Curriculum Unit:

Magnify Your Mind with the Private Eye: Looking & Thinking by Analogy4th & 5th Grade Gifted Education

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Developed for the NEH Landmarks of American History and Culture Workshop for Teachers Living & Writing Deliberately: The Concord Landscapes and Legacy of Henry David Thoreau

Thread: Hearing that Different Drummer

HDT Focusing Quote: If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away. -- Walden 1854

Essential/Framing Questions:

- What does it mean to be gifted? *Case study of Henry David Thoreau*
- How do we develop our interests/strengths? Close observations with loupes
- How can we be different from our peers but still belong to a community? *Bibliotherapy and creative expression*

Unit Objectives:

- Using children's literature and selections from Thoreau's body of work, students will recognize Thoreau as a gifted individual who was comfortable being different from the mainstream and who thought deeply about the human and natural world around him.
- Using loupes, students will develop the interdisciplinary habits of mind of the scientist, artist, and inventor by looking closely, thinking by analogy, changing scale and theorizing.
- Using class discussions and journaling, students will reflect on how seeing and thinking differently is typical of being gifted and how Thoreau was able to be true to his gifts but still belong to his community.

Note: The lessons using jeweler's loupes are inspired by or adapted from The Private Eye ® Project. <u>http://www.the-private-eye.com/</u>

Needed Materials:

- From <u>http://www.the-private-eye.com/index.html</u>
 - Kerry Ruef, *The Private Eye Teaching Guide (5X) Looking/Thinking by Analogy: A Guide to Developing the Interdisciplinary Mind*
 - Jeweler's loupes (one per student)
 - Insect specimens (your own or from The Private Eye World in a Box ® collection)
- Pencils, colored pencils, miscellaneous art paper for sketching
- A ruler or retracting tape measure

- A time or stopwatch
- Images of Thoreau's journals, nature sketches, and phrenology charts (Contact the Concord Museum, the Thoreau Society, or the Morgan Library for images and copyright permission.)
- Sweet gum balls (seed pod husk from the sweet gum tree) -- or other locally available plant specimen (the Dusty Miller is a good alternative)
- Books:
 - If You Spent a Day with Thoreau at Walden Pond by Robert Burleigh
 - Henry David's House by David Schnur
 - Henry David Thoreau for Kids: His Life and Ideas, with 21 Activities (For Kids Series) by Corinne Hosfeld Smith
 - *The Trouble with Henry: A Tale of Walden Pond* by Deborah O'Neal, Angela Westengard
 - The *Henry* series by D.B. Johnson
 - Walden
 - Annotated Journals of Henry David Thoreau
 - Transcendental Wordplay: America's Romantic Punsters and the Search for the Language of Nature by Michael West

Lesson One: "Handsome" Art

Adapted from Ruef, p. 84-90

<u>Objective</u>: Students will learn how to use a jeweler's loupe to examine their hands using the Private Eye ® methodology and write a poem based on their observations.

<u>HDT Quote</u>: We must look a long time before we can see. -- Natural History of Massachusetts, 1842

<u>Companion Book</u>: If You Spent a Day with Thoreau at Walden Pond by Robert Burleigh

Set:

- **HDT Quote:** Start by introducing students to today's quote with a group discussion: What does it mean to see?
- **Powers of 10 Film:** Students will watch the famous Eames film that explores the concept of magnitudes by moving outward from a picnic scene to the outer reaches of the universe at a rate of ten times per ten seconds and then inward at the same rate to a proton. *(Extension: exponents, units of measurement)* <u>https://youtu.be/0fKBhvDjuy0</u>
- The Private Eye
 Methodology: The teacher will introduce students to the 4-step process that teaches students to make keen observations using analogical thinking. Students will record the 4 steps in their journals:
 - 1. What else does it remind me of? (responses are 1 word nouns)
 - 2. Why did it remind me of that? (go back to the nouns and add descriptive adjectives)
 - 3. Why is it like that? (Hypothesizing using analogical relationships)
 - If it reminds me of that, could it also function like that? (Theorizing form or function; extrapolation → testing theories)

<u>T₂O:</u>

- Loupe-Looking: The students will practice looking through a jeweler's loupe that magnifies objects 5 times. (*Tips:* Have students hold the wide end of the loupe to one eye while closing the other. Let them experiment with moving their hand closer and farther away from the loupe until it comes into focus, approximately 1"-2" away. This is the "sweet spot." Let students with glasses try using the loupe with and without their glasses to see which way they prefer. The loupes are also sold with attached lanyards for younger students, so if they drop it it doesn't fall to the floor.)
- **Observing the Hand:** Students will use the loupe to closely observe their hands. As a class, students will brainstorm what their hands remind them of (Question 1 for nouns). The teacher will record students' ideas on the board for reference. The teacher will guide students through their initial hesitation or reticence until each student brainstorms 5-10 things that their hand reminds them of. Students will look at the collection of nouns and add adjectives (Question 2) to each noun. (*Tip: Let students add adjectives to any noun, not just their own, to encourage creative flow.*)

Closure:

- **"My Hand" Poem:** Using the list of words and phrases on the board, students will select, edit, and arrange their favorite observations into a poem and record the poem in their journals. (*Tip: Write a group poem first, modeling how to select and adapt phrases from the group brainstorming list.*)
- **"Handsome" Art:** Students will use a loupe and drawing tips (see below) to select a part of their hand (knuckle, fingernail, palm, etc.) to sketch using colored pencils. Students sketches will be added to their typed poems and displayed in the hallway. (*Tip: Allow students freedom to play with the font, color, and spacing of words to create a visually impactful poem.*)

Drawing Tips:

- <u>Fill the frame</u>: Start with a small piece of paper (the frame) with the intent to "fill the frame," leaving no blank spaces. (*Tips*: For the first time drawing using loupes, start students with a small 4"x4" square of paper. The Private Eye ® online store offers several cute frame templates.)
- <u>Commit</u>: Use pens or colored pencils so you don't have the option to erase; figure out how to work mistakes into the design.
- <u>Natural Designs</u>: Look for geometric shapes or patterns that Nature used to fill the space and use the same design in your drawing.
- <u>Detail</u>: When you think you're done, look again with the loupe and see if there are even smaller details you can add. (<u>*Tip*</u>: Require students to draw nonstop for a lengthy period, 15-30 minutes, to encourage details.)
- **Companion Book**: Refer back to today's quote and introduce students to Thoreau with the book *If You Spent a Day with Thoreau at Walden Pond* by Robert Burleigh.

Lesson Two: Before & After

Adapted from Ruef, p. 104, 130

Objective: Students will compare and contrast the level of detail and observation in their work describing an insect specimen before and after the loupe-analogy process.

HDT Quotes: The question is not what you look at, but what you see. -- Journal, 5 August 1851

All this is perfectly distinct to an observant eye, and yet could easily pass unnoticed by most. -- Journal, 3 November 1861

Companion Book: Samples of Thoreau's journal illustrations, surveys, and phrenology charts (Contact the Concord Museum, the Thoreau Society, or the Morgan Library for images and copyright permission.)

Henry David Thoreau for Kids: His Life and Ideas, with 21 Activities (For Kids Series) by Corinne Hosfeld Smith

<u>Set</u>:

- **HDT Quotes:** Start by introducing students to today's quotes with a group discussion. What is the difference between looking and seeing? Observing?
- **Before:** The teacher will list 6 common insect species on the board (ant, wasp, dragonfly, ladybug, etc., depending on which insect specimens are available). Students (or student pairs, depending on class size and number of specimens) will choose one to study. Each student will draw a quick sketch of the insect based on their memory and a few adjective-noun pair descriptions in their journals. (*Tip: Expect lots of cartoon-like drawings.*)

<u>T₂O:</u>

• **During:** After completing their "Before" sketches, students will examine their chosen insect specimen using loupes and the Private Eye ® questioning process. Students sharing an insect specimen may work together to brainstorm what else the insect specimen looks like/reminds them of (question #1) and analogize why it reminded them of that (question #2). Each student will then edit their adjective-noun pair descriptions and draw a more scientific illustration of their specimen to better reflect the more detailed nature of their observations with the loupe.

Closure:

• After: Students will make a T-chart to compare and contrast their 2 sets of observations, labeled "Before" and "After." Student pairs may assist each other with their own interpretations and feedback. Both drafts will be recorded in their journals for possible inclusion in their portfolios. (*Tip: Seeing the "Before" and "After" illustrations side by side is visually arresting and leads to a heightened awareness of the need for close observation of details.*)

• **Companion Books**: Refer back to today's quote and show students some of Thoreau's sketches in his journal and field notes. Discuss Thoreau's powers of observation and have students hypothesize what, if any, tools he used. Review the Phenology pages in *Henry David Thoreau for Kids.*

Lesson Three: Using Your Gifts: Think Like a Scientist or Inventor Adapted from Ruef, p. 54-55, 143, 166-168

Objective: Students will use close observation techniques to illustrate a plant during an outdoor field study, brainstorm questions about a particular aspect of the plant's structure, and theorize possible explanations for how this structure affects its functionality.

HDT Quote: Follow your genius closely enough and it will not fail to show you a fresh prospect every hour. --Sounds Chapter of Walden

I learned this, at least, by my experiment; that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. --Walden Conclusion

<u>Companion Books</u>: Henry David Thoreau for Kids: His Life and Ideas, with 21 Activities (For Kids Series) by Corinne Hosfeld Smith Transcendental Wordplay: America's Romantic Punsters and the Search for the Language of Nature by Michael West Henry Works by D.B. Johnson

<u>Set</u>:

- **HDT Quotes:** Start by introducing students to today's quotes with a group discussion: What does it mean to follow your gifts? How do geniuses think differently from other people?
- Sweet Gum Puzzler: Today, students will be encouraged to "Think like a scientist" and take their thinking to the next step after close observation. Students will examine a sweet gum ball (seed pod husk from the sweet gum tree) using loupes. After an initial class brainstorming session to answer the Private Eye® questions #1-2 ("What else does it remind me of? Why did it remind me of that?"), the teacher will lead the class in a lesson on theorizing. The class will consider questions #3-4, "Why is it like that? If it reminds me of _____, could it work like that?" to wonder why the sweet gum ball has its distinctive shape and spikes. Students will work in small teams to brainstorm possible hypotheses about the form and function of the sweet gum ball using the starter, "It could be..." and record them in their folders. (*Tip: If time allows, have students sketch the sweet gum ball with loupes before brainstorming.*) Students will share their best guesses about the form and function of the sweet gum ball.

<u>T₂O:</u>

• Plant Field Study: Students will visit an outdoor area with various plants growing -- a flower bed, butterfly garden, local park, etc. Each student will select a plant to examine and sketch using a loupe. Next to their illustrations and analogy lists (questions #1-2), students will brainstorm a list of questions and theories for the Private Eye ® questions #3-4, "Why is it like that? How does this attribute help it function?"

• Scientific Nomenclature: Back in the classroom, the teacher will explain how scientists name things: after people, after locations, after a physical attribute, or after something the object looks like or reminds the discoverer of, often using Greek or Latin. The class will discuss examples from a teacher-created flipchart or slideshow and theorize how scientists named each example. Each student will use their analogy lists to make up their own name for the plant they studied and record it in their journals next to their sketches.

Closure:

- **The Invention of Velcro:** The teacher will share the story of the invention of velcro with the class, emphasizing how the inventor followed the Private Eye ® steps of looking closely, thinking analogically, and changing scale while working through multiple iterations of the engineering design process. http://mpb.pbslearningmedia.org/resource/lpsc10.sci.life.velcro/velcro/
- **Think Like an Inventor:** Students will think of a possible invention inspired by the sweet gum ball and/or the plant they studied and record their ideas in their journals. They should also include a diagram of their invention.
- **Companion Books**: Refer to examples of Thoreauvian wordplay (reference his annotated journals, scholarly articles or the book *Transcendental Wordplay: America's Romantic Punsters and the Search for the Language of Nature* by Michael West). Have students revisit their new names for the plants they studied or their inventions to incorporate wordplay. Review the sections on plant inventories, gardens, seeds, rocks, etc. in *Henry David Thoreau for Kids* by Corinne Hosfeld Smith.

Lesson Four: Ultimate Portrait: Think Like Thoreau (Assessment)

Adapted from Ruef, p. 177-178, 210

Objective: Students will make a portrait of a small natural object that combines math, poetry, and science for increased accuracy to set the groundwork that typically precedes insight and breakthrough.

HDT Quotes: Will you be a reader, a student merely, or a seer? -- Sounds Chapter of Walden

Every path but your own is the path of fate. Keep on your own track, then. -- Sounds Chapter of Walden

Explore your own interior: Nay, be a Columbus to whole new continents and worlds within you, opening new channels, not of trade, but of thought. --Walden Conclusion

Companion Book: Henry David's House by Steven Schnur

<u>Set</u>:

- **HDT Quotes:** Start by introducing students to today's quotes with a group discussion: How has using a loupe changed the way they observe the world? How does seeing the world differently relate to thinking differently? Relate thinking differently to being gifted and ask how Thoreau was able to be true to his gifts and live differently from his peers but still belong to his community.
- Form a Friendship: Allow students to select a natural object (plant, animal, insect, crystal, stone, etc.) from a classroom collection or their own discovery. Students will "form a friendship" with their chosen object by performing the Private Eye ® loupe + analogy questions: writing, drawing, and theorizing about the purpose of the structures they observe.

<u>T₂O:</u>

• **Become an Accountant:** Students will count what's countable and measure what's measurable using available tools (loupes, timer, retracting tape measure, rulers, protractors, etc.). For example, with a dragonfly students could count the wings, the number of veined divisions in the wings, the angles in the veins, the length of the wings, the length of the whole tail, the length of the tail segments, the hairs on the tail and back, the number of legs, the spines on the legs, etc. With a live specimen, students could observe and record the number of switchbacks during one minute of flight, the number of times it circles to the same spot, the pulsations per minute in a dragonfly's tail, etc.

<u>Closure</u>:

• **Theorize Like Thoreau:** Students will theorize what their statistics might mean: Do they see any patterns? What else do the patterns remind them of? Where else have they seen such patterns and numbers? Students will combine their accounts --

sketches, poetry analogies, statistics and theories -- into a monograph, the "ultimate portrait" of their chosen specimen. Have students display and share their work in a classroom museum and invite other classes to visit and leave their feedback. (*Tips: Students may choose to work in pairs and combine their observations for their final project. The Private Eye* ® *program offers several reproducible templates that will guide younger students through these steps and that could be used as frames for the museum.*)

- **Companion Book**: Refer back to today's quotes and appreciate Thoreau's deliberate lifestyle in his own words (selected for school-age children) with *Henry David's House* by Steven Schnur.
- **Optional Pre-test/Post-test:** To track student growth in thinking skills, rate students <u>before</u> starting the Private Eye ® program and <u>after</u> a period of regular use. Ruef recommends Arthur L. Costa's parent/teacher rating scale, "Twelve Ways Your Child/Student Shows Growth in Thinking Skills" from *Developing Minds: A Resource Book for Teaching Thinking Vol. 1* (see Ruef p. 210).

Lesson Plans By Darrin Berard English Teacher, Grades 11 and 12 Lowell High School Lowell, Massachusetts dberard@lowell.k12.ma.us

The following lesson plan grew out of my experiences attending the NEH Landmarks of American History Teacher Workshop: *Living and Writing Deliberately: The Concord Landscapes and Legacy of Henry Thoreau.* I attended the workshop from July 16, 2017 to July 21, 2017. My lessons reflect four specific strands from the workshop: "Being Awake, Aware, and Alive," "Hearing the Different Drummer," "Practicing Simplicity," and "Choosing a Life with Principle." You will find two lesson plans per thread, all of which use Thoreau's writing and ideas as anchors for larger learning. These lessons could be utilized separately to emphasize core concepts at different points in the year, or together as part of a larger unit. A couple of the lessons provide an introduction to something that would actually be an ongoing part of the classroom throughout the academic year.

Lesson #1: Finding the Write Space: What Thoreau's Desk Can Tell Us

Curriculum Thread: Being Awake, Aware and Alive

Objective: The purpose of this lesson is to get students to be *aware* of and to consider where they write in an effort to maximize their effectiveness as writers by creating optimal conditions for deep reflection.

Procedures, Materials, and Essential Questions: Thoreau said in 1847: "I sit before my green desk ... and attend to my thinking." Like his mentor Ralph Waldo Emerson—and countless other writers—Thoreau had a specific workspace to record his thoughts. Thoreau's desk can be viewed inside the Concord Museum, along with Emerson's study, which contains the round table and rocking chair at which Emerson wrote. These objects can also be viewed at the Emerson House at 28 Cambridge Turnpike in Concord, diagonally a short walk across the street from the Concord Museum. Images of these items can also be viewed at the Concord Museum.org.

Begin by showing students images of the desks or the actual physical ones on display. Then ask students to "read" those objects. For instance, they could consider: *What does Thoreau's desk say about his attitudes toward writing? Why do you believe Thoreau had a designated space for writing? How important was the physical space where Thoreau wrote to what he wrote?*

Eventually, the focus should turn back to the students themselves; they will reflect on how and where they write. Overall, this lesson should help students discover the link that people who value writing make with having a space worthy of and conducive to such an activity.

Recommendations for Assessing Student Learning:

- Have students photograph their own workspace. It does not need to be a desk. Tell students that it should reflect where they most often write, even if it is not the place they write *every* time.
- Then, have students record what they notice in the photograph. They should catalogue as many specific details as possible about what is depicted, including any needed context that is not clear from the photo. For instance, if the location in which the photo was taken is not immediately clear from the photo, it should be stated.
- Finally, have students reflect on what they see in writing. Ideas they should consider: What do they think that workspace says about how they value (or perhaps devalue) writing? What elements of that environment help them to complete their writing well? What elements perhaps distract or detract from the purpose of writing? What improvements could be made? Would that be possible?
- Students should submit their written work, along with the photo. They could also "exhibit" their findings for their classmates in small or large group discussion. As a variation, you could consider having students share their photo with a partner *before* they reveal their own findings, and have that partner catalogue what they notice in their classmate's photo.

Lesson #2: How technology affects us in positive and negative ways: Reflections on Walden Pond and Thoreauvian Observations

Curriculum Thread: Practicing Simplicity

Objective: The purpose of this lesson is to get students to examine the impact that technology has on their daily lives—in both positive and negative ways.

Procedures, Materials, and Essential Questions: Thoreau appeared acutely aware of both the positive and negative effects technology could have; in his day, the major advancement was the introduction of railroad service in Concord. The railroad, in fact, travelled right by his cabin at Walden Pond. While the railroad offered new convenience (easy access, for instance, to neighboring Boston), it

damaged the tranquility of the natural landscape. Most importantly, technology and our chase for "better" lives distracted from what Thoreau believed to be our true purpose. He wrote in *Walden*: "Most of the luxuries, and many of the so-called comforts of life, are not only not indispensible, but positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind."

Students will be tasked with documenting and evaluating their own relationship to technology. If a field trip is possible, it would be wonderful to take students to Walden Pond and require them to spend 10 minutes observing the physical world around them, recording everything they see, hear, and smell. Allow them the opportunity to Be Thoreau.

Upon returning home, students will be asked to keep detailed records of their technology use. To that end, you could show students examples of the charts that Thoreau kept, which documented what he saw around Walden Pond. Ask students: *What can these charts tell us about Thoreau's powers of observation? Why do you believe that Thoreau kept such detailed records? What is the value of a primary source like this both then and now? How might a document like this one be useful to starting a conversation about an issue or toward making a change? How did Thoreau's observations compare to the ones you made during our visit?*

- On the first day, have students keep track of their own technology use during a specific day. That includes: cell phone use (for calls, texting, social media surfing, etc.), computer use, or any other technology. Those observations should be documented on a chart, similar to the way Thoreau structured his records. The type of technology should be in the left column, and the minutes used should be in the right column. Students should bring this chart to class the following day.
- The next day: Students should reflect on the data. Ask your students: *What* does the data show about your technology use? Were you surprised by anything when you look at the data? Does it raise any concerns for you? Did this technology use come at the expense of anything else? Was your technology use absolutely necessary?
- Afterward, students should read Patton Oswalt's essay "Why I Quit Twitter and Will Again" from *Time Magazine*, September 8-15, 2014.
- Here's the challenge: require students to "disconnect" from technology for a day. Consider going 5 p.m. the first day to 5 p.m. the second day to allow them time to reflect and write that night after the experiment is done. Questions to consider in a written reflection include: *What was the experience of disconnecting like? Was it a positive or negative experience? Explain. Is it*

practical in today's world to totally disconnect from technology? Why or why not? Would you consider doing this again, even in a modified form? Why or why not?

- You could have students share their findings in small or large group discussion, along with a discussion of Oswalt's essay. You could consider asking students to discuss how they believe Thoreau would respond.
- Show them the Wall Street journal report on Thoreau and Technology, available at http://www.wsj.com/video/the-thoreau-technique-to-disconnecting-from-tech/C734BA47-9239-4C6A-A028-422EBA460FF4.html, and discuss the video in class.

Lesson #3: The Soundtrack of your life: Taking A Cue from Thoreau

Curriculum Thread: Hearing that Different Drummer

Objective: The purpose of this lesson is to get students to consider their own individuality—their own drum beat.

Procedures, Materials, and Essential Questions: This lesson assumes that the students in the class are high school juniors, though any parameters could be established to adapt this lesson. Thoreau said in *Walden*: "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

To frame the lesson, have students read excerpts from the *Walden*, such as "Where I Loved and What I Lived For," and "The Conclusion". Take various passages from these selections to work with in class. Assign specific sections to small student work groups. Each group would then be tasked with pairing a song with that section, which they believe best captures the essence of the passage. Ask students to consider: *What do the passages say about Thoreau (his beliefs, values, or motivations)? What song best fits what you see in the passage; what "drummer" or song fits best? What is your rationale for your choice?* Students should be prepared to report out their choice and rationale in class.

Recommendations for Assessing Student Learning:

• Have students consider their high school career. They should identify **three** songs: the first should fit their freshman year; the second, their sophomore year; and the third should be a kind of goal setting, since this activity would most likely be done early in the year. Students should consider: *What song best fits or illustrates each year, considering the major moments that may have*

defined that year? Why did you select that song? Did you have more than one possible choice; if so, how did you eliminate one song over the other? What do you hope to achieve this year, reflected in the song you selected for junior year? Was it difficult to choose these songs? Why or why not?

• In addition to selecting the three songs--which students could actually record to play in class, students should be prepared to "curate" an exhibition of their songs. They should prepare text to share with "museum goers" (their classmates) that describes each song and its significance to that particular year. This text should be typed.

Lesson #4: A Little R & R: Be Thoreau While You Read—and Live

Curriculum Thread: Being Awake, Aware and Alive

Objective: The purpose of this lesson is *not* to give students a little rest and relaxation—as the phrase is traditionally used, but to make them more acutely aware of the world around them. by reading it and reflecting on it.

Procedures, Materials, and Essential Questions: The first "R" stands for *reading*; students will read various "texts," which could include literary works, or discussions. The task will be to introduce students to the concept of journaling. Tell students that throughout his life, Henry David Thoreau kept 47 marble notebooks, which are currently housed at the Morgan Library in New York City. Thoreau would go on a nature walk, for instance, and record observations on a scrap of paper. After two or three days, he typically would transcribe those notes in longer form into his journal. Those journal entries reflected his thoughts and feelings on a variety of the day's issues. The entries also served as the raw material for lectures he would deliver or essays he would publish. Journaling was central to the way Thoreau considered important issues and concepts.

Show students examples/images of Thoreau's notebooks. Text of the notebooks is available at the Thoreau Institute's website: walden.org. Very few examples of Thoreau's field notes have survived, but one was displayed along with Thoreau's walking stick and the journal entry derived from the notes during the joint exhibition by the Morgan Library and Concord Museum, "This Ever New Self: Thoreau and His Journal" The exhibit is currently on display in New York (until September 10) and will be at the Concord Museum beginning September 29, 2017 until January 21, 2018.

It is important to establish how Thoreau felt about writing and process itself. Thoreau gave a wonderful piece of writing advice to H.G.O. Blake in a letter dated November 16, 1857, which reflect his views of the purpose of journals. He said: "Going up there and being blown on is nothing. We never do much climbing while we are there, but we eat our luncheon, etc., very much at home. It is after we get home that we really go over the mountain, if ever. What did the mountain say? What did the mountain do?"

In other words, we most often do not understand why something is meaningful until *after* some time and distance has passed. That's the second "R:" *reflection*. Thoreau argues, and you should get your students to understand, that it is our job to document *what* happens without worrying initially about *why it happened*. The important piece is that we revisit the event, reflect more upon it, and hopefully arrive at an understanding of it.

- Have students purchase a marble composition notebook. This is particularly fitting, given that Thoreau used similar marble notebooks. You could share this information with them. These notebooks either could be stored in a classroom space, or students should be required to bring their notebook each day to class.
- Each day, students could take "fieldnotes" while they read or discuss in class on a handout. Students should consider: *What did I work on individually or with my classmates? What did I notice during class? What did I hear; what significant comments did my classmates make?*
- Those notes should be transcribed into the notebook, adding any new details that the writer recalls. The entries should be as detailed as possible, focusing in part on the big ideas observed during those days. Students should consider: *Am I describing things in enough detail so that someone who was not in our classroom would easily know what went on? Did I miss any important details that I can recall now, which may not be in my original notes?* Share this quote from Thoreau's journal: "It is a record of the mellow and ripe moments that I would keep. I would not preserve the husk of life, but the kernel." Students should therefore consider: *What were the important kernels of our work today, this week, etc.?*
- The student should select items upon which to reflect further. In his or her notebook, the student should connect the content from English class to something outside English class, possibly something he or she is studying in another subject that helps illuminate the subject matter. For instance, a student might connect a theory he or she learned about in psychology class to help better understand a character's motivation in an assigned text in English class. The entry explaining the connection should be a page long in the notebook. Students should ask: *What does this remind me of? What have I seen or heard which helps me to make sense of what I read or heard?* You may choose to grade some or all of the items in the composition notebook.
- Most importantly, though, students will then be required to use an entry to generate an essay, much like Thoreau did using his entries to generate lectures or essays. The essay should have a clear thesis showing how the

connection helps to enhance an understanding of the work or issue being examined and discussed.

Lesson #5: Thoreauvian values

Curriculum Thread: Choosing Life with Principle

Objective: The purpose of this lesson is to reinforce the core values espoused by my high school.

Procedures, Materials, and Essential Questions: Most schools establish core values to guide conduct at the school. This year at Lowell High School, students will be introduced to the following core values: Responsibility, Integrity, Determination, Engagement, and Respect.

What values guide your school community, consider introducing students to these concepts early in the year; that introduction might include an examination of the denotation and connation of each word. You could create small groupings of students and ask them to consider one of the core values. Students could consider: *What does each word mean? What associations or judgments do we place on each word? Where are the words evident in our school? When have you seen examples of someone failing to live up to these core values?*

Thoreau wrote in his journal: " Our true character silently underlies all our words and actions, as the granite underlies the other strata." The core values (RIDER) are designed to serve as the bedrock of the LHS community and should thus be reflected in the conduct of its community members.

- Students should read Jerome Lawrence's play, **The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail.* (It should be noted for students that this play should NOT be read as entirely historically accurate, much like you would caution reading *The Crucible* as an historical account of the Salem Witch Trials). The play is short—only about 100 pages—and very manageable. Copies of the play are available at local booksellers; it is not available in pdf.
- Once students have read the play, they could write about or discuss the core values evident in the play. Students should ask: *Do I see any of the core values we emphasize at our school reflected in the play? Are other values explored in the play? How are those values reflected in the specific words and actions of the various characters, particularly Henry, in the play? What does the play tell us about acting morally?* Again, these answers could be written or shared orally, depending on your requirements.

Lesson #6: Be Thoreau and Avoid Shortcuts: Practicing Academic Integrity

Curriculum Thread: Choosing Life with Principle

Objective: The purpose of this lesson is to reinforce the idea that students must always practice academic honesty.

Procedures, Materials, and Essential Questions: For students, one of the most important values is integrity, particularly avoiding plagiarism. Not only has the advent of computers made information easier to access, but also it has made that information easier for students to "copy and paste." One of the first concepts that students must understand is this: always credit the ideas of others.

Students should consider: What does it mean to have integrity (particularly academic integrity)? Why is that so important?

Take a handful of quotes from Thoreau and type them onto a sheet. Any quotes will suffice, but you should choose some that you consider to be most meaningful. A great resource would be the Dover Thrift Edition's *Thoreau's Book of Quotations*. A wonderful collection of quotations is available at the Thoreau Institute's website at walden.org. I would recommend select 5 to 7 quotes. Since the quotations are grouped by subject matter, you could assign one for each different subject, First, divide your class into smaller groups. Those groups will then be tasked with paraphrasing each quote; the groups should put use fresh words while maintaining the same idea present in the quote. Students should ask themselves: *What does Thoreau mean?* The groups could compare paraphrases and discuss similarities and differences. The full class could discuss any successes or pitfalls. Also needing to be addressed will be the use of proper internal attribution (i.e. Thoreau writes, ...) when presenting ideas in writing.

- Students should read Thoreau's essay "Life Without Principle."
- Students should write a detailed summary of the essay in which they state the main idea and key supporting details of the article. While most of the summary should be in fresh words, students should practice quoting a key line or two directly and integrating that properly in the paragraph. Students should consider: *What is Thoreau's thesis? What key details does he use to support his thesis?*
- The following day, students should be prepared to discuss the following: What does a principled life look like? What doesn't it look like? What might Thoreau say about academic honesty? Why is academic integrity such a big deal? Why can plagiarism ruin your career or get you thrown out of college? Are people making much ado about nothing; is it really that serious? What is

the difference between intentional and unintentional plagiarism? Can integrity be regained once it is lost? Is cheating ever justified? Who is really being cheated in the act of plagiarism?

• You could have students submit the typed summary after using it as a resource for the class discussion.

Lesson #7: Cutting the Clutter or Simplify, Simplify, Simplify!

Curriculum Thread: Practicing Simplicity

Objective: The purpose of this lesson is to help students convey their ideas with greater force and clarity.

Procedures, Materials, and Essential Questions: Thoreau famously said in *Walden:* "Simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb nail." In discussing how to live life, Thoreau could easily have been talking about writing, too. Students should understand that Thoreau was a master of his craft; he considered himself foremost a writer and worked incredibly hard at writing. That included grappling with an idea and how it was presented until he felt that he got it "right."

Students can learn a couple of important writing lessons from Thoreau. First, it should be noted that the first statement of something is not always the best one, and that writing needs to be revisited and reshaped; the value of revision should be a crucial concept to convey to students. One of the best resources to illustrate Thoreau's process—the evolution of an idea—comes from Jeff Cramer's handout on the "different drummer" statement that appears in Walden. Cramer traced the advent of the ideas in that statement to a journal entry some 14 years before the publication of *Walden*, through 6 additional iterations of the concept. Seeing this will give students a clear idea of an author at work: someone reflecting upon and refining an important idea until he felt that he got it right. It could be used to help frame an overall focus on revising student writing.

Students should be introduced to "tired words and phrases" that could be removed from their writing. A wonderful list appears in Bruce Ballenger's *The Curious Researcher*, along with an exercise that gives students practice at cutting the clutter. Another idea that could be addressed is the issue of "overwriting" or attempting to sound "sophisticated" by littering writing with big words when simpler ones would suffice. It would be interesting to show student examples of Thoreau's own process of taking the journal and turning them into essays or lectures; in the early journals, Thoreau literally cut out important entries in his journals to fashion into his larger, more polished works.

Recommendations for Assessing Student Learning:

- To make this the most authentic, students should revisit a piece of their own writing: perhaps it is the essay that grew out of one of the journal reflections, or perhaps it is another piece completed during the year. Regardless, students should work with their own writing, as the work toward refining statements and cutting wordiness from their writing. They should consider: *Is this the best way to say what I want to say? Am I missing anything that my reader needs? Am I digressing from my point; is there material I should remove from my essay?*
- Students should submit both the original piece and the revised one, along with a brief explanation of the changes made between the two pieces.

Lesson #8: What Would Henry Do? Applying the Concept of Civil Disobedience to Another Literary Work

Thread: Hearing the Different Drummer

Objective: To apply the lessons of Thoreau, particularly "Civil Disobedience" to the novel, *Ready Player One*.

Procedures, Materials, and Essential Questions: In Ernest Cline's novel *Ready Player One,* America is falling apart and reality has been replaced by a virtual reality. Most Americans spend their days in the OASIS a virtual reality simulation. Juniors at Lowell High School entering the American Studies class were assigned to read *Ready Player One* over the summer and will be prepared to discuss it. A good way to begin is to have students consider: *What kind of person is protagonist Wade Watts? What makes him different than other people in the book?*

To begin in would be interesting to have students read Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience." They should consider the following: *Is protagonist Wade Watts practicing Civil Disobedience in the book? What idea is he fighting against? How does he combat it? Is he justified in his opposition to that idea? Why don't others take a stand before him? Are the masses fighting out of selfish or noble reasons?*

Students will then read "Where I Live and What I Lived For" from *Walden*. In addition to discussing the essay, it would be good to draw connections between Walden Pond and OASIS. Have students discuss: *How is OASIS their Walden? What do the people get out of OASIS? What are some of the drawbacks of living in OASIS? What are some of the benefits? Are the inhabitants of OASIS living "deliberately?" How does place in the novel affect what the characters value and do?*

You should obtain a free classroom license for the video game, Walden: A Game, which students could use in the classroom. Go to waldengame.com and request a

classroom license for a link to use. Students should be given an opportunity to play the game only after reading *Walden*.

Recommendations for Assessing Student Learning:

- Student learning can largely be assessed through small and large group discussions of the various questions listed above.
- Additionally, have students respond in writing to the following prompt: On its webpage, the creators of the game write: It is not our hope that the game would ever replace reading the book of Walden, or taking a lovely walk out doors, or getting closer to nature in any way. We hope the game is actually a path for more people to find their way back to Thoreau, and to nature, and to be inspired to think more deliberately about the choices they make about life and how to live it simply and wisely.

In your opinion, can the game—or any game for that matter—achieve these things? Why or why not? Is it a simple or complicated issue? Be sure to explain your opinion drawing on examples from both the video game itself and Ready Player One, which essentially centers on a video game. Liza Birnbaum The Care Center Holyoke, MA

Writing as a Way of Being Awake, Aware, and Alive: NEH Landmarks-Inspired Lesson Plans for Bringing Thoreau Into a "Writing as a Daily Practice" Elective

Note: I teach creative writing and literature at an educational resource center for young women who are pregnant or parenting and who are working towards their high school equivalency degree. I am preparing to teach an elective in the fall that focuses on writing as a daily practice and encourages students to build a pleasurable, personal relationship with the act of writing. Our classes are structured in a way that accommodates rolling admissions year-round and that allows students to do all their work in class (i.e. no homework is assigned). Evaluation in my electives comes in the form of written or oral comments to students on their work.

Day One: Introduction to Henry David Thoreau and to Journaling as a Practice

Objectives:

- Students will customize the journals they'll be using for the rest of the course
- We'll discuss the idea of writing as a daily practice
- They'll learn a little about Henry David Thoreau and his journal keeping.

Essential Questions:

- Why might you keep a journal? What feels important in your life to record or reflect upon?
- What does it mean to think of a journal as a *practice*?
- How does private writing affect your writing and thinking in a more social sense?

Materials:

- Blank books for students to use as journals
- Set of pens for journaling use
- Markers/glue/scissors/collage materials for cover decorating
- Copy of Thoreau's excerpted *Journal* to show students
- Jeff Cramer handout on the evolution of Thoreau's "different drummer" passage in Walden

Rough Schedule:

- 1 1:10: Warm-up: have students ever kept a journal? When, and what did you write down? Everyone shares their answers aloud.
- 1:10 1:25: Introduction to Thoreau. Read or watch a short biographical intro, then
 introduce Thoreau's journal-keeping to students (perhaps with photos from the Morgan
 Library). Listen to an excerpt from the Morgan Library's online exhibit; show students Jeff
 Cramer's handout and discuss. How did Thoreau use his journal to try things out as a writer?
- 1:25 1:50: Look at different definitions of the word "practice." (Students can use dictionaries or volunteer common-knowledge). Journal writing time in response to the following prompt: *There is a saying that goes, "What you practice is what you become." What do you practice daily? Does this speak to who you want to be? Why or why not?*

• 1:50 – 2:15: Journal decorating and clean-up time.

Learning Assessment:

• Students can elect to receive feedback from me ("open-journal") or to simply visually demonstrate that they are using the journal ("closed-journal").

Day Two: Journaling as a Way to Notice More

Objectives:

- Students will begin to consider what impact an environment may have on one's thinking, and vice versa
- We'll introduce the concepts of close observation and reflection
- We'll think about nature writing as a genre and what it offers us as readers and writers

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Essential Questions:

- What does it mean to you to closely observe your surroundings? What tools do you use to do so, and what challenges do you face?
- What do we gain from noticing small things about what's around us?
- How can we use the physical or external world to understand ourselves?

Materials:

- Student journals
- Set of pens for journaling use
- Journal excerpts to share
- Close noticing handouts

Rough Schedule:

- 1 1:20: Drive to Arcadia Wildlife Sanctuary.
- 1:20 1:25: Reading aloud of one or two excerpts from Thoreau's *Journal*.
- 1:25 1:45: Independent exploration and writing based on one of two handouts: sensory prompts or object-specific description (or free exploratory writing).
- 1:45-1:55: Reconvene and writing in response to two short prompts: 1) After spending some time quietly noticing the outside world, what do you notice about your own feelings and mental state? 2) How would this process have been the same if you had been at the Care Center? Where would you like to try this experiment?
- 1:55 2:15: Return to the Care Center by van.

Learning Assessment:

- Students who want to share their written or verbal reflections will have an opportunity to do so.
- Students can elect to receive feedback from me ("open-journal") or to simply visually demonstrate that they are using the journal ("closed-journal").

Day Three: Living and Writing Deliberately/Journal as Experiment

Objectives:

- Students will directly engage with Thoreau's work during a close reading exercise
- We'll explore some of the varieties and styles of journal keeping and consider our own writing practice(s)
- We'll continue to think about *practice* as we discuss journals' role as observatory and laboratory, using Thoreau as an example

Essential Questions:

- What might it mean to live deliberately? How does writing help and/or hinder us in that endeavor?
- Why did Thoreau go to Walden, and why did he write a book about it?
- How does the form of a diary interact with its content? What does it do to decide on one form, and what does it do to shape it?
- How might writing and science use similar techniques or procedures? What goals might they share, and how are the practices different?

Materials:

- Student journals
- Set of pens for journaling use
- Markers/glue/scissors/collage materials
- Copies and/or photos of various diaries, including Lynda Barry's books
- Thoreau handout with passages from Walden

Rough Schedule:

- 1 1:10: Warm-up: what does it mean to do something deliberately? What is something you try to do deliberately? Students share out answers.
- 1:10 1:35: Introduction to Thoreau's time at Walden—sketch of his project and examination of excerpts. Writing prompt: *Do you want to live deliberately? What would that look like to you? What does it mean to you to "really live"?* Time for sharing.
- 1:35 1:55: Show students different examples of journals and artist books. What decisions or inclinations help shape the form of a journal? Show examples of Thoreau's phonological charts. Discussion: how might a journal be a kind of lab? How does this connect to what we just read in *Walden*?
- 1:55 2:15: Try an experiment in your own journal (prompts will be available for students who need help getting started.) Freewriting/artmaking and clean-up time.

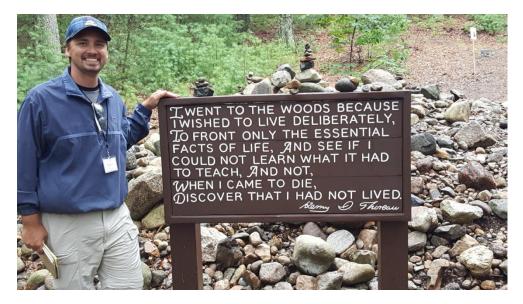
Learning Assessment:

- At the start of next class, we'll revisit the concepts of deliberateness and experiment, and discuss how the ideas operate together.
- Students can elect to receive feedback from me ("open-journal") or to simply visually demonstrate that they are using the journal ("closed-journal").

Living & Writing Deliberately—Influencing my Instruction in the High School English Classroom

Submitted by Erik Borne, August 2017

This NEH-sponsored session at Concord really inspired me to think about the word "deliberate." The week reinforced my notions about what it means to *teach deliberately*, to be purposeful in deciding upon and constructing meaningful objectives and lessons that really get at the marrow of what is most essential for my young scholars to acquire, practice, manipulate, and master. For my sophomores, the year's theme is going to be "Living, Writing, Reading, and Learning Deliberately."



I will share the photograph above to inform students where these ideas are rooted, that these are the words of Henry David Thoreau. Because Thoreau is occasionally quoted and referenced in Jon Krakauer's *Into the Wild*, a book we study in the sophomore curriculum, we will read excerpts from "Economy," "Walking," "Solitude," "Sounds," "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For," and "Civil Disobedience" in addition to several other short passages and lines from sections of *Walden*. Chris McCandless, the subject of Krakauer's book, read much of Thoreau's writing and highlighted his texts and made connections to his works in his own journals while in the wild of Alaska; he has also been referred to as a modern day Transcendentalist. But the more I have learned about the Transcendentalists—especially Thoreau—from my studies at Concord, the more divided I am about this idea. I am not as convinced now that all of Chris's philosophies and points of view about people, government, consumerism, and family necessarily align with the thinking of the Transcendentalists of the 1800s. So after we read *Into The Wild*, read some of Thoreau's works, and review the definition and principles of Transcendentalism, students will write a brief 1-2 page argument defending their claim as to whether Chris should be considered a more contemporary Transcendentalist.

Throughout the unit--and even extending throughout the year--students will participate in some activities that focus on economy of time and money, keen observation, and the importance of journaling for the purpose of recording and reflecting. I have also purchased *Running a Thousand Miles for Freedom* (Craft) as a choice novel for SSR and as a choice novel for my juniors to read for the "What does it mean to be an American?" project.

Activities follow in the next few pages.



"A journal.—a book that shall contain a record of all your joy—your extacy"

> --Henry David Thoreau, July 13, 1852



Henry David Thoreau wrote many of his journals while at Walden Pond and in his home at the desk below. Thoreau wrote in his journals almost daily from 1837 (at the age of 20) to 1861 (a few months before his death at 45), writing over two million words in several notebooks. These journals later contributed to his publication of books and essays because he recorded his deep, personal thoughts as they came to him—not allowing them to disappear into the abyss like a puff of smoke.

When we think, we should write; when we write, we should think. For that reason, at the closing of most classes, you will have about three minutes to write in your journal to get those thoughts down.

Here are just some options for writing:

What did you learn about in this class today? What still confuses you about today's lesson? What was the best part of your day so far? What is bothering you? What keeps coming into your mind? What are you most looking forward to today? Begin/continue writing a poem or short story. Wherever your thoughts and pen take you...





Most important is that you write for the full 3 minutes whatever comes to mind. You can always go back and erase or cross out, but you may never be able to find that thought you lost because you did not write it down. In the end, you may be surprised with what you wrote, and perhaps one (or more) of these journals will be the beginning of something great! At the very least, they will serve as a record of who you were on any given day.



Artifacts from Walden Pond, Thoreau's 10x15 House Location

PART I.

After reading excerpts from "Sounds," students will take a walk outdoors and choose a location at least 20 feet from one another to sit and write, recording all sensory details they observe in 30 minutes. They will be encouraged to engage in stream of conscious writing, seldom stopping and lifting the pen from paper.

The next day we will return to the same spot for 10 minutes to notice what they may not have the previous day or perhaps even some changes over the 24 hours. Both journals can be in prose or poetic form.

Students will have a chance to share their developed journals in small groups, noticing how they recorded their observations differently—the differences/similarities in what they noticed, what they emphasized, what senses drew more attention, choice of language, literal vs. figurative language, etc.

Students will then capture the scene in exactly 100 words—no more, no fewer—to practice economy of words (conciseness). The objective is to try to capture as much as possible from the scene while still painting it— making every work count.

Finally, students will create a haiku, following the "rules" of three lines (5 syllables in the 1st line, 7 in the 2nd, and 5 in the 3rd)—again trying to capture as much as they can in a tiny poem. Make every word count in the practice of brevity.

PART II.

Each student will choose a different 10x10 patch of landscape for an ongoing observation exercise. They are encouraged to choose an area that has some distinct characteristics (trees, hill, valley, plant life, etc.)—one that they will remember. We will visit these same sites every other month throughout the year, documenting in great detail how they change throughout the seasons/months. They will "own" their little patch in their mind and in writing, noticing the significance of place and how it influences our thoughts and words/writing.

ECONOMY & DELIBERATION

What is Most Significant to Us: How We Spend Our Time & Money

After reading excerpts of "Economy" and "Walking" and becoming familiar enough with Chris McCandless's principles, we will engage in some activities, writing exercises, and discussions about the following prompts.

Part I.

Students will be asked for one day over the weekend (or both days for over-achievers) to refrain from using any electronic communication and social media: texting, phone calls, Twitter, Facebook, Instagram, Snapchat, e-mail, etc. This includes not reading it and not sending messages (words or photos). Students will receive a writing prompt, asking them to write about the experience. *How did they feel about the experience? How long did it take before they were challenged or tempted to give in? What did they do differently with their time? Did they appreciate anything about the experience? Do they think they were more deliberate about how they spent their time? Would they purposely engage in this exercise again? Will this exercise influence future behaviors and/or choices?*

We will engage in small-group discussions and then a large group conclusive discussion, connecting to whether students could do what Thoreau did and/or McCandless did. Important to discuss are the differences between Thoreau's and McCandless's "escapes to the wild." *What did Thoreau and McCandless learn? Was one excursion "easier?" How does society look upon each retreat differently?*

Part II.

In reference to "Walking," students will write and converse about what they do for leisure or to de-stress and reduce anxiety and the pressures of life. This will include explaining why and how this is so valuable to them and why perhaps others would benefit from engaging in this activity.

Next, students will select a weekday and a weekend day, documenting for each in detail how the day was spent—specific activities and for how long. Students will them examine how a typical weekday and weekend day is spent, ranking the value and influence of each period of time. Students will finally come to a conclusion about how they spend their time, determining whether they appreciate or want to be more **deliberate** about how they spend their precious time.

We will reflect on Parts I and II in combination to examine the significance of **solitude** in our lives—whether it is something to seek or prevent.

PART III.

Like in Part II, students will keep a record of money they spend in a week, ranking the importance and value of each expenditure. This exercise will prompt them to evaluate how **deliberate** and purposeful they are with their money and whether they modify their spending habits. A similar activity can focus on value of possessions, as in what they would take with them to Thoreau's cabin or to McCandless's bus—or, more importantly, what is most important to them today. Significance of Things.

In a brief but developed essay (remember, conciseness with specificity—300-500 words), argue whether Chris McCandless can be considered a Transcendentalist. Review the principles of Transcendentalism and the perspectives, beliefs, and actions of Henry David Thoreau when coming to your conclusion. Think about whether these two would have gotten along and seen eye to eye. Would McCandless have been accepted into the club?

Begin with an introduction that creates context, introducing these two fine fellows, and then make your claim.

Throughout your multi-paragraph response, refer to the specific values of the Transcendentalists (see below and your notes) and then to McCandless's actions, behaviors, and thoughts--including what was said about him; also, pay attention to what he highlighted in his books and wrote in his journals. **Use at least two properly cited quotations from** *Into The Wild* in your argument. You must also include at least one specific reference to any of the essays (or excerpts from) we read in class: "Economy," "Walking," "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For," "Sounds," "Solitude," and "Civil Disobedience."

Conclude by restating your claim (in other words than your original—keep it fresh) and emphasizing why or why not McCandless would be considered a Transcendentalist. Go out with a Bang!

This photograph was taken at the Concord Museum, Concord, MA

On Writing and Revision:

"Probe the universe in a myriad points. Be avaricious of these impulses. You must try a thousand themes before you find the right one—as nature makes a thousand acorns to get one oak." (Henry David Thoreau, 1851)

What was Transcendentalism

Transcendentalism combined religion, philosophy, mysticism, and ethics

Transcendentalists believed that:

- All living things were bound together
- Humans were essentially good
- Insight was more powerful than experience as a source of knowledge

The birth of American transcendentalism dates from 1836, when a group of people—many of them Unitarian ministers—met in the Boston home of George Ripley to discuss German philosophy and social issues of the day. The Transcendental Club, as it was called, met periodically, with a changing roster of members.

These men and women lived all over New England. They conversed by mail, as well as in meetings and private visits most frequently in Boston and Concord.

NEH Landmarks of American History and Culture Living and Writing Deliberately: The Concord Landscapes and Legacy of Henry David Thoreau

Curriculum Unit: Living in NatureGregory BrandtThe Literature of Nature, an English elective at The Park School, Fall 2017

Readings

- Chapter V of Walden, "Solitude"
- "Walking"—split into two roughly equal parts: (1) from the beginning of the essay to the section ending "... the hero is commonly the simplest and obscurest of men"; (2) from the next section, which begins, "The West of which I speak is but another name for the Wild ...," to the end of the essay
- Paragraph from near the end of Chapter XVII of Walden, "Spring"

Our village life would stagnate if it were not for the unexplored forests and meadows which surround it. We need the tonic of wildness,---to wade sometimes in marshes where the bittern and meadow-hen lurk, and hear the booming of the snipe; to smell the whispering sedge where only some wilder and more solitary fowl builds her nest, and the mink crawls with its belly close to the ground. At the same time we are earnest to explore and learn all things, we require that all things be mysterious and unexplorable, that land and sea be infinitely wild, unsurveyed and unfathomed by us because unfathomable. We can never have enough of Nature. We must be refreshed by the sight of inexhaustible vigor, vast and Titanic features, the sea-coast with its wrecks, the wilderness with its living and its decaying trees, the thunder cloud, and the rain which lasts three week and produces freshets. We need to witness our own limits transgressed, and some life pasturing freely where we never wander. We are cheered when we observe the vulture feeding on the carrion, which disgusts and disheartens us, and deriving health and strength from the repast. There was a dead horse in the hollow by the path to my house, which compelled me sometimes to go out of my way, especially in the night when the air was heavy, but the assurance it gave me of the strong appetite and inviolable health of Nature was my compensation for this. I love to see that Nature is so rife with life that myriads can be afforded to be sacrificed and suffered to prey on one another, that tender organizations can be so serenely squashed out of existence like pulp,-tadpoles which herons gobble up, and tortoises and toads run over in the road; and that sometimes it has rained flesh and blood! With the liability to accident, we must see how little account is to be made of it. The impression made on a wise man is that of universal innocence. Poison is not poison after all, nor are any wounds fatal. Compassion is very untenable ground. It must be expeditious. Its pleadings will not bear to be stereotyped.

• Sentences on "wildness" from Journal, 30 August 1856

It is in vain to dream of a wildness distant from ourselves. There is none such. It is the bog in our brains and bowels, the primitive vigor of Nature in us, that inspires that dream. I shall never find in the wilds of Labrador any greater wildness than in some recess in Concord.

Objectives

- For nearly all the students, who are juniors and seniors, this will be their first time reading Thoreau, and I know that they will find him challenging in a number of ways. My first objective, then, is to help them get the hang of reading Thoreau, learning how to follow his trail on the page and appreciate his extravagances and extreme statements. Ideally, I'd like my students to say, "Yeah, Thoreau's prose can be tough going, but he's invigorating to read and I want to check out more of his stuff."
- Second, I want the students to gain a sense of why in a course called The Literature of Nature you *have* to read some Thoreau, of why later writers like Annie Dillard consider him an essential forebear.
- My third objective is for students to begin to understand some of Thoreau's crucial ideas about nature, such as the value of "wildness" in preserving our health and sanity. I want them to at least consider how they might apply Thoreau's insights about humans as "part and parcel of Nature" to their own lives.
- Finally, I want the students to clarify and demonstrate their understanding of this material by writing about some aspect of Thoreau that they find engaging, calling upon not only their reading and discussion, but also their own experience of the world as they venture their thoughts on paper.

Essential Questions

- What is the nature of the companionship Thoreau finds in solitude at Walden Pond? Why does the natural world seem to him so cheering and sympathetic?
- What does it mean for a person to be "a part or parcel of Nature," a phrase that Thoreau uses twice in "Walking"?
- The word "wildness" (as opposed to "wilderness") is one that he puts great emphasis upon in both *Walden* and "Walking." Where does he find wildness? What does he mean by this word?
- Why is walking in wild places so important to Thoreau? Why does he consider it a sacred activity, a journey "to the Holy Land"? What exactly does walking *do* for him?
- Why, in Thoreau's view, is "Wildness" essential to "the preservation of the world," both at the level of individual human experience and at the global level?
- How does Nature inspire "Useful Ignorance" or "Beautiful Knowledge"? How does the natural world reveal "the insufficiency of all that we called Knowledge before"? What sort of experience is Thoreau describing in this part of "Walking"?
- If we accept what Thoreau says about human beings and the natural world, how ought we to live from day to day? What are the practical implications of his thinking?

The Assignment for "Solitude" from Walden

Read Henry David Thoreau's "Solitude," Chapter V of *Walden* (handout). Four vocabulary words to pay attention to: *imbibe, remunerate, ennui, panacea*.

Thoreau's little house at Walden Pond was only about a mile and a half from the town of Concord and a mile from his "nearest neighbor," but this was enough distance to give him the sense that he lived in a truly "solitary" place. People often asked him if he felt lonely at the pond.

As you read, mark a couple sentences that strike you, either because you think them beautiful or because you're puzzled by them. What do you notice about *how* Thoreau writes of his experiences in nature?

During class we'll take some time to write in response to this chapter. Here are the questions: Thoreau emphasizes that he feels "sweet and beneficent society in Nature," "an infinite and unaccountable friendliness" in natural objects. Based on your reading, why do you think he feels this way? Is his feeling particular to him or is it something you experience as well? Can you recall a particular time when you felt "the friendship of the seasons"? What was it like?

The Plan for Class on "Solitude"

- 1. Talk through the four vocabulary words (meaning and etymology).
- 2. Take a few minutes to go outside, pick up something natural (a leaf, an acorn, a stone, a maple key, etc.), and bring it back to the classroom. Spend a little time examining it, using as many senses as you can. What do you notice about the object that wasn't obvious at first? What do you wonder about it? Has your close study made you feel differently about your object from when you first scooped it up?
- 3. From the assignment: What is something in the chapter you found beautiful or puzzling? How does Thoreau strike you? Talk through some reactions.
- 4. Take ten minutes or so to jot responses to the prompts in the assignment.
- 5. Share these thoughts (maybe in small groups) and then use them to consider what Thoreau is saying in this chapter. Does contact with nature seem to you a good cure for loneliness and a necessity for human health? Why or why not?

The Assignment for First Half of "Walking"

Read roughly the first half of Thoreau's "Walking"—stopping at the section break where you find the words "... the hero is commonly the simplest and obscurest of men." Note that at the outset of the piece Thoreau says that he's making "an extreme statement" on behalf of "absolute freedom and wildness"; he's delivering his thoughts as emphatically as he can; he's letting it fly.

As you read, keep track of things you want to ask about and just try to follow Thoreau's line of thought. (For instance, what's up with his etymology of the word *saunter*? Is what he says about the word's origins really accurate?) In class we'll take on questions like these:

- What does it mean to "saunter"? Why does walking outdoors mean so much to Thoreau? What does this daily activity do for him exactly?
- How does he suggest we walk? What might it mean to make walking "the enterprise and adventure of the day"?
- Why does Thoreau feel so drawn to "the western horizon," writing that "I must walk toward Oregon and not toward Europe"? What does this essay have to do with America and the development of our nation? What are Thoreau's hopes for the United States, given the country's open space and natural resources?

The Plan for Class

- 1. Ask about words and details that students found puzzling.
- 2. Begin with the sentence "In my walks I would fain return to my senses," considering the ambiguity of the noun "senses." What does Thoreau mean here?

- 3. Take a little walk of ten minutes or so outdoors informed by that conversation. The emphasis is on using your senses to attend to what's around you in the present moment. No talking.
- 4. Back in the classroom, talk about the experience. What did you notice as you walked? Was it difficult to return to your senses? What made it so?
- 5. Then consider Thoreau's idea of "the art of Walking" by taking up the question of what it means to "saunter." If we act on Thoreau's views, what might that actually look like?
- 6. Take a few minutes to gather thoughts on paper: What in "Walking" so far strikes you as particularly interesting? What are things you find troubling or disagree with? What do you think Thoreau might be up to here? Where do you think he'll go in the second half of the piece? Use these jottings to shape the discussion of the reading, going where the greatest student interest lies.
- 7. If there's time, start to read aloud together the second half of "Walking" ("The West of which I speak is but another name for the Wild ...").

Assignment for Second Half of "Walking"

Finish reading "Walking." In particular, read the last two sections (beginning "Above all, we cannot afford not to live in the present") slowly and attentively. These are among the most beautiful passages I know about living in nature. Come to class ready to explore "wildness."

The Plan for Class

- 1. Ask about words and details that students found puzzling.
- 2. As you did last class, take a little walk devoted to returning to your senses.
- 3. Upon returning, talk about the walk. How did our time together in the previous class and your finishing "Walking" affect your experience today? What's your take on Thoreau now?
- 4. An overarching question: Why is "Walking" considered one of the central texts of environmental conservation?
- 5. Approach that question by focusing on a few more specific ones in discussion. Of course, you can't do justice to all of these in one class, so go where the greatest student interest lies, making sure to consider the last question.
 - a. What does "wildness" mean to Thoreau?
 - b. Why does he love "the impervious and quaking swamps" so much? How do his claims here strike you?
 - c. How does the natural world promote "Useful Ignorance," which Thoreau also calls "Beautiful Knowledge"? How can our experience of "wildness" make us aware "of the insufficiency of all that we called Knowledge before"?
 - d. Why, then, does Thoreau say that "in Wildness is the preservation of the world"?
- 6. Leave time at the end to read the last two sections of "Walking" aloud. What impressions does Thoreau leave us with here? What is the essay calling us to?

Continuing the Exploration and Responding in Writing

At this point the students have done three quite challenging and long readings from Thoreau. For the fourth class, I'll give them only the paragraph from "Spring" and the *Journal* passage from 30 August 1856 (see above), asking them to think about how these connect to what they've read so far. In the fourth class, we'll look closely at these and use them to help us gain greater understanding of Thoreau's idea that living as "a part and parcel of Nature" is an absolute necessity for human beings. We'll also talk together about the possibilities for writing in response to Thoreau. I find that if students have a few choices of what to write about and how to approach an assignment, they put more effort into the writing and gain more from it. Here are some options that strike me now as good ones, but I should add that students often come up with the best ideas.

- 1. What is something you've encountered in Thoreau that resonates with you? To ground yourself, pick a particular passage and explain why you find it so striking and powerful. In doing so, draw both upon our reading and conversations and upon your own experiences in the natural world.
- 2. We've thought a great deal in the past few classes about the notion of "wildness." What do you think this word means to Thoreau? What does it mean to you? Where do you find "wildness" that connects you to "the health and soundness of Nature"? Here again, draw both upon our work together and your own experience.
- 3. Thoreau is often celebrated as a writer with an acute sense of where the world was heading 160 or so years ago—greater technological connectivity among human beings, ever faster transportation, increasing loss of wild lands—and of what the dangers of such development could be. He's known as a gadfly who makes extreme statements to get our attention. Where, in your view, does he get it wrong? Are there things in the reading that you emphatically disagree with? Pick one or two and explain as *thoroughly* as you can (yeah, you knew that was coming) why you disagree. Be sure to refer to specific bits from our reading to help you clarify Thoreau's position and then take him on.

"When is it Right to do the Wrong Thing" 3 Day Lesson

To begin, do a KWHL about Henry David Thoreau.

Read to students "If You Spent a Day with Thoreau at Walden Pond." Students add to their chart information learned about Thoreau.

Quickwrite: "When is it right to do the wrong thing?" As students finish their writing, have them stand up and share with other students.

Make a list on the board of times the students came up with when it is okay to break the rules.

Play the You Tube video at <u>https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gugnXTN6-D4</u> that explains Thoreau's views in simple ways.

Add notes to to the KWHL chart.

Exit ticket: Vote for the best example of a the right time to do the wrong thing.

Day 2 - Climbing Mountains

Get out KWHL charts and share with someone at another table group and get ideas to add to their chart.

Read "Henry Climbs a Mountain" by D.B. Johnson. Give each table group a large piece of butcher paper. Have the students create a plot map using the story as a resource. Make story maps into a mountain (like in the story), and put the major events in the story on the mountains. Have a gallery walk so different groups can see the other tables' work.

Add any new information on KWHL charts.

Exit ticket: Write a summary of the story in 25 words or less.

Day 3: What would you do?

Read to students, "A Year in the Woods"

Quickwrite: Using KWHL charts, write a descriptions of Henry David Thoreau like you were introducing him to a friend.

When students finish quickwrites, pick a partner to share writing.

Using the exit tickets from yesterday's lesson, pass out situations for the students to discuss. Use a Mix-Freeze strategy by playing music and have students stop next to the nearest person to have a discussion with about their topic.

Before reading, make a t-chart in reading response journals to add some of Thoreau's famous friends.

Enrichment:

Read to students "Henry Hikes to Fitchburg." As we hear a name from the book, add it to our t-chart.

After we finish reading the book, distribute short biographies of each of the names we wrote down. Have students try to match description of "friends" with the short biographies. Pick one to do further research on and complete a poster advertising his/her work.

Thoreau Lesson Plan--Caroscio Targeted Course: AP Language and Composition

Theme: Being Awake, Aware, and Alive

The need to be awake, aware, and alive is increasingly difficult in our digitally distracted world. Students will look at three writers who addressed the issue of what it means to engage meaningfully in the world and be aware of one's place and encourage one's personal growth. Each writer brings a different viewpoint so that students can see the issues from multiple angles. Some background should be provided on each writer by the teacher before students do the pre-reading.

Tasks focus on the Common Core Standards for Reading Informational Text and for Writing and Language

Essential Questions: How am I connected to the world? How can I engage in the world? How can I become awake, aware, and alive in a world of distractions? How do writers communicate answers to these questions? How can I answer these questions? Where do I live and what do I live for?

Lesson (week-long or longer depending on class length)

Materials:	Thoreau	"Where I Live and What I Lived For" from <i>Walden</i>	
	David Foster-Wallace	2005 Kenyon College graduation speech	
	Anna Quinlen	1999 Mount Holyoke graduation speech	

Procedures

Preparation: Students will read the three pieces listed above. They will be asked to annotate the text as they read. They will underline the thesis of each writer. Then, students will summarize the idea presented in a paragraph.

Classroom Engagement

Students will rotate through three groups, one for each essay. In each rotation students will be asked to share their work with the group. Each rotation will distill the ideas into an agreed upon thesis and summary for each assignments. After all groups have completed the task for each reading, the class will review the work of all groups as a class and discuss what they think is the most accurate summary and thesis for each essay. They will also be asked to compare/contrast

the ideas of the writers. Discussion will be broad as students react to the work, edit the work, and generally discuss the key ideas presented by each writer.

Students will then be broken into groups once more based on which essay they felt spoke the most to them personally. Students will do one last discussion of the essay specifically to look at the author's craft of communicating ideas. How is language used? What imagery is used? What diction? Syntax? In other words, the groups will explore the rhetoric of the piece and how it supported/communicated the author's ideas. Each group will present its findings to the class using a media presentation.

Finally, each student will write an essay on "Where I Live and What I Live For" as inspired by the three essays. This paper will be no more than three pages long, double-spaced, Times New Roman, one-inch margins. Students will be given a week to complete the essay.

David Foster Wallace Kenyon College Commencement Address on May 21, 2005

(If anybody feels like perspiring [cough], I'd advise you to go ahead, because I'm sure going to. In fact I'm gonna [mumbles while pulling up his gown and taking out a handkerchief from his pocket].) Greetings ["parents"?] and congratulations to Kenyon's graduating class of 2005. There are these two young fish swimming along and they happen to meet an older fish swimming the other way, who nods at them and says "Morning, boys. How's the water?" And the two young fish swim on for a bit, and then eventually one of them looks over at the other and goes "What the hell is water?"

This is a standard requirement of US commencement speeches, the deployment of didactic little parable-ish stories. The story ["thing"] turns out to be one of the better, less bullshitty conventions of the genre, but if you're worried that I plan to present myself here as the wise, older fish explaining what water is to you younger fish, please don't be. I am not the wise old fish. The point of the fish story is merely that the most obvious, important realities are often the ones that are hardest to see and talk about. Stated as an English sentence, of course, this is just a banal platitude, but the fact is that in the day to day trenches of adult existence, banal platitudes can have a life or death importance, or so I wish to suggest to you on this dry and lovely morning.

Of course the main requirement of speeches like this is that I'm supposed to talk about your liberal arts education's meaning, to try to explain why the degree you are about to receive has actual human value instead of just a material payoff. So let's talk about the single most pervasive cliché in the commencement speech genre, which is that a liberal arts education is not so much about filling you up with knowledge as it is about quote teaching you how to think. If you're like me as a student, you've never liked hearing this, and you tend to feel a bit insulted by the claim that you needed anybody to teach you how to think, since the fact that you even got admitted to a college this good seems like proof that you already know how to think. But I'm going to posit to you that the liberal arts cliché turns out not to be insulting at all, because the really significant education in thinking that we're supposed to get in a place like this isn't really about the capacity to think, but rather about the choice of what to think about. If your total freedom of choice regarding what to think about seems too obvious to waste time discussing, I'd ask you to think about fish and water, and to bracket for just a few minutes your skepticism about the value of the totally obvious.

Here's another didactic little story. There are these two guys sitting together in a bar in the remote Alaskan wilderness. One of the guys is religious, the other is an atheist, and the two are arguing about the existence of God with that special intensity that comes after about the fourth beer. And the atheist says: "Look, it's not like I don't have actual reasons for not believing in

God. It's not like I haven't ever experimented with the whole God and prayer thing. Just last month I got caught away from the camp in that terrible blizzard, and I was totally lost and I couldn't see a thing, and it was fifty below, and so I tried it: I fell to my knees in the snow and cried out 'Oh, God, if there is a God, I'm lost in this blizzard, and I'm gonna die if you don't help me." And now, in the bar, the religious guy looks at the atheist all puzzled. "Well then you must believe now," he says, "After all, here you are, alive." The atheist just rolls his eyes. "No, man, all that was was a couple Eskimos happened to come wandering by and showed me the way back to camp."

It's easy to run this story through kind of a standard liberal arts analysis: the exact same experience can mean two totally different things to two different people, given those people's two different belief templates and two different ways of constructing meaning from experience. Because we prize tolerance and diversity of belief, nowhere in our liberal arts analysis do we want to claim that one guy's interpretation is true and the other guy's is false or bad. Which is fine, except we also never end up talking about just where these individual templates and beliefs come from. Meaning, where they come from INSIDE the two guys. As if a person's most basic orientation toward the world, and the meaning of his experience were somehow just hard-wired, like height or shoe-size; or automatically absorbed from the culture, like language. As if how we construct meaning were not actually a matter of personal, intentional choice. Plus, there's the whole matter of arrogance. The nonreligious guy is so totally certain in his dismissal of the possibility that the passing Eskimos had anything to do with his prayer for help. True, there are plenty of religious people who seem arrogant and certain of their own interpretations, too. They're probably even more repulsive than atheists, at least to most of us. But religious dogmatists' problem is exactly the same as the story's unbeliever: blind certainty, a close-mindedness that amounts to an imprisonment so total that the prisoner doesn't even know he's locked up.

The point here is that I think this is one part of what teaching me how to think is really supposed to mean. To be just a little less arrogant. To have just a little critical awareness about myself and my certainties. Because a huge percentage of the stuff that I tend to be automatically certain of is, it turns out, totally wrong and deluded. I have learned this the hard way, as I predict you graduates will, too.

Here is just one example of the total wrongness of something I tend to be automatically sure of: everything in my own immediate experience supports my deep belief that I am the absolute center of the universe; the realist, most vivid and important person in existence. We rarely think about this sort of natural, basic self-centeredness because it's so socially repulsive. But it's pretty much the same for all of us. It is our default setting, hard-wired into our boards at birth. Think about it: there is no experience you have had that you are not the absolute center of. The world as you experience it is there in front of YOU or behind YOU, to the left or right of YOU, on YOUR TV or YOUR monitor. And so on. Other people's thoughts and feelings have to be communicated to you somehow, but your own are so immediate, urgent, real.

Please don't worry that I'm getting ready to lecture you about compassion or other-directedness or all the so-called virtues. This is not a matter of virtue. It's a matter of my choosing to do the work of somehow altering or getting free of my natural, hard-wired default setting which is to be deeply and literally self-centered and to see and interpret everything through this lens of self. People who can adjust their natural default setting this way are often described as being "well-adjusted", which I suggest to you is not an accidental term.

Given the triumphant academic setting here, an obvious question is how much of this work of adjusting our default setting involves actual knowledge or intellect. This question gets very tricky. Probably the most dangerous thing about an academic education--least in my own case--is that it enables my tendency to over-intellectualize stuff, to get lost in abstract argument inside my head, instead of simply paying attention to what is going on right in front of me, paying attention to what is going on inside me.

As I'm sure you guys know by now, it is extremely difficult to stay alert and attentive, instead of getting hypnotized by the constant monologue inside your own head (may be happening right now). Twenty years after my own graduation, I have come gradually to understand that the liberal arts cliché about teaching you how to think is actually shorthand for a much deeper, more serious idea: learning how to think really means learning how to exercise some control over how and what you think. It means being conscious and aware enough to choose what you pay attention to and to choose how you construct meaning from experience. Because if you cannot exercise this kind of choice in adult life, you will be totally hosed. Think of the old cliché about quote the mind being an excellent servant but a terrible master.

This, like many clichés, so lame and unexciting on the surface, actually expresses a great and terrible truth. It is not the least bit coincidental that adults who commit suicide with firearms almost always shoot themselves in: the head. They shoot the terrible master. And the truth is that most of these suicides are actually dead long before they pull the trigger.

And I submit that this is what the real, no bullshit value of your liberal arts education is supposed to be about: how to keep from going through your comfortable, prosperous, respectable adult life dead, unconscious, a slave to your head and to your natural default setting of being uniquely, completely, imperially alone day in and day out. That may sound like hyperbole, or abstract nonsense. Let's get concrete. The plain fact is that you graduating seniors do not yet have any clue what "day in day out" really means. There happen to be whole, large parts of adult

American life that nobody talks about in commencement speeches. One such part involves boredom, routine, and petty frustration. The parents and older folks here will know all too well what I'm talking about.

By way of example, let's say it's an average adult day, and you get up in the morning, go to your challenging, white-collar, college-graduate job, and you work hard for eight or ten hours, and at the end of the day you're tired and somewhat stressed and all you want is to go home and have a good supper and maybe unwind for an hour, and then hit the sack early because, of course, you have to get up the next day and do it all again. But then you remember there's no food at home. You haven't had time to shop this week because of your challenging job, and so now after work you have to get in your car and drive to the supermarket. It's the end of the work day and the traffic is apt to be: very bad. So getting to the store takes way longer than it should, and when you finally get there, the supermarket is very crowded, because of course it's the time of day when all the other people with jobs also try to squeeze in some grocery shopping. And the store is hideously lit and infused with soul-killing muzak or corporate pop and it's pretty much the last place you want to be but you can't just get in and quickly out; you have to wander all over the huge, over-lit store's confusing aisles to find the stuff you want and you have to maneuver your junky cart through all these other tired, hurried people with carts (et cetera, et cetera, cutting stuff out because this is a long ceremony) and eventually you get all your supper supplies, except now it turns out there aren't enough check-out lanes open even though it's the end-of-the-day rush. So the checkout line is incredibly long, which is stupid and infuriating. But you can't take your frustration out on the frantic lady working the register, who is overworked at a job whose daily tedium and meaninglessness surpasses the imagination of any of us here at a prestigious college.

But anyway, you finally get to the checkout line's front, and you pay for your food, and you get told to "Have a nice day" in a voice that is the absolute voice of death. Then you have to take your creepy, flimsy, plastic bags of groceries in your cart with the one crazy wheel that pulls maddeningly to the left, all the way out through the crowded, bumpy, littery parking lot, and then you have to drive all the way home through slow, heavy, SUV-intensive, rush-hour traffic, et cetera et cetera.

Everyone here has done this, of course. But it hasn't yet been part of you graduates' actual life routine, day after week after month after year.

But it will be. And many more dreary, annoying, seemingly meaningless routines besides. But that is not the point. The point is that petty, frustrating crap like this is exactly where the work of choosing is gonna come in. Because the traffic jams and crowded aisles and long checkout lines give me time to think, and if I don't make a conscious decision about how to think and what to pay attention to, I'm gonna be pissed and miserable every time I have to shop. Because my

natural default setting is the certainty that situations like this are really all about me. About MY hungriness and MY fatigue and MY desire to just get home, and it's going to seem for all the world like everybody else is just in my way. And who are all these people in my way? And look at how repulsive most of them are, and how stupid and cow-like and dead-eyed and nonhuman they seem in the checkout line, or at how annoying and rude it is that people are talking loudly on cell phones in the middle of the line. And look at how deeply and personally unfair this is. Or, of course, if I'm in a more socially conscious liberal arts form of my default setting, I can spend time in the end-of-the-day traffic being disgusted about all the huge, stupid, lane-blocking SUV's and Hummers and V-12 pickup trucks, burning their wasteful, selfish, forty-gallon tanks of gas, and I can dwell on the fact that the patriotic or religious bumper-stickers always seem to be on the biggest, most disgustingly selfish vehicles, driven by the ugliest [responding here to loud applause] (this is an example of how NOT to think, though) most disgustingly selfish vehicles, driven by the ugliest, most inconsiderate and aggressive drivers. And I can think about how our children's children will despise us for wasting all the future's fuel, and probably screwing up the climate, and how spoiled and stupid and selfish and disgusting we all are, and how modern consumer society just sucks, and so forth and so on.

You get the idea.

If I choose to think this way in a store and on the freeway, fine. Lots of us do. Except thinking this way tends to be so easy and automatic that it doesn't have to be a choice. It is my natural default setting. It's the automatic way that I experience the boring, frustrating, crowded parts of adult life when I'm operating on the automatic, unconscious belief that I am the center of the world, and that my immediate needs and feelings are what should determine the world's priorities.

The thing is that, of course, there are totally different ways to think about these kinds of situations. In this traffic, all these vehicles stopped and idling in my way, it's not impossible that some of these people in SUV's have been in horrible auto accidents in the past, and now find driving so terrifying that their therapist has all but ordered them to get a huge, heavy SUV so they can feel safe enough to drive. Or that the Hummer that just cut me off is maybe being driven by a father whose little child is hurt or sick in the seat next to him, and he's trying to get this kid to the hospital, and he's in a bigger, more legitimate hurry than I am: it is actually I who am in HIS way.

Or I can choose to force myself to consider the likelihood that everyone else in the supermarket's checkout line is just as bored and frustrated as I am, and that some of these people probably have harder, more tedious and painful lives than I do.

Again, please don't think that I'm giving you moral advice, or that I'm saying you are supposed to think this way, or that anyone expects you to just automatically do it. Because it's hard. It takes will and effort, and if you are like me, some days you won't be able to do it, or you just flat out won't want to.

But most days, if you're aware enough to give yourself a choice, you can choose to look differently at this fat, dead-eyed, over-made-up lady who just screamed at her kid in the checkout line. Maybe she's not usually like this. Maybe she's been up three straight nights holding the hand of a husband who is dying of bone cancer. Or maybe this very lady is the low-wage clerk at the motor vehicle department, who just yesterday helped your spouse resolve a horrific, infuriating, red-tape problem through some small act of bureaucratic kindness. Of course, none of this is likely, but it's also not impossible. It just depends what you what to consider. If you're automatically sure that you know what reality is, and you are operating on your default setting, then you, like me, probably won't consider possibilities that aren't annoying and miserable. But if you really learn how to pay attention, then you will know there are other options. It will actually be within your power to experience a crowded, hot, slow, consumer-hell type situation as not only meaningful, but sacred, on fire with the same force that made the stars: love, fellowship, the mystical oneness of all things deep down.

Not that that mystical stuff is necessarily true. The only thing that's capital-T True is that you get to decide how you're gonna try to see it.

This, I submit, is the freedom of a real education, of learning how to be well-adjusted. You get to consciously decide what has meaning and what doesn't. You get to decide what to worship. Because here's something else that's weird but true: in the day-to day trenches of adult life, there is actually no such thing as atheism. There is no such thing as not worshipping. Everybody worships. The only choice we get is what to worship. And the compelling reason for maybe choosing some sort of god or spiritual-type thing to worship--be it JC or Allah, bet it YHWH or the Wiccan Mother Goddess, or the Four Noble Truths, or some inviolable set of ethical principles--is that pretty much anything else you worship will eat you alive. If you worship money and things, if they are where you tap real meaning in life, then you will never have enough, never feel you have enough. It's the truth. Worship your body and beauty and sexual allure and you will always feel ugly. And when time and age start showing, you will die a million deaths before they finally grieve you. On one level, we all know this stuff already. It's been codified as myths, proverbs, clichés, epigrams, parables; the skeleton of every great story. The whole trick is keeping the truth up front in daily consciousness.

Worship power, you will end up feeling weak and afraid, and you will need ever more power over others to numb you to your own fear. Worship your intellect, being seen as smart, you will end up feeling stupid, a fraud, always on the verge of being found out. But the insidious thing about these forms of worship is not that they're evil or sinful, it's that they're unconscious. They are default settings.

They're the kind of worship you just gradually slip into, day after day, getting more and more selective about what you see and how you measure value without ever being fully aware that that's what you're doing.

And the so-called real world will not discourage you from operating on your default settings, because the so-called real world of men and money and power hums merrily along in a pool of fear and anger and frustration and craving and worship of self. Our own present culture has harnessed these forces in ways that have yielded extraordinary wealth and comfort and personal freedom. The freedom all to be lords of our tiny skull-sized kingdoms, alone at the center of all creation. This kind of freedom has much to recommend it. But of course there are all different kinds of freedom, and the kind that is most precious you will not hear much talk about much in the great outside world of wanting and achieving and [unintelligible -- sounds like "displayal"]. The really important kind of freedom involves attention and awareness and discipline, and being able truly to care about other people and to sacrifice for them over and over in myriad petty, unsexy ways every day.

That is real freedom. That is being educated, and understanding how to think. The alternative is unconsciousness, the default setting, the rat race, the constant gnawing sense of having had, and lost, some infinite thing.

I know that this stuff probably doesn't sound fun and breezy or grandly inspirational the way a commencement speech is supposed to sound. What it is, as far as I can see, is the capital-T Truth, with a whole lot of rhetorical niceties stripped away. You are, of course, free to think of it whatever you wish. But please don't just dismiss it as just some finger-wagging Dr. Laura sermon. None of this stuff is really about morality or religion or dogma or big fancy questions of life after death.

The capital-T Truth is about life BEFORE death.

It is about the real value of a real education, which has almost nothing to do with knowledge, and everything to do with simple awareness; awareness of what is so real and essential, so hidden in plain sight all around us, all the time, that we have to keep reminding ourselves over and over:

"This is water."

"This is water."

It is unimaginably hard to do this, to stay conscious and alive in the adult world day in and day out. Which means yet another grand cliché turns out to be true: your education really IS the job of a lifetime. And it commences: now.

I wish you way more than luck.

Commencement Speech by Anna Quindlen to Mount Holyoke College, May 23, 1999

I look at all of you today and I cannot help but see myself twenty-five years ago, at my own Barnard commencement. I sometimes seem, in my mind, to have as much in common with that girl as I do with any stranger I might pass in the doorway of a Starbucks or in the aisle of an airplane. I cannot remember what she wore or how she felt that day. But I can tell you this about her without question: she was perfect.

Let me be very clear what I mean by that. I mean that I got up every day and tried to be perfect in every possible way. If there was a test to be had, I had studied for it; if there was a paper to be written, it was done. I smiled at everyone in the dorm hallways, because it was important to be friendly, and I made fun of them behind their backs because it was important to be witty. And I worked as a residence counselor and sat on housing council. If anyone had ever stopped and asked me why I did those things--well, I'm not sure what I would have said. But I can tell you, today, that I did them to be perfect, in every possible way.

Being perfect was hard work, and the hell of it was, the rules of it changed. So that while I arrived at college in 1970 with a trunk full of perfect pleated kilts and perfect monogrammed sweaters, by Christmas vacation I had another perfect uniform: overalls, turtlenecks, Doc Martens, and the perfect New York City Barnard College affect--part hyperintellectual, part ennui. This was very hard work indeed. I had read neither Sartre nor Sappho, and the closest I ever came to being bored and above it all was falling asleep. Finally, it was harder to become perfect because I realized, at Barnard, that I was not the smartest girl in the world. Eventually being perfect day after day, year after year, became like always carrying a backpack filled with bricks on my back. And oh, how I secretly longed to lay my burden down.

So what I want to say to you today is this: if this sounds, in any way, familiar to you, if you have been trying to be perfect in one way or another, too, then make today, when for a moment there are no more grades to be gotten, classmates to be met, terrain to be scouted, positioning to be arranged--make today the day to put down the backpack. Trying to be perfect may be sort of inevitable for people like us, who are smart and ambitious and interested in the world and in its good opinion. But at one level it's too hard, and at another, it's too cheap and easy. Because it really requires you mainly to read the zeitgeist of wherever and whenever you happen to be, and to assume the masks necessary to be the best of whatever the zeitgeist dictates or requires. Those requirements shapeshift, sure, but when you're clever you can read them and do the imitation required.

But nothing important, or meaningful, or beautiful, or interesting, or great ever came out of imitations. The thing that is really hard, and really amazing, is giving up on being perfect and beginning the work of becoming yourself.

This is more difficult, because there is no zeitgeist to read, no template to follow, no mask to wear. Set aside what your friends expect, what your parents demand, what your acquaintances require. Set aside the messages this culture sends, through its advertising, its entertainment, its disdain and its disapproval, about how you should behave.

Set aside the old traditional notion of female as nurturer and male as leader; set aside, too, the new traditional notions of female as superwoman and male as oppressor. Begin with that most terrifying of all things, a clean slate. Then look, every day, at the choices you are making, and when you ask yourself why you are making them, find this answer: for me, for me. Because they are who and what I am, and mean to be.

This is the hard work of your life in the world, to make it all up as you go along, to acknowledge the introvert, the clown, the artist, the reserved, the distraught, the goofball, the thinker. You will have to bend all your will not to march to the music that all of those great "theys" out there pipe on their flutes. They want you to go to professional school, to wear khakis, to pierce your navel, to bare your soul. These are the fashionable ways. The music is tinny, if you listen close enough. Look inside. That way lies dancing to the melodies spun out by your own heart. This is a symphony. All the rest are jingles.

This will always be your struggle whether you are twenty-one or fifty-one. I know this from experience. When I quit the *New York Times*to be a full-time mother, the voices of the world said that I was nuts. When I quit it again to be a full-time novelist, they said I was nuts again. But I am not nuts. I am happy. I am successful on my own terms. Because if your success is not on your own terms, if it looks good to the world but does not feel good in your heart, it is not success at all. Remember the words of Lily Tomlin: If you win the rat race, you're still a rat. Look at your fingers. Hold them in front of your face. Each one is crowned by an abstract design that is completely different than those of anyone in this crowd, in this country, in this world. They are a metaphor for you. Each of you is as different as your fingerprints. Why in the world should you march to any lockstep?

The lockstep is easier, but here is why you cannot march to it. Because nothing great or even good ever came of it. When young writers write to me about following in the footsteps of those of us who string together nouns and verbs for a living, I tell them this: every story has already been told. Once you've read *Anna Karenina, Bleak House, The Sound and the Fury, To Kill a Mockingbird* A *Wrinkle in Time*, you understand that there is really no reason to ever write another novel. Except that each writer brings to the table, if she will let herself, something that no one else in the history of time has ever had. And that is herself, her own personality, her own

voice. If she is doing Faulkner imitations, she can stay home. If she is giving readers what she thinks they want instead of what she is, she should stop typing.

But if her books reflect her character, who she really is, then she is giving them a new and wonderful gift. Giving it to herself, too.

And that is true of music and art and teaching and medicine. Someone sent me a T-shirt not long ago that read "Well-Behaved Women Don't Make History." They don't make good lawyers, either, or doctors or businesswomen. Imitations are redundant. Yourself is what is wanted. You already know this. I just need to remind you. Think back. Think back to first or second grade, when you could still hear the sound of your own voice in your head, when you were too young, too unformed, too fantastic to understand that you were supposed to take on the protective coloration of the expectations of those around you. Think of what the writer Catherine Drinker Bowen once wrote, more than half a century ago: "Many a man who has known himself at ten forgets himself utterly between ten and thirty." Many a woman, too.

You are not alone in this. We parents have forgotten our way sometimes, too. I say this as the deeply committed, often flawed mother of three. When you were first born, each of you, our great glory was in thinking you absolutely distinct from every baby who had ever been born before. You were a miracle of singularity, and we knew it in every fiber of our being. But we are only human, and being a parent is a very difficult job, more difficult than any other, because it requires the shaping of other people, which is an act of extraordinary hubris. Over the years we learned to want for you things that you did not want for yourself. We learned to want the lead in the play, the acceptance to our own college, the straight and narrow path that often leads absolutely nowhere. Sometimes we wanted those things because we were convinced it would make life better, or at least easier for you. Sometimes we had a hard time distinguishing between where you ended and we began.

So that another reason that you must give up on being perfect and take hold of being yourself is because sometime, in the distant future, you may want to be parents, too. If you can bring to your children the self that you truly are, as opposed to some amalgam of manners and mannerisms, expectations and fears that you have acquired as a carapace along the way, you will give them, too, a great gift. You will teach them by example not to be terrorized by the narrow and parsimonious expectations of the world, a world that often likes to color within the lines when a spray of paint, a scrawl of crayon, is what is truly wanted.

Remember yourself, from the days when you were younger and rougher and wilder, more scrawl than straight line. Remember all of yourself, the flaws and faults as well as the many strengths. Carl Jung once said, "If people can be educated to see the lowly side of their own natures, it may

be hoped that they will also learn to understand and to love their fellow men better. A little less hypocrisy and a little more tolerance toward oneself can only have good results in respect for our neighbors, for we are all too prone to transfer to our fellows the injustice and violence we inflict upon our own natures."

Most commencement speeches suggest you take up something or other: the challenge of the future, a vision of the twenty-first century. Instead I'd like you to give up. Give up the backpack. Give up the nonsensical and punishing quest for perfection that dogs too many of us through too much of our lives. It is a quest that causes us to doubt and denigrate ourselves, our true selves, our quirks and foibles and great leaps into the unknown, and that is bad enough.

But this is worse: that someday, sometime, you will be somewhere, maybe on a day like today--a berm overlooking a pond in Vermont, the lip of the Grand Canyon at sunset. Maybe something bad will have happened: you will have lost someone you loved, or failed at something you wanted to succeed at very much.

And sitting there, you will fall into the center of yourself. You will look for that core to sustain you. If you have been perfect all your life, and have managed to meet all the expectations of your family, your friends, your community, your society, chances are excellent that there will be a black hole where your core ought to be.

Don't take that chance. Begin to say no to the Greek chorus that thinks it knows the parameters of a happy life when all it knows is the homogenization of human experience. Listen to that small voice from inside you, that tells you to go another way. George Eliot wrote, "It is never too late to be what you might have been." It is never too early, either. And it will make all the difference in the world. Take it from someone who has left the backpack full of bricks far behind. Every day feels light as a feather.

Sunday, May 23, 1999 - 12:00pm

Kathryn A. Clark Living and Writing Deliberately: The Concord Landscapes and Legacy of Henry Thoreau August 7, 2017

Choosing Life with Principle

Objectives:

- 1. Students will be able to explain the meaning of abolitionist.
- 2. Students will be able to identify important facts about the antislavery movement in Massachusetts.
- 3. Students will be able to summarize important facts about the antislavery movement in Massachusetts.

Essential Questions:

- 1. How do you live deliberately?
- 2. How have you turned thought into action?

MA History Standards for students in 8th grade:

USI.31 Describe the formation of the abolitionist movement, the roles of various abolitionists, and the response of southerners and northerners to abolitionism. (H)

Sources:

1. <u>http://www.calliope.org/thoreau/thurro/thurro1.html</u>

Materials:

- 1. Computers to access Calliope Fact Sheet, or printed hard copies.
- 2. Graphic Organizers

Prior Knowledge:

Students should have some prior knowledge on slavery in the United States, the abolition movement and causes leading to the Civil War.

