paper the way I wanted it the first time.

[This assignment is meant to challenge you by causing you to look at something familiar in a radically different way and to give you a chance to experiment with different types of writing.]

Just tell me what you want and I will do it.

[Consider changing genres, perspectives, voice, emphasis, form.]

When I was younger I had a very bad attitude. My attitude was bad because I never listened to anyone. I never did what anyone told me to do without being nasty about it. I always snapped when someone tried to tell me what was good for me (even though it was good for me), I was always stubborn. I gave all my teachers, counselors, and deans a hard time by being very nasty towards them and by telling them they don't tell me what to do. I don't care if they called my mother and told her what I did and on one occasion I told one of my teachers to go to hell.

When my baby was younger she had a very bad attitude. I don't know where she inherited that attitude from because she didn't get it from me or her father. I sometimes wonder if Tiffany picked up that bad habit from her older cousin who often babysat her when I went to work. She sometimes lets her attitude overpower her and portrayed like she was a demon. As a mother I often feared about my daughter's well being where ever she was. Tiffany was a child who always spoke negatively towards others no matter who they were or what kind of authority they had. I found myself making many visits to her school dealing with incidents involving her attitude. I often wondered how everybody that knew her put up with her attitude. I could barely put up with her attitude but I said that I had to cope with it because I was the only person who was going to try to change her and make her a better person.

The things that made the difference in my attitude was my mother constantly talking to me about it and realizing that I was getting older and should be getting wiser and that I really had no reason to have a bad attitude with people.

We often had long conversations regarding her attitude but Tiffany never paid me any attention because she really didn't want to hear what I had to say because she felt that she already knew what I was going to tell her. Tiffany never realized that she couldn't live her life with such a bad attitude until she got older. She started listening to me when she noticed that everything I tried to tell her was true and that I was not trying to be mean to her.

The radical revision is really what had me pissed off because I said, "Why does it matter to think about it from someone else's point-of-view because I always seem to think that my point of view is right. But I realized after I wrote this paper that I was wrong. I was proud to know that I could write a paper from my mother's point of view.

The topic about my mother and myself is the writing that I found to have the greatest importance to me because in this paper I reflected back on my childhood and it helped me see how much I have changed as a person. I noticed what kind of problems I caused in my mothers life.

All the comments on my paper were things I hadn't really thought about before. Every comment that they make I will like read my paper and I think that could fit in right here or I can come back and look at it all again.

With these assignments I say to myself, "Why do we have to keep doing this revision?" But when you read the first paper and read the last paper it is like a big difference. Everybody commented and it opened up my thinking towards other things that I included in my paper. I really saw a difference as I wrote through the papers. Now I jot ideas down on paper and scratch it out and write it again. It is like you first can think of something but that is not the way it goes on the paper. I wrote it over like five times because it just

didn't sound right . . . You can't always read your own paper and say just anything because you got in your mind that it is right.

When I state something I can't just state it. I have to go on. Maybe instead of just writing something and bringing it to class I could ask my own self the questions others might ask. Like, what does this really mean — to me — to them.

What Am I Doing Teaching?*

I want a purpose and teaching gives it to me. All the inequality, unfairness in the world—I can make a stab at it in teaching, I can even it out a little.

I remember being placed in a reading group in first grade. My group was group two. We sat at an ordinary wooden table with ordinary wooden chairs. Group one sat at a pastel yellow table with pastel yellow chairs. They read better than we. They were treated better than we. They were given the special picture of Santa Claus to color at Christmas time while the rest of us read. I didn't like them very much and yet I terribly wanted to sit at that yellow table. I asked the teacher once why none of the rest of us got to sit at the yellow table or got to play games like they did or color special pictures. It's funny but I remember thinking she was embarrassed. She looked like I did when I'd been caught doing something wrong. When she answered she sounded as if she were angry with me. She said that they worked harder. They earned their privileges. I didn't understand. I thought I worked hard, but I was afraid to ask any more.

In later years, during high school, I and a group of friends were turned away from a high school dance because we arrived late. We stood back and watched while another group, a couple of cheer-leaders and their friends, were admitted after we were turned away. That night I wrote a letter to the editor of our local newspaper complaining of favoritism in our schools. I made a couple of copies, and friends and I passed them around school to obtain signatures. At the end of the day we had over one hundred signatures and the threat that if we returned to school with the letter the following day, it would be confiscated and we would be sent home. The principal wanted each of those signing the letter sent to the office in the way of a warning. There was some talk of suspending the instigators from school. The school board instructed the administration to leave us all alone. And yet I wonder if we would have been dealt with the same if my father had not been the editor of the paper.

Dear Trevor, Richard, and Pacer,

The reason I decided to teach, the reason I continue to teach is for children like you. Children who never seem to have a fair break, for whom school is just one more put down, while the other children continue to get the awards, the honors. I want to even up the score—for you and for my

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whole childhood which was not nearly so devastating as yours (however, at times I felt it was).

I think at least a moment of childhood should be grand for everyone—and learning should be the most exciting part. I want the learning to be that moment for you. Because maybe then you'll be able to make that moment last forever—or at least recall it whenever in need. If that happens, then maybe I've compensated just a little for the unfairness of childhood, the inequalities of life.

Sincerely,
MRS. ELLIS

A portrait of Trevor: when he received his first award for completing his work for the week. A look of surprise, followed by a shy smile. Pug nose looking more in place rather than an out-of-place feature on an adult face. Sauntering up to pick out his prize. Trying not to lose all of his Mr. Cool.

A portrait of Pacer: when he completed his math page correctly and independently, his whole face was a smile, no longer trying to give an impression of Mr. Tough Guy; totally unaware; a candid photograph.

An important moment. The classroom in the morning before the bell. Children waiting for me at the door. Smiles. Rush of words prefaced by "Teacher!" The door opens—a room that begins only to exist at this moment each day—warm little bodies file in. Desks open and shut. Security settles in. All's the same. More remarks to teacher. I'm busy. Children follow me. I hang up yesterday's pictures, writing. Children madly search to find theirs. "That's mine teacher. See?" Friends. A good feeling. The whistle blows from outside. Stragglers come in. Order presents itself. All in their seats. Lunch count. It's begun.

A bad moment. A writing assignment for my 6th grade English class. I explain, "It's not much I'm asking of you, just a paragraph or story paragraph, so to speak. Tell me about a good moment you've had. Everyone has had some good moments. Try to include some color and sound words. Make me see the moment."

"Does it have to be something good?"

"Surely you can think of one good moment."

"No, nothing good ever happens to me." Subdued laughter from the class. Several other voices join in:

"Nothing good ever happens to us."

"All right then, pick a bad moment, but write something." I feel myself fighting the desperation in my voice. I hear a chorus of "Do we have to?" Defiant faces, turning around, talking to each other. I'm hurt, I'm angry.

“All right, I’ll give you a choice. You can write the paragraph I suggested or copy from a dictionary. Which has more meaning for you?”

Half a dozen children or more move out of their desks, smirks on their faces, and shuffle over to the shelves for dictionaries. Good God, they’re even drawing the illustrations. One shows me hers for my approval. Wants to know if she can do more dictionary work for extra credit. She’s serious. I don’t believe it.

Last night I dreamed I hit one of them. The solid feel of flesh smacking flesh. It felt good. It scares me. I’ve got to get out of here. So after a year of attempting to reach the twelve to thirteen year olds, I returned to my first grade classroom. It was like another good moment—going home.

A first grade language assignment. Sun shines in through our windows, lighting up the playing fields, reflecting on the bars and jungle gym, drying up yesterday’s mud puddles.

“Let’s write about what you like to do in the sun.” A blizzard of hands in the air.

“I got one teacher, I got one.” Decisions. I choose a hand, a face:

“I like to lay in the sun.” I write it down on the chart. Giggles in the background as I draw a little stick figure of Donny lying under the sun.

More hands. More choices. A bombardment of words, ideas. Soon the chart is covered with sentences, pictures, holding a special meaning for each child. A scramble for pencils, crayons, paper. A vying for position—each child looking for his story or his friend’s.

It seems I’ve no sooner sat down than papers are waving in my face.

“Look, teacher, look at mine.”

“Read it teacher.” Or better yet, “I can read it teacher. Listen. I watch the clouds. See, that’s me and there’s the clouds.” Such a smile. He just grasped a tiny part of the world.

Dialogue.

Vickie: “Sure they all love you. But little kids drive me crazy. At least fourth graders can take care of themselves.”

Me: “So can first graders, and they have much more potential. It hasn’t been squelched by previous education. They’re moldable and full of creativity.”

Vickie: “And running noses and colds. You can have them.”

Me: “Thanks. I’ll take them.”

Portrait of me by a colleague.

Cathy is a very idealistic person. She thinks she might save the world from the classroom. The first grade classroom at that. She feels she has a sensitivity maintained by the very few that allows her to understand and reach children in a way others couldn't. And because of this ability of hers she feels she will reach her children in such a way that they might literally save the world.

Basically, Cathy lacks realism. She forgets her children grow up, they change. Trevor, Pacer, and Richard might make some headway in the first grade, but they will revert to their basic natures by adolescence. They need firmness a great deal more than they need Cathy's pampering. But she'll continue with her idealistic ways because that is the only way she can teach and the only reason that she does teach.

Finally I reach the point where I must answer the question, "What am I doing teaching?" My first thought was to share this title with my fellow teachers. Somehow I knew we could all have a chuckle over it. Why? Because the title says so much and so little. What am I doing teaching? How often does a teacher ask herself that? I'm trying to find a purpose—satisfaction—make my life worthwhile.

So I chose teaching. I wanted to contribute. First I wanted older children—old enough to be intellectually stimulating, but young enough to be innovative. Middle school age. I found the primary children were a little more of both—at least for me and for my personality.

I don't like discipline. I resented being on the receiving end as a child and I detest being on the giving end as an adult. But with the younger children, even though they may require discipline, I find I needn't distort my personality to work with them. I can be myself. I need that to find satisfaction.

But satisfaction isn't altogether purpose. Purpose comes from achieving a lasting impression, one that makes you a bit immortal.

First grade reeks with purpose. In nine months' time the printed word gains meaning. Non-readers become readers. Children unable to express themselves on paper without adult assistance transform into mini-authors. Numbers have gained meaning and their world has become more comprehensible. The children feel a little better about themselves because of me. They know someone cares for them—their first grade teacher—and they remember. Over the years they come back to visit—and a piece of my spirit travels in each of them.

Pre-writing and first grade are much the same: a creative flow, a build up of the creative process, a period of productivity when confidences are built and ideas planted. Only after this period of time has been exhausted in thought and activity is the writer ready to evaluate and revise his work. And

only after a full year in first grade is the child ready and able to handle criticism. Only after a beginning successful year is he able to say, “OK, that was wrong. There is more where that came from.” All the more reason to stress the beginning years—to emphasize the positive, the creative. First grade builds a well to draw from and success demands that it be full. That’s the essence of a first grade teacher: she opens the first doors of the mind. My reason for teaching: I want to open that door for all my children, and maybe just a little wider for those children forgotten in the foreground.

A Jarrett in Your Text*

James Michael Jarrett

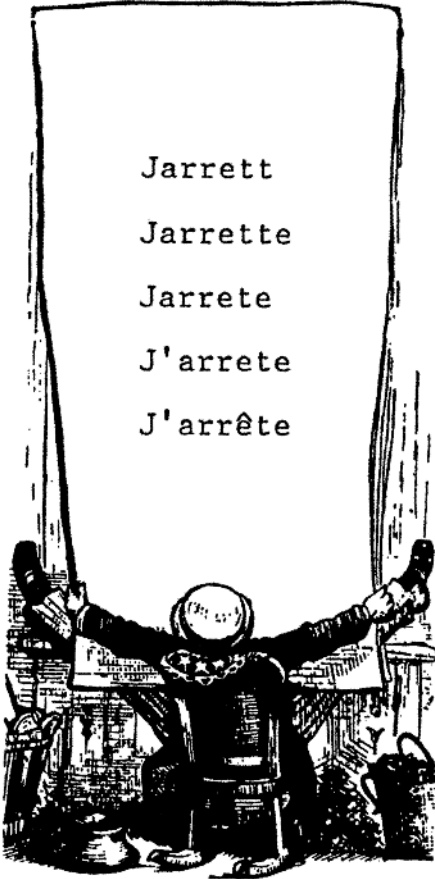
For me, Francis Ponge is someone first of all who has known that, in order to know what goes on in the name and the thing, one has to get busy with one's own, let oneself be occupied by it. . . .

—(*Signsponge*, 26)

The text—this text almost mad in its need to obey the law of my (im)possible signature—always begins at a stopping (stoppering or corking) place. It represents the end of false starts for the one who inscribes it. Like the mason jars that lined my Grandmother Jarrett's pantry—full of pole beans, okra, corn, tomatoes, bread 'n' butter pickles, and all kinds of preserves (peach, pear, watermelon rind, blackberry, and muscadine, to name only five)—it silently marks the work (it is the trace) of canning. (In the South, “puttin” up stuff in cans is to put up stuff in jars.) And like mason jars, signed and dated, covered and sealed with paraffin (like tomes or tombs “sealed unto the day of redemption”), which wait standing with their strong, well-formed legs locked at attention, the text as jar—a cornucopia—exists to become part of a feast.

But you will notice (for you have opened my jar, are feasting now), the text-jar is not used up. It fills itself as fast as it is emptied. To emphasize this

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point, consider the following biblical passage which describes Elijah the prophet's visit to the drought stricken town of zarephath and to a widow whom God promised would provide sustenance:

[Elijah] arose and went to Zarephath. And when he came to the gate of the city, indeed a widow was there gathering sticks. And he called to her and said, "Please bring me a little water in a cup, that I may drink." And as she was going to get it, he called to her and said, "Please bring me a morsel of bread in your hand." Then she said, "As the LORD your God lives, I do not have bread, only a handful of flour in a bin, and a little oil in a jar; and see, I am gathering a couple of sticks that I may go in and prepare it for myself and my son, that we may eat it, and die." And Elijah said to her, "Do not fear; go and do as you have said, but make me a small cake from it first, and bring it to me; and afterward make some for yourself and your son. For thus says the LORD God of Israel: 'The bin of flour shall not be used up, nor shall the jar of oil run dry, until the day the LORD sends rain on the earth.'" So she went away and did according to the word of Elijah; and she and he and her household ate for many days. The bin of flour was not used up, nor did the jar of oil run dry, according to the word of the LORD which He spoke by Elijah. (I Kings 17:10-16)

Clearly the jar of Zarephath forms this passage's cynosure. It is a hedge against the wasteland. Because of its fecundity (always enjoyed "out of season" and removed from the place of generation), death becomes pregnant. The oil that flows out of its mouth or orifice (associated with the anointing or sanctifying work of God and his prophet) produces new life.

"Can it!"

3

But I am way ahead of myself, so I stop.

4

I stop to start. I "close (a finger hole of a wind instrument) or press down (a violin string, etc.) to produce a desired tone" (*Webster's New World dictionary*, "stop"). But my stopping will not be noted, or rather notated, in

5




Michael Jarrett

this particular manner again. Instead, it is sufficient to see that every punctuation mark, every white space, the breaking off of every letter to make another heralds (like a band of angels) a stopping, marks my signature.

My model for this experiment in composition is Derrida's *Signsponge*.⁶ Hence, I use my "own signation to investigate [to invaginate] a field of study," a field of studs. To make my intentions transparent (so they will be perfectly clear) and straightforward, merely observe that I ret ("to impute, ascribe, or attribute"—OED) to composition an essentially jar-like function. This essay, therefore, tests sound principles of canning. It is itself a recipe for making the most heavenly (literally Godlike) jams and jars, and it follows this recipe:

JAMES MICHAEL JARRETT JAM
(straightforward version)

1 signature		1 literary object (genre of satire or Menippea)
		1 pinch of content

Write an introduction using the generative principle of signature and add a pinch of content; cook until moderately thick; write the recipe. Remark the proper name's generative principle by exposing the grid of common nouns produced by exploring etymological and associative (homonyms, anagrams, and such) possibilities of the signature. Copiously elaborate the terms of the grid into a text by straining the Menippea (the literary object) through the grid. Season and serve as a specific example of an inexhaustible, general compositional principle.

The above recipe (which both goes before and follows the essay) also follows the following recipe for "Muscadine Jam," which Mrs. S.R. Dull (who signs her Foreword as Henriette Stanley Dull) recorded in her book *Southern Cooking*—a text "gleaned from over forty years of . . . experience" and written in response to "the need for an authoritative source of information on the preparation of foodstuffs the 'Southern Way':"⁷

Muscadine Jam

5 lbs fruit

3 lbs sugar

Pulp grapes and put pulp to cook in small quantity of water; cook until broken. Put through coarse strainer to remove seed. To the hulls put sufficient water to boil until tender. Mix the two together, add sugar and cook slowly, stirring often to prevent scorching. Season with any spices liked. (p. 333)



Inexplicably, Mrs. Dull omits any reference to the jars that traditionally hold jam. Many reasons could be suggested, but several possibilities seem especially promising:

(1) The jars are present, but because they constitute the received container of jam making, they are invisible.

(2) The jars are absent. Dull—“the first lady of cooking in Georgia”—can only conceive of jars in Tennessee (or they are absent to spite Wallace Stevens).

(3) The jars are both absent and present, and the absent/present opposition is jammed by the jars (as texts or marks). Mrs. Dull’s omission typifies logocentrism’s habit of establishing dualisms, that is, of privileging content over form, inside over outside, and presence over absence.





My signature, though, explicitly demonstrates the interpenetration, or at least the interdependence, of jams and jars.

My papa Jarrett was named James—James Lloyd. But when I think of my first name, the memory usually recalled is not an image of Papa, but of the hand-tinted photograph that hung over the bed I slept in when visiting my grandparents. This photograph, which both comforted and frightened me as a child, portrayed my uncle James—who dies of leukemia when he was three.



CARROT
JARRETT

years old. My father—Richard Eugene, the only surviving son and oldest of three children—never saw his brother, so, of course, neither did I.

On December 10, 1953, my parents named me James Michael Jarrett. They decided that I would be called Michael (a law broken by telephone solicitors and teachers on the first day of school). However, when I sign my signature, I sign it as James M. Jarrett, because my father said that was best. Thus, in the signing of my name, Michael all but erases itself, and James—the mark of the ghost-like, absent child—appears. I mark his absence, his never appearing, as his mark in turn marks mine.

James, the Hellenistic version of Jacob (Iakobos), means supplanter (supplement) or literally “heel-catcher.” A man always in a tight spot, Jacob usually improvised a way to get out of sticky situations. For instance, at his birth, foreshadowing the Olympic games (now held in gyms), Jacob hamstrung his older twin Esau. Nevertheless, God loved Jacob and hated Esau (Romans 9:13). God thought Jacob had the potential to become a real gem.

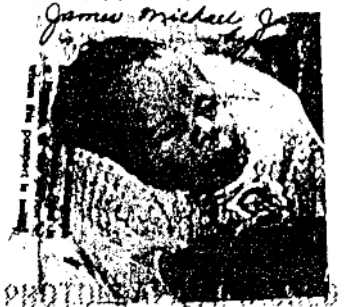
When I was in Junior High School, people called me Micajarrett, one word, said real fast. And I loved it, for its rhythm and for its association with mica.

No mineral matched mica. Its thin, somewhat flexible, crystalline layers (called isinglass), which could be separated into transparent planes with one’s fingernail, fascinated me. I looked at the freckles it made in granite. I searched for it in the red, Georgia clay. And I marveled at the tops of electric fuses—little windows of mica resistant to heat and electricity. If Jacob was God’s gem, mica was mine.

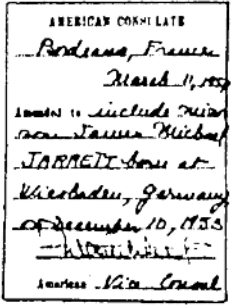
Mica, actually Michael, asks the question, “Who is like God?” I know the answer well, Its emphatic “nobody”—an answer that certainly demonstrates its asker’s unwillingness to elicit the banter of light conversation—booms like Pavarotti singing through an expensive microphone. But herein lies a problem: who asks the question of Michael, and to whom is the question addressed? What questions are raised in my signature, and what shall I make of this apocalyptic scene?

Gently but firmly tap on Jarrett, and it will easily open up, making its contents available. Cut it in half with a jarrit (“a wooden javelin, about five feet long, used in games by Persian, Turkish, and Arabian horsemen”—OED), and it will reveal two parts as distinct as a *jaret* (a “*variété de prune*”—Litré). It will neatly divide into a common noun—“jar”—and an uncommon verb—“ret.” But before I investigate this (reveal its contents to you), notice my Mother’s maiden name—“Jordan.” Its origin is uncertain, but


the suggestion has been made that *Jordan* is short for *Jordan-bottle*, and meant originally a bottle of water brought from the Jordan by crusaders or pilgrims; that it was thence transferred to ‘a pot or vessel used by physicians and alchemists’, and thence to the chamber utensil.



12



13



WIESBADEN Hauptbahnhof
A. H. H. H. H. H.

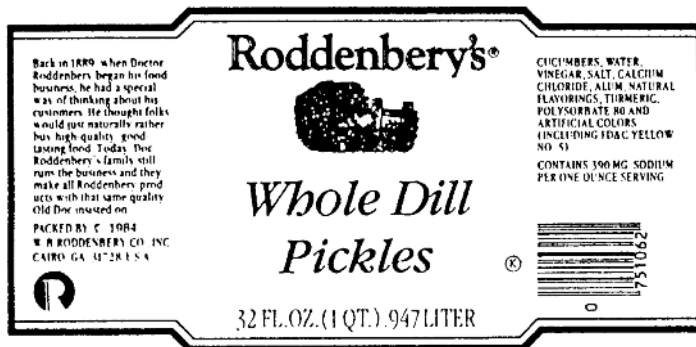
But the earlier steps of this conjecture apparently rest upon nothing but the later form of the word (which may actually be a corruption of something else), and the external probabilities of such an origin. (OED)

Thus, “jordan” involves a complex series of displacements, until finally patriarchal law (the law of Dick Jarrett and the OED) puts a lid on the whole subject, screws meaning down, and declares that, henceforth jordon shall be

- (1) a kind of pot or vessel formerly used by physicians and alchemists,
- (2) a chamber-pot,
- (3) applied derisively to a person (OED),
- (4) or, in a word, a jarrett.

Jarrett supplements jordan. The alchemist's vessel of healing/poison becomes a piss-pot. The little jar relegates the jordan to "The Lady's Dressing Room," declares it unclean—a *pharmakos*—or at very best a "frail *China Jar* [ready to] receive a Flaw" (*Rape of the Lock*, Canto II). But undeniably a trace or whiff of jordan remains, for, after all, a jarrett is a jordan as we have seen, and as I shall point out again.

I married Pamela Gail Dill. She now signs her name Pamela Gail Jarrett. Did I take her name? Was it freely given? Did I erase her name? Does it palimpsestically remain? What is the nature of the idiomatic law by which dill (a plant of the carrot family) disappears into the abyss of a pickle jar only to emblazon itself upon the label or signature of the jar? In what way do the three boys she bore resemble (remark) a pickle jar, which at once carries the signature of both mother and father? These are questions I shall only pose, preserve (for later) by placing them into this text-jar, this *jahr's* text.



Where is
the dill?

As I noted earlier, Jarrett—to measure out, sound out, or partly open its principle of generation—yields a “jar” and a “ret.” *Jar*, whose noun form rates three separate entries in the OED (a kind of jar in its own rite), suggests: (1) a harsh, inharmonious, grating sound or combination of sounds, which by extension signifies dissension, discord, dispute, and want of harmony, (2) a vessel without spout or handle (or having two handles) usually more or less cylindrical in form, and hence, a measure of volume, and (3) something (like a door) “on the turn, partly open.” Ret, a verb, signifies the actions of: (1) accusing, charging, reckoning, imputing, and ascribing, (2) soaking (especially flax or hem;) in water and exposing to moisture, in order to soften or season, and (3) rotting (e.g. hay spoiled by water). Ret is also an obsolete form (“3 sin. pres. indic.”) or “read.” Jarrett, I ret, equals (among other things) a rotten, slightly opened jar. A jarrett is a jordan—a truly jarring fact.

In French, the definition of jarret is expressed as: (1) “bend of the knee, popliteal space, ham (in man); hough, hock (of horse, etc),” (2) “Knuckle (of veal); shin (of beef),” and (3) “unevenness, bulge, break of outline (in curve of arch, etc.)” or “an elbow, knee-joint (of pipe)” (*Heath's Standard French and English Dictionary*). Phrases employing my signature are as follows:

Plier le jarret, to bend the knee.

Avoir du jarret, to be strong in the leg.

Couper les jarrets à quelqu'un, to take the wind out of someone's sails.

S'avancer le jarret tendu, (i) (of courtier, etc.) to advance making a leg,
 (ii) (of fencer, etc.) to advance on his toes.
Couper les jarrets à un cheval, to hamstring a horse.

Also, note that jarrettes are socks or half-hose. The verb *jarreter* refers to the act of putting on one's garters or stockings or to stripping a tree of its side branches.

Obviously, then, I find myself attracted to Menippean satire because my signature makes the genre possible. I say this, rather write this, because as I study the menippea, it seems purely fanciful (i.e., scientific) to think that my signature—myself as subject—can remain outside the text (establishing an inside and outside of the text). Therefore I insert my signature into the genre (or jar) called menippea, but in so doing, I lose my identity, my title of ownership over the text. I let James Michael Jarrett—a chain of common nouns—become a moment or a part of the [menippean] text” (*Signsponge*, 56).

On the simplest level this means that I like satire for its jars. For example, Petronius' character, Seleucus, asked:

“What are men anyway ut balloons on legs, a lot of blown-up bladders”
 Flies, that's what we are. No, not even flies. Flies have something inside. But a man's a bubble, all air, nothing else. (*Satyricon*, trans. Arrowsmith, 50)

People, to Seleucus, were empty jars, and whatever Petronius' position on this issue was, one thing is clear. The *Satyricon* concerned itself with what was later called the Cartesian jar/jelly split. Swift worked the same image when he wrote:

In most corporeal beings, which have fallen under my cognizance, the outside hath been infinitely preferable to the in; whereof I have been farther convinced from some late experiments. Last week I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe how much it altered her person for the worse.

Yesterday I ordered the carcass of a beau to be stripped in my presence, when we were all amazed to find so many unsuspected faults under one suit of clothes. then I laid open his brain, his heart, and his spleen; but I plainly perceived at every operation, that the farther we proceeded, we found the defects increase upon us in number and bulk. (*A Tale of a Tub*, Section IX)

This often cited passage presents a jarrish or Jordanian episteme. It forcefully argues that people are jelly jars—tubs. It implies that *A Tale of a Tub* should be renamed *A Tale of a Jarrett*.

The menippea features tons of other famous jars. Here are a few examples. Rabelais organized the whole of *Gargantua and Pantagruel* around “the Holy Bottle of Bacchus.” Sir Thomas Brown wrote a piece entitled *Urne Buriall*. Voltaire wrote *Candide*. Sterne has Mr. Shandy call his servant-girl, Susannah's mind “a leaky vessel” (Vol. IV, ch. 14). Ad Carlyle, following Swift's lead, wrote Sartor Resartus or the *Canner Recanned* or the *Jarrer Rejarred*. . . .

Or look at it another way. The menippea is a kind of jazz; (jazz is a kind of menippea, forming a body of work that aurally satirizes mainstream, Caucasian music, art and culture). When it really cooks—lets out all the stops and hams it

up—the result is a high quality jam. This jam, what Duke Ellington called “such sweet thunder,” jars (“cuts”) established (generic) ways of playing tunes, because it foregrounds the solo or group improvisation. Stated succinctly, jazz and the menippea follow the law of the signature (a hymen making the fold of ensembles and solos); classical music and literature (e.g., romance and tragedy) follow

Jazziz: You’ve been viewed as something of a musical satirist, something along the lines of brecht and Weill. I’ve even seen references to Swift and Aristophanes. Are you a satirist?

*Bley*¹: No, I used to be, and I’m not anymore. I’m terribly serious.

Jazziz: so you’re not satirizing anyone?

Bley: No!

Jazziz: No more barbs?

Bley: Well they all think I still am. And that’s o.k., if they want to think that—if that makes it more acceptable.

Jazziz: What kind of music does your new sextet demonstrate a love for?

Bley: It’s music that helps you get through the day—or the night. And not music that’s educational, or interesting, or modern or any of that. Deep down it’s trying to make people feel better, trying to be music that puts people into a very back of the brain mood—like way back without your thought processes. I don’t know what that’s called.

the law of the preestablished score.

¹Carla Bley, a jazz musician interviewed by Jarrett for *Jazziz* magazine.

What, then, of this essay? Does it follow the law of the subject (the idiom) or the law of the object (the recipe)? Hopefully, by miming the motions of signation, it folds the two laws together. If this is the case, perhaps a new recipe for essaying is called for, one that can be written only after all cooking, canning, and jamming is done.



TURN BACK

I literary object (genre
of satire or menippea

I signature

JAMES MICHAEL JARRETT JAM
(Revised Unstandard Version)

Appendix K

“Metaphors for Priming the Pump”

Metaphorical questions can help you produce more ideas, perceptions, and feelings about a topic.

Questions to help you write about an abstract concept:

1. What colour is _____?
2. What shape?
3. Imagine that shape moving around: What is its mode of locomotion?
4. Give the worst, most biased, distorted definitions of _____ you can give.
5. Imagine this word or phrase did not exist. (Imagine a people with no word for it in their language.)
6. What would be different because the word did not exist?
7. Imagine _____ is a place. Describe it.
8. What animal would make a good insignia for _____?
9. What persons are connected in your mind with _____?
10. If _____ fell in love with something else, what would that something else be? What would they have for children?
11. Design a flag for _____.
12. Think of three or four abstractions that are bigger than _____ or can beat it up; and three or four which are smaller or can be eaten up by _____.
13. Think of _____ as a part of an ecological system: What does it depend on? What depends on it? What does it eat? What does it emit? What eats it? What emits it?
14. What are the most memorable sounds associated with _____? Smells?

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Notes



Appendix L

Guidelines for Writing Short Fiction

Fiction is narrative prose writing drawn from the imagination or an invented story, rather than one that claims to be factual. Although a narrative element or story is usually a part of a fictional piece, short fiction is no longer expected to follow a strict story-line with a beginning, middle, and end — it can circle around or move back and forth among various events. Short fiction ranges from the “short, short” or “postcard story” of one to two pages to much longer pieces.

Possible Formats

- postcard story (one to two pages)
- short fiction (longer than two pages)
- children’s story
- graphic fiction (comic book format)
- hypertext (with different narrative paths linked to key words)

Factors to Consider

1. Character

Many fiction writers begin with a sense of the characters and see what they do in particular situations. You don’t need to know everything about a character before you begin, but can watch the character develop as she/he acts and makes choices in the scenes you write. You should develop characters gradually with details interwoven into the narrative, rather than one block of description.

Physical description can be given in one or two suggestive and unpredictable details and gestures.

Actions of characters in everyday habits and moments of crisis reveal personality.

Dialogue, that is, what characters say, how they say it, what they avoid saying, and what other characters say about them, develops characters in fiction, as in drama.

Interior thoughts of characters also reveal their complexity.

You can also deepen a sense of character by associating a character with a *symbolic object*.

The *name* of your character (or the choice to keep a character's name unknown) can also be meaningful. Choose interesting and evocative names that are both memorable and individual.

Writer's Notebook Suggestions — Character

1. Collect scraps of overheard dialogue, descriptions of people, and telling gestures that spark a character.
2. Think about people who affected you as a small child, your “firsts” — first bus driver, first scary person, first priest/minister/rabbi, etc. (Hodgins, 105)
3. Try writing brief scenes of your character entering a room, at work, during the first hour in the day, etc.
4. Find characters by exaggerating an aspect of your personality, or imagining yourself in a different life, or disguising a person you know, or combining character traits of people you know, or taking them from news articles or advice column letters.

2. Experience / Episodes / Tension

In addition to characters, you need to consider what those characters are going to experience, and what sorts of episodes will reveal the development of the characters. Such experiences can range between the highly personal events that profoundly affect the individual but may not change the world to the highly social type of story that uses a personal experience as a way to illuminate society.

You can draw on your own experiences and imagination, look through news articles for ideas, or even “steal” stories from well-known fairy tales, films, classic literature, family anecdotes, urban legends, and so on. Some writers develop their characters so thoroughly that the characters seem to create the story on their own. You can try this, focusing on what your character(s) would do in whatever situation you place her/him/them.

plot: the action or sequence of events in a narrative. The series of incidents is usually related in a cause-effect pattern, that is, one event leads to the next, and so on. Not all contemporary stories follow a beginning-middle-end cause-effect type of plot.

conflict: a problem in a story/narrative that starts off the action and that the main character or protagonist attempts to resolve. There are five basic types of conflict:

1. individual versus individual
2. individual versus society
3. individual versus self
4. individual versus nature
5. individual versus fate, where the problem appears to be totally out of the control of the characters and in the hands of some higher power.

However you choose the experience you're going to write about, try for something that interests you, that you care about, or that you don't quite understand. You want to reveal some complexity about it, rather than just relate an interesting anecdote — how someone or something has changed as a result.

Traditionally, the events of a story are spoken of in terms of **plot** and **conflict**, plot being the connection of each event to the others, and conflict and its resolution being the main force moving the story onward. Contemporary fiction often moves these to the background, focusing more on insights gained through or examination of tensions. Whichever is appropriate to your own work, you need some sort of tension, if not a full-blown conflict, to keep the reader engaged enough to keep on reading: something intriguing or disturbing enough to focus the reader's attention.

3. Narrator

The narrator is the voice that tells the story. This voice can be that of a character in the story or of someone outside the story. If a character, the character can be a main one or a secondary one, an observer. Whichever it is, the narration is limited to that one character's point of view and the story is told in the *first person* (i.e., "I went there.") telling only what that one character experiences, thinks, and finds out from other sources.

If the narrator is outside of the story, on the other hand, a variety of points of view can be used. The narrator can still limit the narration to the point of view to a single character and tell it in either *second person* (i.e., "You went there.") or *third person* (i.e., "He/She went there."). In the third person, the narrator can shift from the point of view of one character to another's. Or, the narrator can be omniscient, all-knowing, able to tell the experiences and thoughts of any and all characters and to look at the big picture of the whole story. Finally, a third person narrator can be objective, reporting only what can be seen and heard but not the inner thoughts of characters — the "fly on the wall" approach.

Each of these types of narrators contributes to certain effects, but also works within certain limitations. See the chart “Types of Narrators” on the following page. Generally, choose the type of narrator that “feels right” for your story. Experiment with different ones until you find the right one.

Whatever narrator you choose to tell the story, you have to pay attention to the **voice**, which includes the kinds of words the narrator chooses and how they are put together. Does the narrator speak in long, flowing sentences with multisyllabic words or in short sentences with mainly one-syllable words? Even such factors as the verb tense to use must be considered here. The voice also includes the tone or attitude the narrator expresses toward the characters and the story. Does the narrator condescend or express sympathy? Does the narrator look on the story with irony? take a superior view of the characters?

One last concern related to the narrator, which is tied to the type of narrator and the voice of that narrator, is the *narrative distance*. The narrator can move in close, describing characters and their thoughts and feelings in detail or can move out, describing the bigger picture more objectively. This distance is also tied to the pace — close-ups take up more space, slow the story down, and should present a significant moment, whereas long shots can cover more story in less space, speed the story up.

Types of Narrator

Narrator	Effect	Limitations
1. first person (main character)	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> — gives a sense of intimacy, and a quick identification of reader with character — can add suspense — good for characters with distinctive voice — good for exploring motivation 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> — monotony of too many “I”s — limited to what one character experiences, knows, wants to tell — difficult to keep consistent
2. first person (observer)	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> — maintains personal voice — useful to give direct commentary on main character and story as a whole — can add introspection which may not be in the main character’s personality — can add suspense 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> — reliability of observer’s knowledge and motivation for telling story is in question — monotony of too many “I”s — limited to what one character experiences, knows, wants to tell — difficult to keep consistent
3. second person	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> — gives a sense that the narrator is talking to an earlier self, a sense of a divided consciousness 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> — can seem that the reader is the character and reader may not go along with all that “you” experiences
4. third person (omniscient)	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> — has freedom to cover all angles of story, know all characters thoroughly — good for stories/novels that cover a wide scope 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> — readers today may resent a narrator who knows everything — reader needs to be willing to trust the narrator’s wisdom and judgment

Types of Narrator (*continued*)

Narrator	Effect	Limitations
5. third person (limited)	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> — has intimacy of first person, yet freedom to move out when wanted and give a broader view — can give narrator’s attitude toward character(s) — can give effect of “double vision” 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> — have to be purposeful and subtle about shifts in distance
6. third person (limited but rotating among characters)	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> — reader knows and identifies particular characters — useful for creating suspense — can keep other characters on hold while focusing on one at a time — keeps the “double vision” of consistent narration 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> — have to choose carefully who to and when to limit story
7. third person (objective)	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> — useful for emphasizing themes about such things as isolation or detachment of characters, or meaninglessness or harshness of life 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> — story (action and dialogue) has to be strong enough to mean something without the influence of a narrator’s tone or character’s feelings

4. Time / Pace / Structure

How you handle time in your fiction includes the pace of particular episodes and the structure or how you order those episodes. To make decisions about these, you need to know which episodes are most important to your story and when you want your reader to experience them. You also need to be able to signal shifts in time.

flashbacks: a device by which the writer of a work of fiction or drama provides background information in a dramatic way by presenting scenes or incidents that occurred before the opening of the story. This can be done through a variety of ways including a memory of a character, a confession or narration by a character, or a dream sequence.

Generally, as stated in the “Narrator” section, close-up dramatizations of a scene slow down the pace and force the reader to pay attention to the details, so this type of scene must be particularly important. On the other hand, long periods of time can be covered quickly in a simple sentence of straight narration or summary (such as “Then he went away to university for four years.”) if the events during that time are not particularly relevant to the story you want to tell. You can also simply omit or leave out parts.

As far as the structure or order of episodes, you need to consider the best place to begin and end, and how you want to get from beginning to end. One basic structure is what Hodgins calls “horizontal structure,” moving along in chronological order with each event leading to the next. This type is not very demanding of the reader and so may not involve the reader as much as you might like. An alternative to straight chronology is to start as far into the series of events as you can, and fill in necessary past episodes through the use of **flashbacks**. You can also arrange episodes in an order that follows thematic association rather than time sequence, and/or have the episodes circle around the central event, or build gradually toward the ending. You can start with the ending and move backwards to the beginning.

Signals of shifts in time include simple transitional words or phrases such as “then” or “after a few years of peace;” changes in verb tense, say from past tense (“As he watched her, he remembered . . .”) to past perfect (“ . . . how they had sat together in fourth grade”); and textual features such as leaving a blank space or including a line of asterisks between sections.

Your choice of how to order episodes and move from one episode to the next will affect the connections the reader makes, the development of characters and their relationships, and the overall theme or worldview you express.

Writer’s Notebook Suggestions — Time / Pace / Structure:

1. Experiment by dramatizing scenes and later summarizing one at a time to see which are most important to see in detail and which can be effectively stated in summary.
2. Experiment with beginning at different points and learn to recognize the ending — cut off beginnings and endings of drafts as far as you can, filling in necessary information somewhere in the middle.

5. Dialogue

As pointed out in the section about pace, one way to slow down the narration is to dramatize it and show in detail all that happens and is thought. A big part of dramatizing, as opposed to summarizing or narrating, is the inclusion of dialogue.

Dialogue in fiction has in some ways the most powerful effect on readers — it is in dialogue, rather than in description or narration, that the reader directly experiences the text (and doesn’t have to rely on visualizing) — the reader hears exactly what each character is saying, not the narrator’s interpretation.

Dialogue in fiction can do several things:

- a. It develops characterization — of the speakers, and of who they are speaking about, not only in what they say and how they say it, but also in what they avoid saying.
- b. It can give hints about what is to happen (foreshadow) or direct the reader to upcoming events. For example, “I hope you’re this cheerful the next time I see you.”
- c. It can bring in or reinforce elements of context (place, time) or patterns of imagery in ways that add to the overall theme or worldview of the work. For example, “There’s that yellow bird again, so tiny yet so bright.”

The best dialogue does more than one of these things at once. You should pay close attention to what characters say and avoid saying, and how they say it. Each character should have a distinctive voice or way of using language which includes a particular vocabulary, the length and structure of sentences, favourite expressions, accent, rhythms of speech, and so on. The best way to develop an ear for how people speak is to listen — deliberately eavesdrop on a variety of conversations and practise recording exact words either at the time or soon afterward in your Writer’s Notebook.

While you want the dialogue to be authentic, you do not want it to be exactly like real conversation. You want to cut dialogue back to the phrases and sentences that achieve the purposes listed above, and leave out the many repetitions, *ums* and *ahs*, and meaningless phrases of real conversation. Even if the occasional *um* is necessary to characterize the hesitancy of a speaker, you do not need very many to make the point — certainly not as many as a real speaker might use.

By making your speakers talk as distinctly as possible, you lessen the need to use “speech tags” — the “he said,” “she asked” expressions used to identify speakers. Try to use them only when necessary, and keep them to the simple “said” or “asked” rather than “roared ferociously” or “whimpered pathetically.” The aim is to let the reader focus on the spoken words and not be distracted by the narrator during a dramatic scene.

6. Context

The context of the story is the setting, or place and time. How much detail you give about either of these is up to you. Having a specific setting can add authenticity to a story. On the other hand, a story that takes place in no particular place or time could imply a world where time and place are unimportant. You may want to describe a setting in considerable detail if you decide it reveals something about the characters, reflects a particular mood, is an important part of something that is happening, or contains an image or symbol that is part of a pattern in your story.

If you decide to describe a setting in detail, take care in how you describe it. Consider the distance and point of view from which you want the reader to picture the details. Keep the language as simple and concrete as possible. Consider connotation and use words that reflect the mood or tone you want. Try using metaphors and/or similes, especially if they add to an overall effect you are aiming for, but only if they are fresh (not clichéd) and truly add to the reader's ability to imagine what you are describing (that is, if the simile truly makes it easier to smell her socks or to picture the sunset). Details are often best expressed in short and simple, rather than long and complex, sentences so the reader is able to pause and attend to each part of an image.

Unless the particular place or time is a focus of your story, you can probably describe it in incidental bits of details as they come up in the narration, rather than in one big chunk at the beginning. (Incidentally, this is true of descriptions of characters as well.)

7. Patterns / Connections

Patterns of imagery and the use of **metaphor**, **symbol**, and **allusion** can all add depth to a work of fiction, and can all point toward a **theme**, but it is not a good idea to consider these elements early in the writing process. Forcing symbols into a setting or insisting a character act out an idea or theme you have will inevitably make your story seem contrived and artificial to the reader.

metaphor: a particular use of language where two or more disparate or dissimilar things are said to be equivalent or are identified with each other. For example, “Life is a highway” is a metaphor, pointing out similarities that underlie the differences between the two things. In this way, a familiar, concrete object can be used to explain an unfamiliar or abstract idea or concept. Metaphors can be created using a form of the “to be” verb, as in the example above, but they may also be made by describing the looks or actions of one object in terms that are typically used to describe the other object. For example, “The boy galloped across the yard, his mane blowing in the wind” describes a boy in terms usually used to describe a horse (“galloped” and “mane”).

symbol: a word or visual representation that means itself, but at the same time stands for or suggests an object or event with another level of meaning. For example, a dove can be simply a dove, but to people in Western culture, it also suggests the meaning of peace.

allusion: a direct or indirect reference to (mention of) a well-known historical, literary, or otherwise cultural object, person, text, place, or event. In traditional Western texts, Biblical and mythical allusions are common; in contemporary texts, allusions to current popular cultural events, texts, and people are frequent.

theme: “the major issues or subjects which become prominent in the reading of a text” (Moon, 166). For example, one theme of “Snow White and the Seven Dwarves” could be the dangers of physical beauty. Particular readers with their particular perspectives may pick up on different themes in a single text, although some general rules or conventions of reading are usually applied (such as paying special attention to the title of a work and its significance to the theme).

However, once you have your characters in action, and after you have written at least one draft, you can reread with an eye toward these patterns or connections. Perhaps you notice an object such as a worn runner is mentioned a couple of times. Does this act as a metaphoric description of some aspect of your character’s personality? Could it be a symbol of some larger idea of the story? Does it connect to other images of old clothing throughout the piece? Do you associate it with some other story, fairy tale, work of art, film, or poem you know?

If you notice such possibilities, you may want to experiment with making these patterns or connections sharper — repeating a descriptive phrase, quoting another work, spending more time describing metaphorical or symbolic objects, or creating a title that signals the importance of a particular pattern or connection. Or, you may want to cut back on the use of certain colours associated with certain characters or a too-obvious reference to another text.

Whatever you do, be certain that it fits with your characters and their experiences — don't impose symbols and meanings on them to sound "literary." And at no point should you explain to the reader what you intend these images, metaphors, symbols, and allusions to mean. Present them as part of the story and the reader may then read and reread to figure out the meanings. Often the reader finds more such levels of meaning and symbolic interpretations that the author ever consciously intended.

Suggested Procedure

Note: The process of writing fiction is very individual, not only to particular writers, but also to particular works. You may write one story one way, and proceed through another in a completely different way. Therefore, use the following "suggested procedure" in a very general way, and feel free to modify whenever you like. Remember too that the process is recursive rather than linear, so you can do the steps in whatever order works, and go back to do more of one after you've moved on to another.

1. Read a wide variety of examples of what you'd like to try. Pay attention to the way each story you read handles the "Factors to Consider."
2. Reread your Writer's Notebook, looking for beginnings of stories, characters, bits of dialogue, etc. that you're interested in exploring.
3. Fiction writer Jack Hodgins advises to draft in bits — of description, dialogue, monologues, etc. until one bit takes off or you begin to see connections between the fragments (37). Donald Murray suggests that once you know your character, you draft scene by scene, sketching in a scene briefly and going back later to add "layers" (85).

4. Consider all the factors and experiment with them, i.e., try different points of view or different leads, highlight various episodes.
5. Once a draft is in place, rewrite or retype your first draft completely to allow yourself the freedom to make big changes — don't just write on the first draft.
6. Once your story is as good as you know how to make it, share the draft with your response partner to get a clear idea of its effects on a reader. This is particularly important to see if the tone you intended is coming through. Your reader will let you know if it is funny or moving in the right places. Your reader may also trigger new areas to develop or notice parts that don't fit.
7. Rewrite or retype at least one more draft, taking into account the comments of your reader(s).
8. Repeat previous steps as often as you feel necessary (or have time for) until you're satisfied with your story.
9. Do a careful edit, marking your draft, checking word choice, sentence structure, spelling, punctuation, and capitalization.
10. Rewrite or retype your final copy.
11. Proofread your final copy for inadvertent errors.