Procedures/Steps:

- 1. Warm-up by reviewing the word abolitionist with the students. Have them complete the Vocabulary Frayer Model Square.
- 2. Build background information with students by reading and discussing the Calliope Fact Sheet on Thoreau - introduction and parts I-IV (#3 in sources). Divide the class into 5 groups. Assign each group a section of the article to read. Students should become "experts" on their section. Instruct students to read their section and take bulleted notes of important ideas. Complete a jigsaw activity by creating new groups. Each new group should have one student from each expert section. Students should then "teach" their section to the new group. Students should record new information on a graphic organizer.
- 3. Share out information as a whole class. Teachers may choose to record information on a class chart.
- 4. Have students identify important ideas and details discussed in the "teaching" groups. Students should circle facts that they would like to include in their writing. Instruct students to synthesize information to write a summary.

Modifications:

When reading the Calliope Fact sheet "expert" groups can be grouped on ability with the teacher guiding the group of students on IEPs or ELL students.

When writing the summary, the teacher should guide students on IEPs or ELL students through the process of turning information on the graphic organizer into a summary.

Assessment of Learning:

Students will be assessed on their participation based on teacher observation. Students will be assessed on their summaries using a summary rubric. Definition

Sentence

Abolítíoníst

Examples

Non Examples

Introduction	Part I	Part II	Part III	Part IV

Choosing Life with Principle

Objectives:

1. Students will be able to discuss the different points of view about slavery and abolition.

Essential Questions:

- 1. How do you live deliberately?
- 2. How have you turned thought into action?

MA History Standards for students in 8th grade:

USI.31 Describe the formation of the abolitionist movement, the roles of various abolitionists, and the response of southerners and northerners to abolitionism. (H)

Materials:

- 1. Broadside of the MA Antislavery Society and graphic organizer for analysis.
- 2. Various prepared biographies and articles on Henry David Thoreau, Fredrick Douglass, Slave, Slave Holder, Slave Catcher.
- 3. Café like atmosphere in the classroom (table cloths, snacks and drinks)- Optional.

Sources:

1. <u>https://www.facinghistory.org/resource-library/teaching-strategies/cafe-</u> conversations

Procedures/Steps:

- 1. Students are going to prepare for a Café Conversation on Abolition. Students will assume the role of one of the following people: Thoreau, Fredrick Douglass, a Slave Slave Owner, Slave Catcher. They will work in small groups to read various biographies, books and articles provided by the teacher to prepare for a café conversation where they will have a discussion as that character in first person. Students should prepare statements about their characters' beliefs and have questions to ask the others.
- 2. Students will be assigned into new groups to represent their character for a discussion on abolition. Instruct students to introduce themselves to each other as their characters to begin the café conversation.
- 3. At the end of the conversation debrief with the whole class.
 - a. What did you learn about abolition during this activity?
 - b. Did your views of abolition change?
 - c. Was there anything said that you agreed/disagreed with in your conversation?

- d. What was easy about this activity? Difficult?
- e. Did you enjoy this activity? Why or why not?

For more information on café conversations please visit the website: <u>https://www.facinghistory.org/resource-library/teaching-strategies/cafe-conversations</u>

Modifications:

Biographies, books and articles can be provided at a variety of levels for students on IEPs and ELL students.

Assessment of Learning:

Students will be assessed on their participation by teacher observation. Teacher may use a discussion rubric or checklist to keep track of the café conversation. Beth Corey Lothrop Elementary School Pittsford, VT

Living and Writing Deliberately Curriculum Unit- Grade 6

I have created this unit as a mini expedition that fits within the framework of our opening integrated unit of study for 6th grade. The four threads focused on are the following:

- 1. Being Awake, Aware, and Alive
- 2. Hearing that Different Drummer
- 3. Living in Nature
- 4. Choosing Life with Principle

All four threads are interwoven within each lesson. We will be returning to these threads throughout the year through the institution of <u>"Thoreauvian Thursdays"</u>, and another mini expedition on Thoreau's place in the abolitionist movement as a part of our civil rights expedition.

I have created a <u>discovery journal</u> for the students to use during this unit. It is designed as a blueprint to help them get started with journaling, and as an assessment/reflection tool.

* To copy the discovery journal into a booklet format you first need to print all of the pages single-sided. Every other page then needs to be rotated 190 ° then reprinted with the printer set to double-sided. There is probably an easier way, but that is how I had to format it.

** For more on Expeditionary Learning visit this link.

Lesson One: Living Deliberately

Rationale: This brief lesson serves three main purposes-

- 1. To begin the process of self reflection
- 2. Practice deconstructing words to aid in understanding/comprehension.
- 3. To (hopefully) record how their understanding of this small piece of text can evolve into a deeper piece of learning.

Essential Question: What does "living deliberately" mean to you?

Learning Target: I can explain what I think it means to "live deliberately".

Materials needed: discovery journal

Lesson Summary and Steps:

- Pass out and introduce the discovery journal.
- Write the words "Living Deliberately" on the board.
- Give students time to work on it independently, then deconstruct the words as a class.
- Have students complete the reflection in their journal.
- Share by choice.

Lesson Two: Kick off- Inquiry Circle

Rationale: The goal for kick off is to introduce the unit, generate student interest and questions, and begin building knowledge about the topic.

Focusing quotes:

- "All this is perfectly distinct to an observant eye, and yet could easily passed unnoticed by most."
- "Civil Disobedience"

Essential Questions:

- How comfortable were you with the inquiry process?
- Did you feel like you could connect what you observed, read, or interacted with to some prior knowledge you already possessed?
- How comfortable were you generating questions? Making inferences?
- How observant do you consider yourself?
- Did you feel confident with the loose structure of the lesson?

Learning Target: I can observe photographs, artifacts, primary documents and quotations to access prior knowledge and generate questions about Henry David Thoreau.

Lesson Summary and Steps:

• Unpack the learning target with the students. Since this is our first inquiry circle some students may have trouble with the open aspect of this activity. Some may be used to right and wrong answers, and answering questions rather than generating them. *I will have them save their discovery journal to use for self reflection throughout the year, especially noting the progress they make during kick off inquiry circles.*

- Divide students into small groups (Note that each student will need the opportunity to interact with the contents of the station). They will travel through the stations in these groups.
- Each student should have a clipboard, discovery journal, and pencil.
- Make sure the students know in what order they will proceed through the stations. I give them between 5-10 minutes in each station. This will depend on my group of students and the size of the groups. *Remind them that they will need time for observation and reflection.*
- Circle up to share and discuss their thoughts, observations and questions.

Materials Needed:

- <u>Photos and documents</u> printed out. You may need multiple copies depending on the group sizes.
- Discovery journals
- Replica of Thoreau's walking stick
- pencils and pencil parts
- Old surveying tools (or replicas)
- Old ledger (or replica)
- Copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin

Inquiry Circle Stations:

- 1. Photograph- grave site
- 2. Replica walking stick
- 3. Copy of survey of the Thoreau homestead with a surveying tool.
- 4. Poem "Henry's Flute" with a photo of his flute
- 5. Photograph- Interior of his cabin
- 6. Artifact- General Store ledger
- 7. Photograph of jail lock & the words "civil disobedience"
- 8. Pencils
- 9. Journal
- 10. Photograph of Uncle Tom and Eva statue with a copy of the book.

Lesson Three: Getting to know Henry David Thoreau through text.

Rationale: Students will have been introduced to the BHH (book, head, heart) framework- they are working on paying attention to the text, to their thoughts about the text, how they feel about the text, and how they might change as a result of reading the text. Reading about Thoreau and reading his words seems like the perfect way to illustrate the possibilities to students, *These lessons utilize both fiction and nonfiction*.

Focusing Quotes:

• "A truly good book...teaches me better than to read it. I must soon lay it down, and commence living on its hint...What I began by reading, I must finish by acting." Journal, 19 February 1841

Essential Questions:

- Who was Henry David Thoreau?
- Why is he still relevant today?
- Can I discover new things about myself through the study of a person from history?

Day One: nonfiction- NEWSELA articles

Learning Targets:

- I can read a current, nonfiction news article to learn about Henry David Thoreau.
- I can use excerpts from the primary source, "Walden", to understand why Thoreau went to Walden to live, and why he decided to return to the town of Concord, MA.

Lesson Summary and Steps:

- Students will read three NEWSELA articles, respond to each in their booklet, then utilize their notes to contribute to a class discussion.
 - Article One: *Philosophers: Henry David Thoreau*
 - Article Two: <u>Primary Sources: Thoreau's Walden Pond, Why he Went into</u> <u>the Woods</u>
 - Article Three: <u>Primary Sources: Thoreau's Walden Pond, Why he Left the</u> <u>Woods</u>

Materials Needed:

- Discovery journal
- Printed copies of each article for every student.

Day Two: Fiction- *If You Spent a Day With Thoreau at Walden Pond* by Robert Burleigh

Learning Target: I can deepen my understanding of a subject through the genre of historical fiction.

Lesson Summary and Steps:

- Read Aloud, *If You Spent a Day With Thoreau at Walden Pond.* As students listen to the story have them sketch what they visualize in their journal.
- Class discussion about their emerging thinking and comparing the two genres.

Materials Needed:

- Discovery journal
- Copy of the picture book

Lesson Four: Getting to know Henry David Thoreau through observation.

Rationale: Now that the students have a solid introduction to Thoreau they will go back and look, with "new eyes", at some of the objects from the kick-off. Mirroring Thoreau's power of observation while referring back to the focusing quotes will move them to a deeper understanding of Thoreau, his teachings, and themselves.

Focusing quotes:

- "All this is perfectly distinct to an observant eye, and yet could easily passed unnoticed by most."
- "The distraction of surveying enables me rapidly to take new points of view. A day or two of surveying is equal to a journey."
- "I am on the alert for some Wonderful Thing."

Essential Questions:

- What does it mean to observe something closely?
- What can we learn about a person by studying their personal belongings?
- What can we learn about a person by studying a document that is connected to them?

Learning Target: I can observe a person's personal possessions and relevant documents to learn more about them.

Lesson Summary and Steps:

- Read the focusing quotes together as a class. Discuss initial thoughts.
- Review essential questions
- Unpack the learning targets with the class.
- Divide class into three groups. They will spend 20 minutes in each station to observe and respond in their journals.

- Thoreau's <u>desk</u>
- <u>Survey</u> of the Thoreau homestead dated March 30, 1857.
- Replica of Thoreau's walking stick
- Come together at the end to share and reflect focusing on the quotes and essential questions.

Materials Needed:

- Discovery journal
- Printed out copies of the photo and survey
- Replica of Thoreau's walking stick

Note: I will have several copies of the images so that students have plenty of time to observe.

Lesson Five: Journaling & Writing

Rationale: Two overarching goals I have for this year are to help deepen my students' connections with what they read and write, and to encourage them to use journaling as a tool for learning about themselves and the world around them. What better way to accomplish this than by the study of Thoreau?

These are foundational lessons that we will return to again and again throughout the year.

Day 1: The Basics

Essential Questions:

- What is a journal?
- What is a diary?
- What is a log?
- What is a memoire?

Learning Target:

• I understand the difference between a journal, diary, log, memoire and recognize the purpose for each one.

Lesson Summary and Steps:

• Show examples of each and have a class discussion on what each of these are, and their purpose.

• When we have come to a consensus about each one, the students will record the definitions in their discovery journal.

Materials Needed:

- Discovery journal
- Examples of a journal, diary, log and memoire

Days 2 & 3: The Concord Museum's lesson plan- <u>A Word for Nature</u> and <u>PPT</u>

Focusing Quotes:

- "As I was paddling along the north shore one very calm October afternoon, for such days especially they settle on to the lakes, like the milkweed down, having looked in vain over the pond for a loon, suddenly one, sailing out from the shore toward the middle a few rods in front of me, set up his mild laugh and betrayed himself. I pursued with a paddle and he dived, but when he came up I was nearer than before. He dived again, but I miscalculated the direction he would take, and we were fifty rods apart when he came to the surface this time, for I had helped to widen the interval; and again he laughed long and loud, and with more reason than before. He manoeuvred so cunningly that I could not get within half a dozen rods of him. Each time, when he came to the surface, turning his head this way and that, he cooly surveyed the water and the land, and apparently chose his course so that he might come up where there was the widest expanse of water and at the greatest distance from the boat. It was surprising how guickly he made up his mind and put his resolve into execution. He led me at once to the widest part of the pond, and could not be driven from it. While he was thinking one thing in his brain, I was endeavoring to divine his thought in mine. It was a pretty game, played on the smooth surface of the pond, a man against a loon. Suddenly your adversary's checker disappears beneath the board, and the problem is to place yours nearest to where his will appear again." – Thoreau, Walden
- "To the sick the doctors wisely recommend a change of air and scenery. Thank Heaven, here is not all the world. The buckeye does not grow in New England, and the mockingbird is rarely heard here. The wild goose is more of a cosmopolite than we; he breaks his fast in Canada, takes a luncheon in the Ohio, and plumes himself for the night in a southern bayou. Even the bison, to some extent, keeps pace with the seasons cropping the pastures of the Colorado only till a greener and sweeter grass awaits him by the Yellowstone. Yet we think that if rail fences are pulled down, and stone walls piled up on our farms, bounds are

henceforth set to our lives and our fates decided. [...] The universe is wider than our views of it." – Thoreau, Walden

- "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life [...] Let us spend one day as deliberately as Nature, and not be thrown off the track by every nutshell and mosquito's wing that falls on the rails." Thoreau, Walden
- "Sometimes, on Sundays, I heard the bells, the Lincoln, Acton, Bedford, or Concord bell, when the wind was favorable, a faint, sweet, and, as it were, natural melody, worth importing into the wilderness. At a sufficient distance over the woods this sound acquires a certain vibratory hum, as if the pine needles in the horizon were the strings of a harp which it swept. All sound heard at the greatest possible distance produces one and the same effect, a vibration of the universal lyre [...] The echo is, to some extent, an original sound, and therein is the magic and charm of it. It is not merely a repetition of what was worth repeating in the bell, but partly the voice of the wood; the same trivial words and notes sung by a wood-nymph." – Thoreau, Walden

Essential Questions:

- What different relationships do humans have with the natural environment?
- Nature writing has roots from all points in history, from early written language by indigenous people to the European Enlightenment writing. But why might nature writing be important in the United States today?

Learning Target:

- I can explain the purpose of the genre of nature writing.
- I can explain three types of nature writing that Thoreau used, descriptive, personal, and philosophical.
- I can read a passage from Thoreau's writing and identify the type of nature writing used, and its purpose.
- I can write about my observations and reflections of an inspirational place in nature.

Lesson Summary and Steps:

Follow the Concord Museum's lesson plan- <u>A Word for Nature</u> and <u>PPT</u>

Lesson Six: Thoreau and Education

Rational: An important goal for the first six weeks of school is to set my students on a path of self awareness that includes knowing themselves better as learners- Are they visual learners? Do they work better alone, or in a group? Do they prefer hands-on activities? Are they comfortable taking risks? Do they have a growth mindset? Thoreau's writings on education illustrate his knowledge of himself as a learner. I feel like this lesson will serve as a bridge to wrap up our introduction to Thoreau while setting up a path for us to return to his writings as we progress through the year.

Focusing Quotes:

- "Those hours that should have been devoted to study have been spent in scouring the woods, and exploring the lakes and streams of my native village."
- "Not by constraint or severity should you have access to true wisdom, but by abandonment and childlike mirthfulness. If you would know aught, be gay before it." 23 June 1840, Journal 1:140
- "We are all schoolmasters and our schoolhouse is the universe. To attend chiefly to the desk or schoolhouse while we neglect the scenery in which it is placed is absurd. If we do not look out we shall find our fine schoolhouse standing in a cowyard at last." 15 October 1859, Journal XII:387
- "Perhaps I should give some account of myself. I would make education a pleasant thing both to teacher and the scholar. This discipline, which we allow to the end of life, should not be one thing in the schoolroom, and another in the street. We should seek to be fellow students with the pupil, and should learn of, as well as with him, if we should be helpful to him." Letter to Orestes Brownson, 30 December 1837, Correspondence, 20
- *"What does education often do!-It makes a straight-cut ditch of a free, meandering brook." After 31 October 1850, Journal 3:130*
- How vain it is to sit down to write when you have not stood up to live!—Journal, 19 August 1851

Our music teacher will look at this quote with them.

 "True words are those- as Trench says- transport- rapture, ravishment, ecstasy

 these are the words I want. This is the effect of music - I am rapt away by itout of myself- These are truly poetical words. I am inspired - elevatedexpanded- I am on the mount."

Essential Questions:

- What was Henry David Thoreau's view on education? What did he think about his own educational experiences? When in how did he learn best?
- How can I use Thoreau's writings/observations on his own experience of education to help my understanding of myself as a learner?
- What is the difference between what you are assigned to write and what you choose to write? Which has the greater impact on you? Why?

Learning Targets:

- I can read passages from Thoreau's writings to make inferences about his views on education.
- I can make text to self connections to deepen my thinking about my own education.

Lesson Summary and Steps:

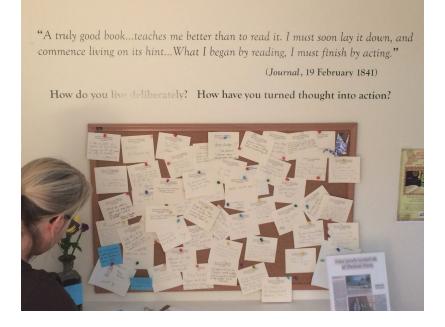
- <u>PPT</u> presentation with them to introduce the lesson and get them started.
- Gallery Walk
- Debriefing

Materials Needed:

- Discovery journal
- Power PPT
- Chart Paper for the gallery walk

Closing Lesson: Revisiting "living deliberately".

Rationale: As a closing activity I would like the students to go back and look at the phrase living deliberately again. Read it within the context of the passage in *Walden* and revise their thinking. We will begin our new interactive bulletin board based on the one from the Thoreau Society.



Focusing Quote:

"I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms..."

Essential Questions:

- How do you live deliberately?
- How have you turned thought into action?

Lesson Summary and Steps:

- Show the full quote on the board
- Take some time to discuss together then have students return to their discover journal to complete this final reflection.
- Introduce the new interactive bulletin board. We will be looking at & discussing new notes as part of our Thoreauvian Thursdays during CPR (morning meeting).

Materials Needed:

- Discovery journals
- Bulletin board display with available sticky notes.

Works Cited

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- "The Walden Woods Project The Walden Woods Project Preserves the Land, Literature and Legacy of the Quintessential American Author, Philosopher, and Naturalist, Henry David Thoreau, to Foster an Ethic of Environmental Stewardship and Social Responsibility." *The Walden Woods Project*. Web. 07 Aug. 2017.
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Living and Writing Deliberately: A Seventh Grade Interdisciplinary Writing Unit

Background Information:

This is a set of three interdisciplinary units using the ideas and writings of Henry David Thoreau. The goal is to help students become curious observers and thoughtful participants in the world around them. While the lessons were designed with a seventh grade classroom in mind, the lessons could easily be adapted for grades five through eight. Writing is the primary focus of the units, and the units were designed to be used in the Language Arts classroom. All lessons will incorporate observing, questioning, writing, and reflecting. Some lessons also incorporate character development, history, and science to help make the learning interdisciplinary.

Although these lessons could be used at any point during the year, they were designed with the beginning of the school year in mind. Using these lessons at the start of the year will help build positive relationships and thoughtful behavior in the classroom, while encouraging deep reflection and observation throughout the year. The interdisciplinary science and social studies lessons will bridge learning between the classroom walls, helping build skills in all classes while reinforcing the students' critical thinking. This will help the students understand that learning does not happen in isolation, but that learning happens by putting skills together to solve problems. This is, of course, how Thoreau would have preferred for our young minds learn.

Some lessons would also be acceptable to teach during an Advisory Class (or similar character building class) since they focus on decision making and standing up for your personal beliefs. Specifically, lessons 1-2 of the first unit could be used during Advisory Class.

Students should have access to journals throughout this unit, as they will record their observations, thoughts, and reflections continuously. As a pre-unit lesson, teachers should introduce the idea of journaling. It would be helpful to show images of Thoreau's journals and explain to the students that his journals were a "barnyard" to record all of his ideas, observations, and even just lists about his day-to-day life. (See photos of the journals, attached, to help build the conversation.)

The students' journals can be used as both formative and summative assessment throughout the unit. As a final project, teachers might consider having the students take one to two of their entries through the publication process to complete a final draft. Students could then pair each entry with a related object or symbol and "curate" their own "mini-exhibition." Students could then set up the classroom as a gallery and then visit the full writing gallery as a sharing experience.

Photographs, images, and maps needed for the lessons can be found in the Additional Materials section at the end of the document. Worksheets to enrich and organize the lessons can be found in the Additional Materials section as well. See page 19 for an index.

Threads Incorporated within the Unit:

- 1. Being Awake, Aware, and Alive
- 2. Living in Nature
- 3. Practicing Simplicity
- 4. Choosing Life with Principle

Life with Principle: A Study of Thoreau's Passions and Our Personal Passions

Unit Length: 2 days, 42 minute periods

Thread:

• Choosing Life with Principle

Essential Questions:

- Why is it important to stand up for what you believe in?
- Is it always necessary to follow the rules?
- How can we use writing to voice our opinions?
- Why is it important to take ownership of our beliefs?

Grade 7 Common Core Standards:

Writing Standards:

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.7.2

Write informative/explanatory texts to examine a topic and convey ideas, concepts, and information through the selection, organization, and analysis of relevant content.

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.7.10

Write routinely over extended time frames (time for research, reflection, and revision) and shorter time frames (a single sitting or a day or two) for a range of discipline-specific tasks, purposes, and audiences.

Reading- Informational Text Standards:

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RI.7.2

Determine two or more central ideas in a text and analyze their development over the course of the text; provide an objective summary of the text.

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RI.7.3

Analyze the interactions between individuals, events, and ideas in a text (e.g., how ideas influence individuals or events, or how individuals influence ideas or events).

Speaking and Listening Standards:

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.SL.7.1

Engage effectively in a range of collaborative discussions (one-on-one, in groups, and teacher-led) with diverse partners on grade 7 topics, texts, and issues, building on others' ideas and expressing their own clearly.

DAY 1: Personal Beliefs Survey, Discussion, and Reflection

Objective:

Students will take a position on a belief statement(s) and support their decision with information from their own lives/literature to engage in class discussion and craft a written response.

Materials:

- Beliefs Survey
- Agree/Disagree Signs
- Student Journals
- Pens/Pencils

Special Classroom Setup:

- When the students enter, have them help move all the desks to the sides of the classroom, as this lesson will need a large empty area. If you have access to a hallway or open space, you could utilize that instead.
- Before class starts, write "Strongly Agree" on one piece of construction paper. Write "Strongly Disagree" on another. Hang the two signs at opposite ends of an accessible wall.

Lessons Plan:

- 1. Distribute the Beliefs Survey (see worksheet attached). Have students complete the Beliefs Survey independently. They should check the column that matches their personal beliefs. Explain that although it can be difficult to choose a side, they should go with whichever choice they feel more strongly about right now. They will have the opportunity to explain their reasoning (and even change their mind) later on. Reinforce the idea that they should not discuss their results with anyone until the activity begins. (5-7 minutes)
- 2. Explain to students: "Today we will be doing an activity that makes you consider what you believe in and why. Today's answers may be very personal, and it is very important that you are respectful and polite during the activity. There is NO right or wrong answers to any of the questions on the survey. In fact, you may end up changing your mind about some of the answers you chose, and that's okay! Today is all about thinking, considering, and reflecting about what you believe in. Tomorrow we will be learning about a writer, thinker, and activist named Henry David Thoreau. We will be using these questions to help us think about Thoreau and why he made some of the choices he did." (1-2 minutes)
- 3. Ranking Activity/Discussion: Read the first belief statement out loud. Have students get out of their seats and organize themselves on the wall in between "Strongly Agree" and "Strongly Disagree." The point they stand between the signs should reflect how strongly they feel about the statement.

While students are still standing, ask for volunteers to share how and why they chose their position. If volunteers do not respond from both ends of the spectrum, call on students to ensure that varying views are shared with the whole class.

Repeat the process for all five questions. If you class discussion for a particular statement gets longer than four to five minutes per question, reduce the number of belief statements to explore. (20 minutes)

4. Personal Reflection:

Once the activity is complete, students will return to their desks. In their journal, they should freewrite to the following question(s): "Did you change your mind about any of the statements? Why do you think that is? What made you change your mind?" If a student says they didn't change their mind at all, ask them to respond to: "Which of these statements do you feel most passionately about? Why?" (5-7 minutes)

5. Sharing

Have students share their journal response with a partner. If time permits, allow volunteers to share the most important sentence from their entry with the whole class. Discuss the importance of thinking carefully about the world around you and remind them life is not black and white: there are many grey areas to explore. (5 minutes)

6. Close out class with a photograph of the lock from Thoreau's jail cell. Ask students, "What do you think this is a photo of?" Once students get to "a lock" or "from a jail cell," explain that it is the lock from *Thoreau's* jail cell. Give the students a brief overview of how Thoreau spent one night in jail standing up for what he believed in. Link this experience (standing up for beliefs) with the beliefs survey. (4-5 minutes)

Assessments: Journal Entry, Student responses during discussion

DAY 2: Analyzing and Applying the Beliefs of Henry David Thoreau

Objective:

Students will be able to list the ways that Thoreau stood up for his values and explain why his actions were/are important in historic and modern contexts. Students will then analyze this in relation to their own lives.

Materials:

- Selected Articles/Documents
 - "Primary Sources: Thoreau's Walden Pond, Why he Went Into the Woods" from Newsela
 - "Primary Sources: 'Civil Disobedience'" by Henry David Thoreau from Newsela
 - "Philosophers: Henry David Thoreau" from Newsela
 - "Henry David Thoreau" from Britannica School
 - Any other grade-level appropriate articles of your choice that reveal information about Thoreau's philosophies and passions

• Each group will read a different article about Thoreau's life OR a leveled, kid-friendly version of one of his essays. Have enough appropriately leveled articles to differentiate as needed. Suggested articles/documents include three from the Newsela.com site which can be leveled by the teacher with the click of a button. The fourth article can be found on Britannica School (school.eb.com), an interactive encyclopedia which many middle schools subscribe to. This text can also be leveled

with the click of a button, and the site also includes a read-aloud feature for students who need that accommodation.

• Passions and Philosophies Graphic organizer (attached)

Special Classroom Setup:

1. Desks should be arranged into small groups of 4-5 students. You may group students randomly, differentiate by reading level, or differentiate by students' choice of article

Lesson Plan:

- 1. Have students respond to the following question as a warm-up writing activity: "What have you had to stand up for or defend in your lifetime? Explain why you are so passionate about this topic." (5 minutes)
- 2. Share answers within small groups (3-4 minutes)
- 3. Explain to students: "Today we are going to investigate the writer Henry David Thoreau and what he was passionate about. As you work in your small groups, pay attention to why types of things or ideas Thoreau defended. Ask yourself, *what did Thoreau stand up for*? (Write this on the board to reinforce what students should be looking for as they read.) Each group will be responsible for a different article, and then you will share the information with the others groups later in class. Be sure to annotate your article and take notes on your graphic organizer so you are prepared to share later on." (1-2 minutes)
- 4. Distribute articles and graphic organizers to each group. (See worksheet attached.)
- 5. Read through directions on graphic organizer together.
- 6. Give the students approximately 15 minutes to read the article out loud together and add two to three issues on their graphic organizer. (15 minutes)
- 7. Have each group select what they think is their BEST example of what Thoreau is passionate about, based on their text. Circulate the room while students are choosing to make sure there are no duplicates. If there are, help steer the groups to their strongest unique idea. (2 minutes)
- 8. Sharing: Have one student from each group share their idea. Use the Smartboard or an easel chart to capture the students answers so that the class has a model and a reference for later on. (5 minutes)
- 9. Have students reflect on the survey activity from yesterday, and see which statements now match up to what they know about Thoreau's life. (5 minutes)
- 10. Closing Quickwrite in Journals: "Think about what Thoreau stood up for during his lifetime. Why is it important that he took a stand? What similarities can you find between Thoreau and his passion and what YOU wrote about at the beginning of class today?" (5 minutes)

Assessments: Journal Entries, Graphic Organizer, Student responses during group work

Nature Study: Combining the Powers of Location and Observation

Unit Length: 4 days, 42 minute periods

Two Threads: Living in Nature, Practicing Simplicity

Essential Questions:

What can we learn by looking at the world around us? How does nature "change" when we look at it closely? Why is it important to know how to write both objectively and subjectively? How does observational writing help us practice simplicity? How does being a good observer help us in life? How can we accurately capture the details that we see in nature?

Grade 7 Common Core Standards:

Writing Standards:

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.7.3

Write narratives to develop real or imagined experiences or events using effective technique, relevant descriptive details, and well-structured event sequences.

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.7.3.B

Use narrative techniques, such as dialogue, pacing, and description, to develop experiences, events, and/or characters.

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.7.3.D

Use precise words and phrases, relevant descriptive details, and sensory language to capture the action and convey experiences and events.

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.7.10

Write routinely over extended time frames (time for research, reflection, and revision) and shorter time frames (a single sitting or a day or two) for a range of discipline-specific tasks, purposes, and audiences.

Reading Standards:

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RI.7.4

Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in a text, including figurative, connotative, and technical meanings; analyze the impact of a specific word choice on meaning and tone.

Speaking and Listening Standards:

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.SL.7.1

Engage effectively in a range of collaborative discussions (one-on-one, in groups, and teacher-led) with diverse partners on grade 7 topics, texts, and issues, building on others' ideas and expressing their own clearly.

Note: This set of lessons is designed to be planned and co-taught between the science teacher AND the language arts teacher. It will require preplanning to make sure that both teachers have the same expectations for students about recording observations in nature. This lesson set also requires finding a natural spot (park, pond, river trail, etc.) that is easily accessed from the school. In my case, I will be using a local YMCA camp with a lake that is within walking distance of the school.

DAY 1: Introduction to Observation

Objective:

Students will develop a definition for the word "observant" and explain the importance of being observant for both Thoreau and themselves.

Materials:

- Student Journals
- Pens/pencils
- Picture book <u>If You Spent a Day with Thoreau at Walden Pond (or similar)</u>

Special Classroom Setup:

• Small groups of 4-5 students

Lesson Plan:

- 1. Have students respond to the following question as a warm-up writing activity: "What does it mean to be observant? Why would being observant be a beneficial trait for a person? Explain." (5 minutes)
- 2. Have students share their response with a neighbor. Share out with the class. (2 minutes)
- 3. Begin class by reading the picture book <u>If You Spent a Day with Thoreau at Walden</u> <u>Pond</u> by Robert Burleigh. If you have projector access, project the pictures for students. This picture book will serve as a jumping point for discussing the importance of observation in the natural world. (Any similar picture book about Thoreau and nature can be used.) (15 minutes)
- 4. In small groups, have students discuss the following questions and record responses in their journals: (5 minutes)
 - What did you observe about the pictures and text in this book? Be specific.
 - Why do you think Henry David Thoreau was so observant? Why is that an important trait for him to have?
 - What types of things would Thoreau have missed if he wasn't observant? What might he not have noticed if he wasn't looking carefully?
- 5. Students will respond to the following quick write in their journal: Being observant in nature helped Henry David Thoreau live on Walden Pond successfully. When is a time in your life that you needed to be incredibly observant? Explain.

6. Partner Shares of journal entries. If time permits, allow volunteers to share with the class. (5 minutes)

Assessments: journal entries, contributions to class discussion

DAY 2: Identifying Objective and Subjective Statements Objective:

Students will be able to define, compare/contrast, and explain when to use objective and subjective writing.

Students will be able to analyze an excerpt of Thoreau's writing and decide which statements are subjective or objective.

Materials:

- Student Journals
- Pens/Pencils
- Teacher samples of objective and subjective writing about a topic (Note: for this lesson, it would be helpful to have the science teacher write the objective sample and the language arts teacher write the subjective sample about the SAME object, for example a tree, flower, or other natural object.)
- Sample of Thoreu's writing. Suggested selection: The fifth paragraph of "The Ponds," paragraph starting with "The scenery of Walden is on a humble scale..." (attached)
- Highlighters (2 colors per student)
- Photograph of Walden Pond (attached)

Special Classroom Setup:

• Pair students with partners ahead of time

Lesson Plan:

- 1. Using a Smartboard or projector, project the first writing sample on the board. (subjective writing). Read out loud with the students. (1 minute)
- 2. With their partners, students should quickly discuss what they notice about the writing sample. (30 seconds)
- 3. Display the second sample (objective writing). Read out loud with the students.
- 4. With their partners again, students should quickly discuss what they notice about the second sample and compare/contrast the two. (1 minute)
- 5. Share out responses as a class. If needed, lead students to the idea that the first sample (subjective) contains opinions about the object and is not as factual. The second sample (objective) does not contain opinion and is strictly factual. (5 mins)

- 6. In their journals, have students construct a T-chart. Model this on the board or projector. Label one side of the chart Objective and the other Subjective. As a class, create working definitions for each term. (5 minutes)
- 7. With their partners again, have students discuss times when you would use each type of writing. Record on T-chart. (2 minutes)
- Discuss as a class. If needed, be sure to lead students to the idea that that writers use subjective writing to create imagery, rich descriptions, and/or personal opinions. Writers use objective writing to record accurate details about the world around them. (2 minutes)
- 9. Ask partners, "In which classes are you most likely to use each type of writing? Why?" (1 minute)
- 10. Recap as a class that you would use more subjective writing in language arts and more objective writing in science. (30 seconds)
- 11. Project the photo of Walden Pond on the board. Ask students, "What do you notice about this photo?" Briefly explain why the location was so important to Thoreau.
- 12. Pass out worksheet containing the sample passage from "The Ponds" from <u>Walden</u> (attached). Go over the directions at the top of the page. Partners should read the passage out loud together and then highlight the passage in two colors, one color for subjective statements and one color for objective statements. While students are working, circulate around the classroom to check for accuracy and have quick conferences about what the students observe about the writing. (10 minutes)

13. Ask students to respond in journal:

- Why do you think that Thoreau used a mix of objective and subjective writing in this passage (and in <u>Walden</u>)? What does this show us about what Thoreau was trying to accomplish with this passage?
- How did your basic observations about the photograph of the pond differ from Thoreau's writing on the *exact* same subject? Why do you think that is? (10 minutes)
- 14. Review and recap the questions above. Explain to students that tomorrow they will be following the same writing process as Thoreau, zooming in on nature and then writing about it to capture all the smallest details. Remind them to bring cameras or cell phones to class tomorrow for the field trip to the park.

Assessments: Journal entry, graphic organizer, partner discussions

DAY 3: Observational Writing Field Trip

Objective:

Students will record accurate observations of the natural world using their knowledge of objective writing. Students will create an objective written piece about one object.

Materials:

- Student journals
- Pens/pencils
- Cell phone or camera
- Photos of Concord Locations (Fairyland Pond, Old North Bridge, Walden Pond, and Concord River)

Special Classroom Setup/Note:

• Today's activity is a field trip. If you live in walking distance to a park, river path, trail, camp, etc. you can walk there. If not, you will need to arrange transportation.

Lesson Plan:

- 1. Remind students: "Thoreau wrote about the everyday objects he found in his hometown, and whether they were big or small each one was important and fascinating to him."
- 2. Gather students in a circle. Pass around photos of Fairyland Pond, Old North Bridge, Walden Pond, and Concord River. Remind students: "Although these might look like general nature photos, Thoreau finds each place special and honors it in his writing. They are a part of his home and his life, and his writing captures such locations in tremendous detail."
- 3. Tell students: "Today we will have the chance to observe nature. As you have discussed with your science teacher and learned about during our objective writing lesson in language arts, today's session is just about taking accurate observations. We will have two different ten-minute observation sessions. During each session, use the full time to carefully and fully observe one specific object or land feature. No matter how small the object is, it is your goal to record everything you can about it. Use your cell phone to take photographs so that you can remember the object tomorrow. You should always be in eyesight of a teacher or chaperone, but should find your own little space to observe silently." (5-10 minutes to explain points above/organize students)
- 4. Send the students off in small groups with paras/chaperones/teachers to move around the park. Once students settle in to the individual observation spot, set a timer for 10 minutes. (10 minutes)
- 5. Once 10 minutes are up, have the students move to a new place in the park and repeat the activity another time. (10 minutes)

- 6. Divide the students into small groups with each teacher, depending on how many teachers are in attendance. Sit on a circle on the ground.
- 7. In the small group, ask students to reflect on the following:
 - Which objects did you choose? Why did they catch your attention?
 - What did you notice about the object the longer you looked at it? How did your perception change over time?
 - Why is it important to take time and observe carefully?
 - How could careful observation like this benefit you in life? Explain.
 - There is an abundance of simplicity in today's experience (ie: we actually sat down and wrote for 20 minutes straight, there were no interruptions and distractions like at school). How did simplifying the writing process help you with your writing?
 - In what other ways could you simplify your life and gain clarity? (10 minutes)
- 8. Once reflections are finished, organize students and return to school.

Homework: (*Can be done at park if you have longer than 1 period available for the field trip, which is preferable):*

Choose one of your objects. Using your notes from the park and the photographs you took, rewrite and polish one solid paragraph of objective writing about the object.

Assessment: journal notes/writing, objective paragraph piece contributions to small group discussions

DAY 4: Using Observations to Create Rich Description

Objective:

Students will be able to create a subjective writing sample using previous objective notes combined with their own feelings, judgments, and emotions about an experience. Students will compare and contrast their objective and subjective writing samples.

Materials:

- Student Journals
- Pens/Pencils
- Student photographs from yesterday's activity
- Passage from Walden, "The Ponds" paragraph five (see attached)

Special Classroom Setup:

• None

Lesson Plan:

1. Have students take out their objective writing samples.

- 2. In journals, have students respond to the writing warm up question: "How did it feel to write only objectively? Do you think that it impacted your writing style at all?" (5 minutes)
- 3. Discuss as a class. Move onto a discussion of "simplicity." Discuss how observation writing forces the writer to break down an object into its most simple pieces, concentrating on the most pure form of the object. (3-4 minutes)
- 4. Explain: "Today we are going to move onto a second writing piece about the object you chose yesterday. However, today's writing will be subjective. You will blend your true observations with your own opinions about what you saw and how it made you feel. Let's look back to Thoreau's passage from "The Ponds." Notice how he has a mix of subjective and objective statements? Your goal is to do the same today. In fact, you can use this passage if you feel stuck or need some ideas about how to explain what you saw." (1 minute)
- 5. Move into independent writing time (writers' workshop). Teacher will circulate around the room and engage in mini-conferences with writers, giving suggestions and assistance. (25 minutes)
- 6. Sharing: Have students each select the single strongest sentence from their work in class today. Allow each student to share their one sentence.
- 7. Closing: Ask students which style of writing they enjoyed more. Have them explain their choice to the person sitting next to them.

Assessments: Subjective writing piece, journal entry

Surveying the World Around You

Unit Length: 2 days, 42 minute periods

Thread: Being Awake, Aware, and Alive

Essential Questions:

How can we become "more awake" as writers?

How can we capture accurate details about our life experiences?

How do our senses help us become better writers and observers?

Why is it important to use our current location to learn about the world around us?

Grade 7 Common Core Standards:

Writing Standards:

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.7.3

Write narratives to develop real or imagined experiences or events using effective technique, relevant descriptive details, and well-structured event sequences.

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.7.3.B

Use narrative techniques, such as dialogue, pacing, and description, to develop experiences, events, and/or characters.

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.7.3.D

Use precise words and phrases, relevant descriptive details, and sensory language to capture the action and convey experiences and events.

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.7.8

Gather relevant information from multiple print and digital sources, using search terms effectively; assess the credibility and accuracy of each source; and quote or paraphrase the data and conclusions of others while avoiding plagiarism and following a standard format for citation.

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.7.10

Write routinely over extended time frames (time for research, reflection, and revision) and shorter time frames (a single sitting or a day or two) for a range of discipline-specific tasks, purposes, and audiences.

Reading Standards:

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RI.7.4

Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in a text, including figurative, connotative, and technical meanings; analyze the impact of a specific word choice on meaning and tone

Speaking and Listening Standards:

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.SL.7.1

Engage effectively in a range of collaborative discussions (one-on-one, in groups, and teacher-led) with diverse partners on grade 7 topics, texts, and issues, building on others' ideas and expressing their own clearly.

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.SL.7.2

Analyze the main ideas and supporting details presented in diverse media and formats (e.g., visually, quantitatively, orally) and explain how the ideas clarify a topic, text, or issue under study.

DAY 1: Investigating Location with Primary Documents

Objective:

Students will investigate the meaning of the word "convergence" and find convergence in both primary documents and their own lives.

Materials:

- Student Journals
- Pens/Pencils
- Photograph of Egg Rock area (1 per group)
- Map of Concord where Sudbury, Assabet, and Concord Rivers Meet (1 per group)
- Image of Thoreau's Survey Map of the Concord River (section of river near the Old North Bridge) (1 per group)
- Excerpt from <u>On the Concord and Merrimack Rivers</u> from "Saturday" paragraph 7

Special Classroom Setup:

• Arrange students' desks into groups of 4 to 5

Lesson Plan:

- 1. Give each group copies of the Egg Rock Photograph, the map of Concord, and the Survey Map of the area.
- 2. Ask students to work as a group to observe the three sources, and let them know that they are of the same area. Ask them: "What is this place? What do you notice about the area?" (5 mins)
- 3. Have students share out what their group found. Students will come up with answers like: there is a river (or three rivers), it is in Concord, there are trees, etc. (3-4 minutes)
- 4. Explain to students that this place is special to Thoreau, and a place that he most likely spent a lot of time. It is also a special place because it represents *convergence*.
- 5. Pass out Convergence Worksheet (attached; steps 7-12 can be found on worksheet).
- 6. In small groups, ask students to try to break down the word using roots and other words they know. If needed, point them to the word "converge." (2 minutes)
- 7. Survey the class and begin writing down any correct responses on the board. Have a few students quickly look up the word in the dictionary (or on their phones) and compare their constructed definition with the real definition: "to move toward one point and join together : to come together and meet" (from Merriam-Webster Dictionary for ELL) (3 minutes)

- 8. Have students record definition and create an illustrated version of the word (see worksheet). (5 minutes)
- 9. In small groups, have students work through the analysis questions on the worksheet. (10-15 minutes)
- 10. Explain that "Finding locations in our hometowns that show convergence can help us find places that are special to us. Just like the area where Egg Rock is in Concord, we have our own areas of town that people have always found special. Tomorrow our goal will be to LOOK for those special areas here in our hometown. Once we find those special places, we can work on being awake, aware, and alive to consider what makes those places special. Listen to what Thoreau wrote about this area of the Concord River after observing the area so many times."
- 11. Read passage from "Saturday" of On the Concord and Merrimack Rivers (attached).
- 12. Closing Questions: Do you think that knowing this river so well helped Thoreau write such a detailed passage about the river? Why?" Discuss. (5 minutes)

Homework: In their journals, have students answer this question: How does paying attention to your surroundings make you a better writer? How could this help you become more awake and aware as a writer?

Assessments:

Journal entry, completed worksheet, student discussions

DAY 2: Trip to the Convergence Site

Objective:

Students will find an example of convergence in their hometown and use the location to create a vivid piece of writing.

Materials:

- Student journals
- Pens/Pencils
- Cameras or cell phones
- Maps of the field trip site

Special Classroom Setup:

Today's class should happen off site in a place where you can find one or more examples of convergence. If you can't take a field trip, then you can do a "digital field trip" instead. Use Google Maps to have students "travel" around their hometown and search for important sites. With the tremendous technology available through Google Maps, students may be able to find more historical and natural sites then if they were walking through town!

In my classroom, students will be traveling to the historic canal in our hometown. Once a railroad was built right next to the canal, the canal was no longer used for transport. At this time, the former railroad tracks (the New Haven to Northhampton Line) are now a paved walking trail. There are many examples of convergence here, like the former technology of the canal locks meeting the former railroad tracks. There is also the convergence of the manmade canal with smaller brooks and streams. There is also convergence along the side where what used to be factories for industry along the canal (or railroad) have been converted into new apartments and shops. In these areas, the wildlife of the canal (frogs, birds, some fish) is particularly striking against the modern city, showing a good point of convergence.

This lesson should be taught in conjunction with the social studies teacher, who will be able to give more in-depth answers about the historical sites at the canal path and give a better explanation about the convergences that are seen. Ideally, the social studies teacher would take one class period to discuss the history and importance of the canal to build background knowledge.

Lesson Plan:

- 1. Break students into groups of five. Each group will have one chaperone; they must remain with the chaperone the whole time.
- 2. Give students a map of the area that they may explore on the canal path with their chaperones. Be sure that key historical locations are marked. (example: historic canal keeper's home, historic canal lock system, Quinnipiac River, and the new businesses in the Factory Square.)
- 3. In small groups, students will explore the one mile area that is marked off on the map. With their notebooks and the Convergence Investigation sheet, the group must find one good example of convergence. (See attached worksheet).
- 4. Once they have found their convergence site, they should answer the following questions in their journal (on same worksheet):
 - What two things or ideas are coming together at this site?
 - Why is the convergence important? What does the convergence show about this location?
 - Have you ever noticed this spot before? Why or why not?
 - Take ten minutes to observe this spot carefully. Sit very still and observe using your senses. What do you notice? Record your observations on the table.
 - Freewrite for the remaining time at the location.
- 5. After about 30 minutes at the location, have students regroup and sit in two circles. The language arts teacher should guide one group while the social studies teacher guides the other group in a reflection. Have students share out what they learned about their convergence spot and why it is important using the four questions above. (10 minutes)

6. Close with the questions, "How does being aware of your surroundings make you a better writer? How did zooming in on your convergence site help you think about your location in a new way? Turn and talk to the person sitting next to you." Share out to the whole group. (5 minutes)

Assessment: Journal entries, participation in group reflections

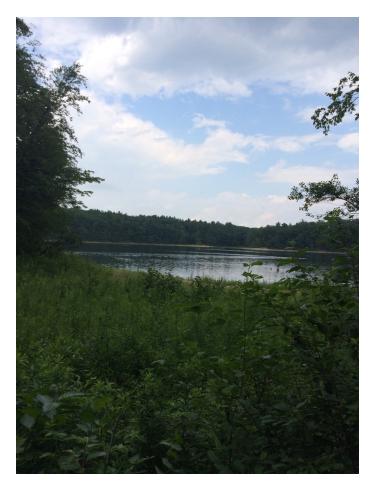
Additional Materials:

- 1. Index of Photographs, Images, and Maps:
 - a. Photograph of Thoreau's journal
 - b. Photograph of the lock from Thoreau's jail cell
 - (photo credit: <u>http://www.themorgan.org/sites/default/files/images/exhibitions/galleries/12-lock-and-key.jpg</u>)
 - c. Photograph of Walden Pond
 - d. Photograph of Fairyland Pond
 - e. Photo of Old North Bridge
 - f. Photo of Concord River
 - (photo credit: <u>http://www.oars3rivers.org/sites/default/files/images/Concord.medium_0.jpg</u>)
 - g. Concord River Survey Map ((photo credit: <u>https://concordlibrary.org/uploads/scollect/Thoreau_surveys/107a/107a-d.jpg</u>)
 - h. Photograph of Egg Rock/River Convergence (photo credit: <u>http://www.oars3rivers.org/sites/default/files/images/EggRock_center.medium.jpg</u>)
 - i. OARS map of convergence of Concord, Sudbury, and Assabet Rivers (photo credit: <u>http://www.oars3rivers.org/river</u>)
- 2. Index of Supplemental Worksheets and Excerpts:
 - a. Belief Survey
 - b. Passions and Philosophies Graphic Organizer
 - c. Excerpt from "The Ponds" from Walden
 - d. Excerpt from "Saturday" from <u>A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers</u>
 - e. Convergence Word Work and Analysis Worksheet
 - f. Convergence Site Directions Sheet

1. Photos and Images

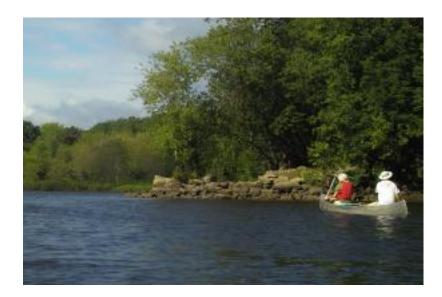




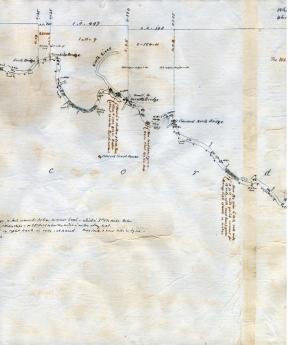














Name:

Date:

Belief Statement Survey: Preparing to Learn about Thoreau

<u>Directions</u>: Read each statement and consider it carefully. Put a check mark in the box that most closely matches your point of view. Even if you are a little unsure, just pick the box that is the best match. In the space under the statement, jot down a short reason why you feel this way. *There is no right or wrong for any of these statements: this is YOUR opinion.*

Statement:	Strongly Disagree	Somewhat Disagree	Somewhat Agree	Strongly Agree
1. It is okay to break a rule if nobody gets hurt.				
2. Standing up for what you believe in is more important than following the rules.				
3. You should fight for what you believe in, even if it means you might get sent to jail for your opinion.				
4. The government should be able to tell citizens what is right and wrong by making laws.				
5. The best way to develop new ideas and learn new things is by spending time in nature.				

*Be prepared to share and explain your answers to the class!

Name:

Thoreau's Passions and Philosophies: What did Thoreau Stand For?

<u>Directions:</u> Using the information from your article, add **two or three issues** on which Thoreau took a stand. Think about what he was passionate about and cared about to help you find the issues. We will fill in the rest of the organizer as each group shares later in class.

Issue:	His Opinion/Stance:	Why This is Important:

*If you finish your article before the rest of the class, discuss the issues below.

Group Discussion Questions:

- Do you think what Thoreau stood up for was important at the time? Why?
- Is the stance still important today? Why?
- Do you think Thoreau was brave to take this stance? Why?

Name:

<u>Directions:</u> Analyze this paragraph from <u>Walden</u>. Pay attention to places that the writing really stands out as objective or subjective. When you find a spot that stands out, highlight it using the key below. You do NOT need to highlight every sentence-just the ones that stand out to you!

Highlight the OBJECTIVE statements in YELLOW

Highlight the SUBJECTIVE statements in PINK

Paragraph 5 from "The Ponds" chapter of <u>Walden</u> by Henry David Thoreau.

The scenery of Walden is on a humble scale, and, though very beautiful, does not approach to grandeur, nor can it much concern one who has not long frequented it or lived by its shore; yet this pond is so remarkable for its depth and purity as to merit a particular description. It is a clear and deep green well, half a mile long and a mile and three quarters in circumference, and contains about sixty-one and a half acres; a perennial spring in the midst of pine and oak woods, without any visible inlet or outlet except by the clouds and evaporation. The surrounding hills rise abruptly from the water to the height of forty to eighty feet, though on the southeast and east they attain to about one hundred and one hundred and fifty feet respectively, within a quarter and a third of a mile. They are exclusively woodland. All our Concord waters have two colors at least; one when viewed at a distance, and another, more proper, close at hand. The first depends more on the light, and follows the sky. In clear weather, in summer, they appear blue at a little distance, especially if agitated, and at a great distance all appear alike. In stormy weather they are sometimes of a dark slate-color. The sea, however, is said to be blue one day and green another without any perceptible change in the atmosphere. I have seen our river, when, the landscape being covered with snow, both water and ice were almost as green as grass. Some consider blue "to be the color of pure water, whether liquid or solid." But, looking directly down into our waters from a boat, they are seen to be of very different colors. Walden is blue at one time and green at another, even from the same point of view. Lying between the earth and the heavens, it partakes of the color of both. Viewed from a hilltop it reflects the color of the sky; but near at hand it is of a yellowish tint next the shore where you can see the sand, then a light green, which gradually deepens to a uniform dark green in the body of the pond....

Excerpt from <u>A Week on The Concord and Merrimack Rivers by</u> Henry David Thoreau

From "Saturday," paragraph 7

I have passed down the river before sunrise on a summer morning between fields of lilies still shut in sleep; and when, at length, the flakes of sunlight from over the bank fell on the surface of the water, whole fields of blossoms seemed to flash open before me, as I floated along, like the unfolding of a banner, so sensible is this flower to the influence of the sun's rays.

Convergence: Word Work and Analysis Directions: Complete the two sections below with your group members.

Word Work:

 Step 1:

 What we think

 convergence

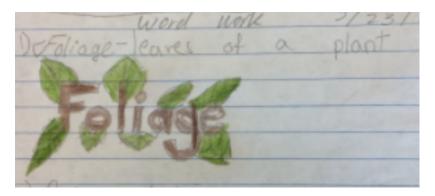
 means:

 Dictionary

 definition:

Step 2:

In the box below, illustrate the word convergence to show what it means. Use the example below as an example.



Analysis:

- 1. When you think about **convergence**, what makes the photos/map of the Egg Rock location so special?
- 2. Symbolically, what might this convergence represent? Think big picture!

3. Can you think of a location where you have seen convergence in your own town, state, or life? Where do different parts of your existence blend together? Draw a picture of the place below. (Hint: It could be any place where two or more items, ideas, or forces meet. Think old meets new, technology meets nature, two different rivers meet, etc.)

The Location:

4. Why do you think the location above represents convergence? Why is that important?

Convergence Site Directions Sheet

As a group, scout out what you think is the best example of convergence at the park. You can use your site map to help you. Once you agree on a site, find a quiet stop to observe the location carefully.

In your journal, answer the following:

- What two things or ideas are coming together at this site?
- Why is the convergence important? What does the convergence show about this location?
- Have you ever noticed this spot before? Why or why not?
- Take ten minutes to observe this spot carefully. Sit very still and observe using your senses. What do you notice? Record your observations.

Freewrite about the location for the remaining time. This should be at least 15 minutes.



Seeing the Life That Surrounds Us: Teaching Reading and Writing Skills Through Observation of the Natural World

A Curriculum Unit Written by Shirley Daniels Grade 6 English Language Arts Teacher Lincoln School, Lincoln, MA

Subject: English Language Arts

Grade Level: Grade 6*

*With some adaptations, the lessons in this unit could work with lower or higher grades.

Thread: Being Awake, Aware, and Alive

Essential Questions:

- How did the observations of Henry David Thoreau and Jane Goodall directly impact their lives and their work?
- What can we learn about our world by being observant?
- How can improving observational skills help students become better readers and writers?

Objectives:

Students will...

- Compare and contrast the lives, work, and messages of Henry David Thoreau and Jane Goodall
- Locate and discuss examples of close observation in poetry and prose
- Sketch and note their own observations in the classroom and outdoors
- Transcribe notes into journal entries

Materials:

- Assorted children's books about Henry David Thoreau and Jane Goodall (see References)
- Multiple copies of *The Chimpanzees I Love*, by Jane Goodall
- Multiple copies of *Henry David Thoreau for Kids*, by Corinne Hosfeld Smith
- Owl Moon, by Jane Yolen
- Note taking materials to take outdoors, such as clipboards and scrap paper
- The Tree That Time Built (see References) or another selection of poems appropriate for your grade level/curriculum
- Writing materials (such as notebooks, binders, laptops, tablets, etc.)
- Series of four pigeon photos (attached) or other animal/nature photos
- Pencils (optional: colored pencils, pens, markers, crayons, watercolors)
- Selected passages from Thoreau's journals (see References)





Lesson One: Annotating a Text, Day One

Guiding Question: How do authors and poets use observation in their writing?

Learning Target: We will listen, look, and read closely, and write down our observations.

Lesson One, Day One Procedures:

I have included a Warm Up (also called a Do Now or a Bell Ringer) for each day because this is a procedure I use in my classroom. Students read a message as they enter and then complete the warm up activity. I am not writing a detailed procedure for this in these lesson plans because every teacher has his or her own way of starting class, but I have included the prompt that I plan to give students.

- Warm Up: Make a list of everything you can think of that is alive in and around our school.
- Read aloud the poem "This World," by Mary Oliver (page 11 in *The Tree That Time Built*). In this poem, Mary Oliver is describing her efforts "to write a poem about the world that has in it / nothing fancy." She goes on to describe all of the "fancy" things she notices in the world, from the opening of a tulip to the "stones on the beach." Tell students that Mary Oliver is a poet who is well known for her poems about nature.

A note about annotating text: Most of my students come to sixth grade with at least some familiarity with using sticky notes to note their predictions, connections, etc. However, the use of language to define and describe reading strategies can vary from teacher to teacher. I introduce the term "annotating" at the beginning of sixth grade. Since this will likely be the first poem that we read and annotate this school year, students will not be expected to look for specific poetic devices such as figurative language, rhyme scheme, etc. At this point in the year, I want to see them reading closely, observing, making inferences, asking questions, and jotting notes about their observations, inferences, and questions.

- Class Discussion: Modeling close reading and annotating, lead students in a discussion of the poem: *How can you tell that Mary Oliver admires the natural world? How can you tell that Mary Oliver spends a lot of time observing nature?* Discuss the speaker's revelation that the whole world is "fancy." (This poem could be substituted for any poem that is appropriate for your grade level.)
- Closure: Make a class anchor chart entitled "Annotating a Text." Ask students for suggestions of things we can note as we read a poem or other text (connections, observations, questions, inferences, predictions, etc.) Leave space to add more at a later date. Revisit guiding question.





Lesson One: Annotating a Text, Day Two

Guiding Question: How do authors and poets use observation in their writing?

Learning Target: We will listen, look, and read closely, and write down our observations.

Lesson One, Day Two Procedures:

- Before students arrive, place an assortment of natural objects on a table. Objects might include leaves, acorns, stones, pine cones, etc.
- Warm Up: Choose an object from the table. Take it to your seat and observe it closely. Write down everything you notice. You may write a paragraph, a free write, or simply a list. You may also sketch the object in your notebook if you have time. If you finish before time is up, push yourself to keep observing. What else do you notice? (15 minutes)
- While students are working on the warm up, post the following chart on the board:

Owl Moon, by Jane Yolen

Events	Setting	Characters

- Read aloud the book Owl Moon, by Jane Yolen. Point out the chart, and instruct students to observe closely with their ears and their eyes. Make sure everyone can see the pictures. If possible, place copies of the book around the room so students can look back at the pictures and text. You might also read the book more than once.
- Class Discussion: Give students time to write down their observations and share with partners. Then ask for examples of observations that the narrator made throughout the book. Record answers on the chart.
- Closure: Ask students for more suggestions to add to the class anchor chart entitled "Annotating a Text." Have a brief discussion. Revisit guiding question.

Some possible discussion questions:

- Were you able to make more observations by reading the text a second time?
- What do you think Mary Oliver and Jane Yolen have in common?
- Did the pictures make any difference in your observations?
- How do you think observing our surroundings can help us with our writing?





Lesson Two: Comparing and Contrasting Jane Goodall and Henry David Thoreau Day One: Jane Goodall

Guiding Questions:

- What can we learn about our world by being observant?
- How are reading and observing connected?
- How did Jane Goodall's observations directly impact her life and her work? (day one)
- How did Henry David Thoreau's observations directly impact his life and his work? (day two)

Learning Target: We will compare and contrast two well known observers.

Lesson Two, Day One Procedures:

- Before students arrive, display an assortment of children's books written by and about Jane Goodall (see References for a few examples). There are numerous picture books, biographies, and even a graphic novel available.
- Warm Up: As you read your independent book today, slow down and read closely the way we practiced yesterday. Jot down notes about your observations of the events, characters, or setting, as well as any questions that come to mind as you are reading.
- Tell students that over the next couple of days, we will be reading about two people who are well known for being excellent observers. The first is Jane Goodall.
- Give a brief overview of who Jane Goodall is or show the <u>National Geographic</u> video clip. (I will probably also have a display with some photos of Jane Goodall and her chimps, as well as some quotes. I am a huge Jane Goodall fan!)
- Read chapter one of *The Chimpanzees I Love*. Depending on the number of copies you have, this could be a read aloud, partner reading, or independent reading. I plan to request multiple copies from the public library, so each student can have his/her own copy of the book to read. Students will take notes as they read. Have students focus on the question: *How did Jane Goodall's observations*...? as they read and take notes (on sticky notes or in their notebooks).
- Closure: Discuss the question, How did Jane Goodall's observations directly impact her life and her work? Have partners share with each other before opening it up to a whole class discussion.





Lesson Two: Comparing and Contrasting Jane Goodall and Henry David Thoreau Day Two: Henry David Thoreau

Guiding Questions:

- What can we learn about our world by being observant?
- How are reading and observing connected?
- How did Jane Goodall's observations directly impact her life and her work? (day one)
- How did Henry David Thoreau's observations directly impact his life and his work? (day two)

Learning Target: We will compare and contrast two well known observers.

Lesson Two, Day Two Procedures:

- Before students arrive, prepare a Henry David Thoreau display. This can include photos, quotes, copies of his books, and biographies.
- Warm up: As you read your independent book today, continue to read slowly and jot down notes about your observations of the events, characters, or setting, as well as any questions that come to mind as you are reading.
- Yesterday we read about a famous observer, Jane Goodall. Today we will read about another famous observer, Henry David Thoreau.
- Have a discussion about who Henry David Thoreau was. Since my school is in Lincoln (right next to Concord), many of the students will probably be familiar with Walden Pond, and some may even know a little about Thoreau. I plan to find out what they already know and then fill in some gaps.
- Following the same procedures from day one, read some or all of the following selections *Henry David Thoreau for Kids*:
 - Introduction
 - A Boyhood on the Pond" (3)
 - The New England Town" (3-5)
 - "Brothers and Friends" (10-12)
 - A View of the River" (12-13)
 - All of chapter 2 (excluding pages 23 and 25-27)
- Closure: Discuss similarities and differences between the two observers. See examples on the next page.





Similarities and Differences Between Henry David Thoreau and Jane Goodall

Similarities

- Observers of animals
- Note takers
- Writers for a wider audience
- Concerned about human rights and animal welfare
- Interested in the natural world and made scientific observations, but not scientists
- Love of spending time alone in nature
- Patience!
- Educators (though Goodall has never been a classroom teacher, she educates people through her talks and books)
- Lifelong learners
- Inspirational to others

Differences

- Goodall travels the world; Thoreau traveled in the U.S. but spent majority of time in Concord
- Goodall started an organization and raises funds as well as awareness; Thoreau focused on lectures and writing
- Goodall's lifelong dream was to study animals; Thoreau studied nature and society
- Goodall is still alive and in her eighties, so her accomplishments have been over a fifty year span; Thoreau's life was cut short at forty-four.
- Their work was done 100+ years apart.



Lesson Three: Thoreau's Writing Process Day One: Journal Passages and Animal Photos

Guiding Question: Why is observation an important skill in ELA?

Learning Target: We will observe photographs of animals and take notes.

Lesson Three, Day One Procedures:

Before students arrive, project the first of the four pigeon photographs on a whiteboard or screen.

Warm Up: Closely observe the photograph on the whiteboard/screen. Take notes about your observations.

- Explain that Thoreau kept a journal for many years. Show the photographs of some of his journals on the Morgan Library and Museum Website.
- Briefly describe Thoreau's writing process (long walks, close observations of nature, jotting brief notes on scraps of paper, transcribing those notes into his journals, lecturing, and finally writing essays and books).
- As a class, read selections from Thoreau's journals. Below is a list of dates that have animal observations that will likely be of interest to elementary and middle school students. I found these journal entries compiled by season in the book *Thoreau's Animals*, edited by Geoff Wisner. The same journal entries, including copies of manuscripts along with transcripts, are also online at http://thoreau.library.ucsb.edu/writings_journals.html.

Journal Selections:

- March 6, 1853 (red squirrels)
- September 1, 1850 (good one for fall, Thoreau's observations of birds)
- September 9, 1854 (baby tortoise hatching and Thoreau's musings about Earth protecting the eggs)
- September 12, 1857 (wood frog)
- September 24, 1857 (red squirrel)
- Discuss the kinds of things that Thoreau noticed. Then go back to the pigeon photograph and challenge students to notice more.
- Show the photos in a series, stopping to allow time for note taking and discussion of each photograph. Ask students to try to tell the story (verbally) of what is happening in these photographs.
- Optional: After the students have finished making their own observations, tell students that these photos were all taken one morning at the Old North Bridge in Concord, Massachusetts.
- Read the page in *Henry David Thoreau for Kids* called "Keep a Daily Journal" (9). It includes a quote from Thoreau about keeping a journal, followed by some suggestions for journaling.
- Closure: Tomorrow you will have an opportunity to write a short journal entry about the pigeons. What kinds of things might you include in your journal entry? How will it be different from your notes? (Also, tell students that part of the class will take place outdoors tomorrow. They should dress accordingly.)





Lesson Three: Thoreau's Writing Process Day Two: Outdoor Observations

Guiding Question: Why is observation an important skill in ELA?

Learning Targets: We will observe our natural surroundings and take notes.

Lesson Three, Day Two Procedures:

- Warm Up: Look over your notes from yesterday and write a journal entry about the pigeon photographs that we observed.
- Before heading outdoors, read the selection entitled "Record Wild Animal Behavior" from *Henry David Thoreau for Kids* (14-15). We won't be following all of the steps in the activity as described, but it is helpful to read it because it includes a quote from Thoreau as well as tips for observing wild animals.
- Go over expectations for outdoor behavior. We will need to be very quiet. We can talk about what we saw when we are back inside.
- Give each student a clipboard and some scrap paper. Instead of taking our notebooks outside, we are going to just jot down brief notes while we observe (Jane Goodall refers to hers as "field notes").
- Go to a location outdoors where you might see animals, such as squirrels, birds, or insects. Give students as much time as possible to quietly observe what they see and hear (and maybe smell). Remind students about Thoreau's tip in yesterday's reading, "Keep a Daily Journal." Thoreau thought it was important to write about the weather, so students might want to jot down some notes about the weather.
- Closure: Head back indoors in time to allow for a few minutes to share observations.





Lesson Three: Thoreau's Writing Process Day Three: Writing Journal Entries from Our Field Notes

Guiding Question: Why is observation an important skill in ELA?

Learning Targets: We will reread our notes and write a journal entry about what we have observed.

Lesson Three, Day Three Procedures:

- Warm Up: Reread your notes from yesterday's walk. If there are more details that you can add, take some time to do that now. Think about how you might use these notes to write a journal entry today, but don't write your journal entry yet.
- After students have finished reviewing and updating their notes, lead students in a discussion about all of the things we have learned about observing. If there was not enough time for a good discussion yesterday, take a few minutes to ask students about the observations they made and what they might want to include in their journal entries.
- Make sure that students understand that their notes were just for them, but their journal entries will be read by others. This might be unexpected since many people associate a journal with something you keep just for yourself. Ask what kinds of things they will need to do in order for readers to understand what they wrote (punctuation, legible handwriting, etc.) They might also want to make some sketches, as Thoreau and Goodall sometimes did.
- Allow time for students to write their journal entries, either in their notebooks or using technology. (I plan to let students choose. Those who type will print their journal entries and glue into their notebooks. Normally, they submit their writing in Google Classroom, but I want them to have a physical copy for this particular activity.)
- Closure: Discuss the guiding question: *Why is observation an important skill in ELA?*
- **Follow up:** See Suggestions for Assessment.





Suggestions for Assessment

Formative Assessments:

- Teacher reads journal entries, looks for examples of close observation, and responds with comments.
- Students share their journal entries with small groups to get feedback.
- Photocopy some students' journal entries and invite classmates to read closely and provide feedback (assessing close reading of the journal entries).
- To assess progress with close reading, have students read, annotate (either using sticky notes or jotting notes directly into their notebooks), and discuss poems about nature from *The Tree That Time Built: A Celebration of Nature, Science, and Imagination*
 - "Reply to the Question: 'How Can You Become a Poet?'" Eve Meriam
 - "Earthworms" Valerie Worth
 - "A Narrow Fellow in The Grass" Emily Dickinson
 - "Cricket" Mary Ann Hoberman
 - "Bees Stopped" A.R. Ammons

Summative Assessments:

- After students have accumulated a number of journal entries, have them choose subjects from their journals and write more formal, graded pieces of writing, such as essays, paragraphs, and poems. The journal can be a source of writing topics throughout the year.
- Students can present one of their journal entries in the form of a lecture or a Ted Talk.
- Present a new photograph or series of photographs (or a video clip if you can find one with limited narration) and have students go through the steps of the writing process up through journal entry independently.





References

Goodall, Jane. *The Chimpanzees I Love: Saving Their World and Ours*. 1st edition., Scholastic Press, 2001.

- Hoberman, Mary Ann, and Linda Winston, editors. *The Tree That Time Built: A Celebration of Nature, Science, and Imagination*. Sourcebooks Jaberwocky, An Imprint of Sourcebooks, 2009.
- "Jane." Human. Human, a Film by Yann Arthus-Bertrand, uploaded by Human the Movie, 11 Sept. 2015, www.youtube.com/watch?v=99gJKzINNow.

Jane Goodall, A History. National Geographic, Sept. 2010, video.nationalgeographic.com/video/janegoodall-retrospective.

Silvey, Anita. Untamed: The Wild Life of Jane Goodall. National Geographic, 2015.

Smith, Corinne H. Henry David Thoreau for Kids: His Life and Ideas With 21 Activities. 1st edition, Chicago Review Press, 2016.

"This Ever New Self: Thoreau and His Journal." *The Morgan Library and Museum*, <u>www.themorgan.org/</u>exhibitions/thoreau.

Thoreau, Henry David. *Online Journal Transcripts*. Thoreau Edition, thoreau.library.ucsb.edu/ writings_journals.html.

Thoreau, Henry David. *Thoreau's Animals*. Edited by Geoff Wisner, 1st edition, Yale University Press, 2017.

Yolen, Jane. Owl Moon. 4th printing edition, Philomel Books, 1987.





Additional Sources for Teachers

The following texts are recommended for a range of grade levels. Teachers should preview them to determine whether they are appropriate for their students.

Thoreau, Henry David. Henry David's House. Edited by Steven Schnur, Charlesbridge, 2007.

Meltzer, Brad. I am Jane Goodall. Dial Books for Young Readers, 2016.

Ottaviani, Jim. Primates: The Fearless Science of Jane Goodall, Dian Fossey, and Biruté Galdikas.

Square Fish, 2015.



Living and Writing Deliberately

Winifred Dick - Sacred Heart High School, Kingston, MA

Objective

Students will be able to identify and analyze the use of rhetorical strategies and types of phrases in Thoreau's *Walden*.

Essential Question

How did Thoreau use syntax and rhetorical strategies to create his argument to 'live deliberately'?

Background

Thoreau's writing often went through many drafts, including penciled jottings on scraps of paper or in a notebook, more polished entries penned in ink in the journals he kept through most of his adult life, the speeches he delivered at Lyceums and other venues, and finally manuscripts for publication. Scholars have traced as many as six different phrasings of a line from *Walden*. Thoreau made deliberate choices about word choice, syntax and use of rhetorical devices.

Procedure

These lessons were created as an introduction to *Walden* for an Advanced Placement class in English Language, but would be appropriate for high school students. They can be used as a "do it now" or warm-up activity as part of a larger unit.

Part I - Rhetorical Terms

Provide students with a copy of the **Glossary of Literary and Rhetorical Terms with examples from Walden** and the formative assessment **Literary and Rhetorical Devices in Walden**. Students may complete the assessment individually or in pairs. If there is time, students should be encouraged to discuss what effect the rhetorical strategies have on the reader. A follow up activity would be to ask students to find other examples of these devices in their readings.

Part II - Phrases

Provide students with a copy of examples of **Phrases from Walden** and the formative assessment. Students may complete the assessment individually or in pairs depending on their familiarity with phrase types. A follow up activity would be to have students find

types of phrases in their own reading, or create a phrase poem following a template specifying the type of phrase to be used in each line.

Glossary of Literary and Rhetorical Terms with examples from Walden

alliteration - repetitive consonant sound at the beginning of words

I am no more <u>lonely</u> than the <u>loon</u> in the pond that <u>laughs</u> so <u>loud</u>, or as Walden Pond itself. "Solitude"

Old people did not know enough once, perchance, to <u>fetch fresh fuel</u> to keep the <u>fire</u> a-going. "Economy"

allusion - a reference to something with which the writer presumes the reader is familiar. In *Walden* Thoreau makes geographical, historical, mythological, Biblical and literary allusions.

In the passage below, Chanticleer is the name of a rooster in fables and in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.

I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, standing on his roost, if only to wake my neighbors up. "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For"

We are amused at beholding the costume of Henry VIII, or Queen Elizabeth, as much as if it was that of the King and Queen of the Cannibal Islands. "Economy"

analogy— a comparison of two different things that are similar in some way

Individuals, like nations, must have suitable broad and natural boundaries, even a considerable neutral ground, between them.

Time is but a stream I go a-fishing in. "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For"

anaphora - repetition of a word or a phrase at the beginning of successive lines

Some have asked what I got to eat; if I did not feel lonesome; if I was not afraid; and the like. "Economy"

Why should they eat their sixty acres, when man is condemned to eat only his peck of dirt? Why should they begin digging their graves as soon as they are born? "Economy"

I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself, than be crowded on a velvet cushion. I would rather ride on earth in an ox cart with a free circulation, than go to heaven in the fancy car of an excursion train and breathe a malaria all the way. "Economy"

anecdote - a short and amusing or interesting story that focuses on a particular incident

I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travellers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves. "Economy"

antithesis - a statement in which two opposing ideas are balanced

Walden was dead and is alive again. "Spring"

There is an influx of novelty in the world, and yet we tolerate incredible dullness. "Conclusion"

aphorism - a concise statement that expresses succinctly a general truth or idea, often using rhyme or balance

A living dog is better than a dead lion. "Conclusion"

If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. "Conclusion"

assonance - repetitive vowel sound

Instead of singing like the birds, <u>I silently smiled</u> at my incessant good fortune. "Sounds"

asyndeton - skipping one or more conjunctions

He is not fed, sheltered, clothed, warmed, like his contemporaries. "Economy"

His health is ever good, his lungs are sound, his spirits never flag. "Solitude"

chiasmus - a statement consisting of two parallel parts in which the second part is structurally reversed

I am wont to think that men are not so much the keepers of herds as the herds are keepers of men. "Economy"

didactic - having the primary purpose of showing or teaching; refers to tone

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. "Economy"

euphemism - an indirect, less offensive way of saying something that is considered unpleasant

I hardly need refer now to the laborers in our Southern States who produce the staple exports of this country, and are themselves a staple production of the South. "Economy"

hyperbole - deliberate exaggeration

In the passage below, Thoreau argues that the ownership of property is a worse burden than one of Hercules twelve labors.

I see young men, my townsmen, whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms, houses, barns, cattle, and farming tools; for these are more easily acquired than got rid of. Better if they had been born in the open pasture and suckled by a wolf, that they might have been seen with clearer eyes what field they were called to labor in. Who made them serfs of the soil? Why should they eat their sixty acres, when man is condemned to eat only his peck of dirt? Why should they begin digging their graves as soon as they are born? They have got to live a man's life, pushing all these things before them, and get on as well as they can. How many a poor immortal soul have I met well-nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before it a barn seventy-five feet by forty, its Augean stables never cleansed, and one hundred acres of land, tillage, mowing, pasture and woodlot!" "Economy"

idiom - an expression in a given language that cannot be understood from the literal meaning of the words in the expression

The owner of the axe, as he released his hold on it, said that it was the apple of his eye... "Economy"

oxymoron - juxtaposition of two words that contradict each other

...this small Herculean labor "The Bean Field"

parallelism - repetitive grammatical structure

There is some of the same fitness in a man's building his own house that there is in a bird building its own nest. "Economy"

paradox - a phrase that seems to be self-contradictory, but is nevertheless true

And when the farmer has got his house, he may not be the richer but the poorer for it, and it be the house that has got him. "Economy"

But lo! men have become tools of their tools. "Economy"

personification - giving human characteristics to something non-human

Every little pine needle expanded and swelled with sympathy and befriended me. "Solitude"

It is not all books that are as dull as their readers. "Reading"

polysyndeton - rapid and frequent use of conjunctions in succession

...that you persuade your neighbor to let you make his shoes or his hat or his coat or his carriage or import his groceries for him. "Economy"

...when I came out to the railroad, on my way home, its yellow sand-heap stretching away gleaming in the hazy atmosphere, and the rails shone in the sun, and I heard the lark and the peewee and other birds already come to commence another year with us. "Economy"

pun - a word with a double meaning

In the passage below "shiftless" is a pun, meaning both "without any clothing" and "doing nothing."

Dress a scarecrow in your last shift, you standing shiftless by, who would not soonest salute the scarecrow? "Economy"

rhetorical question - a question asked for rhetorical effect and not requiring an answer

Look at the teamster on the highway, wending his way to market by day or night; does any divinity stir within him? "Economy"

Who made them serfs of the soil? Why should they eat their sixty acres, when man is condemned to eat only his peck of dirt? Why should they begin digging their graves as soon as they are born? "Economy"

understatement - deliberate representation of some thing as lesser in magnitude than it actually is

...nothing new ever does happen in foreign parts, a French revolution not excepted. "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For"

Name

Literary and Rhetorical Devices in Walden

In the following passages identify examples of literary and rhetorical terms listed in the word bank. One passage may use more than one device, but all devices are used at least once.

Word Bank: allusion, analogy, anaphora, anecdote, antithesis, asyndeton, aphorism, chiasmus, hyperbole, onomatopoeia, oxymoron, paradox, parallelism, personification, polysyndeton, pun, and rhetorical question

- 1. I have lived some thirty years on this planet, and I have yet to hear the first syllable of valuable or even earnest advice from my seniors.
- 2. Not till we are lost, in other words, not till we have lost the world, do we begin to find ourselves, and realize where we are and the infinite extent of our relations.
- 3. ... a man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone.
- 4. I did not wish to take a cabin passage, but rather to go before the mast and on the deck of the world, for there I could best see the moonlight amid the mountains.
- 5. Did you ever think what those sleepers are that underlie the railroad? Each one is a man, an Irishman or a Yankee man. The rails are laid on them, and they are covered with sand and the cars run smoothly over them. They are sound sleepers, I assure you.
- 6. A lake is the landscape's most beautiful and expressive feature. It is earth's eye; looking into which the beholder measures the depth of his own nature.
- 7. Nature and human life are as various as our several constitutions. Who shall say what prospect life offers to another? Could a greater miracle take place than for us to look through each other's eyes for an instant?
- 8. It is not worth the while to go round the world to count the cats in Zanzibar.
- 9. I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, standing on his roost, if only to wake my neighbors up.
- 10. If we read of one man robbed, or murdered, or killed by accident, or one house burned, or one vessel wrecked, or one steamboat blown up, or one cow run over on the Western Railroad, or one mad dog killed, or one lot of grasshoppers in the winter, - we never need read of another.

- 11. Removing the weeds, putting fresh soil about the bean stems, and encouraging this weed which I had sown, making the yellow soil express its summer thought in bean leaves and blossoms rather than in wormwood and piper and millet grass, making the earth say beans instead of grass this was my daily work.
- 12. His health is ever good, his lungs are sound, his spirits never flag.
- 13. When the farmer has got his house, he may not be the richer by the poorer for it, and it may be that the house has got him.
- 14. Removing the weeds, putting fresh soil about the bean stems, and encouraging this weed which I had sown, making the yellow soil express its summer thought in bean leaves and blossoms rather than in wormwood and piper and millet grass, making the earth say beans instead of grass this was my daily work.
- 15. At length the winter set in good earnest, just as I had finished plastering, and the wind began to howl around the house as if it had not had permission to do so till then. Night after night the geese came lumbering in the dark with a clangor and a whistling of wings, even after the ground was covered with snow, some to alight in Walden, and some flying low over the woods toward Fair Haven, bound for Mexico.
- 16. The surface of the earth is soft and impressible by the feet of men' and so with the paths which the mind travels. How worn and dusty, then, must be the Highways of the world, how deep the ruts of tradition and conformity.
- 17. Rather than love, than money, than fame, give me truth.
- 18. I sat at a table where rich food and wine were in abundance, and obsequious attendance, but sincerity and truth were not; and I went away hungry from the inhospitable board.
- 19. There is an incessant influx of novelty into the world, and yet we tolerate incredible dullness.
- 20. I heard a robin in the distance, the first I had heard for many a thousand years, methought, whose note I shall not forget for many a thousand more.
- 21. ...the traveller asked the boy if the swamp before him had a hard bottom. The boy replied that it had. But presently the traveller's horse sank in up to the girths, and he observed to the boy, "I thought you said that this bog had a hard bottom." "So it has, " answered the latter, "but you have not got half way to it yet." So is is with the bogs and quicksands of society, but he is an old boy that knows it.

Phrases in Walden (based on Killgallon's Grammar for High School)

Absolute Phrase

A sentence part describing the rest of the sentence in which it appears.

Absolutes are almost complete sentences. Every absolute phrase can be turned into a sentence by adding *was* or *were*.

Example: It is glorious to behold this ribbon of water sparkling in the sun, **the bare face of the pond full of glee and youth**, as if it spoke the joy of the fishes within it...

Test: The bare face of the pond was full of glee and youth.

Absolutes frequently begin with possessive pronouns: my, his, her, its, our, their.

Example: John Farmer sat at his door one September evening, after a hard day's work, **his mind still running on his labor more or less.**

Appostive Phrase

A noun phrase identifying a person, place or thing named in a sentence.

Examples:

Identifying people: When I consider my neighbors, the farmers of Concord...

Identifying things: Most men are satisfied if they read or hear read, and perchance have been convicted by the wisdom of one good book, **the Bible**...

Prepositional Phrase

A preposition is the first word in a prepositional phrase.

Prepositional phrases can function in sentences as adverbs, answering the questions *when? where?* and *how?*, or as adjectives, answering the questions, *which one?* or *what kind?*.

Examples:

At present I am a sojourner in civilized life again.	when?
At present I am a sojourner in civilized life again.	where?
The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation.	what kind?

Participial Phrase

A verbal ending in *-ing* or *-ed* used to describe.

Participles, unlike main verbs or gerunds (another verbal ending in -ing), are removable from sentences since they function as adjectives or adverbs. Some past participles are irregular (e.g. *broken* is the past participle of *break* in the example below).

Examples:

I was as much affected by the faint hum of a mosquito **making its invisible and unimaginable tour through my apartment at earliest dawn**...

I heard a fresh and tender bough suddenly fall like a fan to the ground, when there was not a breath of air stirring, **broken off by its own weight**.

Gerund Phrase

A verbal ending in *-ing* used to name activities.

Gerunds can function in a sentence as the subject, direct or indirect object, object of a preposition, or predicate noun. Since gerunds function as nouns they are frequently preceded by the articles a, an and the.

Examples:

Removing the weeds, putting fresh soil about the bean stems, and encouraging this weed which I had sown, ...this was my daily work.

Why should they begin digging their own graves as soon as they are born?

Infinitive Phrase

A verbal that always begins with to plus a verb.

Infinitives can name something (like nouns), give a reason for something (like adverbs), or describe something (like adjectives).

The grand necessity, then, for our bodies, is to keep warm, to keep the vital heat in us.

Name_____

Phrases in *Walden*

Identify the types of phrases underlined in the passages below.

Word Bank: Absolute, Appositive, Gerund, Infinitive, Participial, Prepositional

- 1. ...<u>when I came out on to the railroad</u>, on my way home, its yellow sand heap stretched away gleaming in the hazy atmosphere...
- 2. ...when I came out on to the railroad, <u>on my way home</u>, its yellow sand heap stretched away gleaming in the hazy atmosphere...
- 3. ...when I came out on to the railroad, on my way home, its yellow sand heap stretched away gleaming in the hazy atmosphere...
- 4. I did not wish to take a cabin passage, but rather to go before the mast and on the deck of the world, for there I could best see the moonlight amid the mountains.
- 5. Rise free from care before dawn and seek adventures.
- 6. ...one day, as I crept along its sedgy shore, <u>the fresh spray blowing in my face</u>, I came upon the mouldering wreck of a boat, the sides gone...
- 7. How many a man has dated a new era in his life from the reading of a book!
- 8. <u>Instead of singing like the birds</u>, I silently smiled at my incessant good fortune.
- 9. Instead of singing like the birds, I silently smiled <u>at my incessant good</u> <u>fortune</u>.
- 10. How many a poor immortal soul have I met well-nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before it a barn seventy-five feet by forth, its Augean stables never cleansed, and one hundred acres of land, tillage, mowing, pasture and woodlot!
- 11. Yet some, not wise, go to the other side of the globe...
- 12. This <u>spending of the best part of one's life earning money</u> in order to enjoy a questionable liberty during the least valuable part of it, reminds me of the Englishman who went to India to make a fortune first, in order that he might return to England and live the life of a poet.

- 13. This spending of the best part of one's life earning money in order to enjoy a questionable liberty during the least valuable part of it, reminds me of the Englishman who went to India to make a fortune first, in order that he might return to England and live the life of a poet.
- 14. Darwin, the naturalist, says of the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego...
- 15. A young forest growing up under your windows, and wild sumachs and blackberry vines breaking through into your cellar; sturdy pitch-pines rubbing and creaking against the shingles for want of room, <u>their roots reaching quite under the house</u>.
- 16. Every day or two I strolled to the village to hear some of the gossip which is incessantly going on there, circulating either from mouth to mouth, or from newspaper to newspaper, and which, taken in homeopathic doses, was really as refreshing in its way as the rustle of leaves and the peeping of frogs.
- 17. Every day or two I strolled to the village to hear some of the gossip which is incessantly going on there, <u>circulating either from mouth to mouth, or from newspaper to newspaper</u>, and which, taken in homeopathic doses, was really as refreshing in its way as the rustle of leaves and the peeping of frogs.
- 18. Every day or two I strolled to the village to hear some of the gossip which is incessantly going on there, circulating either from mouth to mouth, or from newspaper to newspaper, and which, <u>taken in homeopathic doses</u>, was really as refreshing in its way as the rustle of leaves and the peeping of frogs.
- 19. Since the woodcutters, and the railroad, and I myself have profaned Walden, perhaps the most attractive, if not the most beautiful, of all our lakes, <u>the gem of the woods</u>, is White Pond...
- 20. The better part of the man is soon ploughed into the soil for compost.
- 21. The nation itself...is an unwieldy and overgrown establishment, <u>cluttered with</u> <u>furniture and tripped up by its own traps</u>, ruined by luxury and heedless expense, by want of calculation and a worthy aim.
- 22. The nation itself...is an unwieldy and overgrown establishment, cluttered with furniture and tripped up by its own traps, <u>ruined by luxury and heedless expense</u>, by want of calculation and a worthy aim.
- 23. The nation itself...is an unwieldy and overgrown establishment, cluttered with furniture and tripped up by its own traps, ruined by luxury and heedless expense, by want of calculation and a worthy aim.

The Líterary Garden: Líteral and Metaphorícal Manífestatíon of Uníversal and Indívídual Truth

Cultivating an awareness of unique self-identity, understanding of social and communal purpose, and appreciation for natural environments through literary analysis, writing processes, Socratic seminars, and planning and nurturing a garden with a literary motif.

> Created by Robyn Dyba English Teacher Wall High School Wall, NJ



The Literary Garden: Literal and Metaphorical Manifestation of Universal and Individual Truth

- I. Living in Nature: Planting and maintaining a garden.
- II. Alive, Awake, Aware: Journaling daily observations of interactions with the natural world.
- III. Practicing Simplicity: Research and evaluate the effects of modern society on economy of time and money and evaluate.
- IV. Choosing Life with Principle: Compose an essay that examines the relationship between the natural world and human society.

Inception:

This unit will focus on the creation, cultivation, and maintenance of a communal project, a Literary Garden. I started this about 5 years ago, quite unplanned, to occupy my restless seniors who had completed their exams and were biding time until graduation. The idea was to take the symbol of the garden, present in so many of our texts, and bring it to life in a literal form. The plan, shape, plants, and garden art all came from the students. They contributed to the garden with plants they bought or grew, art they bought or made, tools they borrowed, materials they repurposed, and stones they donated and painted. In the center of the garden is an apple tree (naturally!) and it is encircled by stones painted with quotes from our literature, sculptures with literary references, and assorted flowers and plants, perennial and annual. Each year the incoming class is responsible to cultivate, repair, and add to it.

Academic projects:

Many academic exercises and projects can be developed around the ongoing Literary Garden projects. This unit will focus on the collection of field notes, the practice of journaling, the development and refinement of voice in various writing modes, a short persuasive composition in the style of a blog or editorial, and a more formal essay that combines the four modes of discourse in a personal manifesto of "Life with principle." Speaking and listening skills will be honed in informal class discussion, Socratic seminars, and a Lyceum style exchange of ideas.

Interdisciplinary options:

A unit of this kind offers endless interdisciplinary opportunities. I have worked with the horticulture instructor whose class grew and donated many plants. The Horticulture club donated and planted the apple tree. We worked with the ceramics instructor whose students created planters that encircled the garden. There are numerous possibilities, depending on the curricular needs, facilities, and interest.

Objectives:

To demonstrate close observation of the natural world.

To interact with the natural world.

To evaluate the relationship between natural setting and artificial surrounding.

To engage in a specific selected activity that links the self with the care of the natural world. To document the observation and interaction with nature in various writing modes.

To examine the role of the individual in cultivating a harmonious relationship between the demands of modernity and the needs of the natural environment.

To analyze the texts of Thoreau, and other authors, in addressing the larger questions of social, environmental, and individual responsibility.

To implement actions to improve the natural environment and the social environment.

Essential Questions:

How can physical interaction with nature give us a deeper understanding of human nature? How can a sustained observation of nature give us a deeper understanding of our individuality and identity?

To what extent are behaviors, patterns, and anomalies of nature exhibited in human nature? How can planting and maintaining a garden be a gesture of harmony with nature?

How can we demonstrate a responsible relationship with the natural world?

What evidence exists of our neglect, abuse, or control of our natural environment? What actions would create a healthy balance that avoids the extremes of neglect, abuse, and control? What universal truths can be inferred by a close observation of the natural world?

What unique philosophical insights can be discovered by a close observation of the natural world?

What skills do we need to be keen observers of nature?

What can nature teach us about ourselves?

Activities and assessments:

Planting and maintaining a garden.

Close annotated analysis of Walden excerpts with reflections.

Close annotated analysis of excerpts of literary works that use the garden as setting. Close annotated analysis of texts from other disciplines (science, psychology, history, humanities, etc.)

Maintain a journal that documents observations of and interactions with both natural and social environments.

Write a blog style entry that makes an argument for simplifying the excesses of modernity. Create an original poem that addresses an observation of natural world.

Craft essay using the four modes of discourse in the spirit of Thoreau that examines a place of significance and how it cultivates.

"We boast of our system of education, but why stop at schoolmasters and schoolhouses? We are all schoolmasters, and our schoolhouse is the universe. To attend chiefly to the desk or schoolhouse while we neglect the scenery in which it is placed is absurd." (Journal, October 15, 1859, Henry David Thoreau) This is the second year of our garden. The apple tree is a 5 variety grafted tree donated and planted by the Horticulture class. The stepping stones were donated by a student who had a pile of stones at her home that were being discarded. The stones were painted with quotes from the literature we read throughout the year. The garden art pieces with literary references, such as a tomb stone for The Metamorphosis' Gregor Samsa and Hamlet's Yorick, a quote from Fahrenheit 451 and Candide, were also created by students. The ceramic planters in oversized teacups were inspired by Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and were made by the Ceramic Art students. If you look carefully, sitting on a limb, is an unclothed Ken doll, aka Adam from the garden of Eden, or Yossarian at Snowden's funeral from Catch-22.



"Though I do not believe that a plant will spring up where no seed has been, I have great faith in a seed — a, to me, equally mysterious origin for it. Convince me that you have a seed there, and I am prepared to expect wonders." (The Succession of Forest Trees, lecture 1860, Henry David Thoreau)

I. Living in Nature: Planting and maintaining a garden.

"I have always cultivated a garden."

(Walden, Where I lived and what I lived for, Henry David Thoreau)

a. Objectives

- i. To demonstrate close observation of the natural world.
- ii. To interact with the natural world.
- iii. To engage in a specific selected activity that links the self with the care of the natural world. To produce a variety of writing that documents the activities.
- iv. To implement actions to improve the natural environment and the social environment.

b. Essential questions

- i. How can physical interaction with nature give us a deeper understanding of human nature?
- ii. How can planting and maintaining a garden be a gesture of harmony with nature?
- iii. How can we demonstrate a responsible relationship with the natural world?
- iv. What evidence exists of our neglect, abuse, or control of our natural environment? What actions would create a healthy balance that avoids the extremes of neglect, abuse, and control?
- v. What skills do we need to be keen observers of nature?
- vi. What can nature teach us about ourselves?
- c. Procedures: This project can take place over the course of the school year. It can involve as many days as needed or wanted, some class time is used especially when tied to academic activities. Our activities will reflect the spirit of Thoreau in Walden, specifically Where I lived and what I lived for, covered in another section of this unit.
 - i. **Day 1:** Initial visit. Take class out to the garden with journals. Have them take observational notes on the condition of the garden and what is needed to attend to it. (Weeding, pruning, repair or repurposing of garden art, etc.).
 - ii. Upon return to class, distill notes into a journal entry that concentrates on observational details of the visit.
 - iii. Based on class shared observations, create a plan of action to clean up the garden and prepare for winter.
 - iv. Day 2: Fall clean up. Revisit the garden for a second assessment and work detail documenting with field notes. Depending on student availability, this can be done on off-class hours for a mandatory or voluntary homework assignment. Students unable to work in the garden can contribute by researching needs for the garden in the spring.

- v. Return to class to distill notes into an observational journal entry.
- vi. **Days 3 and 4:** Spring preparation. Revisit garden, taking notes on condition and plans for garden. Document ideas regarding expansion, addition, and enhancement of garden.
- vii. Return to class and pool all ideas to discuss vision for the garden. Students will select what they will contribute to the garden such as:
 - 1. Labor: Weeding, planting, repairing path stones.
 - 2. Beautification: Contribute new plants, flowers, etc.
 - 3. Artistic literary elements: Incorporate themes of our texts with painted quote rocks, literary related sculpture, literary signs, etc.
 - 4. Any unused items from home that can be reused or repurposed.
- viii. **Days 5-7:** On a rotating schedule have students participate in the activity of their choosing (non-instructional days or extra-curricular hours) to complete their task.
 - ix. Final Gathering around tree to take pictures and enjoy the finished garden. Record final thoughts and observations of the communal project.

d. Needed materials

- i. Donated or borrowed garden tools and gloves.
- ii. Donated or purchased plants/flowers.
- iii. Donated garden items for beautification.
- iv. Journals to be kept throughout the year to include this project and ancillary assignments detailed later in the unit.

e. Assessments

- Journal assignments as individual classwork checks. Journal entries will be considered in part or whole to contribute to the culminating Thoreauvian essay in Part IV, Life with Principle.
- ii. Primarily, this is a participation project. As such, it is one of the few times I award a participation grade if the student contributes to the garden with the activity of choice.



II. Alive, Awake, Aware: Journaling daily observations of interactions with the natural world.

"To be awake is to be alive.

I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. How could I have looked him in the face?" (Walden, Where I lived and what I lived for, Henry David Thoreau)

a. Objectives

- i. To demonstrate close observation of the natural world.
- ii. To evaluate the relationship between natural setting and artificial surrounding.
- iii. To document observations and discoveries in a journal that is sustained throughout the project.

b. Essential questions

- i. What does it mean to be "alive, awake, and aware"?
- ii. How can a sustained observation of nature give us a deeper understanding of our individuality and identity?
- iii. What universal truths can be inferred by a close observation of the natural world?
- iv. What unique philosophical insights can be discovered by a close observation of the natural world?
- v. What skills do we need to be keen observers of nature?
- vi. How do surroundings, both natural and social, connected to identity?
- c. Procedures: This lesson will emphasize the benefits of the practice of journal keeping that focuses on natural and social environments. The idea is to provide a comfortable, non-judgmental writing experience in which the students can explore ideas gleaned from observations that focus on developing student voice. Journals are idea centric, not grammar or structure centric. Grammar and structure can be finessed in the writings that develop from the journal topics (see following lesson plans). Using the field notes from the garden visits (and other encounters with natural and social environments) described in the previous lesson plan, create a journal entries that document and process observations. A typical lesson may look like this:
 - i. **Day I:** Have students identify what kind of writing is associated with a reflective journal. Follow with a short group discussion covering expectations and goals of a reflective journal. Distinguish between a reflective journal and personal diary. Note content propriety based on audience of self, teacher, and sometimes verbally with peers.
 - ii. Share an academic definition such as: "A reflective journal is a personal record of student's learning experiences. It is a space where a learner can record and reflect upon their observations and responses to situations, which can then be used to explore and analyze ways of thinking. Journals,

although generally written, can also contain images, drawings and other types of reference materials."

(http://wikieducator.org/Reflective_journals)

- iii. Review 4 modes of discourse and discuss modes conducive to journaling. https://letterpile.com/writing/Four-Types-of-Writing
- iv. Show/handout excerpt of Thoreau's journal. Read aloud and have students annotate what they notice about the content, style, voice, and modes of discourse.
- v. Show/handout excerpt of Hawthorne's journal. Read aloud and have students annotate what they notice about the content, style, voice, and modes of discourse.
- vi. Discuss identifying and contrasting traits of each author.
- vii. Show photo image of each of the journals and discuss the open format of the journal that may include notes, asides, drawings, etc.
- viii. Give students time to "free search" for published journals of noted public figures. Share findings and observations with class. Homework option: Select a journal entry of a noted historical, cultural, or literary figure. Write a summary/reflection on the voice, style, and content of the entry and select a quote that best represents that entry. Share "free search" findings and observations of student selected journal entries. Discuss unique traits of various authors, i.e. <u>http://listverse.com/2015/03/01/10-revealing-diary-and-journal-entries-of-famous-figures/</u> (This may be split with day 2 if more time is needed for the previous activities.)
- ix. Day 2: Begin by reading aloud an excerpt of Walden aloud. "Where I lived, and what I lived for", beginning with "Every morning was a cheerful invitation..." and ending with "Simplify, simplify" (3 ½ paragraphs). Students will write a question about the text on note cards. Collect and read select questions aloud to prompt class discussion. Refine and extend questions in context of discussion. Focus on the need and importance of Thoreau's call for renewal.
- x. First Fall entry: Students will bring notecards on a brief field trip to the garden. (Note: Our literary garden is just outside of our classroom; as such, frequent field trips and garden work is accessible and convenient.) Students will spend 10 minutes or so taking observational notes. Staple notecards in journal for future reference when discussing process writing.
- xi. Students will return to the class and write a journal entry using the field notes and additional personal insight. While journal entries may initially be primarily descriptive in content, they should, with guided prompts, become increasingly reflective in nature.

Observational questions may be:

- 1. What do observe about the garden's current state?
- 2. What needs attention, repair, or care?

3. How can it be added to, improved, or beautified in the Spring? Reflective questions may be:

- 4. How can I contribute to care for natural space?
- 5. What worth do I place on natural space?
- 6. How do natural and social settings contribute to my identity?
- xii. Beginning in small groups, then sharing with whole class, share observation, needs, and potential plans for the garden.
- xiii. Return to the garden for simple clean up and return to plans in Spring.
- xiv. Return to record a brief journal description of participation. Have students consider the role of natural environment in modern society.
- xv. Other potential extended journal discussions and entries:
 - Alive, Awake, Aware: Explore Thoreau's statement: "To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. How could I have looked him/ in the face?" (Walden, Where I lived and what I lived for, Thoreau). Discuss student definitions and dictionary definitions of alive, awake, aware.
 - 2. Select a familiar setting and create four journal entries, each using a different mode of discourse: descriptive, expository, narrative, and persuasive. This exercise will prepare students for the final writing project in this unit: Where is your Walden?
 - 3. Social or artificial settings: Detailed description of a "non-natural: environment" such as classroom, work place, bedroom. Note traits distinct from nature and traits that imitate nature. (I have in mind Thoreau's descriptions of his cabin and the railroad.)
 - 4. Detailed description of a natural setting the student is familiar with. Note the role this place has in community (i.e. beach, bike trail, dog park, back yard, etc.).

d. Needed materials

- i. Journal
- ii. Internet access, chrome books, projector screen to visually share class findings.
- iii. Handouts with copies of journal excerpts from Thoreau and Hawthorne
- iv. Walden text

e. Assessments

- i. A given number of journal entries will be selected by the student for submission as a formative assessment (quiz) grade. (Depending on the number of entries (and class enrollment!) a suggested number is anywhere from 5 to 10 entries.
- ii. Reflection assignment: The student will select a Thoreau quote that best reflects a recurrent theme or motif or idea in the entries. The reflection can be a summative assessment on the experience of journaling, the gleaned insights, and the effect on writing quality.
- iii. Use the following documents to assess student annotations.

Transcript of Thoreau's Journal, 1854

Monday Sep 4th Observed the undersides of a multiflorous shrub willow by the river lit by the rays of the rising sun--shining like silver or dew drops-- Yet when I stood nearer & looked down on them at a different angle they were quite dull.

1

2 I have provided my little snapping turtle
3 with a tub of water & mud--& it is surprising
4 how fast he learns to use his limbs & this
5 with the yolk still trailing from him
6 world. He actually runs. ^ The insensibility &
7 as if he had got new vigor from contact with the mud.
8 toughness of his infancy--make our life with
9 its disease & low spirits ridiculous-- He
10 impresses me as the rudiment of a man
11 worthy to inhabit the earth. He is born with
12 a shell-- That is symbolical of his toughness.
13 His shell being so rounded & sharp on the
14 back at this age he can turn over without
15 trouble.

16

17 Pm to Climbing Flowering Fern--Polyg.
18 articulatum ap 3 or 4 days
19 –In the wood paths I find a great many
20 of the cast-steel soap galls--more or
21 some are saddled on the twigs
22 less fresh-- They are now dropping from
23 the shrub oaks. Is not Art itself a
24 gall? Nature is stung by God & the
25 seed of man planted in her-- The artist
26 changes the direction of nature--& makes
27 her grow according to his idea. If
28 the gall was anticipated when the oak
29 was made--so was the canoe when
30 the birch was made. Genius stings nature
31 & she grows according to its idea.

http://thoreau.library.ucsb.edu/writings_journals18.html

Mr. Thoreau (spelled "Thorow" but corrected on website) from Hawthorne's Journal

September 1, 1842. Mr. Thoreau dined with us yesterday.... He is a keen and delicate observer of nature--a genuine observer--which, I suspect, is almost as rare a character as even an original poet; and Nature, in return for his love, seems to adopt him as her especial child, and shows him secrets which few others are allowed to witness. He is familiar with beast, fish, fowl, and reptile, and has strange stories to tell of adventures, and friendly passages with these lower brethren of mortality. Herb and flower, likewise, wherever they grow, whether in garden or wildwood, are his familiar friends. He is also on intimate terms with the clouds, and can tell the portents of storms. It is a characteristic trait that he has a great regard for the memory of the Indian tribes, whose wild life would have suited him so well; and strange to say, he seldom walks over a ploughed field without picking up an arrow-point, a spearhead, or other relic of the red men--as if their spirits willed him to be the inheritor of their simple wealth.

With all this he has more than a tincture of literature,--a deep and true taste for poetry, especially for the elder poets, and he is a good writer,--at least he has written a good article, a rambling disquisition on Natural History, in the last Dial, which, he says, was chiefly made up from journals of his own observations. Methinks this article gives a very fair image of his mind and character,--so true, innate, and literal in observation, yet giving the spirit as well as letter of what he sees, even as a lake reflects its wooded banks, showing every leaf, yet giving the wild beauty of the whole scene. Then there are in the article passages of cloudy and dreamy metaphysics, and also passages where his thoughts seem to measure and attune themselves into spontaneus verse, as they rightfully may, since there is real poetry in them. There is a basis of good sense and of moral truth, too, throughout the article, which also is a reflection of his character; for he is not unwise to think and feel, and I find him a healthy and wholesome man to know.

After dinner (at which we cut the first watermelon and muskmelon that our garden has ripened) Mr. Thoreau and I walked up the bank of the river; and, at a certain point, he shouted for his boat. Forthwith, a young man paddled it across the river, and Mr. Thoreau and I voyaged farther up the stream, which soon became more beautiful than any picture, with its dark and quiet sheet of water, half shaded, half sunny, between high and wooded banks. The late rains have swollen the stream so much that many trees are standing up to their knees, as it were, in the water, and boughs, which lately swung high in air, now dip and drink deep of the passing wave. As to the poor cardinals which glowed upon the bank a few days since, I could see only a few of their scarlet hats, peeping above the tide. Mr. Thoreau managed the boat so perfectly, either with two paddles or with one, that it seemed instinct with his own will, and to require no physical effort to guide it. He said that, when some Indians visited Concord a few years since, he found that he had acquired, without a teacher, their precise method of propelling and steering a canoe. Nevertheless he was desirous of selling the boat of which he is so fit a pilot, and which was built by his own hands; so I agreed to take it, and accordingly became possessor of the Musketaquid. I wish I could acquire the aquatic skill of the original owner.

from American Notebooks (1835-42) published posthumously, 1868 http://www.eldritchpress.org/nh/nhhdt1.html III. Practicing Simplicity: Research and evaluate the values of modern society regarding such concerns as time, money, health, and individual worth. Discriminate between necessity and extravagance.

"Our life is frittered away by detail. An honest man has hardly need to count more than his ten fingers, or in extreme cases he may add his ten toes, and lump the rest. Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb-nail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life, such are the clouds and storms and quicksands and thousand-and-one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom and not make his port at all, by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator indeed who succeeds. Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in proportion." (Walden, Where I lived and what I lived for, Thoreau)

a. Objectives

- i. To document the observation and interaction with nature in various writing modes.
- ii. To examine the role of the individual in cultivating a harmonious relationship between the demands of modernity and the needs of the natural environment.
- iii. To analyze the texts of Thoreau, and other authors, in addressing the larger questions of social, environmental, and individual responsibility.
- iv. To advocate actions to improve the natural environment and the social environment.

b. Essential questions

- i. How can a sustained observation of nature give us a deeper understanding of our individuality and identity?
- ii. To what extent are behaviors, patterns, and anomalies of nature exhibited in human nature?
- iii. What universal truths can be inferred by a close observation of the natural world?
- iv. What unique philosophical insights can be discovered by a close observation of the natural world?

c. Procedures

- i. In preparation for the next two lessons, students will need to have read and annotated the following sections (excerpts) from Walden:
 - 1. Economy (excerpt beginning "I have thus a tight shingled house" to "a peck of corn to mill")
 - 2. Where I lived and what I lived for (last two paragraphs)
 - 3. Solitude (last two paragraphs)

- 4. Sounds (excerpt beginning "The Fitchburg Railroad" to "Keep on your own track then")
- ii. **Day I:** Students will address each of the following journal topics in class (5 minutes), each followed by 10 minutes of discussion sharing unique observations and common denominators. In-class journal topics:
 - 1. Make a financial accounting in list form of all you have spent in the last 24 hours.
 - 2. Make an accounting in list or chart form of how you have spent your time in the past 24 hours.
 - 3. What would you consider is a "necessity of life"?

End class with a discussion of Thoreau's perspective as presented in the excerpted section in Economy. Have students speculate how they might simplify the way they spend time and money.

- iii. Days 2 and 3: Socratic seminar
 - 1. Divide class into small groups, each of which will be assigned one of the Thoreau passages listed (and/or any additional passage you may wish to select).
 - 2. Reference the previous discussion of the "Simplify" passage in "Where I lived" as a model for the following student led activity.
 - 3. Give class time to discuss passage and create questions in the style of a Socratic seminar to prepare for the next group discussion. Questions should reference text specifically, and be designed to elicit responses that honor the complexity of the text. Questions may also extend beyond the text to contemporary relevance. Questions should consider Thoreau's emphasis on simplicity, renewal, and any other Thoreauvian virtues students may discover. Some examples of Socratic seminar forums:
 - a. <u>https://www.paideia.org/socratic-questioning/</u>
 b. <u>http://pms.pasco.k12.fl.us/wp-</u>
 - content/uploads/pms/2014/08/Socratic-Seminar.pdf
 - c. <u>https://www.nwabr.org/sites/default/files/SocSem.pdf</u>
 - 4. Depending on the ability level of the class you can feature small group discussion for a large group audience in a couple of ways:
 - a. Have each group lead class discussion by posing its passage questions to the rest of the class.
 - b. Have each group take turns conducting its discussion in the center of the class with the rest of the class as active observers.
 - c. Create new groups with one member of each group representing one of the passages in the new group.
- iv. Day 4: Blog Post:
 - 1. Students will share a blog style written commentary in which they appeal to their peers to simplify their lives.

2. Interdisciplinary blog read for fun and inspiration: <u>https://www.psychologytoday.com/blog/meditation-modern-life/201507/henry-david-thoreau-simplify-simplify</u>

d. Needed materials

- i. Walden
- ii. Journal

e. Assessments

i. Write a blog style post in which you propose one way in which you and your peers could radically simplify your lives. Create a webpage design with graphics, if fitting. Consider reference material that is of interest and relevance to you such as scientific data, philosophical insights, spiritual wisdom, historical, literary, and cultural allusions, etc. Your proposal should be the simple focus and should appeal to your audience: your peers. Use blog style tips in creating your persuasive appeal: <u>http://www.copyblogger.com/blogging-writing-guide/</u>



Our mascot Gnome Chomsky; Alíce's Flamíngo Croquet mallet; Gregor's gravestone; the Cheshíre Cat smíles beneath a wood burned F451 quote; Yossarían as Adam eats the apple.

IV. Choosing Life with Principle: Compose an essay that examines the relationship between the natural world and human society.

"I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practice resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion." (Walden, Where I lived and what I lived for, Thoreau)

a. Objectives

- i. To document the observation and interaction with natural and social environments in various writing modes.
- ii. To examine the role of the individual in cultivating a harmonious relationship between the demands of modernity and the needs of the natural environment.
- iii. To analyze the texts of Thoreau, and other authors, in addressing the larger questions of social, environmental, and individual responsibility.

b. Essential Questions:

- i. How can a sustained observation of our surroundings give us a deeper understanding of our individuality and identity?
- ii. What universal truths can be inferred by a close observation of the natural world?
- iii. What unique philosophical insights can be discovered by a close observation of the natural world?
- iv. What can nature teach us about ourselves?
- v. Where do you go to feed your soul?

c. Procedures and summative assessment

- Read aloud excerpt from Walden, "The Ponds" beginning with "Nevertheless, of all the characters I have known, perhaps Walden wears best" and ending with "God's Drop." Discuss signature traits of Thoreau's voice and style. Discuss inclusion of poem.
- Assign final writing project in which students will write their own "Walden chapter" of a place of significance. Discuss expectations of assignment and field student suggestions and questions. Be open to student input as this is an academic project that is uniquely student centered. See the following assignment.

"I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived." (from Walden, "Where I lived and what I lived for," Henry David Thoreau)

Topic:

Consider our exploration of the importance of place in literary and historical context. For Thoreau, Walden was a place of spiritual sanctuary, physical solitude, philosophical rumination, scientific exploration, and existential renewal. His decision to "live deliberately" allowed him to confront his identity with intention and honesty, without the distractions of modern society.

Think about a place that you consider to be a place of sanctuary. Where is your Walden? Where do you go to feed your soul? Is it a natural or social environment? Why do you identify with it? How does it cultivate your individuality? How does it renew or energize you?

Task:

Write an essay that features a place of significance to you. Think of it as a chapter to a larger work like Walden, but one that is unique to you, written in first person. You don't necessarily need to emulate Thoreau's style, but use his style as an example of how to write about setting, experience, and self.

Requirements: (500-800 words)

- 1. Chapter title that includes the name of the place
- 2. Integrate the four modes of discourse in your chapter. How you integrate this is up to you. You can choose to separate sections or paragraphs by mode, or integrate modes throughout your essay.
 - a. Expository: Depending on your place, you may consider facts or figures that include significant history, architectural process, scientific facts, etc.
 - b. Descriptive: Language that appeals to the senses (see Chapter 4 in *Of Sound and Sense*.)
 - c. Persuasive: Your appeal will depend on your place and its relevance to the reader. Do you want to persuade your reader to visit? To preserve? The persuasive goal may be to simple share your insight or appreciate your enthusiasm.
 - d. Narrative: Recount experiential details that may include brief anecdotes or significant moments.
 - e. Optional: Consider including original verse that expresses your connection to your place in poetic form.
- 3. Visual element: Include a visual depiction of your place. It can be photographs, drawings, or a painting. Present it as a cover page to your chapter.

Found Poetry Handout: 1A

What is a found poem?

Found poetry is a type of poetry created by taking words, phrases, and sometimes whole passages from other sources and reframing them as poetry by making changes in spacing and lines, or by adding or deleting text, thus imparting new meaning. The resulting poem can be defined as either <u>treated</u>: changed in a profound and systematic manner; or <u>untreated</u>: virtually unchanged from the order, syntax and meaning of the original.

HOW TO WRITE A FOUND POEM:

A found poem uses language from non-poetic contexts and turns it into poetry. Think of a collage -- visual artists take scraps of newspaper, cloth, feathers, bottle caps, and create magic. You can do the same with language and poems.

Writing this type of poetry is a kind of treasure hunt. Search for interesting scraps of language, then put them together in different ways and see what comes out. Putting seemingly unrelated things together can create a kind of chemical spark, leading to surprising results. (juxtaposition)

You might end up rewriting the poem in the end and taking all the found language out, or you can opt to keep the found scraps of language almost in their original form. Either way, found language is a great way to jolt your imagination.

There are no rules for found poetry, as long as you are careful to respect copyright.

YOUR TASK:

- 1. Reread and revisit your journal and annotated notes from Civil Disobedience.
- 2. Choose <u>one passage</u>. <u>Create a found poem</u>, including a <u>visual</u> <u>art component</u>. Once you choose the words that summarize the essence of the Thoreau, you must draw an image that reflects the meaning you find. You are to infuse the found poem and your visual art together. Be neat. Mount art carefully.
- 3. ART ANALYSIS: <u>Answer</u> the following <u>questions</u> on a separate in respect to your completed art piece. Your answers should be in complete sentences and form a paragraph that explains to viewers how you summarized and interpreted Thoreau's passage.

BE THOREAU!

Analysing Art: (Your completed art piece)

Content: Look at the subject of the work. -What is it? -What do you see? What does it represent? -What is the theme of the work?

<u>Mood</u>: look at the communication of the moods and feelings it gives.

- -What materials and tools have been used?
- -Why do you feel like this?
- -What colors, words, and images were selected to create a specific feel?

Interpretation and Justification: look at the meaning of the work. After analysing the content and mood... What do you think the author is saying? Why? (You are the author) What message is the author trying to communicate through the piece? Why?

Lesson Topic: Throeau # 1	
Content Objective:	Students will use a select number of general academic words and domain-specific words to create some precision in writing to demonstrate knowledge of the Thoreau reading.
Language Objective:	Students will create a found poem to demonstrate their knowledge of the most significant words and essential meaning of the Thoreau passage selected; this is the assessment piece of the Thoreau Project.

ELA Standards: <u>CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.WHST.11-12.2.B</u> Develop the topic thoroughly by selecting the most significant and relevant facts, extended definitions, concrete details, quotations, or other information and examples appropriate to the audience's knowledge of the topic.	ELD Standards: 11. W.7.1, 8–9; WHST.7.1, 8–9; L.7.1–3, 6 12. W.7.4–5; WHST.7.4–5; SL.7.4, 6; L.7.1, 3, 5–6 a. Use a select number of general academic words and domain-specific words to create some precision while speaking and writing.
Key vocabulary: Students will have developed their vocabulary list and will submit with project at the conclusion of this lesson/assessment	Supplementary Materials: Chromebook(s) Student Journals Thoreau passages construction paper glue scissors art pencils/pens/coloring supplies

Preparation	Processes	Scaffolding	Application	Grouping	Assessment
x Links to background	x Reading	Modeling	Hands on	Whole class	x Individual
x links to past learning	x Writing	Guided Practice	Meaningful	Small groups	Group
	Listening	Independent Practice	Linked to objectives	Partners	x Written
	Speaking	Comprehensible Input	Promotes engagement	x Independent	Oral

Orientation: *Clarify objectives and procedures for the new learning task; Activates prior knowledge; Connects to previous lessons.*

Students will have read Civil Disobediance as required before this unit begins. Discuss and share our personal experience of "Thoreauing" it by telling stories of Concord, hiking, journaling and reading. *Time*

Presentation: Direct Instruction, Modeling,

Present a selection of Throeau on over head and model how to annotate, decipher, and choose relevant words that illustrate the essence of Throeau.

Show connection to current events today. Have class discussion.

Time

Highly-Structured Practice: *Teacher leads students step by step* Students annotate Civil Disobedience using strategies modeled.

Guided Learning: *Teacher monitors and provides corrective feedback* Teacher monitor and read, encourage and offer suggestions on student work.

Time

Independent Practice:

Students journal thoughts and reflections on reading and the world today.

Students collect at least 10 vocabulary words they discovered that they feel reflect the important concepts.

Time

Summary & Review: *Review Content and Language Objectives and Discuss Big Ideas* Student take-away:

Students share their favorite take away from Civil Disobedience.

Time

Reflections: Changes needed next time this lesson is taught; Follow up with class next lesson

NEH Landmarks of American History and Culture Workshop Living and Writing Deliberately: The Concord Landscapes and Legacy of Henry Thoreau Jayne Gordon, Instructor Thomas Fabian, NEH Summer Scholar August 8, 2017 Curriculum Units and Lessons

LIVING IN SOCIETY

Essential questions

- How do Henry Thoreau and Abraham Lincoln help us understand citizenship in the United States both in their generation and in ours? Does Thoreau justify breaking the law? Does Lincoln justify keeping it?
- How do we perform our roles as citizens through understanding our lives under law "deliberately"?
- How might we articulate the "civic understanding" called for in the College Board's AP Language and Composition requirements?

Lesson 1

Objective: Students in an eleventh grade AP Language and Composition class will be able to articulate Thoreau's arguments in "Civil Disobedience" in a written précis of his essay.

Assigned reading and annotation: Henry David Thoreau, "Civil Disobedience"

Procedure:

- 1. Identify 'difficult' passages in "Civil Disobedience" through pair sharing annotations and discussion.
 - a. Suggested passages:
 - i. "All men recognize the right of revolution; that is, the right to refuse allegiance to, and to resist, the government, when its tyranny or its inefficiency are great and unendurable. But almost all say that such is not the case now. But such was the case, they think, in the Revolution of '75. If one were to tell me that this was a bad government because it taxed certain foreign commodities brought to its ports, it is most probable that I should not make an ado about it, for I can do without them. All machines have their friction; and possibly this does enough good to counterbalance the evil." What is the difference between the American Revolution and other acts of rebellion?
 - ii. "I do not hesitate to say, that those who call themselves Abolitionists should at once effectually withdraw their support, both in person and property, from the government of Massachusetts, and not wait till they constitute a majority of one, before they suffer the right to prevail through them. I think that it is enough if they have God on their side, without waiting for that

other one. Moreover, any man more right than his neighbors constitutes a majority of one already." Is there a difference between Northern and Southern calls for succession? How can anyone know if they have "God on their side"?

- iii. "When I was let out the next morning, I proceeded to finish my errand, and, having put on my mended shoe, joined a huckleberry party, who were impatient to put themselves under my conduct; and in half an hour — for the horse was soon tackled — was in the midst of a huckleberry field, on one of our highest hills, two miles off, and then the State was nowhere to be seen"—What different ways might we view Thoreau's first act after being released from jail?
- iv. "Still, [Daniel Webster's] quality is not wisdom, but prudence. The lawyer's truth is not truth, but consistency or a consistent expediency. Truth is always in harmony with herself, and is not concerned chiefly to reveal the justice that may consist with wrong-doing. He well deserves to be called, as he has been called, the Defender of the Constitution. There are really no blows to be given by him but defensive ones. He is not a leader, but a follower." **Given Webster's role in the passing of the Fugitive Slave Law, why might Thoreau single him out?**
- v. "They who know of no purer sources of truth, who have traced up its stream no higher, stand, and wisely stand, by the Bible and the Constitution, and drink at it there with reverence and humility; but they who behold where it comes trickling into this lake or that pool, gird up their loins once more, and continue their pilgrimage toward its fountain-head." What "purer sources of truth" exist beyond the Bible and Constitution? Is Thoreau for or against these sources?
- 2. Discuss individual passages in groups with guide questions as above.
- 3. 'Jigsaw' groups to discuss various passages and Thoreau's central claim and purpose.
- 4. Assessment: Students will write a précis of "Civil Disobedience".
 - Précis format:
 - 1. (Author's credentials), (author's first and last name) in his/her (type of text), (title of text), published in (publishing info) addresses the topic of (topic of text) and argues that (argument).
 - 2. He/she supports this claim by_____, then____, then_____, then_____,
 - 3. (<u>Author's last name</u>)'s purpose is to (<u>author's purpose in writing</u>) in order to (<u>change in reader/society the author wants to achieve</u>).
 - He/she adopts a(n) ______ tone for his/her audience, the readers of (*publication*) and others interested in the topic of

Lesson 2

Objective: Students in an eleventh grade AP Language and Composition class will be able to chart the development of Thoreau's anti-slavery arguments as an example of rewriting and rethinking given the political events of his day.

Assigned reading and annotation: Henry David Thoreau, "Where I Lived and What I Lived For," "Civil Disobedience," "Slavery in Massachusetts," "A Plea for Captain John Brown"

Procedure:

- 1. Review the events experience by Thoreau prior to the Civil War with dates of his own writings.
 - a. Dates:
 - i. Missouri Compromise 1820
 - ii. Texas annexation 1845
 - iii. Move to Walden July 4, 1845
 - iv. Mexican War 1846
 - v. Night in Jail July 23, 1846
 - vi. "Civil Disobedience" published 1849
 - vii. Fugitive Slave Law 1850
 - viii. Walden published 1854
 - ix. Kansas/Nebraska Act 1854
 - x. "Slavery in Mass" 1854
 - xi. Founding of the Republican party 1854
 - xii. Sumner Beating 1856
 - xiii. Pottawatomie Massacre 1856
 - xiv. Harper's Ferry 1859
 - xv. "A Plea for Captain John Brown" 1859
- 2. In groups, create a "pi" chart of three columns listing events in one column, quotations and works in the next column, and noting changes in tone and emphasis in the third.
- 3. Present the changes and their significance in a class discussion.

Assessment: Present the changes and their significance in a class discussion; Write a comparative analysis essay involving two or more of Thoreau's anti-slavery essays.

Lesson 3

Objective: Students in an eleventh grade AP Language and Composition class will clarify their understanding of Thoreau's argument in "Civil Disobedience" and Abraham Lincoln's "On the Perpetuation of our Political Institutions" as well as their own positions by forming opinions on current events.

Assigned reading and annotation: Henry David Thoreau anti-slavery essays, Abraham Lincoln, "On the Perpetuation of our Political Institutions"

Procedure:

- 1. Read and discuss briefly two short articles on two different current acts of civil disobedience or political resistance/protest which reflect contrasting political view points (i.e. occupation of Malheur National Wildlife Refuge and street closures by Black Lives Matter movement).
- 2. Conduct four corners exercise in which students move to one of four corners expressing what they believe to be their own opinions, Thoreau's opinion, and Lincoln's opinion.
- 3. Discuss as a whole class student opinions as well as how student personal responses may lack the consistency of Thoreau's or Lincoln's positions.

Assessment: Write an essay in which students create a rhetorical frame using Lincoln and Thoreau to assess a current issue of the day.

CHOOSING LIFE WITH PRINCIPLE

Essential questions

- How do we come to grips with ourselves as people living with varying degrees of privilege in a modern society?
- How do we form arguments that recognize and respect opposition as well as their internal inconsistencies? How do we write "deliberat[ive]ly"?
- What are ways to acknowledge complexity as called for in the College Board's AP Language and Composition requirements?

Lesson 1

Objective: Students in an eleventh grade AP Language and Composition class will be able to understand the concept of a rhetorical position through the analogy of material space of Walden Pond.

Assigned reading and annotation: Henry David Thoreau, "Where I Lived and What I Lived For," and "The Pond in Winter"

Materials: Thoreau's survey map of Walden; excerpt from Laura Dassow Walls, *Henry David Thoreau: A Life*, Univ. of Chicago Press, 2017; drawing paper

Procedure:

- 1. Observe and discuss Thoreau's survey map of Walden Pond.
 - a. Questions for discussion:
 - i. How is the survey "an extravagant thing to do, wholly impractical" (Walls, 206)?
 - ii. Why would you want to know the exact measurements of the pond?
 - iii. What does this tell you about Thoreau's efforts to live "deliberately"?

- iv. How do maps function metaphorically? What are the multiple meanings of 'survey'?
- 2. Read from Walls, pages 206-207. ("Thoreau's quest for the 'bottom' of the pond was also his quest for bedrock truth....)
- 3. Journal on an issue you care about with an eye toward a thesis.
- 4. Discuss "The Pond in Winter" ("the line of greatest length...")
- 5. Draw and label a diagram demonstrating the "length," "breadth," and "depth" of your argument.

Assessment: The diagram students create, as well as their ability to form a thesis in their essay.

Lesson 2

Objective: Students in an eleventh grade AP Language and Composition class will recognize opposition in arguments by understanding the complexity and contradiction of their own decision making.

Assigned reading and annotation: Henry David Thoreau, "Economy," and "Where I Lived and What I Lived For."

Procedure:

- 1. Discuss cognates of the word "deliberately."
 - a. Possible cognates
 - i. Liber—Latin for book
 - ii. Liberty
 - iii. Library
 - iv. Libra/balance
 - v. Deliberation/deliberatively
- 2. Discuss multiple meanings for the words "account" and "economy."
- 3. Brief lecture comparing Thoreau's historical to our own, i.e. inequality, more choices and more "desperation"; globalization example of Walden ice.
- 4. "Account" for your day: List activities over the course of a day/money spent over the course of the day.
- 5. Journal on how your list of time/money reflects your character and values.
- 6. Everyone says one thing on their list that they are proud of.
- 7. Discuss as a whole class examples of what is necessary and unnecessary, what is hypocritical and what compromises modernity/society requires of us.

Assessment: In essay writing, the degree of clarity students make in their arguments as well as their ability to recognize opposition.

Lesson 3

Objective: Students in an eleventh grade AP Language and Composition class will be able to acknowledge complexity in their arguments by recognizing opposition, and understanding how to create qualification and counter-argument.

Assigned reading and annotation: Henry David Thoreau, "Economy," and "Where I Lived and What I Lived For."

Procedure:

- 1. Pair share what is necessary and what is not in your list from Lesson 2, what compromises you make and do not make between principle and modernity.
- 2. Discuss compromises as whole class; discuss concepts of opposition and counterargument.
- 3. Make a brief defense to the class of your partner's least necessary time or expense.
- 4. Discuss as a whole class what was effective as qualification or recognition of opposition.

Assessment: In essay writing, look to students' ability to recognize opposition, make counter-arguments, and offer qualification.

Lesson 4

Objective: Students in an eleventh grade AP Language and Composition class will be able to acknowledge complexity and qualify their arguments through an understanding of Thoreau's more deliberative arguments.

Assigned reading and annotation: Henry David Thoreau, "Where I Lived and What I Lived For," "The Bean-Field," 'Former Inhabitants"

Procedure:

 Read and discuss 'woodchuck' passage from "The Bean Field" ("These beans have results which are not harvested by me.") What are various sides of the argument about the woodchucks who eat his crop does Thoreau consider?
 With a partner, locate other passages from the readings in which Thoreau considers multiple positions.

3. Discuss passages as a whole class: How does Thoreau manage to write about more than one position? How does he make conflicting evidence or position lead to a unified claim and/or purpose?

4. Write a paragraph that presents a qualified argument for something on your list from Lesson 2.

Assessment: Paragraph as above; students' ability to make qualified arguments in their essay writing.

BEING AWAKE, AWARE, AND ALIVE

Essential questions

- > How do experiences shape writing? How does writing shape experience?
- ➢ How is writing a kind of 'action from principle'?

> How do writers create purpose in a rhetorical sense?

Lesson 1

Objective: Students in an eleventh grade AP Language and Composition class will be able to articulate the rhetorical concept of purpose.

Assigned reading and annotation: Henry David Thoreau, "Ktaadn" excerpts; contemporary personal essays, e.g. David Sederis, Joan Didion. & etc.

Materials: Henry David Thoreau, Nov. 16, 1857 letter to H.G.O. Blake

Procedure:

- 1. Read aloud to students, Thoreau's Nov. 16, 1857 letter to H.G.O. Blake ("What did the mountain say...")
- 2. Discuss as a whole class what it might mean "to state to yourself precisely and completely what that walk over the mountain amounted to for you," as well as "not that the story need be long, but it will take a long while to make it short."
- 3. Pair share to discuss personal narrative you've been asked to complete in your past experience as a student. Suggest ideas to one another for what else those stories might have "amounted to."
- 4. Discuss as a whole class ideas from previously assigned personal narratives as well as what else various contemporary essays might have "amounted to."
- 5. Define in a brief lecture "amounted to" as rhetorical purpose.

Assessment: Students can state on a short quiz the rhetorical concept of purpose in their own words; student can formally and in formally identify purpose in essays they read.

Lesson 2

Objective: Students in an eleventh grade AP Language and Composition class will be able to develop rhetorical purpose in their writing as part of the process of writing.

Assigned reading and annotation: Henry David Thoreau, "Ktaadn" and journal excerpts; contemporary personal essays, e.g. David Sederis, Joan Didion, &etc.

Materials: examples of Thoreau's journal, selected rewritten passage from various works of Thoreau (i.e. the "different drummer" passage).

Procedure:

- 1. Discuss and lecture briefly on Thoreau's journal and process (i.e. notes to journal to annotating journal to lecture to essay to drafting to publication; seven drafts of *Walden*; the idea of the Lyceum).
- 2. Write individually notes about an experience, then journal about a purpose for that experience.
- 3. Every student speak briefly about their experience.

- 4. Journal about the reaction of your classmates to individual statements
- 5. Discuss as a whole class what are things you would need to do to make an essay purposeful given your classmates reactions.

Assessment: Review drafts of student essays to check for understanding of the writing process and the development of purpose.

HEARING THAT DIFFERENT DRUMMER

Essential Questions

- Who is Henry Thoreau as a person and a writer? What's the difference between the person we are and the persona we create in writing? Why is recognizing that difference important?
- What are rhetorical strategies Thoreau uses? How can actions "from principle" be strategies to convey a purpose?
- What actions can we take to best convey our principles? How can we transform actions into a statement of principle in our writing?

Lesson 1

Objective: Students in an eleventh grade AP Language and Composition class will be able to articulate an understanding of *Walden* within its historical and literary/rhetorical context as a way to separate the persona of *Walden* from the person of Thoreau.

Assigned reading and annotation: Henry David Thoreau, from *Walden*, "Economy," "Where I Lived and What I Lived For," "The Bean-Field," and "Reading," "Sounds," "The Ponds," "Baker Farm," and /or "Former Inhabitants and Winter Visitors"; selections from Thoreau's journal

Materials: Buell, Lawrence. "What Would Henry Do—About Anything?", *What Would Henry Do?* Thoreau Farm Trust, 2017.

Procedure:

- 1. With partner, describe the person of Thoreau as presented in the selections from Walden. Discuss observations as a whole class.
- 2. In groups of four (pairs of pairs), conjecture Thoreau's thoughts and actions on current issues:
 - a. Current issues:
 - i. Globalization
 - ii. Climate change
 - iii. Immigration
 - iv. Inequality
 - v. Privacy
 - vi. Race relations
 - vii. Conflict in the Middle East
- 3. Discuss as a whole class

- 4. Read Buell, "What Would Henry Do-About Anything?"
- 5. Discussion and lecture on the historical and biographical context of Walden.
 - a. Points of discussion:
 - i. 'House' vs. 'cabin,' 'shanty,' 'hut,' &etc.
 - ii. Thoreau's various professions
 - iii. Leaves Walden when Emerson asks him to. Relationship with Emerson's wife and children.
 - iv. Don't freeze Thoreau at Walden-ages 27-30
 - v. The misnomer of "Life in the Woods
 - vi. Disestablishment of religion in Massachusetts
 - vii. Rising inequality and "globalization" example of Walden ice.
 - viii. Slavery and the dates of 'Civil Disobedience"

Assessment: Ticket to Leave: What are three ways your understanding of Thoreau is more complex than the persona of *Walden*.

Lesson 2

Objective: Students in an eleventh grade AP Language and Composition class will be able to understand the way writers rewrite for tone, audience, and purpose:

Assigned reading and annotation: Henry David Thoreau, from *Walden*, "Economy," "Where I Lived and What I Lived For," "The Bean-Field," and "Reading," "Sounds," "The Ponds," "Baker Farm," and /or "Former Inhabitants and Winter Visitors."

Materials: Selection from Thoreau's Journals

Procedure:

- 1. Consider as the day's objective *The Portable Thoreau* editor Jeff Cramer's statement: "It's not being at Walden that matters—it's writing *Walden* that matters" and Thoreau as first and foremost a writer.
- 2. Select passages to read aloud that reveal Thoreau's persona in *Walden*. Take suggestions, read aloud, and discuss as a whole class the tone of the passages. Consider whom Thoreau criticizes in those passages and his use of the second person pronoun.
- 3. Discuss and explain with whole class Thoreau's Concord Lyceum audience, American protestant tradition of the jeremiad, and the time lag between the Thoreau's living at Walden Pond and publication of *Walden* (five years) and "Civil Disobedience" (2+ years). Read selected passages from Thoreau's journals.
- 4. Discuss in small groups to determine the audience for *Walden* and journal passages.
- 5. Discuss as a whole class Thoreau's purpose in addressing those specific audiences.

Assessment: In analysis, look to students' ability to identify tone and audience.

Lesson 3

Objective: Students in an eleventh grade AP Language and Composition class will be able to class will be able to understand how varied descriptions and narrations can function strategically to achieve their purposes in writing.

Assigned reading and annotation: Henry David Thoreau, from *Walden*, "Economy," "Where I Lived and What I Lived For," "The Bean-Field," and "Reading," "Sounds," "The Ponds," "Baker Farm," and /or "Former Inhabitants and Winter Visitors."

Procedure:

- 1. Create list of important current issues suggested by students, i.e. climate change.
- 2. In partners, develop ideas for taking action that shows why those issues are important or what can be done about them.
- 3. Discuss "The Bean-Field"
 - a. What issues does Thoreau address by growing a field of beans?
 - b. How is his bean field an illustration of his response to those issues?
 - c. How does his description of his growing a field of beans create a specific bean field?
 - d. Of what is he trying to convince his audience of those who encounter his bean field both in person and in writing? What is his rhetorical purpose?
- 4. Identify the bean field as a strategy to achieve a purpose. (Note Thoreau's possible overreach in growing his beans and his decision not to grow them after his first summer).
- 5. In partners, identify another passage used strategically to achieve a purpose in *Walden*. Share passages as a class.

Assessment: In essay writing, look to students' ability to develop descriptions and narrations strategically to achieve their rhetorical purpose.

Theme strand: Living In Society Lauren Farber

How can we learn about Thoreau through the eyes of his contemporaries- through the way they eulogized him and how they observed him in their journals? This unit has been prepared for students, 12th graders, who spent a prior week reading VValden, On Civil Disobedience and other writings of Thoreau. A goal of this week is to glean through primary sources and documents created for authentic reasons - a diary, and eulogies to see how Thoreau influenced those around him and how they perceived him.

Personally, I was very struck by how Concord seemed a very localized setting for an evolving definition of family circles, full of non-traditional lines of dependence- unmarried persons who became caretakers; adults who often did not create families of their own and lived with relatives, etc. Then there seemed to be additional circles of friends that acted as new extensions and redefinitions of "family". I believe that as rebels or new thinkers who were carving out new religious, philosophical, anti-slavery, economic and gender roles, they found human connections within a very small locale and friendships became a new definition of family. We also see the health and physical perils of the age, affecting both Henry and John and Louisa and others which reconstructed family systems. Many residents were unafraid to stand up as abolitionists or educational or social reformers and definitely strengthened themselves by living within this tightly defined community. Having strong beliefs built their connections as friends, who could work towards "transcending" ills within society.

The eulogies written by Emerson and Alcott reflect this love of a community of friends. The journal of little Edmund Sewall reflects the trust families had for their friends to educate their children. The definition of a specific geographic community was like a new Jerusalem that Thoreau both adopts as a social creature and rejects as an individualist (VValden). Finally, even his willingness to be completely civilly disobedient is assuaged by a friend making it right with the community by paying his taxes. So the definition of one's community stretches to new definitions, even within a most traditional New England town not far from Boston.

Finally personally this redefinition of community reminds me of my grandparent's milieu as jewish immigrants 100 years ago who came as teens alone and formed tight bonds with friends over family as socialists and radicals in the Bronx. They created lots of cooperatives, camps and organizations that fought the labor, racial, political, contraceptive and economic divisions from the 19-teens through the Vietnam war. Everyone had an FBI file, many had been jailed, and some questioned traditional marriage. They hitchhiked across America and protested as often as others attended church services- they were highly intellectual, very well read and good writers but had no formal education beyond the 6th grade. They loved Thoreau and Margaret Fuller and adored an America that called them Commies. I feel the same energy from these Transcendentalists and you can still smell the spirit in Concord.

We will look to find how Thoreau was seen by his contemporaries through primary documents.

Teacher Farber: Theme-Living in Society How Thoreau's contemporaries responded to him through primary documents- poetry, eulogies and journals Date: 08/03/2017 Coure ELA 7 12th grade literature

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
Louisa May Alcott's response to Thoreau <u>Aim:</u> What aspects of Thoreau's personality reverberate through Louisa May Alcott's poem Thoreau's Flute?	Class-round-up Discussion of Alcott's poem Reading of Emerson's Eulogy for Thoreau <u>Aim:</u> What aspects of Thoreau's personality reverberate through Emerson's Eulogy?	Emerson's Eulogy of Thoreau- Connecting to Thoreau's writings read last week. Connecting texts Aim: How does Emerson's view of Thoreau connect to his own writings?	Reading of Edmund Sewall's journals of 1840 AIM: How does Edmund Sewall's diary shine light on the effect Thoreau and his fellow transcendentalists and abolitionists of Concord had on people's lives?	In class: Write a summary of the Thoreau you learned from Louisa M Alcott; the Thoreau you learned about from Emerson; the Thoreau you learned from his student, and what you learned from his own writings. In what ways is Thoreau relevant to your life? If you feel he is irrelevant to your life explain.Did you respond mostly to his connections to the environment? To work and purpose and deliberateness? To civil disobedience and abolitionism? Go through your collection of quotes from last week and what speaks the most to you?

Objective	SVVBAT: Analyze Louisa May Alcott's poem <u>Thoreau's Flute</u>
Common Core Standards	CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RL11-12.1 Cite strong and thorough textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text, including determining where the text leaves matters uncertain. CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RL11-12.3 Analyze the impact of the author's choices regarding how to develop and relate elements of a story or drama (eg., where a story is set, how the action is ordered, how the characters are introduced and developed). CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RL11-12.4 Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in the text, including figurative and connotative meanings; analyze the impact of specific word choices on meaning and tone, including words with multiple meanings or language that is particularly fresh, engaging, or beautiful. (Include Shakespeare as well as other authors.) CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RL11-12.5 Analyze how an author's choices concerning how to structure specific parts of a text (e.g., the choice of where to begin or end a story, the choice to provide a comedic or tragic resolution) contribute to its overall structure and meaning as well as its aesthetic impact.
Aim/Agenda Essential Questions	Aim: What aspects of Thoreau's personality reverberate through Louisa May Alcott's poem Thoreau's Flute? Agenda: Do Now Mini Lesson - Background Class Activity - Active Reading/ Quick Writes HW

	Essential questions: What impact did Thoreau have on Louisa May Alcott? What aspects of his personality and philosophy stand out the most in her depiction of him?
Do Now (10 MIN) Your response	From our readings of Thoreau how would you have memorialized him in a brief paragraph? <u>VVhat has stood out most to you?</u> 5 min Turn and Talk 5 min
to Thoreau	Turn and Talk: 5 min Students will then be directed to have a turn and talk with each other in order to discuss their responses. Students will present out to the class
Mini Lesson (3 MIN)	Background: This poem was published in The Atlantic magazine in 1863- a very famou publication Thoreau died in 1862, age 44. Alcott was nearly 30, considered a "spinster". She wrote this poem while ill in the hospital following her service as a Civil War nurse. Her father, a significant reform educator found it fallen out of her papers from Washington DC She later wrote some of the most famous books for children based on her early life in Concord. She was an actual student of Henry Thoreau who experienced him as her teacher, in addition to his being a close family friend, and a member of their village Concord which saw itself as a beacon of light and reform of like minded citizens. It is understood that he would "saunter" walk with the children, with his flute that he would play.
Text support	Hand-out to students
	Thoreau's Flute By Louisa May Alcott
In Greek religion and	
mythology,	WE, sighing, said, "Our Pan is dead;
Pan is the god of the	His pipe hangs mute beside the river;
wild, shepherds	Around it wistful sunbeams quiver,
and flocks, nature of	But Music's airy voice is fled.
mountain wilds and	Spring mourns as for untimely frost; 5
rustic music, and	The bluebird chants a requiem;
companion of	The willow-blossom waits for him;
the nymphs.	The Genius of the wood is lost."
requiem= music for a	Then from the flute, untouched by hands,
memorial	There came a low, harmonious breath: 10
	"For such as he there is no death;
	His life the eternal life commands;
	Above man's aims his nature rose:
	The wisdom of a just content

	Made one small spot a continent, 15
swallow=soar ing bird aster=flower	And turned to poetry Life's prose.
aster=nower	"Haunting the hills, the stream, the wild,
	Swallow and aster, lake and pine,
	To him grew human or divine,—
	Fit mates for this large-hearted child. 20
homage= pay	Such homage Nature ne'er forgets,
tribute to	And yearly on the coverlid
lieth= lies	'Neath which her darling lieth hid
	Will write his name in violets.
	"To him no vain regrets belong, 25
	Whose soul, that finer instrument,
	Gave to the world no poor lament,
	But wood-notes ever sweet and strong.
	O lonely friend! he still will be
potent=stron g	A potent presence, though unseen,— 30
	Steadfast, sagacious, and serene:
sagacious= wise, sage	Seek not for him,—he is with thee."
Class Activity (10 MIN)	 → Hand out the poem with text support annotations → Have 2 students do a choral reading alternating lines to the whole class → Students who are not reading aloud will be prompted to quick write during this lesson.
	 Students who are not reading aload will be prompted to quick write during this lesson. Review any text support questions <u>Main Points for basis of group analysis projected:</u>
	 VVhat images do you get of Thoreau? VVho and what mourns him?
3 Mins:	- Why for "such as he is there no death?"
0 1 1110.	

	 What aspects of his personality and legacy are emphasized and felt by Louisa May Alcott? Pauses for Writing 1:
	Quick Write: Take 2-3 Mins. What strikes you about this poem?
15 min	Pauses for Writing 2: Students will reread the poem in groups of three and will seek text support for the following key questions Small group discussion and journal responses Main Points
10 min.	 What images do you get of Thoreau? Who and what mourns him? Why for "such as he is there no death?" What aspects of his personality and legacy are emphasized and felt by Louisa May Alcott? Poem structure/ imagery composition left side of class will examine the first 16 lines Right side of class lines 17-32 Now look at what terms, and what imagery she specifically uses to describe Thoreau Jot down three of her images that stand out most to your group and discuss their relevance and craft. How did she sequence the poem, how do ideas progress and emerge?
Homework Day 1	 <u>Teacher Notes:</u> <u>Annotations for Understanding:</u> Students will do this assignment after the reading. Students in their respective pairs will discuss and have classroom notes HVV Students will return to their class notes and review their class findings. At home they will compose an organized poem response focusing on how Louisa May Alcott
13 min. Final Summary Day 2	 Interprets Thoreau for her readers. Day 2 Discussion of our findings- submit hw journals

Aim/Agenda Essential Questions	DAY 2 TUESDAY Aim: What aspects of Thoreau's personality reverberate through Emerson's Eulogy? Agenda: Do Now Init Lesson - Background Class Activity - Active Reading/ Quick Write Wrap Up/Exit Ticket Essential questions: What aspects of his personality and philosophy stand out the most in her depiction of him?
Do Now (12 MIN) Your response to Thoreau	<u>Our Do-Now will be a whole class discussion of our findings from Alcott's poem</u> What have we learned about Thoreau through Ms. Alcott's poem?

Mini Lesson (3 MIN)	Background: Emerson was a very close friend of Thoreau. We know it was he who provided the land for thoreau's cabin, he asked Thoreau to live with his family, he supported his writings and speeches, etc. We will be reading excerpts of the eulogy. The <u>entire eulogy</u> printed in the Atlantic is at the following site: from The Atlantic magazine. In the published version he added additional material to that which he said at the funeral. A much wider view of his character and his relationship with Emerson is explored here: : <u>https://www.theatlantic.com/magazine/archive/1862/08/thoreau/306418/</u>
Class activity In class and to complete at home	 ASSIGNMENT: REST OF CLASS AND HOMEVVORK 1. You will read excerpts from Emerson's eulogy. Take annotating notes on the Thoreau he depicts. What does he love about Thoreau? Does he provide any critiques? Why and how? What major ideas shine through for you? 2. Formulate a 1 page statement about what ideas stand out the most to you, and are the most meaningful.
	3. How does this eulogy compare and contrast to Alcott's poem? Explain
<u>Use the</u> <u>following</u> <u>Guiding</u> <u>Questions</u> <u>To help</u> <u>formulate</u> <u>your ideas</u> :	Complete in class tomorrow the following 4. FINALLY YOU WILL CONNECT ONE PART OF THIS EULOGY TO ANY PORTION OF YOUR READINGS FROM LAST WEEK FROM WALDEN, CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE, LIVING DELIBERATELY, ETC. identify and discuss a passage from Thoreau's writing which connects to a comment made here by Emerson. Discuss Thoreau's writings in light of Emerson's comments. Choose 1 aspect to write a one page response to be submitted by Thursday's class.
	Advanced students or students seeking a greater challenge can read the above cited entire eulogy from the Atlantic, where many additional aspects and anecdotes are explored. It is up to you which document you will use.
Text support <u>lconoclast:</u> a person who attacks cherished beliefs, traditional institutions, etc., as being based on error or superstition	Student Handout: Appreciation
	An Essay
What was Thoreau's role as a student?	by
What do we	Ralph Waldo Emerson
learn from the pencil anecdote?	Emerson's essay on Thoreau is a mix of biography, eulogy, and personal criticism. It shows
Technical science vs. Nature study	that Emerson believed Thoreau capable of far greater accomplishments than he achieved in his life. When Thoreau died in 1862, Emerson was a national figure, the Great American Philosopher. Thoreau was a minor, local personality. These excerpts from Emerson's
A born protestant- What do you think Emerson means in this paragraph?	funeral oration (expanded and printed later in The Atlantic Monthly) give his views, positive and negative, of this one-time disciple who has now eclipsed him in stature.

1		
	Simplicity! What is the military analogy?	
	What truths does he cite about Thoreau in these 3 paragraphs?	He graduated at Harvard College in 1837, but without any literary distinction. An iconoclast in literature, he seldom thanked colleges for their service to him, holding them in small esteem, whilst yet his debt to them was important. [After a brief stint manufacturing pencils and inventing a better pencil, he decided] that he should never make another pencil. "Why should I? I would not do again what I have done once." He resumed his endless walks and miscellaneous studies, making every day some new acquaintance with Nature, though as yet never speaking of zoology or botany, since, though very studious of natural facts, he was incurious of techinical and textual science.
	What does he mean by a true	He was a born protestant. He declined to give up his large ambition of knowledge and action for any narrow craft or profession, aiming at a much more comprehensive calling, the art of living well.
	American?	He chose to be rich by making his wants few, and supplying them himself.
	What does he emphasize about	There was somewhat military in his nature, not to be subdued, always manly and able, but rarely tender, as if he did not feel himself except in opposition. He wanted a fallacy to expose, a blunder to pillory, I may say required a little sense of victory, a roll of the drum, to call his powers into full exercise.
	Thoreau's wisdom, his vision? What posiive traits, skills does	He was a speaker and actor of the truth, born such, and was ever running into dramatic situations from this cause In 1845 he built himself a small framed house on the shores of Walden Pond, and lived there two years alone, a life of labor and study. This action was quite native and fit for him.
	he emphasize? What gift did he have? How did he respond?	In 1847, not approving some uses to which the public expenditure was applied, he refused to pay his town tax, and was put in jail. A friend paid the tax for him, and he was released. The like annoyance was threatened the next year. But as his friends paid the tax, notwithstanding his protest, I believe he ceased to resist.
	Thoreau's relationship to Concord/Walden and nature. How is it described?	No truer American existed than Thoreau. His preference of his country and condition was genuine, and his aversion from English and European manners and tastes almost reached contempt. He listened impatiently to news or <i>bon mots</i> gleaned from London circles; and though he tried to be civil, these anecdotes fatigued him. The men were all imitating each other, and on a small mould. Why can they not live as far apart as possible and each be a man by himself?
	Explain the details of this paragraph. How does he describe Thoreau's power of perception?	His robust common sense, armed with stout hands, keen perceptions and strong will, cannot yet account for the superiority which shone in his simple and hidden life. I must add the cardinal fact, that there was an excellent wisdom in him, proper to a rare class of men, which showed him the material world as a means and symbol. This discovery, which sometimes yields to poets a certain casual and interrupted light, serving for the ornament of their writing, was in him an unsleeping insight; and whatever faults or obstructions of temperament might cloud it, he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision.

How does Emerson perceive Thoreau's poetry skills, any humor here?	He understood the matter in hand at a glance, and saw the limitations and poverty of those he talked with, so that nothing seemed concealed from such terrible eyes. I have repeatedly known young men of sensibility converted in a moment to the belief that this man was the man they were in search of, the man of men, who could tell them all they should do. Mr. Thoreau dedicated his genius with such entire love to the fields, hills and waters of his
Genius better than talent?	native town, that he made them known and interesting to all reading Americans, and to people over the sea.
Contemplative vs. enterprise	It was a pleasure and a priviledge to walk with him. He knew the country like a fox or a bird, and passed through it as freely by paths of his own. He knew every track in the snow or on the ground, and what creature had taken this path before him.
What about ambition? Captain of a huckleberry party- playing in the fields picking juicy berries, not serious	His interest in the flower or the bird lay very deep in his mind, was connected with Nature, — and the meaning of Nature was never attempted to be defined by him His power of observation seemed to indicate additional senses. He saw as with a microscope, heard as with ear-trumpet, and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard. And yet none knew better than he that it is not the fact that imports, but the impression or effect of the fact on your mind. Every fact lay in glory in his mind, a type of the order and beauty of the whole.
Early death What ideas does Emerson leave us with?	His poetry might be good or bad; he no doubt wanted a lyric facility and technical skill, but he had the source of poetry in his spiritual perception His own verses are often rude and defective. The gold does not yet run pure, is drossy and crude. The thyme and marjoram are not yet honey. But if he want lyric fineness and technical merits, if he have not the poetic temperatment, he never lacks the causal thought, showing that his genius was better than his talent.
	Had his genius been only contemplative, he had been fitted to his life, but with his energy and practical ability he seemed born for great enterprise and for command; and I so much regret the loss of his rare powers of action, that I cannot help counting it a fault in him that he had no ambition. Wanting this, instead of engineering for all America, he was the captain of a huckleberry-party. Pounding beans is good to the end of empires one of these days; but if, at the end of years, it is still only beans?
	The scale on which his studies proceeded was so large as to require longevity, and we were the less prepared for his sudden disappearance. The country knows not yet, or in the least part, how great a son it has lost. It seems an injury that he should leave in the midst his broken task which none else can finish, a kind of indignity to so noble a soul that he should depart out of Nature before yet he has been really shown to his peers for what he is. But he, at least, is content. His soul was made for the noblest society; he had in a short life exhausted the capabilities of this world; wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home.
Class Activity Rest of class and hw.	ASSIGNMENT: REST OF CLASS AND HOMEVVORK. You will read excerpts from Emerson's eulogy.

Homework Day 2 ——————— Day 3 in class individual text work	 Take annotating notes on the Thoreau he depicts. What does he love about Thoreau? Does he provide any critiques? Why and how? What major ideas shine through for you? Use the guiding questions and annotations on theside of your readings. Formulate a 1 page statement about what ideas stand out the most to you, and are the most meaningful. How does this eulogy compare and contrast to Alcott's poem? Explain Complete in class tomorrow the following FINALLY YOU VVILL CONNECT ONE PART OF THIS EULOGY TO ANY PORTION OF YOUR READINGS FROM LAST VVEEK FROM VVALDEN, CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE, LIVING DELIBERATELY, ETC. identify and discuss a passage from Thoreau's writing which connects to a comment made here by Emerson. Discuss Thoreau's writings in light of Emerson's comments. Choose 1 aspect to write a one page response to be submitted by Thursday's class.
	Wednesday's class will be available for students to return to their readings from Walden, Civil Disobedience, etc. Connect one observation of Emerson to your own readings of Thoreau and analyze and annotate that text.
	Students who will be working in reading groups, based on IEP's and special needs will be able to work together and with an assisting teacher.
AIM: How does Edmund Sewall's diary shine light on the effect Thoreau and his fellow transcendentalists and abolitionists of Concord had on people's lives? 5 min	DAY 4: READING THE JOURNALS OF EDMUND QUINCY SEWALL 1837-1840 ASSIGNMENT: http://www.americanantiquarian.org/sewall Above is the link to the journals AIM: How does Edmund Sewall's diary shine light on the effect Thoreau and his fellow transcendentalists and abolitionists of Concord had on people's lives? We will all be reading his final journal of 1840 when Edmund Sewall was a student at the school run by John and Henry Thoreau and his 3 essays. Do Now: How do you think your education would be different from education at Thoreau's school? Discuss
Read and notes for 20 min.	Review the introduction to the journals. Who is Edmund? How was the school formed? Read the newspaper ad for the school. Note emphasis on writing
Stop and share with a neighbor what you have found so far 5 min Continue your text work Through the end of class and for HVV	Main Task: Read and annotate as you read for notes You will have 3 tasks: Task 1: What stands out to you about Edmund Sewall's life; his life as a boarding student, evaluate his education, what fun he has, what troubles he has. Does he come across as a serious student? Does school seem serious? Are there other ways he learns outside of school? What events seem important? Does he seem to have independence and autonomy? Would you like a similar educational experience, why or why not? How typical do you think his experiences were compared to other boys of his time.? Evaluate his writing in his journals and compare it to his essays. Write a 1 page summary as a journal response.

Task 2: It will help you to glance through his earlier diaries from 1838, 1839 to contrast and compare his prior education to that he received in Concord. What differences do you see? Document what you notice
Task 3:: What comes across about Henry Thoreau and his brother John? How is Thoreau similar to how we know him through his own writings, and how does he differ? What is totally unique about this view of Thoreau that is different from any other text.? What do you see are their goals in this school experience? How is it different looking through the eyes of a child? Document your findings.
Read and notes for 20 min.
Stop and share with a neighbor what you have found so far 5 min
Continue your text work. Through the end of class and for HW
Day 5 Write a summary of the Thoreau you learned from Louisa M Alcott; the Thoreau you learned about from Emerson; the Thoreau you learned from his student, and what you learned from his own writings. How did the variety of primary sources offer you opportunities to understand his character?
Final Synopsis
In what ways is Thoreau relevant to your life? If you feel he is irrelevant to your life explain. Did you respond mostly to his connections to the environment? To work and purpose and deliberateness? To civil disobedience and abolitionism? Go through your collection of quotes from last week and what speaks the most to you?

Questioning and Discussion	source <u>LEVEL</u>	facts from primary s	App Cr	Connect Recite Recite Match Collect Id One (Recall) y Concepts Level Concept fique (Extended Thinking) Create Revise National Concept) Create Revise Mate Match Collect Describe Explain (Recall) Describe Explain (Strategic Thinking) Cases Mate Mate	Infer ategorize and Display entity Patterns Organize Construct Modify ffect Predict
	<u>LEVEL</u> Hypoth	nesize differences	Stu	<u>EL 4:</u> Idents apply concepts from th sonality. Synthesize from dive	letexts to analyze erse sources
Differentiation X PLANNING X PROCESSINGPRODUCT (Students will end with the same product) Multiple Entry Points:					
	X	Modeling of how the Task/Project should be completed	x	Small group & 1-on-1 Work where needed	
		Visual Aids shown to students & incorporated by students	x	Teacher & student are Collaborators in Learning	
	X	Flexible grouping-According to interest readiness		Independent study to investigate topics of interest	
	х	Information is Chunked	х	Menu of Options	
		Hands on projects/Activities	x	Use learning logs to Brainstorm on paper	
		Evaluation Rubrics to Self-Asses	х	Tiered instruction-Varied levels of Activity	
	_				

Radicalizing an Idea: Thoreau, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Malcolm X

Overview:

Part of the fabric of democracy is the people's voice should be heard, but when it falls on deaf ears, how do we reclaim our power? American society originates and transforms as its citizens respond to unfair or unjust authority. When authority ignores us, we dump tea in a harbor; we march and protest in the streets; or we, through thought or deed, lash out against the people in authority. But, societies also must subscribe to a code of ethics for citizens to feel civilization's security. Does all this lashing out and fighting meet our ethical standards? How do we decide? How do we, as citizens, become Thoreau's "corporation with a conscientious"? These are the questions explored in the following unit, pairing Thoreau's seminal texts "Resistance to a Civil Government" and "A Plea for Captain John Brown" with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.'s "Letter from Birmingham Jail" and Malcolm X's "Ballot or the Bullet."

Essential Questions:

- Is civil disobedience a morally acceptable way to create change?
 - Why do people resist their governments?
 - How do governments respond? What are the consequences of each response or lack of response?
 - How should we resist our government? Is violence ever morally acceptable? What makes people turn to violence?
- How are people persuaded?
 - What is rhetoric?
 - What tools do we use to get our point across?

Objectives:

I can...

- Compare and contrast how different authors deal with similar ideas
- Compare and contrast how one author's ideas change over time
- Analyze how historical events affect the people surrounding them
- Create and articulate my own opinion about civil disobedience by utilizing rhetorical strategies
- Use a variety of texts and historical contexts to support my own opinions
- Analyze an author's and/or speaker's use of rhetorical devices

Iowa Core Standards Met:

Reading Informational Texts:

- <u>RI.11-12.1</u>
- <u>RI.11-12.2</u>
- <u>RI.11-12.3</u>
- <u>RI.11-12.5</u>
- <u>RI.11-12.8</u>
- <u>RI.11-12.9</u>

Speaking and Listening:

- <u>SL.11-12.1</u>
- <u>SL.11-12.4</u>

21st Century Skills--Civic Literacy:

- <u>SS.9-12.PSCL.1</u>
- <u>SS.9-12.PSCL.5</u>

Day One:

Plan:

• Journal

Using at least 20 sentences total, outline an argument that you have witnessed or been a part of recently.

- Who was in the argument?
- What was each side's position? What was their main point?
- What happened during the argument? What was the outcome?
- Rhetoric Notes: <u>Prezi</u>
 - Go through Aristotelian Triad, Golden Triangle, etc.
- Assignment
 - Read and annotate: Combining Ethos, Logos, and Pathos→ Conversations pgs. 18-21

Day Two:

Plan:

- Review of strategies
 - Open journal from yesterday
 - Write 3 sentences about the logical appeal
 - Write 3 sentences about the ethical appeal
 - Write 3 sentences about the emotional appeal
- Background on Thoreau
- Assignment:
 - Begin reading and annotating excerpts from "Resistance to a Civil Government"

Day Three:

Plan:

- Journal:
 - Using at least 20 sentences total, why do we have a government? What's its job? If we complain about it all the time, why can't we just get rid of it?
 - What does Thoreau think about the purpose of gov't?
- Finish reading and annotating sections of "Resistance to a Civil Government"
- Assignment: once done, take notes over the rhetorical devices section of the Prezi

Day Four:

Plan:

- Opener:
 - Take out Thoreau annotations
 - Look through your annotations
 - Find:
 - A quote that needs discussion
 - A question you had about the text
 - Your best annotation
 - Get into your small groups $\rightarrow 2$ minute rotations
 - Discuss your quote: each person must speak (8 minutes)
 - Ask your question: same procedure (8 minutes)
 - Share your annotations (8 minutes)
 - Grade your annotations and turn in
- Civil Rights background presentation
 - \circ Two column notes

Day 5:

• Read and annotate Dr. King's "Letter from Birmingham Jail"

Day 6:

Plan:

- Journal:
 - What are the issues for you that are worth protesting? What would the gov't have to do for you to protest? What would be foolish to protest?
- MLK, Jr. annotations:
 - Choose a two highlighters and a partner
 - With one color, highlight and label all the rhetorical devices you see
 - With the other color, highlight the places where Thoreau and Dr. King share similar ideas
 - Post on each section of the board
 - Facilitate whole class discussion
 - Ending question: On page 11 of "Letter from Birmingham Jail," Dr. King lists abuses the black community has endured up to this point. What would your response be to these abuses? When would you turn violent? Is there a point?

- Presentation on the American history of civil disobedience
 - Revolution and John Brown and the abolitionists
- Begin reading and annotating sections of "A Plea for Captain John Brown" by Thoreau

Day 7:

Plan:

- Finish "John Brown"
- Journal:
 - Is John Brown a patriot or terrorist? Would you back John Brown's actions at Harpers Ferry? If you support him, how would you: money, speeches, joining the raid?
- Take notes over claims portion of the Prezi
- Facilitate conversation/debate
 - Label on side of the classroom "patriot" and the other "terrorist"
 - Have them sit on the side they most agree with
 - Gather and create arguments using different types of claims and rhetorical strategies
 - \circ $\;$ Present each side; one rebuttal each; then closing arguments
- Add to journal: would you change sides? Why or why not? What was persuasive or not about the other side?

Day 8:

Plan:

- MX Background Information
 - Paragraph from his autobiography
 - Conversation: What do you notice? What assumptions do you have about this man?
 - Show Biography.com video
- Annotating "Ballot or the Bullet" (piece attached)
 - Handout piece and explain procedure for partner annotating:
 - Desks are arranged in pairs facing each other, creating three long columns across the room
 - Find partner and sit across from them
 - Listen to a section of the speech and underline words to look up
 - Annotate with your partner for 5 minutes
 - Look up words
 - Summarize
 - Find examples logos, pathos, and ethos
 - Rotate partners

- Listen to a section
- Work with their partner for 5 minutes
- Rotate

• Comparing MX and Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

- Students will write a journal answering the following question:
- After reading both Dr. King and Malcolm X, who do you think was more persuasive, and why?
 - Requirements:
 - Use rhetorical language
 - Logos: How was the message persuasive?
 - Pathos: Which emotion was stronger? Who used more literary devices?
 - Ethos: Who seemed more credible? Who has a persona you want to follow?
 - Must be a well-formed paragraph (at least 15 sentences):
 - Topic Sentence
 - \circ Explanation
 - Examples from the text
 - 1, 2, 3 with transitions in
 - transitions in
 - between
 - Concluding Sentence

Days 9 and 10:

Plan:

• Speech Final and work days

Days 11 and 12:

Plan:

• Listen to speeches and fill out Listening Guide

Resistance to Civil Government (*Civil Disobedience*) is an essay by Henry David Thoreau that was first published in 1849. In it, Thoreau argues that individuals should not permit governments to overrule their consciences, and that they have a duty to resist the government's attempts to make them the agents of injustice. Thoreau was motivated in part by his disgust with slavery and the Mexican–American War (1846–1848).

Why are we reading this?

• So we can understand civil disobedience, analyze the evolution of protesting, and begin to prepare for our speech, which will answer the question, "Is civil disobedience a morally acceptable way to create change?"

Directions:

We are <u>ANNOTATING</u> this piece:

Step 1: Number and chunk the text

Step 2: Actively read and make notes

Types of Notes:

- 1. Vocabulary and references
- 2. Summarize main ideas
- 3. Comment
- 4. Connect to what you already know about Thoreau

Breaking Down the Rhetoric:

- What are Thoreau's main claims and points made in this piece? (Hint: Paragraph-by-paragraph, they should directly relate to your summaries.)
- 2. What makes him believable? What topics does he address that add to his credibility?
- 3. What metaphors, similes, analogies, rhetorical questions, and instances of repetition make the piece persuasive?

Step 3: Connect to the purpose

- How should gov'ts respond to dissenters?
- What is our role as citizen within a gov't?
- Extremism--what actions are acceptable and under what circumstances?

excerpts from Resistance to a Civil Government (Civil Disobedience)

Henry David Thoreau

1.) I heartily accept the motto, "That government is best which governs least"; and I should like to see it acted up to more rapidly and systematically. Carried out, it finally amounts to this, which also I believe- "That government is best which governs not at all"; and when men are prepared for it, that will be the kind of government which they will have...

2.) But, to speak practically and as a citizen, unlike those who call themselves no-government men, I ask for, not at once no government, but at once a better government. Let every man make known what kind of government would command his respect, and that will be one step toward obtaining it.

3.) After all, the practical reason why, when the power is once in the hands of the people, a majority are permitted, and for a long period continue, to rule is not because they are most likely to be in the right, nor because this seems fairest to the minority, but because they are physically the strongest. But a government in which the majority rule in all cases cannot be based on justice, even as far as men understand it. Can there not be a government in which majorities do not virtually decide right and wrong, but conscience?- in which majorities decide only those questions to which the rule of expediency is applicable? Must the citizen ever for a moment, or in the least degree, resign his conscience to the legislation? Why has every man a conscience, then? I think that we should be men first, and subjects afterward. It is not desirable to cultivate a respect for the law, so much as for the right. The only obligation which I have a right to assume is to do at any time what I think right. It is truly enough said that a corporation has no conscience; but a corporation of conscientious men is a corporation with a conscience. Law never made men a whit more just; and, by means of their respect for it, even the well-disposed are daily made the agents of injustice...

4.) The mass of men serve the state thus, not as men mainly, but as machines, with their bodies. They are the standing army, and the militia, jailers, constables, posse comitatus, etc. In most cases there is no free exercise whatever of the judgment or of the moral sense; but they put

themselves on a level with wood and earth and stones; and wooden men can perhaps be manufactured that will serve the purpose as well. Such command no more respect than men of straw or a lump of dirt. They have the same sort of worth only as horses and dogs. Yet such as these even are commonly esteemed good citizens. Others- as most legislators, politicians, lawyers, ministers, and office-holders- serve the state chiefly with their heads; and, as they rarely make any moral distinctions, they are as likely to serve the devil, without intending it, as God. A very few- as heroes, patriots, martyrs, reformers in the great sense, and men- serve the state with their consciences also, and so necessarily resist it for the most part; and they are commonly treated as enemies by it...

5.) Unjust laws exist: shall we be content to obey them, or shall we endeavor to amend them, and obey them until we have succeeded, or shall we transgress them at once? Men generally, under such a government as this, think that they ought to wait until they have persuaded the majority to alter them...Why is [the government] not more apt to anticipate and provide for reform? Why does it not cherish its wise minority? Why does it cry and resist before it is hurt? Why does it not encourage its citizens to be on the alert to point out its faults, and do better than it would have them? Why does it always crucify Christ, and excommunicate Copernicus and Luther, and pronounce Washington and Franklin rebels?

6.) If the injustice is part of the necessary friction of the machine of government, let it go, let it go: perchance it will wear smooth- certainly the machine will wear out. If the injustice has a spring, or a pulley, or a rope, or a crank, exclusively for itself, then perhaps you may consider whether the remedy will not be worse than the evil; but if it is of such a nature that it requires you to be the agent of injustice to another, then, I say, break the law. Let your life be a counter-friction to stop the machine. What I have to do is to see, at any rate, that I do not lend myself to the wrong which I condemn...

7.) I meet this American government, or its representative, the State government, directly, and face to face, once a year- no more- in the person of its tax-gatherer... My civil neighbor, the tax-gatherer, is the very man I have to deal with- for it is, after all, with men and not with parchment that I quarrel- and he has voluntarily chosen to be an agent of the government. How shall he ever know well what he is and does as an officer of the government, or as a man, until he

is obliged to consider whether he shall treat me, his neighbor, for whom he has respect, as a neighbor and well-disposed man, or as a maniac and disturber of the peace, and see if he can get over this obstruction to his neighborliness without a ruder and more impetuous thought or speech corresponding with his action. I know this well, that if one thousand, if one hundred, if ten men whom I could name- if ten honest men only- ay, if one HONEST man, in this State of Massachusetts, ceasing to hold slaves, were actually to withdraw from this copartnership, and be locked up in the county jail therefore, it would be the abolition of slavery in America. For it matters not how small the beginning may seem to be: what is once well done is done forever. But we love better to talk about it: that we say is our mission, Reform keeps many scores of newspapers in its service, but not one man...

8.) Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison. The proper place today, the only place which Massachusetts has provided for her freer and less desponding spirits, is in her prisons, to be put out and locked out of the State by her own act, as they have already put themselves out by their principles....If any think that their influence would be lost there [in prison], and their voices no longer afflict the ear of the State, that they would not be as an enemy within its walls, they do not know by how much truth is stronger than error, nor how much more eloquently and effectively he can combat injustice who has experienced a little in his own person. Cast your whole vote, not a strip of paper merely, but your whole influence. A minority is powerless while it conforms to the majority; it is not even a minority then; but it is irresistible when it clogs by its whole weight. If the alternative is to keep all just men in prison, or give up war and slavery, the State will not hesitate which to choose. If a thousand men were not to pay their tax-bills this year, that would not be a violent and bloody measure, as it would be to pay them, and enable the State to commit violence and shed innocent blood. This is, in fact, the definition of a peaceable revolution, if any such is possible.... But even suppose blood should flow. Is there not a sort of blood shed when the conscience is wounded? Through this wound a man's real manhood and immortality flow out, and he bleeds to an everlasting death. I see this blood flowing now...

9.) I have paid no poll-tax for six years. I was put into a jail once on this account, for one night; and, as I stood considering the walls of solid stone, two or three feet thick, the door of

wood and iron, a foot thick, and the iron grating which strained the light, I could not help being struck with the foolishness of that institution which treated me as if I were mere flesh and blood and bones, to be locked up. I wondered that it should have concluded at length that this was the best use it could put me to, and had never thought to avail itself of my services in some way. I saw that, if there was a wall of stone between me and my townsmen, there was a still more difficult one to climb or break through before they could get to be as free as I was. I did not for a moment feel confined, and the walls seemed a great waste of stone and mortar. I felt as if I alone of all my townsmen had paid my tax. They plainly did not know how to treat me, but behaved like persons who are underbred. In every threat and in every compliment there was a blunder; for they thought that my chief desire was to stand the other side of that stone wall. I could not but smile to see how industriously they locked the door on my meditations, which followed them out again without let or hindrance, and they were really all that was dangerous...

10.) Thus the State never intentionally confronts a man's sense, intellectual or moral, but only his body, his senses. It is not armed with superior wit or honesty, but with superior physical strength. I was not born to be forced. I will breathe after my own fashion. Let us see who is the strongest. What force has a multitude? They only can force me who obey a higher law than I. They force me to become like themselves. I do not hear of men being forced to have this way or that by masses of men. What sort of life were that to live? When I meet a government which says to me, "Your money or your life," why should I be in haste to give it my money? It may be in a great strait, and not know what to do: I cannot help that. It must help itself; do as I do. It is not worth the while to snivel about it. I am not responsible for the successful working of the machinery of society. I am not the son of the engineer. I perceive that, when an acorn and a chestnut fall side by side, the one does not remain inert to make way for the other, but both obey their own laws, and spring and grow and flourish as best they can, till one, perchance, overshadows and destroys the other. If a plant cannot live according to its nature, it dies; and so a man...

From the Birmingham jail, where he was imprisoned as a participant in nonviolent demonstrations against segregation, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., wrote in longhand the letter which follows. It was his response to a public statement of concern and caution issued by eight white religious leaders of the South.

Why are we reading this?

• So we can understand civil disobedience, nonviolent protesting, and begin to prepare for our speech, which will answer the question, "Is civil disobedience a morally acceptable way to create change?"

Directions:

We are <u>ANNOTATING</u> this piece:

Step 1: Number and chunk the text

Step 2: Actively read and make notes

Types of Notes:

- 1. Vocabulary and references
- 2. Summarize main ideas
- 3. Comment
- 4. Connect to what you already know about the Civil Rights Movement

Breaking Down the Rhetoric:

- What are King's main claims and points made in this piece? (Hint: Paragraph-by-paragraph, they should directly relate to your summaries.)
- 2. What makes him believable? What topics does he address that add to his credibility?
- 3. What metaphors, similes, analogies, rhetorical questions, and instances of repetition make the piece persuasive?

Step 3: Connect to the purpose

- Just vs. unjust laws
- Direct action campaigns
- Extremism

Letter from Birmingham Jail

16 April 1963

My Dear Fellow Clergymen:

- 1.) I think I should indicate why I am here in Birmingham, since you have been influenced by the view which argues against "outsiders coming in." I have the honor of serving as president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, an organization operating in every southern state, with headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia... Several months ago the affiliate here in Birmingham asked us to be on call to engage in a nonviolent direct action program if such were deemed necessary. We readily consented, and when the hour came we lived up to our promise. So I, along with several members of my staff, am here because I was invited here. I am here because I have organizational ties here.
- 2.) But more basically, I am in Birmingham because injustice is here. Just as the prophets of the eighth century B.C. left their villages and carried their "thus saith the Lord" far beyond the boundaries of their home towns, and just as the Apostle Paul left his village of Tarsus and carried the gospel of Jesus Christ to the far corners of the Greco Roman world, so am I compelled to carry the gospel of freedom beyond my own home town. Like Paul, I must constantly respond to the Macedonian call for aid.
- 3.) Moreover, I am cognizant of the interrelatedness of all communities and states. I cannot sit idly by in Atlanta and not be concerned about what happens in Birmingham. Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly. Never again can we afford to live with the narrow, provincial "outside agitator" idea. Anyone who lives inside the United States can never be considered an outsider anywhere within its bounds.
- 4.) You deplore the demonstrations taking place in Birmingham. But your statement, I am sorry to say, fails to express a similar concern for the conditions that brought about the demonstrations. I am sure that none of you would want to rest content with the superficial kind of social analysis that deals merely with effects and does not grapple with underlying causes. It is unfortunate that demonstrations are taking place in Birmingham, but it is even more unfortunate that the city's white power structure left the Negro community with no alternative.

- 5.) In any nonviolent campaign there are four basic steps: collection of the facts to determine whether injustices exist; negotiation; self purification; and direct action. We have gone through all these steps in Birmingham. There can be no gainsaying the fact that racial injustice engulfs this community. Birmingham is probably the most thoroughly segregated city in the United States. Its ugly record of brutality is widely known. Negroes have experienced grossly unjust treatment in the courts. There have been more unsolved bombings of Negro homes and churches in Birmingham than in any other city in the nation. These are the hard, brutal facts of the case. On the basis of these conditions, Negro leaders sought to negotiate with the city fathers. But the latter consistently refused to engage in good faith negotiation. ...
- 6.) You may well ask: "Why direct action? Why sit ins, marches and so forth? Isn't negotiation a better path?" You are quite right in calling for negotiation. Indeed, this is the very purpose of direct action. Nonviolent direct action seeks to create such a crisis and foster such a tension that a community which has constantly refused to negotiate is forced to confront the issue. It seeks so to dramatize the issue that it can no longer be ignored. My citing the creation of tension as part of the work of the nonviolent resister may sound rather shocking. But I must confess that I am not afraid of the word "tension." I have earnestly opposed violent tension, but there is a type of constructive, nonviolent tension which is necessary for growth....
- 7.) One of the basic points in your statement is that the action that I and my associates have taken in Birmingham is untimely... My friends, I must say to you that we have not made a single gain in civil rights without determined legal and nonviolent pressure. Lamentably, it is an historical fact that privileged groups seldom give up their privileges voluntarily. Individuals may see the moral light and voluntarily give up their unjust posture; but, as Reinhold Niebuhr has reminded us, groups tend to be more immoral than individuals.
- 8.) We know through painful experience that freedom is never voluntarily given by the oppressor; it must be demanded by the oppressed. Frankly, I have yet to engage in a direct action campaign that was "well-timed" in the view of those who have not suffered unduly from the disease of segregation. For years now I have heard the word "Wait!" It rings in the ear of every Negro with piercing familiarity. This "Wait" has almost always meant "Never." We must come to see, with one of our distinguished jurists, that "justice too long delayed is justice denied."