Examples

“To Serve Man” by Damon Knight (Sequence 2)

“Trouble Is My Business” by Raymond Chandler (Sequence 2 and Appendix C)

“Eyes That Never Meet” by Jeremiah Healy (Sequence 2)

“The Evil Stepchildren” by David Arnason (Sequence 3)

“Love and Justice” by Kristine Kathryn Rusch (Sequence 3)

eight stories in *A Bird in the House* by Margaret Laurence

“The Kindness of Strangers” by Martha Brooks (Sequence 4)

“Girl” by Jamaica Kincaid (postcard story in Sequence 4)

“Boys and Girls” by Alice Munro (Sequence 4)

“Skipper” by Alden Nowlan (Sequence 4)

“On the Shooting of a Beaver” by George Kenny (Sequence 4)

“Untitled” by Jerome Berthelette (Sequence 4)

“Lilyrose” by Linda Holeman (Sequence 4)

“Do You Want My Opinion?” by M.E.Kerr (Sequence 5)

“I Go Along” by Richard Peck (Sequence 5)

“The Code” by R.P. McIntyre (Sequence 5)

Resources

- Sections 319 to 330 in *Writers INC*
- *A Passion for Narrative: A Guide for Writing Fiction* by Jack Hodgins
- *Writer’s Mind: Crafting Fiction* by Richard Cohen
- *Crafting a Life in Essay, Story, Poem* by Donald M. Murray
- *What a Writer Needs* by Ralph Fletcher

Specific Learning Outcomes

The writing of a work of short fiction, taken through all the stages of creation from prewriting to editing, gives good opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes:

- 1.1.1 Connect ideas, observations, opinions, and emotions through a variety of means to develop a train of thought and test tentative positions
- 1.1.2 Seek others’ responses through a variety of means to clarify and rework ideas and positions
- 1.1.3 Experiment with language and forms of expression to achieve particular effects
- 1.2.1 Examine and adjust initial understanding according to new knowledge, ideas, experiences, and responses from others
- 1.2.2 Explore various viewpoints and consider the consequences of particular positions when generating texts
- 1.2.3 Combine ideas and information through a variety of means to clarify understanding when generating texts
- 1.2.4 Extend understanding by exploring and acknowledging multiple perspectives and ambiguities when generating texts
- 2.2.3 Examine how language and stylistic choices in oral, print, and other media texts accomplish a variety of purposes
- 2.3.1 Analyze how various forms and genres are used for particular audiences and purposes

- 2.3.2 Examine how various techniques and elements are used in oral, print, and other media texts to accomplish particular purposes
- 2.3.3 Demonstrate understanding of how vocabulary and idiom affect meaning and impact; use appropriate vocabulary when creating texts
- 2.3.4 Experiment with language, visuals, and sounds to convey intended meaning and impact
- 2.3.5 Create original texts to communicate ideas and enhance understanding of forms and techniques.
- 3.2.1 Select ideas and information from prior knowledge of inquiry or research topic appropriate for audience, purpose, and personal perspective or focus
- 4.1.1 Generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose
- 4.1.2 Select and use a variety of forms appropriate for content, audience, and purpose
- 4.1.3 Select and use a variety of organizational structures and techniques and appropriate transitions in oral, written, and visual texts to communicate clearly and effectively
- 4.2.1 Appraise own choices of ideas, language use, and forms relative to purpose and audience
- 4.2.2 Analyze and revise drafts to ensure appropriate content and to enhance unity, clarity, and coherence
- 4.2.3 Use appropriate text features to enhance legibility for particular audiences, purposes, and contexts
- 4.2.4 Use effective language, visuals, and sounds, and arrange ideas for emphasis and desired effect
- 4.3.1 Select appropriate words, grammatical structures, and register for audience, purpose, and context
- 4.3.2 Know and apply Canadian spelling conventions and monitor for correctness using appropriate resources; recognize adapted spellings for particular effects
- 4.3.3 Know and apply capitalization and punctuation conventions to clarify intended meaning, using appropriate resources as required

- 5.1.3 Recognize and analyze how personal language use may create and sustain an inclusive community
- 5.2.4 Use language and texts to celebrate personal and community occasions and accomplishments

Appendix M

Guidelines for Writing Reports (Investigation and Formal)

Clear, concise, and informative reports are essential to the efficient working of any organization today. Decision-making relies on sound communication among the various people involved at the various levels, and reports provide the information and discussion that decision-makers need.

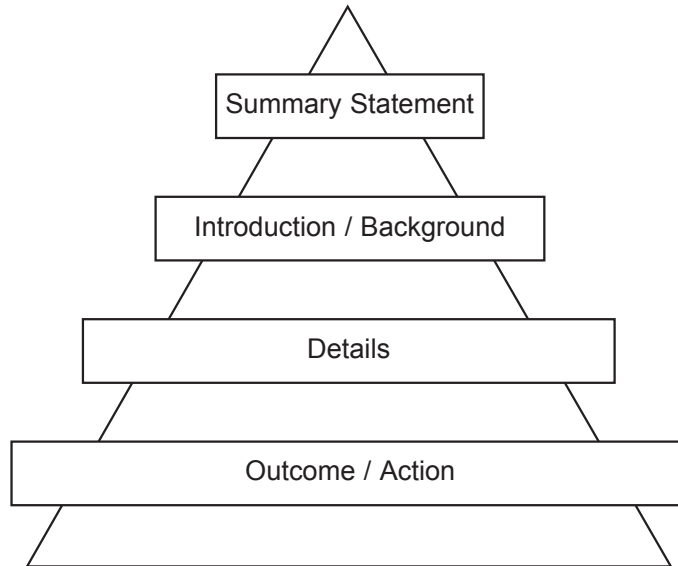
Possible Formats

- *Letter* — appropriate for short (under 10 pages), informal reports done by one organization for another. Follow the guidelines for writing business letters in sections 374-381 of *Writers INC*.
- *Memo* — used for short (under 10 pages), informal reports to be circulated within an organization. Follow the memo guidelines in section 395 of *Writers INC*.
- *Report* — used for longer, more formal reports.

Reports in General

Whichever format you use, any report should be carefully organized, using headings and lists where appropriate.

All reports, like almost all business communication, follow a fairly standard type of organization, described by some writers as the “pyramid method” (Blicq and Moretto, 14):



Basically, you start off with a very brief summary statement that says what the report is about and why one should read it. This is followed by any background information about why the project, proposal, investigation, etc. is being done, who it involves, when it began, and so on. The details of the particular project, proposal, investigation, etc. form the bulk of the report. This section includes all of the data gathered, that is, any observations or findings, as well as any discussion of these facts. In this section, you explain what is happening, why it is happening, what has happened or could happen as a result, and what has been done about it. Finally, your report should end with a brief summary of the outcome and/or recommendations for further action.

These sections can be organized under headings such as the following:

1. “Summary” for the summary statement, although this heading can be left out.
2. “Introduction” or “Background” or “Past Progress” for the background information. This section could also include information under the heading “Research Methods Used” where you explain the methods of collecting information that you used, or “Problem” where you explain exactly what the problem is and why it is important.
3. “Findings,” “Discussion of Findings,” “Observations,” “Facts,” “Results,” “Options,” “Analysis of Findings,” and variations on these, for the specific details of the report. Any functional or descriptive heading will do, as long as it is appropriate to the purpose of your report and the material you are describing.
4. “Conclusions and Recommendations,” or “Conclusions,” and “Recommendations” separately, depending on your purpose and material for your final section.

You can use any number or variety of such headings, depending on the length, complexity, and purpose of your report. A very short letter or memo report would probably not need any headings, although it would follow the same basic organization. You may also want to make your headings more specific to your material — these headings are very general to be useful to all types of reports, but you could certainly use a heading such as “Details of Accident” if you are writing an accident report.

Two particular types of reports are described below: investigation reports and formal reports.

Investigation Reports

A report on an investigation is usually a semi-formal one in which you describe what you have seen or heard and make suggestions as to what could be done to solve any problems or improve any difficult situations. The length of such a report can vary from a couple of pages to 30 or more.

The investigation report follows the basic pyramid described above, with the “Details” section subdivided into further aspects of the investigation being reported (Blicq and Moretto, 61-67).

1. Summary Statement — tells the reader as quickly and clearly as possible what the situation or problem is and how it can be improved or solved.
2. Background — mentions the events or facts that led up to the investigation and any other information that may be necessary to understand the situation.
3. Details, or in this case, Investigation — describes the methods you used to investigate, what your investigation discovered, ideas about possible solutions, how you should assess the various options, and your assessment of the options.
 - a. Approach — what you did
 - b. Findings — what you found out
 - c. Ideas — options or possible solutions
 - d. Evaluative Criteria — the qualities that the best option should have
 - e. Evaluation — your judgment on how appropriate and effective each option will be, based on how it compares to the criteria established above
4. Outcome / Action — should describe the conclusions and recommendations in two subsections.
 - a. Conclusions — explains the conclusions you drew from the findings of the investigation. For example, if, in the running of a small literary magazine, the problem is a decrease in government funding, and the solution that meets your criteria most closely is to look to the business sector for sponsorship, then in your conclusion you would state that the solution of looking to the business sector for sponsorship most closely fits your criteria.
 - b. Recommendations — tell the reader directly the course of action that should be taken. For example, “I recommend that your magazine approach the following business organizations to sponsor your annual writing contests. . . .”
5. Appendices — here you can include any tables, charts, photographs, calculations, and other data that you collected. By placing in a separate section at the end, you don’t interrupt the flow of the report, and the detailed information is available to anyone who wants it.

Do not feel that you need to have all of these sections — they may not all be applicable to your particular report, especially if it is a shorter report.

Formal Report

A formal report is long (over five pages), formal in tone, and follows a traditional structure. Like shorter reports, it may simply provide information, or it may analyze that information and offer recommendations for action.

Like the shorter reports, a formal report follows the basic pyramid structure, but because of its length and formal tone, some adjustments are made to it.

1. Title Page — This is a page shows the title of the report, the author of the report, the name of the person or organization receiving the report, and the date.
2. Table of Contents — This is a list of the various sections of your report and the page numbers of where they can be found.
3. Executive Summary — This is usually a one-page summary of the entire report, beginning with the purpose and major findings, and including the sources of information, the organization of the report, and a brief statement of the conclusions and/or recommendations.
4. Problem — This is a brief statement outlining the problem or situation being reported on.

The other sections follow as in the investigation report described above:

5. Details or Findings
6. Analysis of Findings / Possible Courses of Action
7. Conclusions and Recommendations

If appropriate, a Bibliography of sources and any Appendices can also be included.

Examples

See below for examples of a short investigation report, a recommendation report (similar in content and organization to an investigation report), and a formal report.

A Short Investigation Report Using Only Some Writing Compartments*

<i>The Furniture House</i>	
	To: Derek Pritchard From: Charles Murray Date: April 10, 2000 Subject: Rug Damage Complaint: Ms. V. Carson, Dover Rd.
Summary Statement	I have investigated Ms. Carson's complaint and agree she has a case. Damage has been done to her carpet, but it was partly her own fault.
Background	I called on Ms. Carson at suite 1407 - 2022 Dover Road yesterday afternoon. She showed me brown paint marks on her white carpet, which she claims were made by our service technician when he did a touch-up job on her buffet on Tuesday April 7.
Findings	The rug has about a dozen brown marks each about the size of a 25-cent piece clustered in an area 1 metre in diameter. The colour is the same as the buffet. This morning I talked to Andy Bowen, the service technician who did the repair work. He told me that he twice warned Ms. Carson to keep her cats away from his tools and paint, but she kept insisting they were well trained and would not be a nuisance. But while he was working and she was out of the room, one of the cats put a damp paw into the brown paint powder. Andy wiped its paws, but not before it had made several marks on the rug. He told Ms. Carson what had happened, but he says she did not seem to be concerned about it. From my examination, I agree the marks could have been made by a cat's paw.
Ideas and Outcome/Action	It may be difficult to remove the spots because we cannot use paint remover and normal rug cleaning processes may be only partly effective. If cleaning will remove the spots, I think we should bear the cost. However, if Ms Carson pressures us for a new rug – which she may try to do – then I suggest we hold out for a small partial cash settlement.
	<i>Charles</i>

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Recommendation Report — Memo Format*

	<p>PYRAMID INDUSTRIES</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Internal Memorandum</p>
	<p>TO: Ken Ogata, Director Human Resources Services</p> <p style="text-align: right;">DATE: June 3, 200x</p>
Includes signature here rather than at end.	<p>FROM: Laurie Glaze, Manager <i>Laurie</i> Information Services</p>
Announces report and establishes sources of data.	<p>SUBJECT: DEVELOPING PROCEDURES FOR USING TEMPORARY EMPLOYEES</p> <p>At your request I am submitting this report detailing my recommendations for improving the use of temporary employees in all departments within Pyramid. My recommendations are based on my own experience with hundreds of temporary employees in my department, on interviews and an informal survey with other managers, on a brief review of related articles, and on informal discussions with human resources personnel at Rescom International.</p>
Presents facts that suggest significance of problem.	<p><u>Background</u></p> <p>Pyramid has increased its number of service accounts from 58 to 97 over the past three years. During that same period the number of permanent employees has increased only 12 percent. Because we have not been able to find qualified individuals to hire as full-time employees, we have been forced to rely on temporary employees more heavily than ever before. During the past year Pyramid has required the services of 189 temporary employees.</p> <p>Joe Pittarelli in Human Resources Services reports that he does not expect the employment picture to improve in the future. He feels that Pyramid will probably continue to hire large numbers of temporary employees for at least the next two years.</p>
Provides details that justify need for change.	<p><u>Problem</u></p> <p>Temporary employees are hired by department managers who have little experience in acquiring temps, planning their work, or supervising them. As a result, the productivity of the temps is not always as great as it could be. Moreover, we sometimes hire expensive, highly skilled individuals for routine tasks. These workers are bored with their assigned tasks and dissatisfied with their experience at Pyramid; hence they refuse to return.</p> <p><u>Findings</u></p> <p>A survey of our department managers and supervisors revealed an almost unanimous desire for a standard set of procedures relating to temporary employees. Department managers were especially concerned with defining their needs and managing temps effectively. Many human resources managers use prepared forms to help department managers define their needs. One study indicated that prepared forms improved the quality of hiring in 70 percent of companies that used them. These marked improvements were supported in informal discussions with human resources personnel at Rescom International.</p>

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Ken Ogata

Page 2

June 3, 200x

To address the issue of effective management of temps, Don Swerski, author of *The Art and Practice of Management*, maintains that productivity of new employees increases when their supervisors are provided with management guidelines to follow. My contacts at Rescom International say that since establishing managerial guidelines covering new employees, Rescom has seen a 42 percent drop in new employee turnover.

Conclusions

Pyramid could improve the productivity and effectiveness of its temporary employees by instituting changes in two areas: (1) establishing and communicating standardized procedures for department managers requesting temps and (2) introducing techniques for department managers to follow when temps first arrive.

Recommendations

System for Requesting Temps. I recommend that Human Resources Services prepare a form that supervisors complete when they need temporary employees. The form will require department managers to indicate precisely what skills are required for the tasks to be completed. Requests for temps should then be channelled through one office, such as Human Resources Services.

Procedures for Introducing Temps to Workforce. I recommend that Human Resources Services, in consultation with the supervisors most directly involved, develop management guidelines that will incorporate the following checklist items:

1. Work to be completed.
2. Tasks explained.
3. Supplies and operating equipment available.
4. Feedback forms for temps.

Limitations

The success of these recommendations is limited by two factors. First, Human Resources Services must agree to assume the task of regulating the hiring of all temporary employees. Second, the new procedures must reflect departmental needs for the new managers to use them. To ensure the success of this initiative, several workshops should be provided to develop the new procedures and to instruct managers in using the procedures effectively.

Draws conclusions from preceding facts.

Itemizes specific actions to solve problem.

Gains credibility by acknowledging limitations of recommendations.

Formal Report*

MACRO ENGINEERING INC

EVALUATING ELECTRONIC COMMUNICATION AIDS FOR SINGLE-OPERATOR BUSINESS OWNERS

Prepared for:

The Association of Single-Operator Business Owners

Prepared by:

Craig M Derwent, CET

Report 9203

January 13, 1992

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SUMMARY

A survey has been conducted to identify which electronic communication aids will most help single-operator business owners increase their business volume. The results show that the type of work or service the business operator provides directly affects the system(s) they should acquire.

Generally, business operators who remain at their place of business most of the time need only simple telephone services and equipment such as call waiting and an answering machine, which cost no more than \$200 to buy or \$25 a month to rent. Those who operate predominantly away from their place of business and *depend* on continual customer contact require a more advanced system such as a cellular telephone, for a purchase cost of about \$900 to \$1500 plus an operating cost of \$60 to \$100 a month. Business owners who frequently send and receive documents to and from other businesses—regardless of the type of service they provide—probably also need a facsimile machine costing \$900 to \$1800.

Only a few business owners—generally those providing consulting or similar services—need an office copier and a personal or portable computer, each costing about \$1500 to \$2200.

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APPENDICES

- A Comparison of Needs: Electronic Office Aids for Single-Operator Business Owners
- B Approximate Purchase, Lease, and Operating Costs of Selected Electronic Communication Aids

EVALUATING ELECTRONIC COMMUNICATION AIDS FOR SINGLE-OPERATOR BUSINESS OWNERS

INTRODUCTION

In a letter dated September 24, 1991, Evelyn K Wollasey, Executive Secretary of the Association of Single-Operator Business Owners (ASOBO), asked Macro Engineering Inc to evaluate the electronic office and communication aids currently available and identify which would be most useful for ASOBO members to acquire.

The need for the study evolved from ASOBO members' awareness that having the right electronic office aid—such as a facsimile machine, portable telephone, or electrostatic copier—could significantly increase their business volume. The problem faced by most members, however, is knowing how to evaluate which equipment or service, from the wide range available, is the *correct* choice for their particular line of business. They cannot depend on vendors' opinions, since vendors are predictably most interested in promoting their own products and services.

In our report we will

- o Identify each type of office aid, briefly describe what it does and how it can be useful to a small business owner, and quote a general price range.
- o Divide ASOBO members into groups, based on the kind of service they provide or product they sell.
- o Analyse which electronic office aids will be most useful for the members within each group.

We will be analysing only general services and products, rather than specific products by brand name, because the technology driving the electronic communication industry is advancing so rapidly, and manufacturers are producing new and upgraded services and products so frequently, that any definitive evaluation we make now would become obsolescent in only a few months. Our intention in this report, therefore, is to identify services and products that would be particularly attractive for certain groups of ASOBO members, and the factors members should consider before making a choice.

THE CURRENT RANGE OF ELECTRONIC SERVICES AND PRODUCTS

The services and products most likely to be of value to ASOBO members fall into three categories:

- o Those that are telephone-based, and therefore are clearly communication aids, ranging from call forwarding through facsimile transmission to portable telephones.
- o Those that are computer-based, including electronic mail and personal and portable computers.
- o Those that are primarily convenience-based, such as office copiers.

The products within each category, and their approximate prices, are described in the remainder of this section and summarized in the illustration on page 3.

TELEPHONE-BASED SERVICES AND PRODUCTS

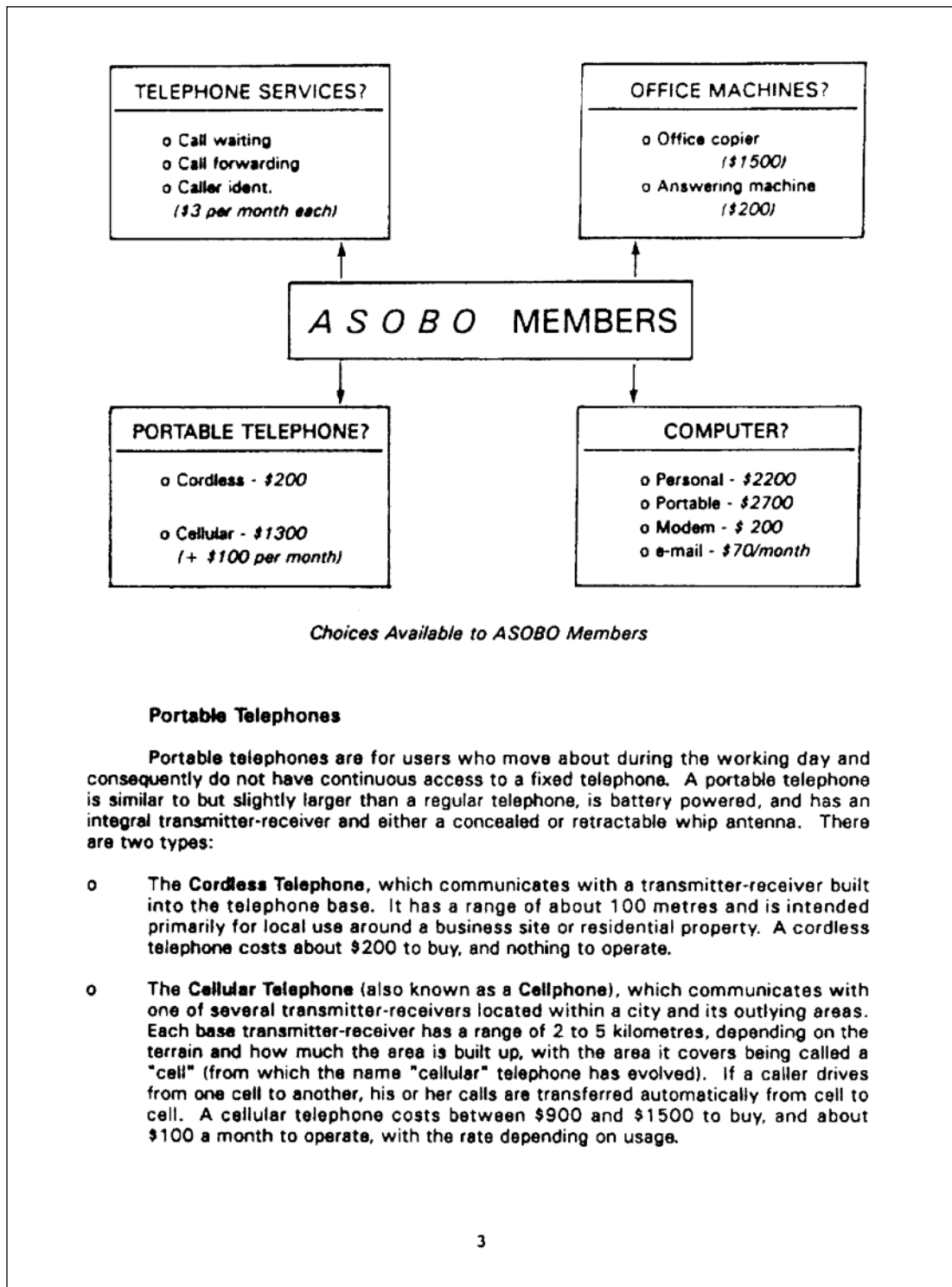
Telephone Answering Services

Answering services range from those provided at nominal cost by the telephone utilities, to answering machines purchased and installed by users. The most economical in this category are call waiting, call forwarding, and caller identification:

- o **Call Waiting** provides an audible signal to the user if a second person calls while the user is already speaking to an earlier caller (the first caller cannot hear the signal).
- o **Call Forwarding** automatically transfers incoming calls to another number. Before departing to the second location, the user enters (dials) the number where he or she can be reached.
- o **Caller Identification** shows the caller's number on a digital display panel built into the user's telephone, even before the user picks up the handset. It is particularly convenient for screening incoming calls when used in combination with Call Waiting.

Telephone utilities charge from \$1.95 to \$3.25 a month for each of these services.

An alternative to renting on-line message services is to install an answering machine that informs callers when the owner is not present, and asks them to record a message or leave a telephone number so that the owner can return the call. Most answering machines permit the owner to listen to the recorded messages from a remote telephone. Answering machines cost from \$90 to \$245 to buy, or \$10 to \$20 a month to rent, and cost nothing to operate.



Facsimile Machines

The services and products considered so far all convey voice-transmitted messages. Facsimile machines still use telephone lines and equipment to carry messages, but accept the messages and reproduce them in printed form as letters, memos, reports, sketches, and diagrams. When a facsimile machine is connected via a modem to a computer, it can also accept messages electronically and display them on the recipient's computer screen.

The advantage of a fax machine to small business owners has been analysed by Guy Desrogers of Assiniboine Business Consultants, who writes

The most significant advantage of facsimile transmission is that a business that owns a fax machine is much less likely to be affected by mail stoppages...(and)...sending a letter across town by fax is significantly cheaper than sending it by courier. It is still cheaper to fax a letter from coast to coast rather than send it by (air courier) services, particularly if the machine is programmed to send messages during the night when off-peak telephone rates apply.¹

A facsimile machine costs between \$900 and \$1800 to purchase, and nothing to operate for incoming messages other than the cost of the paper on which messages are printed (about 9 cents a page). For outgoing messages there is no operating cost for local calls, and only long-distance charges for out-of-town calls.

COMPUTER-BASED SERVICES AND PRODUCTS

Electronic Mail (e-mail)

Electronic mail conveys messages entirely electronically and is popular with computer buffs. It requires that both sender and receiver have a computer, plus a modem for linking the computer to the telephone system, and that they subscribe to a computer messaging service such as *iNet* or *Compu-Serve*. The sender keys the message at his or her terminal, reads it on the video screen, and then transmits it through the modem. The receiver reads the message instantaneously on his or her video screen, and replies in the same way. Consequently, e-mail is extremely fast.

Assuming that the user already owns a computer, the remaining cost is the purchase of a modem for approximately \$200, and subscription to the computer messaging service, which can vary from \$12 to \$30 a month. There is also a monthly usage fee, which depends on the amount of system log-on time the user accumulates and can range from as little as \$5 to as much as \$60 or even \$100 a month.

Personal Computers

Personal computers (PCs) are stand-alone units comprising a keyboard, data processor, memory, screen, and printer. They can be used for making calculations, performing statistical analyses, keeping records, creating charts and graphs, and writing

letters and reports (i.e. word processing). This report, for example, is being typed directly into a personal computer. The cost for a complete system can range from \$1600 to \$6000. For most ASOBO members, a \$2000-\$2200 computer system should suffice.

Portable Computers

Portable computers are similar to PCs but are more compact and normally do not have a printer. They range from "luggable" units weighing 7 to 8 kg that can fit into an aircraft overhead luggage rack, to "laptop" units weighing 3 to 5 kg that can be slipped into a briefcase. Many of the larger portables have a memory and operating capability similar to that of a PC; laptops, however, generally have a much smaller memory and a limited capability.

A portable computer is especially suitable for businesspeople who travel a lot, particularly if the portable has a built-in modem and so can be used to transmit data and messages to, and receive them from, an office-based PC or mainframe computer. The cost of a portable computer can range from about \$800 for a simple laptop to \$7000 for a luggable with top-of-the-line capabilities.

A CONVENIENCE-BASED PRODUCT: THE OFFICE COPIER

We tend to think of an office copier as a large high-speed floor model that produces high-quality images and costs or rents for a high price. For small business owners, however, there is a much more modest range of machines that offer slow-to-moderate speed, moderate-to-high-quality images, and a moderate price of between \$1000 and \$2000. For the limited quantity of copies that many ASOBO members are likely to make, such a machine should perform admirably.

TYPES OF SINGLE-OPERATOR BUSINESS OWNERS

Single-operator business owners either operate from an office at their place of residence, rent a small office locally, or own or rent a service outlet or store. Generally, they fall into two groups:

- o Those who remain at their place of business all or most of the time, and whose customers come to them for service. Shop owners, technicians who service portable instruments and appliances, and some accountants and independent teachers form this group.
- o Those who take their service to their customers, and so remain at their place of business only a portion of the time. Consultants, surveyors, sales representatives, tradespeople, and technicians who service fixed or large equipment fall into this group.

A few business owners pursue a profession that may place them in either group, or in both groups. These are principally accountants, architects, interior decorators, and some independent teachers and veterinarians.

IDENTIFYING A BUSINESS OWNER'S NEEDS

The four descriptions that follow provide a general "rule of thumb" for determining which group of ASOBO members would most benefit from a particular type of electronic communications service or office aid. Appendix A contains a more definitive breakdown, since it lists 15 representative single-operator business owners and, for each, identifies whether we consider the businessperson would have a strong, moderate, or slight need for a particular service or product, or no need. Appendix B summarizes the approximate purchase, lease, and operating costs for each electronic aid.

CELLULAR TELEPHONES AND TELEPHONE ANSWERING SERVICES

- o Where customers generally bring work to the business owner, as in the case of accountants, shop owners, and music teachers, the business owner normally does not need a cellular telephone but should buy or rent an answering machine and, perhaps, use a call waiting service.
- o Where business owners take their service to the customer, and need to be easily reached by customers, then a cellular telephone would be a useful acquisition, with a call-forwarding service to route calls coming in to their office number to the cellular number. Business owners who do not have a cellular telephone would be wise to purchase an answering machine.

FACSIMILE MACHINES

- o The group in which a business owner belongs has little or no bearing on whether the business will benefit from having a facsimile machine. The criterion is whether the business owner frequently sends documents to clients and other parties, or receives documents from them. If so, the business owner will find a facsimile machine a fast, expedient, and economical means of document transmission.

PERSONAL AND PORTABLE COMPUTERS

- o Similarly, business owners who generate a lot of documentation, either in tabular or text form, regardless of the group in which they "fit," will benefit most from having a personal computer in their office. Accountants, architects, consultants, and writers particularly fall into this group. Writers, and possibly consultants and sales representatives, may also need a portable computer and modem.

OFFICE COPIERS

- o Business owners who make duplicate or multiple copies of multi-page documents are most likely to find an in-house office copier a convenient acquisition. Those who only occasionally need to make copies may find it more economical to make copies at a local printing or word-processing facility.

OVERALL IMPLICATIONS

Clearly, there are too many variables for us to identify a particular communication aid for a particular type of business owner. The general suggestions listed earlier will apply in a majority of cases, but not in all.

A factor each business owner has to evaluate personally is whether he or she can afford a particular communication aid. Most single-operator business owners can afford one or more of the low-cost telephone services such as call waiting, call forwarding, and caller identification, or an answering machine. At the other end of the scale, most single-operator business owners neither need nor can afford a computer or office copier. The only exceptions are professionals and paraprofessionals, such as consultants.

Sometimes, small business owners feel they should purchase a computer to simplify their business accounting. Yet a 1991 study by the Western Provinces Association of Small Business Owners shows that computerized accounting, when compared with manual accounting or a subcontracted accounting service, generally is not economical for businesses with a staff of less than three and a gross annual income of less than \$225 000.² Unless a single-operator business owner already owns a computer and is experienced in using it, the time taken to become familiar with and use the accounting software will most likely outweigh the time that would be expended in manual book-keeping.

For the cellular telephone and the facsimile machine—the two communication aids that comprise the middle, moderately priced group—the decision is more difficult. If, to maintain a constant or increasing business volume, a business owner needs to be constantly available to or at least within easy reach of clients and other businesses, then acquisition of either probably would be justified: a cellular telephone for the business owner who is out of the office much of the time, and a facsimile machine for the business owner who tends to remain in or near the office.

An alternative to outright purchase or long-term lease of a facsimile machine, or of an office copier, is to use the services of a local convenience printer or word-processing house for six to 12 months. It is not as convenient as having the facility in-house, but it does offer business owners a low-cost way to determine exactly how many fax messages they would send and receive, and how many copies of documents they would make. From this assessment they can decide whether personal ownership is practicable.

ON-THE-HORIZON DEVELOPMENTS

Today, manufacturers and sellers of telephone-based products are clearly targeting both small and single-operator businesses in their marketing plans. This alone may influence ASOBO members to consider seriously whether either a portable telephone or facsimile messaging should be an essential component of their business strategy. For

example, Linda Gregg Stulberg, writing in *The Financial Post*,³ reports that many small business owners now view a portable telephone as an imperative acquisition, and that "...the phone becomes their voice-mail system, their answering system."

Two developments currently being user-tested also may influence ASOBO members' decisions either to purchase an electronic aid now or to delay its acquisition until later:

- o Facsimile machines for use by local businesspeople and passersby are being installed in business centres and shopping malls. They look like automated teller machines and are activated by most major credit cards. *The Financial Post* reports that, in trial installations carried out to date, the cost to the user has been 90 cents per page plus the cost of the telephone call.⁴
- o Cordless telephones that can be operated not only from a home but also through public "Telepoints" installed in, for example, airports, shopping malls, and the lobbies of business buildings, are being tested by at least one manufacturer. *Computing Canada* quotes the manufacturer's prediction that for many businesspersons the public cordless telephone will replace the cellular telephone.⁵ A cordless telephone used in this way would be significantly cheaper to purchase and operate than a cellular telephone.

CONCLUSIONS

Whether a single-operator business owner should use (i.e. purchase or lease) telephone-based communication aids depends primarily on the service the business-person provides. Most business owners--and particularly those whose customers come to them to purchase a product or service--would benefit from leasing one of the less expensive telephone services such as call forwarding or call waiting, or from purchasing an answering machine.

Business owners who spend much of their time away from their regular place of business would particularly benefit from owning a cellular telephone or, if their area of operation is within an area likely to be serviced with "Telepoints," the less-expensive cordless telephone.

Business owners who frequently communicate documents to other organizations, either locally, nationally, or internationally, would benefit from using a facsimile machine. If their volume is high, the machine probably would be owned outright, or possibly leased. If their volume is low, the business owner would probably find that using a locally available third-party machine is more advantageous. The same holds true for office copiers.

Only writers and professionals such as consultants and architects need either a personal or a portable computer.

RECOMMENDATIONS

Before ASOBO members approach suppliers to purchase or lease electronic office equipment, we recommend they first establish their specific needs by

- o identifying whether customers come to them for service, or they take their service to customers, and
- o determining, for their type of business, which electronic communication aids will most help them provide a more efficient service for their customers.

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APPENDIX A

COMPARISON OF NEEDS: ELECTRONIC OFFICE AIDS FOR
SINGLE-OPERATOR BUSINESS OWNERS

Type of Business Owner	Telephone Eqpt & Services						Computer Eqpt				Office copier	
	Call forwarding	Call waiting	Caller identification	Answering machine	Cordless phone	Cellular phone	Facsimile (fax)	Personal computer	Portable computer	Modem		e-mail
Accountants	o	.	.	0	.	.	.	0	o	.	.	0
Architects	0	.	.	o	0	o	.	0	.	.	.	o
Consultants	0	.	o	0	.	o	0	0	o	0	o	.
Courier service owners	0	o	o	.	0
Interior decorators	0	.	.	o	0	0
Land surveyors	0	.	.	o	0
Sales representatives	0	o	o	0	0
Service representatives (large or fixed eqpt)	0	o	.	o	0	o
Service suppliers (lawn cutting, property maintenance)	0	.	.	o	0
Service shop owners (small, portable equipment service)	0	.	.	o	0	o
Shop owners, retail	0	.	.	o
Teachers, independent (music, language, etc)	.	.	.	0	o
Tradespeople (carpenters, pipe fitters, electricians)	o	.	.	0	o	o
Veterinarians	0	.	o	0	o	o
Writers, freelance	0	.	.	0	o	.	o	0	o	o	.	o

APPENDIX B

APPROXIMATE PURCHASE, LEASE, AND OPERATING COSTS
OF SELECTED ELECTRONIC COMMUNICATION AIDS

<i>Product or Service</i>	<i>Purchase Cost</i>		<i>Lease Cost (per month)</i>		<i>Operating Cost* (per month)</i>	
	<i>Low (\$)</i>	<i>High (\$)</i>	<i>Low (\$)</i>	<i>High (\$)</i>	<i>Low (\$)</i>	<i>High (\$)</i>
Call Waiting) Call Forwarding) Caller Ident.)	-	-	2	3	-	-
Answering Machine	90	245	10	20	-	-
Cordless Telephone	150	250	12	20	-	-
Cellular Telephone	900	1500	60	90	50	150
Facsimile Machine	900	1800	60	120	#	#
Personal Computer	1600	6000	110	350	-	-
Portable Computer	800	7000	55	410	-	-
Modem	170	240	-	-	-	-
e-mail	-	-	12	30	5*	100*
Office Copier	1000	2000	70	140	-	-

NOTES:

- + Does not include cost of materials
- # Incoming faxes: 9 cents a copy
Outgoing faxes: local - no cost
long distance - L.D. charges
- * Depends on usage

Resources

Get to the Point! Writing Effective Email, Letters, Reports and Proposals by Ron Blicq and Lisa Moretto

Essentials of Business Communication by Mary Ellen Guffey and Brendan Nagle

Specific Learning Outcomes

Writing an investigation or formal report will give you the opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes:

- 1.1.3 Experiment with language and forms of expression to achieve particular effects
- 1.2.1 Examine and adjust initial understanding according to new knowledge, ideas, experiences, and responses from others
- 1.2.2 Explore various viewpoints and consider the consequences of particular positions when generating and responding to texts
- 2.3.3 Demonstrate understanding of how vocabulary and idiom affect meaning and impact; use appropriate vocabulary when discussing and creating texts
- 2.3.4 Experiment with language, visuals, and sounds to convey intended meaning and impact
- 2.3.5 Create original texts to communicate ideas and enhance understanding of forms and techniques
- 3.3.1 Organize and reorganize information and ideas in a variety of ways for different audiences and purposes
- 3.3.2 Summarize and record information, ideas, and perspectives from a variety of sources; document sources accurately
- 3.3.3 Evaluate information for completeness, accuracy, currency, historical context, relevance, and balance of perspectives
- 4.1.1 Generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose
- 4.1.2 Select and use a variety of forms appropriate for content, audience, and purpose

- 4.1.3 Select and use a variety of organizational structures and techniques and appropriate transitions in oral, written, and visual texts to communicate clearly and effectively
- 4.2.1 Appraise own choices of ideas, language use, and forms relative to purpose and audience, and provide others with constructive appraisals
- 4.2.2 Analyze and revise drafts to ensure appropriate content and to enhance unity, clarity, and coherence
- 4.2.3 Use appropriate text features to enhance legibility for particular audiences, purposes, and contexts
- 4.2.4 Use effective language, visuals, and sounds, and arrange ideas for emphasis and desired effect
- 4.2.5 Use appropriate strategies and devices to enhance the clarity and appeal of presentations
- 4.3.1 Select appropriate words, grammatical structures, and register for audience, purpose, and context
- 4.3.2 Know and apply Canadian spelling conventions and monitor for correctness using appropriate resources; recognize adapted spellings for particular effects
- 4.3.3 Know and apply capitalization and punctuation conventions to clarify intended meaning, using appropriate resources as required

Notes



Appendix N

Guidelines for Creating Forms of Visual Representation

The following types of visual representation are intended as a sampling of the many types possible. They should give you a place to start, and they will probably prompt some creative inventions on your part. The various procedures outlined below are suggestions and can be adapted or modified to fit your ideas and abilities.

Coat of Arms

A coat of arms is a symbolic representation of a family, government, or organization such as a school, university, church, or even a corporation.

Examples can be found on the stationery of such a family or organization, on promotional materials, and on the buildings belonging to the family or organization.

Typically, a coat of arms consists of a shield with representations of various objects, plants, animals, flags, etc. on and around it. It may also have a motto or saying, a wreath, a crown, and other ornaments.

You can create a coat of arms for a variety of subjects, including

- a particular character or family from a text you have read, viewed, or listened to
- a cultural group or organization you have studied
- yourself (a self-representation)

Use the following writing frame to generate ideas for images to include on your coat of arms (Glasgow, 93):

- If _____ (subject) _____ were an object, she/he/they/I would be a _____ because . . .
- If _____ (subject) _____ were a colour, she/he/they/I would be _____ because . . .
- If _____ (subject) _____ were an animal, she/he/they/I would be a _____ because . . .

- If _____ (subject) _____ were a plant, she/he/they/I would be a _____ because . . .
- If _____ (subject) _____ were a season, she/he/they/I would be a _____ because . . .

Use the images generated above to design your coat of arms. You may also want to browse through a dictionary of symbols for further ideas. Think about using colour, arrangement, size, and other design elements to create the emotional effect that best represents your subject.

Report Sack

A report sack is a paper bag filled with objects that represent the various qualities of your subject (a character, a cultural group or organization, yourself, etc.).

Suggested Procedure (Glasgow, 95):

1. Brainstorm a list of qualities that could be used to describe your subject.
2. Find or construct at least five objects that represent your subject.
3. Put those items in a standard brown paper lunch bag, which you may decorate.

Artifact Box

An artifact box is similar to a report sack, except that you would use a box to contain the artifacts or objects that you found or constructed. The box itself could be shaped in such a way that it represented your subject.

Geographical Map

You could create an geographical map to visually represent a place, whether it be an imaginary setting from a text you read or an actual place you have studied. A great deal of information can be included both on and around such a map.

You could

- give an overview of the terrain of the place
- use symbols to represent the main services, attractions, activities, etc. of the place

- use various dotted, dashed, and coloured lines to represent borders, journeys or migrations, transportation routes, and so on
- colour or shade in areas to indicate language use, industry, social conditions, industry, etc.
- include graphs, charts, and/or tables around your map

Be sure to include a legend that explains what the symbols you used represent.

Look through an atlas for further ideas on the kinds of information that can be included and how it can be incorporated.

Diorama

A diorama is a scene viewed through a window-like opening, usually with a painted two-dimensional background and two- or three-dimensional figures and objects fixed in the foreground. You could follow this procedure to create one.

1. Choose a scene that would communicate your ideas about your subject (a text or a cultural group you have studied).
2. Use a carton or box with one open end. After you have planned and sketched out your scene, paint or draw your background, either on a separate paper that can be glued into your carton, or onto the carton directly.
3. Construct the figures and objects that you want in your scene. They could be small three-dimensional sculptures made of whatever you like (clay, play dough, paper, papier mache, etc.) or two-dimensional images cut from cardboard or paper or plastic.
4. Position your figures and objects in your scene and fix them to the box in some way (glue, tape, etc.).
5. Consider setting up some sort of light source that will light up your scene in a dramatic way.

Travel Brochure

A travel brochure could be a fun way to present all of the positive information you have about a place, real or fictional, historical or futuristic. Or, you could try a parody of a travel brochure and include the not-so-positive information.

Either way, refer back to Sequence 1 for guidelines to creating a pamphlet and to Appendix B for a review of the elements of art and principles of design. Examine a wide variety of examples of travel brochures — if there is no travel agency near you, you could phone or write to one to ask for brochures.

Concept Map or Mind Map

A concept map or mind map is graphic representation of related ideas and images. It is useful as a way of generating further ideas or images, of organizing ideas and images for greater understanding, and of presenting information in an easy to understand, flexible, and memorable way.

Creating a concept map or mind map is a very individual thing, but you may want to follow these guidelines (*Senior 4 English Language Arts: A Foundation for Implementation*, 4-118).

1. On a horizontal piece of paper, draw a key image, using colour. Colour makes a deeper impression on the viewers, and images allow both the creator and the viewers to associate more meanings.
2. For each idea you associate with this image, draw a line from the image, and then print a word or short phrase on the line. Add images as they occur to you. Try to keep your lines and printing fairly horizontal for easy reading.
3. Before you add new ideas to the map, consider which phrases you associate them with. Make this association clear by placing new ideas on lines that branch from existing ideas, or by using arrows or colour codes.
4. Emphasize important ideas through colours, variations in size, lines, images, shapes, and spacing.

As stated at the beginning of this appendix, these are just a few examples of some forms of visual representation you could try out. There are many more — you are probably familiar with creating posters, collages, models, sculptures, and so on. You can also look back at Appendix D for guidelines on creating a storyboard.

Appendix O

Novel Openings

Brave New World*

A squat grey building of only thirty-four stories. Over the main entrance the words, CENTRAL LONDON HATCHERY AND CONDITIONING CENTRE, and, in a shield, the World State's Motto, COMMUNITY, IDENTITY, STABILITY.

The enormous room on the ground floor faced towards the north. Cold for all the summer beyond the panes, for all the tropical heat of the room itself, a harsh thin light glared through the windows, hungrily seeking some draped lay figure, some pallid shape of academic goose-flesh, but finding only the glass and nickel and bleakly shining porcelain of a laboratory. Wintriness responded to wintriness. The overalls of the workers were white, their hands gloved with a pale corpse-coloured rubber. The light was frozen, dead, a ghost. Only from the yellow barrels of the microscopes did it borrow a certain rich and living substance, lying along the polished tubes like butter, streak after luscious streak in long recession down the work tables.

“And this,” said the Director opening the door, “is the Fertilizing Room.”

Bent over their instruments, three hundred Fertilizers were plunged, as the Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning entered the room, in the scarcely breathing silence, the absentminded, soliloquizing hum or whistle, of absorbed concentration. A troop of newly arrived students, very young, pink and callow, followed nervously, rather abjectly, at the Director's heels. Each of them carried a note-book, in which, whenever the great man spoke, he desperately scribbled. Straight from the horse's mouth. It was a rare privilege. The D.H.C. for Central London always made a point of personally conducting his new students round the various departments.

“Just to give you a general idea,” he would explain to them.

For of course some sort of general idea they must have, if they were to do their work intelligently — though as little of one, if they were to be good and happy members of society, as possible. For particulars, as everyone knows, make for virtue and happiness; generalities are intellectually necessary evils. Not philosophers, but fret-sawyers and stamp collectors compose the backbone of society.

“Tomorrow,” he would add, smiling at them with a slightly menacing geniality, “you'll be settling down to serious work. You won't have time for generalities. Meanwhile. . .”

Meanwhile, it was a privilege. Straight from the horse's mouth into the note-book. The boys scribbled like mad.

*Public domain.

Tall and rather thin but upright, the Director advanced into the room. He had a long chin and big, rather prominent teeth, just covered, when he was not talking, by his full, floridly curved lips. Old, young? Thirty? fifty? fifty-five? It was hard to say. And anyhow the question didn't arise; in this year of stability, A.F. 632, it didn't occur to you to ask it.

"I shall begin at the beginning," said the D.H.C., and the more zealous students recorded his intention in their notebooks: *Begin at the beginning*. "These," he waved his hand, "are the incubators." And opening an insulated door he showed them racks upon racks of numbered test-tubes. "The week's supply of ova. Kept," he explained, "at blood heat; whereas the male gametes," and here he opened another door, "they have to be kept at thirty-five instead of thirty-seven. Full blood heat sterilizes." Rams wrapped in thermogene beget no lambs.

Still leaning against the incubators he gave them, while the pencils scurried illegibly across the pages, a brief description of the modern fertilizing process; spoke first, of course, of its surgical introduction — "the operation undergone voluntarily for the good of Society, not to mention the fact that it carries a bonus amounting to six months' salary"; continued with some account of the technique for preserving the excised ovary alive and actively developing; passed on to a consideration of optimum temperature, salinity, viscosity; referred to the liquor in which the detached and ripened eggs were kept; and, leading his charges to the work tables, actually showed them how this liquor was drawn off from the test-tubes; how it was let out drop by drop on to the specially warmed slides of the microscopes; how the eggs which it contained were inspected for abnormalities, counted and transferred to a porous receptacle; how (and he now took them to watch the operation) this receptacle was immersed in a warm bouillon containing free-swimming spermatozoa — at a minimum concentration of one hundred thousand per cubic centimetre, he insisted; and how, after ten minutes, the container was lifted out of the liquor and its contents re-examined; how, if any of the eggs remained unfertilized, it was again immersed, and, if necessary, yet again; how the fertilized ova went back to the incubators; where the Alphas and Betas remained until definitely bottled; while the Gammas, Deltas and Epsilons were brought out again, after only thirty-six hours, to undergo Bokanovsky's Process.

"Bokanovsky's Process," repeated the Director, and the students underlined the words in their little note-books.

One egg, one embryo, one adult — normality. But a bokanovskified egg will bud, will proliferate, will divide. From eight to ninety-six buds, and every bud will grow into a perfectly formed embryo, and every embryo into a full-sized adult. Making ninety-six human beings grow where only one grew before. Progress.

"Essentially," the D.H.C. concluded, "bokanovskification consists of a series of arrests of development. We check the normal growth and, paradoxically enough, the egg responds by budding."

Responds by budding. The pencils were busy.

He pointed. On a very slowly moving band a rack-full of test-tubes was entering a large metal box, another rack-full was emerging. Machinery faintly purred. It took eight minutes for the tubes to go through, he told them. Eight minutes of hard X-rays being about as much as an egg can stand. A few died; of the rest, the least susceptible divided into two; most put out four buds; some eight; all were returned to the incubators, where the buds began to develop; then, after two

days, were suddenly chilled, chilled and checked. Two, four, eight, the buds in their turn budded; and having budded were dosed almost to death with alcohol; consequently burgeoned again and having budded — bud out of bud out of bud were thereafter—further arrest being generally fatal—left to develop in peace. By which time the original egg was in a fair way to becoming anything from eight to ninety-six embryos a prodigious improvement, you will agree, on nature. Identical twins —but not in piddling twos and threes as in the old viviparous days, when an egg would sometimes accidentally divide; actually by dozens, by scores at a time.