- 9.) We have waited for more than 340 years for our constitutional and God given rights. The nations of Asia and Africa are moving with jet-like speed toward gaining political independence, but we still creep at horse and buggy pace toward gaining a cup of coffee at a lunch counter. Perhaps it is easy for those who have never felt the stinging darts of segregation to say, "Wait." But when you have seen vicious mobs lynch your mothers and fathers at will and drown your sisters and brothers at whim; when you have seen hate filled policemen curse, kick and even kill your black brothers and sisters; when you see the vast majority of your twenty million Negro brothers smothering in an airtight cage of poverty in the midst of an affluent society; when you suddenly find your tongue twisted and your speech stammering as you seek to explain to your six year old daughter why she can't go to the public amusement park that has just been advertised on television, and see tears welling up in her eyes when she is told that Funtown is closed to colored children, and see ominous clouds of inferiority beginning to form in her little mental sky, and see her beginning to distort her personality by developing an unconscious bitterness toward white people; when you have to concoct an answer for a five year old son who is asking: "Daddy, why do white people treat colored people so mean?"; when you take a cross county drive and find it necessary to sleep night after night in the uncomfortable corners of your automobile because no motel will accept you; when you are humiliated day in and day out by nagging signs reading "white" and "colored"; when your first name becomes "nigger," your middle name becomes "boy" (however old you are) and your last name becomes "John," and your wife and mother are never given the respected title "Mrs."; when you are harried by day and haunted by night by the fact that you are a Negro, living constantly at tiptoe stance, never quite knowing what to expect next, and are plagued with inner fears and outer resentments; when you are forever fighting a degenerating sense of "nobodiness"--then you will understand why we find it difficult to wait. There comes a time when the cup of endurance runs over, and men are no longer willing to be plunged into the abyss of despair. I hope, sirs, you can understand our legitimate and unavoidable impatience.
- 10.) You express a great deal of anxiety over our willingness to break laws. This is certainly a legitimate concern. Since we so diligently urge people to obey the Supreme Court's decision of 1954 outlawing segregation in the public schools, at first glance it may seem rather paradoxical

for us consciously to break laws. One may well ask: "How can you advocate breaking some laws and obeying others?" The answer lies in the fact that there are two types of laws: just and unjust. I would be the first to advocate obeying just laws. One has not only a legal but a moral responsibility to obey just laws. Conversely, one has a moral responsibility to disobey unjust laws. I would agree with St. Augustine that "an unjust law is no law at all."

- 11.) Now, what is the difference between the two? How does one determine whether a law is just or unjust? A just law is a man made code that squares with the moral law or the law of God. An unjust law is a code that is out of harmony with the moral law...Thus it is that I can urge men to obey the 1954 decision of the Supreme Court, for it is morally right; and I can urge them to disobey segregation ordinances, for they are morally wrong....
- 12.) Let me give another explanation. A law is unjust if it is inflicted on a minority that, as a result of being denied the right to vote, had no part in enacting or devising the law. Who can say that the legislature of Alabama which set up that state's segregation laws was democratically elected? Throughout Alabama all sorts of devious methods are used to prevent Negroes from becoming registered voters, and there are some counties in which, even though Negroes constitute a majority of the population, not a single Negro is registered. Can any law enacted under such circumstances be considered democratically structured?
- 13.) Sometimes a law is just on its face and unjust in its application. For instance, I have been arrested on a charge of parading without a permit. Now, there is nothing wrong in having an ordinance which requires a permit for a parade. But such an ordinance becomes unjust when it is used to maintain segregation and to deny citizens the First-Amendment privilege of peaceful assembly and protest.
- 14.) I hope you are able to see the distinction I am trying to point out. In no sense do I advocate evading or defying the law, as would the rabid segregationist. That would lead to anarchy. One who breaks an unjust law must do so openly, lovingly, and with a willingness to accept the penalty. I submit that an individual who breaks a law that conscience tells him is unjust, and who willingly accepts the penalty of imprisonment in order to arouse the conscience of the community over its injustice, is in reality expressing the highest respect for law.

- 15.) Of course, there is nothing new about this kind of civil disobedience. It was evidenced sublimely in the refusal of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego to obey the laws of Nebuchadnezzar, on the ground that a higher moral law was at stake. It was practiced superbly by the early Christians, who were willing to face hungry lions and the excruciating pain of chopping blocks rather than submit to certain unjust laws of the Roman Empire. To a degree, academic freedom is a reality today because Socrates practiced civil disobedience. In our own nation, the Boston Tea Party represented a massive act of civil disobedience.
- 16.) We should never forget that everything Adolf Hitler did in Germany was "legal" and everything the Hungarian freedom fighters did in Hungary was "illegal." It was "illegal" to aid and comfort a Jew in Hitler's Germany. Even so, I am sure that, had I lived in Germany at the time, I would have aided and comforted my Jewish brothers. If today I lived in a Communist country where certain principles dear to the Christian faith are suppressed, I would openly advocate disobeying that country's anti-religious laws....
- 17.) In your statement you assert that our actions, even though peaceful, must be condemned because they precipitate violence. But is this a logical assertion? Isn't this like condemning a robbed man because his possession of money precipitated the evil act of robbery?...We must come to see that, as the federal courts have consistently affirmed, it is wrong to urge an individual to cease his efforts to gain his basic constitutional rights because the quest may precipitate violence. Society must protect the robbed and punish the robber....
- 18.) You speak of our activity in Birmingham as extreme. At first I was rather disappointed that fellow clergymen would see my nonviolent efforts as those of an extremist. I began thinking about the fact that I stand in the middle of two opposing forces in the Negro community...
- 19.) I have tried to stand between the two forces, saying that we need emulate neither the "do nothingism" of the complacent nor the hatred and despair of the black nationalist. For there is the more excellent way of love and nonviolent protest. I am grateful to God that, through the influence of the Negro church, the way of nonviolence became an integral part of our struggle. If this philosophy had not emerged, by now many streets of the South would, I am convinced, be flowing with blood. And I am further convinced that if our white brothers dismiss as "rabble rousers" and "outside agitators" those of us who employ nonviolent direct action, and if they

refuse to support our nonviolent efforts, millions of Negroes will, out of frustration and despair, seek solace and security in black nationalist ideologies--a development that would inevitably lead to a frightening racial nightmare. ...

20.) But though I was initially disappointed at being categorized as an extremist, as I continued to think about the matter I gradually gained a measure of satisfaction from the label. Was not Jesus an extremist for love: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." Was not Amos an extremist for justice: "Let justice roll down like waters and righteousness like an ever flowing stream." Was not Paul an extremist for the Christian gospel: "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Was not Martin Luther an extremist: "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise, so help me God." And John Bunyan: "I will stay in jail to the end of my days before I make a butchery of my conscience." And Abraham Lincoln: "This nation cannot survive half slave and half free." And Thomas Jefferson: "We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal . . ." So the question is not whether we will be extremists, but what kind of extremists we will be. Will we be extremists for hate or for love? Will we be extremists for the preservation of injustice or for the extension of justice? In that dramatic scene on Calvary's hill three men were crucified. We must never forget that all three were crucified for the same crime--the crime of extremism. Two were extremists for immorality, and thus fell below their environment. The other, Jesus Christ, was an extremist for love, truth and goodness, and thereby rose above his environment. Perhaps the South, the nation and the world are in dire need of creative extremists....

Henry David Thoreau delivered this speech in Concord, Massachusetts, two weeks after the raid on Harpers Ferry in 1859. His unequivocal defense and admiration of Brown stood against popular opinion of the time, much of it mirroring the characterization by the abolitionist newspaper the Liberator as "a misguided, wild, and apparently insane effort." The excerpt below is the final third of the speech.

Why are we reading this?

· So we can understand civil disobedience, analyze the evolution of protesting, and begin

to prepare for our speech, which will answer the question, "Is civil disobedience a morally

acceptable way to create change?"

Directions:

We are <u>ANNOTATING</u> this piece:

Step 1: Number and chunk the text

Step 2: Actively read and make notes

Types of Notes:

- 1. Vocabulary and references
- 2. Summarize main ideas
- 3. Comment
- 4. Connect to what you already know about Thoreau

Breaking Down the Rhetoric:

- What are Thoreau's main claims and points made in this piece? (Hint: Paragraph-by-paragraph, they should directly relate to your summaries.)
- 2. What makes him believable? What topics does he address that add to his credibility?
- 3. What metaphors, similes, analogies, rhetorical questions, and instances of repetition make the piece persuasive?

Step 3: Connect to the purpose

- How should gov'ts respond to dissenters?
- What is our role as citizen within a gov't?
- Extremism--what actions are acceptable and under what circumstances?

"All is quiet at Harper's Ferry," say the journals. What is the character of that calm which follows when the law and the slaveholder prevail? I regard this event as a touchstone designed to bring out, with glaring distinctness, the character of this government. We needed to be thus assisted to see it by the light of history. It needed to see itself. When a government puts forth its strength on the side of injustice, as ours to maintain slavery and kill the liberators of the slave, it reveals itself a merely brute force, or worse, a demoniacal force. It is the head of the Plug-Uglies. It is more manifest than ever that tyranny rules. I see this government to be effectually allied with France and Austria in oppressing mankind. There sits a tyrant holding fettered four millions of slaves; here comes their heroic liberator. This most hypocritical and diabolical government looks up from its seat on the gasping four millions, and inquires with an assumption of innocence: "What do you assault me for? Am I not an honest man? Cease agitation on this subject, or I will make a slave of you, too, or else hang you."

We talk about a representative government; but what a monster of a government is that where the noblest faculties of the mind, and the whole heart, are not represented. A semi-human tiger or ox, stalking over the earth, with its heart taken out and the top of its brain shot away. Heroes have fought well on their stumps when their legs were shot off, but I never heard of any good done by such a government as that.

The only government that I recognize,--and it matters not how few are at the head of it, or how small its army,--is that power that establishes justice in the land, never that which establishes injustice. What shall we think of a government to which all the truly brave and just men in the land are enemies, standing between it and those whom it oppresses? A government that pretends to be Christian and crucifies a million Christs every day!

Treason! Where does such treason take its rise? I cannot help thinking of you as you deserve, ye governments. Can you dry up the fountains of thought? High treason, when it is resistance to tyranny here below, has its origin in, and is first committed by, the power that makes and forever recreates man. When you have caught and hung all these human rebels, you have accomplished nothing but your own guilt, for you have not struck at the fountain-head. You presume to contend with a foe against whom West Point cadets and rifled cannon point not. Can all the art of

the cannon-founder tempt matter to turn against its maker? Is the form in which the founder thinks he casts it more essential than the constitution of it and of himself?

The United States have a coffle of four millions of slaves. They are determined to keep them in this condition; and Massachusetts is one of the confederated overseers to prevent their escape. Such are not all the inhabitants of Massachusetts, but such are they who rule and are obeyed here. It was Massachusetts, as well as Virginia, that put down this insurrection at Harper's Ferry. She sent the marines there, and she will have to pay the penalty of her sin.

...The only free road, the Underground Railroad, is owned and managed by the Vigilant Committee. They have tunnelled under the whole breadth of the land. Such a government is losing its power and respectability as surely as water runs out of a leaky vessel, and is held by one that can contain it.

I hear many condemn these men because they were so few. When were the good and the brave ever in a majority? Would you have had him wait till that time came?--till you and I came over to him? The very fact that he had no rabble or troop of hirelings about him would alone distinguish him from ordinary heroes. His company was small indeed, because few could be found worthy to pass muster. Each one who there laid down his life for the poor and oppressed was a picked man, culled out of many thousands, if not millions; apparently a man of principle, of rare courage, and devoted humanity; ready to sacrifice his life at any moment for so much by laymen as by ministers of the Gospel, not so much by the fighting sects as by the Quakers, and not so much by Quaker men as by Quaker women?

This event advertises me that there is such a fact as death,--the possibility of a man's dying. It seems as if no man had ever died in America before; for in order to die you must first have lived. I don't believe in the hearses, and palls, and funerals that they have had. There was no death in the case, because there had been no life; they merely rotted or sloughed off, pretty much as they had rotted or sloughed along. No temple's veil was rent, only a hole dug somewhere. Let the dead bury their dead. The best of them fairly ran down like a clock. Franklin,--Washington,--they were let off without dying; they were merely missing one day....Only half a dozen or so have died since the world began. Do you think that you are going to die, sir? No! there's no hope of you. You haven't got your lesson yet. You've got to stay after school. We make a needless ado

about capital punishment,--taking lives, when there is no life to take. Memento mori! We don't understand that sublime sentence which some worthy got sculptured on his gravestone once. We've interpreted it in a grovelling and snivelling sense; we've wholly forgotten how to die.

But be sure you do die nevertheless. Do your work, and finish it. If you know how to begin, you will know when to end.

These men, in teaching us how to die, have at the same time taught us how to live. If this man's acts and words do not create a revival, it will be the severest possible satire on the acts and words that do....

One writer says that Brown's peculiar monomania made him to be "dreaded by the Missourians as a supernatural being." Sure enough, a hero in the midst of us cowards is always so dreaded. He is just that thing. He shows himself superior to nature. He has a spark of divinity in him....

When I reflect to what a cause this man devoted himself, and how religiously, and then reflect to what cause his judges and all who condemn him so angrily and fluently devote themselves, I see that they are as far apart as the heavens and earth are asunder.

The amount of it is, our "leading men" are a harmless kind of folk, and they know well enough that they were not divinely appointed, but elected by the votes of their party.

Who is it whose safety requires that Captain Brown be hung? Is it indispensable to any Northern man? Is there no resource but to cast this man also to the Minotaur? If you do not wish it, say so distinctly. While these things are being done, beauty stands veiled and music is a screeching lie. Think of him,--of his rare qualities!--such a man as it takes ages to make, and ages to understand; no mock hero, nor the representative of any party. A man such as the sun may not rise upon again in this benighted land. To whose making went the costliest material, the finest adamant; sent to be the redeemer of those in captivity; and the only use to which you can put him is to hang him at the end of a rope! You who pretend to care for Christ crucified, consider what you are about to do to him who offered himself to be the savior of four millions of men.

Any man knows when he is justified, and all the wits in the world cannot enlighten him on that point. The murderer always knows that he is justly punished; but when a government takes the life of a man without the consent of his conscience, it is an audacious government, and is taking a step towards its own dissolution. Is it not possible that an individual may be right and a government wrong? Are laws to be enforced simply because they were made? or declared by any number of men to be good, if they are not good? Is there any necessity for a man's being a tool to perform a deed of which his better nature disapproves? Is it the intention of lawmakers that good men shall be hung ever? Are judges to interpret the law according to the letter, and not the spirit? What right have you to enter into a compact with yourself that you will do thus or so, against the light within you? Is it for you to make up your mind,--to form any resolution whatever,--and not accept the convictions that are forced upon you, and which ever pass your understanding?....

I am here to plead his cause with you. I plead not for his life, but for his character,--his immortal life; and so it becomes your cause wholly, and is not his in the least. Some eighteen hundred years ago Christ was crucified; this morning, perchance, Captain Brown was hung. These are the two ends of a chain which is not without its links. He is not Old Brown any longer; he is an angel of light.

I see now that it was necessary that the bravest and humanest man in all the country should be hung. Perhaps he saw it himself. I almost fear that I may yet hear of his deliverance, doubting if a prolonged life, if any life, can do as much good as his death.

"Misguided"! "Garrulous"! "Insane"! "Vindictive"! So ye write in your easy-chairs, and thus he wounded responds from the floor of the Armory, clear as a cloudless sky, true as the voice of nature is: "No man sent me here; it was my own prompting and that of my Maker. I acknowledge no master in human form."

And in what a sweet and noble strain he proceeds, addressing his captors, who stand over him: "I think, my friends, you are guilty of a great wrong against God and humanity, and it would be perfectly right for anyone to interfere with you so far as to free those you willfully and wickedly hold in bondage."

And, referring to his movement: "It is, in my opinion, the greatest service a man can render to God."

"I pity the poor in bondage that have none to help them; that is why I am here; not to gratify any personal animosity, revenge, or vindictive spirit. It is my sympathy with the oppressed and the wronged, that are as good as you, and as precious in the sight of God."

You don't know your testament when you see it.

"I want you to understand that I respect the rights of the poorest and weakest of colored people, oppressed by the slave power, just as much as I do those of the most wealthy and powerful."

"I wish to say, furthermore, that you had better, all you people at the South, prepare yourselves for a settlement of that question, that must come up for settlement sooner than your are prepared for it. The sooner you are prepared the better. You may dispose of me very easily. I am nearly disposed of now; but this question is still to be settled,--this negro question, I mean; the end of that is not yet."

I foresee the time when the painter will paint that scene, no longer going to Rome for a subject; the poet will sing it; the historian record it; and, with the Landing of the Pilgrims and the Declaration of Independence, it will be the ornament of some future national gallery, when at least the present form of slavery shall be no more here. We shall then be at liberty to weep for Captain Brown. Then, and not till then, we will take our revenge.

On April 12, 1964, one month after splitting with the Nation of Islam, Malcolm X gave his "Ballot or the Bullet" speech at King Solomon Baptist Church in Detroit. It was the fullest declaration of his black nationalist philosophy. Mainstream black ministers tried to block Malcolm X from using the church, saying "separatist ideas can do nothing but set back the colored man's cause." But the church hall had already been rented out for the event. "The Ballot or the Bullet" became one of Malcolm X's most recognizable phrases, and the speech was one of his greatest orations. Two thousand people – including some of his opponents -- turned out to hear him speak in Detroit.

Why are we reading this?

So we can understand civil disobedience, protesting, and begin to prepare for our speech, which will answer the question, "Is civil disobedience a morally acceptable way to create change?"

Directions:

We are <u>ANNOTATING</u> this piece: Step 1: Number and chunk the text

Step 2: Actively read and make notes

Types of Notes:

- 1. Vocabulary and references
- 2. Summarize main ideas
- 3. Comment
- 4. Connect to what you already know about the Civil Rights Movement

Breaking Down the Rhetoric:

- What are MX's main claims and points made in this piece? (Hint: Paragraph-by-paragraph, they should directly relate to your summaries.)
- 2. What makes him believable? What topics does he address that add to his credibility?
- 3. What metaphors, similes, analogies, rhetorical questions, and instances of repetition make the piece persuasive?

Step 3: Connect to the purpose

- What is necessary in the fight for civil rights?
- What has the gov't done to this point? How does MX respond?

Malcolm X "The Ballot or the Bullet" King Solomon Baptist Church, Detroit, MI, April 12, 1964

- 1.) ... This afternoon we want to talk about the ballot or the bullet. The ballot or the bullet explains itself. But before we get into it, since this is the year of the ballot or the bullet, I would like to clarify some things that refer to me personally, concerning my own personal position...
- 2.) So today, though Islam is my religious philosophy, my political, economic and social philosophy is black nationalism. You and I [applause] As I say, if we bring up religion, we'll have differences, we'll have arguments, and we'll never be able to get together. But if we keep our religion at home, keep our religion in the closet, keep our religion between ourselves and our God, but when we come out here we have a fight that's common to all of us against a enemy who is common to all of us. [applause]
- 3.) The political philosophy of black nationalism only means that the black man should control the politics and the politicians in his own community. The time when white people can come in our community and get us to vote for them so that they can be our political leaders and tell us what to do and what not to do is long gone. [applause]...
- 4.) The political philosophy of black nationalism only means that if you and I are going to live in a black community... We must, we must understand the politics of our community and we must know what politics is supposed to produce. We must know what part politics play in our lives. And until we become politically mature, we will always be misled, led astray, or deceived or maneuvered into supporting someone politically who doesn't have the good of our community at heart. So the political philosophy of black nationalism only means that we will have to carry on a program, a political program, of reeducation to open our people's eyes, make us become more politically conscious, politically mature. And then, we will whenever we are ready to cast our ballot, that ballot will be cast for a man of the community, who has the good of the community at heart. [applause]...
- 5.) The political ... the economic philosophy of black nationalism only means that we have to become involved in a program of reeducation, to educate our people into the importance of knowing that when you spend your dollar out of the community in which you live, the community in which you spend your money becomes richer and richer, the community out of which you take your money becomes poorer and poorer. And because these Negroes, who have been misled, misguided, are breaking their necks to take their money and spend it with the Man, the Man is becoming richer and richer, and you're becomes a slum. It becomes a ghetto. The conditions become rundown. And then you have the audacity to complain about poor housing in a rundown community, while you're running down yourselves when you take your dollar out. [applause]...

- 6.) Whether you are a Christian or a Muslim or a nationalist, we all have the same problem. They don't hang you because you're a Baptist; they hang you 'cause you're black. [applause] They don't attack me because I'm a Muslim. They attack me 'cause I'm black. They attacked all of us for the same reason. All of us catch hell from the same enemy. We're all in the same bag, in the same boat.
- 7.) We suffer political oppression, economic exploitation and social degradation. All of 'em from the same enemy. The government has failed us. You can't deny that. Any time you're living in the 20th century, 1964, and you walking around here singing "We Shall Overcome," the government has failed you. [applause]...And the white liberals who have been posing as our friends have failed us. And once we see that all of these other sources to which we've turned have failed, we stop turning to them and turn to ourselves. We need a self-help program, a do-it-yourself philosophy, a do-it-right-now philosophy, a it's-already-too-late philosophy. This is what you and I need to get with. And the only time the only way we're going to solve our problem is with a self-help program. Before we can get a self-help program started, we have to have a self-help philosophy. Black nationalism is a self-help philosophy...
- 8.) Once you change your philosophy, you change your thought pattern. Once you change your thought pattern you change your attitude. Once you change your attitude it changes your behavior pattern. And then you go on into some action. As long as you got a sit-down philosophy you'll have a sit-down thought pattern. And as long as you think that old sit-down thought, you'll be in some kind of sit-down action. They'll have you sitting in everywhere. [laughter]
- 9.) It's not so good to refer to what you're going to do as a sit-in. That right there castrates you. Right there it brings you down. What goes with it? What think of the image of someone sitting. An old woman can sit. An old man can sit. A chump can sit, a coward can sit, anything can sit. Well, you and I been sitting long enough and it's time for us today to start doing some standing and some fighting to back that up. [applause]...
- 10.) Why does it [1964] look like it might be the year of the ballot or the bullet? Because Negroes have listened to the trickery and the lies and the false promises of the white man now for too long, and they're fed up. They've become disenchanted. They've become disillusioned. They've become dissatisfied. And all of this has built up frustrations in the black community that makes the black community throughout America today more explosive than all of the atomic bombs the Russians can ever invent. Whenever you got a racial powder keg sitting in your lap, you're in more trouble than if you had an atomic powder keg sitting in your lap. When a racial powder keg goes off, it doesn't care who it knocks out the way. Understand this, it's dangerous.

- 11.) And in 1964, this seems to be the year. Because what can the white man use, now, to fool us? After he put down that March on Washington – and you see all through that now, he tricked you, had you marching down to Washington. Had you marching back and forth between the feet of a dead man named Lincoln and another dead man named George Washington, singing, "We Shall Overcome." [applause] He made a chump out of you. He made a fool out of you. He made you think you were going somewhere and you end up going nowhere but between Lincoln and Washington. [laughter]
- 12.) So today our people are disillusioned. They've become disenchanted. They've become dissatisfied. And in their frustrations they want action. And in 1964 you'll see this young black man, this new generation, asking for the ballot or the bullet. That old Uncle Tom action is outdated. The young generation don't want to hear anything about "the odds are against us." What do we care about odds? [applause]
- 13.) When this country here was first being founded, there were thirteen colonies. The whites were colonized. They were fed up with this taxation without representation. So some of them stood up and said, "Liberty or death!" I went to a white school over here in Mason, Michigan. The white man made the mistake of letting me read his history books. [laughter] He made the mistake of teaching me that Patrick Henry was a patriot, and George Washington wasn't nothing nonviolent about ol' Pat, or George Washington. "Liberty or death" is was what brought about the freedom of whites in this country from the English. [applause]
- 14.) They didn't care about the odds. Why, they faced the wrath of the entire British Empire. And in those days... the British Empire was so vast and so powerful that the sun would never set on it. This is how big it was, yet these thirteen little scrawny states, tired of taxation without representation, tired of being exploited and oppressed and degraded, told that big British Empire, "Liberty or death." And here you have 22 million Afro-Americans, black people today, catching more hell than Patrick Henry ever saw. [applause]...
- 15.) Why is America why does this loom to be such an explosive political year? Because this is the year of politics. This is the year when all of the white politicians are going to come into the Negro community. You never see them until election time. You can't find them until election time. [applause] They're going to come in with false promises. And as they make these false promises they're going to feed our frustrations, and this will only serve to make matters worse. I'm no politician. I'm not even a student of politics. I'm not a Republican, nor a Democrat, nor an American and got sense enough to know it. [applause]...I'm one of the 22 million black victims of the Democrats. One of the 22 million black victims of the Republicans and one of the 22 million black victims of Americanism. [applause] And when I speak, I don't speak as a Democrat

or a Republican, nor an American. I speak as a victim of America's so-called democracy. You and I have never seen democracy – all we've seen is hypocrisy. [applause]

- 16.) When we open our eyes today and look around America, we see America not through the eyes of someone who has enjoyed the fruits of Americanism. We see America through the eyes of someone who has been the victim of Americanism. We don't see any American dream. We've experienced only the American nightmare. We haven't benefited from America's democracy. We've only suffered from America's hypocrisy. And the generation that's coming up now can see it. And are not afraid to say it. If you go to jail, so what? If you're black, you were born in jail. [applause]...
- 17.) Twenty-two million black victims of Americanism are waking up and they are gaining a new political consciousness, becoming politically mature. And as they become develop this political maturity, they're able to see the recent trends in these political elections. They see that the whites are so evenly divided that every time they vote, the race is so close they have to go back and count the votes all over again. Which means that any block, any minority that has a block of votes that stick together is in a strategic position. Either way you go, that's who gets it. You're in a position to determine who'll go to the White House and who'll stay in the doghouse. [laughter]
- 18.) You're the one who has that power. You can keep Johnson in Washington D.C., or you can send him back to his Texas cotton patch. [applause] You're the one who sent Kennedy to Washington. You're the one who put the present Democratic administration in Washington, D.C. The whites were evenly divided. It was the fact that you threw 80 percent of your votes behind the Democrats that put the Democrats in the White House....
- 19.) Oh, I say you been misled. You been had. You been took. [laughter, applause] I was in Washington a couple of weeks ago while the senators were filibustering and I noticed in the back of the Senate a huge map, and on this map it showed the distribution of Negroes in America. And surprisingly, the same senators that were involved in the filibuster were from the states where there were the most Negroes. Why were they filibustering the civil rights legislation? Because the civil rights legislation is supposed to guarantee boarding rights to Negroes from those states. And those senators from those states know that if the Negroes in those states can vote, those senators are down the drain. [applause]...
- 20.) This is why I say it's the ballot or the bullet. It's liberty or it's death. It's freedom for everybody or freedom for nobody. [applause] America today finds herself in a unique situation. Historically, revolutions are bloody, oh yes they are. They have never had a bloodless revolution. Or a nonviolent revolution. That don't happen even in Hollywood [laughter] You don't have a revolution in which you love your enemy. And you don't have a revolution in which you are

begging the system of exploitation to integrate you into it. Revolutions overturn systems. Revolutions destroy systems.

- 21.) A revolution is bloody, but America is in a unique position. She's the only country in history, in the position actually to become involved in a bloodless revolution. The Russian Revolution was bloody, Chinese Revolution was bloody, French Revolution was bloody, Cuban Revolution was bloody. And there was nothing more bloody than the American Revolution. But today, this country can become involved in a revolution that won't take bloodshed. All she's got to do is give the black man in this country everything that's due him, everything. [applause]
- 22.) I hope that the white man can see this. 'Cause if you don't see it you're finished. If you don't see it you're going to become involved in some action in which you don't have a chance. We don't care anything about your atomic bomb; it's useless, because other countries have atomic bombs...
- 23.) So it's the, it's the ballot or the bullet. Today, our people can see that we're faced with a government conspiracy. This government has failed us. The senators who are filibustering concerning your and my rights, that's the government. Don't say it's southern senators, this is the government. This is a government filibuster. It's not a segregationist filibuster, it's a government filibuster...And anytime you find the government involved in a conspiracy to violate the citizenship or the civil rights of a people in 1964, then you are wasting your time going to that government expecting redress. Instead you have to take that government to the world court and accuse it of genocide and all of the other crimes that it is guilty of today. [applause]
- 24.) So those of us whose political and economic and social philosophy is black nationalism have become involved in the civil rights struggle. We have injected ourselves into the civil rights struggle. And we intend to expand it from the level of civil rights to the level of human rights. As long as you fight it on the level of civil rights, you're under Uncle Sam's jurisdiction. You're going to his court expecting him to correct the problem. He created the problem. He's the criminal! You don't take your case to the criminal, you take your criminal to court. [applause]...
- 25.) So I say in my conclusion, the only way we're going to solve it: we got to unite. We got to work together in unity and harmony. And black nationalism is the key. How we gonna overcome the tendency to be at each other's throats that always exists in our neighborhood? And the reason this tendency exists the strategy of the white man has always been divide and conquer. He keeps us divided in order to conquer us. He tells you, I'm for separation and you for integration, and keep us fighting with each other. No, I'm not for separation and you're not for integration, what you and I are for is freedom. [applause] Only, you think that integration will get you freedom; I think that separation will get me freedom. We both got the same objective, we just got different ways of getting' at it. [applause]...

Understanding By Design

Title of Unit	Artists in Nature	Grade Level	9-12			
Curriculum Area	Visual Art	Time Frame	5 12			
Developed By	Marisa Flint					
Identify Desired Results (Stage 1)						
Content Standards						
 VA.912.O.3.1 Create works of art that include symbolism, personal experiences, or philosophical view to communicate with an audience. VA.912.S.2.2 Focus on visual information and processes to complete the artistic concept. VA.912.S.2.5 Demonstrate use of perceptual, observational, and compositional skills to produce representational, figurative, or abstract imagery. VA.912.S.3.7 Use and maintain tools and equipment to facilitate the creative process. LAFS.910.RST.2.4 Determine the meaning of symbols, key terms, and other domain-specific words and phrases as they are used in a specific scientific or technical context relevant to grades 910 texts and topics. LAFS.910.WHST.2.4 Produce clear and coherent writing in which the development, organization, and style are appropriate to task, purpose, and audience. 						
	Understandings	Essential Questions				
(Overarching Understanding	Overa	rching	Topical		
	now Henry Thoreau used the natural world as	1. How do artists use				
and data collection.	easonal changes in nature using both art-making now artists use writing as part of the artistic	inspiration for artma 2. How do artists inc writing in their artwo	king? corporate	 What changes in nature do we observe over time? How can we write about art and make art about our writing? 		
Students will understand s and data collection. Students will understand h process.	easonal changes in nature using both art-making	inspiration for artma 2. How do artists inc	king? corporate	we observe over time?2. How can we write about art and make art about our		

Knowledge Students will know	Skills Students will be able to			
 How to use nature as inspiration to make art. How to choose and utilize appropriate media to drawing and painting. How to collect data including temperature, hum daylight. 	Use sketches and photographs to make art.			
	ssessment Evidence (Stage 2)			
Performance Tasks				
	weekly recordings of temperature, humidity level, and daylight hours in their sketchbook journals.			
	drawings of a chosen location or object in nature over time, recording the changes they observe.			
	3. Students will write reflections on observed changes.			
4. Students will write A	4. Students will write American sentences using nature as a subject, choosing one to incorporate into a finished artwork.			
Other Evidence				
Sketchbook journals, writing samples, finished arty	work, artist's statement			
Learning Plan (Stage 3)				
Where are your students headed? Where have they been? How will you make sure the students know where they are going?	Teacher will assess students' drawing skills and prior knowledge of Thoreau at the start of the unit. Teacher will share artists' field journals to show how artists record nature and how it inspires artists' work.			
How will you hook students at the beginning of the unit?	Teacher will show nature-themed artwork by both master and contemporary artists.			
What events will help students experience and explore the big idea and questions in the unit? How will you equip them with needed skills and knowledge?	Going outside to do observational drawings will give the students the opportunity to explore the natural world and choose what interests them to explore in their artmaking.			
How will you cause students to reflect and rethink? How will you guide them in rehearsing, revising, and refining their work?	Students will reflect on the process and their artwork in their writing. Students will participate in group critiques of artwork and can use that feedback to refine their artwork.			

How will you help students to exhibit and self- evaluate their growing skills, knowledge, and	Students will write reflections about their field sketches. Students will use rubrics to evaluate their drawing skills. Students will write artist's statements about finished artwork.
understanding throughout the unit?	
How will you tailor and otherwise personalize	Assess students' specific interest about nature; invite teachers of other curricula (i.e., science)
the learning plan to optimize the engagement	to share information about what students observe.
and effectiveness of ALL students, without	
compromising the goals of the unit?	
How will you organize and sequence the	Teacher will teach foundational drawing and observational techniques to enable students to
learning activities to optimize the engagement	record what they see. Students will build upon these skills throughout the year, enabling them
and achievement of ALL students?	to create artwork that incorporates nature and writing. Students will have opportunity to share
	artwork in school exhibit as well as in their online portfolio.

From: Wiggins, Grant and J. Mc Tighe. (1998). <u>Understanding by Design</u>, Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development ISBN # 0-87120-313-8 (ppk)

NEH – Landmarks Institute – Concord and Thoreau 2017

Robin Fogel-Shrive

Konocti Education Center Medical Magnet for High School Students

Overview

Reading, learning, and applying elements of Thoreau's keen observational methods and process for writing final essays will provide a framework for 11th and12th grade students in their medical magnet job shadow placements. Students will explore how the observations that Thoreau makes about his life apply and are relevant today, and how they, as medical pathway students, can utilize Thoreau's writing process to engage more fully in their job shadow experience.

Lesson #1:

After teaching an overview of the Institute Experience, and providing an introduction on the Transcendentalists – in particular their value on the five senses and intuition, the essential question of, "How are intuition and the five senses important resources and perspectives in the medical field?" are explored in a quick write, students will read following classroom discussion.

Reading: from Walden. "Where I Lived and What I Lived For"

Focus will be on summarizing his central ideas and stylistic elements which support his purpose.

Lesson #2:

After 2 weeks of reviewing figurative language that Thoreau uses, including rhetorical questions, personification, simile, hyperbole and incorporating summarizing and citing evidence from the text, students will begin to research Thoreau's journals online, to gain more understanding of the enormous power of observation and note taking he kept. In class we will discuss the concepts of audience, noticing, and reflecting. Students will then receive a journal purchased for them from the medical magnet grant which they will bring with them to their Friday job shadows. The expectation is that they will become keen observers and record their observations weekly. By the end of the second grading period, they will have chosen a day, "Mark the day" and drafted an essay, which in the spirit of Thoreau, they will first present to the class (speaking standards) and then revise to submit as an essay.

Lesson #3

Students will continue to observe, record, reflect, present, draft, edit and submit written essays. For their final senior portfolio presentation (and to include input from the juniors), students will share their journal page, essay, AND an artifact that best connects to the experience they are sharing, in a gallery in the student center. This format is based on the wonderful exhibit we witnessed and explored in The Morgan Library & Museum. Members of the academic, professional, and student community will explore this school program at Open House, and at the final senior presentation before graduation.

At the graduation ceremony, juniors will assist in photographing and compiling a short presentation on the artifacts, with student excerpts on voiceover narration.

Running head: Living and Writing Deliberately for low incidence special education students

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Living and Writing Deliberately: Introducing Thoreau's Concepts to Low Incidence Special Education Students Through a Read Aloud of the Book Wonder

Cynthia Geesey

Fitchburg State University

in partial fulfillment for course 51469 Living & Writing: Legacy of H Thoreau

forward

The following units are designed to introduce the concepts by which Thoreau lived to low incidence special education students in the upper elementary to middle school grades. The novel *Wonder* by R. J. Palacio will be used as a read aloud. These students are unable to read the novel independently. However, young adult texts that deal with issues of growing independence and living in society resonate deeply. Close reading of this type of text provides a level of introspection and self awareness that can be applied to issues in students' daily lives.

UNIT ONE

Hearing that Different Drummer

If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away.

Essential Questions

How are people alike?

What kinds of challenges are often faced by individuals?

Wonder Part 1 August: Ordinary

Standard - CC.1.2.6.B Cite textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences and/or generalizations drawn from the text

Standard - CC.1.2.6.C Analyze in detail how a key individual, event, or idea is introduced, illustrated, and elaborated in a text.

Standard - CC.1.2.6.H Evaluate an author's argument by examining claims and determining if they are supported by evidence.

Vocabulary: fate-the power behind what is going to happen in the future (not in our own hands), destiny-what happens in the future (influence by our actions), ordinary, extraordinary

Anticipatory Set: (show cover of the book or project the cover onto the smart board)

- What do you notice about this face?
- How is it the same or different from most faces you have seen?
- Would you want this face, why/why not?
- The title of this book is *Wonder*. Based on the picture and the title, what do you think this book will be about?

SWBAT define "ordinary" in order to analyze whether August is an ordinary boy.

Why does August say he's an ordinary ten-year-old kid? ¶1

How is August different from other "ordinary" ten-year-old kids? ¶1

after ¶2 think aloud: The way that other people see August bothers him so much that he wishes he "had a normal face."

Who else is in August's family? ¶3

Based on what August just said, do mom, dad and Via treat him like he is ordinary? ¶3

after ¶4 Think aloud: Compare and contrast student ideas about how his family treats August with his comments from this paragraph.

after ¶5: What challenge or difficulty does August have around other people? Is the way that August and his family are handling his challenge helping him or making things more difficult for him? Give evidence/examples from the text.

Standard - CC.1.2.6.C Analyze in detail how a key individual, event, or idea is introduced, illustrated, and elaborated in a text.

SWBAT cite evidence from the text in order to analyze whether August is or is not ordinary.

Accommodations: students who may have difficulty writing words may draw pictures or cut pictures from magazines in order to convey the concept of "ordinary" and "not ordinary".

Begin by brainstorming with students words that describe August. Add each word to a literature word wall for the book *Wonder*. If students need additional assistance to complete their ordinary/not ordinary concept sheet, select the first word from the word wall. Is this character trait a trait of an ordinary or not ordinary 10 year old boy? Continue with examples from the word wall until students understand the expectations of the worksheet.

Writing response:

Name:	Date:

Wonder: August				
ordinary	not ordinary			
Circle the word that <u>best</u> describes Aug	ust and complete the sentence:			
August is mostly (ordinary, not ordinary	_ because)			

Wonder Part 1 August: Why I Didn't Go to School

Standard - CC.1.2.6.B Cite textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences and/or generalizations drawn from the text

Standard - CC.1.2.6.C Analyze in detail how a key individual, event, or idea is introduced, illustrated, and elaborated in a text.

Standard - CC.1.2.7.B Cite several pieces of textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences, conclusions, and/or generalizations drawn from the text.

Vocabulary: petrified-to make something very afraid (literal meaning: turn to stone) surgery illustrator

Anticipatory Set: The word *petrified* means to be very afraid. In this section, August is *petrified* of something that is about to happen to him. Knowing what you do about August, what do you predict might make him feel *petrified*?

SWBAT analyze the text in order to evaluate their predictions about why August was petrified.

In yesterday's selection, August said he's 10 years old and he feels ordinary. Do most ordinary 10 year olds have 27 surgeries? ¶1

What's one reason August's parents kept him out of school? ¶1

Why would August's parents send him to school now? ¶1

Think aloud: *August's mom was an artist but August was NOT impressed with his mom's drawing of Darth Vader.* Question: Would you like the drawings that August's mom makes? Why/Why not? ¶2

August thinks that going to school would be cool to "have lots of friends and hang out after school." What are some of the reasons that you like coming to school?

August's friends have changed from when he was little. Have your friends changed since you were little? What changed in your life for you to get different friends?

Think aloud: *Birthday parties are one way that August knows whether someone is a good friend or not.* ¶5 Question: How do you decide if someone is a good friend to you?

Standard - CC.1.4.6.A Write informative/ explanatory texts to examine a topic and convey ideas, concepts, and information clearly.

SWBAT evaluate friendships in their own life in order to analyze 1) where they get together with their friends or 2) what activities they do with their friends.

August is judging his friends by whether he is invited to their birthday parties.

Accommodations: After students' written response to the ordinary/not ordinary worksheet, determine which students will be able to complete a sentence starter in their own words, which students may need word selections to finish a sentence completion exercise and which students may need to draw their response. Adapt the quick write accordingly.

_____.

Quick write: Choose one of the two following sentence starters. Finish the sentence in words or by drawing a picture.

Where my friends and I get together is at _____

OR

When my friends and I get together, we _____

UNIT TWO

Being Awake, Aware, and Alive

To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. pp. 87-88 Walden, Where I Lived, and What I Lived For

Essential Questions

How can past events shape present and future events?

Can fiction reveal truth?

What kinds of challenges are often faced by individuals?

Is a challenge ever too hard to overcome?

Wonder Part 1 August: How I Came to Life

Standard - CC.1.2.6.A Determine the central idea of a text and how it is conveyed through particular details; provide a summary of the text distinct from personal opinions or judgments.

Standard - CC.1.2.6.B Cite textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences and/or generalizations drawn from the text.

Standard - CC.1.2.6.C Analyze in detail how a key individual, event, or idea is introduced, illustrated, and elaborated in a text.

Vocabulary: "walk in the park" - something that is easy to do cleft palate - rare birth defect of the lip and mouth (about 1 in 700 births) anomalies - something that is not normal hysterical - uncontrolled emotion

Anticipatory Set: Has anyone ever shared with you the story of your birth? What do I mean by "the story of your birth"? For example, Special Delivery: Doctor Steps In to Deliver Baby Before ... hcatodayblog.com/2017/08/01/special-delivery...

Jul 31, 2017 · Amanda Hess, D.O., an expectant mother and OB-GYN at Frankfort Regional Medical Center, delivered another woman's baby hours before giving birth to her own.

August is going to share the story of his birth. Make a prediction: will August's story be sad, scary, serious, happy, funny? Who is the **best** person to tell about August's birth? (If the students answer "August", ask whether they are able to remember back to their own birth. Usually, it's the mom who remembers about a birth. In this selection, pay special attention to mom and what she remembers about when August was born.)

SWBAT cite evidence from the text in order to analyze how mom felt about August's birth.

How do August and Via react when mom tells the story of August's birth? ¶1 Compare student reaction to this question to their predictions about the tone of August's birth story from the earlier anticipatory set.

Think aloud: When I think of "walk in the park", I'm thinking that the park is a nice place and I'm not running or skipping; a walk is a relaxed way to move. Now, when mom used the expression that Via's birth was a "walk in the park" what does she mean? ¶2

How were the two nurses different? ¶3

What evidence tells you how mom felt during August's birth? ¶3

Name one funny thing that happened during August's birth. $\P 4$...name something else that was funny $\P 4$

Which nurse did mom really like? ¶5 Why?

What exactly did people tell mom when August said "they had told her all about me"? ¶6

How does mom feel about August?

Standard - CC.1.2.7.B Cite several pieces of textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences, conclusions, and/or generalizations drawn from the text.

Standard - CC.1.3.6.A Determine a theme or central idea of a text and how it is conveyed through particular details; provide a summary of the text distinct from personal opinions or judgments.

Standard - CC.1.4.6.A Write informative/ explanatory texts to examine a topic and convey ideas, concepts, and information clearly.

Standard - CC.1.4.6.C Develop and analyze the topic with relevant facts, definitions, concrete details, quotations, or other information and examples; include graphics and multimedia when useful to aiding comprehension.

SWBAT cite evidence from the text IOT construct the story of August's birth.

Brainstorm the story of August's birth. Add words or phrases that describe the experience to the *Wonder* word wall.

Writing response: The story of August's birth is special because ______ (give at least 2 details from the text).

Accommodations: Provide additional sentence starters for students who need them:

One funny thing about August's birth was _____

Dad carefully videotaped August's birth then _____

One of the nurses at August's birth_____

The doctor at August's birth _____

For students who are unable to write, have them draw or dictate the completion for the sentences. For non verbal students, select 2 sentence starters and two sentence endings (you may want to add visuals to the sentence starters. For example, there may be a picture of a man videotaping for the sentence starter and a shattered video camera on the floor for the sentence completer. Read one sentence starter and provide word strips with two endings. Have the student select the correct ending and paste it on the page.

Wonder Part 1 August: Christopher's House

Standard - CC.1.2.6.B Cite textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences and/or generalizations drawn from the text.

Standard - CC.1.2.6.D Determine an author's point of view or purpose in a text and explain how it is conveyed in the text.

Vocabulary: quotation marks dialogue - conversation

Anticipatory Set: In the section *Why I Didn't Go To School*, August introduced us to some of his friends. One friend was Christopher. What do you remember about Christopher? (If students don't remember Christopher, Think aloud: *Good readers go back to the text and reread sections that may help them understand what is happening*. Go back to the section *Why I Didn't Go To School* and reread ¶4.) Today's selection is called *Christopher's House*. We know that Christopher moved an hour away. Time with Christopher must be very special. Prediction: What are some things that August and Christopher might do together?

SWBAT cite evidence in order to assess how August feels about going to school for the first time.

After ¶2: If you were 10 years old and had never been to school before, how do you think you'd feel about going to school for the very first time? What are some of the things that you might want to know about a new school?

In today's selection, there is a conversation going on. (Show students page in the book or project it onto the smart board.) When you read a book, how do you know when someone is speaking?

After selection has been read: What is one good argument that mom gives for August going to school?

Prediction: Will August continue home schooling or will he go to school?

Standard - CC.1.3.6.A Determine a theme or central idea of a text and how it is conveyed through particular details; provide a summary of the text distinct from personal opinions or judgments.

SWBAT cite evidence from the text IOT analyze why the narrator uses dialogue/ conversation (quotations) instead of narrative (story that is told by one person, called the narrator).

Project a page of dialogue onto the smart board. Review the text, paying attention to the quotations and the different speakers. Make note of the different speakers (Auggie, dad, mom, Christopher's mom Lisa).

Writing response: Students will create a 2-3 character comic (mom, Auggie, dad) with speech balloons. Accommodations: Have a worksheet with an already drawn comic that includes 2-3 characters and blank speech balloons. Have sentence strips available to paste in the speech balloon for the appropriate character. Students will select the sentence strip that corresponds to a character and paste the strip in the character's speech balloon.

Wonder Part 1 August: Driving

Standard - CC.1.2.6.D Determine an author's point of view or purpose in a text and explain how it is conveyed in the text.

Standard - CC.1.2.6.J Acquire and use accurately grade-appropriate general academic and domain-specific words and phrases; gather vocabulary knowledge when considering a word or phrase important to comprehension or expression.

Standard - CC.1.2.7.B Cite several pieces of textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences, conclusions, and/or generalizations drawn from the text.

Standard - CC.1.2.7.C Analyze the interactions between individuals, events, and ideas in a text.

Vocabulary: "lamb to the slaughter" - going somewhere or doing something without knowing that something bad is going to happen

admissions process - steps a student has to take to get into a school

hindsight - looking at a situation that has already happened

white lie - a lie that isn't supposed to hurt anyone's feelings

Anticipatory Set: August falls asleep on the drive home from visiting his best friend Christopher. He wakes up and he hears his parents talking about him. Prediction: How do you think that August felt when he realized the adults were talking about him?

SWBAT cite evidence from the conversation in order to analyze how dad, mom and August feel about August going to school.

How can you tell in a text that a conversation is going on? Let's look at this text and figure out if it's a narrative (telling a story - no quotations) or dialogue (people talking - quotations).

Why would mom say "We can't keep protecting him...we can't just pretend that he's going to wake up tomorrow and this isn't going to be his reality, because it is...and we have to help him learn to deal with it." ¶3 What are mom and dad protecting August from?

Dad compared August going to middle school "like a lamb to the slaughter." What does this expression tell you about what dad thinks August's experience will be like in school for the first time? ¶4

In the dialogue, after August says "*Last year*?" Evaluate how he's feeling about this conversation; give evidence from the text.

What's mom's reason for not telling August about going to school? If you were in August's position, would you like to know about the whole school admission process or would you rather that the adults keep it a secret? Why? Remember: this is your **opinion**. That means all answers are correct.

Mom and dad told August about a lot of choices they made for his future. What are some of the good choices that mom and dad made for August? What are some of the choices that seem unfair to August?

August's mom is calling him by a different name. What is the nickname she's using?

Give one reason mom likes this school.

Why does Auggie smile when he hears the principal's name?

Prediction: Will Auggie go to school or be home schooled next school year? Cite evidence from the text to support your answer.

Standard - CC.1.3.6.A Determine a theme or central idea of a text and how it is conveyed through particular details; provide a summary of the text distinct from personal opinions or judgments.

SWBAT cite evidence from the text IOT analyze why the narrator uses dialogue/ conversation (quotations) instead of narrative (story that is told by one person, called the narrator).

Project a page of dialogue onto the smart board. Review the text, paying attention to the quotations and the different speakers. Make note of the different speakers (Auggie, dad, mom).

Writing response: Students will create a 2-3 character comic (mom, Auggie, dad) with speech balloons. Accommodations: Have a worksheet with an already drawn comic that includes 2-3 characters and blank speech balloons. Have sentence strips available to paste in the speech balloon for the appropriate character. Students will select the sentence strip that corresponds to a character and paste the strip in the character's speech balloon.

Wonder Part 1 August: Paging Mr. Tushman

Standard - CC.1.2.7.B Cite several pieces of textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences, conclusions, and/or generalizations drawn from the text.

Standard - CC.1.2.7.C Analyze the interactions between individuals, events, and ideas in a text.

Vocabulary: elective - choice of classes

Anticipatory Set: When you're an 8th grader, you will go through a process of high school selection. What are some of the questions you might have about a school that's totally new to you? What questions might Auggie have about Beecher Prep?

SWBAT cite evidence from the text in order to analyze what Auggie thinks about Mr. Tushman and Beecher Prep.

Why do you think Auggie giggled when he saw Mr. Tushman?

Based on the dialogue, what does Mr. Tushman already know about Auggie?

What's one thing Mr. Tushman knows about Auggie that we haven't learned yet? if needed, give the hint: this is something Auggie's good at)

Think aloud: Auggie's mumbling when he meets Mr. Tushman. Also, he's not talking very much. He's saying "Uh-huh" instead of answering in full sentences. I think Auggie may feel awkward going into this school for the first time.

Cite evidence to describe how Beecher Prep is different from Via's school.

Standard - CC.1.4.6.A Write informative/ explanatory texts to examine a topic and convey ideas, concepts, and information clearly.

Standard - CC.1.4.6.C Develop and analyze the topic with relevant facts, definitions, concrete details, quotations, or other information and examples; include graphics and multimedia when useful to aiding comprehension.

SWBAT cite evidence from the text IOT analyze what August observes about Mr. Tushman and Beecher Prep.

Writing prompt:

_____ Date _____

321 Exit Ticket: Paging Mr. Tushman				
3	Things I Learned Today about Mr. Tushman and Beecher Prep			
2	Things I Found Interesting			
1	Question I Still Have			

Wonder Part 1 August: Nice Mrs. Garcia

Standard - CC.1.2.6.B Cite textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences and/or generalizations drawn from the text.

Standard - CC.1.2.6.C Analyze in detail how a key individual, event, or idea is, illustrated, and elaborated in a text.

Standard - CC.1.2.7.C Analyze the interactions between individuals, events, and ideas in a text

Anticipatory Set: We're being introduced to new characters. Last time we met Mr. Tushman, the principal of Beecher Prep. Today's selection is called *Nice Mrs. Garcia*. If you're meeting someone from a school who is considered "nice", how do you expect that person to act?

SWBAT cite evidence in order to evaluate the character of *nice* Mrs. Garcia.

After ¶1, Think aloud: Auggie said Beecher Prep wasn't a big school compared to Via's school but he was hiding behind mom when they walked down the halls. That seems like a sign that school seems scary for Auggie.

¶5: Auggie describes Mrs. Garcia's smile as "a really shiny smile." Show what a "really shiny smile" looks like.

What happened to Mrs. Garcia's face when she met Auggie? ¶5

Have you ever seen someone with a "really shiny smile"? How do you feel when someone is smiling like that?

How was Mrs. Garcia's "big smile" when she was talking about her grandson different from her "really shiny smile? How would you like someone to smile at you?

The title of this section is *Nice Mrs. Garcia*. Now that we've met Mrs. Garcia, how does the text compare to what you imagined *nice* Mrs. Garcia would be like?

Standard - CC.1.4.6.C Develop and analyze the topic with relevant facts, definitions, concrete details, quotations, or other information and examples; include graphics and multimedia when useful to aiding comprehension.

SWBAT cite evidence from the text IOT compare and contrast the character traits of Mr. Tushman and Mrs. Garcia.

Accommodations: students who may have difficulty writing words may select words from the word wall, draw pictures or cut pictures from magazines.

Begin by brainstorming with students words that describe Mr. Tushman or Mrs. Garcia. Add each word to the *Wonder* word wall. If students need additional assistance to complete their comparison/contrast

worksheet, select the first word from the word wall. Who has this character trait? Continue with brainstormed words from the word wall until students understand the expectations of the worksheet.

Writing response:

Name: _____ Date: _____

Wonder: August

Mr. Tushman_____

Mrs. Garcia

Choose the word that <u>best</u> describes each character and complete the sentence:

Mr. Tushman is ______. I know this because ______

Mrs. Garcia is I know this because_	Mrs. Garcia is			. I	l know	this	s because_
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UNIT THREE

Living in Society

Essential Questions

How important is it to belong to a community?

What obstacles within a person can get in the way of meeting a challenge?

Wonder Part 1 August: Jack Will, Julian, and Charlotte

Standard - CC.1.2.6.D Determine an author's point of view or purpose in a text and explain how it is conveyed in the text.

Standard - CC.1.2.7.B Cite several pieces of textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences, conclusions, and/or generalizations drawn from the text.

Standard - CC.1.2.7.C Analyze the interactions between individuals, events, and ideas in a text.

Anticipatory Set: Auggie is visiting a new school with his mother. Who are some of the people he has met at the school so far? This section is called *Jack Will, Julian, and Charlotte*. What kind of characters would you expect to have names like these?

SWBAT cite evidence in order to describe Auggie's first time meeting new students in the school.

¶1 What does Auggie like about Mr. Tushman's office?

¶ If Auggie liked the office so much, why did he stand beside mom instead of sitting in the chair next to hers?

Think aloud in the middle of Auggie's dialogue with Mr. Tushman: *Can you believe* that Auggie is talking to his principal about the principal's name, Tushman? It seems like Auggie is getting more comfortable around him.

Think aloud: *Auggie likes the art in the principal's office*. How do you feel when you see your artwork outside the art room? How do you feel when you see your work on the bulletin board?

How does Auggie change when he hears kids voices? What does this tell you about how Auggie feels about kids he doesn't know?

Why would Auggie grow his hair long so he would "block out things he didn't want to see?"

How did the kids react to meeting Auggie?

Think aloud: The kids reaction to Auggie is very different from Mrs. G's "really shiny smile."

Auggie said mom's face looked "more scared than I was" when he was about to leave with the kids. What do you think mom was expecting to happen during their visit to the school?

Standard - CC.1.4.6.C Develop and analyze the topic with relevant facts, definitions, concrete details, quotations, or other information and examples; include graphics and multimedia when useful to aiding comprehension.

SWBAT cite evidence from the text IOT assess Auggie's reaction to touring the school with new kids.

Review with students the events in Mr. Tushman's office. Add relevant words to the Wonder word wall.

Accommodations: students who may have difficulty writing words may select words from the word wall, draw an emoji for the yes/no responses, draw pictures or cut pictures from magazines.

Writing response:

Name:	Date:					
From Auggie's point of view, it was a(good, bad)	idea for Mr. Tushman					
to have students come to give Auggie a tour of Beecher Prep.						
How do you know?						
I know this because						
Do you agree or disagree with Auggie? Why?						

Wonder Part 1 August: The Grand Tour

Standard - CC.1.2.7.B Cite several pieces of textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences, conclusions, and/or generalizations drawn from the text.

Standard - CC.1.2.7.C Analyze the interactions between individuals, events, and ideas in a text.

Standard - CC.1.3.6.B Cite textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences and/or generalizations drawn from the text.

Vocabulary: incubator - a machine used to hatch eggs Bunsen burner - a gas burner used in science laboratories character traits - parts of a person's behavior and attitudes that make up their personality

Anticipatory Set: If you were showing a new student around the school, what are some rooms or areas that would be important to show to the new student? What are some things you would like to know if you're a new student who has NEVER been to school before?

SWBAT analyze the behavior of the Beecher Prep students in order to evaluate their individual characters.

Before reading the selection: As we read this section, pay special attention to the Beecher prep students. Notice how each person is different from the others.

We learned about three students in this section, Jack Will, Julian and Charlotte. Which student do you like the most? Why? Which student do you like the least? Why? Who would you want as your friend? Why?

When we read stories, the people are called characters. The words that describe their behavior and attitudes are called *character traits*. Let's look at the Beecher Prep students and make a list of character traits that apply to each student.

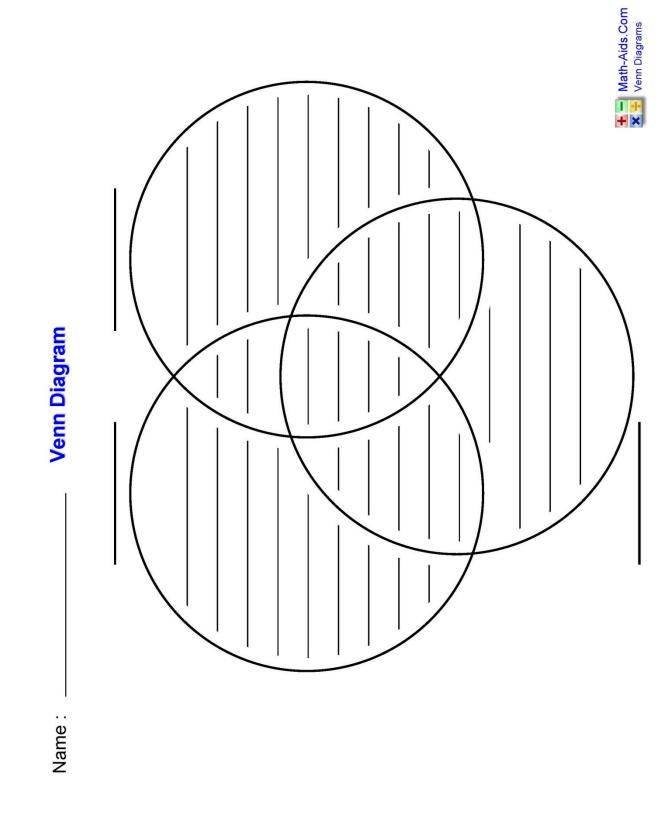
Standard - CC.1.4.6.A Write informative/ explanatory texts to examine a topic and convey ideas, concepts, and information clearly.

SWBAT cite evidence from the text IOT develop a character trait list for each of the 3 Beecher Prep students.

Review the 3 Beecher prep students, list character traits for each student. Add the traits to the *Wonder* word wall. Could more than one student have the same character trait? Demonstrate the Venn diagram, select one character trait from the word wall and brainstorm with students whether the trait belongs to Jack Will, Julian, Charlotte, or whether the trait is shared by two or all of them.

Writing response:

Jack Will, Julian and Charlotte



Wonder Part 1 August: The Performance Space

Standard - CC.1.3.7.A Determine a theme or central idea of a text and analyze its development over the course of the text; provide an objective summary of the text.

Standard - CC.1.3.7.B Cite several pieces of textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences, conclusions, and/or generalizations drawn from the text.

Standard - CC.1.3.7.C Analyze how particular elements of a story or drama interact and how setting shapes the characters or plot.

Vocabulary: sarcastically - humor that mocks or ridicules someone else

Anticipatory Set: What's your favorite place in the school? How would you tell a new student how special this area of school is?

SWBAT cite evidence the dialogue in order to further analyze character traits for the Beecher prep students.

After ¶4, Think aloud: *Charlotte's favorite place in school seems to be the Performance Space*. Why does Charlotte like this space so much?

If you had to give a performance and get on stage, what would your talent be?

Why was Julian sarcastic when he said "I don't think he's going to want to be in the school play"?

Charlotte gives a number of ways to participate in the school play. From what you know about Auggie, would he be interested in working on the school play? Why/why not?

The choices for elective classes at Beecher Prep include theater arts, dance, chorus, band, leadership and science. Prediction: what elective will Auggie select?

What are some of the things that Julian says and does that make you think he doesn't think Auggie is capable of handling the classes at Beecher Prep?

What's the difference between how Julian looked at Auggie earlier and how Jack Will is looking at him now?

Standard - CC.1.4.6.A Write informative/ explanatory texts to examine a topic and convey ideas, concepts, and information clearly.

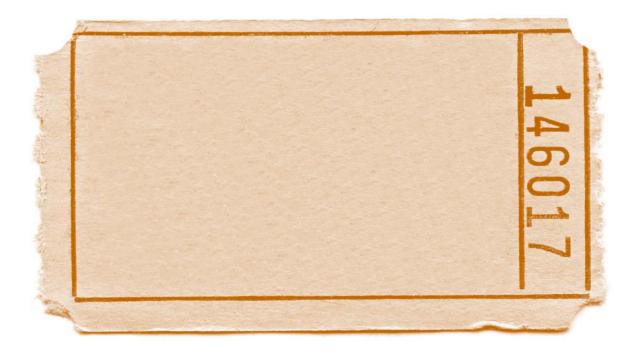
SWBAT cite evidence from the text IOT develop a character trait list for Charlotte

Review the word wall for character traits that were added yesterday. Add additional character traits that you learned about the characters from today's selection. The title of this reading is called *The Performance Space*. We'll pay special attention to new character traits for Charlotte that we learned about in this selection.

Writing response:

NI	Data
Name:	Date:

Charlotte's character traits



UNIT FOUR

Choosing Life *with* **Principle**

Essential Questions:

What does it take to overcome challenges?

What are the advantages of facing challenges that involve others?

Wonder Part 1 August: The Deal

Standard - CC.1.2.6.B Cite textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences and/or generalizations drawn from the text.

Standard - CC.1.2.6.D Determine an author's point of view or purpose in a text and explain how it is conveyed in the text.

Vocabulary: point of view - the narrator's (Auggie's) position schlep - a long journey or to carry something heavy

Anticipatory Set: When we left Auggie and the Beecher Prep kids, Julian just made Auggie stumble. This section is called *The Deal*. Prediction: what kind of **deal** does the title of this section refer to? Cite evidence for your reason.

SWBAT cite evidence from the text in order to assess Auggie's point of view about going to Beecher Prep.

Think aloud before starting: Auggie's met a lot of new people and toured Beecher Prep. He has a big decision to make.

How do you know that mom saw different things on her tour than Auggie saw on his?

How does Auggie signal to mom that he is ready to leave Beecher Prep? Why would Auggie and mom create a signal like that?

Why did Auggie want to leave Beecher Prep?

Standard - CC.1.4.7.C Develop and analyze the topic with relevant facts, definitions, concrete details, quotations, or other information and examples; include graphics and multimedia when useful to aiding comprehension.

SWBAT cite evidence from the text IOT analyze the ways that Auggie stands up for himself.

Think aloud: We learned from the very first selection that Auggie thinks of himself as "ordinary" but others don't look at him that way. What are some examples of ways that other people saw Auggie at

Beecher Prep? If students need a prompt, How did Mr. Tushman/Mrs. Garcia/Jack Will/Julian/Charlotte behave around Auggie?

Accommodations: students may draw a picture with speech balloons instead of writing sentences.

Writing response: Describe one situation at Beecher Prep and analyze how Auggie stood up for himself.

Wonder Part 1 August: Home

Standard - CC.1.2.6.B Cite textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences and/or generalizations drawn from the text.

Standard - CC.1.2.6.D Determine an author's point of view or purpose in a text and explain how it is conveyed in the text.

Vocabulary: point of view (continued)

Anticipatory Set: Auggie and mom seem to have a good relationship. Prediction: Will he tell her how the other kids treated him during the tour?

SWBAT cite the text in order to analyze Auggie's point of view.

After reading ¶2, think aloud: Auggie described his feelings as "very sad and a tiny bit happy at the exact same time, kind of like that laughing-crying feeling all over again." What words could be used to describe Auggie's point of view right now? (add any new words to the *Wonder* word wall).

Prediction: Based on what you know about how Auggie and mom, will he tell mom about how the kids treated him during the tour?

Think aloud: When Auggie told mom about the tour, he gave specific examples about what Julian said to him. This gives **evidence** about why Auggie does not like the way Julian acted and helps mom to understand.

Does Auggie have one opinion or a variety of opinions about Beecher Prep? What is Auggie's over all opinion or point of view about the students at Beecher Prep? Cite evidence to support your conclusion.

Standard - CC.1.4.7.C Develop and analyze the topic with relevant facts, definitions, concrete details, quotations, or other information and examples; include graphics and multimedia when useful to aiding comprehension.

SWBAT cite evidence from the text IOT evaluate reasons for going to Beecher Prep or continuing with home schooling.

Writing response: Use a Frayer model template to evaluate reasons for going to Beecher Prep or continuing with home school. On the left two boxes, label strong reasons and weak reasons for going to

Beecher Prep. On the right two boxes, label strong reasons and weak reasons for continuing with home schooling. Label the middle box "conclusion". After all the reasons are listed, evaluate the reasons and select either Beecher Prep or Home school for the "conclusion" section.

Name: _____ Date: _____

Finally, complete the statement:

Next year Auggie's school should be ______ because _____

Reference List

Thoreau, Henry David. (2004). . Walden A Fully Annotated Edition. Jeffrey S. Cramer (Ed.). New Haven, CT: Yale University Press.

Palacio, R. J. (2012) Wonder. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

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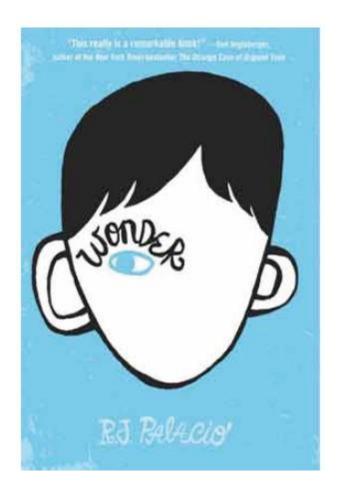
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Wonder

R.J. Palacio

August (Auggie) Pullman was born with a facial deformity that prevented him from going to a mainstream school—until now. He's about to enter fifth grade at Beecher Prep, and if you've ever been the new kid, them you know how hard that can be. The thing is Auggie's just an ordinary kid, with an extraordinary face. But can he convince his new classmates that he's just like them, despite appearances?



R.J. Palacio

ALFRED A. KNOPF

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p. cm.

Summary: Ten-year-old Auggie Pullman, who was born with extreme facial abnormalities and was not expected to survive, goes from being home-schooled to entering fifth grade at a private middle school in Manhattan, which entails enduring the taunting and fear of his classmates as he struggles to be seen as just another student.

eISBN: 978-0-375-89988-1

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For Russell, Caleb, and Joseph

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Doctors have come from distant cities

just to see me

stand over my bed

disbelieving what they're seeing

They say I must be one of the wonders of god's own creation and as far as they can see they can offer no explanation

—NATALIE MERCHANT, "Wonder"

Part One

August

Fate smiled and destiny

laughed as she came to my cradle . . .

-Natalie Merchant, "Wonder"

Ordinary

I know I'm not an ordinary ten-year-old kid. I mean, sure, I do ordinary things. I eat ice cream. I ride my bike. I play ball. I have an XBox. Stuff like that makes me ordinary. I guess. And I feel ordinary. Inside. But I know ordinary kids don't make other ordinary kids run away screaming in playgrounds. I know ordinary kids don't get stared at wherever they go.

If I found a magic lamp and I could have one wish, I would wish that I had a normal face that no one ever noticed at all. I would wish that I could walk down the street without people seeing me and then doing that look-away thing. Here's what I think: the only reason I'm not ordinary is that no one else sees me that way.

But I'm kind of used to how I look by now. I know how to pretend I don't see the faces people make. We've all gotten pretty good at that sort of thing: me, Mom and Dad, Via. Actually, I take that back: Via's not so good at it. She can get really annoyed when people do something rude. Like, for instance, one time in the playground some older kids made some noises. I don't even know what the noises were exactly because I didn't hear them myself, but Via heard and she just started yelling at the kids. That's the way she is. I'm not that way.

Via doesn't see me as ordinary. She says she does, but if I were ordinary, she wouldn't feel like she needs to protect me as much. And Mom and Dad don't see me as ordinary, either. They see me as extraordinary. I think the only person in the world who realizes how ordinary I am is me.

My name is August, by the way. I won't describe what I look like. Whatever you're thinking, it's probably worse.

Why I Didn't Go to School

Next week I start fifth grade. Since I've never been to a real school before, I am pretty much totally and completely petrified. People think I haven't gone to school because of the way I look, but it's not that. It's because of all the surgeries I've had. Twenty-seven since I was born. The bigger ones happened before I was even four years old, so I don't remember those. But I've had two or three surgeries every year since then (some big, some small), and because I'm little for my age, and I have some other medical mysteries that doctors never really figured out, I used to get sick a lot. That's why my parents decided it was better if I didn't go to school. I'm much stronger now, though. The last surgery I had was eight months ago, and I probably won't have to have any more for another couple of years.

Mom homeschools me. She used to be a children's-book illustrator. She draws really great fairies and mermaids. Her boy stuff isn't so hot, though. She once tried to draw me a Darth Vader, but it ended up looking like some weird mushroom-shaped robot. I haven't seen her draw anything in a long time. I think she's too busy taking care of me and Via.

I can't say I always wanted to go to school because that wouldn't be exactly true. What I wanted was to go to school, but only if I could be like every other kid going to school. Have lots of friends and hang out after school and stuff like that.

I have a few really good friends now. Christopher is my best friend, followed by Zachary and Alex. We've known each other since we were babies. And since they've always known me the way I am, they're used to me. When we were little, we used to have playdates all the time, but then Christopher moved to Bridgeport in Connecticut. That's more than an hour away from where I live in North River Heights, which is at the top tip of Manhattan. And Zachary and Alex started going to school. It's funny: even though Christopher's the one who moved far away, I still see him more than I see Zachary and Alex. They have all these new friends now. If we bump into each other on the street, they're still nice to me, though. They always say hello.

I have other friends, too, but not as good as Christopher and Zack and Alex were. For instance, Zack and Alex always invited me to their birthday parties when we were little, but Joel and Eamonn and Gabe never did. Emma invited me once, but I haven't seen her in a long time. And, of course, I always go to Christopher's birthday. Maybe I'm making too big a deal about birthday parties.

How I Came to Life

I like when Mom tells this story because it makes me laugh so much. It's not funny in the way a joke is funny, but when Mom tells it, Via and I just start cracking up.

So when I was in my mom's stomach, no one had any idea I would come out looking the way I look. Mom had had Via four years before, and that had been such a "walk in the park" (Mom's expression) that there was no reason to run any special tests. About two months before I was born, the doctors realized there was something wrong with my face, but they didn't think it was going to be bad. They told Mom and Dad I had a cleft palate and some other stuff going on. They called it "small anomalies."

There were two nurses in the delivery room the night I was born. One was very nice and sweet. The other one, Mom said, did not seem at all nice or sweet. She had very big arms and (here comes the funny part), she kept farting. Like, she'd bring Mom some ice chips, and then fart. She'd check Mom's blood pressure, and fart. Mom says it was unbelievable because the nurse never even said excuse me! Meanwhile, Mom's regular doctor wasn't on duty that night, so Mom got stuck with this cranky kid doctor she and Dad nicknamed Doogie after some old TV show or something (they didn't actually call him that to his face). But Mom says that even though everyone in the room was kind of grumpy, Dad kept making her laugh all night long.

When I came out of Mom's stomach, she said the whole room got very quiet. Mom didn't even get a chance to look at me because the nice nurse immediately rushed me out of the room. Dad was in such a hurry to follow her that he dropped the video camera, which broke into a million pieces. And then Mom got very upset and tried to get out of bed to see where they were going, but the farting nurse put her very big arms on Mom to keep her down in the bed. They were practically fighting, because Mom was hysterical and the farting nurse was yelling at her to stay calm, and then they both started screaming for the doctor. But guess what? He had fainted! Right on the floor! So when the farting nurse saw that he had fainted, she started pushing him with her foot to get him to wake up, yelling at him the whole time: "What kind of doctor are you? What kind of doctor are you? Get up! Get up!" And then all of a sudden she let out the biggest, loudest, smelliest fart in the history of farts. Mom thinks it was actually the fart that finally woke the doctor Anyway, when Mom tells this story, she acts out all the parts—including the farting noises—and it is so, so, so funny!

Mom says the farting nurse turned out to be a very nice woman. She stayed with Mom the whole time. Didn't leave her side even after Dad came back and the doctors told them how sick I was. Mom remembers exactly what the nurse whispered in her ear when the doctor told her I probably wouldn't live through the night: "Everyone born of

God overcometh the world." And the next day, after I had lived through the night, it was that nurse who held Mom's hand when they brought her to meet me for the first time.

Mom says by then they had told her all about me. She had been preparing herself for the seeing of me. But she says that when she looked down into my tiny mushed-up face for the first time, all she could see was how pretty my eyes were.

Mom is beautiful, by the way. And Dad is handsome. Via is pretty. In case you were wondering.

Christopher's House

I was really bummed when Christopher moved away three years ago. We were both around seven then. We used to spend hours playing with our Star Wars action figures and dueling with our lightsabers. I miss that.

Last spring we drove over to Christopher's house in Bridgeport. Me and Christopher were looking for snacks in the kitchen, and I heard Mom talking to Lisa, Christopher's mom, about my going to school in the fall. I had never, ever heard her mention school before.

"What are you talking about?" I said.

Mom looked surprised, like she hadn't meant for me to hear that.

"You should tell him what you've been thinking, Isabel," Dad said. He was on the other side of the living room talking to Christopher's dad.

"We should talk about this later," said Mom.

"No, I want to know what you were talking about," I answered.

"Don't you think you're ready for school, Auggie?" Mom said.

"No," I said.

"I don't, either," said Dad.

"Then that's it, case closed," I said, shrugging, and I sat in her lap like I was a baby.

"I just think you need to learn more than I can teach you," Mom said. "I mean, come on, Auggie, you know how bad I am at fractions!"

"What school?" I said. I already felt like crying.

"Beecher Prep. Right by us."

"Wow, that's a great school, Auggie," said Lisa, patting my knee.

"Why not Via's school?" I said.

"That's too big," Mom answered. "I don't think that would be a good fit for you."

"I don't want to," I said. I admit: I made my voice sound a little babyish.

"You don't have to do anything you don't want to do," Dad said, coming over and lifting me out of Mom's lap. He carried me over to sit on his lap on the other side of the sofa. "We won't make you do anything you don't want to do."

"But it would be good for him, Nate," Mom said.

"Not if he doesn't want to," answered Dad, looking at me. "Not if he's not ready."

I saw Mom look at Lisa, who reached over and squeezed her hand.

"You guys will figure it out," she said to Mom.

"You always have."

"Let's just talk about it later," said Mom. I could tell she and Dad were going to get in a fight about it. I wanted Dad to win the fight. Though a part of me knew Mom was right. And the truth is, she really was terrible at fractions.

Driving

It was a long drive home. I fell asleep in the backseat like I always do, my head on Via's lap like she was my pillow, a towel wrapped around the seat belt so I wouldn't drool all over her. Via fell asleep, too, and Mom and Dad talked quietly about grown-up things I didn't care about.

I don't know how long I was sleeping, but when I woke up, there was a full moon outside the car window. It was a purple night, and we were driving on a highway full of cars. And then I heard Mom and Dad talking about me.

"We can't keep protecting him," Mom whispered to Dad, who was driving. "We can't just pretend he's going to wake up tomorrow and this isn't going to be his reality, because it is, Nate, and we have to help him learn to deal with it. We can't just keep avoiding situations that . . ."

"So sending him off to middle school like a lamb to the slaughter . . . ," Dad answered angrily, but he didn't even finish his sentence because he saw me in the mirror looking up.

"What's a lamb to the slaughter?" I asked sleepily.

"Go back to sleep, Auggie," Dad said softly.

"Everyone will stare at me at school," I said, suddenly crying.

"Honey," Mom said. She turned around in the front seat and put her hand on my hand. "You know if you don't want to do this, you don't have to. But we spoke to the principal there and told him about you and he really wants to meet you."

"What did you tell him about me?"

"How funny you are, and how kind and smart. When I told him you read Dragon Rider when you were six, he was like, 'Wow, I have to meet this kid.' "

"Did you tell him anything else?" I said.

Mom smiled at me. Her smile kind of hugged me.

"I told him about all your surgeries, and how brave you are," she said.

"So he knows what I look like?" I asked.

"Well, we brought pictures from last summer in Montauk," Dad said. "We showed him pictures of the whole family. And that great shot of you holding that flounder on the boat!"

"You were there, too?" I have to admit I felt a little disappointed that he was a part of this.

"We both talked to him, yes," Dad said. "He's a really nice man."

"You would like him," Mom added.

Suddenly it felt like they were on the same side.

"Wait, so when did you meet him?" I said.

"He took us on a tour of the school last year," said Mom.

"Last *year* ?" I said. "So you've been thinking about this for a whole year and you didn't tell me?"

"We didn't know if you'd even get in, Auggie," answered Mom. "It's a very hard school to get into. There's a whole admissions process. I didn't see the point in telling you and having you get all worked up about it unnecessarily."

"But you're right, Auggie, we should've told you when we found out last month that you got in," said Dad.

"In hindsight," sighed Mom, "yes, I guess."

"Did that lady who came to the house that time have something to do with this?" I said. "The one that gave me that test?"

"Yes, actually," said Mom, looking guilty. "Yes."

"You told me it was an IQ test," I said.

"I know, well, that was a white lie," she answered. "It was a test you needed to take to get into the school. You did very well on it, by the way."

"So you lied," I said.

"A white lie, but yes. Sorry," she said, trying to smile, but when I didn't smile back, she turned around in her seat and faced forward.

"What's a lamb to the slaughter?" I said. Mom sighed and gave Daddy a "look."

"I shouldn't have said that," Dad said, looking at me in the rearview mirror. "It's not true. Here's the thing: Mommy and I love you so much we want to protect you any way we can. It's just sometimes we want to do it in different ways."

"I don't want to go to school," I answered, folding my arms.

"It would be good for you, Auggie," said Mom.

"Maybe I'll go next year," I answered, looking out the window.

"This year would be better, Auggie," said Mom. "You know why? Because you'll be going into fifth grade, and that's the first year of middle school—for everyone. You won't be the only new kid."

"I'll be the only kid who looks like me," I said.

"I'm not going to say it won't be a big challenge for you, because you know better than that," she answered. "But it'll be good for you, Auggie. You'll make lots of friends. And you'll learn things you'd never learn with me." She turned in her seat again and looked at me. "When we took the tour, you know what they had in their science lab? A little

baby chick that was just hatching out of its egg. It was so cute! Auggie, it actually kind of reminded me of you when you were a little baby . . . with those big brown eyes of yours. . . ."

I usually love when they talk about when I was a baby. Sometimes I want to curl up into a little tiny ball and let them hug me and kiss me all over. I miss being a baby, not knowing stuff. But I wasn't in the mood for that now.

"I don't want to go," I said.

"How about this? Can you at least meet Mr. Tushman before making up your mind?" Mom asked.

"Mr. Tushman?" I said.

"He's the principal," answered Mom.

"Mr. Tush man?" I repeated.

"I know, right?" Dad answered, smiling and looking at me in the rearview mirror. "Can you believe that name, Auggie? I mean, who on earth would ever agree to have a name like Mr. Tushman?"

I smiled even though I didn't want to let them see me smile. Dad was the one person in the world who could make me laugh no matter how much I didn't want to laugh. Dad always made everyone laugh.

"Auggie, you know, you should go to that school just so you can hear his name said over the loudspeaker!" Dad said excitedly. "Can you imagine how funny that would be? Hello, hello? Paging Mr. Tushman!" He was using a fake high, old-lady voice. "Hi, Mr. Tushman! I see you're running a little behind today! Did your car get rear-ended again? What a bum rap!"

I started laughing, not even because I thought he was being that funny but because I wasn't in the mood to stay mad anymore.

"It could be worse, though!" Dad continued in his normal voice. "Mommy and I had a professor in college called Miss Butt."

Mom was laughing now, too.

"Is that for real?" I said.

"Roberta Butt," Mom answered, raising her hand as if to swear. "Bobbie Butt."

"She had huge cheeks," said Dad.

"Nate!" said Mom.

"What? She had big cheeks is all I'm saying."

Mom laughed and shook her head at the same time.

"Hey hey, I know!" said Dad excitedly. "Let's fix them up on a blind date! Can you imagine? Miss Butt, meet Mr. Tushman. Mr. Tushman, here's Miss Butt. They could get married and have a bunch of little Tushies."

"Poor Mr. Tushman," answered Mom, shaking her head. "Auggie hasn't even met the man yet, Nate!

" "Who's Mr. Tushman?" Via said groggily. She had just woken up.

"He's the principal of my new school," I answered.

Paging Mr. Tushman

I would have been more nervous about meeting Mr. Tushman if I'd known I was also going to be meeting some kids from the new school. But I didn't know, so if anything, I was kind of giggly. I couldn't stop thinking about all the jokes Daddy had made about Mr. Tushman's name. So when me and Mom arrived at Beecher Prep a few weeks before the start of school, and I saw Mr. Tushman standing there, waiting for us at the entrance, I started giggling right away. He didn't look at all like what I pictured, though. I guess I thought he would have a huge butt, but he didn't. In fact, he was a pretty normal guy. Tall and thin. Old but not really old. He seemed nice. He shook my mom's hand first.

"Hi, Mr. Tushman, it's so nice to see you again," said Mom. "This is my son, August."

Mr. Tushman looked right at me and smiled and nodded. He put his hand out for me to shake.

"Hi, August," he said, totally normally. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

"Hi," I mumbled, dropping my hand into his hand while I looked down at his feet. He was wearing red Adidas.

"So," he said, kneeling down in front of me so I couldn't look at his sneakers but had to look at his face, "your mom and dad have told me a lot about you."

"Like what have they told you?" I asked.

"Sorry?"

"Honey, you have to speak up," said Mom.

"Like what?" I asked, trying not to mumble. I admit I have a bad habit of mumbling.

"Well, that you like to read," said Mr. Tushman, "and that you're a great artist." He had blue eyes with white eyelashes. "And you're into science, right?"

"Uh-huh," I said, nodding. "We have a couple of great science electives at Beecher," he said. "Maybe you'll take one of them?"

"Uh-huh," I said, though I had no idea what an elective was.

"So, are you ready to take a tour?"

"You mean we're doing that now?" I said.

"Did you think we were going to the movies?" he answered, smiling as he stood up.

"You didn't tell me we were taking a tour," I said to Mom in my accusing voice.

"Auggie . . . ," she started to say. "It'll be fine, August," said Mr. Tushman, holding his hand out to me. "I promise."

I think he wanted me to take his hand, but I took Mom's instead. He smiled and started walking toward the entrance. Mommy gave my hand a little squeeze, though I don't know if it was an "I love you" squeeze or an "I'm sorry" squeeze. Probably a little of both.

The only school I'd ever been inside before was Via's, when I went with Mom and Dad to watch Via sing in spring concerts and stuff like that. This school was very different. It was smaller. It smelled like a hospital.

Nice Mrs. Garcia

We followed Mr. Tushman down a few hallways. There weren't a lot of people around. And the few people who were there didn't seem to notice me at all, though that may have been because they didn't see me. I sort of hid behind Mom as I walked. I know that sounds kind of babyish of me, but I wasn't feeling very brave right then.

We ended up in a small room with the words OFFICE OF THE MIDDLE SCHOOL DIRECTOR on the door. Inside, there was a desk with a nice-seeming lady sitting behind it.

"This is Mrs. Garcia," said Mr. Tushman, and the lady smiled at Mom and took off her glasses and got up out of her chair.

My mother shook her hand and said: "Isabel Pullman, nice to meet you."

"And this is August," Mr. Tushman said. Mom kind of stepped to the side a bit, so I would move forward. Then that thing happened that I've seen happen a million times before. When I looked up at her, Mrs. Garcia's eyes dropped for a second. It was so fast no one else would have noticed, since the rest of her face stayed exactly the same. She was smiling a really shiny smile.

"Such a pleasure to meet you, August," she said, holding out her hand for me to shake.

"Hi," I said quietly, giving her my hand, but I didn't want to look at her face, so I kept staring at her glasses, which hung from a chain around her neck.

"Wow, what a firm grip!" said Mrs. Garcia. Her hand was really warm.

"The kid's got a killer handshake," Mr. Tushman agreed, and everyone laughed above my head.

"You can call me Mrs. G," Mrs. Garcia said. I think she was talking to me, but I was looking at all the stuff on her desk now. "That's what everyone calls me. Mrs. G, I forgot my combination. Mrs. G, I need a late pass. Mrs. G, I want to change my elective."

"Mrs. G's actually the one who runs the place," said Mr. Tushman, which again made all the grown-ups laugh.

"I'm here every morning by seven-thirty," Mrs. Garcia continued, still looking at me while I stared at her brown sandals with small purple flowers on the buckles. "So if you ever need anything, August, I'm the one to ask. And you can ask me anything."

"Okay," I mumbled.

"Oh, look at that cute baby," Mom said, pointing to one of the photographs on Mrs. Garcia's bulletin board. "Is he yours?"

"No, my goodness!" said Mrs. Garcia, smiling a big smile now that was totally different from her shiny smile. "You've just made my day. He's my grandson."

"What a cutie!" said Mom, shaking her head. "How old?"

"In that picture he was five months, I think. But he's big now. Almost eight years old!"

"Wow," said Mom, nodding and smiling. "Well, he is absolutely beautiful."

"Thank you!" said Mrs. Garcia, nodding like she was about to say something else about her grandson. But then all of a sudden her smile got a little smaller. "We're all going to take very good care of August," she said to Mom, and I saw her give Mom's hand a little squeeze. I looked at Mom's face, and that's when I realized she was just as nervous as I was. I guess I liked Mrs. Garcia—when she wasn't wearing her shiny smile.

Jack Will, Julian, and Charlotte

We followed Mr. Tushman into a small room across from Mrs. Garcia's desk. He was talking as he closed the door to his office and sat down behind his big desk, though I wasn't really paying much attention to what he was saying. I was looking around at all the things on his desk. Cool stuff, like a globe that floated in the air and a Rubik's-type cube made with little mirrors. I liked his office a lot. I liked that there were all these neat little drawings and paintings by students on the walls, framed like they were important.

Mom sat down in a chair in front of Mr. Tushman's desk, and even though there was another chair right next to hers, I decided to stand beside her.

"Why do you have your own room and Mrs. G doesn't?" I said.

"You mean, why do I have an office?" asked Mr. Tushman.

"You said she runs the place," I said.

"Oh! Well, I was kind of kidding. Mrs. G is my assistant."

"Mr. Tushman is the director of the middle school," Mom explained.

"Do they call you Mr. T?" I asked, which made him smile.

"Do you know who Mr. T is?" he answered. "I pity the fool?" he said in a funny tough voice, like he was imitating someone.

I had no idea what he was talking about.

"Anyway, no," said Mr. Tushman, shaking his head. "No one calls me Mr. T. Though I have a feeling I'm called a lot of other things I don't know about. Let's face it, a name like mine is not so easy to live with, you know what I mean?"

Here I have to admit I totally laughed, because I knew exactly what he meant.

"My mom and dad had a teacher called Miss Butt," I said.

"Auggie!" said Mom, but Mr. Tushman laughed.

"Now, that's bad," said Mr. Tushman, shaking his head.

"I guess I shouldn't complain. Hey, so listen, August, here's what I thought we would do today. . . ."

"Is that a pumpkin?" I said, pointing to a framed painting behind Mr. Tushman's desk.

"Auggie, sweetie, don't interrupt," said Mom.

"You like it?" said Mr. Tushman, turning around and looking at the painting. "I do, too. And I thought it was a pumpkin, too, until the student who gave it to me explained that it is actually not a pumpkin. It is . . . are you ready for this . . . a portrait of me! Now, August, I ask you: do I really look that much like a pumpkin?"

"No!" I answered, though I was thinking yes. Something about the way his cheeks puffed out when he smiled made him look like a jack-o'-lantern. Just as I thought that, it occurred to me how funny that was: cheeks, Mr. Tushman. And I started laughing a little. I shook my head and covered my mouth with my hand.

Mr. Tushman smiled like he could read my mind.

I was about to say something else, but then all of a sudden I heard other voices outside the office: kids' voices. I'm not exaggerating when I say this, but my heart literally started beating like I'd just run the longest race in the world. The laughter I had inside just poured out of me.

The thing is, when I was little, I never minded meeting new kids because all the kids I met were really little, too. What's cool about really little kids is that they don't say stuff to try to hurt your feelings, even though sometimes they do say stuff that hurts your feelings. But they don't actually know what they're saying. Big kids, though: they know what they're saying. And that is definitely not fun for me. One of the reasons I grew my hair long last year was that I like how my bangs cover my eyes: it helps me block out the things I don't want to see.

Mrs. Garcia knocked on the door and poked her head inside.

"They're here, Mr. Tushman," she said.

"Who's here?" I said.

"Thanks," said Mr. Tushman to Mrs. Garcia. "August, I thought it would be a good idea for you to meet some students who'll be in your homeroom this year. I figure they could take you around the school a bit, show you the lay of the land, so to speak." "I don't want to meet anyone," I said to Mom.

Mr. Tushman was suddenly right in front of me, his hands on my shoulders. He leaned down and said very softly in my ear: "It'll be okay, August. These are nice kids, I promise."

"You're going to be okay, Auggie," Mom whispered with all her might.

Before she could say anything else, Mr. Tushman opened the door to his office.

"Come on in, kids," he said, and in walked two boys and a girl. None of them looked over at me or Mom: they stood by the door looking straight at Mr. Tushman like their lives depended on it.

"Thanks so much for coming, guys—especially since school doesn't start until next month!" said Mr. Tushman. "Have you had a good summer?"

All of them nodded but no one said anything.

"Great, great," said Mr. Tushman. "So, guys, I wanted you to meet August, who's going to be a new student here this year. August, these guys have been students at Beecher Prep since kindergarten, though, of course, they were in the lowerschool building, but they know all the ins and outs of the middle-school program. And since you're all in the same homeroom, I thought it would be nice if you got to know each other a little before school started. Okay? So, kids, this is August. August, this is Jack Will."

Jack Will looked at me and put out his hand. When I shook it, he kind of half smiled and said: "Hey," and looked down really fast.

"This is Julian," said Mr. Tushman. "Hey," said Julian, and did the same exact thing as Jack Will: took my hand, forced a smile, looked down fast.

"And Charlotte," said Mr. Tushman.

Charlotte had the blondest hair I've ever seen. She didn't shake my hand but gave me a quick little wave and smiled. "Hi, August. Nice to meet you," she said. "Hi," I said, looking down. She was wearing bright green Crocs.

"So," said Mr. Tushman, putting his hands together in a kind of slow clap. "What I thought you guys could do is take August on a little tour of the school. Maybe you could start on the third floor? That's where your homeroom class is going to be: room 301. I think. Mrs. G, is—"

"Room 301!" Mrs. Garcia called out from the other room.

"Room 301." Mr. Tushman nodded. "And then you can show August the science labs and the computer room. Then work your way down to the library and the performance space on the second floor. Take him to the cafeteria, of course."

"Should we take him to the music room?" asked Julian.

"Good idea, yes," said Mr. Tushman. "August, do you play any instruments?"

"No," I said. It wasn't my favorite subject on account of the fact that I don't really have ears. Well, I do, but they don't exactly look like normal ears.

"Well, you may enjoy seeing the music room anyway," said Mr. Tushman. "We have a very nice selection of percussion instruments."

"August, you've been wanting to learn to play the drums," Mom said, trying to get me to look at her. But my eyes were covered by my bangs as I stared at a piece of old gum that was stuck to the bottom of Mr. Tushman's desk.

"Great! Okay, so why don't you guys get going?" said Mr. Tushman. "Just be back here in . . ." He looked at Mom. "Half an hour, okay?"

I think Mom nodded.

"So, is that okay with you, August?" he asked me.

I didn't answer. "Is that okay, August?" Mom repeated. I looked at her now. I wanted her to see how mad I was at her. But then I saw her face and just nodded. She seemed more scared than I was.

The other kids had started out the door, so I followed them.

"See you soon," said Mom, her voice sounding a little higher than normal. I didn't answer her.

The Grand Tour

Jack Will, Julian, Charlotte, and I went down a big hallway to some wide stairs. No one said a word as we walked up to the third floor.

When we got to the top of the stairs, we went down a little hallway full of lots of doors. Julian opened the door marked 301.

"This is our homeroom," he said, standing in front of the half-opened door. "We have Ms. Petosa. They say she's okay, at least for homeroom. I heard she's really strict if you get her for math, though."

"That's not true," said Charlotte. "My sister had her last year and said she's totally nice."

"Not what I heard," answered Julian, "but whatever." He closed the door and continued walking down the hallway.

"This is the science lab," he said when he got to the next door. And just like he did two seconds ago, he stood in front of the half-opened door and started talking. He didn't look at me once while he talked, which was okay because I wasn't looking at him, either. "You won't know who you have for science until the first day of school, but you want to get Mr. Haller. He used to be in the lower school. He would play this giant tuba in class."

"It was a baritone horn," said Charlotte.

"It was a tuba!" answered Julian, closing the door.

"Dude, let him go inside so he can check it out," Jack Will told him, pushing past Julian and opening the door.

"Go inside if you want," Julian said. It was the first time he looked at me. I

shrugged and walked over to the door. Julian moved out of the way quickly, like he was afraid I might accidentally touch him as I passed by him.

"Nothing much to see," Julian said, walking in after me. He started pointing to a bunch of stuff around the room. "That's the incubator. That big black thing is the chalkboard. These are the desks. These are chairs. Those are the Bunsen burners. This is a gross science poster. This is chalk. This is the eraser."

"I'm sure he knows what an eraser is," Charlotte said, sounding a little like Via.

"How would I know what he knows?" Julian answered. "Mr. Tushman said he's never been to a school before."

"You know what an eraser is, right?" Charlotte asked me.

I admit I was feeling so nervous that I didn't know what to say or do except look at the floor.

"Hey, can you talk?" asked Jack Will.

"Yeah." I nodded. I still really hadn't looked at any of them yet, not directly.

"You know what an eraser is, right?" asked Jack Will.

"Of course!" I mumbled.

"I told you there was nothing to see in here," said Julian, shrugging.

"I have a question . . . ," I said, trying to keep my voice steady. "Um. What exactly is homeroom? Is that like a subject?"

"No, that's just your group," explained Charlotte, ignoring Julian's smirk. "It's like where you go when you get to school in the morning and your homeroom teacher takes attendance and stuff like that. In a way, it's your main class even though it's not really a class. I mean, it's a class, but—"

"I think he gets it, Charlotte," said Jack Will.

"Do you get it?" Charlotte asked me.

"Yeah." I nodded at her.

"Okay, let's get out of here," said Jack Will, walking away.

"Wait, Jack, we're supposed to be answering questions," said Charlotte.

Jack Will rolled his eyes a little as he turned around.

"Do you have any more questions?" he asked.

"Um, no," I answered. "Oh, well, actually, yes. Is your name Jack or Jack Will?"

"Jack is my first name. Will is my last name."

"Oh, because Mr. Tushman introduced you as Jack Will, so I thought . . . "

"Ha! You thought his name was Jackwill!" laughed Julian.

"Yeah, some people call me by my first and last name," Jack said, shrugging. "I don't know why. Anyway, can we go now?"

"Let's go to the performance space next," said Charlotte, leading the way out of the science room. "It's very cool. You'll like it, August."

The Performance Space

Charlotte basically didn't stop talking as we headed down to the second floor. She was describing the play they had put on last year, which was Oliver! She played Oliver even though she's a girl. As she said this, she pushed open the double doors to a huge auditorium. At the other end of the room was a stage.

Charlotte started skipping toward the stage. Julian ran after her, and then turned around halfway down the aisle.

"Come on!" he said loudly, waving for me to follow him, which I did.

"There were like hundreds of people in the audience that night," said Charlotte, and it took me a second to realize she was still talking about Oliver! "I was so, so nervous. I had so many lines, and I had all these songs to sing. It was so, so, so, so hard!" Although she was talking to me, she really didn't look at me much. "On opening night, my parents were all the way in back of the auditorium, like where Jack is right now, but when the lights are off, you can't really see that far back. So I was like, 'Where are my parents? Where are my parents?' And then Mr. Resnick, our theater-arts teacher last year—he said: 'Charlotte, stop being such a diva!' And I was like, 'Okay!' And then I spotted my parents and I was totally fine. I didn't forget a single line."

While she was talking, I noticed Julian staring at me out of the corner of his eye. This is something I see people do a lot with me. They think I don't know they're staring, but I can tell from the way their heads are tilted. I turned around to see where Jack had gone to. He had stayed in the back of the auditorium, like he was bored.

"We put on a play every year," said Charlotte.

"I don't think he's going to want to be in the school play, Charlotte," said Julian sarcastically.

"You can be in the play without actually being 'in' the play," Charlotte answered, looking at me. "You can do the lighting. You can paint the backdrops."

"Oh yeah, whoopee," said Julian, twirling his finger in the air.

"But you don't have to take the theater-arts elective if you don't want to," Charlotte said, shrugging. "There's dance or chorus or band. There's leadership."

"Only dorks take leadership," Julian interrupted.

"Julian, you're being so obnoxious!" said Charlotte, which made Julian laugh.

"I'm taking the science elective," I said.

"Cool!" said Charlotte.

Julian looked directly at me. "The science elective is supposably the hardest elective of all," he said. "No offense, but if you've never, ever been in a school before, why do you think you're suddenly going to be smart enough to take the science elective? I mean, have you ever even studied science before? Like real science, not like the kind you do in kits?"

"Yeah." I nodded.

"He was homeschooled, Julian!" said Charlotte.

"So teachers came to his house?" asked Julian, looking puzzled.

"No, his mother taught him!" answered Charlotte.

"Is she a teacher?" Julian said.

"Is your mother a teacher?" Charlotte asked me.

"No," I said. "So she's not a real teacher!" said Julian, as if that proved his point. "That's what I mean. How can someone who's not a real teacher actually teach science?"

"I'm sure you'll do fine," said Charlotte, looking at me.

"Let's just go to the library now," Jack called out, sounding really bored.

"Why is your hair so long?" Julian said to me. He sounded like he was annoyed.

I didn't know what to say, so I just shrugged.

"Can I ask you a question?" he said.

I shrugged again. Didn't he just ask me a question?

"What's the deal with your face? I mean, were you in a fire or something?"

"Julian, that's so rude!" said Charlotte.

"I'm not being rude," said Julian, "I'm just asking a question. Mr. Tushman said we could ask questions if we wanted to."

"Not rude questions like that," said Charlotte. "Besides, he was born like that. That's what Mr. Tushman said. You just weren't listening."

"I was so listening!" said Julian. "I just thought maybe he was in a fire, too."

"Geez, Julian," said Jack. "Just shut up."

"You shut up!" Julian yelled.

"Come on, August," said Jack. "Let's just go to the library already."

I walked toward Jack and followed him out of the auditorium. He held the double doors open for me, and as I passed by, he looked at me right in the face, kind of daring me to look back at him, which I did. Then I actually smiled. I don't know. Sometimes when I have the feeling like I'm almost crying, it can turn into an almost-laughing feeling. And that must have been the feeling I was having then, because I smiled, almost like I was going to giggle. The thing is, because of the way my face is, people who don't know me very well don't always get that I'm smiling. My mouth doesn't go up at the corners the way other people's mouths do. It just goes straight across my face. But somehow Jack Will got that I had smiled at him. And he smiled back.

"Julian's a jerk," he whispered before Julian and Charlotte reached us. "But, dude, you're gonna have to talk." He said this seriously, like he was trying to help me. I nodded as Julian and Charlotte caught up to us. We were all quiet for a second, all of us just kind of nodding, looking at the floor. Then I looked up at Julian.

"The word's 'supposedly,' by the way," I said.

"What are you talking about?"

"You said 'supposably' before," I said. "I did not!"

"Yeah you did," Charlotte nodded. "You said the science elective is supposably really hard. I heard you."

"I absolutely did not," he insisted.

"Whatever," said Jack. "Let's just go."

"Yeah, let's just go," agreed Charlotte, following Jack down the stairs to the next floor. I started to follow her, but Julian cut right in front of me, which actually made me stumble backward.

"Oops, sorry about that!" said Julian.

But I could tell from the way he looked at me that he wasn't really sorry at all.

The Deal

Mom and Mr. Tushman were talking when we got back to the office. Mrs. Garcia was the first to see us come back, and she started smiling her shiny smile as we walked in.

"So, August, what did you think? Did you like what you saw?" she asked.

"Yeah." I nodded, looking over at Mom.

Jack, Julian, and Charlotte were standing by the door, not sure where to go or if they were still needed. I wondered what else they'd been told about me before they'd met me.

"Did you see the baby chick?" Mom asked me.

As I shook my head, Julian said: "Are you talking about the baby chicks in science? Those get donated to a farm at the end of every school year."

"Oh," said Mom, disappointed. "But they hatch new ones every year in science," Julian added. "So August will be able to see them again in the spring."

"Oh, good," said Mom, eyeing me. "They were so cute, August."

I wished she wouldn't talk to me like I was a baby in front of other people.

"So, August," said Mr. Tushman, "did these guys show you around enough or do you want to see more? I realize I forgot to ask them to show you the gym."

"We did anyway, Mr. Tushman," said Julian.

"Excellent!" said Mr. Tushman.

"And I told him about the school play and some of the electives," said Charlotte. "Oh no!" she said suddenly. "We forgot to show him the art room!"

"That's okay," said Mr. Tushman.

"But we can show it to him now," Charlotte offered.

"Don't we have to pick Via up soon?" I said to Mom.

That was our signal for my telling Mom if I really wanted to leave.

"Oh, you're right," said Mom, getting up. I could tell she was pretending to check the time on her watch. "I'm sorry, everybody. I lost track of the time. We have to go pick up my daughter at her new school. She's taking an unofficial tour today." This part wasn't a lie: that Via was checking out her new school today. The part that was a lie was that we were picking her up at the school, which we weren't. She was coming home with Dad later.

"Where does she go to school?" asked Mr. Tushman, getting up.

"She's starting Faulkner High School this fall."

"Wow, that's not an easy school to get into. Good for her!"

"Thank you," said Mom, nodding. "It'll be a bit of a schlep, though. The A train down to Eighty-Sixth, then the crosstown bus all the way to the East Side. Takes an hour that way but it's just a fifteen-minute drive."

"It'll be worth it. I know a couple of kids who got into Faulkner and love it," said Mr. Tushman.

"We should really go, Mom," I said, tugging at her pocketbook.

We said goodbye kind of quickly after that. I think Mr. Tushman was a little surprised that we were leaving so suddenly, and then I wondered if he would blame Jack and Charlotte, even though it was really only Julian who made me feel kind of bad.

"Everyone was really nice," I made sure to tell Mr. Tushman before we left.

"I look forward to having you as a student," said Mr. Tushman, patting my back.

"Bye," I said to Jack, Charlotte, and Julian, but I didn't look at them—or look up at all until I left the building.

Home

As soon as we had walked at least half a block from the school, Mom said: "So . . . how'd it go? Did you like it?"

"Not yet, Mom. When we get home," I said. The moment we got inside the house, I ran to my room and threw myself onto my bed. I could tell Mom didn't know what was up, and I guess I really didn't, either. I felt very sad and a tiny bit happy at the exact same time, kind of like that laughing-crying feeling all over again.

My dog, Daisy, followed me into the room, jumped on the bed, and started licking me all over my face.

"Who's a good girlie?" I said in my Dad voice. "Who's a good girlie?"

"Is everything okay, sweetness?" Mom said. She wanted to sit down beside me but Daisy was hogging the bed. "Excuse me, Daisy." She sat down, nudging Daisy over. "Were those kids not nice to you, Auggie?"

"Oh no," I said, only half lying. "They were okay."

"But were they nice? Mr. Tushman went out of his way to tell me what sweet kids they are."

"Uh-huh." I nodded, but I kept looking at Daisy, kissing her on the nose and rubbing her ear until her back leg did that little flea-scratch shake.

"That boy Julian seemed especially nice," Mom said.

"Oh, no, he was the least nice. I liked Jack, though. He was nice. I thought his name was Jack Will but it's just Jack."

"Wait, maybe I'm getting them confused. Which one was the one with the dark hair that was brushed forward?"

"Julian."

"And he wasn't nice?"

"No, not nice."

"Oh." She thought about this for a second. "Okay, so is he the kind of kid who's one way in front of grown-ups and another way in front of kids?"

"Yeah, I guess." "Ah, hate those," she answered, nodding. "He was like, 'So, August, what's the deal with your face?' " I said, looking at Daisy the whole time. " 'Were you in a fire or something?' "

Mom didn't say anything. When I looked up at her, I could tell she was completely shocked.

"He didn't say it in a mean way," I said quickly. "He was just asking."

Mom nodded.

"But I really liked Jack," I said. "He was like, 'Shut up, Julian!' And Charlotte was like, 'You're so rude, Julian!' "

Mom nodded again. She pressed her fingers on her forehead like she was pushing against a headache.

"I'm so sorry, Auggie," she said quietly. Her cheeks were bright red.

"No, it's okay, Mom, really."

"You don't have to go to school if you don't want, sweetie."

"I want to," I said.

"Auggie . . ."

"Really, Mom. I want to." And I wasn't lying.

First-Day Jitters

Okay, so I admit that the first day of school I was so nervous that the butterflies in my stomach were more like pigeons flying around my insides. Mom and Dad were probably a little nervous, too, but they acted all excited for me, taking pictures of me and Via before we left the house since it was Via's first day of school, too.

Up until a few days before, we still weren't sure I would be going to school at all. After my tour of the school, Mom and Dad had reversed sides on whether I should go or not. Mom was now the one saying I shouldn't go and Dad was saying I should. Dad had told me he was really proud of how I'd handled myself with Julian and that I was turning into quite the strong man. And I heard him tell Mom that he now thought she had been right all along. But Mom, I could tell, wasn't so sure anymore. When Dad told her that he and Via wanted to walk me to school today, too, since it was on the way to the subway station, Mom seemed relieved that we would all be going together. And I guess I was, too.

Even though Beecher Prep is just a few blocks from our house, I've only been on that block a couple of times before. In general, I try to avoid blocks where there are lots of kids roaming around. On our block, everybody knows me and I know everybody. I know every brick and every tree trunk and every crack in the sidewalk. I know Mrs. Grimaldi, the lady who's always sitting by her window, and the old guy who walks up and down the street whistling like a bird. I know the deli on the corner where Mom gets our bagels, and the waitresses at the coffee shop who all call me "honey" and give me lollipops whenever they see me. I love my neighborhood of North River Heights, which is why it was so strange to be walking down these blocks feeling like it was all new to me suddenly. Amesfort Avenue, a street I've been down a million times, looked totally different for some reason. Full of people I never saw before, waiting for buses, pushing strollers.

We crossed Amesfort and turned up Heights Place: Via walked next to me like she usually does, and Mom and Dad were behind us. As soon as we turned the corner, we saw all the kids in front of the school—hundreds of them talking to each other in little groups, laughing, or standing with their parents, who were talking with other parents. I kept my head way down.

"Everyone's just as nervous as you are," said Via in my ear. "Just remember that this is everyone's first day of school. Okay?"

Mr. Tushman was greeting students and parents in front of the school entrance.

I have to admit: so far, nothing bad had happened. I didn't catch anyone staring or even noticing me. Only once did I look up to see some girls looking my way and whispering

with their hands cupped over their mouths, but they looked away when they saw me notice them.

We reached the front entrance.

"Okay, so this is it, big boy," said Dad, putting his hands on top of my shoulders.

"Have a great first day. I love you," said Via, giving me a big kiss and a hug.

"You, too," I said.

"I love you, Auggie," said Dad, hugging me.

"Bye."

Then Mom hugged me, but I could tell she was about to cry, which would have totally embarrassed me, so I just gave her a fast hard hug, turned, and disappeared into the school.

Locks

I went straight to room 301 on the third floor. Now I was glad I'd gone on that little tour, because I knew exactly where to go and didn't have to look up once. I noticed that some kids were definitely staring at me now. I did my thing of pretending not to notice.

I went inside the classroom, and the teacher was writing on the chalkboard while all the kids started sitting at different desks. The desks were in a half circle facing the chalkboard, so I chose the desk in the middle toward the back, which I thought would make it harder for anyone to stare at me. I still kept my head way down, just looking up enough from under my bangs to see everyone's feet. As the desks started to fill up, I did notice that no one sat down next to me. A couple of times someone was about to sit next to me, then changed his or her mind at the last minute and sat somewhere else.

"Hey, August." It was Charlotte, giving me her little wave as she sat down at a desk in the front of the class. Why anyone would ever choose to sit way up front in a class, I don't know.

"Hey," I said, nodding hello. Then I noticed Julian was sitting a few seats away from her, talking to some other kids. I know he saw me, but he didn't say hello.

Suddenly someone was sitting down next to me. It was Jack Will. Jack.

"What's up," he said, nodding at me.

"Hey, Jack," I answered, waving my hand, which I immediately wished I hadn't done because it felt kind of uncool.

"Okay, kids, okay, everybody! Settle down," said the teacher, now facing us. She had written her name, Ms. Petosa, on the chalkboard. "Everybody find a seat, please. Come in," she said to a couple of kids who had just walked in the room. "There's a seat there, and right there."

She hadn't noticed me yet.

"Now, the first thing I want everyone to do is stop talking and \ldots "

She noticed me. "... put your backpacks down and quiet down."

She had only hesitated for a millionth of a second, but I could tell the moment she saw me. Like I said: I'm used to it by now.

"I'm going to take attendance and do the seating chart," she continued, sitting on the edge of her desk. Next to her were three neat rows of accordion folders. "When I call your name, come up and I'll hand you a folder with your name on it. It contains your class schedule and your combination lock, which you should not try to open until I tell you to. Your locker number is written on the class schedule. Be forewarned that some lockers are not right outside this class but down the hall, and before anyone even thinks of asking: no, you cannot switch lockers and you can't switch locks. Then if there's time at the end of this period, we're all going to get to know each other a little better, okay? Okay."

She picked up the clipboard on her desk and started reading the names out loud.

"Okay, so, Julian Albans?" she said, looking up.

Julian raised his hand and said "Here" at the same time.

"Hi, Julian," she said, making a note on her seating chart. She picked up the very first folder and held it out toward him. "Come pick it up," she said, kind of no-nonsense. He got up and took it from her. "Ximena Chin?"

She handed a folder to each kid as she read off the names. As she went down the list, I noticed that the seat next to me was the only one still empty, even though there were two kids sitting at one desk just a few seats away. When she called the name of one of them, a big kid named Henry Joplin who already looked like a teenager, she said: "Henry, there's an empty desk right over there. Why don't you take that seat, okay?"

She handed him his folder and pointed to the desk next to mine. Although I didn't look at him directly, I could tell Henry did not want to move next to me, just by the way he

dragged his backpack on the floor as he came over, like he was moving in slow motion. Then he plopped his backpack up really high on the right side of the desk so it was kind of like a wall between his desk and mine.

"Maya Markowitz?" Ms. Petosa was saying.

"Here," said a girl about four desks down from me.

"Miles Noury?"

"Here," said the kid that had been sitting with Henry Joplin. As he walked back to his desk, I saw him shoot Henry a "poor you" look.

"August Pullman?" said Ms. Petosa. "Here," I said quietly, raising my hand a bit. "Hi, August," she said, smiling at me very nicely when I went up to get my folder. I kind of felt everyone's eyes burning into my back for the few seconds I stood in the front of the class, and everybody looked down when I walked back to my desk. I resisted spinning the combination when I sat down, even though everyone else was doing it, because she had specifically told us not to. I was already pretty good at opening locks, anyway, because I've used them on my bike. Henry kept trying to open his lock but couldn't do it. He was getting frustrated and kind of cursing under his breath.

Ms. Petosa called out the next few names. The last name was Jack Will. After she handed Jack his folder, she said: "Okay, so, everybody write your combinations down somewhere safe that you won't forget, okay? But if you do forget, which happens at least three point two times per semester, Mrs. Garcia has a list of all the combination numbers. Now go ahead, take your locks out of your folders and spend a couple of minutes practicing how to open them, though I know some of you went ahead and did that anyway." She was looking at Henry when she said that. "And in the meanwhile, I'll tell you guys a little something about myself. And then you guys can tell me a little about yourselves and we'll, um, get to know each other. Sound good? Good."

She smiled at everyone, though I felt like she was smiling at me the most. It wasn't a shiny smile, like Mrs. Garcia's smile, but a normal smile, like she meant it. She looked very different from what I thought teachers were going to look like. I guess I thought she'd look like Miss Fowl from Jimmy Neutron: an old lady with a big bun on top of her head. But, in fact, she looked exactly like Mon Mothma from Star Wars Episode IV: haircut kind of like a boy's, and a big white shirt kind of like a tunic.

She turned around and started writing on the chalkboard. Henry still couldn't get his lock to open, and he was getting more and more frustrated every time someone else popped one open. He got really annoyed when I was able to open mine on the first try.

The funny thing is, if he hadn't put the backpack between us, I most definitely would have offered to help him.

Around the Room

Ms. Petosa told us a little about who she was. It was boring stuff about where she originally came from, and how she always wanted to teach, and she left her job on Wall Street about six years ago to pursue her "dream" and teach kids. She ended by asking if anyone had any questions, and Julian raised his hand.

"Yes . . ." She had to look at the list to remember his name.

"Julian."

"That's cool about how you're pursuing your dream," he said.

"Thank you!" "You're welcome!" He smiled proudly.

"Okay, so why don't you tell us a little about yourself, Julian? Actually, here's what I want everyone to do. Think of two things you want other people to know about you. Actually, wait a minute: how many of you came from the Beecher lower school?" About half the kids raised their hands. "Okay, so a few of you already know each other. But the rest of you, I guess, are new to the school, right? Okay, so everyone think of two things you want other people to know about you—and if you know some of the other kids, try to think of things they don't already know about you. Okay? Okay. So let's start with Julian and we'll go around the room."

Julian scrunched up his face and started tapping his forehead like he was thinking really hard.

"Okay, whenever you're ready," Ms. Petosa said.

"Okay, so number one is that-"

"Do me a favor and start with your names, okay?" Ms. Petosa interrupted. "It'll help me remember everyone."

"Oh, okay. So my name is Julian. And the number one thing I'd like to tell everyone about myself is that . . . I just got Battleground Mystic for my Wii and it's totally awesome. And the number two thing is that we got a Ping-Pong table this summer."

"Very nice, I love Ping-Pong," said Ms. Petosa. "Does anyone have any questions for Julian?"

"Is Battleground Mystic multiplayer or one player?" said the kid named Miles.

"Not those kinds of questions, guys," said Ms. Petosa.

"Okay, so how about you. . . ." She pointed to Charlotte, probably because her desk was closest to the front.

"Oh, sure." Charlotte didn't hesitate for even a second, like she knew exactly what she wanted to say. "My name is Charlotte. I have two sisters, and we just got a new puppy named Suki in July. We got her from an animal shelter and she's so, so cute!"

"That's great, Charlotte, thank you," said Ms. Petosa. "Okay, then, who's next?"

Lamb to the Slaughter

"Like a lamb to the slaughter": Something that you say about someone who goes somewhere calmly, not knowing that something unpleasant is going to happen to them.

I Googled it last night. That's what I was thinking when Ms. Petosa called my name and suddenly it was my turn to talk.

"My name is August," I said, and yeah, I kind of mumbled it.

"What?" said someone.

"Can you speak up, honey?" said Ms. Petosa.

"My name is August," I said louder, forcing myself to look up. "I, um . . . have a sister named Via and a dog named Daisy. And, um . . . that's it."

"Wonderful," said Ms. Petosa. "Anyone have questions for August?"

No one said anything.

"Okay, you're next," said Ms. Petosa to Jack.

"Wait, I have a question for August," said Julian, raising his hand. "Why do you have that tiny braid in the back of your hair? Is that like a Padawan thing?"

"Yeah." I shrug-nodded.

"What's a Padawan thing?" said Ms. Petosa, smiling at me. "

It's from Star Wars," answered Julian. "A Padawan is a Jedi apprentice."

"Oh, interesting," answered Ms. Petosa, looking at me. "So, are you into Star Wars, August?"

"I guess." I nodded, not looking up because what I really wanted was to just slide under the desk.

"Who's your favorite character?" Julian asked. I started thinking maybe he wasn't so bad.

"Jango Fett."

"What about Darth Sidious?" he said. "Do you like him?"

"Okay, guys, you can talk about Star Wars stuff at recess," said Ms. Petosa cheerfully. "But let's keep going. We haven't heard from you yet," she said to Jack.

Now it was Jack's turn to talk, but I admit I didn't hear a word he said. Maybe no one got the Darth Sidious thing, and maybe Julian didn't mean anything at all. But in Star Wars Episode III: Revenge of the Sith, Darth Sidious's face gets burned by Sith lightning and becomes totally deformed. His skin gets all shriveled up and his whole face just kind of melts.

I peeked at Julian and he was looking at me. Yeah, he knew what he was saying.

Choose Kind

There was a lot of shuffling around when the bell rang and everybody got up to leave. I checked my schedule and it said my next class was English, room 321. I didn't stop to see if anyone else from my homeroom was going my way: I just zoomed out of the class and down the hall and sat down as far from the front as possible. The teacher, a really tall man with a yellow beard, was writing on the chalkboard.

Kids came in laughing and talking in little groups but I didn't look up. Basically, the same thing that happened in homeroom happened again: no one sat next to me except for Jack, who was joking around with some kids who weren't in our homeroom. I could tell Jack was the kind of kid other kids like. He had a lot of friends. He made people laugh.

When the second bell rang, everyone got quiet and the teacher turned around and faced us. He said his name was Mr. Browne, and then he started talking about what we would be doing this semester. At a certain point, somewhere between *A Wrinkle in Time* and *Shen of the Sea*, he noticed me but kept right on talking.

I was mostly doodling in my notebook while he talked, but every once in a while I would sneak a look at the other students. Charlotte was in this class. So were Julian and Henry. Miles wasn't.

Mr. Browne had written on the chalkboard in big block letters:

P-R-E-C-E-P-T!

"Okay, everybody write this down at the very top of the very first page in your English notebook."

As we did what he told us to do, he said: "Okay, so who can tell me what a precept is? Does anyone know?"

No one raised their hands.

Mr. Browne smiled, nodded, and turned around to write on the chalkboard again:

PRECEPTS = RULES ABOUT REALLY IMPORTANT THINGS!

"Like a motto?" someone called out.

"Like a motto!" said Mr. Browne, nodding as he continued writing on the board. "Like a famous quote. Like a line from a fortune cookie. Any saying or ground rule that can motivate you. Basically, a precept is anything that helps guide us when making decisions about really important things."

He wrote all that on the chalkboard and then turned around and faced us.

"So, what are some really important things?" he asked us.

A few kids raised their hands, and as he pointed at them, they gave their answers, which he wrote on the chalkboard in really, really sloppy handwriting:

RULES. SCHOOLWORK. HOMEWORK.

"What else?" he said as he wrote, not even turning around. "Just call things out!" He wrote everything everyone called out.

FAMILY. PARENTS. PETS.

One girl called out: "The environment!"

THE ENVIRONMENT.

he wrote on the chalkboard, and added:

OUR WORLD!

"Sharks, because they eat dead things in the ocean!" said one of the boys, a kid named Reid, and Mr. Browne wrote down

SHARKS.

"Bees!" "Seatbelts!" "Recycling!" "Friends!"

"Okay," said Mr. Browne, writing all those things down. He turned around when he finished writing to face us again. "But no one's named the most important thing of all." We all looked at him, out of ideas. "God?" said one kid, and I could tell that even though Mr. Browne wrote "God" down, that wasn't the answer he was looking for. Without saying anything else, he wrote down:

WHO WE ARE!

"Who we are," he said, underlining each word as he said it. "Who we are! Us! Right? What kind of people are we? What kind of person are you? Isn't that the most important thing of all? Isn't that the kind of question we should be asking ourselves all the time? "What kind of person am I?

"Did anyone happen to notice the plaque next to the door of this school? Anyone read what it says? Anyone?"

He looked around but no one knew the answer.

"It says: 'Know Thyself,' " he said, smiling and nodding. "And learning who you are is what you're here to do."

"I thought we were here to learn English," Jack cracked, which made everyone laugh.

"Oh yeah, and that, too!" Mr. Browne answered, which I thought was very cool of him. He turned around and wrote in big huge block letters that spread all the way across the chalkboard:

MR. BROWNE'S SEPTEMBER PRECEPT:

WHEN GIVEN THE CHOICE BETWEEN BEING RIGHT OR BEING KIND, CHOOSE KIND.

"Okay, so, everybody," he said, facing us again, "I want you to start a brand-new section in your notebooks and call it Mr. Browne's Precepts."

He kept talking as we did what he was telling us to do. "Put today's date at the top of the first page. And from now on, at the beginning of every month, I'm going to write a new Mr. Browne precept on the chalkboard and you're going to write it down in your notebook. Then we're going to discuss that precept and what it means. And at the end of the month, you're going to write an essay about

it, about what it means to you. So by the end of the year, you'll all have your own list of precepts to take away with you.

"Over the summer, I ask all my students to come up with their very own personal precept, write it on a postcard, and mail it to me from wherever you go on your summer vacation."

"People really do that?" said one girl whose name I didn't know.

"Oh yeah!" he answered, "people really do that. I've had students send me new precepts years after they've graduated from this school, actually. It's pretty amazing."

He paused and stroked his beard. "But, anyway, next summer seems like a long way off, I know," he joked, which made us laugh. "So, everybody relax a bit while I take attendance, and then when we're finished with that, I'll start telling you about all the fun stuff we're going to be doing this year—in *English*." He pointed to Jack when he said this, which was also funny, so we all laughed at that.

As I wrote down Mr. Browne's September precept, I suddenly realized that I was going to like school. No matter what.

Lunch

Via had warned me about lunch in middle school, so I guess I should have known it would be hard. I just hadn't expected it to be this hard. Basically, all the kids from all the fifth-grade classes poured into the cafeteria at the same time, talking loudly and bumping into one another while they ran to different tables. One of the lunchroom teachers said something about no seat-saving allowed, but I didn't know what she meant and maybe no one else did, either, because just about everybody was saving seats for their friends. I tried to sit down at one table, but the kid in the next chair said, "Oh, sorry, but somebody else is sitting here."

So I moved to an empty table and just waited for everyone to finish stampeding and the lunchroom teacher to tell us what to do next. As she started telling us the cafeteria rules, I looked around to see where Jack Will was sitting, but I didn't see him on my side of the room. Kids were still coming in as the teachers started calling the first few tables to get their trays and stand on line at the counter. Julian, Henry, and Miles were sitting at a table toward the back of the room. Mom had packed me a cheese sandwich, graham crackers, and a juice box, so I didn't need to stand on line when my table was called. Instead, I just concentrated on opening my backpack, pulling out my lunch bag, and slowly opening the aluminum-foil wrapping of my sandwich.

I could tell I was being stared at without even looking up. I knew that people were nudging each other, watching me out of the corners of their eyes. I thought I was used to those kinds of stares by now, but I guess I wasn't.

There was one table of girls that I knew were whispering about me because they were talking behind their hands. Their eyes and whispers kept bouncing over to me.

I hate the way I eat. I know how weird it looks. I had a surgery to fix my cleft palate when I was a baby, and then a second cleft surgery when I was four, but I still have a hole in the roof of my mouth. And even though I had jaw-alignment surgery a few years ago, I have to chew food in the front of my mouth. I didn't even realize how this looked until I was at a birthday party once, and one of the kids told the mom of the birthday boy he didn't want to sit next to me because I was too messy with all the food crumbs shooting out of my mouth. I know the kid wasn't trying to be mean, but he got in big trouble later, and his mom called my mom that night to apologize. When I got home from the party, I went to the bathroom mirror and started eating a saltine cracker to see what I looked like when I was chewing. The kid was right. I eat like a tortoise, if you've ever seen a tortoise eating. Like some prehistoric swamp thing.

The Summer Table

"Hey, is this seat taken?"

I looked up, and a girl I never saw before was standing across from my table with a lunch tray full of food. She had long wavy brown hair, and wore a brown T-shirt with a purple peace sign on it.

"Uh, no," I said.

She put her lunch tray on the table, plopped her backpack on the floor, and sat down across from me. She started to eat the mac and cheese on her plate.

"Ugh," she said after the swallowing the first bite. "I should have brought a sandwich like you did."

"Yeah," I said, nodding.

"My name is Summer, by the way. What's yours?"

"August."

"Cool," she said.

"Summer!" Another girl came over to the table carrying a tray. "Why are you sitting here? Come back to the table."

"It was too crowded," Summer answered her. "Come sit here. There's more room."

The other girl looked confused for a second. I realized she had been one of the girls I had caught looking at me just a few minutes earlier: hand cupped over her mouth, whispering. I guess Summer had been one of the girls at that table, too.

"Never mind," said the girl, leaving. Summer looked at me, shrugged-smiled, and took another bite of her mac and cheese.

"Hey, our names kind of match," she said as she chewed.

I guess she could tell I didn't know what she meant.

"Summer? August?" she said, smiling, her eyes open wide, as she waited for me to get it.

"Oh, yeah," I said after a second.

"We can make this the 'summer only' lunch table," she said.

"Only kids with summer names can sit here. Let's see, is there anyone here named June or July?"

"There's a Maya," I said.

"Technically, May is spring," Summer answered, "but if she wanted to sit here, we could make an exception." She said it as if she'd actually thought the whole thing through. "There's Julian. That's like the name Julia, which comes from July."

I didn't say anything.

"There's a kid named Reid in my English class," I said.

"Yeah, I know Reid, but how is Reid a summer name?" she asked.

"I don't know." I shrugged. "I just picture, like, a reed of grass being a summer thing."

"Yeah, okay." She nodded, pulling out her notebook.

"And Ms. Petosa could sit here, too. That kind of sounds like the word 'petal,' which I think of as a summer thing, too."

"I have her for homeroom," I said.

"I have her for math," she answered, making a face.

She started writing the list of names on the second-to-last page of her notebook.

"So, who else?" she said.

By the end of lunch, we had come up with a whole list of names of kids and teachers who could sit at our table if they wanted. Most of the names weren't actually summer names, but they were names that had some kind of connection to summer. I even found a way of making Jack Will's name work by pointing out that you could turn his name into a sentence about summer, like "Jack will go to the beach," which Summer agreed worked fine.

"But if someone doesn't have a summer name and wants to sit with us," she said very seriously, "we'll still let them if they're nice, okay?"

"Okay." I nodded.

"Even if it's a winter name." "Cool beans," she answered, giving me a thumbsup.

Summer looked like her name. She had a tan, and her eyes were green like a leaf.

One to Ten

Mom always had this habit of asking me how something felt on a scale of one to ten. It started after I had my jaw surgery, when I couldn't talk because my mouth was wired shut. They had taken a piece of bone from my hip bone to insert into my chin to make it look more normal, so I was hurting in a lot of different places. Mom would point to one of my bandages, and I would hold up my fingers to show her how much it was hurting. One meant a little bit. Ten meant so, so, so much. Then she would tell the doctor when he made his rounds what needed adjusting or things like that. Mom got very good at reading my mind sometimes.

After that, we got into the habit of doing the one-to-ten scale for anything that hurt, like if I just had a plain old sore throat, she'd ask: "One to ten?" And I'd say: "Three," or whatever it was.

When school was over, I went outside to meet Mom, who was waiting for me at the front entrance like all the other parents or babysitters. The first thing she said after hugging me was: " So, how was it? One to ten?"

"Five," I said, shrugging, which I could tell totally surprised her.

"Wow," she said quietly, "that's even better than I hoped for."

"Are we picking Via up?"

"Miranda's mother is picking her up today. Do you want me to carry your backpack, sweetness?" We had started walking through the crowd of kids and parents, most of whom were noticing me, "secretly" pointing me out to each other.

"I'm fine," I said.

"It looks too heavy, Auggie." She started to take it from me.

"Mom!" I said, pulling my backpack away from her. I walked in front of her through the crowd.

"See you tomorrow, August!"

It was Summer. She was walking in the opposite direction.

"Bye, Summer," I said, waving at her.

As soon as we crossed the street and were away from the crowd, Mom said: "Who was that, Auggie?"

"Summer."

"Is she in your class?"

"I have lots of classes."

"Is she in any of your classes?" Mom said.

"Nope."

Mom waited for me to say something else, but I just didn't feel like talking.

"So it went okay?" said Mom.

I could tell she had a million questions she wanted to ask me. "Everyone was nice? Did you like your teachers?"

"Yeah."

"How about those kids you met last week

? Were they nice?"

"Fine, fine. Jack hung out with me a lot."

"That's so great, sweetie. What about that boy Julian?"

I thought about that Darth Sidious comment. By now it felt like that had happened a hundred years ago.

"He was okay," I said.

"And the blond girl, what was her name?"

"Charlotte. Mom, I said everyone was nice already."

"Okay," Mom answered.

I honestly don't know why I was kind of mad at Mom, but I was. We crossed Amesfort Avenue, and she didn't say anything else until we turned onto our block.

"So," Mom said.

"How did you meet Summer if she wasn't in any of your classes?"

"We sat together at lunch," I said.

I had started kicking a rock between my feet like it was a soccer ball, chasing it back and forth across the sidewalk.

"She seems very nice."

"Yeah, she is."

"She's very pretty," Mom said.

"Yeah, I know," I answered. "We're kind of like Beauty and the Beast."

I didn't wait to see Mom's reaction. I just started running down the sidewalk after the rock, which I had kicked as hard as I could in front of me.

Padawan

That night I cut off the little braid on the back of my head. Dad noticed first.

"Oh good," he said. "I never liked that thing."

Via couldn't believe I had cut it off. "That took you years to grow!" she said, almost like she was angry. "Why did you cut it off?"

"I don't know," I answered.

"Did someone make fun of it?"

"No."

"Did you tell Christopher you were cutting it off?"

"We're not even friends anymore!"

"That's not true," she said. "I can't believe you would just cut it off like that," she added snottily, and then practically slammed my bedroom door shut as she left the room.

I was snuggling with Daisy on my bed when Dad came to tuck me in later. He scooched Daisy over gently and lay down next to me on the blanket.

"So, Auggie Doggie," he said, "it was really an okay day?" He got that from an old cartoon about a dachshund named Auggie Doggie, by the way. He had bought it for me on eBay when I was about four, and we watched it a lot for a while—especially in the hospital. He would call me Auggie Doggie and I would call him "dear ol' Dad," like the puppy called the dachshund dad on the show.

"Yeah, it was totally okay," I said, nodding.

"You've been so quiet all night long."

"I guess I'm tired."

"It was a long day, huh?"

I nodded.

"But it really was okay?"

I nodded again. He didn't say anything, so after a few seconds, I said: "It was better than okay, actually."

"That's great to hear, Auggie," he said quietly, kissing my forehead. "So it looks like it was a good call Mom made, your going to school."

"Yeah. But I could stop going if I wanted to, right?"

"That was the deal, yes," he answered. "Though I guess it would depend on why you wanted to stop going, too, you know. You'd have to let us know. You'd have to talk to us and tell us how you're feeling, and if anything bad was happening. Okay? You promise you'd tell us?"

"Yeah."

"So can I ask you something? Are you mad at Mom or something? You've been kind of huffy with her all night long. You know, Auggie, I'm as much to blame for sending you to school as she is."

"No, she's more to blame. It was her idea."

Mom knocked on the door just then and peeked her head inside my room.

"Just wanted to say good night," she said. She looked kind of shy for a second.

"Hi, Momma," Dad said, picking up my hand and waving it at her.

"I heard you cut off your braid," Mom said to me, sitting down at the edge of the bed next to Daisy.

"It's not a big deal," I answered quickly.

"I didn't say it was," said Mom.

"Why don't you put Auggie to bed tonight?" Dad said to Mom, getting up. "I've got some work to do anyway. Good night, my son, my son." That was another part of our Auggie Doggie routine, though I wasn't in the mood to say Good night, dear ol' Dad. "I'm so proud of you," said Dad, and then he got up out of the bed.

Mom and Dad had always taken turns putting me to bed. I know it was a little babyish of me to still need them to do that, but that's just how it was with us.

"Will you check in on Via?" Mom said to Dad as she lay down next to me.

He stopped by the door and turned around. "What's wrong with Via?"

"Nothing," said Mom, shrugging, "at least that she would tell me. But . . . first day of high school and all that."

Hmm," said Dad, and then he pointed his finger at me and winked. "It's always something with you kids, isn't it?" he said.

"Never a dull moment," said Mom.

"Never a dull moment," Dad repeated. "Good night, guys."

As soon as he closed the door, Mom pulled out the book she'd been reading to me for the last couple of weeks. I was relieved because I really was afraid she'd want to "talk," and I just didn't feel like doing that. But Mom didn't seem to want to talk, either. She just flipped through the pages until she got to where we had left off. We were about halfway through *The Hobbit*.

" 'Stop! stop! ' shouted Thorin," said Mom, reading aloud, "but it was too late, the excited dwarves had wasted their last arrows, and now the bows that Beorn had given them were useless.

"They were a gloomy party that night, and the gloom gathered still deeper on them in the following days. They had crossed the enchanted stream; but beyond it the path seemed to straggle on just as before, and in the forest they could see no change."

I'm not sure why, but all of a sudden I started to cry.

Mom put the book down and wrapped her arms around me. She didn't seem surprised that I was crying. "It's okay," she whispered in my ear. "It'll be okay."

"I'm sorry," I said between sniffles.

"Shh," she said, wiping my tears with the back of her hand. "You have nothing to be sorry about. . . ."

"Why do I have to be so ugly, Mommy?" I whispered.

"No, baby, you're not . . ."

"I know I am."

She kissed me all over my face. She kissed my eyes that came down too far. She kissed my cheeks that looked punched in. She kissed my tortoise mouth.

She said soft words that I know were meant to help me, but words can't change my face.

Wake Me Up when September Ends

The rest of September was hard. I wasn't used to getting up so early in the morning. I wasn't used to this whole notion of homework. And I got my first "quiz" at the end of the month. I never got "quizzes" when Mom homeschooled me. I

also didn't like how I had no free time anymore. Before, I was able to play whenever I wanted to, but now it felt like I always had stuff to do for school.

And being at school was awful in the beginning. Every new class I had was like a new chance for kids to "not stare" at me. They would sneak peeks at me from behind their notebooks or when they thought I wasn't looking. They would take the longest way around me to avoid bumping into me in any way, like I had some germ they could catch, like my face was contagious.

In the hallways, which were always crowded, my face would always surprise some unsuspecting kid who maybe hadn't heard about me. The kid would make the sound you make when you hold your breath before going underwater, a little "uh!" sound. This happened maybe four or five times a day for the first few weeks: on the stairs, in front of the lockers, in the library. Five hundred kids in a school: eventually every one of them was going to see my face at some time. And I knew after the first couple of days that word had gotten around about me, because every once in a while I'd catch a kid elbowing his friend as they passed me, or talking behind their hands as I walked by them. I can only imagine what they were saying about me. Actually, I prefer not to even try to imagine it.

I'm not saying they were doing any of these things in a mean way, by the way: not once did any kid laugh or make noises or do anything like that. They were just being normal dumb kids. I know that. I kind of wanted to tell them that. Like, it's okay, I'm know I'm weird-looking, take a look, I don't bite. Hey, the truth is, if a Wookiee started going to the school all of a sudden, I'd be curious, I'd probably stare a bit! And if I was walking with Jack or Summer, I'd probably whisper to them: Hey, there's the Wookiee. And if the Wookiee caught me saying that, he'd know I wasn't trying to be mean. I was just pointing out the fact that he's a Wookiee.

It took about one week for the kids in my class to get used to my face. These were the kids I'd see every day in all my classes. It took about two weeks for the rest of the kids in my grade to get used to my face. These were the kids I'd see in the cafeteria, yard time, PE, music, library, computer class.

It took about a month for the rest of the kids in the entire school to get used to it. These were the kids in all the other grades. They were big kids, some of them. Some of them had crazy haircuts. Some of them had earrings in their noses. Some of them had pimples. None of them looked like me.

Jack Will

I hung out with Jack in homeroom, English, history, computer, music, and science, which were all the classes we had together. The teachers assigned seats in every class, and I ended up sitting next to Jack in every single class, so I figured either the teachers were told to put me and Jack together, or it was a totally incredible coincidence.

I walked to classes with Jack, too. I know he noticed kids staring at me, but he pretended not to notice. One time, though, on our way to history, this huge eighth grader who was zooming down the stairs two steps at a time accidentally bumped into us at the bottom of the stairs and knocked me down. As the guy helped me stand up, he got a look at my face, and without even meaning to, he just said: "Whoa!" Then he patted me on the shoulder, like he was dusting me off, and took off after his friends. For some reason, me and Jack started cracking up.

"That guy made the funniest face!" said Jack as we sat down at our desks.

"I know, right?" I said. "He was like, whoa !"

"I swear, I think he wet his pants!"

We were laughing so hard that the teacher, Mr. Roche, had to ask us to settle down.

Later, after we finished reading about how ancient Sumerians built sundials, Jack whispered: "Do you ever want to beat those kids up?"

I shrugged. "I guess. I don't know."

"I'd want to. I think you should get a secret squirt gun or something and attach it to your eyes somehow. And every time someone stares at you, you would squirt them in the face."

"With some green slime or something," I answered.

"No, no: with slug juice mixed with dog pee."

"Yeah!" I said, completely agreeing.

"Guys," said Mr. Roche from across the room. "People are still reading."

We nodded and looked down at our books. Then Jack whispered: "Are you always going to look this way, August? I mean, can't you get plastic surgery or something?"

I smiled and pointed to my face. "Hello? This is after plastic surgery!"

Jack clapped his hand over his forehead and started laughing hysterically. "Dude, you should sue your doctor!" he answered between giggles.

This time the two of us were laughing so much we couldn't stop, even after Mr. Roche came over and made us both switch chairs with the kids next to us.

Mr. Browne's October Precept

Mr. Browne's precept for October was:

YOUR DEEDS ARE YOUR MONUMENTS.

He told us that this was written on the tombstone of some Egyptian guy that died thousands of years ago. Since we were just about to start studying ancient Egypt in history, Mr. Browne thought this was a good choice for a precept.

Our homework assignment was to write a paragraph about what we thought the precept meant or how we felt about it.

This is what I wrote:

This precept means that we should be remembered for the things we do. The things we do are the most important things of all. They are more important than what we say or what we look like. The things we do outlast our mortality. The things we do are like monuments that people build to honor heroes after they've died. They're like the pyramids that the Egyptians built to honor the pharaohs. Only instead of being made out of stone, they're made out of the memories people have of you. That's why your deeds are like your monuments. Built with memories instead of with stone.

Apples

My birthday is October 10. I like my birthday: 10/10. It would've been great if I'd been born at exactly 10:10 in the morning or at night, but I wasn't. I was born just after midnight. But I still think my birthday is cool. I usually have a little party at home, but this year I asked Mom if I could have a big bowling party. Mom was surprised but happy. She asked me who I wanted to ask from my class, and I said everyone in my homeroom plus Summer.

"That's a lot of kids, Auggie," said Mom.

"I have to invite everyone because I don't want anyone to get their feelings hurt if they find out other people are invited and they aren't, okay?"

"Okay," Mom agreed. "You even want to invite the 'what's the deal' kid?"

"Yeah, you can invite Julian," I answered. "Geez, Mom, you should forget about that already."

"I know, you're right."

A couple of weeks later, I asked Mom who was coming to my party, and she said: "Jack Will, Summer. Reid Kingsley. Both Maxes. And a couple of other kids said they were going to try to be there."

"Like who?"

"Charlotte's mom said Charlotte had a dance recital earlier in the day, but she was going to try to come to your party if time allowed. And Tristan's mom said he might come after his soccer game."

"So that's it ?" I said.

"That's like . . . five people."

"That's more than five people, Auggie. I think a lot of people just had plans already," Mom answered. We were in the kitchen. She was cutting one of the apples we had just gotten at the farmers' market into teensy-weensy bites so I could eat it.

"What kind of plans?" I asked.

"I don't know, Auggie. We sent out the evites kind of late."

"Like what did they tell you, though? What reasons did they give?" "Everyone gave different reasons, Auggie." She sounded a bit impatient. "Really, sweetie, it shouldn't matter what their reasons were. People had plans, that's all."

"What did Julian give as his reason?" I asked.

"You know," said Mom, "his mom was the only person who didn't RSVP at all." She looked at me. "I guess the apple doesn't fall far from the tree."

I laughed because I thought she was making a joke, but then I realized she wasn't.

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"Never mind. Now go wash your hands so you can eat."

My birthday party turned out to be much smaller than I thought it would be, but it was still great. Jack, Summer, Reid, Tristan, and both Maxes came from school, and Christopher came, too—all the way from Bridgeport with his parents. And Uncle Ben came. And Aunt Kate and Uncle Po drove in from Boston, though Tata and Poppa were in Florida for the winter. It was fun because all the grown-ups ended up bowling in the lane next to ours, so it really felt like there were a lot of people there to celebrate my birthday.

Halloween

At lunch the next day, Summer asked me what I was going to be for Halloween. Of course, I'd been thinking about it since last Halloween, so I knew right away.

"Boba Fett."

"You know you can wear a costume to school on Halloween, right?"

"No way, really?"

"So long as it's politically correct."

"What, like no guns and stuff?"

"Exactly."

"What about blasters?"

"I think a blaster's like a gun, Auggie."

"Oh man . . . ," I said, shaking my head. Boba Fett has a blaster.

"At least, we don't have to come like a character in a book anymore. In the lower school that's what you had to do. Last year I was the Wicked Witch of the West from *The Wizard of Oz*."

"But that's a movie, not a book."

"Hello?" Summer answered. "It was a book first! One of my favorite books in the world, actually. My dad used to read it to me every night in the first grade."

When Summer talks, especially when she's excited about something, her eyes squint like she's looking right at the sun.

I hardly ever see Summer during the day, since the only class we have together is English. But ever since that first lunch at school, we've sat at the summer table together every day, just the two of us.

"So, what are you going to be?" I asked her.

"I don't know yet. I know what I'd really want to go as, but I think it might be too dorky. You know, Savanna's group isn't even wearing costumes this year. They think we're too old for Halloween."

"What? That's just dumb."

"I know, right?"

"I thought you didn't care what those girls think."

She shrugged and took a long drink of her milk.

"So, what dorky thing do you want to dress up as?" I asked her, smiling.

"Promise not to laugh?" She raised her eyebrows and her shoulders, embarrassed. "A unicorn."

I smiled and looked down at my sandwich.

"Hey, you promised not to laugh!" she laughed.

"Okay, okay," I said. "But you're right: that is too dorky."

"I know!" she said. "But I have it all planned out: I'd make the head out of papiermâché, and paint the horn gold and make the mane gold, too. . . . It would be so awesome."

"Okay." I shrugged.

"Then you should do it. Who cares what other people think, right?"

"Maybe what I'll do is just wear it for the Halloween Parade," she said, snapping her fingers. "And I'll just be, like, a Goth girl for school. Yeah, that's it, that's what I'll do."

"Sounds like a plan." I nodded.

"Thanks, Auggie," she giggled. "You know, that's what I like best about you. I feel like I can tell you anything."

"Yeah?" I answered, nodding. I gave her a thumbs-up sign. "Cool beans."

School Pictures

I don't think anyone will be shocked to learn I don't want to have my school picture taken on October 22. No way. No thank you. I stopped letting anyone take pictures of me a while ago. I guess you could call it a phobia. No, actually, it's not a phobia. It's an "aversion," which is a word I just learned in Mr. Browne's class. I have an aversion to having my picture taken. There, I used it in a sentence.

I thought Mom would try to get me to drop my aversion to having my picture taken for school, but she didn't. Unfortunately, while I managed to avoid having the portrait taken, I couldn't get out of being part of the class picture. Ugh. The photographer looked like he'd just sucked on a lemon when he saw me. I'm sure he thought I ruined the picture. I was one of the ones in the front, sitting down. I didn't smile, not that anyone could tell if I had.

The Cheese Touch

I noticed not too long ago that even though people were getting used to me, no one would actually touch me. I didn't realize this at first because it's not like kids go around touching each other that much in middle school anyway. But last Thursday in dance class, which is, like, my least favorite class, Mrs. Atanabi, the teacher, tried to make Ximena Chin be my dance partner. Now, I've never actually seen someone have a "panic attack" before, but I have heard about it, and I'm pretty sure Ximena had a panic attack at that second. She got really nervous and turned pale and literally broke into a sweat within a minute, and then she came up with some lame excuse about really having to go to the bathroom. Anyway, Mrs. Atanabi let her off the hook, because she ended up not making anyone dance together.

Then yesterday in my science elective, we were doing this cool mystery-powder investigation where we had to classify a substance as an acid or a base. Everyone had to heat their mystery powders on a heating plate and make observations, so we were all huddled around the powders with our notebooks. Now, there are eight kids in the elective, and seven of them were squished together on one side of the plate while one of them—me—had loads of room on the other side. So of course I noticed this, but I was hoping Ms. Rubin wouldn't notice this, because I didn't want her to say something. But of course she did notice this, and of course she said something.

"Guys, there's plenty of room on that side. Tristan, Nino, go over there," she said, so Tristan and Nino scooted over to my side. Tristan and Nino have always

been okay-nice to me. I want to go on record as saying that. Not super-nice, like they go out of their way to hang out with me, but okaynice, like they say hello to me and talk to me like normal. And they didn't even make a face when Ms. Rubin told them to come on my side, which a lot of kids do when they think I'm not looking. Anyway, everything was going fine until Tristan's mystery powder started melting. He moved his foil off the plate just as my powder began to melt, too, which is why I went to move mine off the plate, and then my hand accidentally bumped his hand for a fraction of a second. Tristan jerked his hand away so fast he dropped his foil on the floor while also knocking everyone else's foil off the heating plate.

"Tristan!" yelled Ms. Rubin, but Tristan didn't even care about the spilled powder on the floor or that he ruined the experiment. What he was most concerned about was getting to the lab sink to wash his hands as fast as possible. That's when I knew for sure that there was this thing about touching me at Beecher Prep.

I think it's like the Cheese Touch in *Diary of a Wimpy Kid*. The kids in that story were afraid they'd catch the cooties if they touched the old moldy cheese on the basketball court. At Beecher Prep, I'm the old moldy cheese.

Costumes

For me, Halloween is the best holiday in the world. It even beats Christmas. I get to dress up in a costume. I get to wear a mask. I get to go around like every other kid with a mask and nobody thinks I look weird. Nobody takes a second look. Nobody notices me. Nobody knows me.

I wish every day could be Halloween. We could all wear masks all the time. Then we could walk around and get to know each other before we got to see what we looked like under the masks.

When I was little, I used to wear an astronaut helmet everywhere I went. To the playground. To the supermarket. To pick Via up from school. Even in the middle of summer, though it was so hot my face would sweat. I think I wore it for a couple of years, but I had to stop wearing it when I had my eye surgery. I was about seven, I think. And then we couldn't find the helmet after that. Mom looked everywhere for it. She figured that it had probably ended up in Grans's attic, and she kept meaning to look for it, but by then I had gotten used to not wearing it.

I have pictures of me in all my Halloween costumes. My first Halloween I was a pumpkin. My second I was Tigger. My third I was Peter Pan (my dad dressed up as Captain Hook). My fourth I was Captain Hook (my dad dressed up as Peter

Pan). My fifth I was an astronaut. My sixth I was Obi-Wan Kenobi. My seventh I was a clone trooper. My eighth I was Darth Vader. My ninth I was the Bleeding Scream, the one that has fake blood oozing out over the skull mask.

This year I'm going to be Boba Fett: not Boba Fett the kid in Star Wars Episode II: Attack of the Clones, but Boba Fett the man from Star Wars Episode V: The Empire Strikes Back. Mom searched everywhere for the costume but couldn't find one in my size, so she bought me a Jango Fett costume—since Jango was Boba's dad and wore the same armor—and then painted the armor green. She did some other stuff to it to make it look worn, too. Anyway, it looks totally real. Mom's good at costumes.

In homeroom we all talked about what we were going to be for Halloween. Charlotte was going as Hermione from Harry Potter. Jack was going as a wolfman. I heard that Julian was going as Jango Fett, which was a weird coincidence. I don't think he liked hearing that I was going as Boba Fett.

On the morning of Halloween, Via had this big crying meltdown about something. Via's always been so calm and cool, but this year she's had a couple of these kinds of fits. Dad was late for work and was like, "Via, let's go! Let's go!" Usually Dad is super patient about things, but not when it comes to his being late for work, and his yelling just stressed out Via even more, and she started crying louder, so Mom told Dad to take me to school and that she'd deal with Via. Then Mom kissed me goodbye quickly, before I even put on my costume, and disappeared into Via's room.

"Auggie, let's go now!" said Dad. "I have a meeting I can't be late for!"

"I haven't put my costume on yet!"

"So put it on, already. Five minutes. I'll meet you outside."

I rushed to my room and started to put on the Boba Fett costume, but all of a sudden I didn't feel like wearing it. I'm not sure why—maybe because it had all these belts that needed to be tightened and I needed someone's help to put it on. Or maybe it was because it still smelled a little like paint. All I knew was that it was a lot of work to put the costume on, and Dad was waiting and would get super impatient if I made him late. So, at the last minute, I threw on the Bleeding Scream costume from last year. It was such an easy costume: just a long black robe and a big white mask. I yelled goodbye from the door on my way out, but Mom didn't even hear me.

"I thought you were going as Jango Fett," said Dad when I got outside.

"Boba Fett!"

"Whatever," said Dad.

"This is a better costume anyway." "Yeah, it's cool," I answered.

The Bleeding Scream

Walking through the halls that morning on my way to the lockers was, I have to say, absolutely awesome. Everything was different now. I was different. Where I usually walked with my head down, trying to avoid being seen, today I walked with my head up, looking around. I wanted to be seen. One kid wearing the same exact costume as mine, long white skull face oozing fake red blood, high-fived me as we passed each other on the stairs. I have no idea who he was, and he had no idea who I was, and I wondered for a second if he would have ever done that if he'd known it was me under the mask.

I was starting to think this was going to go down as one of the most awesome days in the history of my life, but then I got to homeroom. The first costume I saw as I walked inside the door was Darth Sidious. It had one of the rubber masks that are so realistic, with a big black hood over the head and a long black robe. I knew right away it was Julian, of course. He must have changed his costume at the last minute because he thought I was coming as Jango Fett. He was talking to two mummies who must have been Miles and Henry, and they were all kind of looking at the door like they were waiting for someone to come through it. I knew it wasn't a Bleeding Scream they were looking for. It was a Boba Fett.

I was going to go and sit at my usual desk, but for some reason, I don't know why, I found myself walking over to a desk near them, and I could hear them talking.

One of the mummies was saying: "It really does look like him."

"Like this part especially . . . ," answered Julian's voice. He put his fingers on the cheeks and eyes of his Darth Sidious mask.

"Actually," said the mummy, "what he really looks like is one of those shrunken heads. Have you ever seen those? He looks exactly like that."

"I think he looks like an orc."

"Oh yeah!" "If I looked like that," said the Julian voice, kind of laughing, "I swear to God, I'd put a hood over my face every day."

"I've thought about this a lot," said the second mummy, sounding serious, "and I really think . . . if I looked like him, seriously, I think that I'd kill myself."

"You would not," answered Darth Sidious.

"Yeah, for real," insisted the same mummy. "I can't imagine looking in the mirror every day and seeing myself like that. It would be too awful. And getting stared at all the time."

"Then why do you hang out with him so much?" asked Darth Sidious.

"I don't know," answered the mummy. "Tushman asked me to hang out with him at the beginning of the year, and he must have told all the teachers to put us next to each other in all our classes, or something." The mummy shrugged. I knew the shrug, of course. I knew the voice. I knew I wanted to run out of the class right then and there. But I stood where I was and listened to Jack Will finish what he was saying. "I mean, the thing is: he always follows me around. What am I supposed to do?"

"Just ditch him," said Julian.

I don't know what Jack answered because I walked out of the class without anyone knowing I had been there. My face felt like it was on fire while I walked back down the stairs. I was sweating under my costume. And I started crying. I couldn't keep it from happening. The tears were so thick in my eyes I could barely see, but I couldn't wipe them through the mask as I walked. I was looking for a little tiny spot to disappear into. I wanted a hole I could fall inside of: a little black hole that would eat me up.

Names

Rat boy. Freak. Monster. Freddy Krueger. E.T. Gross-out. Lizard face. Mutant. I know the names they call me. I've been in enough playgrounds to know kids can be mean. I know, I know.

I ended up in the second-floor bathroom. No one was there because first period had started and everyone was in class. I locked the door to my stall and took off my mask and just cried for I don't know how long. Then I went to the nurse's office and told her I had a stomach ache, which was true, because I felt like I'd been kicked in the gut. Nurse Molly called Mom and had me lie down on the sofa next to her desk. Fifteen minutes later, Mom was at the door.

"Sweetness," she said, coming over to hug me.

"Hi," I mumbled. I didn't want her to ask anything until afterward.

"You have a stomach ache?" she asked, automatically putting her hand on my forehead to check for my temperature.

"He said he feels like throwing up," said Nurse Molly, looking at me with very nice eyes.

"And I have a headache," I whispered.

"I wonder if it's something you ate," said Mom, looking worried.

"There's a stomach bug going around," said Nurse Molly.

"Oh geez," said Mom, her eyebrows going up as she shook her head. She helped me to my feet. "Should I call a taxi or are you okay walking home?"

"I can walk."

"What a brave kid!" said Nurse Molly, patting me on the back as she walked us toward the door. "If he starts throwing up or runs a temperature, you should call the doctor."

"Absolutely," said Mom, shaking Nurse Molly's hand.

"Thank you so much for taking care of him."

"My pleasure," answered Nurse Molly, putting her hand under my chin and tilting my face up.

"You take care of yourself, okay?"

I nodded and mumbled "Thank you." Mom and I hugwalked the whole way home. I didn't tell her anything about what had happened, and later when she asked me if I felt well enough to go trick-or-treating after school, I said no. This worried her, since she knew how much I usually loved trick-or-treating.

I heard her say to Dad on the phone: "... He doesn't even have the energy to go trick-or-treating.... No, no fever at all ... Well, I will if he doesn't feel better by tomorrow.... I know, poor thing ... Imagine his missing Halloween."

I got out of going to school the next day, too, which was Friday. So I had the whole weekend to think about everything. I was pretty sure I would never go back to school again.

Part Two



Via

Far above the world Planet Earth is blue And there's nothing I can do —David Bowie, "Space Oddity"

A Tour of the Galaxy

August is the Sun. Me and Mom and Dad are planets orbiting the Sun. The rest of our family and friends are asteroids and comets floating around the planets orbiting the Sun. The only celestial body that doesn't orbit August the Sun is Daisy the dog, and that's only because to her little doggy eyes, August's face doesn't look very different from any other human's face. To Daisy, all our faces look alike, as flat and pale as the moon.

I'm used to the way this universe works. I've never minded it because it's all I've ever known. I've always understood that August is special and has special needs. If I was playing too loudly and he was trying to take a nap, I knew I would have to play something else because he needed his rest after some procedure or other had left him weak and in pain. If I wanted Mom and Dad to watch me play soccer, I knew that nine out of ten times they'd miss it because they were busy shuttling August to speech therapy or physical therapy or a new specialist or a surgery.

Mom and Dad would always say I was the most understanding little girl in the world. I don't know about that, just that I understood there was no point in

complaining. I've seen August after his surgeries: his little face bandaged up and swollen, his tiny body full of IVs and tubes to keep him alive. After you've seen someone else going through that, it feels kind of crazy to complain over not getting the toy you had asked for, or your mom missing a school play. I knew this even when I was six years old. No one ever told it to me. I just knew it.

So I've gotten used to not complaining, and I've gotten used to not bothering Mom and Dad with little stuff. I've gotten used to figuring things out on my own: how to put toys together, how to organize my life so I don't miss friends' birthday parties, how to stay on top of my schoolwork so I never fall behind in class. I've never asked for help with my homework. Never needed reminding to finish a project or study for a test. If I was having trouble with a subject in school, I'd go home and study it until I figured it out on my own. I taught myself how to convert fractions into decimal points by going online. I've done every school project pretty much by myself. When Mom or Dad ask me how things are going in school, I've always said "good"—even when it hasn't always been so good. My worst day, worst fall, worst headache, worst bruise, worst cramp, worst mean thing anyone could say has always been nothing compared to what August has gone through. This isn't me being noble, by the way: it's just the way I know it is.

And this is the way it's always been for me, for the little universe of us. But this year there seems to be a shift in the cosmos. The galaxy is changing. Planets are falling out of alignment.

Before August

I honestly don't remember my life before August came into it. I look at pictures of me as a baby, and I see Mom and Dad smiling so happily, holding me. I can't believe how much younger they looked back then: Dad was this hipster dude and Mom was this cute Brazilian fashionista. There's one shot of me at my third birthday: Dad's right behind me while Mom's holding the cake with three lit candles, and in back of us are Tata and Poppa, Grans, Uncle Ben, Aunt Kate, and Uncle Po. Everyone's looking at me and I'm looking at the cake. You can see in that picture how I really was the first child, first grandchild, first niece. I don't remember what it felt like, of course, but I can see it plain as can be in the pictures.

I don't remember the day they brought August home from the hospital. I don't remember what I said or did or felt when I saw him for the first time, though everyone has a story about it. Apparently, I just looked at him for a long time without saying anything at all, and then finally I said: "It doesn't look like Lilly!" That was the name of a doll Grans had given me when Mom was pregnant so I

could "practice" being a big sister. It was one of those dolls that are incredibly lifelike, and I had carried it everywhere for months, changing its diaper, feeding it. I'm told I even made a baby sling for it. The story goes that after my initial reaction to August, it only took a few minutes (according to Grans) or a few days (according to Mom) before I was all over him: kissing him, cuddling him, baby talking to him. After that I never so much as touched or mentioned Lilly ever again.

Seeing August

I never used to see August the way other people saw him. I knew he didn't look exactly normal, but I really didn't understand why strangers seemed so shocked when they saw him. Horrified. Sickened. Scared. There are so many words I can use to describe the looks on people's faces. And for a long time I didn't get it. I'd just get mad. Mad when they stared. Mad when they looked away. "What the heck are you looking at?" I'd say to people—even grown-ups.

Then, when I was about eleven, I went to stay with Grans in Montauk for four weeks while August was having his big jaw surgery. This was the longest I'd ever been away from home, and I have to say it was so amazing to suddenly be free of all that stuff that made me so mad. No one stared at Grans and me when we went to town to buy groceries. No one pointed at us. No one even noticed us.

Grans was one of those grandmothers who do everything with their grandkids. She'd run into the ocean if I asked her to, even if she had nice clothes on. She would let me play with her makeup and didn't mind if I used it on her face to practice my face-painting skills. She'd take me for ice cream even if we hadn't eaten dinner yet. She'd draw chalk horses on the sidewalk in front of her house. One night, while we were walking back from town, I told her that I wished I could live with her forever. I was so happy there. I think it might have been the best time in my life.

Coming home after four weeks felt very strange at first. I remember very vividly stepping through the door and seeing August running over to welcome me home, and for this tiny fraction of a moment I saw him not the way I've always seen him, but the way other people see him. It was only a flash, an instant while he was hugging me, so happy that I was home, but it surprised me because I'd never seen him like that before. And I'd never felt what I was feeling before, either: a feeling I hated myself for having the moment I had it. But as he was kissing me with all his heart, all I could see was the drool coming down his chin. And suddenly there I was, like all those people who would stare or look away.

Horrified. Sickened. Scared.

Thankfully, that only lasted for a second: the moment I heard August laugh his raspy little laugh, it was over. Everything was back the way it had been before. But it had opened a door for me. A little peephole. And on the other side of the peephole there were two Augusts: the one I saw blindly, and the one other people saw.

I think the only person in the world I could have told any of this to was Grans, but I didn't. It was too hard to explain over the phone. I thought maybe when she came for Thanksgiving, I'd tell her what I felt. But just two months after I stayed with her in Montauk, my beautiful Grans died. It was so completely out of the blue. Apparently, she had checked herself into the hospital because she'd been feeling nauseous. Mom and I drove out to see her, but it's a threehour drive from where we live, and by the time we got to the hospital, Grans was gone. A heart attack, they told us. Just like that.

It's so strange how one day you can be on this earth, and the next day not. Where did she go? Will I really ever see her again, or is that a fairy tale?

You see movies and TV shows where people receive horrible news in hospitals, but for us, with all our many trips to the hospital with August, there had always been good outcomes. What I remember the most from the day Grans died is Mom literally crumpling to the floor in slow, heaving sobs, holding her stomach like someone had just punched her. I've never, ever seen Mom like that. Never heard sounds like that come out of her. Even through all of August's surgeries, Mom always put on a brave face.

On my last day in Montauk, Grans and I had watched the sun set on the beach. We had taken a blanket to sit on, but it had gotten chilly, so we wrapped it around us and cuddled and talked until there wasn't even a sliver of sun left over the ocean. And then Grans told me she had a secret to tell me: she loved me more than anyone else in the world.

"Even August?" I had asked.

She smiled and stroked my hair, like she was thinking about what to say.

"I love Auggie very, very much," she said softly.

I can still remember her Portuguese accent, the way she rolled her r 's. "But he has many angels looking out for him already, Via. And I want you to know that you have me looking out for you. Okay, menina querida ? I want you to know that you are number one for me. You are my . . ." She looked out at the ocean

and spread her hands out, like she was trying to smooth out the waves, "You are my everything. You understand me, Via? Tu es meu tudo."

I understood her. And I knew why she said it was a secret. Grandmothers aren't supposed to have favorites. Everyone knows that. But after she died, I held on to that secret and let it cover me like a blanket.

August Through the Peephole

His eyes are about an inch below where they should be on his face, almost to halfway down his cheeks. They slant downward at an extreme angle, almost like diagonal slits that someone cut into his face, and the left one is noticeably lower than the right one. They bulge outward because his eye cavities are too shallow to accommodate them. The top eyelids are always halfway closed, like he's on the verge of sleeping. The lower evelids sag so much they almost look like a piece of invisible string is pulling them downward: you can see the red part on the inside, like they're almost inside out. He doesn't have eyebrows or eyelashes. His nose is disproportionately big for his face, and kind of fleshy. His head is pinched in on the sides where the ears should be, like someone used giant pliers and crushed the middle part of his face. He doesn't have cheekbones. There are deep creases running down both sides of his nose to his mouth, which gives him a waxy appearance. Sometimes people assume he's been burned in a fire: his features look like they've been melted, like the drippings on the side of a candle. Several surgeries to correct his palate have left a few scars around his mouth, the most noticeable one being a jagged gash running from the middle of his upper lip to his nose. His upper teeth are small and splay out. He has a severe overbite and an extremely undersized jawbone. He has a very small chin. When he was very little, before a piece of his hip bone was surgically implanted into his lower jaw, he really had no chin at all. His tongue would just hang out of his mouth with nothing underneath to block it. Thankfully, it's better now.

He can eat, at least: when he was younger, he had a feeding tube. And he can talk. And he's learned to keep his tongue inside his mouth, though that took him several years to master. He's also learned to control the drool that used to run down his neck. These are considered miracles. When he was a baby, the doctors didn't think he'd live.

He can hear, too. Most kids born with these types of birth defects have problems with their middle ears that prevent them from hearing, but so far August can hear well enough through his tiny cauliflower-shaped ears. The doctors think that eventually he'll need to wear hearing aids, though. August hates the thought of

this. He thinks the hearing aids will get noticed too much. I don't tell him that the hearing aids would be the least of his problems, of course, because I'm sure he knows this.

Then again, I'm not really sure what August knows or doesn't know, what he understands and doesn't understand. Does August see how other people see him, or has he gotten so good at pretending not to see that it doesn't bother him? Or does it bother him? When he looks in the mirror, does he see the Auggie Mom and Dad see, or does he see the Auggie everyone else sees? Or is there another August he sees, someone in his dreams behind the misshapen head and face? Sometimes when I looked at Grans, I could see the pretty girl she used to be underneath the wrinkles. I could see the girl from Ipanema inside the old-lady walk. Does August see himself as he might have looked without that single gene that caused the catastrophe of his face?

I wish I could ask him this stuff. I wish he would tell me how he feels. He used to be easier to read before the surgeries. You knew that when his eyes squinted, he was happy. When his mouth went straight, he was being mischievous. When his cheeks trembled, he was about to cry. He looks better now, no doubt about that, but the signs we used to gauge his moods are all gone. There are new ones, of course. Mom and Dad can read every single one. But I'm having trouble keeping up. And there's a part of me that doesn't want to keep trying: why can't he just say what he's feeling like everyone else? He doesn't have a trache tube in his mouth anymore that keeps him from talking. His jaw's not wired shut. He's ten years old. He can use his words. But we circle around him like he's still the baby he used to be. We change plans, go to plan B, interrupt conversations, go back on promises depending on his moods, his whims, his needs. That was fine when he was little. But he needs to grow up now. We need to let him, help him, make him grow up. Here's what I think: we've all spent so much time trying to make August think he's normal that he actually thinks he is normal. And the problem is, he's not.

High School

What I always loved most about middle school was that it was separate and different from home. I could go there and be Olivia Pullman—not Via, which is my name at home. Via was what they called me in elementary school, too. Back then, everyone knew all about us, of course. Mom used to pick me up after school, and August was always in the stroller. There weren't a lot of people who were equipped to babysit for Auggie, so Mom and Dad brought him to all my class plays and concerts and recitals, all the school functions, the bake sales and the book fairs. My friends knew him. My friends' parents knew him. My

teachers knew him. The janitor knew him. ("Hey, how ya doin', Auggie?" he'd always say, and give August a high five.) August was something of a fixture at PS 22.

But in middle school a lot of people didn't know about August. My old friends did, of course, but my new friends didn't. Or if they knew, it wasn't necessarily the first thing they knew about me. Maybe it was the second or third thing they'd hear about me. "Olivia? Yeah, she's nice. Did you hear she has a brother who's deformed?" I always hated that word, but I knew it was how people described Auggie. And I knew those kinds of conversations probably happened all the time out of earshot, every time I left the room at a party, or bumped into groups of friends at the pizza place. And that's okay. I'm always going to be the sister of a kid with a birth defect: that's not the issue. I just don't always want to be defined that way.

The best thing about high school is that hardly anybody knows me at all. Except Miranda and Ella, of course. And they know not to go around talking about it. Miranda, Ella, and I have known each other since the first grade. What's so nice is we never have to explain things to one another. When I decided I wanted them to call me Olivia instead of Via, they got it without my having to explain.

They've known August since he was a little baby. When we were little, our favorite thing to do was play dress up with Auggie; load him up with feather boas and big hats and Hannah Montana wigs. He used to love it, of course, and we thought he was adorably cute in his own way. Ella said he reminded her of E.T. She didn't say this to be mean, of course (though maybe it was a little bit mean). The truth is, there's a scene in the movie when Drew Barrymore dresses E.T. in a blond wig: and that was a ringer for Auggie in our Miley Cyrus heyday.

Throughout middle school, Miranda, Ella, and I were pretty much our own little group. Somewhere between super popular and well-liked: not brainy, not jocks, not rich, not druggies, not mean, not goody-goody, not huge, not flat. I don't know if the three of us found each other because we were so alike in so many ways, or that because we found each other, we've become so alike in so many ways. We were so happy when we all got into Faulkner High School. It was such a long shot that all three of us would be accepted, especially when almost no one else from our middle school was. I remember how we screamed into our phones the day we got our acceptance letters.

This is why I haven't understood what's been going on with us lately, now that we're actually in high school. It's nothing like how I thought it would be.

Major Tom

Out of the three of us, Miranda had almost always been the sweetest to August, hugging him and playing with him long after Ella and I had moved on to playing something else. Even as we got older, Miranda always made sure to try to include August in our conversations, ask him how he was doing, talk to him about Avatar or Star Wars or Bone or something she knew he liked. It was Miranda who had given Auggie the astronaut helmet he wore practically every day of the year when he was five or six. She would call him Major Tom and they would sing "Space Oddity" by David Bowie together. It was their little thing. They knew all the words and would blast it on the iPod and sing the song out loud.

Since Miranda's always been really good about calling us as soon as she got home from summer camp, I was a little surprised when I didn't hear from her. I even texted her and she didn't reply. I figured maybe she had ended up staying in the camp longer, now that she was a counselor. Maybe she met a cute guy.

Then I realized from her Facebook wall that she'd actually been back home for a full two weeks, so I sent her an IM and we chatted online a bit, but she didn't give me a reason for not calling, which I thought was bizarre. Miranda had always been a little flaky, so I figured that's all it was. We made plans to meet downtown, but then I had to cancel because we were driving out to visit Tata and Poppa for the weekend.

So I ended up not seeing either Miranda or Ella until the first day of school. And, I have to admit, I was shocked. Miranda looked so different: her hair was cut in this super-cute bob that she'd dyed bright pink, of all things, and she was wearing a striped tube top that (a) seemed way inappropriate for school, and (b) was totally not her usual style. Miranda had always been such a prude about clothes, and here she was all pink-haired and tube-topped. But it wasn't just the way she looked that was different: she was acting differently, too. I can't say she wasn't nice, because she was, but she seemed kind of distant, like I was a casual friend. It was the weirdest thing in the world.

At lunch the three of us sat together like we always used to, but the dynamics had shifted. It was obvious to me that Ella and Miranda had gotten together a few times during the summer without me, though they never actually said that. I pretended not to be at all upset while we talked, though I could feel my face getting hot, my smile being fake. Although Ella wasn't as over-the-top as Miranda, I noticed a change in her usual style, too. It's like they had talked to each other beforehand about redoing their image at the new school, but hadn't

bothered to clue me in. I admit: I had always thought I was above this kind of typical teenage pettiness, but I felt a lump in my throat throughout lunch.

My voice quivered as I said "See you later" when the bell rang.

After School

"I hear we're driving you home today."

It was Miranda in eighth period. She had just sat down at the desk right behind me. I had forgotten that Mom had called Miranda's mother the night before to ask if she could drive me home from school.

"You don't have to," I answered instinctively, casually. "My mom can pick me up."

"I thought she had to pick Auggie up or something."

"It turns out she can pick me up afterward. She just texted me. Not a problem."

"Oh. Okay."

"Thanks."

It was all a lie on my part, but I couldn't see sitting in a car with the new Miranda. After school I ducked into a restroom to avoid bumping into Miranda's mother outside. Half an hour later I walked out of the school, ran the three blocks to the bus stop, hopped on the M86 to Central Park West, and took the subway home.

"Hey there, sweetie!" Mom said the moment I stepped through the front door. "How was your first day? I was starting to wonder where you guys were."

"We stopped for pizza." Incredible how easily a lie can slip through your lips.

"Is Miranda not with you?" She seemed surprised that Miranda wasn't right behind me.

"She went straight home. We have a lot of homework."

"On your first day?"

"Yes, on our first day!" I yelled, which completely surprised Mom. But before she could say anything, I said: "School was fine. It's really big, though. The kids seem nice." I wanted to give her enough information so she wouldn't feel the need to ask me more. "How was Auggie's first day of school?"

Mom hesitated, her eyebrows still high up on her forehead from when I'd snapped at her a second earlier. "Okay," she said slowly, like she was letting out a breath.

"What do you mean 'okay'?" I said. "Was it good or bad?"

"He said it was good."

"So why do you think it wasn't good?"

"I didn't say it wasn't good! Geez, Via, what's up with you?"

"Just forget I asked anything at all," I answered, and stormed dramatically into Auggie's room and slammed the door. He was on his PlayStation and didn't even look up. I hated how zombified his video games made him.

"So how was school?" I said, scooching Daisy over so I could sit on his bed next to him.

"Fine," he answered, still not looking up from his game.

"Auggie, I'm talking to you!" I pulled the PlayStation out of his hands.

"Hey!" he said angrily. "How was school?"

"I said fine!" he yelled back, grabbing the PlayStation back from me.

"Were people nice to you?"

"Yes!"

"No one was mean?"

He put the PlayStation down and looked up at me as if I had just asked the dumbest question in the world. "Why would people be mean?" he said. It was the first time in his life that I heard him be sarcastic like that. I didn't think he had it in him.

The Padawan Bites the Dust

I'm not sure at what point that night Auggie had cut off his Padawan braid, or why that made me really mad. I had always found his obsession with everything Star Wars kind of geeky, and that braid in the back of his hair, with its little beads, was just awful. But he had always been so proud of it, of how long it took him to grow it, of how he had chosen the beads himself in a crafts store in Soho. He and Christopher, his best friend, used to play with lightsabers and Star Wars stuff whenever they got together, and they had both started growing their braids at the same time. When August cut his braid off that night, without an explanation, without telling me beforehand (which was surprising)—or even calling Christopher—I was just so upset I can't even explain why.

I've seen Auggie brushing his hair in the bathroom mirror. He meticulously tries to get every hair in place. He tilts his head to look at himself from different angles, like there's some magic perspective inside the mirror that could change the dimensions of his face.

Mom knocked on my door after dinner. She looked drained, and I realized that between me and Auggie, today had been a tough day for her, too.

"So you want to tell me what's up?" she asked nicely, softly.

"Not now, okay?" I answered. I was reading. I was tired. Maybe later I'd be up to telling her about Miranda, but not now.

"I'll check in before you go to bed," she said, and then she came over and kissed me on the top of my head.

"Can Daisy sleep with me tonight?"

"Sure, I'll bring her in later."

"Don't forget to come back," I said as she left.

"I promise."

But she didn't come back that night. Dad did. He told me Auggie had had a bad first day and Mom was helping him through it. He asked me how my day had gone and I told him fine. He said he didn't believe me for a second, and I told him Miranda and Ella were acting like jerks. (I didn't mention how I took the subway home by myself, though.) He said nothing tests friendships like high school, and then proceeded to poke fun at the fact that I was reading *War and Peace*. Not real fun, of course, since I'd heard him brag to people that he had a "fifteen-year-old who is reading Tolstoy." But he liked to rib me about where I was in the book, in a war part or in a peace part, and if there was anything in there about Napoleon's days as a hip-hop dancer. It was silly stuff, but Dad always managed to make everyone laugh. And sometimes that's all you need to feel better.

"Don't be mad at Mom," he said as he bent down to give me a good-night kiss. "You know how much she worries about Auggie." "I know," I acknowledged.

"Want the light on or off? It's getting kind of late," he said, pausing by the light switch at the door.

"Can you bring Daisy in first?"

Two seconds later he came back with Daisy dangling in his arms, and he laid her down next to me on the bed.

"Good night, sweetheart," he said, kissing my forehead. He kissed Daisy on her forehead, too. "Good night, girlie. Sweet dreams."

An Apparition at the Door

Once, I got up in the middle of the night because I was thirsty, and I saw Mom standing outside Auggie's room. Her hand was on the doorknob, her forehead leaning on the door, which was ajar. She wasn't going in his room or stepping out: just standing right outside the door, as if she was listening to the sound of his breathing as he slept. The hallway lights were out. The only thing illuminating her was the blue nightlight in August's bedroom. She looked ghostlike standing there. Or maybe I should say angelic. I tried to walk back into my room without disturbing her, but she heard me and walked over to me.

"Is Auggie okay?" I asked. I knew that sometimes he would wake up choking on his own saliva if he accidentally turned over on his back.

"Oh, he's fine," she said, wrapping her arms around me. She walked me back into my room, pulled the covers over me, and kissed me good night. She never explained what she was doing outside his door, and I never asked.

I wonder how many nights she's stood outside his door. And I wonder if she's ever stood outside my door like that.

Breakfast

"Can you pick me up from school today?" I said the next morning, smearing some cream cheese on my bagel.

Mom was making August's lunch (American cheese on whole-wheat bread, soft enough for Auggie to eat) while August sat eating oatmeal at the table. Dad was getting ready to go to work. Now that I was in high school, the new school routine was going to be that Dad and I would take the subway together in the morning, which meant his having to leave fifteen minutes earlier than usual, then I'd get off at my stop and he'd keep going. And Mom was going to pick me up after school in the car.

"I was going to call Miranda's mother to see if she could drive you home again," Mom answered.

"No, Mom!" I said quickly.

"You pick me up. Or I'll just take the subway."

"You know I don't want you to take the subway by yourself yet," she answered.

"Mom, I'm fifteen! Everybody my age takes the subway by themselves!"

"She can take the subway home," said Dad from the other room, adjusting his tie as he stepped into the kitchen.

"Why can't Miranda's mother just pick her up again?" Mom argued with him.

"She's old enough to take the subway by herself," Dad insisted.

Mom looked at both of us. "Is something going on?" She didn't address her question to either one of us in particular.

"You would know if you had come back to check on me," I said spitefully, "like you said you would." "Oh God, Via," said Mom, remembering now how she had completely ditched me last night. She put down the knife she was using to cut Auggie's grapes in half (still a choking hazard for him because of the size of his palate). "I am so sorry. I fell asleep in Auggie's room. By the time I woke up ..."

"I know, I know." I nodded indifferently.

Mom came over, put her hands on my cheeks, and lifted my face to look at her. "I'm really, really sorry," she whispered. I could tell she was.

"It's okay!" I said.

"Via . . ."

"Mom, it's fine." This time I meant it. She looked so genuinely sorry I just wanted to let her off the hook.