“Scores,” the Director repeated and flung out his arms, as though he were distributing largesse. “Scores.”

But one of the students was fool enough to ask where the advantage lay.

“My good boy!” The Director wheeled sharply round on him. “Can’t you see? Can’t you see?” He raised a hand; his expression was solemn. “Bokanovsky’s Process is one of the major instruments of social stability!”

Major instruments of social stability.

Standard men and women; in uniform batches. The whole of a small factory staffed with the products of a single bokanovskified egg.

“Ninety-six identical twins working ninety-six identical machines” The voice was almost tremulous with enthusiasm. “You really know where you are. For the first time in history.” He quoted the planetary motto. “Community, Identity, Stability.” Grand words. “If we could bokanovskify indefinitely the whole problem would be solved.”

Solved by standard Gammas, unvarying Deltas, uniform Epsilons. Millions of identical twins. The principle of mass production at last applied to biology.

“But, alas,” the Director shook his head, “we *can’t* bokanovskify indefinitely.”

Ninety-six seemed to be the limit; seventy-two a good average. From the same ovary and with gametes of the same male to manufacture as many batches of identical twins as possible — that was the best (sadly a second best) that they could do. And even that was difficult.

“For in nature it takes thirty years for two hundred eggs to reach maturity. But our business is to stabilize the population at this moment, here and now. Dribbling out twins over a quarter of a century — what would be the use of that?”

Obviously, no use at all. But Podsnap’s Technique had immensely accelerated the process of ripening. They could make sure of at least a hundred and fifty mature eggs within two years. Fertilize and bokanovskify — in other words, multiply by seventy-two — and you get an average of nearly eleven thousand brothers and sisters in a hundred and fifty batches of identical twins, all within two years of the same age.

“And in exceptional cases we can make one ovary yield us over fifteen thousand adult individuals.”

Beckoning to a fair-haired, ruddy young man who happened to be passing at the moment, “Mr Foster,” he called. The ruddy young man approached. “Can you tell us the record for a single ovary, Mr Foster?”

“Sixteen thousand and twelve in this Centre,” Mr Foster replied without hesitation. He spoke very quickly, had a vivacious blue eye, and took an evident pleasure in quoting figures. “Sixteen thousand and twelve; in one hundred and eighty-nine batches of identicals. But of course they’ve done much better,” he rattled on, “in some of the tropical Centres. Singapore has often produced over sixteen thousand five hundred; and Mombasa has actually touched the seventeen thousand mark. But then they have unfair advantages. You should see the way a negro ovary responds to pituitary! It’s quite astonishing, when you’re used to working with European material. Still;” he added, with a laugh (but the light of combat was in his eyes and the lift of his chin was challenging), “still, we mean to beat them if we can. I’m working on a wonderful Delta-Minus ovary at this moment. Only just eighteen months old. Over twelve thousand seven hundred children already, either decanted or in embryo. And still going strong. We’ll beat them yet.”

“That’s the spirit I like!” cried the Director, and clapped Mr Foster on the shoulder. “Come along with us and give these boys the benefit of your expert knowledge.”

Mr Foster smiled modestly. “With pleasure.” They went.

In the Bottling Room all was harmonious bustle and ordered activity. Flaps of fresh sow’s peritoneum ready cut to the proper size came shooting up in little lifts from the Organ Store in the sub-basement. Whizz and then, click! the lift hatches flew open; the Bottle-Liner had only to reach out a hand, take the flap, insert, smooth-down, and before the lined bottle had had time to travel out of reach along the endless band, whizz, click! another flap of peritoneum had shot up from the depths, ready to be slipped into yet another bottle, the next of that slow interminable procession on the band.

Fahrenheit 451*

It was a pleasure to burn.

It was a special pleasure to see things eaten, to see things blackened and *changed*. With the brass nozzle in his fists, with this great python spitting its venomous kerosene upon the world, the blood pounded in his head, and his hands were the hands of some amazing conductor playing all the symphonies of blazing and burning to bring down the tatters and charcoal ruins of history. With his symbolic helmet numbered 451 on his stolid head, and his eyes all orange flame with the thought of what came next, he flicked the igniter and the house jumped up in a gorging fire that burned the evening sky red and yellow and black. He strode in a swarm of fireflies. He wanted above all, like the old joke, to shove a marshmallow on a stick in the furnace, while the flapping pigeon-winged books died on the porch and lawn of the house. While the books went up in sparkling whirls and blew away on a wind turned dark with burning.

Montag grinned the fierce grin of all men singed and driven back by flame.

He knew that when he returned to the firehouse, he might wink at himself, a minstrel man, burnt-corked, in the mirror. Later, going to sleep, he would feel the fiery smile still gripped by his face muscles, in the dark. It never went away, that smile, it never ever went away, as long as he remembered.

He hung up his black beetle-colored helmet and shined it; he hung his flameproof jacket neatly; he showered luxuriously, and then, whistling, hands in pockets, walked across the upper floor of the fire station and fell down the hole. At the last moment, when disaster seemed positive, he pulled his hands from his pockets and broke his fall by grasping the golden pole. He slid to a squeaking halt, the heels one inch from the concrete floor downstairs.

He walked out of the fire station and along the midnight street toward the subway where the silent air-propelled train slid soundlessly down its lubricated flue in the earth and let him out with a great puff of warm air onto the cream-tiled escalator rising to the suburb.

Whistling, he let the escalator waft him into the still night air. He walked toward the corner, thinking little at all about nothing in particular. Before he reached the corner, however, he slowed as if a wind had sprung up from nowhere, as if someone had called his name.

The last few nights he had had the most uncertain feelings about the sidewalk just around the corner here, moving in the starlight toward his house. He had felt that a moment prior to his making the turn, someone had been there. The air seemed charged with a special calm as if someone had waited there, quietly, and only a moment before he came, simply turned to a shadow and let him through. Perhaps his nose detected a faint perfume, perhaps the skin on the backs of his hands, on his face, felt the temperature rise at this one spot where a person's standing might raise the immediate atmosphere ten degrees for an instant. There was no

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understanding it. Each time he made the turn, he saw only the white, unused, buckling sidewalk, with perhaps, on one night, something vanishing swiftly across a lawn before he could focus his eyes or speak.

But now tonight, he slowed almost to a stop. His inner mind, reaching out to turn the corner for him, had heard the faintest whisper. Breathing? Or was the atmosphere compressed merely by someone standing very quietly there, waiting?

He turned the corner.

The autumn leaves blew over the moonlit pavement in such a way as to make the girl who was moving there seem fixed to a sliding walk, letting the motion of the wind and the leaves carry her forward. Her head was half bent to watch her shoes stir the circling leaves. Her face was slender and milk-white, and in it was a kind of gentle hunger that touched over everything with tireless curiosity. It was a look, almost, of pale surprise; the dark eyes were so fixed to the world that no move escaped them. Her dress was white and it whispered. He almost thought he heard the motion of her hands as she walked, and the infinitely small sound now, the white stir of her face turning when she discovered she was a moment away from a man who stood in the middle of the pavement waiting.

The trees overhead made a great sound of letting down their dry rain. The girl stopped and looked as if she might pull back in surprise, but instead stood regarding Montag with eyes so dark and shining and alive, that he felt he had said something quite wonderful. But he knew his mouth had only moved to say hello, and then when she seemed hypnotized by the salamander on his arm and the phoenix-disc on his chest, he spoke again.

“Of course,” he said, “you’re our new neighbor, aren’t you?”

“And you must be—” She raised her eyes from his professional symbols, “—the fireman.” Her voice trailed off.

“How oddly you say that.”

“I’d—I’d have known it with my eyes shut,” she said, slowly.

“What—the smell of kerosene? My wife always complains,” he laughed. “You never wash it off completely.”

“No, you don’t,” she said, in awe.

He felt she was walking in a circle about him, turning him end for end, shaking him quietly, and emptying his pockets, without once moving herself.

“Kerosene,” he said, because the silence had lengthened, “is nothing but perfume to me.”

“Does it seem like that, really?”

“Of course. Why not?”

She gave herself time to think of it. “I don’t know.” She turned to face the sidewalk going toward their homes. “Do you mind if I walk back with you? I’m Clarisse McClellan.”

“Clarisse. Guy Montag. Come along. What are you doing out so late wandering around? How old are you?”

They walked in the warm-cool blowing night on the silvered pavement and there was the faintest breath of fresh apricots and strawberries in the air, and he looked around and realized this was quite impossible, so late in the year.

There was only the girl walking with him now, her face bright as snow in the moonlight, and he knew she was working his questions around, seeking the best answers she could possibly give.

“Well,” she said, “I’m seventeen and I’m crazy. My uncle says the two always go together. When people ask your age, he said, always say seventeen and insane. Isn’t this a nice time of night to walk? I like to smell things and look at things, and sometimes stay up all night, walking, and watch the sun rise.”

They walked on again in silence and finally she said, thoughtfully, “You know, I’m not afraid of you at all.”

He was surprised. “Why should you be?”

“So many people are. Afraid of firemen, I mean. But you’re just a man, after all . . .”

He saw himself in her eyes, suspended in two shining drops of bright water, himself dark and tiny, in fine detail, the lines about his mouth, everything there, as if her eyes were two miraculous bits of violet amber that might capture and hold him intact. Her face, turned to him now, was fragile milk crystal with a soft and constant light in it. It was not the hysterical light of electricity but — what? But the strangely comfortable and rare and gently flattering light of the candle. One time, as a child, in a power failure, his mother had found and lit a last candle and there had been a brief hour of rediscovery, of such illumination that space lost its vast dimensions and drew comfortably around them, and they, mother and son, alone, transformed, hoping that the power might not come on again too soon. . .

Notes



The Giver*

It was almost December, and Jonas was beginning to be frightened. No. Wrong word, Jonas thought. Frightened meant that deep, sickening feeling of something terrible about to happen. Frightened was the way he had felt a year ago when an unidentified aircraft had overflown the community twice. He had seen it both times. Squinting toward the sky, he had seen the sleek jet, almost a blur at its high speed, go past, and a second later heard the blast of sound that followed. Then one more time, a moment later, from the opposite direction, the same plane.

At first, he had been only fascinated. He had never seen aircraft so close, for it was against the rules for Pilots to fly over the community. Occasionally, when supplies were delivered by cargo planes to the landing field across the river, the children rode their bicycles to the riverbank and watched, intrigued, the unloading and then the takeoff directed to the west, always away from the community.

But the aircraft a year ago had been different. It was not a squat, fat-bellied cargo plane but a needle-nosed single-pilot jet. Jonas, looking around anxiously, had seen others — adults as well as children — stop what they were doing and wait, confused, for an explanation of the frightening event.

Then all of the citizens had been ordered to go into the nearest building and stay there. IMMEDIATELY, the rasping voice through the speakers had said. LEAVE YOUR BICYCLES WHERE THEY ARE.

Instantly, obediently, Jonas had dropped his bike on its side on the path behind his family's dwelling. He had run indoors and stayed there, alone. His parents were both at work, and his little sister, Lily, was at the Childcare Center where she spent her after-school hours.

Looking through the front window, he had seen no people: none of the busy afternoon crew of Street Cleaners, Landscape Workers, and Food Delivery people who usually populated the community at that time of day. He saw only the abandoned bikes here and there on their sides; an upturned wheel on one was still revolving slowly.

He had been frightened then. The sense of his own community silent, waiting, had made his stomach churn. He had trembled.

But it had been nothing. Within minutes the speakers had crackled again, and the voice, reassuring now and less urgent, had explained that a Pilot-in-Training had misread his navigational instructions and made a wrong turn. Desperately the Pilot had been trying to make his way back before his error was noticed.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, HE WILL BE RELEASED, the voice had said, followed by silence. There was an ironic tone to that final message, as if the Speaker found it amusing; and Jonas had smiled a little, though he knew what a grim statement it had been. For a contributing citizen to be released from the community was a final decision, a terrible punishment, an overwhelming statement of failure.

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Even the children were scolded if they used the term lightly at play, jeering at a teammate who missed a catch or stumbled in a race. Jonas had done it once, had shouted at his best friend, “That’s it, Asher! You’re released!” when Asher’s clumsy error had lost a match for his team. He had been taken aside for a brief and serious talk by the coach, had hung his head with guilt and embarrassment, and apologized to Asher after the game.

Now, thinking about the feeling of fear as he pedaled home along the river path, he remembered that moment of palpable, stomach-sinking terror when the aircraft had streaked above. It was not what he was feeling now with December approaching. He searched for the right word to describe his own feeling.

Jonas was careful about language. Not like his friend, Asher, who talked too fast and mixed things up, scrambling words and phrases until they were barely recognizable and often very funny.

Jonas grinned, remembering the morning that Asher had dashed into the classroom, late as usual, arriving breathlessly in the middle of the chanting of the morning anthem. When the class took their seats at the conclusion of the patriotic hymn, Asher remained standing to make his public apology as was required.

“I apologize for inconveniencing my learning community.” Asher ran through the standard apology phrase rapidly, still catching his breath. The Instructor and class waited patiently for his explanation. The students had all been grinning, because they had listened to Asher’s explanations so many times before.

“I left home at the correct time but when I was riding along near the hatchery, the crew was separating some salmon. I guess I just got distraught, watching them.

“I apologize to my classmates,” Asher concluded. He smoothed his rumpled tunic and sat down.

“We accept your apology, Asher.” The class recited the standard response in unison. Many of the students were biting their lips to keep from laughing.

“I accept your apology, Asher,” the Instructor said. He was smiling. “And I thank you, because once again you have provided an opportunity for a lesson in language. ‘Distraught’ is too strong an adjective to describe salmon viewing.” He turned and wrote “distraught” on the instructional board. Beside it he wrote “distracted.”

Jonas, nearing his home now, smiled at the recollection. Thinking, still, as he wheeled his bike into its narrow port beside the door, he realized that frightened was the wrong word to describe his feelings, now that December was almost here. It was too strong an adjective.

He had waited a long time for this special December. Now that it was almost upon him, he wasn’t frightened, but he was . . . eager, he decided. He was eager for it to come. And he was excited, certainly. All of the Elevens were excited about the event that would be coming so soon.

But there was a little shudder of nervousness when he thought about it, about what might happen.

Apprehensive, Jonas decided. That’s what I am.

The Loved One*

ALL day the heat had been barely supportable but at evening a breeze arose in the west, blowing from the heat of the setting sun and from the ocean, which lay unseen, unheard behind the scrubby foothills. It shook the rusty fingers of palm-leaf and swelled the dry sounds of summer, the frog-voices, the grating cicadas, and the ever present pulse of music from the neighbouring native huts.

In that kindly light the stained and blistered paint of the bungalow and the plot of weeds between the veranda and the dry water-hole lost their extreme shabbiness, and the two Englishmen, each in his rocking-chair, each with his whisky and soda and his outdated magazine, the counterparts of numberless fellow-countrymen exiled in the barbarous regions of the world, shared in the brief illusory rehabilitation.

“Ambrose Abercrombie will be here shortly,” said the elder. “I don’t know why. He left a message he would come. Find another glass, Dennis, if you can.” Then he added more petulantly: “Kierkegaard, Kafka, Connolly, Compton-Burnett, Sartre, “Scottie” Wilson. Who are they? What do they want?”

“I’ve heard of some of them. They were being talked about in London at the time I left.”

“They talked of “Scottie” Wilson?”

“No. I don’t think so. Not of him.”

“That’s “Scottie” Wilson. Those drawings there. Do they make any sense to you?”

“No.”

“No.”

Sir Francis Hinsley’s momentary animation subsided. He let fall his copy of *Horizon* and gazed towards the patch of deepening shadow which had once been a pool. His was a sensitive, intelligent face, blurred somewhat by soft living and long boredom. “It was Hopkins once,” he said; “Joyce and Freud and Gertrude Stein. I couldn’t make any sense of *them* either. I never was much good at anything new. ‘Arnold Bennett’s debt to Zola’; ‘Flecker’s debt to Henley’. That was the nearest I went to the moderns. My best subjects were ‘The English Parson in English Prose’ or ‘Cavalry Actions with the Poets’ — that kind of thing. People seemed to like them once. Then they lost interest. I did too. I was always the most defatigable of hacks. I needed a change. I’ve never regretted coming away. The climate suits me. They are a very decent generous lot of people out here and *they don’t expect you to listen*. Always remember that, dear boy. It’s the secret of social ease in this country. They talk entirely for their own pleasure. Nothing they say is designed to be heard!”

“Here comes Ambrose Abercrombie,” said the young man.

“Evening, Frank. Evening, Barlow,” said Sir Ambrose Abercrombie coming up the steps. “It’s been another scorcher, eh? Mind if I take a pew? When,” he added aside to the young man who helped him to whisky. “Right up with soda, please.”

*Public domain.

Sir Ambrose wore dark grey flannels, and Eton Rambler tie, an I Zingari ribbon in his boater hat. This was his invariable dress on sunny days; whenever the weather allowed it he wore a deer-stalker cap and an Inverness cape. He was still on what Lady Abercrombie fatuously called the “right” side of sixty, but having for many years painfully feigned youth, he now aspired to the honours of age. It was his latest quite vain wish that people should say of him: “Grand old boy.”

“Been meaning to look you up for a long time. Trouble about a place like this one’s so darn busy, one gets in a groove and loses touch. Doesn’t do to lose touch. We limeys have to stick together. You shouldn’t hide yourself away, Frank, you old hermit!”

“I remember a time when you lived not so far away.”

“Did I? ’Pon my soul I believe you’re right. That takes one back a bit. It was before we went to Beverly Hills. Now, as of course you know, we’re in Bel Air. But to tell you the truth I’m getting a bit restless there. I’ve got a bit of land out on Pacific Palisades. Just waiting for building costs to drop. Where was it I used to live? Just across the street, wasn’t it?”

Just across the street, twenty years or more ago, when this neglected district was the centre of fashion; Sir Francis, in prime middle-age, was then the only knight in Hollywood, the doyen of English society, chief script-writer in Megalopolitan Pictures and President of the Cricket Club. Then the young, or youngish Ambrose Abercrombie used to bounce about the lots in his famous series of fatiguing roles, acrobatic, heroic, historic, and come almost nightly to Sir Francis for refreshment. English titles abounded now in Hollywood, several of them authentic, and Sir Ambrose had been known to speak slightly of Sir Francis as a “Lloyd George creation”. The seven-league boots of failure had carried the old and the ageing man far apart. Sir Francis had descended to the Publicity Department and now held rank, one of a dozen, as Vice-President of the Cricket Club. His swimming-pool which had once flashed like an aquarium with the limbs of long-departed beauties was empty now and cracked and over-grown with weed.

Yet there was a chivalric bond between the two.

“How are things at Megalo?” asked Sir Ambrose.

“Greatly disturbed. We are having trouble with Juanita del Pablo.”

“Luscious, languid, and lustful?”

“Those are not the correct epithets. She is — or rather was — “Surly, lustrous, and sadistic.” I should know because I composed the phrase myself. It was a “smash-hit”, as they say, and set a new note in personal publicity.

“Miss del Pablo has been a particular protégée of mine from the first. I remember the day she arrived. Poor Leo bought her for her eyes. She was called Baby Aaronson then — splendid eyes and a fine head of black hair. So Leo made her Spanish. He had most of her nose cut off and sent her to Mexico for six weeks to learn Flamenco singing. Then he handed her over to me. I named her. I made her an anti-fascist refugee. I said she hated men because of her treatment by Franco’s Moors. That was a new angle then. It caught on. And she was really quite good in her way, you know —with a truly horrifying natural scowl. Her legs were never *photogénique* but

we kept her in long skirts and used an understudy for the lower half in scenes of violence. I was proud of her and she was good for another ten years' work at least.

“And now there’s been a change of policy at the top. We are only making healthy films this year to please the League of Decency. So poor Juanita has to start at the beginning again as an Irish colleen. They’ve bleached her hair and dyed it vermilion. I told them colleens were dark but the technicolor men insisted. She’s working ten hours a day learning the brogue and to make it harder for the poor girl they’ve pulled all her teeth out. She never had to smile before and her own set was good enough for a snarl. Now she’ll have to laugh roguishly all the time. That means dentures.

“I’ve spent three days trying to find a name to please her. She’s turned everything down. Maureen there are two here already; Deirdre — no one could pronounce it; Oonagh — sounds Chinese; Bridget too common. The truth is she’s in a thoroughly nasty temper.”

Sir Ambrose, in accordance with local custom, had refrained from listening.

“Ah,” he said, “healthy films. All for ’em. I said to the Knife and Fork Club, “I’ve always had two principles throughout all my life in motion-pictures: never do before the camera what you would not do at home and never do at home what you would not do before the camera.”

He enlarged this theme while Sir Francis, in his turn, sequestered his thoughts. Thus the two knights sat for nearly an hour, side by side in their rocking-chairs, alternately eloquent and abstracted, gazing into the gloaming through their monocles while the young man from time to time refilled their glasses and his own.

Notes



The Night We Stole the Mountie's Car*

When I arrived in the town of Wannego, Saskatchewan, in the fall of 1935 I was at the pinnacle of my career as a school-teacher. By dint of hard work, perseverance, clean living, chicanery and just plain lying, I had worked myself up from being a teacher in a one-room school to the position of vice principal of a four-room continuation school. From a lowly start four years before when I received little but farm produce and promissory notes for salary I had managed to bring my earnings up to the staggering sum of \$750 a year. I had arrived—at least I was well on the way.

But such is the perversity of human nature that I wasn't happy. I had, as they say in the mouthwash ads, everything. Comfortable living quarters—a suite in the hotel no less. I had a steady job with reasonable security so long as I didn't do or say anything that could possibly offend anybody at any time and didn't openly drink, smoke or swear. I had a beautiful and loving wife, I had practically no debts, no real enemies, and yet I writhed with discontent. The reason? I had this monkey on my back that would never give me a moment's rest. I wanted to be a writer.

I longed for the wit and sophistication of New York City. I yearned for a place at the round table in the Algonquin Club parrying witticisms with the likes of Robert Benchley, James Thurber, Harold Ross, Franklin Pierce Adams and the rest.

And then when I'd established myself as a writer I'd get to hell out of Saskatchewan altogether. I'd reverse the actions of my dad when he came West some forty-odd years earlier to make his fortune; I'd go East to make mine.

Actually I was committed to this plan. The year before when Aileen came as a primary teacher in the town school near my rural school and I fell in love, I'd sold myself to her on the basis that someday I'd amount to something. Not something small, but something big. "Marry me," I said as we walked along the railway track in winter with the feathery hoarfrost clinging to every blade of grass and the snow birds undulating in flight over the stubble. "Marry me and I'll take you away from all this. No more cold, drafty boarding houses. No more salt pork. No more walking everywhere we go or sitting behind a plodding horse who sheds his hair on our coats. It'll be a fine house beside a lake within driving distance of a big city where there will be plays and concerts and movie houses and sophisticated, intellectual people." I said all those things.

And I even quoted poetry. "There is a tide in the affairs of men," I intoned, "which taken at the flood leads on to fortune. Omitted, all the voyage of our life is bound in shallows and in misery. On such a full tide are we now afloat and we must take the current as it serves or lose our venture."

I believed it, too. And I still believe it. I have never been the most astute of persons or the most practical or the best able to seize an opportunity, but I knew then—without any

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doubt—that I had to have this girl for my wife. If I let her get away I’d lose my venture. I was absolutely sure of it.

I had no money to get married with, not a cent. My earnings in a rural school were \$500 a year. I had no capital, no savings; I didn’t own a thing but a few books and some badly worn clothing. I didn’t even have a decent job.

I had never in my life been able to persuade anybody of anything. My attempts at selling door to door and otherwise (like everybody was doing during the depression) had convinced me that I couldn’t sell icewater in hell. As for selling myself, I was never sure enough of myself or my ideas to convince anyone else that I was right.

Now, suddenly I’d become a tiger, oozing self-confidence, conviction and aggression. I couldn’t fail. I didn’t want my life bound in shallows and in misery. And so I talked and persuaded. I was urbane, witty, cocky, capable of the greatest heights. I could literally climb the highest mountain, swim the deepest river. If that ain’t love I don’t know what the hell is.