She kissed and hugged me, then returned to the grapes.

"So, is something going on with Miranda?" she asked.

"Just that she's acting like a complete jerk," I said.

"Miranda's not a jerk!" Auggie quickly chimed in.

"She can be!" I yelled. "Believe me."

"Okay then, I'll pick you up, no problem," Mom said decisively, sweeping the half-grapes into a snack bag with the side of her knife. "That was the plan all along anyway. I'll pick Auggie up from school in the car and then we'll pick you up. We'll probably get there about a quarter to four."

"No!" I said firmly, before she'd even finished.

"Isabel, she can take the subway!" said Dad impatiently. "She's a big girl now. She's reading *War and Peace*, for crying out loud."

"What does *War and Peace* have to with anything?" answered Mom, clearly annoyed.

"It means you don't have to pick her up in the car like she's a little girl," he said sternly.

"Via, are you ready? Get your bag and let's go."

"I'm ready," I said, pulling on my backpack. "Bye, Mom! Bye, Auggie!" I kissed them both quickly and headed toward the door.

"Do you even have a MetroCard?" Mom said after me.

"Of course she has a MetroCard!" answered Dad, fully exasperated. "Yeesh, Momma! Stop worrying so much! Bye," he said, kissing her on the cheek. "Bye, big boy," he said to August, kissing him on the top of his head. "I'm proud of you. Have a good day."

"Bye, Daddy! You too."

Dad and I jogged down the stoop stairs and headed down the block.

"Call me after school before you get on the subway!" Mom yelled at me from the window. I didn't even turn around but waved my hand at her so she'd know I heard her. Dad did turn around, walking backward for a few steps.

"*War and Peace*, Isabel!" he called out, smiling as he pointed at me. "*War and Peace!*"

Genetics 101

Both sides of Dad's family were Jews from Russia and Poland. Poppa's grandparents fled the pogroms and ended up in NYC at the turn of the century. Tata's parents fled the Nazis and ended up in Argentina in the forties. Poppa and Tata met at a dance on the Lower East Side while she was in town visiting a cousin. They got married, moved to Bayside, and had Dad and Uncle Ben.

Mom's side of the family is from Brazil. Except for her mother, my beautiful Grans, and her dad, Agosto, who died before I was born, the rest of Mom's family—all her glamorous aunts, uncles, and cousins—still live in Alto Leblon, a ritzy suburb south of Rio. Grans and Agosto moved to Boston in the early sixties, and had Mom and Aunt Kate, who's married to Uncle Porter.

Mom and Dad met at Brown University and have been together ever since. Isabel and Nate: like two peas in a pod. They moved to New York right after college, had me a few years later, then moved to a brick townhouse in North River Heights, the hippie-stroller capital of upper *upper* Manhattan, when I was about a year old.

Not one person in the exotic mix of my family gene pool has ever shown any obvious signs of having what August has. I've pored over grainy sepia pictures of long-dead relatives in babushkas; black-and-white snapshots of distant cousins in crisp white linen suits, soldiers in uniform, ladies with beehive hairdos; Polaroids of bell-bottomed teenagers and long-haired hippies, and not once have I been able to detect even the slightest trace of August's face in their faces. Not a one. But after August was born, my parents underwent genetic counseling. They were told that August had what seemed to be a "previously unknown type of mandibulofacial dysostosis caused by an autosomal recessive mutation in the TCOF1 gene, which is located on chromosome 5, complicated by a hemifacial microsomia characteristic of OAV spectrum." Sometimes these mutations occur during pregnancy. Sometimes they're inherited from one parent carrying the dominant gene. Sometimes they're caused by the interaction of many genes, possibly in combination with environmental factors. This is called multifactorial inheritance. In August's case, the doctors were able to identify one of the "single nucleotide deletion mutations" that made war on his face. The weird thing is, though you'd never know it from looking at them: both my parents carry that mutant gene.

And I carry it, too.

The Punnett Square

If I have children, there's a one-in-two chance that I will pass on the defective gene to them. That doesn't mean they'll look like August, but they'll carry the gene that got doubledosed in August and helped make him the way he is. If I marry someone who has the same defective gene, there's a one-in-two chance that our kids will carry the gene and look totally normal, a one-in-four chance that our kids will not carry the gene at all, and a one-in-four chance that our kids will look like August.

If August has children with someone who doesn't have a trace of the gene, there's a 100 percent probability that their kids will inherit the gene, but a zero percent chance that their kids will have a double dose of it, like August. Which means they'll carry the gene no matter what, but they could look totally normal. If he marries someone who has the gene, their kids will have the same odds as my kids.

This only explains the part of August that's explainable. There's that other part of his genetic makeup that's not inherited but just incredibly bad luck.

Countless doctors have drawn little tic-tac-toe grids for my parents over the years to try to explain the genetic lottery to them. Geneticists use these Punnett squares to determine inheritance, recessive and dominant genes, probabilities and chance. But for all they know, there's more they don't know. They can try to forecast the odds, but they can't guarantee them. They use terms like "germline mosaicism," "chromosome rearrangement," or "delayed mutation" to explain why their science is not an exact science. I actually like how doctors talk. I like the sound of science. I like how words you don't understand explain things you can't understand. There are countless people under words like "germline mosaicism," "chromosome rearrangement," or "delayed mutation." Countless babies who'll never be born, like mine.

Out with the Old

Miranda and Ella blasted off. They attached themselves to a new crowd destined for high school glory. After a week of painful lunches where all they would do was talk about people that didn't interest me, I decided to make a clean break for it. They asked no questions. I told no lies. We just went our separate ways. I didn't even mind after a while. I stopped going to lunch for about a week, though, to make the transition easier, to avoid the fake Oh, shoot, there's no room for you at the table, Olivia! It was easier just to go to the library and read.

I finished *War and Peace* in October. It was amazing. People think it's such a hard read, but it's really just a soap opera with lots of characters, people falling in love, fighting for love, dying for love. I want to be in love like that someday. I want my husband to love me the way Prince Andrei loved Natasha.

I ended up hanging out with a girl named Eleanor who I'd known from my days at PS 22, though we'd gone to different middle schools. Eleanor had always been a really smart girl —a little bit of a crybaby back then, but nice. I'd never realized how funny she was (not laugh-out-loud Daddyfunny, but full of great quips), and she never knew how lighthearted I could be. Eleanor, I guess, had always been under the impression that I was very serious. And, as it turns out, she'd never liked Miranda and Ella. She thought they were stuck-up.

I gained entry through Eleanor to the smart-kids' table at lunch. It was a larger group than I'd been accustomed to hanging out with, and a more diverse crowd. It included Eleanor's boyfriend, Kevin, who would definitely become class president someday; a few techie guys; girls like Eleanor who were members of the yearbook committee and the debate club; and a quiet guy named Justin who had small round glasses and played the violin, and who I had an instant crush on.

When I'd see Miranda and Ella, who were now hanging out with the superpopular set, we'd say "Hey, what's up," and move on. Occasionally Miranda would ask me how August was doing, and then say "Tell him I say hello." This I never did, not to spite Miranda, but because August was in his own world these days. There were times, at home, that we never crossed paths.

October 31

Grans had died the night before Halloween. Since then, even though it's been four years, this has always been a sad time of year for me. For Mom, too, though she doesn't always say it. Instead, she immerses herself in getting August's costume ready, since we all know Halloween is his favorite time of year.

This year was no different. August really wanted to be a *Star Wars* character called Boba Fett, so Mom looked for a Boba Fett costume in August's size, which, strangely enough, was out of stock everywhere. She went to every online store, found a few on eBay that were going for an outrageous amount, and

finally ended up buying a Jango Fett costume that she then converted into a Boba Fett costume by painting it green. I would say, in all, she must have spent two weeks working on the stupid costume. And no, I won't mention the fact that Mom has never made any of my costumes, because it really has no bearing on anything at all.

The morning of Halloween I woke up thinking about Grans, which made me really sad and weepy. Dad kept telling me to hurry up and get dressed, which just stressed me out even more, and suddenly I started crying. I just wanted to stay home.

So Dad took August to school that morning and Mom said I could stay home, and the two of us cried together for a while. One thing I knew for sure: however much I missed Grans, Mom must have missed her more. All those times August was clinging to life after a surgery, all those rush trips to the ER: Grans had always been there for Mom. It felt good to cry with Mom. For both of us. At some point, Mom had the idea of our watching *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir* together, which was one of our all-time favorite black-and white movies. I agreed that that was a great idea. I think I probably would have used this weeping session as an opportunity to tell Mom everything that was going on at school with Miranda and Ella, but just as we were sitting down in front of the DVD player, the phone rang. It was the nurse from August's school calling to tell Mom that August had a stomach ache and should be picked up. So much for the old movies and the mother-daughter bonding.

Mom picked August up, and the moment he came home, he went straight to the bathroom and threw up. Then he went to his bed and pulled the covers over his head. Mom took his temperature, brought him some hot tea, and assumed the "August's mom" role again. "Via's mom," who had come out for a little while, was put away. I understood, though: August was in bad shape.

Neither one of us asked him why he had worn his Bleeding Scream costume to school instead of the Boba Fett costume Mom had made for him. If it annoyed Mom to see the costume she had worked on for two weeks tossed on the floor, unused, she didn't show it.

Trick or Treat

August said he wasn't feeling well enough to go trick-or-treating later in the afternoon, which was sad for him because I know how much he loved to trick-or-treat— especially after it got dark outside. Even though I was well beyond the trick-or-treating stage myself, I usually threw on some mask or other to accompany him up and down the blocks, watching him knocking on people's doors, giddy with excitement. I knew it was the one night a year when he could truly be like every other kid. No one knew he was different under the mask. To August, that must have felt absolutely amazing.

At seven o'clock that night, I knocked on his door.

"Hey," I said.

"Hey," he said back. He wasn't using his PlayStation or reading a comic book. He was just lying in his bed looking at the ceiling. Daisy, as always, was next to him on the bed, her head draped over his legs. The Bleeding Scream costume was crumpled up on the floor next to the Boba Fett costume.

"How's your stomach?" I said, sitting next to him on the bed.

"I'm still nauseous."

"You sure you're not up for the Halloween Parade?"

"Positive."

This surprised me. Usually August was such a trouper about his medical issues, whether it was skateboarding a few days after a surgery or sipping food through a straw when his mouth was practically bolted shut. This was a kid who's gotten more shots, taken more medicines, put up with more procedures by the age of ten than most people would have to put up with in ten lifetimes, and he was sidelined from a little nausea?

"You want to tell me what's up?" I said, sounding a bit like Mom.

"No."

"Is it school?"

"Yes."

"Teachers? Schoolwork? Friends?"

He didn't answer. "

Did someone say something?" I asked.

"People always say something," he answered bitterly. I could tell he was close to crying.

"Tell me what happened," I said.

And he told me what happened. He had overheard some very mean things some boys were saying about him. He didn't care about what the other boys had said, he expected that, but he was hurt that one of the boys was his "best friend" Jack Will. I remembered his mentioning Jack a couple of times over the past few months. I remembered Mom and Dad saying he seemed like a really nice kid, saying they were glad August had already made a friend like that.

"Sometimes kids are stupid," I said softly, holding his hand. "I'm sure he didn't mean it."

"Then why would he say it? He's been pretending to be my friend all along. Tushman probably bribed him with good grades or something. I bet you he was like, hey, Jack, if you make friends with the freak, you don't have to take any tests this year."

"You know that's not true. And don't call yourself a freak."

"Whatever. I wish I'd never gone to school in the first place."

"But I thought you were liking it."

"I hate it!" He was angry all of a sudden, punching his pillow.

"I hate it! I hate it! I hate it!" He was shrieking at the top of his lungs.

I didn't say anything. I didn't know what to say. He was hurt. He was mad.

I let him have a few more minutes of his fury. Daisy started licking the tears off of his face.

"Come on, Auggie," I said, patting his back gently. "Why don't you put on your Jango Fett costume and—"

"It's a Boba Fett costume! Why does everyone mix that up?"

"Boba Fett costume," I said, trying to stay calm. I put my arm around his shoulders. "Let's just go to the parade, okay?"

"If I go to the parade, Mom will think I'm feeling better and make me go to school tomorrow."

"Mom would never make you go to school," I answered. "Come on, Auggie. Let's just go. It'll be fun, I promise. And I'll let you have all my candy."

He didn't argue. He got out of bed and slowly started pulling on his Boba Fett costume. I helped him adjust the straps and tighten the belt, and by the time he put his helmet on, I could tell he was feeling better.

Time to Think

August played up the stomach ache the next day so he wouldn't have to go to school. I admit I felt a little bad for Mom, who was genuinely concerned that he had a stomach bug, but I had promised August I wouldn't tell her about the incident at school.

By Sunday, he was still determined not to go back to school.

"What are you planning on telling Mom and Dad?" I asked him when he told me this. "

They said I could quit whenever I wanted to." He said this while he was still focused on a comic book he was reading.

"But you've never been the kind of kid who quits things," I said truthfully. "That's not like you."

"I'm quitting."

"You're going to have to tell Mom and Dad why," I pointed out, pulling the comic book out of his hands so he'd have to look up at me while we were talking. "Then Mom will call the school and everyone will know about it."

"Will Jack get in trouble?"

"I would think so."

"Good."

I have to admit, August was surprising me more and more. He pulled another comic book off his shelf and started leafing through it.

"Auggie," I said. "Are you really going to let a couple of stupid kids keep you from going back to school? I know you've been enjoying it. Don't give them that power over you. Don't give them the satisfaction."

"They have no idea I even heard them," he explained.

"No, I know, but . . ."

"Via, it's okay. I know what I'm doing. I've made up my mind."

"But this is crazy, Auggie!" I said emphatically, pulling the new comic book away from him, too. "You have to go back to school. Everyone hates school sometimes. I hate school sometimes. I hate my friends sometimes. That's just life, Auggie. You want to be treated normally, right? This is normal! We all have to go to school sometimes despite the fact that we have bad days, okay?"

"Do people go out of their way to avoid touching you, Via?" he answered, which left me momentarily without an answer. "Yeah, right. That's what I thought. So don't compare your bad days at school to mine, okay?"

"Okay, that's fair," I said. "But it's not a contest about whose days suck the most, Auggie. The point is we all have to put up with the bad days. Now, unless you want to be treated like a baby the rest of your life, or like a kid with special needs, you just have to suck it up and go."

He didn't say anything, but I think that last bit was getting to him.

"You don't have to say a word to those kids," I continued. "August, actually, it's so cool that you know what they said, but they don't know you know what they said, you know?"

"What the heck?"

"You know what I mean. You don't have to talk to them ever again, if you don't want. And they'll never know why. See? Or you can pretend to be friends with them, but deep down inside you know you're not."

"Is that how you are with Miranda?" he asked.

"No," I answered quickly, defensively. "I never faked my feelings with Miranda." "So why are you saying I should?"

"I'm not! I'm just saying you shouldn't let those little jerks get to you, that's all."

"Like Miranda got to you."

"Why do you keep bringing Miranda up?" I yelled impatiently.

"I'm trying to talk to you about your friends. Please keep mine out of it."

"You're not even friends with her anymore."

"What does that have to do with what we're talking about?"

The way August was looking at me reminded me of a doll's face. He was just staring at me blankly with his half-closed doll eyes.

"She called the other day," he said finally.

"What?" I was stunned. "And you didn't tell me?"

"She wasn't calling you," he answered, pulling both comic books out of my hands.

"She was calling me. Just to say hi. To see how I was doing. She didn't even know I was going to a real school now. I can't believe you hadn't even told her. She said the two of you don't hang out as much anymore, but she wanted me to know she'd always love me like a big sister."

Double-stunned. Stung. Flabbergasted. No words formed in my mouth.

"Why didn't you tell me?" I said, finally.

"I don't know." He shrugged, opening the first comic book again.

"Well, I'm telling Mom and Dad about Jack Will if you stop going to school," I answered. "Tushman will probably call you into school and make Jack and those other kids apologize to you in front of everyone, and everyone will treat you like a kid who should be going to a school for kids with special needs. Is that what you want? Because that's what's going to happen. Otherwise, just go back to school and act like nothing happened. Or if you want to confront Jack about it, fine. But either way, if you—"

"Fine. Fine. Fine," he interrupted.

"What?"

"Fine! I'll go!" he yelled, not loudly. "Just stop talking about it already. Can I please read my book now?"

"Fine!" I answered. Turning to leave his room, I thought of something. "Did Miranda say anything else about me?"

He looked up from the comic book and looked right into my eyes. "She said to tell you she misses you. Quote unquote."

I nodded. "Thanks,"

I said casually, too embarrassed to let him see how happy that made me feel.

Part Three



Summer

You are beautiful no matter what they say Words can't bring you down You are beautiful in every single way Yes, words can't bring you down —Christina Aguilera, "Beautiful"

Weird Kids

Some kids have actually come out and asked me why I hang out with "the freak" so much. These are kids that don't even know him well. If they knew him, they wouldn't call him that.

"Because he's a nice kid!" I always answer. "And don't call him that."

"You're a saint, Summer," Ximena Chin said to me the other day. "I couldn't do what you're doing."

"It's not a big deal," I answered her truthfully.

"Did Mr. Tushman ask you to be friends with him?" Charlotte Cody asked.

"No. I'm friends with him because I want to be friends with him," I answered.

Who knew that my sitting with August Pullman at lunch would be such a big deal? People acted like it was the strangest thing in the world. It's weird how weird kids can be.

I sat with him that first day because I felt sorry for him. That's all. Here he was, this strange-looking kid in a brandnew school. No one was talking to him. Everyone was staring at him. All the girls at my table were whispering about him. He wasn't the only new kid at Beecher Prep, but he was the only one everyone was talking about. Julian had nicknamed him the Zombie Kid, and that's what everyone was calling him. "Did you see the Zombie Kid yet?" Stuff like that gets around fast. And August knew it. It's hard enough being the new kid even when you have a normal face. Imagine having his face?

So I just went over and sat with him. Not a biggie. I wish people would stop trying to turn it into something major.

He's just a kid. The weirdest-looking kid I've ever seen, yes. But just a kid.

The Plague

I do admit August's face takes some getting used to. I've been sitting with him for two weeks now, and let's just say he's not the neatest eater in the world. But other than that, he's pretty nice. I should also say that I don't really feel sorry for him anymore. That might have been what made me sit down with him the first time, but it's not why I keep sitting down with him. I keep sitting down with him because he is fun.

One of the things I'm not loving about this year is how a lot of the kids are acting like they're too grown-up to play things anymore. All they want to do is "hang out" and "talk" at recess. And all they talk about now is who likes who and who is cute and isn't cute. August doesn't bother about that stuff. He likes to play Four Square at recess, which I love to play, too.

It was actually because I was playing Four Square with August that I found out about the Plague. Apparently this is a "game" that's been going on since the beginning of the year. Anyone who accidentally touches August has only thirty seconds to wash their hands or find hand sanitizer before they catch the Plague. I'm not sure what happens to you if you actually catch the Plague because nobody's touched August yet—not directly.

How I found out about this is that Maya Markowitz told me that the reason she won't play Four Square with us at recess is that she doesn't want to catch the Plague. I was like, "What's the Plague?" And she told me. I told Maya I thought that was really dumb and she agreed, but she still wouldn't touch a ball that August just touched, not if she could help it.

The Halloween Party

I was really excited because I got an invitation to Savanna's Halloween party.

Savanna is probably the most popular girl in the school. All the boys like her. All the girls want to be friends with her. She was the first girl in the grade to actually have a "boyfriend." It was some kid who goes to MS 281, though she dumped him and started dating Henry Joplin, which makes sense because the two of them totally look like teenagers already.

Anyway, even though I'm not in the "popular" group, I somehow got invited, which is very cool. When I told Savanna I got her invitation and would be going to her party, she was really nice to me, though she made sure to tell me that she didn't invite a lot of people, so I shouldn't go around bragging to anyone that I got invited. Maya didn't get invited, for instance. Savanna also made sure to tell me not to wear a costume. It's good she told me because, of course, I would have worn a costume to a Halloween party—not the unicorn costume I made for the Halloween Parade, but the Goth girl getup that I'd worn to school. But even that was a no-no for Savanna's party. The only negative about my going to Savanna's party was that now I wouldn't be able to go the parade and the unicorn costume would be wasted. That was kind of a bummer, but okay.

Anyway, the first thing that happened when I got to her party was that Savanna greeted me at the door and asked: "Where's your boyfriend, Summer?"

I didn't even know what she was talking about.

"I guess he doesn't have to wear a mask at Halloween, right?" she added. And then I knew she was talking about August.

"He's not my boyfriend," I said.

"I know. I'm just kidding!" She kissed my cheek (all the girls in her group kissed each other's cheeks now whenever they said hello), and threw my jacket on a coatrack in her hallway. Then she took me by the hand down the stairs to her basement, which is where the party was. I didn't see her parents anywhere.

There were about fifteen kids there: all of them were popular kids from either Savanna's group or Julian's group. I guess they've all kind of merged into one big supergroup of popular kids, now that some of them have started dating each other.

I didn't even know there were so many couples. I mean, I knew about Savanna and Henry, but Ximena and Miles? And Ellie and Amos? Ellie's practically as flat as I am.

Anyway, about five minutes after I got there, Henry and Savanna were standing next to me, literally hovering over me.

"So, we want to know why you hang out with the Zombie Kid so much," said Henry.

"He's not a zombie," I laughed, like they were making a joke. I was smiling but I didn't feel like smiling.

"You know, Summer," said Savanna, "you would be a lot more popular if you didn't hang out with him so much. I'm going to be completely honest with you: Julian likes you. He wants to ask you out."

"He does?"

"Do you think he's cute?"

"Um . . . yeah, I guess. Yeah, he's cute."

"So you have to choose who you want to hang out with," Savanna said. She was talking to me like a big sister would talk to a little sister. "Everyone likes you, Summer. Everyone thinks you're really nice and that you're really, really pretty. You could totally be part of our group if you wanted to, and believe me, there are a lot of girls in our grade who would love that."

"I know." I nodded. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," she answered. "You want me to tell Julian to come and talk to you?"

I looked over to where she was pointing and could see Julian looking over at us.

"Um, I actually need to go to the bathroom. Where is that?"

I went to where she pointed, sat down on the side of the bathtub, and called Mom and asked her to pick me up.

"Is everything okay?" said Mom.

"Yeah, I just don't want to stay," I said.

Mom didn't ask any more questions and said she'd be there in ten minutes.

"Don't ring the bell," I told her. "Just call me when you're outside."

I hung out in the bathroom until Mom called, and then I snuck upstairs without anyone seeing me, got my jacket, and went outside.

It was only nine-thirty. The Halloween Parade was in full swing down Amesfort Avenue. Huge crowds everywhere. Everyone was in costume. Skeletons. Pirates. Princesses. Vampires. Superheroes.

But not one unicorn.

November

The next day at school I told Savanna I had eaten some really bad Halloween candy and gotten sick, which is why I went home early from her party, and she believed me. There was actually a stomach bug going around, so it was a good lie.

I also told her that I had a crush on someone else that wasn't Julian so she would leave me alone about that and hopefully spread the word to Julian that I wasn't interested. She, of course, wanted to know who I had a crush on, and I told her it was a secret.

August was absent the day after Halloween, and when he came back, I could tell something was up with him. He was acting so weird at lunch!

He barely said a word, and kept looking down at his food when I talked to him. Like he wouldn't look me in the eye.

Finally, I was like, "Auggie, is everything okay? Are you mad at me or something?"

"No," he said.

"Sorry you weren't feeling well on Halloween. I kept looking for Boba Fett in the hallways."

"Yeah, I was sick."

"Did you have that stomach bug?"

"Yeah, I guess."

He opened a book and started to read, which was kind of rude.

"I'm so excited about the Egyptian Museum project," I said.

"Aren't you?" He shook his head, his mouth full of food. I actually looked away because between the way he was chewing, which almost seemed like he was being gross on purpose, and the way his eyes were just kind of closed down, I was getting a really bad vibe from him.

"What project did you get?" I asked.

He shrugged, pulled out a little scrap of paper from his jeans pocket, and flicked it across the table to me.

Everyone in the grade got assigned an Egyptian artifact to work on for Egyptian Museum Day, which was in December. The teachers wrote all the assignments down on tiny scraps of paper, which they put into a fishbowl, and then all us kids in the grade took turns picking the papers out of the fishbowl in assembly.

So I unfolded Auggie's little slip of paper.

"Oh, cool!" I said, maybe a little overexcited because I was trying to get him psyched up. "You got the Step Pyramid of Sakkara!"

"I know!" he said.

"I got Anubis, the god of the afterlife."

"The one with the dog head?"

"It's actually a jackal head," I corrected him. "Hey, you want to start working on our projects together after school? You could come over to my house."

He put his sandwich down and leaned back in his chair. I can't even describe the look he was giving me.

"You know, Summer," he said. "You don't have to do this."

"What are you talking about?"

"You don't have to be friends with me. I know Mr. Tushman talked to you."

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

"You don't have to pretend, is all I'm saying. I know Mr. Tushman talked to some kids before school started and told them they had to be friends with me."

"He did not talk to me, August."

"Yeah, he did."

"No, he did not."

"Yeah, he did."

"No he didn't!! I swear on my life!" I put my hands up in the air so he could see I wasn't crossing my fingers. He immediately looked down at my feet, so I shook off my UGGs so he could see my toes weren't crossed.

"You're wearing tights," he said accusingly.

"You can see my toes are flat!" I yelled.

"Okay, you don't have to scream."

"I don't like being accused of things, okay?"

"Okay. I'm sorry."

"You should be."

"He really didn't talk to you?"

"Auggie!" "Okay, okay, I'm really sorry."

I would have stayed mad at him longer, but then he told me about something bad that had happened to him on Halloween and I couldn't stay mad at him anymore. Basically, he heard Jack bad-mouthing him and saying really horrible things behind his back. It kind of explained his attitude, and now I knew why he'd been out "sick."

"Promise you won't tell anyone," he said.

"I won't." I nodded.

"Promise you won't ever be mean like that to me again?"

"Promise," he said, and we pinky swore.

Warning: This Kid Is Rated R

I had warned Mom about August's face. I had described what he looked like. I did this because I know she's not always so good at faking her feelings, and August was coming over for the first time today. I even sent her a text at work to remind her about it. But I could tell from the expression on her face when she came home after work that I hadn't prepared her enough. She was shocked when she came through the door and saw his face for the first time.

"Hi, Mom, this is Auggie. Can he stay for dinner?" I asked quickly.

It took a second for my question to even register.

"Hi, Auggie," she said. "Um, of course, sweetheart. If it's okay with Auggie's mother."

While Auggie called his mother on his cell phone, I whispered to Mom: "Stop making that weirded-out face!" She had that look like when she's watching the news and some horrific event has happened. She nodded quickly, like she hadn't realized she was making a face, and was really nice and normal to Auggie afterward.

After a while, Auggie and I got tired of working on our projects and went to hang out in the living room. Auggie was looking at the pictures on the mantel, and he saw a picture of me and Daddy.

"Is that your dad?" he said.

"Yeah." "I didn't know you were . . . what's the word?"

"Biracial."

"Right! That's the word."

"Yeah." He looked at the picture again.

"Are your parents divorced? I've never seen him at drop-off or anything."

"Oh, no," I said. "He was a platoon sergeant. He died a few years ago."

"Whoa! I didn't know that."

"Yeah." I nodded, handing him a picture of my dad in his uniform.

"Wow, look at all those medals."

"Yeah. He was pretty awesome."

"Wow, Summer. I'm sorry."

"Yeah, it sucks. I really miss him a lot."

"Yeah, wow." He nodded, handing me back the picture.

"Have you ever known anyone who died?" I asked.

"Just my grandmother, and I don't really even remember her."

"That's too bad."

Auggie nodded.

"You ever wonder what happens to people when they die?" I asked.

He shrugged. "Not really. I mean, I guess they go to heaven? That's where my Grans went."

"I think about it a lot," I said.

"I think when people die, their souls go to heaven but just for a little while. Like that's where they see their old friends and stuff, and kind of catch up on old times. But then I actually think the souls start thinking about their lives on earth, like if they were good or bad or whatever. And then they get born again as brand-new babies in the world."

"Why would they want to do that?"

"Because then they get another chance to get it right," I answered.

"Their souls get a chance to have a do-over."

He thought about what I was saying and then nodded. "Kind of like when you get a makeup test," he said.

"Right."

"But they don't come back looking the same," he said. "I mean, they look completely different when they come back, right?"

"Oh yeah," I answered. "Your soul stays the same but everything else is different."

"I like that," he said, nodding a lot. "I really like that, Summer. That means in my next life I won't be stuck with this face."

He pointed to his face when he said that and batted his eyes, which made me laugh.

"I guess not." I shrugged.

"Hey, I might even be handsome!" he said, smiling. "That would be so awesome, wouldn't it? I could come back and be this good-looking dude and be super buff and super tall."

I laughed again. He was such a good sport about himself. That's one of the things I like the most about Auggie.

"Hey, Auggie, can I ask you a question?"

"Yeah," he said, like he knew exactly what I wanted to ask. I hesitated. I've been wanting to ask him this for a while but I've always lost the guts to ask.

"What?" he said.

"You want to know what's wrong with my face?"

"Yeah, I guess. If it's okay for me to ask."

He shrugged. I was so relieved that he didn't seem mad or sad.

"Yeah, it's no big deal," he said casually. "The main thing I have is this thing called man-di-bu-lo-facial dys-os-tosis— which took me forever to learn how to pronounce, by the way. But I also have this other syndrome thing that I can't even pronounce. And these things kind of just morphed together into one big superthing, which is so rare they don't even have a name for it. I mean, I don't want to brag or anything, but I'm actually considered something of a medical wonder, you know."

He smiled.

"That was a joke," he said. "You can laugh."

I smiled and shook my head.

"You're funny, Auggie." I said.

"Yes, I am," he said proudly. "I am cool beans."

The Egyptian Tomb

Over the next month, August and I hung out a lot after school, either at his house or my house. August's parents even invited Mom and me over for dinner a couple of times. I overheard them talking about fixing Mom up on a blind date with August's uncle Ben.

On the day of the Egyptian Museum exhibit, we were all really excited and kind of giddy. It had snowed the day before—not as much as it had snowed over the Thanksgiving break, but still, snow is snow.

The gym was turned into a giant museum, with everyone's Egyptian artifact displayed on a table with a little caption card explaining what the thing was. Most of the artifacts were really great, but I have to say I really think mine and August's were the best. My sculpture of Anubis looked pretty real, and I had even used real gold paint on it. And August had made his step pyramid out of sugar cubes. It was two feet high and two feet long, and he had spray painted the cubes with this kind of fake-sand paint or something. It looked so awesome.

We all dressed up in Egyptian costumes. Some of the kids were Indiana Jones-type archaeologists. Some of them dressed up like pharaohs. August and I dressed up like mummies. Our faces were covered except for two little holes for the eyes and one little hole for the mouth.

When the parents showed up, they all lined up in the hallway in front of the gym. Then we were told we could go get our parents, and each kid got to take his or her parent on a flashlight tour through the dark gym. August and I took our moms around together. We stopped at each exhibit, explaining what it was, talking in whispers, answering questions. Since it was dark, we used our flashlights to illuminate the artifacts while we were talking. Sometimes, for dramatic effect, we would hold the flashlights under our chins while we were explaining something in detail. It was so much fun, hearing all these whispers in the dark, seeing all the lights zigzagging around the dark room.

At one point, I went over to get a drink at the water fountain. I had to take the mummy wrap off my face.

"Hey, Summer," said Jack, who came over to talk to me. He was dressed like the man from The Mummy. "Cool costume."

"Thanks."

"Is the other mummy August?"

"Yeah."

"Um . . . hey, do you know why August is mad at me?"

"Uh-huh." I nodded.

"Can you tell me?"

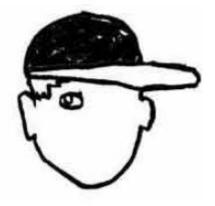
"No." He nodded. He seemed bummed.

"I told him I wouldn't tell you," I explained.

"It's so weird," he said. "I have no idea why he's mad at me all of a sudden. None. Can't you at least give me a hint?"

I looked over at where August was across the room, talking to our moms. I wasn't about to break my solid oath that I wouldn't tell anyone about what he overheard at Halloween, but I felt bad for Jack.

"Bleeding Scream," I whispered in his ear, and then walked away.



Part Four

Jack

Now here is my secret. It is very simple.

It is only with one's heart that one can see clearly.

What is essential is invisible to the eye.

-Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, The Little Prince

The Call

So in August my parents got this call from Mr. Tushman, the middle-school director. And my Mom said: "Maybe he calls all the new students to welcome them," and my dad said: "That's a lot of kids he'd be calling." So my mom called him back, and I could hear her talking to Mr. Tushman on the phone. This is exactly what she said: "Oh, hi, Mr. Tushman. This is Amanda Will, returning your call? Pause. Oh, thank you! That's so nice of you to say. He is looking forward to it. *Pause*. Yes. *Pause*. Yeah. *Pause*. Oh. Sure. *Long pause*. Ohhh. Uh-huh. *Pause*. Well, that's so nice of you to say. *Pause*. Sure. Ohh. Wow. Ohhhh. *Super long pause*. I see, of course. I'm sure he will. Let me write it down . . . got it. I'll call you after I've had a chance to talk to him, okay? *Pause*. No, thank you for thinking of him. Bye bye!"

And when she hung up, I was like, "what's up, what did he say?"

And Mom said: "Well, it's actually very flattering but kind of sad, too. See, there's this boy who's starting middle school this year, and he's never been in a real school environment before because he was homeschooled, so Mr. Tushman talked to some of the lower-school teachers to find out who they thought were some of the really, really great kids coming into fifth grade, and the teachers must have told him you were an especially nice kid—which I already knew, of course—and so Mr. Tushman is wondering if he could count on you to sort of shepherd this new boy around a bit?"

"Like let him hang out with me?" I said.

"Exactly," said Mom. "He called it being a 'welcome buddy.' "

"But why me?"

"I told you. Your teachers told Mr. Tushman that you were the kind of kid who's known for being a good egg. I mean, I'm so proud that they think so highly of you. . . ."

"Why is it sad?"

"What do you mean?"

"You said it's flattering but kind of sad, too."

"Oh." Mom nodded. "Well, apparently this boy has some sort of . . . um, I guess there's something wrong with his face . . . or something like that. Not sure. Maybe he was in an accident. Mr. Tushman said he'd explain a bit more when you come to the school next week."

"School doesn't start till September!"

"He wants you to meet this kid before school starts."

"Do I have to?"

Mom looked a bit surprised.

"Well, no, of course not," she said, "but it would be the nice thing to do, Jack."

"If I don't have to do it," I said, "I don't want to do it."

"Can you at least think about it?"

"I'm thinking about it and I don't want to do it."

"Well, I'm not going to force you," she said, "but at least think about it some more, okay? I'm not calling Mr. Tushman back until tomorrow, so just sit with it a bit. I mean, Jack, I really don't think it's that much to ask that you spend a little extra time with some new kid. . . ."

"It's not just that he's a new kid, Mom," I answered. "He's deformed."

"That's a terrible thing to say, Jack."

"He is, Mom." "

You don't even know who it is!"

"Yeah, I do," I said, because I knew the second she started talking about him that it was that kid named August.

Carvel

I remember seeing him for the first time in front of the Carvel on Amesfort Avenue when I was about five or six. Me and Veronica, my babysitter, were sitting on the bench outside the store with Jamie, my baby brother, who was sitting in his stroller facing us. I guess I was busy eating my ice cream cone, because I didn't even notice the people who sat down next to us.

Then at one point I turned my head to suck the ice cream out of the bottom of my cone, and that's when I saw him: August. He was sitting right next to me. I know it wasn't cool, but I kind of went "Uhh!" when I saw him because I honestly got scared. I thought he was wearing a zombie mask or something. It was the kind of "uhh" you say when you're watching a scary movie and the bad guy like jumps out of the bushes. Anyway, I know it wasn't nice of me to do that, and though the kid didn't hear me, I know his sister did.

"Jack! We have to go!" said Veronica. She had gotten up and was turning the stroller around because Jamie, who had obviously just noticed the kid, too, was about to say something embarrassing. So I jumped up kind of suddenly, like a bee had landed on me, and followed Veronica as she zoomed away. I could hear the kid's mom saying softly behind us: "Okay, guys, I think it's time to go," and I turned around to look at

them one more time. The kid was licking his ice cream cone, the mom was picking up his scooter, and the sister was glaring at me like she was going to kill me. I looked away quickly.

"Veronica, what was wrong with that kid?" I whispered.

"Hush, boy!" she said, her voice angry. I love Veronica, but when she got mad, she got *mad*. Meanwhile, Jamie was practically spilling out of his stroller trying to get another look as Veronica pushed him away.

"But, Vonica . . . ," said Jamie.

"You boys were very naughty! Very naughty!" said Veronica as soon as we were farther down the block. "Staring like that!"

"I didn't mean to!" I said.

"Vonica," said Jamie.

"Us leaving like that," Veronica was muttering.

"Oh Lord, that poor lady. I tell you, boys. Every day we should thank the Lord for our blessings, you hear me?"

"Vonica!"

"What is it, Jamie?"

"Is it Halloween?"

"No, Jamie."

"Then why was that boy wearing a mask?"

Veronica didn't answer. Sometimes, when she was mad about something, she would do that.

"He wasn't wearing a mask," I explained to Jamie.

"Hush, Jack!" said Veronica.

"Why are you so mad, Veronica?" I couldn't help asking. I thought this would make her angrier, but actually she shook her head.

"It was bad how we did that," she said. "Just getting up like that, like we'd just seen the devil. I was scared for what Jamie was going to say, you know? I didn't want him to say

anything that would hurt that little boy's feelings. But it was very bad, us leaving like that. The momma knew what was going on."

"But we didn't mean it," I answered.

"Jack, sometimes you don't have to mean to hurt someone to hurt someone. You understand?"

That was the first time I ever saw August in the neighborhood, at least that I remember. But I've seen him around ever since then: a couple of times in the playground, a few times in the park. He used to wear an astronaut helmet sometimes. But I always knew it was him underneath the helmet. All the kids in the neighborhood knew it was him. Everyone has seen August at some point or another. We all know his name, though he doesn't know ours.

And whenever I've seen him, I try to remember what Veronica said. But it's hard. It's hard not to sneak a second look. It's hard to act normal when you see him.

Why I Changed My Mind

"Who else did Mr. Tushman call?" I asked Mom later that night. "Did he tell you?"

"He mentioned Julian and Charlotte."

"Julian!" I said. "Ugh. Why Julian?"

"You used to be friends with Julian!"

"Mom, that was like in kindergarten. Julian's the biggest phony there is. And he's trying so hard to be popular all the time."

"Well," said Mom, "at least Julian agreed to help this kid out. Got to give him credit for that."

I didn't say anything because she was right.

"What about Charlotte?" I asked.

"Is she doing it, too?" "Yes," Mom said.

"Of course she is. Charlotte's such a Goody Two-Shoes," I answered.

"Boy, Jack," said Mom, "you seem to have a problem with everybody these days."

"It's just . . . ," I started. "Mom, you have no idea what this kid looks like."

"I can imagine." "No! You can't! You've never seen him. I have."

"It might not even be who you're thinking it is."

"Trust me, it is. And I'm telling you, it's really, really bad. He's deformed, Mom. His eyes are like down here." I pointed to my cheeks. "And he has no ears. And his mouth is like"

Jamie had walked into the kitchen to get a juice box from the fridge.

"Ask Jamie," I said. "Right, Jamie? Remember that kid we saw in the park after school last year? The kid named August? The one with the face?"

"Oh, that kid?" said Jamie, his eyes opening wide. "He gave me a nightmare!! Remember, Mommy? That nightmare about the zombies from last year?"

"I thought that was from watching a scary movie!" answered Mom.

"No!" said Jamie, "it was from seeing that kid! When I saw him, I was like, 'Ahhh!' and I ran away. . . ."

"Wait a minute," said Mom, getting serious. "Did you do that in front of him?"

"I couldn't help it!" said Jamie, kind of whining.

"Of course you could help it!" Mom scolded.

"Guys, I have to tell you, I'm really disappointed by what I'm hearing here." And she looked like how she sounded. "I mean, honestly, he's just a little boy—just like you! Can you imagine how he felt to see you running away from him, Jamie, screaming?"

"It wasn't a scream," argued Jamie. "It was like an 'Ahhh!' " He put his hands on his cheeks and started running around the kitchen.

"Come on, Jamie!" said Mom angrily. "I honestly thought both my boys were more sympathetic than that."

"What's sympathetic?" said Jamie, who was only going into the second grade.

"You know exactly what I mean by sympathetic, Jamie," said Mom.

"It's just he's so ugly, Mommy," said Jamie.

"Hey!" Mom yelled, "I don't like that word! Jamie, just get your juice box. I want to talk to Jack alone for a second."

"Look, Jack," said Mom as soon as he left, and I knew she was about to give me a whole speech.

"Okay, I'll do it," I said, which completely shocked her.

"You will?"

"Yes!"

"So I can call Mr. Tushman?"

"Yes! Mom, yes, I said yes!"

Mom smiled. "I knew you'd rise to the occasion, kiddo. Good for you. I'm proud of you, Jackie." She messed up my hair.

So here's why I changed my mind. It wasn't so I wouldn't have to hear Mom give me a whole lecture. And it wasn't to protect this August kid from Julian, who I knew would be a jerk about the whole thing. It was because when I heard Jamie talking about how he had run away from August going 'Ahhh,' I suddenly felt really bad. The thing is, there are always going to be kids like Julian who are jerks. But if a little kid like Jamie, who's usually a nice enough kid, can be that mean, then a kid like August doesn't stand a chance in middle school.

Four Things

First of all, you do get used to his face. The first couple of times I was like, whoa, I'm never going to get used to this. And then, after about a week, I was like, huh, it's not so bad.

Second of all, he's actually a really cool dude. I mean, he's pretty funny. Like, the teacher will say something and August will whisper something funny to me that no one else hears and totally make me crack up. He's also just, overall, a nice kid. Like, he's easy to hang out with and talk to and stuff. T

hird of all, he's really smart. I thought he'd be behind everyone because he hadn't gone to school before. But in most things he's way ahead of me. I mean, maybe not as smart as Charlotte or Ximena, but he's up there. And unlike Charlotte or Ximena, he lets me cheat off of him if I really need to (though I've only needed to a couple of times). He also let me copy his homework once, though we both got in trouble for it after class.

"The two of you got the exact same answers wrong on yesterday's homework," Ms. Rubin said, looking at both of us like she was waiting for an explanation. I didn't know what to say, because the explanation would have been: Oh, that's because I copied August's homework. But August lied to protect me. He was like, "Oh, that's because we did our homework together last night," which wasn't true at all.

"Well, doing homework together is a good thing," Ms. Rubin answered, "but you're supposed to still do it separately, okay? You could work side by side if you want, but you can't actually do your homework together, okay? Got it?"

After we left the classroom, I said: "Dude, thanks for doing that." And he was like, "No problem."

That was cool.

Fourthly, now that I know him, I would say I actually do want to be friends with August. At first, I admit it, I was only friendly to him because Mr. Tushman asked me to be especially nice and all that. But now I would choose to hang out with him. He laughs at all my jokes. And I kind of feel like I can tell August anything. Like he's a good friend. Like, if all the guys in the fifth grade were lined up against a wall and I got to choose anyone I wanted to hang out with, I would choose August.

Ex-Friends

Bleeding Scream? What the heck? Summer Dawson has always been a bit out there, but this was too much. All I did was ask her why August was acting like he was mad at me or something. I figured she would know. And all she said was "Bleeding Scream"? I don't even know what that means.

It's so weird because one day, me and August were friends. And the next day, whoosh, he was hardly talking to me. And I haven't the slightest idea why. When I said to him, "Hey, August, you mad at me or something?" he shrugged and walked away. So I would take that as a definite yes. And since I know for a fact that I didn't do anything to him to be mad about, I figured Summer could tell me what's up. But all I got from her was "Bleeding Scream"? Yeah, big help. Thanks, Summer.

You know, I've got plenty of other friends in school. So if August wants to officially be my ex-friend, then fine, that is okay by me, see if I care. I've started ignoring him like he's ignoring me in school now. This is actually kind of hard since we sit next to each other in practically every class.

Other kids have noticed and have started asking if me and August have had a fight. Nobody asks August what's going on. Hardly anyone ever talks to him, anyway. I mean, the only person he hangs out with, other than me, is Summer. Sometimes he hangs out with Reid Kingsley a little bit, and the two Maxes got him playing Dungeons & Dragons a couple of times at recess. Charlotte, for all her Goody Two- Shoeing, doesn't ever do more than nod hello when she's passing him in the hallway. And I don't know if everyone's still playing the Plague behind his back, because no one ever really told me about it directly, but my point is that it's not like he has a whole lot of other friends he could be hanging out with instead of me. If he wants to dis me, he's the one who loses—not me.

So this is how things are between us now. We only talk to each other about school stuff if we absolutely have to. Like, I'll say, "What did Rubin say the homework was?" and he'll answer. Or he'll be like, "Can I use your pencil sharpener?" and I'll get my sharpener out of my pencil case for him. But as soon as the bell rings, we go our separate ways.

Why this is good is because I get to hang out with a lot more kids now. Before, when I was hanging out with August all the time, kids weren't hanging out with me because they'd have to hang out with him. Or they would keep things from me, like the whole thing about the Plague. I think I was the only one who wasn't in on it, except for Summer and maybe the D&D crowd. And the truth is, though nobody's that obvious about it: nobody wants to hang out with him. Everyone's way too hung up on being in the popular group, and he's just as far from the popular group as you can get. But now I can hang out with anyone I want. If I wanted to be in the popular group, I could totally be in the popular group.

Why this is bad is because, well, (a) I don't actually enjoy hanging out with the popular group that much. And (b) I actually liked hanging out with August. So this is kind of messed up. And it's all August's fault.

Snow

The first snow of winter hit right before Thanksgiving break. School was closed, so we got an extra day of vacation. I was glad about that because I was so bummed about this whole August thing and I just wanted some time to chill without having to see him every day. Also, waking up to a snow day is just about my favorite thing in the world. I love that feeling when you first open your eyes in the morning and you don't even know why everything seems different than usual. Then it hits you: Everything is quiet. No cars honking. No buses going down the street. Then you run over to the window, and outside everything is covered in white: the sidewalks, the trees, the cars on the street, your windowpanes. And when that happens on a school day and you find out your school is closed, well, I don't care how old I get: I'm always going to think that that's the best feeling in the world. And I'm never going to be one of those grown-ups that use an umbrella when it's snowing—ever.

Dad's school was closed, too, so he took me and Jamie sledding down Skeleton Hill in the park. They say a little kid broke his neck while sledding down that hill a few years ago, but I don't know if this is actually true or just one of those legends. On the way home, I spotted this banged-up wooden sled kind of propped up against the Old Indian Rock monument. Dad said to leave it, it was just garbage, but something told me it would make the greatest sled ever. So Dad let me drag it home, and I spent the rest of the day fixing it up. I super-glued the broken slats together and wrapped some heavy-duty white duct tape around them for extra strength. Then I spray painted the whole thing white with the paint I had gotten for the Alabaster Sphinx I was making for the Egyptian Museum project. When it was all dry, I painted LIGHTNING in gold letters on the middle piece of wood, and I made a little lightning-bolt symbol above the letters. It looked pretty professional, I have to say. Dad was like, "Wow, Jackie! You were right about the sled!"

The next day, we went back to Skeleton Hill with Lightning. It was the fastest thing I've ever ridden—so, so, so much faster than the plastic sleds we'd been using. And because it had gotten warmer outside, the snow had become crunchier and wetter: good packing snow. Me and Jamie took turns on Lightning all afternoon. We were in the park until our fingers were frozen and our lips had turned a little blue. Dad practically had to drag us home.

By the end of the weekend, the snow had started turning gray and yellow, and then a rainstorm turned most of the snow to slush. When we got back to school on Monday, there was no snow left.

It was rainy and yucky the first day back from vacation. A slushy day. That's how I was feeling inside, too.

I nodded "hey" to August the first time I saw him. We were in front of the lockers. He nodded "hey" back.

I wanted to tell him about *Lightning*, but I didn't.

Fortune Favors the Bold

Mr. Browne's December precept was: Fortune favors the bold. We were all supposed to write a paragraph about some time in our lives when we did something very brave and how, because of it, something good happened to us.

I thought about this a lot, to be truthful. I have to say that I think the bravest thing I ever did was become friends with August. But I couldn't write about that, of course. I was afraid we'd have to read these out loud, or Mr. Browne would put them up on the

bulletin board like he does sometimes. So, instead, I wrote this lame thing about how I used to be afraid of the ocean when I was little. It was dumb but I couldn't think of anything else.

I wonder what August wrote about. He probably had a lot of things to choose from.

Private School

My parents are not rich. I say this because people sometimes think that everyone who goes to private school is rich, but that isn't true with us. Dad's a teacher and Mom's a social worker, which means they don't have those kinds of jobs where people make gazillions of dollars. We used to have a car, but we sold it when Jamie started kindergarten at Beecher Prep. We don't live in a big townhouse or in one of those doorman buildings along the park. We live on the top floor of a five-story walk-up we rent from an old lady named Doña Petra all the way on the "other" side of Broadway. That's "code" for the section of North River Heights where people don't want to park their cars. Me and Jamie share a room. I overhear my parents talk about things like "Can we do without an air conditioner one more year?" or "Maybe I can work two jobs this summer."

So today at recess I was hanging out with Julian and Henry and Miles. Julian, who everyone knows is rich, was like, "I hate that I have to go back to Paris this Christmas. It's so boring!"

"Dude, but it's, like, Paris," I said like an idiot.

"Believe me, it's so boring," he said. "My grandmother lives in this house in the middle of nowhere. It's like an hour away from Paris in this tiny, tiny, tiny village. I swear to God, nothing happens there! I mean, it's like, oh wow, there's another fly on the wall! Look, there's a new dog sleeping on the sidewalk. Yippee."

I laughed. Sometimes Julian could be very funny.

"Though my parents are talking about throwing a big party this year instead of going to Paris. I hope so. What are you doing over break?" said Julian.

"Just hanging out," I said.

"You're so lucky," he said.

"I hope it snows again," I answered. "I got this new sled that is so amazing." I was about to tell them about *Lightning* but Miles started talking first.

"I got a new sled, too!" he said. "My dad got it from Hammacher Schlemmer. It's so state of the art."

"How could a sled be state of the art?" said Julian.

"It was like eight hundred dollars or something."

"Whoa!"

"We should all go sledding and have a race down Skeleton Hill," I said.

"That hill is so lame," answered Julian.

"Are you kidding?" I said. "Some kid broke his neck there. That's why it's called Skeleton Hill."

Julian narrowed his eyes and looked at me like I was the biggest moron in the world. "It's called Skeleton Hill because it was an ancient Indian burial ground, duh," he said. "Anyway, it should be called Garbage Hill now, it's so freakin' junky. Last time I was there it was so gross, like with soda cans and broken bottles and stuff." He shook his head.

"I left my old sled there," said Miles. "It was the crappiest piece of junk—and someone took it, too!"

"Maybe a hobo wanted to go sledding!" laughed Julian.

"Where did you leave it?" I said.

"By the big rock at the bottom of the hill. And I went back the next day and it was gone. I couldn't believe somebody actually took it!"

"Here's what we can do," said Julian.

"Next time it snows, my dad could drive us all up to this golf course in Westchester that makes Skeleton Hill look like nothing. Hey, Jack, where are you going?"

I had started to walk away.

"I've got to get a book out of my locker," I lied. I just wanted to get away from them fast. I didn't want anyone to know that I was the "hobo" who had taken the sled.

In Science

I'm not the greatest student in the world. I know some kids actually like school, but I honestly can't say I do. I like some parts of school, like PE and computer class. And lunch and recess. But all in all, I'd be fine without school. And the thing I hate the most

about school is all the homework we get. It's not enough that we have to sit through class after class and try to stay awake while they fill our heads with all this stuff we will probably never need to know, like how to figure out the surface area of a cube or what the difference is between kinetic and potential energy. I'm like, who cares? I've never, ever heard my parents say the word "kinetic" in my entire life!

I hate science the most out of all my classes. We get so much work it's not even funny! And the teacher, Ms. Rubin, is so strict about everything—even the way we write our headings on the top of our papers! I once got two points off a homework assignment because I didn't put the date on top. Crazy stuff.

When me and August were still friends, I was doing okay in science because August sat next to me and always let me copy his notes. August has the neatest handwriting of anybody I've ever seen who's a boy. Even his script is neat: up and down perfectly, with really small round loopy letters. But now that we're ex-friends, it's bad because I can't ask him to let me copy his notes anymore.

So I was kind of scrambling today, trying to take notes about what Ms. Rubin was saying (my handwriting is awful), when all of a sudden she started talking about the fifth-grade science-fair project, how we all had to choose a science project to work on.

While she was saying this, I was thinking, We just finished the freakin' Egypt project, now we have to start a whole new thing? And then in my head I was going, Oh noooooo! like that kid in *Home Alone* with his mouth hanging open and his hands on his face. That was the face I was making on the inside. And then I thought of those pictures of melting ghost faces I've seen somewhere, where the mouths are open wide and they're screaming. And then all of a sudden this picture flew into my head, this memory, and I knew what Summer had meant by "bleeding scream." It's so weird how it all just came to me in this flash. Someone in homeroom had dressed up in a Bleeding Scream costume on Halloween. I remember seeing him a few desks away from me. And then I remember not seeing him again.

Oh man. It was August!

All of this hit me in science class while the teacher was talking.

Oh man.

I'd been talking to Julian about August. Oh man. Now I understood! I was so mean. I don't even know why. I'm not even sure what I said, but it was bad. It was only a minute or two. It's just that I knew Julian and everybody thought I was so weird for hanging out with August all the time, and I felt stupid. And I don't know why I said that stuff. I just was going along. I was stupid. I am stupid. Oh God. He was supposed to come as

Boba Fett! I would never have said that stuff in front of Boba Fett. But that was him, that Bleeding Scream sitting at the desk looking over at us. The long white mask with the fake squirting blood. The mouth open wide. Like the ghoul was crying. That was him.

I felt like I was going to puke.

Partners

I didn't hear a word of what Ms. Rubin was saying after that. Blah blah blah. Sciencefair project. Blah blah blah. Partners. Blah blah. It was like the way grown-ups talk in Charlie Brown movies. Like someone talking underwater. Mwah-mwah-mwahhh, mwah mwahh.

Then all of a sudden Ms. Rubin started pointing to kids around the class. "Reid and Tristan, Maya and Max, Charlotte and Ximena, August and Jack." She pointed to us when she said this. "Miles and Amos, Julian and Henry, Savanna and . . ." I didn't hear the rest.

"Huh?" I said.

The bell rang.

"So don't forget to get together with your partners to choose a project from the list, guys!" said Ms. Rubin as everyone started taking off. I looked up at August, but he had already put his backpack on and was practically out the door.

I must have had a stupid look on my face because Julian came over and said: "Looks like you and your best bud are partners." He was smirking when he said this. I hated him so much right then.

"Hello, earth to Jack Will?" he said when I didn't answer him.

"Shut up, Julian." I was putting my loose-leaf binder away in my backpack and just wanted him away from me.

"You must be so bummed you got stuck with him," he said. "You should tell Ms. Rubin you want to switch partners. I bet she'd let you."

"No she wouldn't," I said.

"Ask her." "No, I don't want to."

"Ms. Rubin?" Julian said, turning around and raising his hand at the same time.

Ms. Rubin was erasing the chalkboard at the front of the room. She turned when she heard her name.

"No, Julian!" I whisper-screamed.

"What is it, boys?" she said impatiently.

"Could we switch partners if we wanted to?" said Julian, looking very innocent. "Me and Jack had this science-fair project idea we wanted to work on together...."

"Well, I guess we could arrange that . . . ," she started to say.

"No, it's okay, Ms. Rubin," I said quickly, heading out the door. "Bye!"

Julian ran after me. "Why'd you do that?" he said, catching up to me at the stairs.

"We could have been partners. You don't have to be friends with that freak if you don't want to be, you know...."

And that's when I punched him. Right in the mouth.

Detention

Some things you just can't explain. You don't even try. You don't know where to start. All your sentences would jumble up like a giant knot if you opened your mouth. Any words you used would come out wrong.

"Jack, this is very, very serious," Mr. Tushman was saying. I was in his office, sitting on a chair across from his desk and looking at this picture of a pumpkin on the wall behind him. "Kids get expelled for this kind of thing, Jack! I know you're a good kid and I don't want that to happen, but you have to explain yourself."

"This is so not like you, Jack," said Mom. She had come from work as soon as they had called her. I could tell she was going back and forth between being really mad and really surprised.

"I thought you and Julian were friends," said Mr. Tushman.

"We're not friends," I said. My arms were crossed in front of me.

"But to punch someone in the mouth, Jack?" said Mom, raising her voice. "I mean, what were you thinking?" She looked at Mr. Tushman. "Honestly, he's never hit anyone before. He's just not like that."

"Julian's mouth was bleeding, Jack," said Mr. Tushman. "You knocked out a tooth, did you know that?"

"It was just a baby tooth," I said.

"Jack!" said Mom, shaking her head.

"That's what Nurse Molly said!"

"You're missing the point!" Mom yelled.

"I just want to know why," said Mr. Tushman, raising his shoulders.

"It'll just make everything worse," I sighed.

"Just tell me, Jack."

I shrugged but I didn't say anything. I just couldn't. If I told him that Julian had called August a freak, then he'd go talk to Julian about it, then Julian would tell him how I had badmouthed August, too, and everybody would find out about it.

"Jack!" said Mom. I

started to cry. "I'm sorry . . ."

Mr. Tushman raised his eyebrows and nodded, but he didn't say anything. Instead, he kind of blew into his hands, like you do when your hands are cold. "Jack," he said, "I don't really know what to say here. I mean, you punched a kid. We have rules about that kind of thing, you know? Automatic expulsion. And you're not even trying to explain yourself."

I was crying a lot by now, and the second Mom put her arms around me, I started to bawl.

"Let's, um . . . ," said Mr. Tushman, taking his glasses off to clean them, "let's do this, Jack. We're out for winter break as of next week anyway. How about you stay home for the rest of this week, and then after winter break you'll come back and everything will be fresh and brand new. Clean slate, so to speak."

"Am I being suspended?" I sniffled.

"Well," he said, shrugging, "technically yes, but it's only for a couple of days. And I'll tell you what. While you're at home, you take the time to think about what's happened. And if you want to write me a letter explaining what happened, and a letter to Julian apologizing, then we won't even put any of this in your permanent record, okay? You

go home and talk about it with your mom and dad, and maybe in the morning you'll figure it all out a bit more."

"That sounds like a good plan, Mr. Tushman," said Mom, nodding. "Thank you."

"Everything is going to be okay," said Mr. Tushman, walking over to the door, which was closed. "I know you're a nice kid, Jack. And I know that sometimes even nice kids do dumb things, right?" He opened the door.

"Thank you for being so understanding," said Mom, shaking his hand at the door.

"No problem." He leaned over and told her something quietly that I couldn't hear.

"I know, thank you," said Mom, nodding.

"So, kiddo," he said to me, putting his hands on my shoulders. "Think about what you've done, okay? And have a great holiday. Happy Chanukah! Merry Christmas! Happy Kwanzaa!"

I wiped my nose with my sleeve and started walking out the door.

"Say thank you to Mr. Tushman," said Mom, tapping my shoulder. I stopped and turned around, but I couldn't look at him.

"Thank you, Mr. Tushman," I said.

"Bye, Jack," he answered.

Then I walked out the door.

Season's Greetings

Weirdly enough, when we got back home and Mom brought in the mail, there were holiday cards from both Julian's family and August's family. Julian's holiday card was a picture of Julian wearing a tie, looking like he was about to go to the opera or something. August's holiday card was of a cute old dog wearing reindeer antlers, a red nose, and red booties. There was a cartoon bubble above the dog's head that read: "Ho-Ho-Ho!" On the inside of the card it read:

To the Will family,

Peace on Earth. Love, Nate, Isabel, Olivia, August (and Daisy)

"Cute card, huh?" I said to Mom, who had hardly said a word to me all the way home. I think she honestly just didn't know what to say.

"That must be their dog," I said.

"Do you want to tell me what's going on inside your head, Jack?" she answered me seriously.

"I bet you they put a picture of their dog on the card every year," I said.

She took the card from my hands and looked at the picture carefully. Then she raised her eyebrows and her shoulders and gave me back the card. "We're very lucky, Jack. There's so much we take for granted. . . . "

"I know," I said. I knew what she was talking about without her having to say it.

"I heard that Julian's mom actually Photoshopped August's face out of the class picture when she got it. She gave a copy to a couple of the other moms."

"That's just awful," said Mom. "People are just . . . they're not always so great."

"I know."

"Is that why you hit Julian?"

"No." And then I told her why I punched Julian. And I told her that August was my exfriend now. And I told her about Halloween.

Letters, Emails, Facebook, Texts

December 18

Dear Mr. Tushman,

I am very, very sorry for punching Julian. It was very, very wrong for me to do that. I am writing a letter to him to tell him that, too. If it's okay, I would really rather not tell you why I did what I did because it doesn't really make it right anyway. Also, I would rather not make Julian get in trouble for having said something he should not have said.

Very sincerely,

Jack Will

December 18

Dear Julian,

I am very, very, very sorry for hitting you. It was wrong of me. I hope you are okay. I hope your grownup tooth grows in fast. Mine always do.

Sincerely,

Jack Will

December 26

Dear Jack,

Thank you so much for your letter. One thing I've learned after being a middle-school director for twenty years: there are almost always more than two sides to every story. Although I don't know the details, I have an inkling about what may have sparked the confrontation with Julian.

While nothing justifies striking another student—ever —I also know good friends are sometimes worth defending. This has been a tough year for a lot of students, as the first year of middle school usually is.

Keep up the good work, and keep being the fine boy we all know you are.

All the best, Lawrence Tushman Middle-School Director

To: ltushman@beecherschool.edu Cc: johnw ill@phillipsacademy.edu; amandawill@ copperbeech.org Fr: melissa.albans@rmail.com Subject: Jack Will

Dear Mr. Tushman,

I spoke with Amanda and John Will yesterday, and they expressed their regret at Jack's having punched our son, Julian, in the mouth. I am writing to let you know that my husband and I support your decision to allow Jack to return to Beecher Prep after a two-day suspension. Although I think hitting a child would be valid grounds for expulsion in other schools, I agree such extreme measures aren't warranted here. We

have known the Will family since our boys were in kindergarten, and are confident that every measure will be taken to ensure this doesn't happen again.

To that end, I wonder if Jack's unexpectedly violent behavior might have been a result of too much pressure being placed on his young shoulders? I am speaking specifically of the new child with special needs who both Jack and Julian were asked to "befriend." In retrospect, and having now seen the child in question at various school functions and in the class pictures, I think it may have been too much to ask of our children to be able to process all that. Certainly, when Julian mentioned he was having a hard time befriending the boy, we told him he was "off the hook" in that regard. We think the transition to middle school is hard enough without having to place greater burdens or hardships on these young, impressionable minds. I should also mention that, as a member of the school board, I was a little disturbed that more consideration was not given during this child's application process to the fact that Beecher Prep is not an inclusion school. There are many parents—myself included—who question the decision to let this child into our school at all. At the very least, I am somewhat troubled that this child was not held to the same stringent application standards (i.e. interview) that the rest of the incoming middle-school students were.

Best,

Melissa Perper Albans

To: melissa.albans@rmail.com Fr: ltushman@beecherschool.edu Cc: johnwill@phillipsacademy.edu; amandawill@ copperbeech.org Subject: Jack Will

Dear Mrs. Albans,

Thanks for your email outlining your concerns. Were I not convinced that Jack Will is extremely sorry for his actions, and were I not confident that he would not repeat those actions, rest assured that I would not be allowing him back to Beecher Prep.

As for your other concerns regarding our new student August, please note that he does not have special needs. He is neither disabled, handicapped, nor developmentally delayed in any way, so there was no reason to assume anyone would take issue with his admittance to Beecher Prep—whether it is an inclusion school or not. In terms of the application process, the admissions director and I both felt it within our right to hold the interview off-site at August's home for reasons that are obvious.

We felt that this slight break in protocol was warranted but in no way prejudicial—in one way or another—to the application review. August is an extremely good student, and has secured the friendship of some truly exceptional young people, including Jack Will.

At the beginning of the school year, when I enlisted certain children to be a "welcoming committee" to August, I did so as a way of easing his transition into a school environment. I did not think asking these children to be especially kind to a new student would place any extra "burdens or hardships" on them. In fact, I thought it would teach them a thing or two about empathy, and friendship, and loyalty.

As it turns out, Jack Will didn't need to learn any of these virtues—he already had them in abundance.

Thank you again for being in touch.

Sincerely,

Lawrence Tushman

To: melissa.albans@rmail.com Fr: johnwill@phillipsacademy.edu Cc: ltushman@beecherschool.edu; amandawill@ copperbeech.org Subject: Jack

Hi Melissa,

Thank you for being so understanding about this incident with Jack. He is, as you know, extremely sorry for his actions. I hope you do accept our offer to pay Julian's dental bills.

We are very touched by your concern regarding Jack's friendship with August. Please know we have asked Jack if he felt any undue pressure about any of this, and the answer was a resolute "no." He enjoys August's company and feels like he has made a good friend.

Hope you have a Happy New Year! John and Amanda Will Hi August, Jacklope Will wants to be friends with you on Facebook.

Jackalope Will 32 mutual friends Thanks, The Facebook Team

To: auggiedoggiepullman@email.com

Subject: Sorry !!!!!

Message: Hey august. Its me Jack Will. I noticed im not on ur friends list anymore. Hope u friend me agen cuz im really sorry. I jus wanted 2 say that. Sorry. I know why ur mad at me now Im sorry I didn't mean the stuff I said. I was so stupid. I hope u can 4give me

Hope we can b friends agen. Jack

1 New Text Message From: AUGUST Dec 31 4:47PM

got ur message u know why im mad at u now?? did Summer tell u?

1 New Text Message From: JACKWILL Dec 31 4:49PM

She told me bleeding scream as hint but didn't get it at first then I remember seeing bleeding scream in homeroom on Hallween. didn't know it was you thought u were coming as Boba Fett.

1 New Text Message From: AUGUST Dec 31 4:51PM

I changed my mind at the last minute. Did u really punch Julian?

1 New Text Message From: JACKWILL Dec 31 4:54PM

Yeah i punchd him knocked out a tooth in the back. A baby tooth.

1 New Text Message From: AUGUST Dec 31 4:55PM

whyd u punch him???????

1 New Text Message From: JACKWILL Dec 31 4:56PM

I dunno

1 New Text Message From: AUGUST Dec 31 4:58PM

liar. I bet he said something about me right?

1 New Text Message From: JACKWILL Dec 31 5:02PM

he's a jerk. but I was a jerk too. really really really sorry for wat I said dude, Ok? can we b frenz agen?

1 New Text Message From: AUGUST Dec 31 5:03PM

ok

1 New Text Message From: JACKWILL Dec 31 5:04PM

awsum!!!!

1 New Text Message From: AUGUST Dec 31 5:06PM

but tell me the truth, ok? wud u really wan to kill urself if u wer me???

1 New Text Message From: JACKWILL Dec 31 5:08PM

no!!!!! I swear on my life but dude- I would want 2 kill myself if I were Julian ;)

1 New Text Message From: AUGUST Dec 31 5:10PM

lol yes dude we'r frenz agen.

Back from Winter Break

Despite what Tushman said, there was no "clean slate" when I went back to school in January. In fact, things were totally weird from the second I got to my locker in the morning. I'm next to Amos, who's always been a pretty straight-up kid, and I was like, "Yo, what up?" and he basically just nodded a half hello and closed his locker door and left. I was like, okay, that was bizarre. And then I said: "Hey, what up?" to Henry, who didn't even bother half-smiling but just looked away.

Okay, so something's up. Dissed by two people in less than five minutes. Not that anyone's counting. I thought I'd try one more time, with Tristan, and boom, same thing. He actually looked nervous, like he was afraid of talking to me.

I've got a form of the Plague now, is what I thought. This is Julian's payback.

And that's pretty much how it went all morning. Nobody talked to me. Not true: the girls were totally normal with me. And August talked to me, of course. And, actually, I have to say both Maxes said hello, which made me feel kind of bad for never, ever hanging out with them in the five years I've been in their class.

I hoped lunch would be better, but it wasn't. I sat down at my usual table with Luca and Isaiah. I guess I thought since they weren't in the super-popular group but were kind of middle-of-the-road jock kids that I'd be safe with them. But they barely nodded when I said hello. Then, when our table was called, they got their lunches and never came back. I saw them find a table way over at the other end of the cafeteria. They weren't at Julian's table, but they were near him, like on the fringe of popularity. So anyway, I'd been ditched. I knew table switching was something that happened in the fifth grade, but I never thought it would happen to me.

It felt really awful being at the table by myself. I felt like everyone was watching me. It also made me feel like I had no friends. I decided to skip lunch and go read in the library.

The War

It was Charlotte who had the inside scoop on why everyone was dissing me. I found a note inside my locker at the end of the day.

Meet me in room 301 right after school. Come by yourself! Charlotte.

She was already inside the room when I walked in. "Sup," I said.

"Hey," she said. She went over to the door, looked left and right, and then closed the door and locked it from the inside. Then she turned to face me and started biting her nail as she talked. "Look, I feel bad about what's going on and I just wanted to tell you what I know. Promise you won't tell anyone I talked to you?"

"Promise."

"So Julian had this huge holiday party over winter break," she said. "I mean, huge. My sister's friend had had her sweet sixteen at the same place last year. There were like two hundred people there, so I mean it's a huge place."

"Yeah, and?"

"Yeah, and . . . well, pretty much everybody in the whole grade was there."

"Not everybody," I joked.

"Right, not everybody. Duh. But like even parents were there, you know. Like my parents were there. You know Julian's mom is the vice president of the school board, right? So she knows a lot of people. Anyway, so basically what happened at the party was that Julian went around telling everyone that you punched him because you had emotional problems. . . ."

"What?!" "And that you would have gotten expelled, but his parents begged the school not to expel you . . ."

"What?!"

"And that none of it would have happened in the first place if Tushman hadn't forced you to be friends with Auggie. He said his mom thinks that you, quote unquote, snapped under the pressure...."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "No one bought into that, right?" I said.

She shrugged. "That's not even the point. The point is he's really popular. And, you know, my mom heard that his mom is actually pushing the school to review Auggie's application to Beecher."

"Can she do that?"

"It's about Beecher not being an inclusion school. That's a type of school that mixes normal kids with kids with special needs."

"That's just stupid. Auggie doesn't have special needs."

"Yeah, but she's saying that if the school is changing the way they usually do things in some ways . . ."

"But they're not changing anything!"

"Yeah, they did. Didn't you notice they changed the theme of the New Year Art Show? In past years fifth graders painted self-portraits, but this year they made us do those ridiculous self-portraits as animals, remember?"

"So big freakin' deal."

"I know! I'm not saying I agree, I'm just saying that's what she's saying."

"I know, I know. This is just so messed up. . . . "

"I know. Anyway, Julian said that he thinks being friends with Auggie is bringing you down, and that for your own good you need to stop hanging out with him so much. And if you start losing all your old friends, it'll be like a big wake-up call. So basically, for your own good, he's going to stop being your friend completely."

"News flash: I stopped being his friend completely first!"

"Yeah, but he's convinced all the boys to stop being your friend—for your own good. That's why nobody's talking to you."

"You're talking to me."

"Yeah, well, this is more of a boy thing," she explained.

"The girls are staying neutral. Except Savanna's group, because they're going out with Julian's group. But to everybody else this is really a boy war."

I nodded. She tilted her head to one side and pouted like she felt sorry for me.

"Is it okay that I told you all this?" she said.

"Yeah! Of course! I don't care who talks to me or not," I lied. "This is all just so dumb."

She nodded.

"Hey, does Auggie know any of this?"

"Of course not. At least, not from me."

"And Summer?"

"I don't think so. Look, I better go. Just so you know, my mom thinks Julian's mom is a total idiot. She said she thinks people like her are more concerned about what their kids' class pictures look like than doing the right thing. You heard about the Photoshopping, right?"

"Yeah, that was just sick."

"Totally," she answered, nodding. "Anyway, I better go. I just wanted you to know what was up and stuff."

"Thanks, Charlotte."

"I'll let you know if I hear anything else," she said. Before she went out, she looked left and right outside the door to make sure no one saw her leaving. I guess even though she was neutral, she didn't want to be seen with me.

Switching Tables

The next day at lunch, stupid me, I sat down at a table with Tristan, Nino, and Pablo. I thought maybe they were safe because they weren't really considered popular, but they weren't out there playing D&D at recess, either. They were sort of in-betweeners. And, at first, I thought I scored because they were basically too nice to not acknowledge my presence when I walked over to the table. They all said "Hey," though I could tell they looked at each other. But then the same thing happened that happened yesterday: our lunch table was called, they got their food, and then headed toward a new table on the other side of the cafeteria.

Unfortunately, Mrs. G, who was the lunch teacher that day, saw what happened and chased after them.

"That's not allowed, boys!" she scolded them loudly. "This is not that kind of school. You get right back to your table." Oh great, like that was going to help. Before they could be forced to sit back down at the table, I got up with my tray and walked away really fast. I could hear Mrs. G call my name, but I pretended not to hear and just kept walking to the other side of the cafeteria, behind the lunch counter.

"Sit with us, Jack."

It was Summer. She and August were sitting at their table, and they were both waving me over.

Why I Didn't Sit with August the First Day of School

Okay, I'm a total hypocrite. I know. That very first day of school I remember seeing August in the cafeteria. Everybody was looking at him. Talking about him. Back then, no one was used to his face or even knew that he was coming to Beecher, so it was a total shocker for a lot of people to see him there on the first day of school. Most kids were even afraid to get near him.

So when I saw him going into the cafeteria ahead of me, I knew he'd have no one to sit with, but I just couldn't bring myself to sit with him. I had been hanging out with him all morning long because we had so many classes together, and I guess I was just kind of wanting a little normal time to chill with other kids. So when I saw him move to a table on the other side of the lunch counter, I purposely found a table as far away from there as I could find. I sat down with Isaiah and Luca even though I'd never met them before, and we talked about baseball the whole time, and I played basketball with them at recess. They became my lunch table from then on.

I heard Summer had sat down with August, which surprised me because I knew for a fact she wasn't one of the kids that Tushman had talked to about being friends with Auggie. So I knew she was doing it just to be nice, and that was pretty brave, I thought.

So now here I was sitting with Summer and August, and they were being totally nice to me as always. I filled them in about everything Charlotte had told me, except for the whole big part about my having "snapped" under the pressure of being Auggie's friend, or the part about Julian's mom saying that Auggie had special needs, or the part about the school board. I guess all I really told them about was how Julian had had a holiday party and managed to turn the whole grade against me.

"It just feels so weird," I said, "to not have people talking to you, pretending you don't even exist."

Auggie started smiling.

"Ya think?" he said sarcastically.

"Welcome to my world!"

Sides

"So here are the official sides," said Summer at lunch the next day. She pulled out a folded piece of loose-leaf paper and opened it. It had three columns of names.

Jack's Side	Julian's Sides	Neutrals
Jack	Miles	Malik
August	Henry	Remo
Reid	Amos	Jose
Max G	Simon	Leif
Max W	Tristan	Ram
	Pablo	Ivan
	Nino	Russell
	Isaiah	
	Luca	
	Jake	
	Toland	
	Roman	
	Ben	
	Emmanuel	
	Zele	
	Tomaso	

"Where did you get this?" said Auggie, looking over my shoulder as I read the list.

"Charlotte made it," Summer answered quickly. "She gave it to me last period. She said she thought you should know who was on your side, Jack."

"Yeah, not many people, that's for sure," I said.

"Reid is," she said. "And the two Maxes."

"Great. The nerds are on my side."

"Don't be mean," said Summer.

"I think Charlotte likes you, by the way."

"Yeah, I know."

"Are you going to ask her out?"

"Are you kidding? I can't, now that everybody's acting like I have the Plague."

The second I said it, I realized I shouldn't have said it. There was this awkward moment of silence. I looked at Auggie.

"It's okay," he said. "I knew about that."

"Sorry, dude," I said.

"I didn't know they called it the Plague, though," he said.

"I figured it was more like the Cheese Touch or something."

"Oh, yeah, like in Diary of a Wimpy Kid." I nodded.

"The Plague actually sounds cooler," he joked.

"Like someone could catch the 'black death of ugliness.' " As he said this, he made air quotes.

"I think it's awful," said Summer, but Auggie shrugged while taking a big sip from his juice box.

"Anyway, I'm not asking Charlotte out," I said.

"My mom thinks we're all too young to be dating anyway," she answered.

"What if Reid asked you out?" I said. "Would you go?"

I could tell she was surprised. "No!" she said.

"I'm just asking," I laughed.

She shook her head and smiled. "Why? What do you know?"

"Nothing! I'm just asking!" I said.

"I actually agree with my mom," she said. "I do think we're too young to be dating. I mean, I just don't see what the rush is."

"Yeah, I agree," said August. "Which is kind of a shame, you know, what with all those babes who keep throwing themselves at me and stuff?"

He said this in such a funny way that the milk I was drinking came out my nose when I laughed, which made us all totally crack up.

August's House

It was already the middle of January, and we still hadn't even chosen what science-fair project we were going to work on. I guess I kept putting it off because I just didn't want to do it. Finally, August was like, "Dude, we have to do this." So we went to his house after school.

I was really nervous because I didn't know if August had ever told his parents about what we now called the Halloween Incident. Turns out the dad wasn't even home and the mom was out running errands. I'm pretty sure from the two seconds I'd spent talking to her that Auggie had never mentioned a thing about it. She was super cool and friendly toward me.

When I first walked into Auggie's room, I was like, "Whoa, Auggie, you have got a serious Star Wars addiction."

He had ledges full of Star Wars miniatures, and a huge The Empire Strikes Back poster on his wall.

"I know, right?" he laughed.

He sat down on a rolling chair next to his desk and I plopped down on a beanbag chair in the corner. That's when his dog waddled into the room right up to me.

"He was on your holiday card!" I said, letting the dog sniff my hand.

"She," he corrected me. "Daisy. You can pet her. She doesn't bite."

When I started petting her, she basically just rolled over onto her back.

"She wants you to rub her tummy," said August.

"Okay, this is the cutest dog I've ever seen," I said, rubbing her stomach.

"I know, right? She's the best dog in the world. Aren't you, girlie?"

As soon as she heard Auggie's voice say that, the dog started wagging her tail and went over to him.

"Who's my little girlie? Who's my little girlie?" Auggie was saying as she licked him all over the face.

"I wish I had a dog," I said. "My parents think our apartment's too small." I started looking around at the stuff in his room while he turned on the computer. "Hey, you've got an Xbox 360? Can we play?"

"Dude, we're here to work on the science-fair project."

"Do you have Halo ?"

"Of course I have Halo."

"Please can we play?"

He had logged on to the Beecher website and was now scrolling down Ms. Rubin's teacher page through the list of science-fair projects. "Can you see from there?" he said. I sighed and went to sit on a little stool that was right next to him.

"Cool iMac," I said. "What kind of computer do you have?"

"Dude, I don't even have my own room, much less my own computer. My parents have this ancient Dell that's practically dead."

"Okay, how about this one?" he said, turning the screen in my direction so I would look. I made a quick scan of the screen and my eyes literally started blurring.

"Making a sun clock," he said. "That sounds kind of cool."

I leaned back. "Can't we just make a volcano?"

"Everyone makes volcanoes."

"Duh, because it's easy," I said, petting Daisy again.

"What about: How to make crystal spikes out of Epsom salt?"

"Sounds boring," I answered. "So why'd you call her Daisy?"

He didn't look up from the screen. "My sister named her. I wanted to call her Darth. Actually, technically speaking, her full name is Darth Daisy, but we never really called her that."

"Darth Daisy! That's funny! Hi, Darth Daisy!" I said to the dog, who rolled onto her back again for me to rub her tummy.

"Okay, this one is the one," said August, pointing to a picture on the screen of a bunch of potatoes with wires poking out of them. "How to build an organic battery made of potatoes. Now, that's cool. It says here you could power a lamp with it. We could call it the Spud Lamp or something. What do you think?"

"Dude, that sounds way too hard. You know I suck at science."

"Shut up, you do not."

"Yeah I do! I got a fifty-four on my last test. I suck at science!"

"No you don't! And that was only because we were still fighting and I wasn't helping you. I can help you now. This is a good project, Jack. We've got to do it."

"Fine, whatever." I shrugged.

Just then there was a knock on the door. A teenage girl with long dark wavy hair poked her head inside the door. She wasn't expecting to see me.

"Oh, hey," she said to both of us.

"Hey, Via," said August, looking back at the computer screen. "Via, this is Jack. Jack, that's Via."

"Hey," I said, nodding hello.

"Hey," she said, looking at me carefully. I knew the second Auggie said my name that he had told her about the stuff I had said about him. I could tell from the way she looked at me. In fact, the way she looked at me made me think she remembered me from that day at Carvel on Amesfort Avenue all those years ago.

"Auggie, I have a friend I want you to meet, okay?" she said. "He's coming over in a few minutes."

"Is he your new boyfriend ?" August teased.

Via kicked the bottom of his chair. "Just be nice," she said, and left the room.

"Dude, your sister's hot," I said.

"I know."

"She hates me, right? You told her about the Halloween Incident?"

"Yeah."

"Yeah, she hates me or yeah, you told her about Halloween?"

"Both."

The Boyfriend

Two minutes later the sister came back with this guy named Justin. Seemed like a cool enough dude. Longish hair. Little round glasses. He was carrying a big long shiny silver case that ended in a sharp point on one end.

"Justin, this is my little brother, August," said Via. "And that's Jack."

"Hey, guys," said Justin, shaking our hands. He seemed a little nervous. I guess maybe it was because he was meeting August for the first time. Sometimes I forget what a shock it is the first time you meet him. "Cool room."

"Are you Via's boyfriend?" Auggie asked mischievously, and his sister pulled his cap down over his face.

"What's in your case?" I said. "A machine gun?"

"Ha!" answered the boyfriend. "That's funny. No, it's a, uh . . . fiddle."

"Justin's a fiddler," said Via.

"He's in a zydeco band." "What the heck is a zydeco band?" said Auggie, looking at me.

"It's a type of music," said Justin. "Like Creole music."

"What's Creole?" I said.

"You should tell people that's a machine gun," said Auggie. "Nobody would ever mess with you."

"Ha, I guess you're right," Justin said, nodding and tucking his hair behind his ears. "Creole's the kind of music they play in Louisiana," he said to me.

"Are you from Louisiana?" I asked.

"No, um," he answered, pushing up his glasses. "I'm from Brooklyn."

I don't know why this made me want to laugh.

"Come on, Justin," said Via, pulling him by the hand. "Let's go hang out in my room."

"Okay, see you guys later. Bye," he said.

"Bye!"

"Bye!"

As soon as they left the room, Auggie looked at me, smiling.

"I'm from Brooklyn," I said, and we both started laughing hysterically.

Part Five



Justin

Sometimes I think my head is so big because it is so full of dreams.

—John Merrick in Bernard Pomerance's

The Elephant Man

Olivia's Brother

the first time i meet Olivia's little brother, i have to admit i'm totally taken by surprise.

i shouldn't be, of course. olivia's told me about his "syndrome." has even described what he looks like. but she's also talked about all his surgeries over the years, so i guess i assumed he'd be more normal-looking by now. like when a kid is born with a cleft palate and has plastic surgery to fix it sometimes you can't even tell except for the little scar above the lip. i guess i thought her brother would have some scars here and there. but not this. i definitely wasn't expecting to see this little kid in a baseball cap who's sitting in front of me right now.

actually there are two kids sitting in front me: one is a totally normal-looking kid with curly blond hair named jack; the other is auggie.

i like to think i'm able to hide my surprise. i hope i do. surprise is one of those emotions that can be hard to fake, though, whether you're trying to look surprised when you're not or trying to not look surprised when you are.

i shake his hand. i shake the other kid's hand. don't want to focus on his face. cool room, I say. are you via's boyfriend? he says. i think he's smiling.

olivia pushes down his baseball cap. is that a machine gun? the blond kid asks, like i haven't heard that one before. and we talk about zydeco for a bit. and then via's taking my hand and leading me out of the room. as soon as we close the door behind us, we hear them laughing.

i'm from brooklyn! one of them sings.

olivia rolls her eyes as she smiles. let's go hang out in my room, she says.

we've been dating for two months now. i knew from the moment i saw her, the minute she sat down at our table in the cafeteria, that i liked her. i couldn't keep my eyes off of her. really beautiful. with olive skin and the bluest eyes i've ever seen in my life. at first she acted like she only wanted to be friends. i think she kind of gives off that vibe without even meaning to. stay back. don't even bother. she doesn't flirt like some other girls do. she looks you right in the eye when she talks to you, like she's daring you. so i just kept looking her right in the eye, too, like i was daring her right back. and then i asked her out and she said yes, which rocked.

she's an awesome girl and i love hanging out with her. she didn't tell me about august until our third date. i think she used the phrase "a craniofacial abnormality" to describe his face. or maybe it was "craniofacial anomaly." i know the one word she didn't use was "deformed," though, because that word would have registered with me. so, what did you think? she asks me nervously the second we're inside her room. are you shocked?

no, i lie. she smiles and looks away. you're shocked.

i'm not, i assure her. he's just like what you said he'd be. she nods and plops down on her bed. kind of cute how she still has a lot of stuffed animals on her bed. she takes one of them, a polar bear, without thinking and puts it in her lap.

i sit down on the rolling chair by her desk. her room is immaculate.

when i was little, she says, there were lots of kids who never came back for a second playdate. i mean, lots of kids. i even had friends who wouldn't come to my birthdays because he would be there. they never actually told me this, but it would get back to me. some people just don't know how to deal with auggie, you know?

i nod.

it's not even like they know they're being mean, she adds. they were just scared. i mean, let's face it, his face is a little scary, right?

i guess, i answer. but you're okay with it? she asks me sweetly. you're not too freaked out? or scared?

i'm not freaked out or scared. i smile. she nods and looks down at the polar bear on her lap. i can't tell whether she believes me or not, but then she gives the polar bear a kiss on the nose and tosses it to me with a little smile. i think that means she believes me. or at least that she wants to.

Valentine's Day

i give olivia a heart necklace for valentine's day, and she gives me a messenger bag she's made out of old floppy disks. very cool how she makes things like that. earrings out of pieces of circuit boards. dresses out of t-shirts. bags out of old jeans. she's so creative. i tell her she should be an artist someday, but she wants to be a scientist. a geneticist, of all things. she wants to find cures for people like her brother, i guess.

we make plans for me to finally meet her parents. a mexican restaurant on amesfort avenue near her house on saturday night.

all day long i'm nervous about it. and when i get nervous my tics come out. i mean, my tics are always there, but they're not like they used to be when i was little: nothing but a

few hard blinks now, the occasional head pull. but when i'm stressed they get worse and i'm definitely stressing about meeting her folks.

they're waiting inside when i get to the restaurant. the dad gets up and shakes my hand, and the mom gives me a hug. i give auggie a hello fist-punch and kiss olivia on the cheek before i sit down.

it's so nice to meet you, justin! we've heard so much about you! her parents couldn't be nicer. put me at ease right away. the waiter brings over the menus and i notice his expression the moment he lays eyes on august. but i pretend not to notice. i guess we're all pretending not to notice things tonight. the waiter. my tics. the way august crushes the tortilla chips on the table and spoons the crumbs into his mouth. i look at olivia and she smiles at me. she knows. she sees the waiter's face. she sees my tics. olivia is a girl who sees everything.

we spend the entire dinner talking and laughing. olivia's parents ask me about my music, how i got into the fiddle and stuff like that. and i tell them about how i used to play classical violin but I got into appalachian folk music and then zydeco. and they're listening to every word like they're really interested. they tell me to let them know the next time my band's playing a gig so they can come listen.

i'm not used to all the attention, to be truthful. my parents don't have a clue about what I want to do with my life. they never ask. we never talk like this. i don't think they even know i traded my baroque violin for an eight-string hardanger fiddle two years ago. after dinner we go back to olivia's for some ice cream. their dog greets us at the door. an old dog. super sweet. she'd thrown up all over the hallway, though. olivia's mom rushes to get paper towels while the dad picks the dog up like she's a baby.

what's up, ol' girlie? he says, and the dog's in heaven, tongue hanging out, tail wagging, legs in the air at awkward angles. dad, tell justin how you got daisy, says olivia.

yeah! says auggie. the dad smiles and sits down in a chair with the dog still cradled in his arms. it's obvious he's told this story lots of times and they all love to hear it. so i'm coming home from the subway one day, he says, and a homeless guy i've never seen in this neighborhood before is pushing this floppy mutt in a stroller, and he comes up to me and says, hey, mister, wanna buy my dog? and without even thinking about it, i say sure, how much you want? and he says ten bucks, so i give him the twenty dollars i have in my wallet and he hands me the dog. justin, i'm telling you, you've never smelled anything so bad in your life! she stank so much i can't even tell you! so i took her right from there to the vet down the street and then i brought her home.

didn't even call me first, by the way! the mom interjects as she cleans the floor, to see if i'm okay with his bringing home some homeless guy's dog. the dog actually looks over

at the mom when she says this, like she understands everything everyone is saying about her. she's a happy dog, like she knows she lucked out that day finding this family.

i kind of know how she feels. i like olivia's family. they laugh a lot. my family's not like this at all. my mom and dad got divorced when i was four and they pretty much hate each other. i grew up spending half of every week in my dad's apartment in chelsea and the other half in my mom's place in brooklyn heights. i have a half brother who's five years older than me and barely knows i exist. for as long as i can remember, i've felt like my parents could hardly wait for me to be old enough to take care of myself. "you can go to the store by yourself." "here's the key to the apartment." it's funny how there's a word like overprotective to describe some parents, but no word that means the opposite. what word do you use to describe parents who don't protect enough? underprotective? neglectful? self-involved? lame? all of the above.

olivia's family tell each other "i love you" all the time.

i can't remember the last time anyone in my family said that to me. by the time i go home, my tics have all stopped.

OUR TOWN

we're doing the play our town for the spring show this year. olivia dares me to try out for the lead role, the stage manager, and somehow i get it. total fluke. never got any lead roles in anything before. i tell olivia she brings me good luck. unfortunately, she doesn't get the female lead, emily gibbs. the pink-haired girl named miranda gets it. olivia gets a bit part and is also the emily understudy. i'm actually more disappointed than olivia is. she almost seems relieved. i don't love people staring at me, she says, which is sort of strange coming from such a pretty girl. a part of me thinks maybe she blew her audition on purpose. the spring show is at the end of april. it's mid-march now, so that's less than six weeks to memorize my part. plus rehearsal time. plus practicing with my band. plus finals. plus spending time with olivia. it's going to be a rough six weeks, that's for sure. mr. davenport, the drama teacher, is already manic about the whole thing. will drive us crazy by the time it's over, no doubt. i heard through the grapevine that he'd been planning on doing the elephant man but changed it to our town at the last minute, and that change took a week off of our rehearsal schedule.

not looking forward to the craziness of the next month and a half.

Ladybug

olivia and i are sitting on her front stoop. she's helping me with my lines. it's a warm march evening, almost like summer. the sky is still bright cyan but the sun is low and the sidewalks are streaked with long shadows.

i'm reciting: yes, the sun's come up over a thousand times. summers and winters have cracked the mountains a little bit more and the rains have brought down some of the dirt. some babies that weren't even born before have begun talking regular sentences already; and a number of people who thought they were right young and spry have noticed that they can't bound up a flight of stairs like they used to, without their heart fluttering a little....

i shake my head. can't remember the rest.

all that can happen in a thousand days, olivia prompts me, reading from the script.

right, right, right, i say, shaking my head. i sigh. i'm wiped, olivia. how the heck am i going to remember all these lines?

you will, she answers confidently. she reaches out and cups her hands over a ladybug that appears out of nowhere. see? a good luck sign, she says, slowly lifting her top hand to reveal the ladybug walking on the palm of her other hand.

good luck or just the hot weather, i joke. of course good luck, she answers, watching the ladybug crawl up her wrist. there should be a thing about making a wish on a ladybug. auggie and I used to do that with fireflies when we were little. she cups her hand over the ladybug again. come on, make a wish. close your eyes.

i dutifully close my eyes. a long second passes, then I open them.

did you make a wish? she asks.

yep. she smiles, uncups her hands, and the ladybug, as if on cue, spreads its wings and flits away.

don't you want to know what I wished for? i ask, kissing her.

no, she answers shyly, looking up at the sky, which, at this very moment, is the exact color of her eyes.

i made a wish, too, she says mysteriously, but she has so many things she could wish for I have no idea what she's thinking.

The Bus Stop

olivia's mom, auggie, jack, and daisy come down the stoop just as i'm saying goodbye to olivia. slightly awkward since we are in the middle of a nice long kiss.

hey, guys, says the mom, pretending not to see anything, but the two boys are giggling.

hi, mrs. pullman.

please call me isabel, justin, she says again. it's like the third time she's told me this, so i really need to start calling her that.

i'm heading home, i say, as if to explain.

oh, are you heading to the subway? she says, following the dog with a newspaper. can you walk jack to the bus stop?

no problem.

that okay with you, jack? the mom asks him, and he shrugs. justin, can you stay with him till the bus comes? of course!

we all say our goodbyes. olivia winks at me.

you don't have to stay with me, says jack as we're walking up the block. i take the bus by myself all the time. auggie's mom is way too overprotective.

he's got a low gravelly voice, like a little tough guy. he kind of looks like one of those little-rascal kids in old black-andwhite movies, like he should be wearing a newsboy cap and knickers.

we get to the bus stop and the schedule says the bus will be there in eight minutes. i'll wait with you, i tell him. up to you. he shrugs. can i borrow a dollar? i want some gum.

i fish a dollar out of my pocket and watch him cross the street to the grocery store on the corner. he seems too small to be walking around by himself, somehow. then i think how i was that young when i was taking the subway by myself. way too young. i'm going to be an overprotective dad someday, i know it. my kids are going to know i care.

i'm waiting there a minute or two when i notice three kids walking up the block from the other direction. they walk right past the grocery store, but one of them looks inside and nudges the other two, and they all back up and look inside. i can tell they're up to no good, all elbowing each other, laughing. one of them is jack's height but the other two look much bigger, more like teens. they hide behind the fruit stand in front of the store, and when jack walks out, they trail behind him, making loud throw-up noises. jack

casually turns around at the corner to see who they are and they run away, high-fiving each other and laughing. little jerks.

jack crosses the street like nothing happened and stands next to me at the bus stop, blowing a bubble.

friends of yours? i finally say.

ha, he says. he's trying to smile but i can see he's upset.

just some jerks from my school, he says.

a kid named julian and his two gorillas, henry and miles.

do they bother you like that a lot?

no, they've never done that before. they'd never do that in school or they'd get kicked out. julian lives two blocks from here, so I guess it was just bad luck running into him.

oh, okay. i nod.

it's not a big deal, he assures me.

we both automatically look down amesfort avenue to see if the bus is coming.

we're sort of in a war, he says after a minute, as if that explains everything. then he pulls out this crumpled piece of loose-leaf paper from his jean pocket and gives it to me. i unfold it, and it's a list of names in three columns. he's turned the whole grade against me, says jack.

not the whole grade, i point out, looking down at the list.

he leaves me notes in my locker that say stuff like everybody hates you.

you should tell your teacher about that.

jack looks at me like i'm an idiot and shakes his head.

anyway, you have all these neutrals, i say, pointing to the list. if you get them on your side, things will even up a bit.

yeah, well, that's really going to happen, he says sarcastically. why not? he shoots me another look like i am absolutely the stupidest guy he's ever talked to in the world.

what? i say. he shakes his head like i'm hopeless. let's just say, he says, i'm friends with someone who isn't exactly the most popular kid in the school.

then it hits me, what's he's not coming out and saying: august. this is all about his being friends with august. and he doesn't want to tell me because i'm the sister's boyfriend. yeah, of course, makes sense.

we see the bus coming down amesfort avenue.

well, just hang in there, i tell him, handing back the paper. middle school is about as bad as it gets, and then it gets better. everything'll work out. he shrugs and shoves the list back into his pocket.

we wave bye when he gets on the bus, and i watch it pull away.

when i get to the subway station two blocks away, i see the same three kids hanging out in front of the bagel place next door. they're still laughing and yuck-yucking each other like they're some kind of gangbangers, little rich boys in expensive skinny jeans acting tough.

don't know what possesses me, but i take my glasses off, put them in my pocket, and tuck my fiddle case under my arm so the pointy side is facing up. i walk over to them, my face scrunched up, mean-looking. they look at me, laughs dying on their lips when they see me, ice cream cones at odd angles.

yo, listen up. don't mess with jack, i say really slowly, gritting my teeth, my voice all clint eastwood tough-guy. mess with him again and you will be very, very sorry. and then i tap my fiddle case for effect.

got it?

they nod in unison, ice cream dripping onto their hands.

good. i nod mysteriously, then sprint down the subway two steps at a time.

Rehearsal

the play is taking up most of my time as we get closer to opening night. lots of lines to remember. long monologues where it's just me talking. olivia had this great idea, though, and it's helping. i have my fiddle with me onstage and play it a bit while i'm talking. It's not written that way, but mr. davenport thinks it adds an extra-folksy element to have the stage manager plucking on a fiddle. and for me it's so great because whenever i need a second to remember my next line, i just start playing a little "soldier's joy" on my fiddle and it buys me some time.

i've gotten to know the kids in the show a lot better, especially the pink-haired girl who plays emily. turns out she's not nearly as stuck-up as i thought she was, given the crowd she hangs out with. her boyfriend's this built jock who's a big deal on the varsity sports circuit at school. it's a whole world that i have nothing to do with, so i'm kind of surprised that this miranda girl turns out to be kind of nice.

one day we're sitting on the floor backstage waiting for the tech guys to fix the main spotlight. so how long have you and olivia been dating? she asks out of the blue. about four months now, i say.

have you met her brother? she says casually.

it's so unexpected that i can't hide my surprise.

you know olivia's brother? i ask. via didn't tell you? we used to be good friends. i've known auggie since he was a baby.

oh, yeah, i think i knew that, i answer. i don't want to let on that olivia had not told me any of this. i don't want to let on how surprised i am that she called her via. nobody but olivia's family calls her via, and here this pink-haired girl, who i thought was a stranger, is calling her via.

miranda laughs and shakes her head but she doesn't say anything. there's an awkward silence and then she starts fishing through her bag and pulls out her wallet. she rifles through a couple of pictures and then hands one to me. it's of a little boy in a park on a sunny day. he's wearing shorts and a t-shirt—and an astronaut helmet that covers his entire head. it was like a hundred degrees that day, she says, smiling at the picture. but he wouldn't take that helmet off for anything. he wore it for like two years straight, in the winter, in the summer, at the beach. it was crazy.

yeah, i've seen pictures in olivia's house.

i'm the one who gave him that helmet, she says. she sounds a little proud of that. she takes the picture and carefully inserts it back into her wallet.

cool, i answer. so you're okay with it? she says, looking at me.

i look at her blankly. okay with what? she raises her eyebrows like she doesn't believe me. you know what i'm talking about, she says, and takes a long drink from her water bottle. let's face it, she continues, the universe was not kind to auggie pullman.

Bird

why didn't you tell me that you and miranda navas used to be friends? i say to olivia the next day. i'm really annoyed at her for not telling me this.

it's not a big deal, she answers defensively, looking at me like i'm weird. it is a big deal, i say. i looked like an idiot. how could you not tell me? you've always acted like you don't even know her.

i don't know her, she answers quickly. i don't know who that pink-haired cheerleader is. the girl i knew was a total dork who collected american girl dolls.

oh come on, olivia.

you come on!

you could have mentioned it to me at some point, i say quietly, pretending not to notice the big fat tear that's suddenly rolling down her cheek. she shrugs, fighting back bigger tears.

it's okay, i'm not mad, i say, thinking the tears are about me.

i honestly don't care if you're mad, she says spitefully.

oh, that's real nice, i fire back. she doesn't say anything. the tears are about to come.

olivia, what's the matter? i say. she shakes her head like she doesn't want to talk about it, but all of a sudden the tears start rolling a mile a minute.

i'm sorry, it's not you, justin. i'm not crying because of you, she finally says through her tears.

then why are you crying?

because i'm an awful person.

what are you talking about?

she's not looking at me, wiping her tears with the palm of her hand.

i haven't told my parents about the show, she says quickly.

i shake my head because i don't quite get what she's telling me. that's okay, i say. it's not too late, there are still tickets available—

i don't want them to come to the show, justin, she interrupts impatiently. don't you see what i'm saying? i don't want them to come! if they come, they'll bring auggie with them, and i just don't feel like . . .

here she's hit by another round of crying that doesn't let her finish talking. i put my arm around her.

i'm an awful person! she says through her tears.

you're not an awful person, i say softly.

yes i am! she sobs. it's just been so nice being in a new school where nobody knows about him, you know? nobody's whispering about it behind my back. it's just been so nice, justin. but if he comes to the play, then everyone will talk about it, everyone will know....i don't know why i'm feeling like this....i swear i've never been embarrassed by him before.

i know, i know, i say, soothing her. you're entitled, olivia. you've dealt with a lot your whole life.

olivia reminds me of a bird sometimes, how her feathers get all ruffled when she's mad. and when she's fragile like this, she's a little lost bird looking for its nest. so i give her my wing to hide under.

The Universe

i can't sleep tonight. my head is full of thoughts that won't turn off. lines from my monologues. elements of the periodic table that i'm supposed to be memorizing. theorems i'm supposed to be understanding. olivia. auggie.

miranda's words keep coming back: the universe was not kind to auggie pullman.

i'm thinking about that a lot and everything it means. she's right about that. the universe was not kind to auggie pullman. what did that little kid ever do to deserve his sentence? what did the parents do? or olivia? she once mentioned that some doctor told her parents that the odds of someone getting the same combination of syndromes that came together to make auggie's face were like one in four million. so doesn't that make the universe a giant lottery, then? you purchase a ticket when you're born. and it's all just random whether you get a good ticket or a bad ticket. it's all just luck.

my head swirls on this, but then softer thoughts soothe, like a flatted third on a major chord. no, no, it's not all random, if it really was all random, the universe would abandon us completely. and the universe doesn't. it takes care of its most fragile

creations in ways we can't see. like with parents who adore you blindly. and a big sister who feels guilty for being human over you. and a little gravelly-voiced kid whose friends have left him over you. and even a pink-haired girl who carries your picture in her wallet. maybe it is a lottery, but the universe makes it all even out in the end. the universe takes care of all its birds.



Part Six

August

What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how

infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and

admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension

how like a god! the beauty of the world! . . .

-Shakespeare, Hamlet

North Pole

The Spud Lamp was a big hit at the science fair. Jack and I got an A for it. It was the first A Jack got in any class all year long, so he was psyched.

All the science-fair projects were set up on tables in the gym. It was the same setup as the Egyptian Museum back in December, except this time there were volcanoes and

molecule dioramas on the tables instead of pyramids and pharaohs. And instead of the kids taking our parents around to look at everybody else's artifact, we had to stand by our tables while all the parents wandered around the room and came over to us one by one.

Here's the math on that one: Sixty kids in the grade equals sixty sets of parents—and doesn't even include grandparents. So that's a minimum of one hundred and twenty pairs of eyes that find their way over to me. Eyes that aren't as used to me as their kids' eyes are by now. It's like how compass needles always point north, no matter which way you're facing. All those eyes are compasses, and I'm like the North Pole to them.

That's why I still don't like school events that include parents. I don't hate them as much as I did at the beginning of the school year. Like the Thanksgiving Sharing Festival: that was the worst one, I think. That was the first time I had to face the parents all at once. The Egyptian Museum came after that, but that one was okay because I got to dress up as a mummy and nobody noticed me. Then came the winter concert, which I totally hated because I had to sing in the chorus. Not only can I not sing at all, but it felt like I was on display. The New Year Art Show wasn't quite as bad, but it was still annoying. They put up our artwork in the hallways all over the school and had the parents come and check it out. It was like starting school all over again, having unsuspecting adults pass me on the stairway.

Anyway, it's not that I care that people react to me. Like I've said a gazillion times: I'm used to that by now. I don't let it bother me. It's like when you go outside and it's drizzling a little. You don't put on boots for a drizzle. You don't even open your umbrella. You walk through it and barely notice your hair getting wet.

But when it's a huge gym full of parents, the drizzle becomes like this total hurricane. Everyone's eyes hit you like a wall of water.

Mom and Dad hang around my table a lot, along with Jack's parents. It's kind of funny how parents actually end up forming the same little groups their kids form. Like my parents and Jack's and Summer's mom all like and get along with each other. And I see Julian's parents hang out with Henry's parents and Miles's parents. And even the two Maxes' parents hang out together. It's so funny.

I told Mom and Dad about it later when we were walking home, and they thought it was a funny observation.

I guess it's true that like seeks like, said Mom.

The Auggie Doll

For a while, the "war" was all we talked about. February was when it was really at its worst. That's when practically nobody was talking to us, and Julian had started leaving notes in our lockers. The notes to Jack were stupid, like: You stink, big cheese! and Nobody likes you anymore!

I got notes like: Freak! And another that said: Get out of our school, orc!

Summer thought we should report the notes to Ms. Rubin, who was the middle-school dean, or even Mr. Tushman, but we thought that would be like snitching. Anyway, it's not like we didn't leave notes, too, though ours weren't really mean. They were kind of funny and sarcastic.

One was: You're so pretty, Julian! I love you. Will you marry me? Love, Beulah

Another was: Love your hair! XOX Beulah

Another was: You're a babe. Tickle my feet. XO Beulah

Beulah was a made-up person that me and Jack came up with. She had really gross habits, like eating the green stuff in between her toes and sucking on her knuckles. And we figured someone like that would have a real crush on Julian, who looked and acted like someone in a KidzBop commercial.

There were also a couple of times in February when Julian, Miles, and Henry played tricks on Jack. They didn't play tricks on me, I think, because they knew that if they got caught "bullying" me, it would be big-time trouble for them. Jack, they figured, was an easier target. So one time they stole his gym shorts and played Monkey in the Middle with them in the locker room. Another time Miles, who sat next to Jack in homeroom, swiped Jack's worksheet off his desk, crumpled it in a ball, and tossed it to Julian across the room. This wouldn't have happened if Ms. Petosa had been there, of course, but there was a substitute teacher that day, and subs never really know what's going on. Jack was good about this stuff. He never let them see he was upset, though I think sometimes he was.

The other kids in the grade knew about the war. Except for Savanna's group, the girls were neutral at first. But by March they were getting sick of it. And so were some of the boys. Like another time when Julian was dumping some pencilsharpener shavings into Jack's backpack, Amos, who was usually tight with them, grabbed the backpack out of Julian's hands and returned it to Jack. It was starting to feel like the majority of boys weren't buying into Julian anymore.

Then a few weeks ago, Julian started spreading this ridiculous rumor that Jack had hired some "hit man" to "get" him and Miles and Henry. This lie was so pathetic that people were actually laughing about him behind his back. At that point, any boys who had still been on his side now jumped ship and were clearly neutral. So by the end of March, only Miles and Henry were on Julian's side—and I think even they were getting tired of the war by then.

I'm pretty sure everyone's stopped playing the Plague game behind my back, too. No one really cringes if I bump into them anymore, and people borrow my pencils without acting like the pencil has cooties.

People even joke around with me now sometimes. Like the other day I saw Maya writing a note to Ellie on a piece of Uglydoll stationery, and I don't know why, but I just kind of randomly said: "Did you know the guy who created the Uglydolls based them on me?"

Maya looked at me with her eyes wide open like she totally believed me. Then, when she realized I was only kidding, she thought it was the funniest thing in the world.

"You are so funny, August!" she said, and then she told Ellie and some of the other girls what I had just said, and they all thought it was funny, too. Like at first they were shocked, but then when they saw I was laughing about it, they knew it was okay to laugh about it, too. And the next day I found a little Uglydoll key chain sitting on my chair with a nice little note from Maya that said: For the nicest Auggie Doll in the world! XO Maya.

Six months ago stuff like that would never have happened, but now it happens more and more.

Also, people have been really nice about the hearing aids I started wearing.

Lobot

Ever since I was little, the doctors told my parents that someday I'd need hearing aids. I don't know why this always freaked me out a bit: maybe because anything to do with my ears bothers me a lot.

My hearing was getting worse, but I hadn't told anyone about it. The ocean sound that was always in my head had been getting louder. It was drowning out people's voices, like I was underwater. I couldn't hear teachers if I sat in the back of the class. But I knew if I told Mom or Dad about it, I'd end up with hearing aids—and I was hoping I could make it through the fifth grade without having that happen.

But then in my annual checkup in October I flunked the audiology test and the doctor was like, "Dude, it's time." And he sent me to a special ear doctor who took impressions of my ears.

Out of all my features, my ears are the ones I hate the most. They're like tiny closed fists on the sides of my face. They're too low on my head, too. They look like squashed pieces of pizza dough sticking out of the top of my neck or something. Okay, maybe I'm exaggerating a little. But I really hate them.

When the ear doctor first pulled the hearing aids out for me and Mom to look at, I groaned.

"I am not wearing that thing," I announced, folding my arms in front of me.

"I know they probably look kind of big," said the ear doctor, "but we had to attach them to the headband because we had no other way of making them so they'd stay in your ears."

See, normal hearing aids usually have a part that wraps around the outer ear to hold the inner bud in place. But in my case, since I don't have outer ears, they had to put the earbuds on this heavy-duty headband that was supposed to wrap around the back of my head.

"I can't wear that, Mom," I whined.

"You'll hardly notice them," said Mom, trying to be cheerful. "They look like headphones."

"Headphones? Look at them, Mom!" I said angrily. "I'll look like Lobot!"

"Which one is Lobot?" said Mom calmly.

"Lobot?" The ear doctor smiled as he looked at the headphones and made some adjustments. " *The Empire Strikes Back*? The bald guy with the cool bionic radiotransmitter thing that wraps around the back of his skull?"

"I'm drawing a blank," said Mom.

"You know Star Wars stuff?" I asked the ear doctor.

"Know *Star Wars* stuff?" he answered, slipping the thing over my head. "I practically invented Star Wars stuff!" He leaned back in his chair to see how the headband fit and then took it off again.

"Now, Auggie, I want to explain what all this is," he said, pointing to the different parts of one of the hearing aids. "This curved piece of plastic over here connects to the

tubing on the ear mold. That's why we took those impressions back in December, so that this part that goes inside your ear fits nice and snug. This part here is called the tone hook, okay? And this thing is the special part we've attached to this cradle here."

"The Lobot part," I said miserably.

"Hey, Lobot is cool," said the ear doctor. "It's not like we're saying you're going to look like Jar Jar, you know? That would be bad." He slid the earphones on my head again carefully. "There you go, August. So how's that?"

"Totally uncomfortable!" I said.

"You'll get used to them very quickly," he said.

I looked in the mirror. My eyes started tearing up. All I saw were these tubes jutting out from either side of my head— like antennas.

"Do I really have to wear this, Mom?" I said, trying not to cry. "I hate them. They don't make any difference!"

"Give it a second, buddy," said the doctor. "I haven't even turned them on yet. Wait until you hear the difference: you'll want to wear them."

"No I won't!"

And then he turned them on.

Hearing Brightly

How can I describe what I heard when the doctor turned on my hearing aids? Or what I didn't hear? It's too hard to think of words. The ocean just wasn't living inside my head anymore. It was gone. I could hear sounds like shiny lights in my brain. It was like when you're in a room where one of the lightbulbs on the ceiling isn't working, but you don't realize how dark it is until someone changes the lightbulb and then you're like, whoa, it's so bright in here! I don't know if there's a word that means the same as "bright" in terms of hearing, but I wish I knew one, because my ears were hearing brightly now.

"How does it sound, Auggie?" said the ear doctor. "Can you hear me okay, buddy?"

I looked at him and smiled but I didn't answer.

"Sweetie, do you hear anything different?" said Mom.

"You don't have to shout, Mom." I nodded happily.

"Are you hearing better?" asked the ear doctor. "I don't hear that noise anymore," I answered. "It's so quiet in my ears."

"The white noise is gone," he said, nodding. He looked at me and winked. "I told you you'd like what you heard, August." He made more adjustments on the left hearing aid.

"Does it sound very different, love?" Mom asked.

"Yeah." I nodded. "It sounds . . . lighter."

"That's because you have bionic hearing now, buddy," said the ear doctor, adjusting the right side. "Now touch here." He put my hand behind the hearing aid. "Do you feel that? That's the volume. You have to find the volume that works for you. We're going to do that next. Well, what do you think?" He picked up a small mirror and had me look in the big mirror at how the hearing aids looked in the back. My hair covered most of the headband. The only part that peeked out was the tubing.

"Are you okay with your new bionic Lobot hearing aids?" the ear doctor asked, looking in the mirror at me.

"Yeah," I said. "Thank you." "

Thank you so much, Dr. James," said Mom.

The first day I showed up at school with the hearing aids, I thought kids would make a big deal about it. But no one did. Summer was glad I could hear better, and Jack said it made me look like an FBI agent or something. But that was it. Mr. Browne asked me about it in English class, but it wasn't like, what the heck is that thing on your head?! It was more like, "If you ever need me to repeat something, Auggie, make sure you tell me, okay?"

Now that I look back, I don't know why I was so stressed about it all this time. Funny how sometimes you worry a lot about something and it turns out to be nothing.

Via's Secret

A couple of days after spring break ended, Mom found out that Via hadn't told her about a school play that was happening at her high school the next week. And Mom was mad. Mom doesn't really get mad that much (though Dad would disagree with that), but she was really mad at Via for that. She and Via got into a huge fight. I could hear them yelling at each other in Via's room. My bionic Lobot ears could hear Mom saying: "But what is with you lately, Via? You're moody and taciturn and secretive...."

"What is so wrong with my not telling you about a stupid play?" Via practically screamed. "I don't even have a speaking part in it!"

"Your boyfriend does! Don't you want us to see him in it?"

"No! Actually, I don't!"

"Stop screaming!"

"You screamed first! Just leave me alone, okay? You've been really good about leaving me alone my whole life, so why you choose high school to suddenly be interested I have no idea...."

Then I don't know what Mom answered because it all got very quiet, and even my bionic Lobot ears couldn't pick up a signal.

My Cave

By dinner they seemed to have made up. Dad was working late. Daisy was sleeping. She'd thrown up a lot earlier in the day, and Mom made an appointment to take her to the vet the next morning.

The three of us were sitting down and no one was talking.

Finally, I said: "So, are we going to see Justin in a play?"

Via didn't answer but looked down at her plate.

"You know, Auggie," said Mom quietly. "I hadn't realized what play it was, and it really isn't something that would be interesting to kids your age."

"So I'm not invited?" I said, looking at Via.

"I didn't say that," said Mom. "It's just I don't think it's something you'd enjoy."

"You'd get totally bored," said Via, like she was accusing me of something.

"Are you and Dad going?" I asked.

"Dad'll go," said Mom. "I'll stay home with you."

"What?" Via yelled at Mom. "Oh great, so you're going to punish me for being honest by not going?"

"You didn't want us to go in the first place, remember?" answered Mom.

"But now that you know about it, of course I want you to go!" said Via.

"Well, I've got to weigh everyone's feelings here, Via," said Mom.

"What are you two talking about?" I shouted.

"Nothing!" they both snapped at the same time.

"Just something about Via's school that has nothing to do with you," said Mom.

"You're lying," I said.

"Excuse me?" said Mom, kind of shocked. Even Via looked surprised.

"I said you're lying!" I shouted. "You're lying!" I screamed at Via, getting up. "You're both liars! You're both lying to my face like I'm an idiot!"

"Sit down, Auggie!" said Mom, grabbing my arm.

I pulled my arm away and pointed at Via.

"You think I don't know what's going on?" I yelled. "You just don't want your brand-new fancy high school friends to know your brother's a freak!"

"Auggie!" Mom yelled. "That's not true!"

"Stop lying to me, Mom!" I shrieked. "Stop treating me like a baby! I'm not retarded! I know what's going on!"

I ran down the hallway to my room and slammed the door behind me so hard that I actually heard little pieces of the wall crumble inside the door frame. Then I plopped onto my bed and pulled the covers up on top of me. I threw my pillows over my disgusting face and then piled all my stuffed animals on top of the pillows, like I was inside a little cave. If I could walk around with a pillow over my face all the time, I would.

I don't even know how I got so mad. I wasn't really mad at the beginning of dinner. I wasn't even sad. But then all of a sudden it all kind of just exploded out of me. I knew Via didn't want me to go to her stupid play. And I knew why.

I figured Mom would follow me into my room right away, but she didn't. I wanted her to find me inside my cave of stuffed animals, so I waited a little more, but even after ten

minutes she still didn't come in after me. I was pretty surprised. She always checks on me when I'm in my room, upset about stuff.

I pictured Mom and Via talking about me in the kitchen. I figured Via was feeling really, really, really bad. I pictured Mom totally laying on the guilt. And Dad would be mad at her when he came home, too.

I made a little hole through the pile of pillows and stuffed animals and peeked at the clock on my wall. Half an hour had passed and Mom still hadn't come into my room. I tried to listen for the sounds in the other rooms. Were they still having dinner? What was going on?

Finally, the door opened. It was Via. She didn't even bother coming over to my bed, and she didn't come in softly like I thought she would. She came in quickly.

Goodbye

"Auggie," said Via. "Come quick. Mom needs to talk to you."

"I'm not apologizing!"

"This isn't about you!" she yelled. "Not everything in the world is about you, Auggie! Now hurry up. Daisy's sick. Mom's taking her to the emergency vet. Come say goodbye."

I pushed the pillows off my face and looked up at her. That's when I saw she was crying. "What do you mean 'goodbye'?"

"Come on!" she said, holding out her hand.

I took her hand and followed her down the hall to the kitchen. Daisy was lying down sideways on the floor with her legs straight out in front of her. She was panting a lot, like she'd been running in the park. Mom was kneeling beside her, stroking the top of her head.

"What happened?" I asked.

"She just started whimpering all of a sudden," said Via, kneeling down next to Mom.

I looked down at Mom, who was crying, too.

"I'm taking her to the animal hospital downtown," she said. "The taxi's coming to pick me up."

"The vet'll make her better, right?" I said.

Mom looked at me. "I hope so, honey," she said quietly. "But I honestly don't know."

"Of course he will!" I said.

"Daisy's been sick a lot lately, Auggie. And she's old . . ."

"But they can fix her," I said, looking at Via to agree with me, but Via wouldn't look up at me.

Mom's lips were trembling. "I think it might be time we say goodbye to Daisy, Auggie. I'm sorry."

"No!" I said.

"We don't want her to suffer, Auggie," she said.

The phone rang. Via picked it up, said, "Okay, thanks," and then hung up.

"The taxi's outside," she said, wiping her tears with the backs of her hands.

"Okay, Auggie, open the door for me, sweetie?" said Mom, picking Daisy up very gently like she was a huge droopy baby.

"Please, no, Mommy?" I cried, putting myself in front of the door.

"Honey, please," said Mom. "She's very heavy."

"What about Daddy?" I cried.

"He's meeting me at the hospital," Mom said. "He doesn't want Daisy to suffer, Auggie."

Via moved me away from the door and held it open it for Mom.

"My cell phone's on if you need anything," Mom said to Via. "Can you cover her with the blanket?"

Via nodded, but she was crying hysterically now.

"Say goodbye to Daisy, kids," Mom said, tears streaming down her face.

"I love you, Daisy," Via said, kissing Daisy on the nose. "I love you so much."

"Bye, little girlie . . . ," I whispered into Daisy's ear. "I love you. . . ."

Mom carried Daisy down the stoop. The taxi driver had opened the back door and we watched her get in. Just before she closed the door, Mom looked up at us standing by the entrance to the building and she gave us a little wave. I don't think I've ever seen her look sadder.

"I love you, Mommy!" said Via.

"I love you, Mommy!" I said. "I'm sorry, Mommy!"

Mom blew a kiss to us and closed the door. We watched the car leave and then Via closed the door. She looked at me a second, and then she hugged me very, very tight while we both cried a million tears.

Daisy's Toys

Justin came over about half an hour later. He gave me a big hug and said: "Sorry, Auggie." We all sat down in the living room, not saying anything. For some reason, Via and I had taken all of Daisy's toys from around the house and had put them in a little pile on the coffee table. Now we just stared at the pile.

"She really is the greatest dog in the world," said Via.

"I know," said Justin, rubbing Via's back.

"She just started whimpering, like all of a sudden?" I said.

Via nodded. "Like two seconds after you left the table," she said. "Mom was going to go after you, but Daisy just started, like, whimpering."

"Like how?" I said.

"Just whimpering, I don't know," said Via.

"Like howling?" I asked.

"Auggie, like whimpering!" she answered impatiently. "She just started moaning, like something was really hurting her. And she was panting like crazy. Then she just kind of plopped down, and Mom went over and tried to pick her up, and whatever, she was obviously hurting. She bit Mom."

"What?" I said. "When Mom tried to touch her stomach, Daisy bit her hand," Via explained.

"Daisy never bites anybody!" I answered.

"She wasn't herself," said Justin. "She was obviously in pain."

"Daddy was right," said Via. "We shouldn't have let her get this bad."

"What do you mean?" I said. "He knew she was sick?"

"Auggie, Mom's taken her to the vet like three times in the last two months. She's been throwing up left and right. Haven't you noticed?"

"But I didn't know she was sick!" Via didn't say anything, but she put her arm around my shoulders and pulled me closer to her. I started to cry again.

"I'm sorry, Auggie," she said softly. "I'm really sorry about everything, okay? You forgive me? You know how much I love you, right?"

I nodded. Somehow that fight didn't matter much now.

"Was Mommy bleeding?" I asked. "It was just a nip," said Via. "Right there." She pointed to the bottom of her thumb to show me exactly where Daisy had bitten Mom.

"Did it hurt her?" "Mommy's okay, Auggie. She's fine."

Mom and Dad came home two hours later. We knew the second they opened the door and Daisy wasn't with them that Daisy was gone. We all sat down in the living room around the pile of Daisy's toys. Dad told us what happened at the animal hospital, how the vet took Daisy for some Xrays and blood tests, then came back and told them she had a huge mass in her stomach. She was having trouble breathing. Mom and Dad didn't want her to suffer, so Daddy picked her up in his arms like he always liked to do, with her legs straight up in the air, and he and Mom kissed her goodbye over and over again and whispered to her while the vet put a needle into her leg. And then after about a minute she died in Daddy's arms. It was so peaceful, Daddy said. She wasn't in any pain at all. Like she was just going to sleep. A couple of times while he talked, Dad's voice got trembly and he cleared his throat.

I've never seen Dad cry before, but I saw him cry tonight. I had gone into Mom and Dad's bedroom looking for Mom to put me to bed, but saw Dad sitting on the edge of the bed, taking off his socks. His back was to the door, so he didn't know I was there. At first I thought he was laughing because his shoulders were shaking, but then he put his palms on his eyes and I realized he was crying. It was the quietest crying I've ever heard. Like a whisper. I was going to go over to him, but then I thought maybe he was whisper-crying because he didn't want me or anyone else to hear him. So I walked out and went to Via's room, and I saw Mom lying next to Via on the bed, and Mom was whispering to Via, who was crying.

So I went to my bed and put on my pajamas without anyone telling me to and put the night-light on and turned the light off and crawled into the little mountain of stuffed animals I had left on my bed earlier. It felt like that all had happened a million years ago. I took my hearing aids off and put them on the night table and pulled the covers up to my ears and imagined Daisy snuggling with me, her big wet tongue licking my face all over like it was her favorite face in the world. And that's how I fell asleep.

Heaven

I woke up later on and it was still dark. I got out of bed and walked into Mom and Dad's bedroom.

"Mommy?" I whispered. It was completely dark, so I couldn't see her open her eyes. "Mommy?"

"You okay, honey?" she said groggily.

"Can I sleep with you?"

Mom scooted over toward Daddy's side of the bed, and I snuggled up next to her. She kissed my hair.

"Is your hand okay?" I said. "Via told me Daisy bit you."

"It was only a nip," she whispered in my ear.

"Mommy . . ." I started crying. "I'm sorry about what I said."

"Shhh . . . There's nothing to be sorry about," she said, so quietly I could barely hear her. She was rubbing the side of her face against my face. "

Is Via ashamed of me?" I said.

"No, honey, no. You know she's not. She's just adjusting to a new school. It's not easy."

"I know."

"I know you know."

"I'm sorry I called you a liar."

"Go to sleep, sweet boy. . . . I love you so much."

"I love you so much, too, Mommy."

"Good night, honey," she said very softly.

"Mommy, is Daisy with Grans now?"

"I think so."

"Are they in heaven?"

"Yes."

"Do people look the same when they get to heaven?"

"I don't know. I don't think so."

"Then how do people recognize each other?"

"I don't know, sweetie." She sounded tired. "They just feel it. You don't need your eyes to love, right? You just feel it inside you. That's how it is in heaven. It's just love, and no one forgets who they love."

She kissed me again.

"Now go to sleep, honey. It's late. And I'm so tired."

But I couldn't go to sleep, even after I knew she had fallen asleep. I could hear Daddy sleeping, too, and I imagined I could hear Via sleeping down the hallway in her room. And I wondered if Daisy was sleeping in heaven right then. And if she was sleeping, was she dreaming about me? And I wondered how it would feel to be in heaven someday and not have my face matter anymore. Just like it never, ever mattered to Daisy.

Understudy

Via brought home three tickets to her school play a few days after Daisy died. We never mentioned the fight we had over dinner again. On the night of the play, right before she and Justin were leaving to get to their school early, she gave me a big hug and told me she loved me and she was proud to be my sister.

This was my first time in Via's new school. It was much bigger than her old school, and a thousand times bigger than my school. More hallways. More room for people. The only really bad thing about my bionic Lobot hearing aids was the fact that I couldn't

wear a baseball cap anymore. In situations like these, baseball caps come in really handy. Sometimes I wish I could still get away with wearing that old astronaut helmet I used to wear when I was little. Believe it or not, people would think seeing a kid in an astronaut helmet was a lot less weird than seeing my face. Anyway, I kept my head down as I walked right behind Mom through the long bright hallways.

We followed the crowd to the auditorium, where students handed out programs at the front entrance. We found seats in the fifth row, close to the middle. As soon as we sat down, Mom started looking inside her pocketbook.

"I can't believe I forgot my glasses!" she said.

Dad shook his head. Mom was always forgetting her glasses, or her keys, or something or other. She is flaky that way.

"You want to move closer?" said Dad.

Mom squinted at the stage. "No, I can see okay."

"Speak now or forever hold your peace," said Dad.

"I'm fine," answered Mom.

"Look, there's Justin," I said to Dad, pointing out Justin's picture in the program.

"That's a nice picture of him," he answered, nodding.

"How come there's no picture of Via?" I said.

"She's an understudy," said Mom. "But, look: here's her name."

"Why do they call her an understudy?" I asked.

"Wow, look at Miranda's picture," said Mom to Dad. "I don't think I would have recognized her."

"Why do they call it understudy?" I repeated.

"It's what they call someone who replaces an actor if he can't perform for some reason," answered Mom.

"Did you hear Martin's getting remarried?" Dad said to Mom.

"Are you kidding me?!" Mom answered, like she was surprised.

"Who's Martin?" I asked.

"Miranda's father," Mom answered, and then to Dad: "Who told you?"

"I ran into Miranda's mother in the subway. She's not happy about it. He has a new baby on the way and everything."

"Wow," said Mom, shaking her head.

"What are you guys talking about?" I said.

"Nothing," answered Dad.

"But why do they call it understudy?" I said.

"I don't know, Auggie Doggie," Dad answered. "Maybe because the actors kind of study under the main actors or something? I really don't know."

I was going to say something else but then the lights went down. The audience got very quiet very quickly.

"Daddy, can you please not call me Auggie Doggie anymore?" I whispered in Dad's ear.

Dad smiled and nodded and gave me a thumbs-up.

The play started. The curtain opened. The stage was completely empty except for Justin, who was sitting on an old rickety chair tuning his fiddle. He was wearing an oldfashioned type of suit and a straw hat.

"This play is called 'Our Town,' " he said to the audience. "It was written by Thornton Wilder; produced and directed by Philip Davenport. . . . The name of the town is Grover's Corners, New Hampshire—just across the Massachusetts line: latitude 42 degrees 40 minutes; longitude 70 degrees 37 minutes. The First Act shows a day in our town. The day is May 7, 1901. The time is just before dawn."

I knew right then and there that I was going to like the play. It wasn't like other school plays I've been to, like The Wizard of Oz or Cloudy with a Chance of Meatballs. No, this was grown-up seeming, and I felt smart sitting there watching it.

A little later in the play, a character named Mrs. Webb calls out for her daughter, Emily. I knew from the program that that was the part Miranda was playing, so I leaned forward to get a better look at her.

"That's Miranda," Mom whispered to me, squinting at the stage when Emily walked out. "She looks so different...."

"It's not Miranda," I whispered.

"It's Via." "Oh my God!" said Mom, lurching forward in her seat.

"Shh!" said Dad.

"It's Via," Mom whispered to him.

"I know," whispered Dad, smiling.

"Shhh!"

The Ending

The play was so amazing. I don't want to give away the ending, but it's the kind of ending that makes people in the audience teary. Mom totally lost it when Via-as-Emily said:

"Good-by, Good-by world! Good-by, Grover's Corners . . . Mama and Papa. Good-by to clocks ticking and Mama's sunflowers. And food and coffee. And new-ironed dresses and hot baths . . . and sleeping and waking up. Oh, earth, you're too wonderful for anybody to realize you!"

Via was actually crying while she was saying this. Like real tears: I could see them rolling down her cheeks. It was totally awesome.

After the curtain closed, everyone in the audience started clapping. Then the actors came out one by one. Via and Justin were the last ones out, and when they appeared, the whole audience rose to their feet.

"Bravo!" I heard Dad yelling through his hands.

"Why is everyone getting up?" I said.

"It's a standing ovation," said Mom, getting up.

So I got up and clapped and clapped. I clapped until my hands hurt. For a second, I imagined how cool it would be to be Via and Justin right then, having all these people standing up and cheering for them. I think there should be a rule that everyone in the world should get a standing ovation at least once in their lives.

Finally, after I don't know how many minutes, the line of actors onstage stepped back and the curtain closed in front of them. The clapping stopped and the lights went up and the audience started getting up to leave. Me and Mom and Dad made our way to the backstage. Crowds of people were congratulating the performers, surrounding them, patting them on the back. We saw Via and Justin at the center of the crowd, smiling at everyone, laughing and talking.

"Via!" shouted Dad, waving as he made his way through the crowd. When he got close enough, he hugged her and lifted her off the floor a little. "You were amazing, sweetheart!"

"Oh my God, Via!" Mom was screaming with excitement.

"Oh my God, oh my God!" She was hugging Via so hard I thought Via would suffocate, but Via was laughing.

"You were brilliant!" said Dad.

"Brilliant!" Mom said, kind of nodding and shaking her head at the same time.

"And you, Justin," said Dad, shaking Justin's hand and giving him a hug at the same time. "You were fantastic!"

"Fantastic!" Mom repeated. She was, honestly, so emotional she could barely talk.

"What a shock to see you up there, Via!" said Dad.

"Mom didn't even recognize you at first!" I said.

"I didn't recognize you!" said Mom, her hand over her mouth.

"Miranda got sick right before the show started," said Via, all of out of breath. "There wasn't even time to make an announcement." I have to say she looked kind of strange, because she was wearing all this makeup and I'd never seen her like this before.

"And you just stepped in there right at the last minute?" said Dad. "Wow."

"She was amazing, wasn't she?" said Justin, his arm around Via.

"There wasn't a dry eye in the house," said Dad.

"Is Miranda okay?" I said, but no one heard me.

At that moment, a man who I think was their teacher came over to Justin and Via, clapping his hands.

"Bravo, bravo! Olivia and Justin!" He kissed Via on both cheeks.

"I flubbed a couple of lines," said Via, shaking her head.

"But you got through it," said the man, smiling ear to ear.

"Mr. Davenport, these are my parents," said Via.

"You must be so proud of your girl!" he said, shaking their hands with both his hands.

"We are!"

"And this is my little brother, August," said Via.

He looked like he was about to say something but suddenly froze when he looked at me.

"Mr. D," said Justin, pulling him by the arm, "come meet my mom."

Via was about to say something to me, but then someone else came over and started talking to her, and before I knew it, I was kind of alone in the crowd. I mean, I knew where Mom and Dad were, but there were so many people all around us, and people kept bumping into me, spinning me around a bit, giving me that one-two look, which made me feel kind of bad. I don't know if it was because I was feeling hot or something, but I kind of started getting dizzy. People's faces were blurring in my head. And their voices were so loud it was almost hurting my ears. I tried to turn the volume down on my Lobot ears, but I got confused and turned them louder at first, which kind of shocked me. And then I looked up and I didn't see Mom or Dad or Via anywhere.

"Via?" I yelled out. I started pushing through the crowd to find Mom. "Mommy!" I really couldn't see anything but people's stomachs and ties all around me. "Mommy!"

Suddenly someone picked me up from behind. "Look who's here!" said a familiar voice, hugging me tight. I thought it was Via at first, but when I turned around, I was completely surprised. "Hey, Major Tom!" she said.

"Miranda!" I answered, and I gave her the tightest hug I could give.

Part 7



Miranda

I forgot that I might see So many beautiful things I forgot that I might need To find out what life could bring —Andain, "Beautiful Things"

Camp Lies

My parents got divorced the summer before ninth grade. My father was with someone else right away. In fact, though my mother never said so, I think this was the reason they got divorced.

After the divorce, I hardly ever saw my father. And my mother acted stranger than ever. It's not that she was unstable or anything: just distant. Remote. My mother is the kind of person who has a happy face for the rest of the world but not a lot left over for me. She's never talked to me much—not about her feelings, her life. I don't know much about what she was like when she was my age. Don't know much about the things she liked or didn't like. The few times she mentioned her own parents, who I've never met, it was mostly about how she wanted to get as far away from them as she could once she'd grown up. She never told me why. I asked a few times, but she would pretend she hadn't heard me. I didn't want to go to camp that summer. I had wanted to stay with her, to help her through the divorce. But she insisted I go away. I figured she wanted the alone time, so I gave it to her.

Camp was awful. I hated it. I thought it would be better being a junior counselor, but it wasn't. No one I knew from the previous year had come back, so I didn't know anyone— not a single person. I'm not even sure why, but I started playing this little make-believe game with the girls in the camp. They'd ask me stuff about myself, and I'd make things up: my parents are in Europe, I told them. I live in a huge townhouse on the nicest street in North River Heights. I have a dog named Daisy.

Then one day I blurted out that I had a little brother who was deformed. I have absolutely no idea why I said this: it just seemed like an interesting thing to say. And, of course, the reaction I got from the little girls in the bungalow was dramatic. Really? So sorry! That must be tough! Et cetera. Et cetera. I regretted saying this the moment it escaped from my lips, of course: I felt like such a fake. If Via ever found out, I thought, she'd think I was such a weirdo. And I felt like a weirdo. But, I have to admit, there was a part of me that felt a little entitled to this lie. I've known Auggie since I was six years old. I've watched him grow up. I've played with him. I've watched all six episodes of *Star Wars* for his sake, so I could talk to him about the aliens and bounty hunters and all that. I'm the one that gave him the astronaut helmet he wouldn't take off for two years. I mean, I've kind of earned the right to think of him as my brother.

And the strangest thing is that these lies I told, these fictions, did wonders for my popularity. The other junior counselors heard it from the campers, and they were all over it. Never in my life have I ever been considered one of the "popular" girls in anything, but that summer in camp, for whatever reason, I was the girl everybody wanted to hang out with. Even the girls in bungalow 32 were totally into me. These were the girls at the top of the food chain. They said they liked my hair (though they changed it). They said they liked the way I did my makeup (though they changed that, too). They showed me how to turn my T-shirts into halter tops. We smoked. We snuck out late at night and took the path through the woods to the boys' camp. We hung out with boys.

When I got home from camp, I called Ella right away to make plans with her. I don't know why I didn't call Via. I guess I just didn't feel like talking about stuff with her. She would have asked me about my parents, about camp. Ella never really asked me about things. She was an easier friend to have in that way. She wasn't serious like Via. She was fun. She thought it was cool when I dyed my hair pink. She wanted to hear all about those trips through the woods late at night.

School

I hardly saw Via at school this year, and when I did it was awkward. It felt like she was judging me. I knew she didn't like my new look. I knew she didn't like my group of friends. I didn't much like hers. We never actually argued: we just drifted away. Ella and I badmouthed her to each other: She's such a prude, she's so this, she's so that. We knew we were being mean, but it was easier to ice her out if we pretended she had done something to us. The truth is she hadn't changed at all: we had. We'd become these other people, and she was still the person she'd always been. That annoyed me so much and I didn't know why.

Once in a while I'd look to see where she was sitting in the lunchroom, or check the elective lists to see what she'd signed up for. But except for a few nods in the hallway and an occasional "hello," we never really spoke to each other.

I noticed Justin about halfway through the school year. I hadn't noticed him at all before then, other than that he was this skinny cutish dude with thick glasses and longish hair who carried a violin everywhere. Then one day I saw him in front of the school with his arm around Via. "So Via has a boyfriend!" I said to Ella, kind of mocking. I don't know why it surprised me that she'd have a boyfriend. Out of the three of us, she was totally the prettiest: blue, blue eyes and long wavy dark hair. But she'd just never acted like she was at all interested in boys. She acted like she was too smart for that kind of stuff.

I had a boyfriend, too: a guy named Zack. When I told him I was choosing the theater elective, he shook his head and said: "Careful you don't turn into a drama geek." Not the most sympathetic dude in the world, but very cute. Very high up on the totem pole. A varsity jock.

I wasn't planning on taking theater at first. Then I saw Via's name on the sign-up sheet and just wrote my name down on the list. I don't even know why. We managed to avoid one another throughout most of the semester, like we didn't even know each other. Then one day I got to theater class a little early, and Davenport asked me to run off additional copies of the play he was planning on having us do for the spring production: The Elephant Man. I'd heard about it but I didn't really know what it was about, so I started skimming through the pages while I was waiting for the xerox machine. It was about a man who lived more than a hundred years ago named John Merrick who was terribly deformed.

"We can't do this play, Mr. D," I told him when I got back to class, and I told him why: my little brother has a birth defect and has a deformed face and this play would hit too close to home. He seemed annoyed and a little unsympathetic, but I kind of said that my parents would have a real issue with the school doing this play. So anyway, he ended up switching to *Our Town*.

I think I went for the role of Emily Gibbs because I knew Via was going to go for it, too. It never occurred to me that I'd beat her for the role.

What I Miss Most

One of the things I miss the most about Via's friendship is her family. I loved her mom and dad. They were always so welcoming and nice to me. I knew they loved their kids more than anything. I always felt safe around them: safer than anywhere else in the world. How pathetic that I felt safer in someone else's house than in my own, right? And, of course, I loved Auggie. I was never afraid of him: even when I was little. I had friends that couldn't believe I'd ever go over to Via's house. "His face creeps me out," they'd say. "You're stupid," I'd tell them. Auggie's face isn't so bad once you get used to it.

I called Via's house once just to say hello to Auggie. Maybe part of me was hoping Via would answer, I don't know.

"Hey, Major Tom!" I said, using my nickname for him.

"Miranda!" He sounded so happy to hear my voice it actually kind of took me by surprise. "I'm going to a regular school now!" he told me excitedly.

"Really? Wow!" I said, totally shocked. I guess I never thought he'd go to a regular school. His parents have always been so protective of him. I guess I thought he'd always be that little kid in the astronaut helmet I gave him. Talking to him, I could tell he had no idea that Via and I weren't close anymore. "It's different in high school," I explained to him. "You end up hanging out with loads of different people."

"I have some friends in my new school," he told me. "A kid named Jack and a girl named Summer."

"That's awesome, Auggie," I said. "Well, I was just calling to tell you I miss you and hope you're having a good year. Feel free to call me whenever you want, okay, Auggie? You know I love you always."

"I love you, too, Miranda!"

"Say hi to Via for me. Tell her I miss her."

"I will. Bye!"

"Bye!"

Extraordinary, but No One There to See

Neither my mother nor my father could come see the play on opening night: my mother because she had this thing at work, and my dad because his new wife was going to have her baby any second now, and he had to be on call.

Zack couldn't come to opening night, either: he had a volleyball game against Collegiate he couldn't miss. In fact, he had wanted me to miss the opening night so I could come cheer him on. My "friends" all went to the game, of course, because all their boyfriends were playing. Even Ella didn't come. Given a choice, she chose the crowd.

So on opening night no one that was remotely close to me was even there. And the thing is, I realized in my third or fourth rehearsal that I was good at this acting thing. I felt the part. I understood the words I spoke. I could read the lines as if they were coming from my brain and my heart. And on opening night, I can honestly say I knew I was going to be more than good: I was going to be great. I was going to be extraordinary, but there would be no one there to see.

We were all backstage, nervously running through our lines in our heads. I peeked through the curtain at the people taking their seats in the auditorium. That's when I saw Auggie walking down the aisle with Isabel and Nate. They took three seats in the fifth row, near the middle. Auggie was wearing a bow tie, looking around excitedly. He had grown up a bit since I'd last seen him, almost a year ago. His hair was shorter, and he was wearing some kind of hearing aid now. His face hadn't changed a bit.

Davenport was running through some last-minute changes with the set decorator. I saw Justin pacing off stage left, mumbling his lines nervously.

"Mr. Davenport," I said, surprising myself as I spoke. "I'm sorry, but I can't go on tonight."

Davenport turned around slowly.

"What?" he said.

"I'm sorry."

"Are you kidding?"

"I'm just . . . ," I muttered, looking down, "I don't feel well. I'm sorry. I feel like I'm going to throw up." This was a lie.

"It's just last-minute jitters. . . ."

"No! I can't do it! I'm telling you."

Davenport looked furious. "Miranda, this is outrageous."

"I'm sorry!"

Davenport took a deep breath, like he was trying to restrain himself. To be truthful, I thought he looked like he was going to explode. His forehead turned bright pink. "Miranda, this is absolutely unacceptable! Now go take a few deep breaths and—"

"I'm not going on!" I said loudly, and the tears came to my eyes fairly easily.

"Fine!" he screamed, not looking at me. Then he turned to a kid named David, who was a set decorator. "Go find Olivia in the lighting booth! Tell her she's filling in for Miranda tonight!"

"What?" said David, who wasn't too swift.

"Go!" shouted Davenport in his face. "Now!" The other kids had caught on to what was happening and gathered around.

"What's going on?" said Justin.

"Last-minute change of plans," said Davenport. "Miranda doesn't feel well."

"I feel sick," I said, trying to sound sick.

"So why are you still here?" Davenport said to me angrily.

"Stop talking, take off your costume, and give it to Olivia! Okay? Come on, everybody! Let's go! Go! Go!"

I ran backstage to the dressing room as quickly as I could and started peeling off my costume. Two seconds later there was a knock and Via half opened the door.

"What is going on?" she said.

"Hurry up, put it on," I answered, handing her the dress.

"You're sick?"

"Yeah! Hurry up!" Via, looking stunned, took off her T-shirt and jeans and pulled the long dress over her head. I pulled it down for her, and then zipped up the back. Luckily, Emily Webb didn't go on until ten minutes into the play, so the girl handling hair and makeup had time to put Via's hair up in a twist and do a quick makeup job. I'd never seen Via with a lot of makeup on: she looked like a model.

"I'm not even sure I'll remember my lines," Via said, looking at herself in the mirror. " Your lines."

"You'll do great," I said.

She looked at me in the mirror. "Why are you doing this, Miranda?"

"Olivia!" It was Davenport, hush-shouting from the door. "You're on in two minutes. It's now or never!"

Via followed him out the door, so I never got the chance to answer her question. I don't know what I would have said, anyway. I wasn't sure what the answer was.

The Performance

I watched the rest of the play from the wings just offstage, next to Davenport. Justin was amazing, and Via, in that heartbreaking last scene, was awesome. There was one line she flubbed a bit, but Justin covered for her, and no one in the audience even noticed. I heard Davenport muttering under his breath: "Good, good, good." He was more nervous than all of the students put together: the actors, the set decorators, the lighting team, the guy handling the curtains. Davenport was a wreck, frankly.

The only time I felt any regret, if you could even call it that, was at the end of the play when everyone went out for their curtain calls. Via and Justin were the last of the actors walking out onstage, and the audience rose to their feet when they took their bows. That, I admit, was a little bittersweet for me. But just a few minutes later I saw Nate and Isabel and Auggie make their way backstage, and they all seemed so happy. Everyone was congratulating the actors, patting them on the back. It was that crazy backstage theater mayhem where sweaty actors stand euphoric while people come worship them for a few seconds. In that crush of people, I noticed Auggie looking kind of lost. I cut through the crowd as fast as I could and came up behind him. "Hey!" I said. "Major Tom!"

After the Show

I can't say why I was so happy to see August again after so long, or how good it felt when he hugged me.

"I can't believe how big you've gotten," I said to him.

"I thought you were going to be in the play!" he said.

"I wasn't up to it," I said. "But Via was great, don't you think?"

He nodded. Two seconds later Isabel found us.

"Miranda!" she said happily, giving me a kiss on the cheek. And then to August: "Don't ever disappear like that again."

"You're the one who disappeared," Auggie answered back.

"How are you feeling?" Isabel said to me. "Via told us you got sick. . . . "

"Much better," I answered.

"Is your mom here?" said Isabel.

"No, she had work stuff, so it's actually not a big deal for me," I said truthfully. "We have two more shows anyway, though I don't think I'll be as good an Emily as Via was tonight."

Nate came over and we had basically the same exact conversation. Then Isabel said: "Look, we're going to have a late-night dinner to celebrate the show. Are you feeling up to joining us? We'd love to have you!"

"Oh, no . . . ," I started to say.

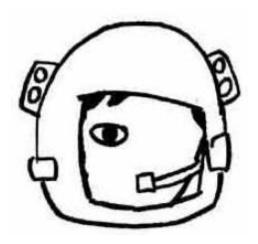
"Pleeease?" said Auggie.

"I should go home," I said.

"We insist," said Nate.

By now Via and Justin had come over with Justin's mom, and Via put her arm around me.

"You're definitely coming," she said, smiling her old smile at me. They started leading me out of the crowd, and I have to admit, for the first time in a very, very long time, I felt absolutely happy.



Part Eight

August

You're gonna reach the sky

Fly . . . Beautiful child

—Eurythmics, "Beautiful Child"

The Fifth-Grade Nature Retreat

Every year in the spring, the fifth graders of Beecher Prep go away for three days and two nights to a place called the Broarwood Nature Reserve in Pennsylvania. It's a four-

hour bus drive away. The kids sleep in cabins with bunk beds. There are campfires and s'mores and long walks through the woods. The teachers have been prepping us about this all year long, so all the kids in the grade are excited about it— except for me. And it's not even that I'm not excited, because I kind of am—it's just I've never slept away from home before and I'm kind of nervous.

Most kids have had sleepovers by the time they're my age. A lot of kids have gone to sleepaway camps, or stayed with their grandparents or whatever. Not me. Not unless you include hospital stays, but even then Mom or Dad always stayed with me overnight. But I never slept over Tata and Poppa's house, or Aunt Kate and Uncle Po's house. When I was really little, that was mainly because there were too many medical issues, like my trache tube needing to be cleared every hour, or reinserting my feeding tube if it got detached. But when I got bigger, I just never felt like sleeping anywhere else. There was one time when I half slept over Christopher's house. We were about eight, and we were still best friends. Our family had gone for a visit to his house, and me and Christopher were having such a great time playing Legos Star Wars that I didn't want to leave when it was time to go. We were like, "Please, please, please can we have a sleepover?" So our parents said yes, and Mom and Dad and Via drove home. And me and Christopher stayed up till midnight playing, until Lisa, his mom, said: "Okay, guys, time to go to bed." Well, that's when I kind of panicked a bit. Lisa tried to help me go to sleep, but I just started crying that I wanted to go home. So at one a.m. Lisa called Mom and Dad, and Dad drove all the way back out to Bridgeport to pick me up. We didn't get home until three a.m. So my one and only sleepover, up until now, was pretty much of a disaster, which is why I'm a little nervous about the nature retreat.

On the other hand, I'm really excited.

Known For

I asked Mom to buy me a new rolling duffel bag because my old one had *Star Wars* stuff on it, and there was no way I was going to take that to the fifth-grade nature retreat. As much as I love *Star Wars*, I don't want that to be what I'm known for. Everyone's known for something in middle school. Like Reid is known for really being into marine life and the oceans and things like that. And Amos is known for being a really good baseball player. And Charlotte is known for having been in a TV commercial when she was six. And Ximena's known for being really smart.

My point is that in middle school you kind of get known for what you're into, and you have to be careful about stuff like that. Like Max G and Max W will never live down their Dungeons & Dragons obsession.

So I was actually trying to ease out of the whole Star Wars thing a bit. I mean, it'll always be special to me, like it is with the doctor who put in my hearing aids. It's just not the thing I wanted to be known for in middle school. I'm not sure what I want to be known for, but it's not that.

That's not exactly true: I do know what I'm really known for. But there's nothing I can do about that. A Star Wars duffel bag I could do something about.

Packing

Mom helped me pack the night before the big trip. We put all the clothes I was taking on my bed, and she folded everything neatly and put it inside the bag while I watched. It was a plain blue rolling duffel, by the way: no logos or artwork. "

What if I can't sleep at night?" I asked.

"Take a book with you. Then if you can't sleep, you can pull out your flashlight, and read for a bit until you get sleepy," she answered.

I nodded. "What if I have a nightmare?"

"Your teachers will be there, sweetie," she said. "And Jack. And your friends."

"I can bring Baboo," I said. That was my favorite stuffed animal when I was little. A small black bear with a soft black nose.

"You don't really sleep with him anymore, do you?" said Mom.

"No, but I keep him in my closet in case I wake up in the middle of the night and can't get back to sleep," I said. "I could hide him in my bag. No one would know."

"Then let's do that." Mom nodded, getting Baboo from inside my closet.

"I wish they allowed cell phones," I said.

"I know, me too!" she said. "Though I know you're going to have a great time, Auggie. You sure you want me to pack Baboo?"

"Yeah, but way down where no one can see him," I said.

She stuck Baboo deep inside the bag and then stuffed the last of my T-shirts on top of him. "So many clothes for just two days!"

"Three days and two nights," I corrected her.

"Yep." She nodded, smiling. "Three days and two nights." She zipped up the duffel bag and picked it up. "Not too heavy. Try it."

I picked up the bag. "Fine." I shrugged.

She sat on the bed. "Hey, what happened to your Empire Strikes Back poster?"

"Oh, I took that down ages ago," I answered.

She shook her head. "Huh, I didn't notice that before."

"I'm trying to, you know, change my image a bit," I explained.

"Okay." She smiled, nodding like she understood. "Anyway, honey, you have to promise me you won't forget to put on the bug spray, okay? On the legs, especially when you're hiking through the woods. It's right here in the front compartment."

"Uh-huh."

"And put on your sunscreen," she said. "You do not want to get a sunburn. And don't, I repeat, do not forget to take your hearing aids off if you go swimming."

"Would I get electrocuted?"

"No, but you'd be in real hot water with Daddy because those things cost a fortune!" she laughed. "I put the rain poncho in the front compartment, too. Same thing goes if it rains, Auggie, okay? Make sure you cover the hearing aids with the hood."

"Aye, aye, sir," I said, saluting.

She smiled and pulled me over.

"I can't believe how much you've grown up this year, Auggie," she said softly, putting her hands on the sides of my face.

"Do I look taller?"

"Definitely." She nodded.

"I'm still the shortest one in my grade."

"I'm not really even talking about your height," she said.

"Suppose I hate it there?"

"You're going to have a great time, Auggie."

I nodded. She got up and gave me a quick kiss on the forehead. "Okay, so I say we get to bed now."

"It's only nine o'clock, Mom!"

"Your bus leaves at six a.m. tomorrow. You don't want to be late. Come on. Chop chop. Your teeth are brushed?" I

nodded and climbed into bed. She started to lie down next to me.

"You don't need to put me to bed tonight, Mom," I said. "I'll read on my own till I get sleepy."

"Really?" She nodded, impressed. She squeezed my hand and gave it a kiss. "Okay then, goodnight, love. Have sweet dreams."

"You too."

She turned on the little reading light beside the bed.

"I'll write you letters," I said as she was leaving. "Even though I'll probably be home before you guys even get them."

"Then we can read them together," she said, and threw me a kiss.

When she left my room, I took my copy of The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe off the night table and started reading until I fell asleep.

. . . though the Witch knew the Deep Magic, there is a magic deeper still which she did not know. Her knowledge goes back only to the dawn of time. But if she could have looked a little further back, into the stillness and the darkness before Time dawned, she would have read there a different incantation.

Daybreak

The next day I woke up really early. It was still dark inside my room and even darker outside, though I knew it would be morning soon. I turned over on my side but didn't feel at all sleepy. That's when I saw Daisy sitting near my bed. I mean, I knew it wasn't Daisy, but for a second I saw a shadow that looked just like her. I didn't think it was a dream then, but now, looking back, I know it must have been. It didn't make me sad to see her at all: it just filled me up with nice feelings inside. She was gone after a second, and I couldn't see her again in the darkness.

The room slowly started lightening. I reached for my hearing aid headband and put it on, and now the world was really awake. I could hear the garbage trucks clunking down the street and the birds in our backyard. And down the hallway I heard Mom's alarm beeping. Daisy's ghost made me feel super strong inside, knowing wherever I am, she'd be there with me.

I got up out of bed and went to my desk and wrote a little note to Mom. Then I went into the living room, where my packed bag was by the door. I opened it up and fished inside until I found what I was looking for.

I took Baboo back to my room, and I laid him in my bed and taped the little note to Mom on his chest. And then I covered him with my blanket so Mom would find him later. The note read:

Dear Mom, I won't need Baboo, but if you miss me, you can cuddle with him yourself. XO Auggie

Day One

The bus ride went really fast. I sat by the window and Jack was next to me in the aisle seat. Summer and Maya were in front of us. Everyone was in a good mood. Kind of loud, laughing a lot. I noticed right away that Julian wasn't on our bus, even though Henry and Miles were. I figured he must be on the other bus, but then I overheard Miles tell Amos that Julian ditched the grade trip because he thought the whole nature-retreat thing was, quote unquote, dorky. I got totally pumped because dealing with

Julian for three days in a row—and two nights—was a major reason that I was nervous about this whole trip. So now without him there, I could really just relax and not worry about anything.

We got to the nature reserve at around noon. The first thing we did was put our stuff down in the cabins. There were three bunk beds to every room, so me and Jack did rock, paper, scissors for the top bunk and I won. Woo-hoo. And the other guys in the room were Reid and Tristan, and Pablo and Nino.

After we had lunch in the main cabin, we all went on a twohour guided nature hike through the woods. But these were not woods like the kind they have in Central Park: these were real woods. Giant trees that almost totally blocked out the sunlight. Tangles of leaves and fallen tree trunks. Howls and chirps and really loud bird calls. There was a slight fog, too, like a pale blue smoke all around us. So cool. The nature guide pointed everything out to us: the different types of trees we were passing, the insects inside the dead logs on the trail, the signs of deer and bears in the woods, what types of birds were whistling and where to look for them. I realized that my Lobot hearing aids actually made me hear better than most people, because I was usually the first person to hear a new bird call.

It started to rain as we headed back to camp. I pulled on my rain poncho and pulled the hood up so my hearing aids wouldn't get wet, but my jeans and shoes got soaked by the time we reached our cabins. Everyone got soaked. It was fun, though. We had a wet-sock fight in the cabin.

Since it rained for the rest of the day, we spent most of the afternoon goofing off in the rec room. They had a Ping-Pong table and old-style arcade games like Pac-Man and Missile Command that we played until dinnertime. Luckily, by then it had stopped raining, so we got to have a real campfire cookout. The log benches around the campfire were still a little damp, but we threw our jackets over them and hung out by the fire, toasting s'mores and eating the best roasted hot dogs I have ever, ever tasted. Mom was right about the mosquitoes: there were tons of them. But luckily I had spritzed myself before I left the cabin, and I wasn't eaten alive like some of the other kids were.

I loved hanging out by the campfire after dark. I loved the way bits of fire dust would float up and disappear into the night air. And how the fire lit up people's faces. I loved the sound the fire made, too. And how the woods were so dark that you couldn't see anything around you, and you'd look up and see a billion stars in the sky. The sky doesn't look like that in North River Heights. I've seen it look like that in Montauk, though: like someone sprinkled salt on a shiny black table. I was so tired when I got back to the cabin that I didn't need to pull out the book to read. I fell asleep almost as fast as my head hit the pillow. And maybe I dreamed about the stars, I don't know.

The Fairgrounds

The next day was just as great as the first day. We went horseback riding in the morning, and in the afternoon we rappelled up some ginormous trees with the help of the nature guides. By the time we got back to the cabins for dinner, we were all really tired again. After dinner they told us we had an hour to rest, and then we were going to take a fifteen-minute bus ride to the fairgrounds for an outdoor movie night. I hadn't had the chance to write a letter to Mom and Dad and Via yet, so I wrote one telling them all about the stuff we did that day and the day before. I pictured myself reading it to them out loud when I got back, since there was just no way the letter would get home before I did.

When we got to the fairgrounds, the sun was just starting to set. It was about seventhirty. The shadows were really long on the grass, and the clouds were pink and orange. It looked like someone had taken sidewalk chalk and smudged the colors across the sky with their fingers. It's not that I haven't seen nice sunsets before in the city, because I have—slivers of sunsets between buildings—but I wasn't used to seeing so much sky in every direction. Out here in the fairgrounds, I could understand why ancient people used to think the world was flat and the sky was a dome that closed in on top of it. That's what it looked like from the fairgrounds, in the middle of this huge open field.

Because we were the first school to arrive, we got to run around the field all we wanted until the teachers told us it was time to lay out our sleeping bags on the ground and get good viewing seats. We unzipped our bags and laid them down like picnic blankets on the grass in front of the giant movie screen in the middle of the field. Then we went to the row of food trucks parked at the edge of the field to load up on snacks and sodas and stuff like that. There were concession stands there, too, like at a farmers' market, selling roasted peanuts and cotton candy. And up a little farther was a short row of carnival-type stalls, the kind where you can win a stuffed animal if you throw a baseball into a basket. Jack and I both tried—and failed—to win anything, but we heard Amos won a yellow hippo and gave it to Ximena. That was the big gossip that went around: the jock and the brainiac. From the food trucks, you could see the cornstalks in back of the movie screen. They covered about a third of the entire field. The rest of the field was completely surrounded by woods. As the sun sank lower in the sky, the tall trees at the entrance to the woods looked dark blue.

By the time the other school buses pulled into the parking lots, we were back in our spots on the sleeping bags, right smack in front of the screen: the best seats in the whole field. Everyone was passing around snacks and having a great time. Me and Jack and Summer and Reid and Maya played Pictionary. We could hear the sounds of the other schools arriving, the loud laughing and talking of kids coming out on the field on both sides of us, but we couldn't really see them. Though the sky was still light, the sun had gone down completely, and everything on the ground had turned deep purple. The clouds were shadows now. We had trouble even seeing the Pictionary cards in front of us.

Just then, without any announcement, all the lights at the ends of the field went on at once. They were like big bright stadium lights. I thought of that scene in Close Encounters when the alien ship lands and they're playing that music: duh-dah-doo-da-dunnn. Everyone in the field started applauding and cheering like something great had just happened.

Be Kind to Nature

An announcement came over the huge speakers next to the stadium lights:

"Welcome, everyone. Welcome to the twenty-third annual Big Movie Night at the Broarwood Nature Reserve. Welcome, teachers and students from ... MS 342: the William Heath School. ... " A big cheer went up on the left side of the field. "Welcome, teachers and students from Glover Academy. ... " Another cheer went up, this time from the right side of the field. "And welcome, teachers and students from ... the Beecher Prep School!" Our whole group cheered as loudly as we could. "We're thrilled to have you as our guests here tonight, and thrilled that the weather is cooperating—in fact, can you believe what a beautiful night this is?" Again, everyone whooped and hollered. "So as we prepare the movie, we do ask that you take a few moments to listen to this important announcement. The Broarwood Nature Reserve, as you know, is dedicated to preserving our natural resources and the environment. We ask that you leave no litter behind. Clean up after yourselves. Be kind to nature and it will be kind to

you. We ask that you keep that in mind as you walk around the grounds. Do not venture beyond the orange cones at the edges of the fairgrounds. Do not go into the cornfields or the woods. Please keep the free roaming to a minimum. Even if you don't feel like watching the movie, your fellow students may feel otherwise, so please be courteous: no talking, no playing music, no running around. The restrooms are located on the other side of the concession stands. After the movie is over, it will be quite dark, so we ask that all of you stay with your schools as you make your way back to your buses. Teachers, there's usually at least one lost party on Big Movie Nights at Broarwood: don't let it happen to you! Tonight's movie presentation will be . . . *The Sound of Music !"*

I immediately started clapping, even though I'd seen it a few times before, because it was Via's favorite movie of all time. But I was surprised that a whole bunch of kids (not from Beecher) booed and hissed and laughed. Someone from the right side of the field even threw a soda can at the screen, which seemed to surprise Mr. Tushman. I saw him stand up and look in the direction of the can thrower, though I knew he couldn't see anything in the dark.

The movie started playing right away. The stadium lights dimmed. Maria the nun was standing at the top of the mountain twirling around and around. It had gotten chilly all of a sudden, so I put on my yellow Montauk hoodie and adjusted the volume on my hearing aids and leaned against my backpack and started watching.

The hills are alive . . .

The Woods Are Alive

Somewhere around the boring part where the guy named Rolf and the oldest daughter are singing You are sixteen, going on seventeen, Jack nudged me.

"Dude, I've got to pee," he said.

We both got up and kind of hopscotched over the kids who were sitting or lying down on the sleeping bags. Summer waved as we passed and I waved back.

There were lots of kids from the other schools walking around by the food trucks, playing the carnival games, or just hanging out. Of course, there was a huge line for the toilets.

"Forget this, I'll just find a tree," said Jack.

"That's gross, Jack. Let's just wait," I answered.

But he headed off to the row of trees at the edge of the field, which was past the orange cones that we were specifically told not to go past. And of course I followed him. And of course we didn't have our flashlights because we forgot to bring them. It was so dark now we literally couldn't see ten steps ahead of us as we walked toward the woods. Luckily, the movie gave off some light, so when we saw a flashlight coming toward us out of the woods, we knew immediately that it was Henry, Miles, and Amos. I guess they hadn't wanted to wait on line to use the toilets, either.

Miles and Henry were still not talking to Jack, but Amos had let go of the war a while ago. And he nodded hello to us as they passed by.

"Be careful of the bears!" shouted Henry, and he and Miles laughed as they walked away.

Amos shook his head at us like, Don't pay attention to them.

Jack and I walked a little farther until we were just inside the woods. Then Jack hunted around for the perfect tree and finally did his business, though it felt like he was taking forever.

The woods were loud with strange sounds and chirps and croaks, like a wall of noise coming out of the trees. Then we started hearing loud snaps not far from us, almost like cap gun pops, that definitely weren't insect noises. And far away, like in another world, we could hear *Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens*.

"Ah, that's much better," said Jack, zipping up.

"Now I have to pee," I said, which I did on the nearest tree. No way I was going farther in like Jack did.

"Do you smell that? Like firecrackers," he said, coming over to me.

"Oh yeah, that's what that is," I answered, zipping up.

"Weird."

"Let's go."

Alien

We headed back the way we came, in the direction of the giant screen. That's when we walked straight into a group of kids we didn't know. They'd just come out of the woods, doing stuff I'm sure they didn't want their teachers to know about. I could smell the smoke now, the smell of both firecrackers and cigarettes. They pointed a flashlight at us. There were six of them: four boys and two girls. They looked like they were in the seventh grade.

"What school are you from?" one of the boys called out.

"Beecher Prep!" Jack started to answer, when all of a sudden one of the girls started screaming.

"Oh my God!" she shrieked, holding her hand over her eyes like she was crying. I figured maybe a huge bug had just flown into her face or something.

"No way!" one of the boys cried out, and he started flicking his hand in the air like he'd just touched something hot. And then he covered his mouth. "No freakin' way, man! No freakin' way!"

All of them started half laughing and half covering their eyes now, pushing each other and cursing loudly.

"What is that?" said the kid who was pointing the flashlight at us, and it was only then that I realized that the flashlight was pointed right at my face, and what they were talking about—screaming about—was me.

"Let's get out of here," Jack said to me quietly, and he pulled me by my sweatshirt sleeve and started walking away from them.

"Wait wait wait!" yelled the guy with the flashlight, cutting us off. He pointed the flashlight right in my face again, and now he was only about five feet away. "Oh man! Oh man!!" he said, shaking his head, his mouth wide open. "What happened to your face?"

"Stop it, Eddie," said one of the girls.

"I didn't know we were watching Lord of the Rings tonight!" he said. "Look, guys, it's Gollum!"

This made his friends hysterical.

Again we tried to walk away from them, and again the kid named Eddie cut us off. He was at least a head taller than Jack, who was about a head taller than me, so the guy looked huge to me.

"No man, it's Alien !" said one of the other kids.

"No, no, no, man. It's an orc!" laughed Eddie, pointing the flashlight in my face again. This time he was right in front of us.

"Leave him alone, okay?" said Jack, pushing the hand holding the flashlight away.

"Make me," answered Eddie, pointing the flashlight in Jack's face now.

"What's your problem, dude?" said Jack.

"Your boyfriend's my problem!"

"Jack, let's just go," I said, pulling him by the arm.

"Oh man, it talks!" screamed Eddie, shining the flashlight in my face again. Then one of the other guys threw a firecracker at our feet.

Jack tried to push past Eddie, but Eddie shoved his hands into Jack's shoulders and pushed him hard, which made Jack fall backward.

"Eddie!" screamed one of the girls.

"Look," I said, stepping in front of Jack and holding my hands up in the air like a traffic cop. "We're a lot smaller than you guys . . ."

"Are you talking to me, Freddie Krueger? I don't think you want to mess with me, you ugly freak," said Eddie. And this was the point where I knew I should run away as fast as I could, but Jack was still on the ground and I wasn't about to leave him.

"Yo, dude," said a new voice behind us. "What's up, man?"

Eddie spun around and pointed his flashlight toward the voice. For a second, I couldn't believe who it was.

"Leave them alone, dude," said Amos, with Miles and Henry right behind him.

"Says who?" said one of the guys with Eddie.

"Just leave them alone, dude," Amos repeated calmly.

"Are you a freak, too?" said Eddie.

"They're all a bunch of freaks!" said one of his friends.

Amos didn't answer them but looked at us. "Come on, guys, let's go. Mr. Tushman's waiting for us."

I knew that was a lie, but I helped Jack get up, and we started walking over to Amos. Then out of the blue, the Eddie guy grabbed my hood as I passed by him, yanking it really hard so I was pulled backward and fell flat on my back. It was a hard fall, and I hurt my elbow pretty bad on a rock. I couldn't really see what happened afterward, except that Amos rammed into the Eddie guy like a monster truck and they both fell down to the ground next to me.

Everything got really crazy after that. Someone pulled me up by my sleeve and yelled, "Run!" and someone else screamed, "Get 'em!" at the same time, and for a few seconds I actually had two people pulling the sleeves of my sweatshirt in opposite directions. I heard them both cursing, until my sweatshirt ripped and the first guy yanked me by my arm and started pulling me behind him as we ran, which I did as fast as I could. I could hear footsteps just behind us, chasing us, and voices shouting and girls screaming, but it was so dark I didn't know whose voices they were, only that everything felt like we were underwater. We were running like crazy, and it was pitch black, and whenever I started to slow down, the guy pulling me by my arm would yell, "Don't stop!"

Voices in the Dark

Finally, after what seemed like a forever of running, someone yelled: "I think we lost them!"

"Amos?"

"I'm right here!" said Amos's voice a few feet behind us.

"We can stop!" Miles yelled from farther up.

"Jack!" I yelled.

"Whoa!" said Jack. "I'm here."

"I can't see a thing!"

"Are you sure we lost them?" Henry asked, letting go of my arm. That's when I realized that he'd been the one who was pulling me as we ran.

"Yeah."

"Shh! Let's listen!"

We all got super quiet, listening for footsteps in the dark. All we could hear were the crickets and frogs and our own crazy panting. We were out of breath, stomachs hurting, bodies bent over our knees.

"We lost them," said Henry.

"Whoa! That was intense!"

"What happened to the flashlight?"

"I dropped it!"

"How did you guys know?" said Jack.

"We saw them before."

"They looked like jerks."

"You just rammed into him!" I said to Amos.

"I know, right?" laughed Amos.

"He didn't even see it coming!" said Miles.

"He was like, 'Are you a freak, too?' and you were like, bam! " said Jack.

"Bam!" said Amos, throwing a fake punch in the air. "But after I tackled him, I was like, run, Amos, you schmuck, he's ten times bigger than you! And I got up and started running as fast as I could!"

We all started laughing. "I grabbed Auggie and I was like, 'Run!' " said Henry.

"I didn't even know it was you pulling me!" I answered.

"That was wild," said Amos, shaking his head.

"Totally wild."

"Your lip is bleeding, dude."

"I got in a couple of good punches," answered Amos, wiping his lip.

"I think they were seventh graders."

"They were huge."

"Losers!" Henry shouted really loudly, but we all shushed him.

We listened for a second to make sure no one had heard him.

"Where the heck are we?" asked Amos. "I can't even see the screen."

"I think we're in the cornfields," answered Henry.

"Duh, we're in the cornfields," said Miles, pushing a cornstalk at Henry.

"Okay, I know exactly where we are," said Amos. "We have to go back in this direction. That'll take us to the other side of the field."

"Yo, dudes," said Jack, hand high in the air. "That was really cool of you guys to come back for us. Really cool. Thanks."

"No problem," answered Amos, high-fiving Jack. And then Miles and Henry high-fived him, too.

"Yeah, dudes, thanks," I said, holding my palm up like Jack just had, though I wasn't sure if they'd high-five me, too.

Amos looked at me and nodded. "It was cool how you stood your ground, little dude," he said, high-fiving me.

"Yeah, Auggie," said Miles, high-fiving me, too. "You were like, 'We're littler than you guys' . . ."

"I didn't know what else to say!" I laughed.

"Very cool," said Henry, and he high-fived me, too.

"Sorry I ripped your sweatshirt." I looked down, and my sweatshirt was completely torn down the middle. One sleeve was ripped off, and the other was so stretched out it was hanging down to my knees.

"Hey, your elbow's bleeding," said Jack.

"Yeah." I shrugged. It was starting to hurt a lot.

"You okay?" said Jack, seeing my face. I

nodded. Suddenly I felt like crying, and I was trying really hard not to do that.

"Wait, your hearing aids are gone!" said Jack.

"What!" I yelled, touching my ears. The hearing aid band was definitely gone. That's why I felt like I was underwater! "Oh no!" I said, and that's when I couldn't hold it in anymore. Everything that had just happened kind of hit me and I couldn't help it: I started to cry. Like big crying, what Mom would call "the waterworks." I was so embarrassed I hid my face in my arm, but I couldn't stop the tears from coming.

The guys were really nice to me, though. They patted me on the back.

"You're okay, dude. It's okay," they said. "

You're one brave little dude, you know that?" said Amos, putting his arm around my shoulders. And when I kept on crying, he put both his arms around me like my dad would have done and let me cry.

The Emperor's Guard

We backtracked through the grass for a good ten minutes to see if we could find my hearing aids, but it was way too dark to see anything. We literally had to hold on to each other's shirts and walk in single file so we wouldn't trip over one another. It was like black ink had been poured all around.

"This is hopeless," said Henry. "They could be anywhere."

"Maybe we can come back with a flashlight," answered Amos.

"No, it's okay," I said. "Let's just go back. Thanks, though."

We walked back toward the cornfields, and then cut through them until the back of the giant screen came into view. Since it was facing away from us, we didn't get any light from the screen at all until we'd walked around to the edge of the woods again. That's where we finally started seeing a little light.

There was no sign of the seventh graders anywhere.

"Where do you think they went?" said Jack.

"Back to the food trucks," said Amos. "They're probably thinking we're going to report them."

"Are we?" asked Henry. T

hey looked at me. I shook my head.

"Okay," said Amos, "but, little dude, don't walk around here alone again, okay? If you need to go somewhere, tell us and we'll go with you."

"Okay." I nodded.

As we got closer to the screen, I could hear High on a hill was a lonely goatherd, and could smell the cotton candy from one of the concession stands near the food trucks. There were lots of kids milling around in this area, so I pulled what was left of my hoodie over my head and kept my face down, hands in pockets, as we made our way through the crowd. It had been a long time since I'd been out without my hearing aids, and it felt like I was miles under the earth. It felt like that song Miranda used to sing to me: *Ground Control to Major Tom, your circuit's dead, there's something wrong . . .*

I did notice as I walked that Amos had stayed right next to me. And Jack was close on the other side of me. And Miles was in front of us and Henry was in back of us. They were surrounding me as we walked through the crowds of kids. Like I had my own emperor's guard.

Sleep

Then they came out of the narrow valley and at once she saw the reason. There stood Peter and Edmund and all the rest of Aslan's army fighting desperately against the crowd of horrible creatures whom she had seen last night; only now, in the daylight, they looked even stranger and more evil and more deformed.

I stopped there. I'd been reading for over an hour and sleep still didn't come. It was almost two a.m. Everyone else was asleep. I had my flashlight on under the sleeping bag, and maybe the light was why I couldn't sleep, but I was too afraid to turn it off. I was afraid of how dark it was outside the sleeping bag.

When we got back to our section in front of the movie screen, no one had even noticed we'd been gone. Mr. Tushman and Ms. Rubin and Summer and all the rest of the kids were just watching the movie. They had no clue how something bad had almost happened to me and Jack. It's so weird how that can be, how you could have a night that's the worst in your life, but to everybody else it's just an ordinary night. Like, on my calendar at home, I would mark this as being one of the most horrific days of my life. This and the day Daisy died. But for the rest of the world, this was just an ordinary day. Or maybe it was even a good day. Maybe somebody won the lottery today.

Amos, Miles, and Henry brought me and Jack over to where we'd been sitting before, with Summer and Maya and Reid, and then they went and sat where they had been sitting before, with Ximena and Savanna and their group. In a way, everything was exactly as we had left it before we went looking for the toilets. The sky was the same. The movie was the same. Everyone's faces were the same. Mine was the same.

But something was different. Something had changed.

I could see Amos and Miles and Henry telling their group what had just happened. I knew they were talking about it because they kept looking over at me while they were talking. Even though the movie was still playing, people were whispering about it in the dark. News like that spreads fast.

It was what everyone was talking about on the bus ride back to the cabins. All the girls, even girls I didn't know very well, were asking me if I was okay. The boys were all talking about getting revenge on the group of seventh-grade jerks, trying to figure out what school they were from.

I wasn't planning on telling the teachers about any of what had happened, but they found out anyway. Maybe it was the torn sweatshirt and the bloody elbow. Or maybe it's just that teachers hear everything. When we got back to the camp, Mr. Tushman took me to the first-aid office, and while I was getting my elbow cleaned and bandaged up by the camp nurse, Mr. Tushman and the camp director were in the next room talking with Amos and Jack and Henry and Miles, trying to get a description of the troublemakers. When he asked me about them a little later, I said I couldn't remember their faces at all, which wasn't true. I

t's their faces I kept seeing every time I closed my eyes to sleep. The look of total horror on the girl's face when she first saw me. The way the kid with the flashlight, Eddie, looked at me as he talked to me, like he hated me.

Like a lamb to the slaughter. I remember Dad saying that ages ago, but tonight I think I finally got what it meant.

Aftermath

Mom was waiting for me in front of the school along with all the other parents when the bus arrived. Mr. Tushman told me on the bus ride home that they had called my parents to tell them there had been a "situation" the night before but that everyone was fine. He said the camp director and several of the counselors went looking for the hearing aid in the morning while we all went swimming in the lake, but they couldn't find it anywhere. Broarwood would reimburse us the cost of the hearing aids, he said. They felt bad about what happened.

I wondered if Eddie had taken my hearing aids with him as a kind of souvenir. Something to remember the orc. Mom gave me a tight hug when I got off the bus, but she didn't slam me with questions like I thought she might. Her hug felt good, and I didn't shake it off like some of the other kids were doing with their parents' hugs.

The bus driver started unloading our duffel bags, and I went to find mine while Mom talked to Mr. Tushman and Ms. Rubin, who had walked over to her. As I rolled my bag toward her, a lot of kids who don't usually say anything to me were nodding hello, or patting my back as I walked by them.

"Ready?" Mom said when she saw me. She took my duffel bag, and I didn't even try to hold on to it: I was fine with her carrying it. If she had wanted to carry me on her shoulders, I would have been fine with that, too, to be truthful.