And this momentum stayed with me. Having persuaded Aileen to marry me (how could she resist?) I had to find a job in a town where we could get a house or an apartment or something and be together. But obtaining such a job was almost as formidable a task as persuading Aileen to marry me. There were at least a hundred teachers for every job and getting into a town school was roughly the equivalent to becoming Minister of Education today.

It was early June, I remember, when I was at my parents’ home in Saskatoon that I saw the ad. “Wanted, experienced male teacher for Grades 8, 9 and 10. University degree preferred. Write to Alex Williamson, Secretary Treasurer, Wannego Secondary School Board, stating age, religion, experience, salary expected, education, training and other capabilities.”

I knew what that “other capabilities” meant all right. It meant that they wanted a teacher who could do everything from teaching ceramics to coaching the ladies’ softball team. They’d also expect him to direct plays, teach Sunday School, lead the church choir and talk to the Knit and Stitch Club. But that was standard stuff, it didn’t scare me. I was ready for anything.

I planned my campaign carefully. First of all, no written application. I knew that wouldn’t be worth the ink and paper. They’d get hundreds of them. No, this big opportunity called for big action. I’d borrow my brother Hub’s Buick coupe and I’d apply in person. I’d talk my way into the job.

Then I got a break. When I casually mentioned my errand to my Dad, he got a quizzical look, rubbed his lean face with a long, lean, big-veined hand and said, “Wannego. I know a farmer out there. Jim Waiters. Fine man, fine man. Comes from Essex County in Old Ontario.” Anybody from Essex County was all right with Dad. I meant that he was probably a Tory in politics and a Methodist by religion. That made him just about perfect.

“Great!” I said. “You can give me a letter to him or something. He might know somebody on the school board.”

“Why don’t I go with you?” Dad offered.

I’d never thought of that. In fact I rarely thought of my dad at all. I was his sixth kid and since he’d married late in life he’d been forty-four years old when I was born. What with his financial

worries and eight kids to feed and shelter and clothe, he had little time for each of us. Half the time, I felt, he didn't know where I was or what I was doing.

I admit that when I was in my teens I had little respect for my father, just as many teenagers have little respect for their parents today. I considered him a reactionary politically and a rigid man morally. I thought that he and his generation had let us down, got us into the horrible mess of the depression through neglect, stupidity, wrong values and unwillingness to change. I considered his thinking and ideas irrelevant to the "world of today."

"Well . . . yeah . . . I guess that would be okay," I said now, and then, when he looked embarrassed, I realized for the first time that my father was a very sensitive man . . . "Sure. Great. We'll go right this afternoon. Thanks a lot."

Notes



Appendix P

Scriptwriting Guidelines

A **script**, as outlined here, is a story that includes dialogue, setting, and actions, and is written to be acted out. More detailed definitions and descriptions are given below in the “Possible Formats” section. Scripts can also be written for pragmatic forms such as advertisements and for aesthetic forms such as those described below.

Possible Formats & Examples

Each of these is conventionally written in a particular format. An example of each is indicated in each description to provide a model for you to follow. Pay attention to the placement and font style of stage and sound directions, indications of settings and camera angles, and the names of speakers.

- *Monologue* — a speech by one character, either within a script or as a script in itself.

Examples: “*Meanwhile, Goodbye*” by Marianne Ackerman, and “*A Brave Girl*” by Colleen Curran (at the end of this appendix)

- *One-act play* — a short (usually less than sixty minutes) drama for stage, usually set in one place and continuous time, presenting a straightforward story, a “slice of life,” or a character piece.

Example: “*Men and Angels*” by Lynn Kirk (at the end of this appendix)

- *Stage play* — a drama written to be performed on stage, usually of two or three acts, running approximately two hours (or a bit longer). Changes in story time or setting usually occur over the intermission(s) between acts.
- *Film / Video script* — a script to be produced on film or video containing the dialogue and action for the actors, the time and place of each scene, and suggestions about the mood of each scene. Essential camera shot directions are also included.

Example: excerpt from *Back to the Future* (at the end of this appendix)

- *Telescript* — A script to be produced for television, which is a more restrictive medium with set time frames including a two to four minute “teaser” or opening, a “tag” or brief segment at the end wrapping things up, and usually four acts for a one-hour drama, or two or three acts for a half-hour situation comedy.

Example: excerpt from *Murder, She Wrote* (at the end of this appendix)

- *Radio drama* — a script to be produced for radio, which requires that the story, characterization, setting, and action must all be portrayed through dialogue, sound imagery, and possibly voice-over narration. This form is challenging to write but less complicated and less expensive to produce than a stage play or film.

Example: excerpt from *The Confrontation* (at the end of this appendix)

Key Distinctions Among Forms

- Stage versus Film / Television

Although scripts written for the stage and for film or television have much in common, there are also some key differences. All forms must quickly engage an audience’s attention and hold it — feature films must hold it for the entire film, while stage plays must hold it over the intermission(s) and television shows over the commercial breaks.

All communicate visually and aurally with action, dialogue, and settings — interior thoughts of characters or attitudes of narrators are not usually directly communicated. (There are exceptions such as techniques like soliloquies or asides on the stage where the character speaks to the audience rather than to other characters, or voice-over narration in film.) Stage plays are limited in their visual techniques — sets are usually limited to one or two to avoid the distraction of set changes, and all visual actions, gestures, expressions, and images must be visible from a distance. Films or videos can more easily accommodate a variety of indoor and outdoor sets and can move from one to another more easily and frequently. In addition, close-ups of characters’ faces or particular images are possible on film, but not on stage.

At the same time, the audience is more limited in its choices of what to look at and where to focus attention in a film — the camera chooses the shot, the angle, and the distance. When viewing a stage play, on the other hand, the audience can choose what characters and actions to focus attention on. In writing for the stage, then, you must be more careful to keep all characters on stage engaged in the action and dialogue.

- Radio Drama versus Other Drama

The most obvious distinction between radio drama and film or stage drama is the absence of any visual communication and the dependence on sound. Dialogue becomes more important to push forward the action, and sound effects must be chosen carefully to cue both action and setting. As a result, narration is used more often to set up scenes, recap action, and provide transitions. It is not always necessary or preferred, however; you can use effective sound effects and subtle dialogue to provide the necessary cues.

The reliance on sound and the imagination of the listener also, however, means that the settings and actions are virtually unlimited since they do not have to be physically created. Also, the cost of producing a radio drama is much less than that of producing a film or stage play

- Telescripts versus Filmscripts

The key differences between telescripts and film is the strict time limitations which affect your structuring of the drama. Teleplays are written for a particular time slot — for example, a half-hour situation comedy or a two-hour made-for-television movie — and must include regular breaks for commercials. These commercial breaks give the opportunity to build suspense, and you will generally write in a “mini-climax” before each break to ensure viewers stick around.

Also, television tends to begin with a “teaser” with lots of action and suspense to hook the audience so it won’t switch to another station. Screenplays, on the other hand, can take more time to set up the characters and the situation in detail at the beginning. According to screenwriter William Goldman, “in a movie, and only at the beginning of a movie, we have time. Not a lot, but some” (110). You still need to capture the attention of the audience, but not so immediately as in television.

Factors to Consider

Many of the following factors are similar to those considered in writing fiction (see “Appendix L: Guidelines for Writing Short Fiction” for more in-depth descriptions and Writer’s Notebook suggestions), so here we will emphasize their particular importance in scriptwriting.

1. Character

As outlined in Appendix L, characters can be developed through physical description, action, dialogue, names, and symbolic objects. The main difference in scriptwriting, as stated above, is that the interior thoughts of characters are not used except in the somewhat artificial techniques of soliloquies and voice-overs. You can have a voice-over narrator or have a character speak directly to the audience or camera, but the strength of drama is that it shows rather than tells, and you should work with that strength.

In drama it is particularly important to find a way to visually portray the complexity of your main characters, by showing the different ways they act in different situations, their good and bad characteristics, and any contrasting qualities they have. This can be done through idiosyncratic gestures or rituals, associations with particular objects, and interactions with other characters. For example, in the film *Affliction*, the main character, Wade, is often caught licking salt off of his hand. This becomes significant later when his father does the same thing, indicating that Wade is more like his father than the audience was previously led to believe.

2. Dialogue

It is clear by now that authentic dialogue is even more important in scriptwriting than in fiction writing, as it bears more of the burden for revealing characters through not only speech styles, but also as a way of expressing inner thoughts; foreshadowing or causing action; and deepening the theme through pointing out patterns of imagery or even commenting on the theme directly.

You need to use clear and relatively simple language in drama because your audience has just the present moment to catch things — the audience can’t go back and reread to catch something missed the first time through. You must also be able to create distinctive dialogue for each character so that each is easily recognizable, especially in radio dramas.

You also need to use only as much dialogue as is necessary to move the plot forward, to reveal aspects of character not otherwise shown, to set the mood, or to give necessary background information. Be careful not to duplicate information already provided visually with dialogue, stating the obvious (for example, “Here comes Jane!” when the character Jane walks in).

Dialogue should be connected — characters should respond to the previous lines of dialogue. This connection can be achieved through repeating a word or line, or using interruption with one character interrupting and completing the line of another. Dialogue should also reflect how people speak — contractions are generally used (“I don’t” rather than “I do not”) and the conventions of grammar, word usage, and sentence structure are not adhered to as strictly as in written language. Dialogue should be crisp with every line serving a purpose and moving quickly. For this movement, each speech should be fairly short, although stage drama tends to include longer speeches than would be used in film or television.

Of course, all of these guidelines can be broken to make a point, to reveal character, or to shift directions. For example, if you want to show a character who is stiff and proper, that character could very well speak in complete, grammatically correct sentences without contractions.

Finally, put special effort into creating a strong last line of dialogue for your audience to go away with.

3. Structure

Structure in scriptwriting tends to be more fixed around conflict, action, and plot than in fiction, although you can certainly play around with the rules. Generally, however, a script for drama has a beginning, a middle, and an end. The beginning establishes the characters and the conflicts of the story. The middle follows the characters’ attempts to resolve the conflict, with obstacles and complications building to a crisis and eventually a climax, the most dramatic moment in the drama where the conflict is either resolved or not once and for all. The ending can be positive, negative, or ambiguous — the one you choose reveals your point of view or worldview on the theme or idea of the story.

Scenes are chosen and ordered carefully to build toward the climax. As with fiction, flashbacks to an earlier time can be used, but they should be kept brief. Shifts in time can be signalled with a variety of techniques — musical transitions, soft focus camera techniques in film, using a different area of the set in stage plays, and so on.

As with fiction, it is generally better to begin as far into the situation or conflict as possible. What is often called the “point of attack” is the first action that changes everything and starts the action moving toward the climax, and it can be effective to have these two incidents (point of attack and climax) occur in the same place or with the same characters to add unity. Similarly, you may want the ending to echo the beginning in some way — both could have voice-overs, the main character could be repeating an action but with much more knowledge at the end, etc.

4. Conflict

The structure of your script revolves around the element of conflict. Just as structures of scripts tend to be a bit more formulaic than those of short fiction, so does the element of conflict tend to be played up a bit more. This is not to say that you can't write a screenplay or stage play which emphasizes character over conflict, but it would need to be done well to appeal to a general audience.

The complexity of your main conflict will depend on the proposed length of your script, but it should be in some way difficult to resolve, and the characters must stand to lose something if it is not resolved.

The central conflict of your drama consists of the goal of your main character(s) and the obstacles faced to reach that goal. Your characters need to have concrete needs or desires and the obstacles need to be powerful and difficult to overcome. To help to focus the conflict and make it visual and concrete, you can center it around a prop or object.

Conflicts or obstacles can be internal, or psychological factors within the character; external, in the form of outside environmental circumstances; or human, in the form of another character with opposing goals. You can combine any or all of these types.

5. Setting

Since drama is so visual and external, as opposed to fiction which can be very introspective, setting cannot be ignored. As mentioned before, sets on stage and sets on film are very different. On stage you are limited to usually one or two sets, and you have the option of representing the world of the play very realistically with detailed recreations of a place, or more symbolically, with a few key props used to suggest the world your audience imagines. In film, sets are usually detailed and realistic, and you can include a variety of indoor and outdoor locations. In radio drama, you must carefully choose sound effects to identify the setting whenever possible, and avoid artificial-sounding dialogue that is only there to set the time and place (for example, “I’m glad to be home on this blustery evening”).

In any case, your setting should be an essential part of your drama. You should choose a setting that complicates the conflicts of your characters. For example, if your character’s main problem is relating to other people, setting the drama in a small town forces that character to relate more directly to others than would be necessary in a big impersonal city.

6. Patterns / Connections

In drama you need to be less subtle and more frequent in your techniques for setting up patterns of imagery or using symbolism to hint at ideas or themes than you would in fiction because again, the audience must catch on at the present time — the option of rereading what is missed the first time is not available.

Again, dialogue can be used to point out significant details, but you can also use recurring musical themes, purposeful lighting arrangements, props used symbolically, and repeated settings or actions or gestures at key moments. When repeating something, it is often effective to include a slight variation. You may also like to try an overall metaphor to provide dramatic tension or a structure for your action. One possibility is a game, as in Carol Shields’ play *Thirteen Hands*, which revolves around a bridge club.

Suggested Procedure

As in the other guidelines presented in these appendices, note that the procedure below is only suggested and that your writing process may be quite different. Some writers start with characters, others with plot, others with theme. Do what works best for you.

1. As always, before beginning to write in an unfamiliar form, read, view, and/or listen to a wide variety of examples, looking at how the examples treat the factors described above. Stage plays and screenplays are available in book form at bookstores and libraries, and screenplays are available online. Radio drama scripts are not as available in print, but you can listen to examples on stations such as CBC, which regularly play radio dramas. Go to see stage plays whenever possible, and view many films and television shows in the genres that interest you.
2. Look through your Writer's Notebook for interesting characters, situations, ideas, or scraps of dialogue to develop. You may try starting from an incident you've experienced or heard about, or you may start from a source such as a history text or newspaper or magazine article that piques your interest. Or, you may want to adapt a short story or narrative poem to a script form.
3. Identify the characters with concrete goals, their situations, obstacles, and possible outcomes. Develop each in notes. Also note sets, props, sounds, and costumes necessary to develop characters and action.
4. Outline the essential linking scenes that build up to the final outcomes.
5. Choose the form you'd like to try and review the particular format used for that form.
6. Begin to draft, scene by scene, from your outline, although be open to possible movements away from it. Consider all the factors and experiment with them.
 - Ensure dialogue uses active verbs.
 - Visualize the action as you write and include all essential stage directions and/or sound cues.
 - Ensure each scene has conflict and an outcome that ties into the main conflict. Put your characters under pressure.
 - Use props to focus the conflict and make it concrete.

7. Once you have a completed draft, read it over checking the following:
 - pace — Do you alternate intense dramatic scenes with low-key scenes?
 - opening — Does it give the right impression of the characters? Does it set up the conflict? Does it establish the genre?
 - action — Write a summary description of each scene without quoting dialogue. If there's not enough action, revise to include more movement.
 - ending — Is it a responsible resolution, following consistently from the entire action and showing some growth of character? Does it reveal your philosophical perspective?
 - setting — Is the setting significant to the action and/or does it reveal something about the characters?
8. Some possible sparks leading to revision follow:
 - Try a new title.
 - Change the names of the lead characters.
 - Change the opening and closing sequences.
 - Change the ages of the characters to alter the intensity of the conflicts.
 - Flip the genders of your characters to give the story a new feel.
 - Set your story in a different century to change the genre.
 - Eliminate unnecessary scenes or sequences of scenes.
 - Change aspects of your key characters — occupation, level of education, appearance, etc.

(from Lerch, 173-4)
9. Use your responses to the questions above and your experiments to focus your revision. Write another draft or drafts until you have done your best.
10. Share your current draft with your response partner and any other friend or family member familiar with the form. If two or more people point out a particular problem, you should probably look at ways to revise it.
11. Rewrite or retype at least one more draft, taking into account the comments of your readers.
12. Repeat the previous steps as often as you feel necessary (or have time for) until you're satisfied with your script.

13. Do a careful edit, marking your draft, checking word choice, typographical formatting, authenticity and consistency of dialogue, and so on.
14. Rewrite or retype your final copy.
15. Proofread your final copy for inadvertent errors.
16. Consider submitting your script to a local drama club, radio station, or film production company. Or, if you have the resources, put together a crew and actors and produce your stage play, radio drama, or video yourself.

Resources

General

- *The Complete Book of Scriptwriting* by J. Michael Straczynski

Stage Plays

- sections 331 to 336 of *Writers INC*
- *Writing Your First Play* 2nd edition by Roger A. Hall
- *The Art & Craft of Playwriting* by Jeffrey Hatcher
- *Writing Incredibly Short Plays, Poems, Stories* by James H. Norton and Francis Gretton

Screenplays and Teleplays

- *Screenplay: The Foundations of Screenwriting* by Syd Field
- *The Elements of Screenwriting: A Guide for Film and Television Writing* by Irwin R. Blacker
- *Adventures in the Screen Trade: A Personal View of Hollywood and Screenwriting* by William Goldman
- *Telling It: Writing for Canadian Film and Television* by Anne Frank (ed.)
- *500 Ways to Beat the Hollywood Script Reader: Writing the Screenplay the Reader Will Recommend* by Jennifer Lerch

Specific Learning Outcomes

The writing of a script, taken through all of the stages of creation from prewriting to editing, gives good opportunity to achieve the following specific learning outcomes:

- 1.1.1 Connect ideas, observations, opinions, and emotions through a variety of means to develop a train of thought and test tentative positions
- 1.1.3 Experiment with language and forms of expression to achieve particular effects
- 1.2.2 Explore various viewpoints and consider the consequences of particular positions when generating and responding to texts
- 1.2.3 Combine ideas and information through a variety of means to clarify understanding when generating and responding to texts
- 1.2.4 Extend understanding by exploring and acknowledging multiple perspectives and ambiguities when generating and responding to texts
- 2.2.3 Examine how language and stylistic choices in oral, print, and other media texts accomplish a variety of purposes
- 2.3.1 Analyze how various forms and genres are used for particular audiences and purposes
- 2.3.2 Examine how various techniques and elements are used in oral, print, and other media texts to accomplish particular purposes
- 2.3.3 Demonstrate understanding of how vocabulary and idiom affect meaning and impact; use appropriate vocabulary when creating texts
- 2.3.4 Experiment with language, visuals, and sounds to convey intended meaning and impact
- 2.3.5 Create original texts to communicate ideas and enhance understanding of forms and techniques
- 4.1.1 Generate, evaluate, and select ideas to develop a topic, express a perspective, engage an audience, and achieve a purpose
- 4.1.2 Select and use a variety of forms appropriate for content, audience, and purpose
- 4.1.3 Select and use a variety of organizational structures and techniques and appropriate transitions in oral, written, and visual texts to communicate clearly and effectively
- 4.2.1 Appraise choices of ideas, language use, and forms relative to purpose and audience

- 4.2.2 Analyze and revise drafts to ensure appropriate content and to enhance unity, clarity, and coherence
- 4.2.3 Use appropriate text features to enhance legibility for particular audiences, purposes, and contexts
- 4.2.4 Use effective language, visuals, and sounds, and arrange ideas for emphasis and desired effect
- 4.3.1 Select appropriate words, grammatical structures, and register for audience, purpose, and context
- 4.3.2 Know and apply Canadian spelling conventions ; recognize adapted spellings for particular effects
- 4.3.3 Know and apply capitalization and punctuation conventions to clarify intended meaning, using appropriate resources as required
- 5.1.3 Recognize and analyze how personal language use may create and sustain an inclusive community
- 5.2.4 Use language and texts to celebrate personal and community occasions and accomplishments

*Meanwhile, Goodbye**

Marianne Ackerman

Full monologue. First performed at Theatre d'Aujourd'hui in January 1996 in a project celebrating Quebec women playwrights. Produced by Playwrights' Workshop Montreal and Centre des Auteurs Dramatiques. Directed by Paula de Vasconcelos, and performed by Clare Shapiro.

So, the house is empty. For the first time in 19 years, I don't wake up to you: the agonizing whine of your alarm clock, secret sounds of you in the bathroom, stealing my lipstick instead of a kiss goodbye. Stealing away. The clomp, clomp, clomp of army boots, down the stairs and out the door.

You grew up and left, as it was meant to be. A perfectly fine house painted twelve shades of white, you left our house for the greens, blues and oranges of a draughty firetrap three blocks away? ... Fine.

I did it too. September 2nd, 1971 at precisely your age, I walked out the door on a middle aged woman who sneered at socialism and clung to religion. Left home for literature and sex and wine with meals. You, poor girl, were raised without rural roots and religion, so you had nothing to spring you out of the nest, except contempt for the decor. So, you left for aesthetic reasons. That's good ... Still, I bet you're going to get awful sick of green walls. I know, I know, it's not the walls ...

By the way, your father called last night. I told him you're moving out. He thinks that's great. Yes, I said, she did it bit by bit over the last month, one suitcase at a time, stayed away overnight once, twice, then for about a week.

Lately, she's been so busy she hasn't had time to come over for supper, or even call. So I guess it's official ... He said, "Don't worry, she'll be back when she has children of her own." Thanks a lot ... He's right though. Eventually, when there's something you want, some bit you forgot to take, didn't realize you'd need, you'll come here to rummage through

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those boxes you told me to throw out. You might want to ask me something. Or tell me ...

At least that's what happened to me. My mother —

It took me years to decipher the clues. And I'm still digging. Three days after I went off to university, she moved — into my old room — a six-foot-tall Chinese exchange student who claimed to be Catholic. Thanksgiving, I had to sleep on the couch, sit beside him at the supper table, listen to riveting information about life in Communist China — worse than socialism, I'd have thought.

Actually, I didn't really care, then. I was too caught up in first year university, the wine with meals, etcetera. But later, after you were born, I had a lot of time to think ... That was a pretty cruel thing to do: the minute I left, fill up my old bed with a foreigner. I imagined the two of them sitting at the kitchen table, drinking cup after cup of instant coffee, talking politics and religion. Just like mum and I used to do — talk all night. When the sun came up, I'd go to bed and she'd get on with the day. Only now that you've gone do I realize why she rented out my room. Filled up the empty bed. I'd be tempted to rent out yours too, if you hadn't taken it with you.

I would do anything to get rid of this feeling. Anything.

That's only part of the truth. There are times when the quiet of these white walls reaches out and hugs me and I feel the most delicious rush. I am once more the person I was the day before you started walking around my womb. Not young. Young is turmoil and hunger. I'm just me, standing on the fulcrum of a teeter totter, left foot-right foot perfectly balanced. Ready to fall, or fly.

You know, I wasn't always your mother. Surely you've seen the snapshots. Who was I, before we met? A little older than you, not much. A farm girl with a permanent address in Paris, a student at the Sorbonne. Totally unique, like thousands of others, over in Europe hoping to find herself. Find something. Inspiration about how to live. After a year, I was filled with an overwhelming desire to run away from all those rude Europeans, give up the search and come home. That was my plan. You have to have a plan, I always do. Then I met your father.

There has never been animosity, or hardly even a cross word between your father and I. Only an ocean, a real ocean. You were the metaphor, an invisible abstraction, not a child, a fork in the road. We sat in Paris cafés, two innocents, talking about life with a capital L. He said, “You can never be a writer and a mother. Couples don’t work.”

I thought, “You’re wrong, at least half wrong.”

I said, “Okay, goodbye.”

Or something like that, it seemed to take much longer ...

So I came home, you were born. And there you have it, a mystery revealed, giving birth to a hundred other mysteries. Was I wise and brave? Or terribly selfish? Or just plain Irish? You tell me. I’m sure you will. Ask your father. Now, back to me.

Ah, yes. This is the part where the “mother” is supposed to “say something important” about the true nature of love, something the daughter who is here but not here can take away, and so can everybody else. So, get to the point.

The point is: you little witch, you took my black vest. You ... little angel ... you grew up and flew away.

If I had it to do all over again, I would change nothing. Because if one thing changed, say a train was missed, or a ship didn’t sail, you would probably be somebody else. Oh, no.

My advice is: always have a plan. Be ready to change it at the drop of a hat.

Apropos love, most of what I know, I’ve learned from you. Hold out for love. Submit to love. Stay home and baby-sit love, watch it sleeping. And when you hear love’s army boots going down your stairs, stay snugly covered up in bed, leave the door open. Love will return. Wearing the black vest.

Meanwhile, anything could happen. Meanwhile, goodbye.

Notes



*A Brave Girl**

Colleen Curran

for Susan

Full monologue. First performed at Theatre d’Aujourd’hui in January 1996 in a project celebrating Quebec women playwrights. Produced by Playwrights’ Workshop Montreal and Centre des Auteurs Dramatiques. Directed by Paula de Vasconcelos, and performed by Penny Mancuso.

I’ve never been good at heroics. And I never wanted to be. When I watched movies I always sided with the character who was rescued. Never the one riding in on the horse or the brave frontier woman figuring out how long the water and ammunition would last.

I’ve never been a Take Charge person. I’m an Anything for the Quiet Life girl.

A couple of years ago, at work, they made us take a one-day St. John’s Ambulance course. They bring in that big rubber doll and you have to breathe life into it? And resuscitate it pulmonarily? I didn’t want the responsibility. But I told myself this is important, you should know this. Because it could happen in a restaurant, some day. Somebody at the next table starts choking and all I have to do is what they showed me and out whirls whatever it was obstructing their throat. It’s simple, they said. I knew I’d better learn it because it was a work day and I was being paid and what if it does happen in a restaurant I’m at and I do nothing? And then I get arrested; because of that Good Samaritan Law that makes you help people? Some grieving relative prosecutes me, saying “YOU KNEW THE HEIMLICH MANOEUVRE. YOU TOOK A COURSE AND YOU DID NOTHING?” I passed the CPR course and hoped I’d never have to use it.

Three weeks later at a dinner party my friend’s sister starts choking. And his sister’s one of these spindly, sparrow-like Audrey Hepburn women, she’s so petite you don’t know how the wind doesn’t blow her away? Her brother gets frantic: “Does anyone know the Heimlich Manoeuvre?” And my cousin points at me: “She does, she took it last month!” He screams

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at me: “Then help her, save her, DO SOMETHING!” and I know I have to, there’s no escape. I have to try because I KNOW, I’m trained at this. And no one else is offering. I try to go through the steps in my head but all I can remember is the instructor’s warnings of all the things that can go wrong, how you can break their ribs if you’re not careful and this woman is so tiny. I think I’m gonna crush her in half, I mean she’ll be alive but she’ll be in a full body cast! I know I have to help her, I’ve gotta jump into that brink, I can’t be a coward, I must, I gotta, I — and then she stops choking. I didn’t have to do anything. I was saved.

And another time I was even more useless? I got to my friend’s country house and it turns out THEY HAVE A BAT. “It was flying around last night.” (*Whispers.*) “It’s up there above the window.”

“Where’s your husband? Where are some men with tennis rackets?”
“Golfing. We can do it now, get it when it suspects nothing.” (*Pause.*)
Don’t you think getting rid of a bat is something you do before your guest arrives? Later, when it was all over, her husband asked me, “Why didn’t you get a hammer and a nail and you know, spike it?” and I said, “Because I’m a Girl, that’s why.”

Well, she gets up on a chair and is trying to ease the sleeping bat into a catcher’s mitt with a spatula when it wakes up! It goes “eep, eep, eep” and escapes inside the curtains. We can see its creepy little body profiled there. My friend says, “Don’t freak out, OK.? Don’t freak out, we’re gonna get this thing.” And the way to do that is to take the curtains and their curtain rod off the window, with the bat still in them, and I am dying, three million deaths, I am so scared, my arms are jelly and I’m not holding it right. But we get the curtains down and we’re heading toward the door so we can throw it all out there to let it fly away free BUT the bat gets out and it’s flying around my friend’s head! But she can’t see it doing that! She goes, “What? What!” And I scream, “It’s Out! It’s Free!”

You know how they tell you that bats have all this radar and don’t come at you, that they’ll always veer away. Well, they’re wrong! This one has no radar... It lands in her hair ... and she’s trying to get it out and it bites her! On the ear! She got bit by a BAT and it was my fault. All I kept saying was I’m so sorry, I’m so sorry! She says, “Just shut up, OK.?” I have to help her because this time we can’t miss! We have to kill the bat now. I’m thinking, yes for revenge! But it’s not that, it’s because it might have rabies. And it’s got to be tested because she might have to go for

two weeks of rabies shots in the stomach. The bat's hiding in a corner by now and even though my friend's in shock, she kills it with a chair. Then she says, "Get a freezer bag" and I find one of those big, clear ones for freezing tomatoes when you get too many in the garden? She puts the bat in the freezer bag and seals it in with the Zip Lock top and we drive to Emergency. She made me sit there with it on my lap. Until they took it off to some lab for tests. And it didn't have rabies even though it was a pretty old bat, they said.

So you can see I'm not very good at being courageous. It's not natural to me. I never said I was a brave girl.

I used to think if I ever had children and they were in danger, I'd be brave. That mothering instinct. That lioness thing they say happens. But only then.

So when IT happened ... when that day came ...

Pause.

I guess I'm still here because he didn't hate me. He talked to me all those times but I don't think he knew my name. I was just some secretary in the office.

Everyone else said he was crazy because he made all these threats, but never one big or bad enough to get him fired or arrested. Nobody could do anything about him unless he made good on his promises to make them all pay. Finally they suspended him, with salary, but that made him madder and more oppressed. The department gave us a specially designed self-defence course, in where to hide and which button to push for help if "someone" came in "displaying a threatening manner." They denied it later. They said the "someone" they meant wasn't him. Because they were sure he'd never get past security. He'd never get to our offices unsupervised.

But that morning, that Friday, when he came in, when he looked right through us, and walked down the corridor, it was too late to use our self-defence training to hide behind our desks or the filing cabinet. And it wasn't necessary, we weren't the ones he wanted, not yet. We watched him march into the third office, and close the door, that's when we heard this thwack sound like a board being smashed on a desk. And then the director moaning. There was another secretary in the main office with

me, and he just walked out, really fast. They asked me later why didn't I follow him? Well, he never suggested it. But the escalator was right there. I could have gotten away. Someone said I didn't run because I wasn't afraid of him, that I was always on his side and too sympathetic. Because I'd listened to him all those times.

I couldn't run away because I knew whose office he might go to next. He rhymed off this list once. I knew he might be going in order because he'd already shot the first one on it. Suddenly I was running down the hall to warn the next person. I was screaming, "He's got a gun! He's got a gun!" But people were smiling at me. They thought I was crazy or in some play, I don't know.

I didn't know how they didn't hear the gunshots, too. But there was all this construction going on upstairs, maybe they thought it was that.

I got to the next office and said, "Lock your door. He's coming, he's shooting people," and he said, "Stay in here with me." For a second all I thought was: I hope this door's thick. I could have stayed safe behind that door. I had a chance to change my mind but I knew she could be next so I ran out. I didn't want her to be alone. If I were alone, I'd want someone to help me.

I was flying down another corridor toward her office but suddenly HE was behind me. He'd shot two other people by then but his face was so calm and expressionless, it didn't make any sense. And there he was right behind me and I ran ahead, screaming at her office: "Run! Get Out! Get Away!" like I didn't think he could hear me yelling at her, too. He was walking very slow, but somehow he was shoulder to shoulder with me. That's when she came out of her office and she screamed and then he started shooting at her as she ran back in and she was covering herself and rolling against the wall. There was a lot of blood and that's when I don't know I shoved him away I think and I shut the door. He didn't try to get back in. He went off to try and kill someone else. I tried to drag the desk over against the door to keep him out but it was too heavy. She was bleeding. He'd shot her in the leg and the arm and I yelled to her to sit down or lie down or something and she said I can't. I'll dirty the chair. It was this beautiful chair they'd just had done with tapestry. And I said, "Never mind the chair." And then I thought, that's for sure, forget the chair, he might be coming back.

Her office is connected to another office that leads to the inside stairs so we took them, all seven floors. When we got down to the street I saw the *Urgences Santé* trucks and the street barricaded by the police and all the TV news cars.

And all I thought was Someone was listening to me, someone called the cops.

As the *Urgences Santé* were putting her in the ambulance, she said, “I forgot my purse.”

I said, “I can’t go back up there ...”

And I didn’t. Never again. I haven’t been back. They gave me some compensation ... I can’t go back there.

You know from what I told you, I’m not good at this sort of thing. He killed people. I didn’t stop him from doing that. He shot her. And I made her go down seven flights of stairs instead of using the escalator because I was afraid he’d find us if we were out in the open. They said I must have panicked, making her do that. And that if it ever happens again ... like there’s going to be a next time! They weren’t there! Everybody knows what you should have done, later.

Some people made a big deal of what I did, that I was a hero. I did what I had to do. That’s all. It’s just something you do. It’s something anybody would do. The anybody that time happened to be me.

I never thought I was being brave or heroic. Maybe I didn’t think I was in danger because I wasn’t on his list.

I was nothing to him, just a girl in the office. Someone he looked right through.

Notes



Men and Angels*

Lynn Kirk

MEN AND ANGELS WAS ORIGINALLY written as an exercise for a drama class I was taking for my English degree at the University of Regina. The assignment was, as I recall, to “write a short stage play where the set serves as a metaphor for the action.” I thought of the way in which so many seemingly “free” people lead caged lives, afraid to break out and take control of their destinies. In this play the jail cell with its wide-open door symbolizes that, although both characters are in prisons of their own making, the key to a full and liberated life lies in their own hands. A Saskatchewan Playwright Centre workshop helped to shape this final draft of *Men and Angels*. The play won an Honorable Mention in the 1987 Saskatchewan Drama Association Playwriting Competition.

Lynn Kirk lives in Regina where she writes short fiction and drama for all media. Her radio play *Woman of Merit* won a CBC Literary Competition award for comedy-drama and was produced on “Morningside.”

CHARACTERS

PENNY: *An attractive, somewhat brassy woman in her mid-thirties. She wears tight, colourful clothes, perhaps high heels. She has a good-natured, matter-of-fact air.*

JASE: *A young man in his late twenties. He wears tailored slacks and an expensive sports shirt. He is an ordinary, nice-looking fellow, but needs a shave and looks ill. He has a bad hangover.*

SET DESCRIPTION

Interior, police station/office in the fictitious village of Maisend. One portion of the stage is occupied by a barred cell in which bed, table, chair with jacket on it, toilet, sink or wash stand, and mirror are plainly revealed. The main room has a door leading outside, a desk with telephone, chairs, closet with cleaning supplies, and file cabinets. The walls hold a mirror, calendar, large map, posters, notices. In the cell Jase sleeps on the bed. It is important that the cell door, once opened, stays open, but that Jase doesn't leave the cell until his final dismissal. Penny undertakes cleanup duties such as sweeping, dusting, polishing, throughout much of the play.

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SCENE ONE

Penny enters wearing a shoulder-bag, carrying a tray with covered plate, coffee pot, mug, orange juice and cutlery. She slides her bag off, takes a key from a drawer, then walks to the cell. She sniffs the air and whistles to herself.

PENNY: Whew! What a snootful! *(she unlocks the cell door and props it open with a chair)* Okay mister. Wakey-wakey! Greet the dawn! *(JASE groans)*
C'mon now. Get it while it's hot.

JASE: Go away!

PENNY: Nope. Hit the deck.

He struggles upright.

JASE: Oh, God. I'm dying.

PENNY: Sorry to tell ya ... you're not. C'mon now. A little juice, little coffee, few scrambled eggs ... *(sets the tray on the table)* C'mon. You'll feel better.

JASE: Y'got some Aspirin? Bromo maybe?

PENNY: I'll take a look. *(rummages in her purse, finds a small bottle)*
Aspirin. You're in luck.

JASE: Oh, yeah. *(JASE struggles to the basin, splashes water on his face, looks in mirror over sink, examines tongue)* Oh, God.

PENNY: C'mon. Eat some breakfast.

JASE: Where am I?

PENNY: You're in jail.

JASE: Yeah, yeah. But where.

PENNY: Maisend.

JASE: *Mais-end?* You're kidding!

PENNY: Would I kid about a thing like that?

JASE: Oh, God. *(pause)* How'd I get here? Car?

PENNY: Beats me. I didn't see an extra car around.

JASE: It's ... Thursday, right?

PENNY: Nope. Saturday. *(consults calendar)* The twenty-first.

JASE: Twenty-first? *(pause)* Oh, God. *(pours Aspirins into his hand, tosses them down with his orange juice)*

PENNY: Saturday's how come I'm here. Herb ... he's the cop ... he coaches kids' baseball Saturdays.

JASE begins to poke at the food. PENNY starts cleaning.

JASE: He your husband?

PENNY: Haw! Naw, my brother. Baby brother.

JASE: You a policewoman or something?

PENNY: Something. I'm the cleaning lady. You make a break for it, I drop you with my broom.

JASE: Do you know ... uh, Miss ...

PENNY: Penny.

JASE: Okay, Penny. Do you know if ... Herb, is it? If he got in touch with anyone for me?

PENNY: Must of. Said a lawyer's coming to bail you out.

JASE: Yeah. Okay.

PENNY: You don't sound surprised. (*pause*) This isn't a new scene with you, eh?

JASE: Look, lady, just sweep the floor.

PENNY: Okay! ... damn touchy ... try to be nice ...

JASE: Look, I'm sorry, okay? It's the head, you know?

PENNY: Yeah, I know. Feel any better?

JASE: Some. Good coffee.

PENNY: I have a knack.

JASE: Good eggs too. Not too dry.

PENNY: I like to cook. It's sort of a business *and* a pleasure, you know?

JASE: You do all the cooking for the ... uh, visitors here?

PENNY: Hardly a full-time job. You're the first one since ... hmm ... April, I guess.

JASE: Ah. April. " ... the cruellest month ..."

PENNY: April? No, April's usually pretty good around here. Meadowlarks, a nice rain ... Now, you take *February* — that's cruel!

JASE: I wasn't talking about the weather. It's more ... how it makes you feel inside. "April is the cruellest month, mixing memory with desire ..."

PENNY: That poetry?

JASE: Ooh, yes. Yes, indeedy.

PENNY: Doesn't rhyme. (*pause*) You didn't write it, did you?

JASE: Huh! Afraid not.

PENNY: Sounds like you wish you did.

JASE: Yeah, well ... if wishes were horses

PENNY: Then beggars would ride! My ma used to say that. (*pause, remembering*) I used to think about it when I was a kid, daydreaming, you know. Dozens of pretty horses racing around the track, with wishes hanging on them ... instead of numbers. Coloured signs that said “money,” or “happiness,” or “beauty,” (*pause*) “Love.” Just grab a wish and jump on!

JASE: So which one would you grab?

PENNY: (*snaps back to present*) Good grief, who knows? Long time ago.

JASE: People don’t stop wishing.

PENNY: Yeah, well, now I wish on stars. Star light, star bright. That’s how you spend your nights in Maisend.

JASE: So then, nights in Maisend ... what do you wish?

PENNY: I wish that Kevin Costner develops a big craving for small town jail cleaners. And just as he’s pounding on my door I win the six-forty-nine ... a big one, ten or twelve million.

JASE: Reasonable. Reasonable. Go on.

PENNY: And then for my third wish ... Lord, listen to me! What do you care anyway? You don’t know me from Adam’s off ox.

JASE: I love to hear people’s fantasies. They fascinate me. So the third wish?

PENNY: Oh, I dunno. (*wanders to the mirror, adjusts her hair absently*) Hmm. What do I wish? ... To be somewheres else, maybe. Doin’ something different. New name, for sure.

JASE: People always want to change their names. What’s wrong with “Penny?”

PENNY: Sounds like a kid, doesn’t it? People hear “Penny” they expect some cute little teenybopper. A cheerleader, maybe. Gimme a P, gimme an E!

JASE: Is it a nickname?

PENNY: Yeah. But the real one’s worse.

JASE: What?

PENNY: Ugh. Penelope. (*she says it like “antelope”*) Can you believe it? I hate that damned name!

JASE: (*says it her way*) Penelope. Sounds like an over-ripe melon.

PENNY: I know. My mother saw it in a book. Just my luck ... Penelope!

JASE: There was a famous lady once, spelled it the same but said it different. (*pronounces it in the classical manner*) Penelope. She was a queen.

Henceforth in the play, “Penelope” is pronounced classically.

PENNY: Penelope? Hoity-toity! (*savours it*) Penelope. That’s kinda nice.

JASE: She was a good woman. “Immortals will fashion among earthly men a gracious song in honour of faithful Penelope.”

PENNY: Whoosh! That’s so nice. (*pause*) You a preacher, maybe?

JASE: God, no. I just remember that. Homer said it.

PENNY: Homer? Well ... it’s nice anyway. Faithful Penelope. (*suddenly embarrassed*) So. What do they call you when you’re at home?

JASE: Jase. That’s a nickname too. My name’s Jason Cavalier.

PENNY: Hey! Just like the beer! (*she sings the jingle*) “You gotta have a Cava, a Golden Cavalier!”

JASE: (*sighs*) That’s me.

PENNY: What d’ya mean, that’s you?

JASE: What I mean is ... that’s my company. Cavalier Beer.

PENNY: Naw. C’mon. Serious. You’re not kiddin’ me?

JASE: Nope.

PENNY: You mean you *own* that company?

JASE: More or less.

PENNY: I’ll be damned. Welcome to the jails of the Rich and Famous!
(*pause*) You sure don’t *look* like a big wheel. You should have a three-piece suit, and a paunch, and a ... pocket watch or somethin’.

JASE: You don’t look like the cleaning lady. You should have stringy grey hair and ... varicose veins.

They both laugh, which causes him to groan and hold his head again.

PENNY: You know, I don’t get it. You should be in your penthouse right now, waiting for the butler to bring you a hair of the dog.

JASE: Hate to disappoint you. No penthouse, no butler. (*pause*) But speaking of, uh, hair of the dog, I don’t suppose ...

PENNY: Get real.

JASE: It couldn’t hurt to ask.

PENNY: So. Mr. Executive. You get like this often?

JASE: Just what the hell is *that* supposed to mean?

PENNY: Ah, look. I’m sorry. Herb says I’m nosier than Pinocchio.

JASE *snorts*.

PENNY: Well. Do you?

JASE: Herb’s right. Frankly, it’s none of your business. (*pause*) But no. I wouldn’t say ... often.

PENNY: But jeez. You wake up who knows where, in jail even ...

JASE: ... and someone makes a phone call, and our people take care of things, and that's that.

PENNY: Really? That's that.

JASE: I feel like hell for a couple of days. That's it.

PENNY: It's a funny way to run a business.

JASE: Penelope my faithful, I don't *have* to run the business. At least not yet. Uncle Percy, *he* of the pocket watch, has run it just fine for fifteen fruitful years.

PENNY: Well, first you say it's *your* company, then it's your uncle ... what do *I* know?

JASE: Good ole Percy's been chairman of the board since my father died. He holds my shares in trust 'til I'm thirty. There's the problem. In one more year I'm supposed to get fitted for that suit, wind up the watch, and get my act together.

PENNY: And you don't want to.

JASE: And I don't want to. (*pause*) I'm really not cut out for it.

PENNY: Oh. What *are* you cut out for?

JASE: What I'm doing now.

PENNY: (*looks around at his surroundings*) Wonderful.

JASE: C'mon. I don't mean getting swacked. (*pause*) I'm a writer.

PENNY: Hey, really? You mean like books and stuff? Stories?

JASE: Yeah, stories ... poetry mostly though.

PENNY: I *knew* there was somethin' about you. Jeez, a writer! (*pause*) You make a living off that?

JASE: Not yet ... a person has to get established. It takes a while to get your foot in the door.

PENNY: I guess you don't have to worry anyway.

JASE: That's not the point. I'm just starting to hit my stride. I've got some great stuff in here! (*taps his forehead, groans again*) But I need time ... quality time ... to myself. How can I develop anything when I have to peddle beer all day?

PENNY: So don't do it.

JASE: Do what?

PENNY: Don't peddle the beer. No one's gonna hold a gun to your head!

JASE: I don't think you've been listening. I *have* to do it. It's there in black and white, right in the old man's will. When I'm thirty, I take over. Period.

PENNY: Sounds like a funny will to me.

JASE: Yeah, well, he was a funny man. About as funny as a baby's crutch!

PENNY: Sounds like *my* old man. He beat you up?

JASE: No, no. That would require some ... involvement. (*pause*) He was an efficient man, my father. A *self-made* man, as he was so very fond of saying. Unlike lesser beings, he was always in perfect control. The venting of anger would be counter-productive.

PENNY: But he treated you bad.

JASE: He didn't treat me at all. (*pause*) I was his only son, Penny ... named for him and for *his* father. Jason Cavalier. The third. Once when I was around nine, and inconveniently home for Christmas, he introduced me to a guest as... "My son Justin ... uh, Jason."

PENNY: Jesus.

JASE: I tried so hard, so hard. The bastard didn't even know my name! (*pause*) So ... as you can see, we didn't have a warm relationship.

PENNY: Was he cold to everyone? Your mother?

JASE: Mother. Ah, yes. Well, Mother found vodka to be an effective antifreeze. (*archly*) "A quart a day keeps the shivers away."

PENNY: Is she still ... ?

JASE: Living? Depends on your point of view.

PENNY: So she doesn't help with the business or anything?

JASE: Lord, no. Just good old Uncle Percy until ... it's me. Hell!

PENNY notices a snagged fingernail, gets a file from her purse, and sits at the cell door to repair nail. JASE paces.

PENNY: So what are you supposed to do till you're thirty?

JASE: Prove myself. He said I'm supposed to prove myself!

PENNY: Why are you so upset?

JASE: Because I don't know what the hell it means! *This is me*. Why was that never good enough? *I* know who I am, what I am! I don't have to prove it!

PENNY: Calm down. Don't take it out on me.

JASE: Sorry. It's the head, you know?

PENNY: I know. Well, what d'ya have against the beer business anyway? A beer's saved *my* life more than once.

JASE: No, it's not that. It's just ... stuck behind that desk all day, facts and figures, lunch at the club, dinners with the same predictable couples ...

PENNY: Oh. You married?

JASE: (*leans on the bars again, looks through*) Not now. I'm free as a bird. Free as the wind.

PENNY: So I see.

JASE: (*realizes his position, drops his hands*) Yeah.

PENNY: You leave her, she leave you ... ? Jeez, here I go again. I guess it's just ... I'm interested in people, is all.

JASE: Let's say she developed other interests.

PENNY: Ah. She was runnin' around.

JASE: Well ... not at first.

PENNY: You?

JASE: A person needs ... something. *You* try living day in, day out, with someone who hates your guts!

PENNY: Aw, c'mon. People say "hate" pretty easy.

JASE: Hmm. Maybe hate's *not* it. Disgust? Betrayal? Whatever, a colossal disappointment *oozed* from each of her lovely pores.

PENNY: Maybe she expected too much, eh? My ma used to say, "Expect nothing. Then you'll never be disappointed."

JASE: Yes. Great expectations had Cecily. *And*, a wondrous knack for ignoring the nasty details. She knew the setup from the first — the will and all ... her people talked to my people at length before this "merger" was finalized. But she expected more and more. All the "establishment" things ... the black tie receptions, those eight-course dinners with Bitsy and Winny and ... dear, dear Muffey!

PENNY: Muffey! Hah! But Cecily ... that's a classy name.

JASE: I guess so. She's a classy lady. Aye, there's the rub.

PENNY: But there must of been some good times. You must of started out okay.

JASE: Yeah. The first couple of years *were* good ... fun, really. I got to show her off, and there was a lot to show. We travelled mostly, hit the sun spots ... Spain, Hawaii, Venezuela ... you know.

PENNY: Oh, you bet.

JASE: It wasn't just frivolous. I was writing. Well, I was gathering material. Storing it away. (*He taps his head again*) I thought we had a good life. Nice apartment in Toronto, fun friends, condo on Maui ...

PENNY: Jeez, what was her problem? Sounds like heaven to me. White beaches, music, sidewalk cafés

JASE: To quote the lady, she wanted a “civilized existence.” She had expected to be Mrs. Jason Cavalier the Third, and by God she was going to be. Or else.

PENNY: But she was.

JASE: No-no-no. Still just Jase Cavalier. Missing was the big estate on the lake, for instance ... seats on the board of the museum, and the opera, and the National Gallery. She wanted position and power, and that takes the big bucks. So when someone made her a better offer, she took it.

PENNY: You didn’t want any of those things?

JASE: Didn’t want ’em, couldn’t *have* ’em. Not yet. You can only buy so much on your expectations. The great bloody mausoleum she coveted for our “home” priced out at two-eight!

PENNY: Two ... eight?

JASE: Two million eight hundred thousand dollars.

PENNY: Million? Two *million*? Dollars? Are you saying a house is worth ...
(*pause*) But what do I know? Maybe you could *afford* ...

JASE: Hardly. I’m living on an allowance ... like a kid, for God’s sake. An *allowance* till I’m thirty!

PENNY: (*steps into the cell, lifts the jacket and examines its obvious quality*)
Last allowance I got was fifty cents a week. How does yours stack up?

JASE: Why am I telling you any of this? You obviously don’t give a sweet tweet!

PENNY: I’m just saying that my allowance got me to the Roxy for Saturday matinees. Didn’t quite fly me to Spain.

JASE: Okay, okay, it’s generous. Handsome, even.

PENNY: No kidding.

JASE: But not enough. Never enough for Cecily Wainwright Cavalier! The money’s there, Penny, it’s *coming*. Soon. (*pause*) And I was there. But she said she was wasting her best years. *Wasting*. She wouldn’t wait.

PENNY: So good riddance. Good riddance to bad rubbish, that’s what my ma would say.

JASE: Your “ma” was a bloody oracle, wasn’t she! (*sees that PENNY is deeply wounded — pause*) Oh, hell. Sorry Penny. I’m just

PENNY: Oh, I know. It’s the head, right? Must be handy to have a week-long binge to hang your bad manners on. Big city gentleman!

JASE: It was a rotten thing to say. I know you meant well. Please forgive me.

PENNY: You shouldn't badmouth people you don't even know. When it came to mothers, I guess she could hold her own against ... (*pointedly*) some others I could name!

JASE: I'm sure she was a fine woman.

PENNY: Fine? I don't know about fine. She worked hard. She did her best, I think, but ...

JASE: Go on.

PENNY: Oh, I don't know. (*pause*) She was such a mixture. Funny.

JASE: Funny how?

PENNY: Well, strong and weak, I guess you could say. (*pause*) I remember one time the new teacher ... it was a one-room school, you know ... the new teacher thought my brother George had lice, 'cause he was scratching his head all the time. (*pause*) We were poor, all right, and it showed, but ma kept us clean ... quite a trick in that shack with no runnin' water. (*pause*) Anyway, poor Georgie had eczema ... had it from a baby ... and there was no cortisone cream or like that in those days, believe me. So it got runny and itchy, and he had it bad in his hair. Tried to tell that dumb teacher, but she's goin' "Ooh! Lice!" (*pause*) So she grabs Georgie, and gets the basin and the tin of coal oil, and in front of the whole class she bends him over and pours coal oil all over his head. "Best thing to kill lice," she says. (*pause*) Stuff hit those sores on his head ... and he screamed ... and he screamed ... and he got away from her and just sort of jerked around the front of the room, running into the desks and the walls, holding his head and screaming ... like an animal. (*pause*) The next morning, Ma went two miles to Aunt Selma's to borrow a decent hat and some gloves, and then she came to the school. She walked down the centre aisle right in the middle of geography lesson. She stood real tall, holding her pocket book into her waist with both hands ... I hardly recognized her, she looked like a scared rabbit at home ... (*pause*) And she said, "Miss Perdue, I believe? I am Mrs. Maddon." Then she reached out, real calm, and jerked the bottom of the roll-down map of the world ... you know, with the pictures of chocolate bars on the edges? ... and it snapped up like a window blind and slapped around at the top like a whip cracking. (*pause*) Then she said, "I understand you have been improving my boy's hygiene." *Hygiene*, she said. "And I am here to tell you, Miss Perdue, that if you so much as raise an eyebrow to one of my children again, it will be the worse for you!" By God, I was proud of her that day!

JASE: So that's not a fine woman?

PENNY: Yeah, I guess. She did what she could for us kids. But ... she could never stand up to Pa. Sometimes I hated her so bad for that. 'Course, I know better now, being a woman myself, but still ...

JASE: Your father hard on her, eh?

PENNY: You know, in all his life I never heard him say one — not one — decent word to her. Did most of his talkin' with his fists.

JASE: He actually hit her?

PENNY: All the time. He knocked *us* around too, but mostly Ma. And she just took it, time after time. The worst time ... (*pause*) Never mind.

JASE: What? Tell me.

PENNY: You'd laugh. It sounds funny now.

JASE: No, I won't. Go on.

PENNY: (*hesitates and then decides to take the plunge*) He hit her with a frozen fish.

JASE *snorts*.

PENNY: See?

JASE: You took me by surprise. A fish?

PENNY: Yeah. He'd been ice fishing with a couple of buddies, gone two or three days. He came home in the middle of the night, mean drunk — no surprise. Got Ma up to make some food, but she wasn't moving fast enough or something, so he slammed her one with a seven-pound pickerel.

JASE: Dear God.

PENNY: Yeah. Like a big cold rock with a handle. He clubbed her with it over and over ... broke her jaw and her nose and her cheekbone. Never did heal right, neither.

JASE: I hope she pressed charges.

PENNY: Get serious. If she sent him up, he'd break more than her face when he came back!

JASE: She could have left.

PENNY: Left for where? With what? Take her five kids and her cardboard suitcase and check into the Ritz? *Real* life is mean, mister! Guess you didn't learn everything in your world travels!

JASE: I seem to be learning the hard way.

PENNY: (*softening*) Yeah, I guess ... your wife and all.

JASE: Well. Water under the bridge. (*pause*) You married?

PENNY: Yes and no.

JASE: You must know yes or no.

PENNY: I knew sixteen years ago, but I couldn't tell you now.

JASE: He take a walk?

PENNY: Yep. Wandering Wayne. Just strolled out one night and didn't come back. Left me with a three-year-old kid, a pregnant dog, and two months rent due on the trailer. And that is the story of my life.

JASE: But sixteen years? A lot goes on in sixteen years. What's happened since then?

PENNY: Well ... the trailer burned. All my stuff ... Wasn't up to much, I guess, but still ... (*pause*) My boy Ken, he went to work on the oil rigs a while back.

JASE: I see. Two notable events in sixteen years.

PENNY: (*sardonically*) The dog died.

JASE: That's not what I mean and you know it. All that time ... in *Maisend*?

PENNY: I keep busy.

JASE: Sure, cleaning an empty jail.

PENNY: No, I do lots of things. Herb there helped me set up in a big old house down the way, and when the drilling crews come through I give 'em room and board. That's good money!

JASE: But what about getting out, seeing people?

PENNY: I'm out lots. You heard of Mandy-Lou Jewelry? I'm top sales for this whole area. I do four, five jewellery parties a month. See these earrings? (*shows him*) This line's called "Golden Trap." Here's the pendant (*she lifts her necklace*) I model the stuff all the time 'cause it's good advertising ... if I do say so myself.

JASE: But that's what I mean! For Pete's sake, you're an attractive woman! What about fun, or ... or ... romance?

PENNY: Huh! Romance he says!

JASE: C'mon Penny, you don't look like a nun to me. You must have dates and lots of them ... a steady, maybe?

PENNY: (*wanders over to the mirror; looks in as she talks*) I've had my chances. Lots of chances. But ... I don't want to get too serious. Once bitten, twice shy, my Ma ... (*she stops, laughs self-consciously*)

JASE: I'm surprised you took the plunge in the first place, with your folks' example. Of course, I should talk.

PENNY: Guess I spent too many Saturdays at the Roxy. Things worked out lovely for Doris Day. Why not for me? (*pause*) Besides, I did my "Pillow Talk" a little early if you catch my drift. There were a couple of things that Doris forgot to tell me.

JASE: Trouble, eh?

PENNY: Yeah, that's what they called it. I shoulda known better. I *did* know better. But you know, that Wayne was the first person who ever treated me like I was worth somethin'. I woulda done anything for him.

JASE: But you didn't have to *marry* him!

PENNY: Huh-ho! Listen to him! What you mean is, *he* didn't have to marry me. (*pause*) But he did. And he did try. We both did. Our first couple of years were all right too. Wayne worked pretty steady at Jensen's garage. But then Jensen had a stroke and closed the place ... and we were on the pogie, and things just started to fall apart. (*pause*) The responsibility got to him, I guess. We'd fight ... and I'd cry and he'd cry and Kenny'd cry ... Finally he just walked out ... crying. He slammed the door and pounded the side of the trailer a couple of times, like to broke his hand. I heard him yell, "Shit!" (*pause*) And that's the last time I ever heard his voice.

JASE: You could've had him traced ... for child support anyway.

PENNY: Hah! About two years later he sent a post card with big skyscrapers on the picture ... from Detroit. He said (*she folds her hands in front of her and recites*) "This city is big. They make cars here. Hope you are fine I am too. Hey to Kenny and Blue." Blue was the dog. And that's it. (*pause*) More water under the bridge.

JASE: Yes, it is. So why don't you get on with it? Grab one of those oil drillers and start over! For Pete's sake, you could have a life! A full life!

PENNY: (*pause*) I just always thought ... well ... maybe he's gonna come back, you know?

JASE: (*pause*) Oh, Penny. He's not coming, Penny.

PENNY: I know.

There is an uncomfortable silence, then both rally visibly.

JASE: Look, you're not ... how old are you, anyway?

PENNY: None of your ... (*pause*) ... thirty-six.

JASE: But see, that's young! You're in your prime! It's not too late, you can do anything you want! (*PENNY shrugs*) You know, people like you make me furious! Bloody doormats. You take all the crap life hands you, don't lift a finger to help yourself, and expect people to feel sorry for you!

PENNY: Wait a minute! I never said ...

JASE: (*interrupting*) Rotting away in this burg is not some kind of destiny! Take charge! What's stopping you? Saint Augustine said it. Men are like the angels, he said. Men, and angels, have *free will!*

PENNY: There you go with that fancy talk again.

JASE: Penny, listen. It just means that you have a choice in your life.

PENNY: Speak for yourself. I'm not a man and I'm not an angel.

JASE: But do you want to spend the rest of your existence cleaning the jail?
Seeing the same twenty-three people week in, week out?

PENNY: I guess not, but ... I never really thought ...

JASE: Time's a-wastin', kid!

PENNY: You're talking crazy.

JASE: What was that third wish? "Someplace else, doin' something different,
new name for sure?"

PENNY: *(pause)* Penelope.

JASE: Exactly. Penelope ... Maddon, moves to the city, where she makes and
markets the world's best coffee. Or maybe she sells jewellery to the wives of
visiting dignitaries. Or maybe she ...

PENNY: *(interrupting)* You're nuts, y'know that?

JASE: Not me, baby. Grab one of those horses. Quick, here they come! Make
your move ... make a choice!

PENNY: I can't. I can't.

JASE: Give me strength. You are not your mother.

PENNY: But ... *(pause)* That's right. That's right. Maybe ... I've still got my
looks.

JASE: You bet.

PENNY: I'm not afraid of hard work ... *(pause)* Maybe I could!

JASE: That a girl!

PENNY: *(almost to herself)* There's my cousin Patsy, got a suite right
downtown, maybe she'd put me up while I look for something. I could take
the jewellery, do it on the side ... *(pause, she turns to JASE)* What about you,
Jase? Look what you could have goin' for ya! You're so smart, and you're
rich! Talk about choices! Think what you've got stored up there. *(reaches in
and taps his forehead)* You could be famous ... you wouldn't have to prove
anything ever again. That's freedom for ya!

JASE: *(going along with her)* It might work, Penny. It just might work.
Because a person *can* choose! A person *must* choose! Penny, we play our
cards right, *we could soar with the angels!*

*The phone rings. At the sound, both go still. The excitement of the moment is
lost.*

PENNY: Hello? *(pause)* Trouble? No ... everything's fine, why? *(pause)* Well, Herb, I can't help if I sound funny. What is it? *(pause)* Oh. You're kidding. Well. Okay then ... *(pause)* No, I'll do it. G'bye. *(She replaces the phone, opens a drawer and pulls out a manila envelope, walks into the cell and puts the envelope on the table)* Here's your stuff. That was Herb. *(pause)* That lawyer fellow's here. Talked to Judge Crawford ... on a Saturday yet! You don't even have to appear. *(leaves the cell, swings the chair away from the cell door, and holds the door open for him)* So you're free to go. Sounds right, doesn't it? *Free to go?*

JASE: Yeah, sure.

In silence he puts on his jacket, opens the envelope onto the table, pockets his wallet and spare change. He leaves the cell, strapping on his watch as he passes Penny and heads for the outer door.

PENNY: Like you said ... all the choices are there.

JASE: *(doesn't look at her)* That's right. *(making a production of adjusting his watchband)*

PENNY: I'm gonna watch for your books.

JASE: *(stops with his back to her)* Faithful Penelope. I wasn't quite truthful with you, you know.

PENNY: Oh Jase, please don't ...

JASE: *(interrupting as he turns to look at her)* St. Augustine and I parted company some time ago. I don't do this sometimes. I do this often. Very often.

PENNY: Please ...

JASE: You spread those wings, honey. *Someone* has to soar.

JASE exits. PENNY looks after him.

PENNY: *(pause)* Sure. If wishes were horses. *(walks into the cell, pushes the chair against the table, catches her reflection in the mirror, takes a critical look)* But you never know. *(leaves the cell, closing the barred door behind her. She leans against this door for a second. Then she retrieves her purse and heads for the outer door)* You just never know.

Exit.

END

Notes



Rev. 2/28/85

"BACK TO THE FUTURE"*

Pg. 1*

Al INT BROWN'S GARAGE (1985) — DAY
Al

CLOSE ON A TICKING CLOCK, showing 2 minutes to 8.

CAMERA MOVES, exploring, revealing MORE CLOCKS, of all varieties —cuckoo clocks, digital clocks, a grandfather clock. Felix the Cat with moving eyes... and all of them are ticking away in DEAD SYNC.

We continue exploring the garage, noting (in no particular order) a jet engine, a stack of unpaid bills addressed to "Dr. E. Brown" marked "OVERDUE," automotive tools, electronics parts, discarded Burger King wrappers, a video camera, an unmade army cot.

We go past a CLOCK RADIO — it lights up and comes on.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (VO)

...weather for Hill Valley and vicinity for today. Friday.
October 25: partly cloudy with a chance of drizzles...

Now we come to a COFFEE MAKER with a built-in clock timer. It too turns on — only there is no coffee pot! Boiling coffee drips onto an already wet hot plate.

Another timer triggers a TV set — an A.M. NEWSCAST is in progress, and the ANCHORWOMAN talks against a slide: "Plutonium Theft?" with the yellow and purple radiation symbol.

ANCHORWOMAN (ON TV)

...Officials at the Pacific Nuclear Research Facility have denied the rumor that a case of missing plutonium was in fact stolen from their storehouse two weeks ago. A Libyan terrorist group had claimed responsibility for the alleged theft. Officials now attribute the discrepancy to a simple clerical error. The FBI, which is still investigating the matter, had no comment...

We pass a TOASTER attached to a timer. Two pieces of black toast sit on it, and as the timer clicks on, the ashen toast drops into the toaster... again. Clearly, we are seeing a morning routine for someone who hasn't been home for a while.

Rev. 11/7/84

Pg. 22-B.*

17 EXT TWIN PINES MALL PARKING LOT — NIGHT

17

CAMERA PANS from the lit entrance sign, depicting 2 PINE TREES IN A ROW with "TWIN PINES MALL" in lettering below (along with a digital clock at 1:18) to pick up MARTY on his skateboard with WALKMAN AND VIDEO CAMERA. Marty skateboards around a corner of the mall and sees

AN OVERSIZED STEP-VAN with a drop down tailgate (like a ramp) all by itself on the vast, sodium-vapor-lit parking lot. It's beat up and has lettered on the side, "DR. E. BROWN ENTERPRISES — 24 HOUR SCIENTIFIC SERVICE."

A large DOG sits patiently beside it. The animal has a battery operated digital clock attached to its collar. There are a few boxes, some equipment, and a suitcase nearby.

MARTY skateboards over to the truck and the dog.

MARTY

Doc? Hello?

(to the dog, petting him)

Hiya, Einstein. Where's the Doc? Where's the Doc, boy?

We hear an ENGINE REV UP — the truck engine?

The rear truck doors suddenly open and a SLEEK STAINLESS STEEL DELOREAN drives down the drop down gate, onto the parking lot. It's been modified with coils and some wicked looking units on the rear engine.

Marty stares at it in amazement.

The DeLorean pulls up to him and stops. The gull wing driver's door opens and out steps DR. EMMETT BROWN, 65.

He's clad in a white radiation suit, hood off. His hair is wild, his eyes are full of life and energy.

BROWN

Good evening, Marty. Welcome to my latest experiment. This is the big one — the one I've been waiting for all my life.

Marty ogles the vehicle.

MARTY

It's a DeLorean — but what did you do to it? And what's with the Devo suit?

CONTINUED

Notes



MURDER, SHE WROTE*

“The Committee”

Act One

FADE IN:

EXT. HOTEL — DAY

A prestigious hotel somewhere uptown.

INT. HOTEL — LOBBY

Start by a sign in the doorway that reads W.A.F.F.A. — WRITERS AND ARTISTS FOR THE FIRST AMENDMENT — FUND-RAISING PARTY 12-4 P.M. TUESDAY. FANS are lined up in front of several AUTHORS seated at a row of tables. We PAN ACROSS to the table where JESSICA FLETCHER sits as she finishes signing a book, then hands it to the FAN waiting in line. That fan moves aside to reveal another.

FAN

Mrs. Fletcher, hi, I just wanted to say that I’ve been a big fan of yours ever since THE CORPSE DANCED AT MIDNIGHT.

JESSICA

Well, thank you.

FAN

(re: the book)

Could you make it out to Doris?

JESSICA

Of course.

As Jessica signs, Jessica sees the organizer of the fund-raiser, MRS. PHIPPS, approaching.

JESSICA

(to Phipps)

How are we doing?

PHIPPS

Great, we’ve almost reached our goal. Mrs. Fletcher, I know it’s getting late, but we’ve got people lined up all the way outside. If there’s any way you could —

*Excerpt from the telescript “The Committee” for *Murder, She Wrote*: Reproduced from Straczynski, J. Michael. *The Complete Book of Scriptwriting*. Cincinnati, OH: Writer’s Digest Books, 1996. 60–63. Copyright © 1996 by Synthetic Worlds, Ltd and J. Michael Straczynski. Reproduced in accordance with the Pan Canadian Schools/CANCOPY Copyright Licence Agreement (1999-2004).

JESSICA

Certainly. Would another half hour be enough?

PHIPPS

That's perfect, thanks, you're a real lifesaver.

Phipps exits as Jessica hands the fan her book.

FAN

Thank you.

She moves on as Jessica pours a glass of water, not seeing the next person in line until:

WINSTON (os)

You always were willing to go the extra mile, Jessica.

She looks up to see WINSTON DEVERMORE standing before her. A handsome man in his late fifties or early sixties with a leonine head of hair and an elegant manner. Jessica is pleasantly astonished to see him. She rises, and they embrace, warmly, as good friends.

JESSICA

Winston?! Good heavens, where have you been? I haven't seen you in over a year!

WINSTON

I've been in France on business. Just got back. When I saw the notice in the paper about you being here today, I couldn't resist.

JESSICA

Well, I'm glad you didn't. It's been far too long.

WINSTON

My very thought. So after you're finished here, how about dinner?

JESSICA

Sounds wonderful.

WINSTON

Great. I know this quiet little place uptown ... simple, rustic, nothing fancy.

And with a look that says she knows otherwise, we go to

EXT. RESTAURANT — THAT EVENING (STOCK)

Just as fancy as she'd expected: The trees outside are aglow with tiny white lights, valets stand at alert out front ... a carefully restored brick-and-wood monument to good taste and refinement.

WINSTON (vo)

— so after Susann and I went our separate ways, I decided I could use a little adventure.

INT. RESTAURANT — CONTINUOUS

Jessica and Winston sit at a table covered in white cloth and topped by candles, flickering against the exterior night.

WINSTON

Then I heard about this little mining operation in Zimbabwe. They'd been trying to find diamonds for two years, without success. They were hard workers, good people ... and they were running out of money fast. So I decided to take a chance. I invested nearly every cent I had, in exchange for a 50 percent ownership in the mine.

JESSICA

And? ...

WINSTON

And ... they hit the biggest lode anyone's found around there in twenty years.

JESSICA

That's wonderful, Winston. Congratulations. I'm not surprised, though. When we first met in Chicago, six years ago, I knew you were destined for great things.

WINSTON

Nonsense

JESSICA

It's true. To resign as CEO of a major corporation and start your whole life over again ... that takes courage. And I think the universe rewards that kind of courage.

Notes



SERENDIPITOUS RADIO THEATER *		8		
<u>The Confrontation</u>		10		
<u>MUSIC: THEME MUSIC/BREAKOUT</u>		18		
<u>SOUND: NIGHT NOISES, CRICKETS, AN OCCASIONAL OWL</u>				
<u>SOUND: A CAR PULLS INTO A GRAVEL-COVERED DRIVEWAY, STOPS</u>				
<u>SOUND: A CAR DOOR OPENS/CLOSES</u>				
<u>SOUND: A SINGLE SET OF FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL, THEN WOOD</u>				
<u>SOUND: KEY TURNING IN DOOR, DOOR OPENS/CLOSES</u>				
FRANK:	Welcome home, doc.	LINES		
GEORGE:	Frank?			
FRANK:	That's right. (BEAT) Nice little place you got here. Real nice.			
GEORGE:	What do you want?			
FRANK:	I think you know the answer to that. (WITH MEANING) How's Sally these days?			
GEORGE:	Now see here! Either you stay away from my daughter or I'll --			
<u>SOUND: A PISTOL BEING COCKED</u>				
FRANK:	Or you'll <u>what</u> ?			
GEORGE:	Put that gun away. If you think it'll do you any good, you're sadly mistaken.			
FRANK:	No way, doc. No, sir. At least, not (CONT'D)			
			60	
10	23		PICAS	75

FIG. 10

(continued)

*Excerpt from the radio drama "The Confrontation": Reproduced from Straczynski, J. Michael. *The Complete Book of Scriptwriting*. Cincinnati, OH: Writer's Digest Books, 1996. 270–271. Copyright © 1996 by Synthetic Worlds, Ltd and J. Michael Straczynski. Reproduced in accordance with the Pan Canadian Schools/CANCOPY Copyright Licence Agreement (1999–2004).

<u>Confrontation</u>		2	4
FRANK:	(CONT'D) just yet. First, me and Sally, we're gonna have us a little fun. Just like old times, y'know?		8
GEORGE:	You lay your stinking hands on my daughter one more time, and I'll kill you, I swear it!		
FRANK:	(LAUGHING) Right. You're gonna hurt me. What are you gonna do, doc? You figure on turning into a man overnight?		
GEORGE:	Why, you --		
FRANK:	Stay back! I'm warning you!		
<u>SOUND: A GUNSHOT</u>			
GEORGE:	(A GASP)		
<u>SOUND: A BODY FALLING TO THE FLOOR</u>			
<u>TRANSITION: A SHORT STAB, THEN DARK, MOODY MUSIC</u>			
<u>SOUND: A POLICE RADIO MURMURING IN THE BACKGROUND UNDER</u>			
<u>SOUND: SEVERAL PEOPLE MOVING AROUND, MUTTERING, ALSO UNDER</u>			
OFFICER:	Then after you arrived, what happened?		
SALLY:	Well, officer, I opened the door behind us and there on the floor -- (SOBS) -- my father --		
OFFICER:	I know this isn't easy, ma'am, but we're going to need this information if we're ever going to figure out what happened. Now, did you notice if anything was missing -- jewels, cash?		
SALLY:	No. Everything seems to be here.		60
10	23	PICAS	75

FIG. 11