As we started to walk away, Mr. Tushman gave me a quick, tight hug but didn't say anything.

Home

Mom and I didn't talk much the whole walk home, and when we got to the front stoop, I automatically looked in the front bay window, because I forgot for a second that Daisy wasn't going to be there like always, perched on the sofa with her front paws on the windowsill, waiting for us to come home. It made me kind of sad when we walked inside. As soon as we did, Mom dropped my duffel bag and wrapped her arms around me and kissed me on my head and on my face like she was breathing me in.

"It's okay, Mom, I'm fine," I said, smiling.

She nodded and took my face in her hands. Her eyes were shiny.

"I know you are," she said. "I missed you so much, Auggie."

"I missed you, too."

I could tell she wanted to say a lot of things but she was stopping herself. "

Are you hungry?" she asked.

"Starving. Can I have a grilled cheese?"

"Of course," she answered, and immediately started to make the sandwich while I took my jacket off and sat down at the kitchen counter.

"Where's Via?" I asked. "

She's coming home with Dad today. Boy, did she miss you, Auggie," Mom said.

"Yeah? She would have liked the nature reserve. You know what movie they played? *The Sound of Music*."

"You'll have to tell her that."

"So, do you want to hear about the bad part or the good part first?" I asked after a few minutes, leaning my head on my hand.

"Whatever you want to talk about," she answered.

"Well, except for last night, I had an awesome time," I said. "I mean, it was just awesome. That's why I'm so bummed. I feel like they ruined the whole trip for me."

"No, sweetie, don't let them do that to you. You were there for more than forty-eight hours, and that awful part lasted one hour. Don't let them take that away from you, okay?"

"I know." I nodded.

"Did Mr. Tushman tell you about the hearing aids?"

"Yes, he called us this morning."

"Was Dad mad? Because they're so expensive?"

"Oh my gosh, of course not, Auggie. He just wanted to know that you were all right. That's all that matters to us. And that you don't let those . . . thugs . . . ruin your trip."

I kind of laughed at the way she said the word "thugs."

"What?" she asked.

"Thugs," I teased her.

That's kind of an old-fashioned word."

"Okay, jerks. Morons. Imbeciles," she said, flipping over the sandwich in the pan. " Cretinos, as my mother would have said. Whatever you want to call them, if I saw them on the street, I would . . . " She shook her head.

"They were pretty big, Mom." I smiled. "Seventh graders, I think."

She shook her head. "Seventh graders? Mr. Tushman didn't tell us that. Oh my goodness."

"Did he tell you how Jack stood up for me?" I said. "And Amos was like, bam, he rammed right into the leader. They both crashed to the ground, like in a real fight! It was pretty awesome. Amos's lip was bleeding and everything."

"He told us there was a fight, but . . . ," she said, looking at me with her eyebrows raised. "I'm just . . . phew . . . I'm just so grateful you and Amos and Jack are fine. When I think about what could have happened . . . ," she trailed off, flipping the grilled cheese again.

"My Montauk hoodie got totally shredded."

"Well, that can be replaced," she answered. She lifted the grilled cheese onto a plate and put the plate in front of me on the counter. "Milk or white grape juice?"

"Chocolate milk, please?" I started devouring the sandwich. "Oh, can you do it that special way you make it, with the froth?"

"How did you and Jack end up at the edge of the woods in the first place?" she said, pouring the milk into a tall glass.

"Jack had to go to the bathroom," I answered, my mouth full. As I was talking, she spooned in the chocolate powder and started rolling a small whisk between her palms really fast. "But there was a huge line and he didn't want to wait.

So we went toward the woods to pee." She looked up at me while she was whisking. I know she was thinking we shouldn't have done that. The chocolate milk in the glass now had a two-inch froth on top. "That looks good, Mom. Thanks."

"And then what happened?" she said, putting the glass in front of me.

I took a long drink of the chocolate milk. "Is it okay if we don't talk about it anymore right now?"

"Oh. Okay."

"I promise I'll tell you all about it later, when Dad and Via come home. I'll tell you all every detail. I just don't want to have to tell the whole story over and over, you know?"

"Absolutely."

I finished my sandwich in two more bites and gulped down the chocolate milk.

"Wow, you practically inhaled that sandwich. Do you want another one?" she said.

I shook my head and wiped my mouth with the back of my hand.

"Mom? Am I always going to have to worry about jerks like that?" I asked. "Like when I grow up, is it always going to be like this?"

She didn't answer right away, but took my plate and glass and put them in the sink and rinsed them with water.

"There are always going to be jerks in the world, Auggie," she said, looking at me. "But I really believe, and Daddy really believes, that there are more good people on this earth than bad people, and the good people watch out for each other and take care of each other. Just like Jack was there for you. And Amos. And those other kids."

"Oh yeah, Miles and Henry," I answered. "They were awesome, too. It's weird because Miles and Henry haven't even really been very nice to me at all during the year."

"Sometimes people surprise us," she said, rubbing the top of my head.

"I guess."

"Want another glass of chocolate milk?"

"No, I'm good," I said. "Thanks, Mom. Actually, I'm kind of tired. I didn't sleep too good last night."

"You should take a nap. Thanks for leaving me Baboo, by the way."

"You got my note?" She smiled.

"I slept with him both nights." She was about to say something else when her cell phone rang, and she answered. She started beaming as she listened. "Oh my goodness, really?

What kind?" she said excitedly. "Yep, he's right here. He was about to take a nap. Want to say hi? Oh, okay, see you in two minutes." She clicked it off.

"That was Daddy," she said excitedly. "He and Via are just down the block."

"He's not at work?" I said.

"He left early because he couldn't wait to see you," she said. "So don't take a nap quite yet."

Five seconds later Dad and Via came through the door. I ran into Dad's arms, and he picked me up and spun me around and kissed me. He didn't let me go for a full minute, until I said, "Dad, it's okay." And then it was Via's turn, and she kissed me all over like she used to do when I was little.

It wasn't until she stopped that I noticed the big white cardboard box they had brought in with them.

"What is that?" I said.

"Open it," said Dad, smiling, and he and Mom looked at each other like they knew a secret.

"Come on, Auggie!" said Via.

I opened the box. Inside was the cutest little puppy I've ever seen in my life. It was black and furry, with a pointy little snout and bright black eyes and small ears that flopped down.

Bear

We called the puppy Bear because when Mom first saw him, she said he looked just like a little bear cub. I said: "That's what we should call him!" and everyone agreed that that was the perfect name. I

took the next day off from school—not because my elbow was hurting me, which it was, but so I could play with Bear all day long. Mom let Via stay home from school, too, so the two of us took turns cuddling with Bear and playing tug-ofwar with him. We had kept all of Daisy's old toys, and we brought them out now, to see which ones he'd like best.

It was fun hanging out with Via all day, just the two of us. It was like old times, like before I started going to school. Back then, I couldn't wait for her to come home from school so she could play with me before starting her homework. Now that we're older,

though, and I'm going to school and have friends of my own that I hang out with, we never do that anymore.

So it was nice hanging out with her, laughing and playing. I think she liked it, too.

The Shift

When I went back to school the next day, the first thing I noticed was that there was a big shift in the way things were. A monumental shift. A seismic shift. Maybe even a cosmic shift. Whatever you want to call it, it was a big shift. Everyone-not just in our grade but every grade—had heard about what had happened to us with the seventh graders, so suddenly I wasn't known for what I'd always been known for, but for this other thing that had happened. And the story of what happened had gotten bigger and bigger each time it was told. Two days later, the way the story went was that Amos had gotten into a major fistfight with the kid, and Miles and Henry and Jack had thrown some punches at the other guys, too. And the escape across the field became this whole long adventure through a cornfield maze and into the deep dark woods. Jack's version of the story was probably the best because he's so funny, but in whatever version of the story, and no matter who was telling it, two things always stayed the same: I got picked on because of my face and Jack defended me, and those guys-Amos, Henry, and Miles-protected me. And now that they'd protected me, I was different to them. It was like I was one of them. They all called me "little dude" noweven the jocks. These big dudes I barely even knew before would knuckle-punch me in the hallways now.

Another thing to come out of it was that Amos became super popular and Julian, because he missed the whole thing, was really out of the loop. Miles and Henry were hanging out with Amos all the time now, like they switched best friends. I'd like to be able to say that Julian started treating me better, too, but that wouldn't be true. He still gave me dirty looks across the room. He still never talked to me or Jack. But he was the only one who was like that now. And me and Jack, we couldn't care less.

Ducks

The day before the last day of school, Mr. Tushman called me into his office to tell me they had found out the names of the seventh graders from the nature retreat. He read

off a bunch of names that didn't mean anything to me, and then he said the last name: "Edward Johnson."

I nodded.

"You recognize the name?" he said.

"They called him Eddie." "Right. Well, they found this in Edward's locker." He handed me what was left of my hearing aid headband. The right piece was completely gone and the left one was mangled. The band that connected the two, the Lobot part, was bent down the middle.

"His school wants to know if you want to press charges," said Mr. Tushman.

I looked at my hearing aid.

"No, I don't think so." I shrugged. "I'm being fitted for new ones anyway."

"Hmm. Why don't you talk about it with your parents tonight? I'll call your mom tomorrow to talk about it with her, too."

"Would they go to jail?" I asked.

"No, not jail. But they'd probably go to juvie court. And maybe they'll learn a lesson that way."

"Trust me: that Eddie kid is not learning any lessons," I joked.

He sat down behind his desk.

"Auggie, why don't you sit down a second?" he said. I

sat down. All the things on his desk were the same as when I first walked into his office last summer: the same mirrored cube, the same little globe floating in the air. That felt like ages ago.

"Hard to believe this year's almost over, huh?" he said, almost like he was reading my mind.

"Yeah."

"Has it been a good year for you, Auggie? Has it been okay?"

"Yeah, it's been good." I nodded. "I know academically it's been a great year for you. You're one of our top students. Congrats on the High Honor Roll."

"Thanks. Yeah, that's cool."

"But I know it's had its share of ups and downs," he said, raising his eyebrows. "Certainly, that night at the nature reserve was one of the low points."

"Yeah." I nodded. "But it was also kind of good, too."

"In what way?"

"Well, you know, how people stood up for me and stuff?"

"That was pretty wonderful," he said, smiling.

"Yeah."

"I know in school things got a little hairy with Julian at times."

I have to admit: he surprised me with that one.

"You know about that stuff?" I asked him.

"Middle-school directors have a way of knowing about a lot of stuff."

"Do you have, like, secret security cameras in the hallways?" I joked.

"And microphones everywhere," he laughed.

"No, seriously?"

He laughed again. "No, not seriously."

"Oh!"

"But teachers know more than kids think, Auggie. I wish you and Jack had come to me about the mean notes that were left in your lockers."

"How do you know about that?" I said.

"I'm telling you: middle-school directors know all."

"It wasn't that big a deal," I answered. "And we wrote notes, too."

He smiled. "I don't know if it's public yet," he said, "though it will be soon anyway, but Julian Albans is not coming back to Beecher Prep next year."

"What!" I said. I honestly couldn't hide how surprised I was.

"His parents don't think Beecher Prep is a good fit for him," Mr. Tushman continued, raising his shoulders.

"Wow, that's big news," I said.

"Yeah, I thought you should know."

Then suddenly I noticed that the pumpkin portrait that used to be behind his desk was gone and my drawing, my Self- Portrait as an Animal that I drew for the New Year Art Show, was now framed and hanging behind his desk.

"Hey, that's mine!" I pointed.

Mr. Tushman turned around like he didn't know what I was talking about. "Oh, that's right!" he said, tapping his forehead. "I've been meaning to show this to you for months now."

"My self-portrait as a duck." I nodded.

"I love this piece, Auggie," he said. "When your art teacher showed it to me, I asked her if I could keep it for my wall. I hope that's okay with you."

"Oh, yeah! Sure. What happened to the pumpkin portrait?"

"Right behind you."

"Oh, yeah. Nice."

"I've been meaning to ask you since I hung this up . . . ," he said, looking at it. "Why did you choose to represent yourself as a duck?"

"What do you mean?" I answered. "That was the assignment."

"Yes, but why a duck?" he said. "Is it safe to assume that it was because of the story of the ... um, the duckling that turns into a swan?"

"No," I laughed, shaking my head. "It's because I think I look like a duck."

"Oh!" said Mr. Tushman, his eyes opening wide. He started laughing. "Really? Huh. Here I was looking for symbolism and metaphors and, um . . . sometimes a duck is just a duck!"

"Yeah, I guess," I said, not quite getting why he thought that was so funny. He laughed to himself for a good thirty seconds.

"Anyway, Auggie, thanks for chatting with me," he said, finally. "I just want you to know it's truly a pleasure having you here at Beecher Prep, and I'm really looking forward to next year." He reached across the desk and we shook hands.

"See you tomorrow at graduation."

"See you tomorrow, Mr. Tushman."

The Last Precept

This was written on Mr. Browne's chalkboard when we walked into English class for the last time:

MR. BROWNE'S JUNE PRECEPT:

JUST FOLLOW THE DAY AND REACH FOR THE SUN!

(The Polyphonic Spree)

Have a great summer vacation, Class 5B!

It's been a great year and you've been a wonderful group of students.

If you remember, please send me a postcard this summer with YOUR personal precept. It can be something you made up for yourself or something you've read somewhere that means something to you. (If so, don't forget the attribution, please!) I really look forward to getting them.

Tom Browne 563 Sebastian Place Bronx, NY 10053

The Drop-Off

The graduation ceremony was held in the Beecher Prep Upper School auditorium. It was only about a fifteen-minute walk from our house to the other campus building, but Dad drove me because I was all dressed up and had on new shiny black shoes that weren't broken in yet and I didn't want my feet to hurt. Students were supposed to arrive at the auditorium an hour before the ceremony started, but we got there even earlier, so we sat in the car and waited. Dad turned on the CD player, and our favorite song come on. We both smiled and started bobbing our heads to the music.

Dad sang along with the song: "Andy would bicycle across town in the rain to bring you candy."

"Hey, is my tie on straight?" I said.

He looked and straightened it a tiny bit as he kept on singing: "And John would buy the gown for you to wear to the prom . . ."

"Does my hair look okay?" I said.

He smiled and nodded. "Perfect," he said. "You look great, Auggie."

"Via put some gel in it this morning," I said, pulling down the sun visor and looking in the little mirror. "It doesn't look too puffy?"

"No, it's very, very cool, Auggie. I don't think you've ever had it this short before, have you?"

"No, I got it cut yesterday. I think it makes me look more grown-up, don't you?"

"Definitely!" He was smiling, looking at me and nodding.

"But I'm the luckiest guy on the Lower East Side, 'cause I got wheels, and you want to go for a ride."

"Look at you, Auggie!" he said, smiling from ear to ear. "Look at you, looking so grownup and spiffy. I can't believe you're graduating from the fifth grade!"

"I know, it's pretty awesome, right?" I nodded.

"It feels like just yesterday that you started."

"Remember I still had that Star Wars braid hanging from the back of my head?"

"Oh my gosh, that's right," he said, rubbing his palm over his forehead.

"You hated that braid, didn't you, Dad?"

"Hate is too strong a word, but I definitely didn't love it."

"You hated it, come on, admit it," I teased.

"No, I didn't hate it." He smiled, shaking his head. "But I will admit to hating that astronaut helmet you used to wear, do you remember?"

"The one Miranda gave me? Of course I remember! I used to wear that thing all the time."

"Good God, I hated that thing," he laughed, almost more to himself.

"I was so bummed when it got lost," I said.

"Oh, it didn't get lost," he answered casually. "I threw it out."

"Wait. What?" I said. I honestly didn't think I heard him right.

"The day is beautiful, and so are you," he was singing.

"Dad!" I said, turning the volume down.

"What?" he said.

"You threw it out?!" He finally looked at my face and saw how mad I was. I couldn't believe he was being so matter-of-fact about the whole thing. I mean, to me this was a major revelation, and he was acting like it was no big deal.

"Auggie, I couldn't stand seeing that thing cover your face anymore," he said clumsily.

"Dad, I loved that helmet! It meant a lot to me! I was bummed beyond belief when it got lost—don't you remember?"

"Of course I remember, Auggie," he said softly. "Ohh, Auggie, don't be mad. I'm sorry. I just couldn't stand seeing you wear that thing on your head anymore, you know? I didn't think it was good for you." He was trying to look me in the eye, but I wouldn't look at him.

"Come on, Auggie, please try to understand," he continued, putting his hand under my chin and tilting my face toward him. "You were wearing that helmet all the time. And the real, real, real, real truth is: I missed seeing your face, Auggie. I know you don't always love it, but you have to understand . . . I love it. I love this face of yours, Auggie, completely and passionately. And it kind of broke my heart that you were always covering it up."

He was squinting at me like he really wanted me to understand.

"Does Mom know?" I said. He opened his eyes wide. "No way. Are you kidding? She would have killed me!"

"She tore the place apart looking for that helmet, Dad," I said. "I mean, she spent like a week looking for it in every closet, in the laundry room, everywhere."

"I know!" he said, nodding. "That's why she'd kill me!"

And then he looked at me, and something about his expression made me start laughing, which made him open his mouth wide like he'd just realized something.

"Wait a minute, Auggie," he said, pointing his finger at me. "You have to promise me you will *never* tell Mommy anything about this."

I smiled and rubbed my palms together like I was about to get very greedy.

"Let's see," I said, stroking my chin. "I'll be wanting that new Xbox when it comes out next month. And I'll definitely be wanting my own car in about six years, a red Porsche would be nice, and . . ."

He started laughing. I love it when I'm the one who makes Dad laugh, since he's usually the funnyman that gets everybody else laughing.

"Oh boy, oh boy," he said, shaking his head. "You really have grown up."

The part of the song we love to sing the most started to play, and I turned up the volume. We both started singing.

"I'm the ugliest guy on the Lower East Side, but I've got wheels and you want to go for a ride. Want to go for a ride. Want to go for a ride. Want to go for a ride."

We always sang this last part at the top of our lungs, trying to hold that last note as long as the guy who sang the song, which always made us crack up. While we were laughing, we noticed Jack had arrived and was walking over to our car. I started to get out.

"Hold on," said Dad. "I just want to make sure you've forgiven me, okay?"

"Yes, I forgive you."

He looked at me gratefully. "Thank you."

"But don't ever throw anything else of mine out again without telling me!"

"I promise." I opened the door and got out just as Jack reached the car.

"Hey, Jack," I said.

"Hey, Auggie. Hey, Mr. Pullman," said Jack.

"How you doin', Jack?" said Dad.

"See you later, Dad," I said, closing the door.

"Good luck, guys!" Dad called out, rolling down the front window. "See you on the other side of fifth grade!"

We waved as he turned on the ignition and started to pull away, but then I ran over and he stopped the car. I put my head in the window so Jack wouldn't hear what I was saying.

"Can you guys not kiss me a lot after graduation?" I asked quietly. "It's kind of embarrassing."

"I'll try my best."

"Tell Mom, too?"

"I don't think she'll be able to resist, Auggie, but I'll pass it along."

"Bye, dear ol' Dad." He smiled. "Bye, my son, my son."

Take Your Seats, Everyone

Jack and I walked right behind a couple of sixth graders into the building, and then followed them to the auditorium.

Mrs. G was at the entrance, handing out the programs and telling kids where to go.

"Fifth graders down the aisle to the left," she said. "Sixth graders go to the right. Everyone come in. Come in. Good morning. Go to your staging areas. Fifth graders to the left, sixth grade to the right . . ."

The auditorium was huge inside. Big sparkly chandeliers. Red velvet walls. Rows and rows and rows of cushioned seats leading up to the giant stage. We walked down the wide aisle and followed the signs to the fifth-grade staging area, which was in a big room to the left of the stage. Inside were four rows of folding chairs facing the front of the room, which is where Ms. Rubin was standing, waving us in as soon as we walked in the room.

"Okay, kids, take your seats. Take your seats," she was saying, pointing to the rows of chairs. "Don't forget, you're sitting alphabetically. Come on, everybody, take your seats." Not too many kids had arrived yet, though, and the ones who had weren't listening to her. Me and Jack were swordfighting with our rolled-up programs.

"Hey, guys." It was Summer walking over to us. She was wearing a light pink dress and, I think, a little makeup.

"Wow, Summer, you look awesome," I told her, because she really did.

"Really? Thanks, you do, too, Auggie."

"Yeah, you look okay, Summer," said Jack, kind of matter of- factly. And for the first time, I realized that Jack had a crush on her.

"This is so exciting, isn't it?" said Summer.

"Yeah, kind of," I answered, nodding.

"Oh man, look at this program," said Jack, scratching his forehead. "We're going to be here all freakin' day."

I looked at my program.

Headmaster's Opening Remarks: Dr. Harold Jansen Middle-School Director's Address: Mr. Lawrence Tushman "Light and Day": Middle-School Choir Fifth-Grade Student Commencement Address: Ximena Chin Pachelbel: "Canon in D": Middle-School Chamber Music Ensemble Sixth-Grade Student Commencement Address: Mark Antoniak "Under Pressure": Middle-School Choir Middle-School Dean's Address: Ms. Jennifer Rubin Awards Presentation (see back)

Roll Call of Names

"Why do you think that?" I asked.

"Because Mr. Jansen's speeches go on forever," said Jack.

"He's even worse than Tushman!"

"My mom said she actually dozed off when he spoke last year," Summer added.

"What's the awards presentation?" I asked.

"That's where they give medals to the biggest brainiacs," Jack answered. "Which would mean Charlotte and Ximena will win everything in the fifth grade, like they won everything in the fourth grade and in the third grade."

"Not in the second grade?" I laughed.

"They didn't give those awards out in the second grade," he answered.

"Maybe you'll win this year," I joked.

"Not unless they give awards for the most Cs!" he laughed.

"Everybody, take your seats!" Ms. Rubin started yelling louder now, like she was getting annoyed that nobody was listening. "We have a lot to get through, so take your seats. Don't forget you're sitting in alphabetical order! A through G is the first row! H through N is the second row; O through Q is the third row; R through Z is the last row. Let's go, people."

"We should go sit down," said Summer, walking toward the front section.

"You guys are definitely coming over my house after this, right?" I called out after her.

"Definitely!" she said, taking her seat next to Ximena Chin.

"When did Summer get so hot?" Jack muttered in my ear.

"Shut up, dude," I said, laughing as we headed toward the third row.

"Seriously, when did that happen?" he whispered, taking the seat next to mine.

"Mr. Will!" Ms. Rubin shouted. "Last time I checked, W came between R and Z, yes?"

Jack looked at her blankly.

"Dude, you're in the wrong row!" I said.

"I am?" And the face he made as he got up to leave, which was a mixture of looking completely confused and looking like he's just played a joke on someone, totally cracked me up.

A Simple Thing

About an hour later we were all seated in the giant auditorium waiting for Mr. Tushman to give his "middleschool address." The auditorium was even bigger than I imagined it would be—bigger even than the one at Via's school. I looked around, and there must have been a million people in the audience. Okay, maybe not a million, but definitely a lot.

"Thank you, Headmaster Jansen, for those very kind words of introduction," said Mr. Tushman, standing behind the podium on the stage as he talked into the microphone. "Welcome, my fellow teachers and members of the faculty....

"Welcome, parents and grandparents, friends and honored guests, and most especially, welcome to my fifth- and sixthgrade students....

"Welcome to the Beecher Prep Middle School graduation ceremonies!!!"

Everyone applauded. "Every year," continued Mr. Tushman, reading from his notes with his reading glasses way down on the tip of his nose, "I am charged with writing two commencement addresses: one for the fifth- and sixth-grade graduation ceremony today, and one for the seventh- and eighth-grade ceremony that will take place tomorrow. And every year I say to myself, Let me cut down on my work and write just one address that I can use for both situations. Seems like it shouldn't be such a hard thing to do, right? And yet each year I still end up with two different speeches, no matter what my intentions, and I finally figured out why this year. It's not, as you might assume, simply because tomorrow I'll be talking to an older crowd with a middle-school experience that is largely behind them—whereas your middle-school experience is largely in front of you. No, I think it has to do more with this particular age that you are right now, this particular moment in your lives that, even after twenty years of my being around students this age, still moves me. Because you're at the cusp, kids. You're at the edge between childhood and everything that comes after. You're in transition.

"We are all gathered here together," Mr. Tushman continued, taking off his glasses and using them to point at all of us in the audience, "all your families, friends, and teachers, to celebrate not only your achievements of this past year, Beecher middle schoolers but your endless possibilities. "When you reflect on this past year, I want you all to look at where you are now and where you've been. You've all gotten a little taller, a little stronger, a little smarter . . . I hope."

Here some people in the audience chuckled.

"But the best way to measure how much you've grown isn't by inches or the number of laps you can now run around the track, or even your grade point average—though those things are important, to be sure. It's what you've done with your time, how you've chosen to spend your days, and whom you have touched this year. That, to me, is the greatest measure of success.

"There's a wonderful line in a book by J. M. Barrie—and no, it's not *Peter Pan*, and I'm not going to ask you to clap if you believe in fairies...."

Here everyone laughed again.

"But in another book by J. M. Barrie called *The Little White Bird*...he writes..." He started flipping through a small book on the podium until he found the page he was looking for, and then he put on his reading glasses. " 'Shall we make a new rule of life... always to try to be a little kinder than is necessary?' "

Here Mr. Tushman looked up at the audience. "Kinder than is necessary," he repeated. "What a marvelous line, isn't it? Kinder than is necessary. Because it's not enough to be kind. One should be kinder than needed. Why I love that line, that concept, is that it reminds me that we carry with us, as human beings, not just the capacity to be kind, but the very choice of kindness. And what does that mean? How is that measured? You can't use a yardstick. It's like I was saying just before: it's not like measuring how much you've grown in a year. It's not exactly quantifiable, is it? How do we know we've been kind? What is being kind, anyway?"

He put on his reading glasses again and started flipping through another small book.

"There's another passage in a different book I'd like to share with you," he said. "If you'll bear with me while I find it. . . . Ah, here we go. In *Under the Eye of the Clock*, by Christopher Nolan, the main character is a young man who is facing some extraordinary challenges. There's this one part where someone helps him: a kid in his class. On the surface, it's a small gesture. But to this young man, whose name is Joseph, it's . . . well, if you'll permit me . . ."

He cleared his throat and read from the book: " 'It was at moments such as these that Joseph recognized the face of God in human form. It glimmered in their kindness to him, it glowed in their keenness, it hinted in their caring, indeed it caressed in their gaze.' "

He paused and took off his reading glasses again. "It glimmered in their kindness to him," he repeated, smiling. "Such a simple thing, kindness. Such a simple thing. A nice word of encouragement given when needed. An act of friendship. A passing smile."

He closed the book, put it down, and leaned forward on the podium.

"Children, what I want to impart to you today is an understanding of the value of that simple thing called kindness. And that's all I want to leave you with today. I know I'm kind of infamous for my . . . um . . . verbosity . . ."

Here everybody laughed again. I guess he knew he was known for his long speeches.

"... but what I want you, my students, to take away from your middle-school experience," he continued, "is the sure knowledge that, in the future you make for yourselves, anything is possible. If every single person in this room made it a rule that wherever you are, whenever you can, you will try to act a little kinder than is

necessary—the world really would be a better place. And if you do this, if you act just a little kinder than is necessary, someone else, somewhere, someday, may recognize in you, in every single one of you, the face of God."

He paused and shrugged.

"Or whatever politically correct spiritual representation of universal goodness you happen to believe in," he added quickly, smiling, which got a lot of laughs and loads of applause, especially from the back of the auditorium, where the parents were sitting.

Awards

I liked Mr. Tushman's speech, but I have to admit: I kind of zoned out a little during some of the other speeches.

I tuned in again as Ms. Rubin started reading off the names of the kids who'd made the High Honor Roll because we were supposed to stand up when our names were called. So I waited and listened for my name as she went down the list alphabetically. Reid Kingsley. Maya Markowitz. August Pullman. I stood up. Then when she finished reading off the names, she asked us all to face the audience and take a bow, and everyone applauded.

I had no idea where in that huge crowd my parents might be sitting. All I could see were the flashes of light from people taking photos and parents waving at their kids. I pictured Mom waving at me from somewhere even though I couldn't see her.

Then Mr. Tushman came back to the podium to present the medals for academic excellence, and Jack was right: Ximena Chin won the gold medal for "overall academic excellence in the fifth grade." Charlotte won the silver. Charlotte also won a gold medal for music. Amos won the medal for overall excellence in sports, which I was really happy about because, ever since the nature retreat, I considered Amos to be like one of my best friends in school. But I was really, really thrilled when Mr. Tushman called out Summer's name for the gold medal in creative writing. I saw Summer put her hand over her mouth when her name was called, and when she walked up onto the stage, I yelled: "Woo-hoo, Summer!" as loudly as I could, though I don't think she heard me.

After the last name was called, all the kids who'd just won awards stood next to each other onstage, and Mr. Tushman said to the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am very honored to present to you this year's Beecher Prep School scholastic achievers. Congratulations to all of you!"

I applauded as the kids onstage bowed. I was so happy for Summer.

"The final award this morning," said Mr. Tushman, after the kids onstage had returned to their seats, "is the Henry Ward Beecher medal to honor students who have been notable or exemplary in certain areas throughout the school year.

Typically, this medal has been our way of acknowledging volunteerism or service to the school." I immediately figured Charlotte would get this medal because she organized the coat drive this year, so I kind of zoned out a bit again. I looked at my watch: 10:56. I was getting hungry for lunch already.

"... Henry Ward Beecher was, of course, the nineteenthcentury abolitionist—and fiery sermonizer for human rights —after whom this school was named," Mr. Tushman was saying when I started paying attention again.

"While reading up on his life in preparation for this award, I came upon a passage that he wrote that seemed particularly consistent with the themes I touched on earlier, themes I've been ruminating upon all year long. Not just the nature of kindness, but the nature of one's kindness. The power of *one's* friendship. The test of *one's* character. The strength of *one's* courage—"

And here the weirdest thing happened: Mr. Tushman's voice cracked a bit, like he got all choked up. He actually cleared his throat and took a big sip of water. I started paying attention, for real now, to what he was saying.

"The strength of one's courage," he repeated quietly, nodding and smiling. He held up his right hand like he was counting off. "Courage. Kindness. Friendship. Character. These are the qualities that define us as human beings, and propel us, on occasion, to greatness. And this is what the Henry Ward Beecher medal is about: recognizing greatness. "But how do we do that? How do we measure something like greatness? Again, there's no yardstick for that kind of thing. How do we even define it? Well, Beecher actually had an answer for that."

He put his reading glasses on again, leafed through a book, and started to read. " 'Greatness,' wrote Beecher, 'lies not in being strong, but in the right using of strength... . He is the greatest whose strength carries up the most hearts ...' "

And again, out of the blue, he got all choked up. He put his two index fingers over his mouth for a second before continuing.

" 'He is the greatest,' " he finally continued, " 'whose strength carries up the most hearts by the attraction of his own.' Without further ado, this year I am very proud to award the Henry Ward Beecher medal to the student whose quiet strength has carried up the most hearts.

"So will August Pullman please come up here to receive this award?"

Floating

People started applauding before Mr. Tushman's words actually registered in my brain. I heard Maya, who was next to me, give a little happy scream when she heard my name, and Miles, who was on the other side of me, patted my back.

"Stand up, get up!" said kids all around me, and I felt lots of hands pushing me upward out of my seat, guiding me to the edge of the row, patting my back, high-fiving me. "Way to go, Auggie!" "Nice going, Auggie!" I even started hearing my name being chanted: "Aug-gie! Aug-gie! Aug-gie!" I looked back and saw Jack leading the chant, fist in the air, smiling and signaling for me to keep going, and Amos shouting through his hands: "Woo-hoo, little dude!"

Then I saw Summer smiling as I walked past her row, and when she saw me look at her, she gave me a secret little thumbs-up and mouthed a silent "cool beans" to me. I laughed and shook my head like I couldn't believe it.

I really couldn't believe it. I think I was smiling. Maybe I was beaming, I don't know. As I walked up the aisle toward the stage, all I saw was a blur of happy bright faces looking at me, and hands clapping for me. And I heard people yelling things out at me: "You deserve it, Auggie!" "Good for you, Auggie!" I saw all my teachers in the aisle seats, Mr. Browne and Ms. Petosa and Mr. Roche and Mrs. Atanabi and Nurse Molly and all the others: and they were cheering for me, woo-hoo ing and whistling.

I felt like I was floating. It was so weird. Like the sun was shining full force on my face and the wind was blowing. As I got closer to the stage, I saw Ms. Rubin waving at me in the front row, and then next to her was Mrs. G, who was crying hysterically—a happy crying—smiling and clapping the whole time. And as I walked up the steps to the stage, the most amazing thing happened: everyone started standing up. Not just the front rows, but the whole audience suddenly got up on their feet, whooping, hollering, clapping like crazy. It was a standing ovation. For me.

I walked across the stage to Mr. Tushman, who shook my hand with both his hands and whispered in my ear: "Well done, Auggie." Then he placed the gold medal over my head, just like they do in the Olympics, and had me turn to face the audience. It felt like I was watching myself in a movie, almost, like I was someone else. It was like that last scene in *Star Wars Episode IV: A New Hope* when Luke Skywalker, Han Solo, and Chewbacca are being applauded for destroying the Death Star. I could almost hear the *Star Wars* theme music playing in my head as I stood on the stage.

I wasn't even sure why I was getting this medal, really.

No, that's not true. I knew why. It's like people you see sometimes, and you can't imagine what it would be like to be that person, whether it's somebody in a wheelchair or somebody who can't talk. Only, I know that I'm that person to other people, maybe to every single person in that whole auditorium.

To me, though, I'm just me. An ordinary kid.

But hey, if they want to give me a medal for being me, that's okay. I'll take it. I didn't destroy a Death Star or anything like that, but I did just get through the fifth grade. And that's not easy, even if you're not me.

Pictures

Afterward there was a reception for the fifth and sixth graders under a huge white tent in the back of the school. All the kids found their parents, and I didn't mind at all when Mom and Dad hugged me like crazy, or when Via wrapped her arms around me and swung me left and right about twenty times. Then Poppa and Tata hugged me, and Aunt Kate and Uncle Po, and Uncle Ben—everyone kind of teary-eyed and wetcheeked. But Miranda was the funniest: she was crying more than anyone and squeezed me so tight that Via had to practically pry her off of me, which made them both laugh.

Everyone started taking pictures of me and pulling out their Flips, and then Dad got me, Summer, and Jack together for a group shot. We put our arms around each other's shoulders, and for the first time I can remember, I wasn't even thinking about my face. I was just smiling a big fat happy smile for all the different cameras clicking away at me. Flash, flash, click, click : smiling away as Jack's parents and Summer's mom started clicking. Then Reid and Maya came over. Flash, flash, click, click. And then Charlotte came over and asked if she could take a picture with us, and we were like, "Sure, of course!" And then Charlotte's parents were snapping away at our little group along with everyone else's parents.

And the next thing I knew, the two Maxes had come over, and Henry and Miles, and Savanna. Then Amos came over, and Ximena. And we were all in this big tight huddle as parents clicked away like we were on a red carpet somewhere. Luca. Isaiah. Nino.

Pablo. Tristan. Ellie. I lost track of who else came over. Everybody, practically. All I knew for sure is that we were all laughing and squeezing in tight against each other, and no one seemed to care if it was my face that was next to theirs or not. In fact, and I don't mean to brag here, but it kind of felt like everyone wanted to get close to me.

The Walk Home

We walked to our house for cake and ice cream after the reception. Jack and his parents and his little brother, Jamie. Summer and her mother. Uncle Po and Aunt Kate. Uncle Ben, Tata and Poppa. Justin and Via and Miranda. Mom and Dad.

It was one of those great June days when the sky is completely blue and the sun is shining but it isn't so hot that you wish you were on the beach instead. It was just the perfect day. Everyone was happy. I still felt like I was floating, the *Star Wars* hero music in my head.

I walked with Summer and Jack, and we just couldn't stop cracking up. Everything made us laugh. We were in that giggly kind of mood where all someone has to do is look at you and you start laughing.

I heard Dad's voice up ahead and looked up. He was telling everyone a funny story as they walked down Amesfort Avenue. The grown-ups were all laughing, too. It was like Mom always said: Dad could be a comedian.

I noticed Mom wasn't walking with the group of grown-ups, so I looked behind me. She was hanging back a bit, smiling to herself like she was thinking of something sweet. She seemed happy.

I took a few steps back and surprised her by hugging her as she walked. She put her arm around me and gave me a squeeze.

"Thank you for making me go to school," I said quietly.

She hugged me close and leaned down and kissed the top of my head.

"Thank you, Auggie," she answered softly.

"For what?"

"For everything you've given us," she said. "For coming into our lives. For being you."

She bent down and whispered in my ear. "You really are a wonder, Auggie. You are a wonder."

APPENDIX

MR. BROWNE'S PRECEPTS

SEPTEMBER

When given the choice between being right or being kind, choose kind. —Dr. Wayne W. Dyer

OCTOBER

Your deeds are your monuments. —inscription on an Egyptian tomb

NOVEMBER

Have no friends not equal to yourself. -Confucius

DECEMBER Audentes fortuna iuvat. (Fortune favors the bold.) - Virgil

JANUARY

No man is an island, entire of itself. —John Donne

FEBRUARY

It is better to know some of the questions than all of the answers. -James Thurber

MARCH Kind words do not cost much. Yet they accomplish much. -Blaise Pascal

APRIL

What is beautiful is good, and who is good will soon be beautiful. -Sappho

MAY

Do all the good you can,

By all the means you can,

In all the ways you can,

In all the places you can,

At all the times you can,

To all the people you can,

As long as you ever can. —John Wesley's Rule

JUNE

Just follow the day and reach for the sun! - The Polyphonic Spree, "Light and Day"

POSTCARD PRECEPTS

CHARLOTTE CODY'S PRECEPT It's not enough to be friendly. You have to be a friend.

REID KINGSLEY'S PRECEPT Save the oceans, save the world! ---Me!

TRISTAN FIEDLEHOLTZEN'S PRECEPT If you really want something in this life, you have to work for it. Now quiet, they're about to announce the lottery numbers! —Homer Simpson

SAVANNA WITTENBERG'S PRECEPT Flowers are great, but love is better. —Justin Bieber

HENRY JOPLIN'S PRECEPT Don't be friends with jerks. --Henry Joplin

MAYA MARKOWITZ'S PRECEPT All you need is love. - The Beatles

AMOS CONTI'S PRECEPT Don't try too hard to be cool. It always shows, and that's uncool. — Amos Conti

XIMENA CHIN'S PRECEPT To thine own self be true. - Hamlet, Shakespeare

JULIAN ALBANS'S PRECEPT Sometimes it's good to start over. —Julian Albans

SUMMER DAWSON'S PRECEPT If you can get through middle school without hurting anyone's feelings, that's really cool beans. —Summer Dawson

JACK WILL'S PRECEPT Keep calm and carry on! --some saying from World War II

AUGUST PULLMAN'S PRECEPT Everyone in the world should get a standing ovation at least once in their life because we all overcometh the world. — Auggie

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And most of all, thank you to my incredible husband, Russell, for your inspiring insights, instincts, and unwavering support—not just for this project but for all of them over the years—and for being my first reader, my first love, my everything. Like Maria said, "Somewhere in my youth or childhood, I must have done something good." How else to explain this life we've built together? I am grateful every day.

Lastly, but not least, I would like to thank the little girl in front of the ice cream shop and all the other "Auggies," whose stories have inspired me to write this book. —R.J.

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About the Author



R.J. Palacio is a graphic designer by day and a writer by night. She lives in New York City with her husband, their two sons, and a black dog named Bear. Wonder is her first novel.

Statistics

These statistics are derived by using the spell checker on Microsoft Word and from the Accelerated Reader Web site.

Counts

Words 73891

Characters 318291

Paragraphs 3032

Sentences 6631

Averages Sentences per Paragraph 2.6

Words per Sentence 10.8

Characters per Word 4.0

Readability Passive Sentences 1%

Flesch Reading Ease 86.9

Flesch-Kincaid Grade Level 3.8

Accelerated Reader Grade Level 4.8

Accelerated Reader Interest Level MG

Counts — Displays the number of words, characters, paragraphs, and sentences in the current document. The Counts statistics may differ from the Averages statistics because the latter do not include incomplete sentences.

Averages — Displays sentence-, word-, and character-count averages for the current document. The Averages statistics do not include incomplete sentences.

Readability scores

When Word finishes checking spelling and grammar, it can display information about the reading level of the document, including the following readability scores. Each readability score bases its rating on the average number of syllables per word and words per sentence.

Flesch Reading Ease score

Rates text on a 100-point scale; the higher the score, the easier it is to understand the document. For most standard documents, aim for a score of approximately 60 to 70.

Flesch-Kincaid Grade Level score

Rates text on a U.S. grade-school level. For example, a score of 8.0 means that an eighth grader can understand the document. For most standard documents, aim for a score of approximately 7.0 to 8.0.

Accelerated Reading Grade Level Score and Interest Level (If Available)

Rates text based on word length, number of words per sentence and number of sentences per paragraph similar to Flesch-Kincaid. It differs in that it adjusts the rating by considering actual words and the experiences of a large sampling of student readers and actual words in books. Interest level is based on publisher's recommendations about the content. MG=Middle Grades. LG=Lower Grades. UG=Upper Grades.

LOOK CLOSELY AT YOUR HOME Where is my Walden Pond?



Laura Glismann Blue Diamond, NV

THOREAUS HOUSE AT WALDEN POND.



"I had three chairs in my house; one for solitude, two for friendship, three for society." – <u>Henry David Thoreau</u>, <u>Walden</u>

The Mojave Desert is our home. It has not always been a desert, but we will save that for later, keeping in mind that this is where we live, work, and go to school.



Introduction to the Mojave Desert in pictures:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gZzxEcujwGo

Plants and animals of the Mojave Desert:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6EelVbzuf24

THE MOJAVE DESERT

Desert USA is an excellent source for your research on your home, the Mojave Desert.

https://www.desertusa.com/mojave-desert.html

OTHER EXCELLENT SOURCES:

http://mojavedesert.net/description.html

Be sure to use the links at the top of the page

Mojave Desert PPT

Second Mojave Desert PPT

Students: Using a piece of printer paper fold in half, the HOT DOG way. Then fold the opposite direction twice to create 4 division. You should now have a 3-4 page brochure with 4 division horizontally. A Cover Page and 2 inside pages and one back page.

On this brochure, on the cover page you have 4 slots to fill. The top slot is reserved for THE MOJAVE DESERT. The other three are for you to decide. You can put plants, animals, climate, Native Americans, history, or any other subject you are interested in. We have made these brochures several times in class. Follow the same template. The left inside of the brochure is your definition or description, and the inside right is a picture of your own drawing.

The back page is your choice.

Back ground information:

YouTube to show in class and discuss with your students on the Mojave Desert:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S-Bwb0xayiA https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CahVTHKxhUU Ancient inhabitants of the Mojave Desert; petroglyphs https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0UYJmJL33PU

TEACHERS: There are several options to support the making of the brochures. Student can access information from the above website on their phones, or you can take them to the computer lab for research, or the library. If the students are inclined to read paper, the library can have several books on the Mojave Desert on display or checked out to your classroom.

After researching the Mojave Desert, it is time to move on to Henry David Thoreau.

As an introduction, show the film we saw on the bus. I need to get a copy myself.

If the students are interested in further researching, here are some interesting YouTube films on HDT.

Henry David Thoreau

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=T70nkxohmnY

http://www.cbsnews.com/news/passage-the-life-of-henrydavid-thoreau/

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_8FUPrd5ra0

READING THOREAU

Give the students a verbal introduction to the Chapter SOUNDS being sure to discuss the fact of the railroad being nearby and Thoreau's ambiguous feelings concerning it, especially through the rattle and the whistle of the locomotive and its cars.

Then with the class or as an assignment, read the last approximately 3 pages of the chapter beginning with

"Now that the cars are gone by and all the restless world with them, and the fishes in the pond no longer feel their rumbling, I am more alone than ever."

You may want to Xerox this for your classes.

I am trying to relate to the students that although their world is filled with city sounds, they can find moments when they are alone with the sounds of nature.

STUDENTS:

Assignment is to find a spot in their urban world and write a 1 page essay invoking the sounds they hear, suing Thoreau's essay as a guide. They may need to practice in the classroom, emphasizing the sitting still part that does not come easily for them. A nice beginning exercise could be to take them outside in their school environment if possible for a designated time period and then share these practice essays in class.

PART TWO: The Battle of the Ants

THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS

by <u>Henry David Thoreau</u>

Please Note: *The Battle of the Ants* is not a stand-alone essay. It is excerpted from Thoreau's <u>Walden Pond</u>, <u>Chapter 12: Brute Neighbors</u>, presented here as a convenience to students and instructors.

"I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least."



Gallice, Army Ants, 2011

I was witness to events of a less peaceful character. One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long,

and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a duellum, but a bellum, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was "Conquer or die." In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon

it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar -- for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red -- he drew near with rapid pace till be stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord Fight! Two killed on the patriots' side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why here every ant was a Buttrick -- "Fire! for God's sake fire!" -- and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on

my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hotel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

Kirby and Spence tell us that the battles of ants have long been celebrated and the date of them recorded, though they say that Huber is the only modern author who appears to have witnessed them. "AEneas Sylvius," say they, "after giving a very circumstantial account of one contested with great obstinacy by a great and small species on the trunk of a pear tree," adds that "this action was fought in the

9

pontificate of Eugenius the Fourth, in the presence of Nicholas Pistoriensis, an eminent lawyer, who related the whole, history of the battle with the greatest fidelity." A similar engagement between great and small ants is recorded by Olaus Magnus, in which the small ones, being victorious, are said to have buried the bodies of their own soldiers, but left those of their giant enemies a prey to the birds. This event happened previous to the expulsion of the tyrant Christiern the Second from Sweden." The battle which I witnessed took place in the Presidency of Polk, five years before the passage of Webster's Fugitive-Slave Bill.

Xerox this passage from BRUTE NEIGHBORS for your students, then show them the following videos on making a quadrant.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0uXfd959z6s

This video will lead to several others.

TEACHERS: Take the class outside with a piece of notebook paper and something to write on. Place the paper on the ground and make this area a very small quadrat. After tracing the area with the writing utensil, observe this area and write as much as you can about this small area.

Go back into the classroom and share writings with the class. The teacher should have the best one! (Yes I got this idea from one of the other Biology teachers at the Land Marks seminar!)

If there is time and the inclination, you can transfer this skill to any other area chosen by the student, but make the quadrat 1 meter by 1 meter.

Draw the quadrat and what is found in it and write a one page description

The students will most likely be unable to see anything as dramatic as the battle of the ants as Thoreau did, however, they might see something they had not anticipated. This exercise may lead them into being better and more careful observers overall.

Laura Glismann

Blue Diamond, Nevada

In discovering the online museum resources I would like to note how excellent the **EARLY SPRING: Henry Thoreau and Climate Change** is. I would run through this with my students somewhere in the unit, given the time.

http://www.concordmuseum.org/early-spring-exhibition.php

Old Saybrook High School English Department American Literature / American Studies Thoreau Unit - Lesson 1: Living Deliberately

Stage 1 – Desired Results

Established Goal(s)/Content Standard(s):

•What relevant goals will this design address?

CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.11-12.2

Determine two or more themes or central ideas of a text and analyze their development over the course of the text, including how they interact and build on one another to produce a complex account; provide an objective summary of the text.

CCSS.ELA-Literacy.RL.11-12.4

Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in the text, including figurative and connotative meanings; analyze the impact of specific word choices on meaning and tone, including words with multiple meanings or language that is particularly fresh, engaging, or beautiful. (Include Shakespeare as well as other authors.)

CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.11-12.1

Write arguments to support claims in an analysis of substantive topics or texts, using valid reasoning and relevant and sufficient evidence.

CCSS.ELA-Literacy.W.11-12.3

Write narratives to develop real or imagined experiences or events using effective technique, well-chosen details, and well-structured event sequences.

CCSS.ELA-Literacy.SL.11-12.4

Present information, findings, and supporting evidence, conveying a clear and distinct perspective, such that listeners can follow the line of reasoning, alternative or opposing perspectives are addressed, and the organization, development, substance, and style are appropriate to purpose, audience, and a range of formal and informal tasks.

Unit Description: Students will read various excerpts from "Walden", Thoreau's Journal, and "Civil Disobedience" to determine what Thoreau means by living deliberately and determine if he did in fact achieve his goal. Based on their understanding of living deliberately students will then engage in their own transcendental moments throughout the week as they are asked to find a place of solitude; make and record observations; keep a journal; and utilize their journal as a source of inspiration to articulate their own fundamental truths in the form of argumentative or narrative writing. Students will engage in discussion and present their truths through a lyceum.

Understanding (s)	Essential Question(s):
Students will understand that:	• What provocative questions will for
• What are the big ideas?	inquiry, understanding, and transfe
-Students will be able to engage with and utilize	the learning?

Old Saybrook High School English Department American Literature / American Studies Thoreau Unit - Lesson 1: Living Deliberately

textual evidence to determine and articulate what Thoreau means by living deliberately.

-Students will engage in observation, deliberation, and reflection in regards to their own lives.

-Reflection is key to determine the essential facts of life

• What specific understandings about them are desired?

Living deliberately is a layered process that requires observation, critical thinking, analysis, and reflection.

• What misunderstandings are predictable?

Living deliberately is simply determining betw right and wrong.

- What does Thoreau mean by living deliberately?
- What truths does Thoreau arrive at through his deliberation?
- What does it mean for us to live deliberately?
- What aspects of life require deliberation
- How do we deliberate effectively?

Student objectives (outcomes):

Students will be able to:

- What key knowledge and skills will students acquire as a result of this unit?
- Students will read excerpts from Walden, Journal selections, & Civil Disobedience to determine what Thoreau means by living deliberately and how that deliberation defines his view of the world.
- Students will engage in close readings and discussions to develop a framework for their own deliberations
- What should they eventually be able to do as a result of such knowledge and skill? Make observations, field notes, journal entries, and writing samples based on their thoughtful deliberations.
- Students will present their deliberations through a Lyceum format.

Stage 2 – Assessment Lvidence		
Perfo	rmance Task(s):	Other Evidence:
•	Through what authentic performance task(s) will students demonstrate the desired understandings?	 Through what other evidence will students demonstrate achievement of the desired results?
1.	Reading assigned passages;	Journal entries during the week.
2.	Take inventory	Final writing sample.
3.	Make observations, field notes, journal entries, and writing samples based on their thoughtful deliberations.	Engaging and presenting through a Lyceum format.

Stage 2 – Assessment Evidence

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- 4. Articulate new understandings through writing
- 5. Present findings in a Lyceum format.
- By what criteria will "performances of understanding" be judged? Rubrics for CCSS ELA: RL.11-12.2 & 4; W.1 & 3; S.4

Stage 3 – Learning Plan

Learning Activities:

• W= Where the unit is going?

Students articulate Thoreau's perspective of living deliberately and use that view as a lens to their own lives

• H= Hook and hold interest

Students deliberate about aspects of their own lives. Self directed introspection.

- E= Equip all students
- Students read excerpts from Walden, Journals, and Civil Disobedience
 - R= Rethink and Revise their understanding

Engage in reflection and min-socratics

• E= Evaluate their work

Utilize field notes and journal entries to come to clearer understanding of their own deliberations and truths.

• T= Tailored learning (personalization to needs)

Naturally student led and differentiated. Teacher helps guide students through texts and discussions.

• O= Organized to maximize engagement

Follow learning tasks and assigned readings.

Alive Awake Alert: Journaling in Nature and Nature Writing

Grade Level: 9-12 Subject: Science Prepared by: Joseph Grissom

Overview and Purpose:

A foundational skill in all science courses is a student's ability to observe the natural world. Students must be able to view the area around them in a way that addresses both qualitative characteristics as well as the quantitative nature of things. This project is designed to be a persistent activity that has students demonstrate mastery of observational skills. Students are asked to complete a week long activity describing the world around them before turning in a piece of nonfiction writing that is describing the world around them.

Educational Standards - Indiana Biology Standards

- Science and Engineering Process Standards (SEPS.2) Developing and using models and tools
- SEPS.3 Constructing and performing investigations
- Indiana Learning Outcomes for Literacy in Science/Technical Subjects Grades 9-10.LST.1.1, 9-10.LST.1.2, 9-10.LST.3.3, 9-10. LST.4.1, 9-10.LST.4.2, 9-10.LST.4.3

Objectives:

Specify skills/information that will be learned

- Observational skills
- Data collection and interpretation
- Reporting and sharing information
- Scientific Writing
- Presentation skills

Materials Needed:

- Pencil
- Timer
- Journal Template (Sample Provided)

Other Resources:

(websites, videos, books, etc.)

- Walden Henry David Thoreau (Chapters such as "Pond" are great for sharing observation data and application
- Pilgrim at Tinker Creek Annie Dillard
- A Sand County Almanac Aldo Leopold

*These texts are samples that you can give/read to students when preparing to write stories about their nature journals

Activity:

Timeline - 4-7 class periods

This activity is designed to be an end of year activity to assess students ability to apply information they learned in life sciences (Biology, Environmental Science, AP Biology, AP Environmental Science, General Science)

On the first day, have students observe a small area for approximately 10 minutes. In that time, direct students to think about all of their senses when describing the area and reminding them of the two types of data that they can collect when making these observations. Once the 10 minutes is up, have them share the information with a peer. Have volunteers share with the class what they observed. It is also good for the teacher to have a sample of what a good observation set looks like. After sharing, read a piece of nature writing to the class for them to think about how their information can be applied to writing a piece of nonfiction.

Observation Days - For however many days you want students to journal, have them take their observation pages with them outside to record data. Suggest to the students that they look for a single object to describe one day and focus on as many details as possible. Some students also fair well with free observation over a whole landscape. Denote the difference in scale. At the end of each period, have a few students share their observations to help other students get an idea of what they should do. Sketching, drawing, listing, etc are all ways in which the students can gather data.

Writing Days - Have students write a short narrative about their observations. Read them a sample of a nature writing piece for inspiration or share with them a piece of your own writing. This exercise can prove difficult for some students who cannot make the connection between writing and reporting the data. Doing the nature writing as a two page minimum is recommended but can be differentiated into poetry or fiction if necessary.

Presentation - Have students present their work to the class. Students should either read an excerpt from their story or present a part of their project if it takes a different form.

Verification:

- 1. Check student understanding by having them share the events of the day
- 2. Ask students if they know the difference between quantitative vs qualitative traits of data.
- 3. Bellwork the next day to see if students observe these types of data. Project an image on the screen and then talk about what each of them write.
- 4. Students will submit a story and present to you the information on that topic.

Date, Time, Weather, Location Information	Sketching and Drawings
Observational Writing Space	

Alive Awake Alert: Observation

Grade Level: 5-12 Subject: Science Prepared by: Joseph Grissom

Overview and Purpose:

A foundational skill in all science courses is a student's ability to observe the natural world. Students must be able to view the area around them in a way that addresses both qualitative characteristics as well as the quantitative nature of things. This lesson is designed to inform students of the two types of observations that they can make in the world around them on a much smaller scale.

Educational Standards - Indiana Biology Standards

- Science and Engineering Process Standards (SEPS.2) Developing and using models and tools
- SEPS.3 Constructing and performing investigations

Objectives:

Specify skills/information that will be learned

- Qualitative vs Quantitative data
- Observational clues
- Comparison and contrasting data
- Reporting and sharing information
- Scientific Method

Materials Needed:

- Pencil
- Timer
- 4x6 Note Card

Other Resources:

(websites, videos, books, etc.)

• None

Activity Outline:

- 1. Have students collect a card.
- 2. Take them outside into an open area.
- 3. Instruct the students to place their card on the ground in front of them. Then tell them that for 6 minutes they are to write as many things that they observe in that area under the card.
- 4. After the observation time, have the individuals form groups of two to compare and contrast what they observed.
- 5. Collect volunteer cards and have students share.
- 6. Discuss what the students observed about each of the samples and assess if the data

collected was quantitative in nature or qualitative in nature. Both types of data may be collected but students tend to only focus on the qualitative traits of the data.

- 7. I showed the students the same activity that I did with my observations of all the data that I recorded in that time period. My card was completely filled with all types of data to show them that there is much more they are not seeing.
- 8. Ended with talking about Thoreau quote "The question is not what you look at, but what you see." Discuss with students the difference between looking at something and actually seeing something.

Verification:

- 1. Check student understanding by having them share the events of the day
- 2. Ask students if they know the difference between quantitative vs qualitative traits of data.
- 3. Bellwork the next day to see if students observe these types of data. Project an image on the screen and then talk about what each of them write.

Home Poetry Lesson Plan

Objective: Students will be able to create a poem and a sketch based on their observations of their own home or room.

Supples:

- Excerpts from Walden
- Powerpoint focused around Thoreau's home(s)
- Where I'm From by George Ella Lyon
- Where I'm From Poetry Template
- Sketch Paper (optional)

Time: Three class periods

Grade Level: 7th Grade ELA

Day One:

- 1. Class will read excerpt from Walden and discuss Thoreau's details and ideas of home
- 2. Informative powerpoint on Concord and Walden Pond and how a home can shape a person and their ideas
- 3. Students will be assigned to draw a sketch of their home or room. Emphasis will be placed on effort and attention to detail rather than perfection and technical skill.

Day Two:

- 1. Students will read the poem "Where I'm From" by George Ella Lyon
- 2. We will discuss how the poet uses his five senses to explain her home and uses careful observations
- 3. Discuss the Where I'm From Poetry template
- 4. Students will begin to create their poems

Day Three:

- 1. Students will finish their poems.
- 2. Students will get a large piece of construction paper and transcribe their poem there while also attaching the sketch of their home.

An Introduction to Henry David Thoreau and Journaling for Elementary Students

Carol Grossi Towers Elementary School Torrance, California

Overview

Students will be introduced to Henry David Thoreau through excerpts from his writings as well as historical fiction. Students will begin journaling their daily life and eventually will begin to journal their experiences with the natural world.

Works Cited

Dawes, Claiborne, and J. Stephen Moyle. A Different Drummer: Thoreau and

Will's Independence Day. Carlisle, MA: Discovery Enterprises, 1998.

Johnson, D. B., and James Naughton. Henry Builds a Cabin. Norwalk, CT:

Weston Woods Studios, 2003.

Sanford, Sally Allis, and Ilse Plume. Henry and the Huckleberries: A Visit with

Mr. Thoreau at Walden Pond: Based on a True Story. Westport, CT:

Prospecta, 2017.

Thoreau, Henry David. Walden, Edited by Jeffrey S. Cramer. New Haven Yale

University Press, 2004.

Thoreau, Henry David. *Walking*. Carlisle, Massachusetts, Applewood Books, 1992.

Activity 1

Give each student a journal. Eventually, they will create their own covers. Ask students to write about everything they do for four days from Monday through Thursday. This can include activities at school, meals, and leisure time.

Activity 2

Take students outside of the classroom and have them spread themselves out on the blacktop or the field. Ask them to write about everything they see, hear, touch, and taste in a 5-10 minute period. Remind them that this will be done in complete silence. When they are done, they may share their experiences with their peers.

Next, read the following quote to the class as you project it on the board:

"I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived." (p. 88)

Ask students to think about this quote and to discuss it with their table partners. Ask for volunteers to share what they think Thoreau meant. Then, ask students what they think are the "essentials" of life. As the class discusses, make a list. Then, ask students to reflect on what they have written in their journals this week and make a list of those things that they think are non-essentials. Post both lists.

Read Aloud: Read Henry Builds a Cabin to the class.

Activity 3

Read Aloud: *Read Henry and the Huckleberries* to the class. Then share the PowerPoint of Images in Walden. Explain to the students that Thoreau was a careful observer of nature. In his journals he sometimes drew pictures of what he saw. Pass out the pictures from the PowerPoint as well as natural objects such as shells, plants, and pieces of tree branches. Ask the students to draw what they see.

Assignment 1: Ask students to take their journal home over the weekend. They will need to find a natural setting such as a yard, a park, a beach, or anywhere that they can enjoy natural surroundings. Ask them to use their senses to write about their experience. This should be done in silence for a period of 5-20 minutes. Remind them about their experience on the blacktop or field. Remind students that they can draw pictures as well as write.

Assignment 2: Ask students to attempt to avoid any of the non-essentials of life for one week and to write about their experiences in their journal every day. At the end of the week ask students to discuss their experiences with their table partners and then open it up for a whole class discussion.

What did they experience? How did it feel?

Ask students to continue journaling.

Read Aloud: A Different Drummer – Thoreau and Will's Independence Day to the class.

Excerpts from the Writings of Henry David Thoreau

From Walking

"I think that I cannot preserve my health and spirits, unless I spend four hours a day at least, --- and it is commonly more than that, --- sauntering through te woods and over the hills and fields, absolutely free from all worldly engagements." (pp. 8-9)

"For I believe that climate does thus react on man, -- as there is something in the mountain-air that feeds the spirit and inspires." (p. 28)

"I derive more of my subsistence from the swamps which surround my native town than from the cultivated gardens in the village." (p. 39)

"I took a walk on Spaulding's Farm the other afternoon. I saw the setting sun lighting up the opposite side of a stately pine wood. Its golden rays straggled into the aisles of the wood as into some noble hall. I was impressed as if some ancient and altogether admirable and shining family had settled there in that part of the land called Concord, unknown to me, -- to whom the sun was servant, -- who had not gone into society in the village, --who had not been called on. I saw their park, their pleasure-ground, beyond through the wood, in Spaulding's cranberry-meadow." (pp. 53-54)

"Methinks we might elevate ourselves a little more. We might climb a tree, at least. I found my account in climbing a tree once. It was a tall white pine, on the top of a hill; and though I got well pitched, I was well paid for it, for I discovered new mountains in the horizon which I had never seen before, --so much more of the earth and the heavens. I might have walked about the foot of the tree for threescore years and ten, and yet I certainly should never have seen them. But, above all, I discovered around me, --it was near the end of June, --on the ends of the topmost branches only, a few minute and delicate red cone-like blossoms, the fertile flower of the white pine looking heavenward. I carried straightaway to the village the topmost spire, and showed it to stranger jurymen who walked the streets, --for it was court-week, --and to farmers and lumber dealers and wood-choppers and hunters, and not one had ever seen the like before, but they wondered as at a star dropped down." (pp. 56-57)

From Walden

"I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived." (p. 88)

"Still we live meanly, like ants...Our life is frittered away by detail An honest man has hardly need to count more than his ten fingers, or in extreme cases he may add his ten toes, and lump the rest. Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb nail." (pp.88-89)

"The scenery of Walden is on a humble scale, and, though very beautiful, does not approach to grandeur, nor can it much concern one who has not long frequented it or lived by its shore; yet this pond is so remarkable for its depth and purity as to merit a particular description. It is a clear and deep green well, half a mile long and a mile and three quarters in circumference, and contains about sixty-one and a half acres; a perennial spring in the midst of pine and oak woods...The surrounding hills rise abruptly from the water to the height of forty t eighty feet, though on the south-east and east they attain to about one hundred and one hundred and fifty feet respectively, within a quarter and a third of a mile. They are exclusively woodland. All our Concord water have two colors at least, one viewed at a distance, and another, more proper, close at hand. The first depends more on the light, and follows the sky. In clear weather, in summer they appear blue at a little distance, especially if agitated, and at a great distance all appear alike. In stormy weather they are sometimes of a dark slate color. The sea, however, is said to be blue one day and green another without any perceptible change in the atmosphere. I have seen our river, when, the landscape being covered with snow, both water and ice were almost as green as grass. Some consider blue "to be the color of pure water, whether liquid or solid." But, looking directly down into our waters from a boat, they are seen to be of very different colors. Walden is blue at one time and green at another, even from the same point of view. Lying between the earth and the heavens, it partakes of the color of both. Viewed from a hill-top it reflects the color the the sky, but near at hand it is of yellowish ting next the shore where you can see the sand, then a light green, which gradually deepens to a uniform dark green in the body of the pond." (pp. 170-171)

Every morning was a cheerful invitation to make my life of equal simplicity, and I may say innocence, with Nature herself. ... I got up early and bathed in the pond; that was a religious exercise, and one of the best things which I did." P. 86)

"The shore is composed of a belt of smooth rounded white stones like paving stones, excepting one or two short sand beaches, and is so steep that in manyh places a single leap will carry you into water over your head.;;;Some think it bottomless. It is nowhere muddy, and a casual observer would say that there were no weeds at all in it; and of noticeable plants, except in the little meadows recently overflowed." P. 173)

"You can even detect a waterbug (Gyrinus) ceaselessly progressing over the smooth surface a quarter of a mile off; for they furrow the water slightly, making a conspicuous ripple bounded by two diverging lines, but the skaters glide over it without rippling it perceptibly." (p. 181)

"One November afternoon, in the calm at the end of a rain storm of several days' duration, when the sky was still completely overcast and the air was full of mist, I observed that the pond was remarkably smooth, so that it was difficult to distinguish its surface; though it no longer reflected the bright tints of October, but the somber November colors of the surrounding hills." (p. 183)

"When I first paddled a boat on Walden, it was completely surrounded by thick and lofty pine and oak woods, and in some of its coves grape vines had run over the trees net the water and formed bowers under which a boat could pass. The hills which form its shores are so steep, and the woods on them were then so high, that, as you looked down from the west end, it had the appearance of an amphitheatre for some kind of sylvan spectacle. I have spent many an hour, when I was younger, floating over its surface as the zephyr willed, having paddled my boat to the middle, and lying on my back across the seats, in a summer forenoon, dreaming awake, until I was aroused by the boat touching the sand, and I arose to see what shore my fates had impelled me to; days when idleness was the most attractive and productive industry. Many a forenoon have I stolen away, preferring to spend thus the most valued part of the day; for I was rich, if not in money, in sunny hours and summer days, and spent them lavishly; nor do I regret that I did not waste more of them in the workshop or the teacher's desk." (p. 185) "As it grew darker, I was startled by the honking of geese flying low over the woods, like weary travelers getting in late from southern lakes, and indulging at last in unrestrained complaint and mutual consolation. Standing at my door, I could hear the rush of their wings; when, driving toward my house, they suddenly spied my light, and with hushed clamor wheeled and settled in the pond. So I came in, and shut the door, and passed my first spring night in the woods." (p. 301)

"Our village life would stagnate if it were not for the unexplored forests and meadows which surround it. We need the tonic of wildness..." (p. 306)

Examining Desperate and Deliberate Lives

The following lessons are designed to be used in connection with the study of *Into the Wild* by Jon Krakauer. The goal of the lessons is to address the overarching idea of Living a Deliberate Life. The lessons will ask students to study Henry David Thoreau's method of living deliberately, comparing Christopher McCandless' version of the same principle, and finally having students reflect on what living a deliberate life looks like today. The lessons can be taught in succession at the end of *Into the Wild* or spread out over the course of the novel.

Lesson 1

(Can be taught prior or reading Into the Wild)

Objective

The students will be able to determine how Henry David Thoreau would have defined living a deliberate life.

Essential Questions

• What does it mean to live deliberately?

Readings

Henry Builds a Cabin by D.B. Johnson Selections from Walden by Henry David Thoreau "Where I Lived and What I Lived For"

Materials Needed

Teacher copy of *Henry Builds a Cabin* Photocopied reading of "Where I Lived and What I Lived For" for student annotation

Procedure

Class 1 (or homework)

Students will come to class having read and annotated the selection from *Walden*: "Where I Lived and What I Lived For". Students should focus their annotations around what living a deliberate life looks, feels, and sounds like to Henry David Thoreau.

Class 2 (if Class 1 is done for homework)

Teacher will read to students *Henry Builds a Cabin* by D.B. Johnson and ask students how the children's book address living a deliberate life. Students should use their reading/annotation from the previous class (or homework assignment) to support their discussion of what ideals Thoreau is addressing when looking at how to live deliberately. Both what it means and what it also does not mean.

Assessment:

Students will map out Thoreau and his methods of living deliberately. This can be done through discussion, an exit ticket, or a paragraph response.

Lesson 2

(This lesson should be taught at least half way through Into the Wild)

Objective

The students will be able to analyze what living a deliberate life looked like to McCandless and compare and contrast it to Thoreau's definition of living deliberately.

Essential Questions

- Who is Thoreau, really?
- How is Thoreau misconstrued?

Readings

"Thoreau's Journal a Life of Listening" from *The Morgan Museum & Library* website Selections from *Walden* by Henry David Thoreau

"Solitude"

Materials Needed

Access to computers with audio and internet access Copies of "Solitude" from *Walden* Copies of *Into the Wild*

Procedure

Prior to the start of class students should read and annotate the "Solitude" section of *Walden*. As they annotation they should pay attention to the solitude that Thoreau is seeking and how it is similar to and/or different from the solitude that McCandless is seeking in Alaska.

Students will start class by listening to selections from "Thoreau's Journal a Life of Listening" on *The Morgan Museum & Library* website. As students listen they should jot down notes on who Thoreau is. For example, a friend, surveyor, activist, etc.

The teacher will use this as a jumping off point to address who Thoreau really is. Teacher should highlight that Thoreau is a part of the Concord society(active in the life of his town), he is a Surveyor (knows the land he is living on), friend (visits others and others visit him), activist, not a hermit (he is by no means alone in a cabin in the woods for an extended period of time), etc.... This should lead to a class discussion on the differences between Thoreau and McCandless. Does McCandless misconstrue Thoreau? How are the similar? How are the different?

Assessment:

Have students write a discussion between Thoreau and McCandless about what it means to live a deliberate life. They should use the notes from the class discussion as well as their annotation from "Solitude" and Lesson 1.

Lesson 3

(This lesson should be taught at the conclusion of the unit)

Objective

The students will be able to write a personal statement on what living a deliberate looks like today.

Essential Questions

- How can we practice living deliberately today?
- How do we practice living a deliberate life without falling into someone else's rut?

Readings

Selections from *Walden* by Henry David Thoreau Excerpts from "Conclusion"

Materials Needed

Copy of "Conclusion" from Walden

Procedure

Together as a class students and teacher should examine "Conclusion" starting with, "I left the woods for as good a reason as I went there..." and ending with "Now put the foundations under them". The teacher should then lead a discussion with the class pulling in some of the following questions. What call of action does Thoreau put before us? What point is he trying to make when talking about his feet wearing a path from his door to the pond-side? What about when reflecting that it is still there 5 to 6 years later? Can we live a deliberate life by following someone else's example or must we find an original version? When the teacher is satisfied he/she will assign students to write a personal statement on how can we practice living deliberately today.

Assessment

We can't all build a cabin by the woods and we are not all going to take off for Alaska...So, how do we live deliberately today?

Sources

Johnson, D. B., and James Naughton. *Henry Builds a Cabin*. Weston Woods Studios, 2003. Krakauer, Jon. *Into the Wild*. Anchor Books, 2007.

- "Thoreau's Journal: A Life of Listening." *The Morgan Library & Museum*, 30 May 2017, www.themorgan.org/exhibitions/online/thoreau.
- Thoreau, Henry David, and Jonathan Levin. *Walden and, Civil Disobedience*. Barnes & Noble Classics, 2005.

Thread 4: Living in Society Grade Range: 4-6 (Gifted)

Getting on the Right Track (or ... Starting The School Year Deliberately)

Katy Hammel Edward Gonzales Elementary School Albuquerque, New Mexico

Goal: Students will apply the Thoreauvian ideal of living deliberately to promulgate a collaboratively-crafted code of classroom culture

Standards:

- * use close observation to draw evidence and inferences from texts, artifacts, and spaces.
- * determine the theme, ideas, and values expressed in complex texts.

 $\boldsymbol{*}$ engage in collaborative discussion, expressing ideas and building upon the ideas of others.

* learn about key writers/philosophers in the American tradition.

* consider the effect of technology on human and natural environments.

* acquire and use general academic and domain-specific words.

* write short opinion pieces, supporting a point of view with evidence and inferences.

* grow in self-knowledge by identifying values important to growth and happiness.

* articulate class aspirations and codes of conduct for the school year.

* create art that expresses ideas and values.

Before you begin:

1. choose an object of significance to you, perhaps something you made, which is small enough to bring in. It should be an object that, through close observation, students can infer something about your priorities and values.

2. collect smooth river rocks of various sizes and a large cardboard tray (like the base of an appliance box) as a base for rock displays

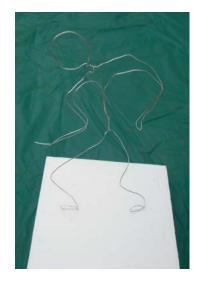
3. arrange your classroom in a way that expresses your priorities. Does your arrangement suggest that group work is important? technology? autonomy? organization? reading? humor? nature? Write these 3 questions on your board: "What does this room tell you about our school? What does this room tell you about what we're going to be doing here this year? What does this room tell you about how I want you to act when you're in this space?"

4. arrange a place to meet with students that is not your classroom. Try to make sure students cannot access your classroom ahead of time.

5. other supplies to gather:

- timer
- chalk
- student writing supplies
- collaborative writing tools (flipchart, Promethean board, or whiteboard ...)
- 20-gauge wire (about \$5 per roll at Home Depot, 1 roll per full-sized class),
 - (cut into 4'-5' lengths, can be cut with regular scissors)
- squares of styrofoam, one per student





6. copy the reading passages (Attachments begin on page 10)

7. key words below are in all caps: feel free to use them as vocabulary words

8. you will need internet access and projector to show videos and photos

9. assessment: assessable products in this short unit include oral Q&A with teacher, writing, and two works of sculpture

PART I: Tracks and Traces

Objective: Students will study objects and spaces to ascertain human values and then make a work of art exemplifying one of the values.

Students will	Teacher will
sit in a circle in a space that is not the classroom	pose question: "if someone who lived long ago didn't write about themselves, how could we get to know them?"
turn and talk to discuss questions posed by the teacher with a neighbor	invite students to turn to a neighbor in dyads or triads and discuss, with a timer set at around 2 minutes
share ideas out with the whole group	invite students to share ideas
look closely at the key object from teacher's life	show students the key object from your life; allow students to come closer if needed
share ideas, pointing to specific aspects of the object to support the ideas	pose questions: "what can you tell about me from this object?" "what do you KNOW and what can you INFER?" "what is it about the ARTIFACT makes you say that?"

Students will	Teacher will
take writing tools into classroom	pass out writing tools and give directions:
	"you just read an object by looking very
	closely at it. Now we're going to read a
	whole space. I think you're ready to enter
	the classroom. We're going to enter silently.
	Without any talking, I want you to explore
	the space and then write about it, answering
	these 3 questions: 'What does this room tell
	you about our school? What does this room
	tell you about what we're going to be doing
	here this year? What does this room tell you
	about how I want you to act when you're in
	this space?' You will have 10 minutes for
	the silent exploring and the silent writing.
	The 3 questions are on the board in case you
	forget them. Are you ready?"
silently explore and find a spot to write	set timer for 10 minutes of silent exploring
	and writing

share ideas, pointing to specific aspects of the room to support the ideas	gather group back together; invite students to share their observations; appreciate inferences, appreciate different inferences from same evidence
save document, or label notebook with student name	make a chart with four columns labeled NOUNS, VERBS, ADVERBS, ADJECTIVES. As students share their observations, catalog the key words they say in the appropriate column. This way students see the correct spelling of the words they use For example, if a student says "I can tell you want us to read books quietly in this room" you write "read" under VERBS, "books" under NOUNS and "quietly" under ADVERBS

Students will	Teacher will
make suggestions to edit the list to eliminate overlap and hone the list of words to the most meaningful	pose question: "we have collected a lot of words! I want you to pretend that you're describing what is most important about this place to someone who is not here. Which words are the most important?" erase redundant or less meaningful words to distil the word collector to the most
define, discuss, and distinguish the values	significant words "These are the key words we have decided are the most important. They probably connect with the VALUES I hold most dear as a teacher, that are most important to you as students. I'm going to show you a list of possible values. Let's see if we can agree which 4 or 5 values are most strongly connected with the evidence you see in this room." Project or pass out the LIST OF VALUES below
come to consensus on the 4 or 5 values that are most suggested by the evidence in the room	record the 4 or 5 key values along with the key words
solo writing time to use the key words and values to write sentences beginning: "In this room we"	Write on the board: "In this room we" "Now I'm going to set the timer to 5 minutes and I want you to work alone to write a few sentences that put some of these key words and values together. Start your sentences with "In this room we" (Give an example if students need it, like "In this room we will

	make BEAUTIFUL art and show COMPASSION and CITIZENSHIP by putting art supplies back where they belong.") Set timer for 5 minutes.
share ideas by reading sentences out loud	listen for student reaction to sentences; write on the board/flipchart the sentences that the class likes the best

LIST OF POSSIBLE CLASSROOM VALUES

Achievement	
Adventure	
Autonomy	
Beauty	
Boldness	
Compassion	
Challenge	
Citizenship	
Community	
Competency	
Contribution	
Creativity	
Curiosity	
Determination	

Fairness Friendships Fun Growth Happiness Honesty Humor Kindness Knowledge Leadership Learning Love Loyalty Meaningful Work Openness Optimism Peace Pleasure Recognition Respect Responsibility Security Self-Respect Self-Expression Service Success Trustworthiness Wisdom

Students will	Teacher will
students get up and get art supplies	distribute 1 length of wire and 1 chunk of styrofoam to each student
students fold their wire in half; at the fold twist an oval about the size of a quarter for the head ; then shape and pose the rest of the body, leaving the ends stuck out at the bottom to pierce into the styrofoam stand (arms need about 3.5 times the size of the head)	model your sample art (or photo of mine). "Now you're going to make a wire sculpture of you doing something in this room. See if you can depict one of our chosen values in how your shape your figure." allow 20 minutes for students to make the sculpture; play music in the classroom during art work time
students explain to teacher how the pose they have chosen exemplifies one of the activities and values	teacher circulates to help and admire

PART II: TRACKS AND TRAINS

Objective: Students will use literature and images of trains to reflect on the pace and direction of our work at school.

Students will	Teacher will
look at pictures of peaceful Walden Pond and the site of Henry's house	describe Henry David Thoreau's decision to move to the small house at Walden Pond to live simply and deliberately and finish writing the book about his river trip with his brother; he started another book while he lived there about his time at the pond.
look at pictures of train rushing by Walden Pond	Cars and planes hadn't been invented yet, but trains and train tracks were spreading across the country. The Fitchburg Line, along Walden Pond, just started running in 1844, just one year before Henry moved there, and the Transcontinental Railroad finally linked our country from coast to coast in 1869
discuss either with partners and share out, or with whole group	Questions for discussion: What do you think was in those railcars?
listen to sounds of Walden Pond without train, then with train	Questions for discussion: What do you think Walden Pond sounded like when no trains were going by? When trains were going by? (younger students can act sound the sounds of wind blowing and birds chirping and then the sounds of the train) PLAY VIDEOS:

Peaceful Walden Pond

(if link doesn't work, type in URL: https://youtu.be/1GWlqICss0Y)

Train Rushing By Walden Pond

(or enter URL: https://youtu.be/Y6-0ZbPs108)

Commuter Train at Walden Pond

(or enter URL: https://youtu.be/bQX4P2lcueU)

Students will	Teacher will
read <u>Walden</u> excerpt about the train	Pass out copies of <u>Walden</u> excerpt or project
	for reading: "Here's what Henry David
	Thoreau wrote about the train"
	read as your students are able perhaps
	first reading is by teacher and then students
	are assigned numbered paragraphs to read
	Questions for discussion:
	According to what he wrote in <u>Walden</u> , what
	did Thoreau like about the train? What did
	he admire about the train? What did he
	dislike or resent about the train? Were the
	trains interruptions or company?
	More questions for discussion:
	What was the life of society like before the
	trains? How did trains change the pace of
	life? Were the trains pressing people to
	work faster, stay on track, coordinate their
	schedules? How did people get places on
	time before the trains?
	What do you think it was like to ride the
	train? And see parts of the country you had
	never seen before?
read <u>Night Journey</u>	Pass out copies of, or project for reading, the
	Roethke poem <u>Night Journey</u>

Students will	Teacher will
discuss either with partners and share out or whole group	More questions for discussion: who decides how fast the trains go? who decides how
	fast cars can go on the roads?
	Who decides how fast we work at school?
	How fast we are allowed to walk down the
	hall? What do you do when you want to
	work faster or slower than other people? Is
	it easy to change the pace?
	Who decides where the trains go? Trains can only go where the tracks are who lays
	the tracks?
revise "In this room we" sentences to	"Let's revisit the sentences we wrote to
include new understandings of the pace and	include some of these ideas of who sets the
direction of classwork	pace and direction for our class"

Students will	Teacher will
read short <u>Walden</u> quote and Emerson quote	in America, we have a fine tradition of wanting to think our own thoughts. Read
	Thoreau and Emerson quotes. Thoreau and Emerson were friends.
discuss either with partners and share out or whole group	Question for discussion: What do these two quotes have in common? When Henry wrote "Keep on your own track, then?" what is he comparing? He is comparing making your own choices with railroad tracks! He is saying you have to be in charge of sending your mind where you want it to go. He is using a METAPHOR comparing your choices
	with railroad tracks.
	Questions for discussion: If trains are thoughts do you have time at school to follow your TRAIN OF THOUGHT? How do you know when your thinking is ON TRACK? Who lays the tracks of your thinking?
reflective writing	Possible writing prompts: What do you do when other people aren't interested in the same things as you? What are you interested in doing and thinking about? What do you do when you want more time to think about something or do something than the teacher allows?

Students will	Teacher will
turn notebooks in for teacher response	write a thoughtful comment back in response to student reflection, making a connection if possible between what the student wrote and one of the selected VALUES for the classroom
reflect and edit classroom code if necessary	for next day, distill "In this class we" sentences into a classroom code to post in the room

PART III: ROCKING THE SCHOOL YEAR

Students will	Teacher will
look at pictures of the cairn at Henry's house site	after Henry David Thoreau died, people made a pile of rocks at the site where his small was it was meant to be a tribute to him to honor and remember him this pile of rocks is called a CAIRN
discuss either with partners and share out or whole group	Essential questions: why use rocks for this purpose? what traits and values do you connect with rocks? can you tell by looking at these photos what the rules are for participating in this activity? when people write a rock, who are they writing to? who do you think is going to read what they write?
look at pictures of rock art	More questions: why do people like to make stacks and arrangements of rocks? have you ever done this? what for? why are rocks interesting to stack?
pick a rock and write selected value(s) on it; stack with others' rocks	Introduce activity: "Look back at this list of classroom values. Which of them is particularly important for meaningful to you? Choose a rock you like and Pass out chalk for writing and allow students to stack

Students will	Teacher will
watch video	Here's another example of how meaningful rocks can be show Origin of "The Kindness Rocks Project" video, which can be found at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TK8iHsDXGvQ
decorate rocks with inspiring messages and hide around playground	would you like to use some of our rocks to leave messages for other students?

School Name: CB Eller Elementary

Grade Level: 3	
Lesson Dates: October 7 and 8	SWBAT:
Start and End Times: 10:15-11:00 AM	
Days of Week: <u>M</u> T <u>W</u> Th F	 Use various tools to measure length
Days of week. <u>w</u> 11 1	and width.
Unit: Area and Perimeter	Use multiplication to find area of a
	rectangle.
Lesson: "Simply" Area and Perimeter-	Use addition to find the perimeter
Math with Thoreau	of a rectangle.
	 Collect data and create a graph to
Essential Vocabulary: length, width, area,	display the data
perimeter, plane figure, measure, data,	• Write a compare and contrast
compare, contrast	paragraph using correct grammar
Materials: ESL notebook, Walden quotes	
laminated and displayed, Smartboard	
photo of Thoreau's cabin, tape, rulers and	
•	
yardsticks, tape measure, calculators, chart	
paper, markers	
	CC Standards:
WIDA Language Standard:	CCSS.MATH.CONTENT.3.MD.B.3
	Draw a scaled picture graph and a scaled
S1 Social/Instructional S2 Language Arts	bar graph to represent a data set with
	several categories. Solve one- and
S3 Math S4 Science S5 Social Studies	two-step "how many more" and "how
	many less" problems using information
Domain:	presented in scaled bar graphs. For
	example, draw a bar graph in which each
Reading <u>Writing</u> Listening Speaking	square in the bar graph might represent
incoming writing Listening Speaking	5 pets.
	CCSS.MATH.CONTENT.3.MD.C.5
	Recognize area as an attribute of plane
	figures and understand concepts of area
	-
	measurement
	measurement CCSS.MATH.CONTENT.3.MD.C.7
	CCSS.MATH.CONTENT.3.MD.C.7
	CCSS.MATH.CONTENT.3.MD.C.7 Relate area to the operations of
	CCSS.MATH.CONTENT.3.MD.C.7 Relate area to the operations of multiplication and addition.
	CCSS.MATH.CONTENT.3.MD.C.7 Relate area to the operations of multiplication and addition. CCSS.MATH.CONTENT.3.MD.D.8
	CCSS.MATH.CONTENT.3.MD.C.7 Relate area to the operations of multiplication and addition.

polygons, including finding the perimeter given the side lengths, finding an unknown side length, and exhibiting rectangles with the same perimeter and different areas or with the same area and
different perimeters.

Lesson:

Introduction Have students write what they believe it means to live simply and have them create a list of things that they would have to change in order for them to live a more simple life. Have students share with a partner and then share one thing with the class that your partner shared. **Active Teaching** • Discuss the following quotes by Thoreau and have students compare their idea of living simply with Thoreau's • What can we learn about Thoreau from these quotes? "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived." - Henry David Thoreau, Walden ... for my greatest skill has been to want but little." - Henry David Thoreau, Walden • Show students a picture on the Smartboard of Thoreau's cabin in Walden Woods. Discuss the differences between his house and the students houses. • Take a walk outside and using chalk dust or tape, measure and mark a space on a flat area of ground that is 10 X 16 feet, the measurements of Thoreau's cabin Remind students of how to calculate area and perimeter and then have them get into a groups of 2 or 3 and have them calculate the perimeter and area of the cabin. **Guided Practice** Have students measure their bedroom for homework Use those measurements in class the next day to find the area and perimeter of their bedroom • Create a class chart/graph to show how Thoreau's cabin measurements compare to the students bedrooms Independent/Individual Practice In students ESL notebook, create a T-chart and write compare on one side and contrast on the other. Have the students list ways that their house and Thoreau's is different under contrast and the same under compare. Give students a vocabulary list with the following words listed: length,

width, area, perimeter, and measure and have the students write a compare/contrast paragraph about their room/house and Thoreau's, including the vocabulary terms in their writing.

Assessment

Have students use a rubric to self assess their writing. Check if vocabulary was used correctly and check for correct grammar.

Discuss whether Thoreau would choose to live in the cabin if he were alive today. Why or why not?

Discuss whether life was simpler in Thoreau's day or today.

Joanna Joaquin Middle School- Grades 5-8 Theme: "Hearing That Different Drummer"

The following lesson plans will be used in an alternative to out of school suspension program: Remedy, Integrity, Structure, and Counseling also known as R.I.S.C.

The "Remedy through Integrity, Structure and Counseling" program (RISC) has been designed by administrators, guidance counselors, social workers and teachers as an alternative to Out of School Suspension or traditional In School Suspension. The RISC program is designed to extend character education by challenging students to think about their behavior and academic performance and how their personal choices affect their experiences in school and beyond. Through various exercises, written assignments and discussion, students are encouraged to take responsibility for their own actions and become productive, positive members of our community.

The RISC Program is traditionally assigned for a three day cycle where students are expected to improve their behavior and academic performance.

It is during this three day period where students will be introduced to Thoreau, to the idea of hearing that different drummer, to journal writing and to deep reflection. Students will use Thoreau's quotes, beliefs, and observations to reflect on their own behavior and ask themselves if they are indeed living deliberately through the decisions they make on a daily basis.

Students in the Program will also have the opportunity to take a walk outside, sit on the grass and write for a total of five minutes.

Stage 1: Identify Desired Results		
Established Goals: "Hearing That Different I Thoreau's writings.	Drummer". Understanding oneself through	
Enduring Understandings:	Essential Questions	
Students will understand that -In order to fit in they do not have to follow what others are doing -Every decision is an important one, but we can learn from poor ones -Being different does not mean being weird -Following one's own path can lead to great success	-Who determines right from wrong? -What is our role in society? -What is the importance of reflection especially when it comes to our decisions? -In a culture where we are bombarded with ideas and images of "what we should be," how does one form an identity that remains true and authentic for her/himself? -In a culture where we are bombarded with other people trying to define us, how do we make decisions for ourselves?	

Students will be able to...

- Become aware of how self-identity influences life choices
- Recognize how choices and perspectives fluctuate as priorities, experiences, decisions and other items change during the middle school years.

-Ask students to reflect on their poor decision and decide if they could have made another one that would have prevented the outcome they are now facing.

-Share with peers.

Day 2 (students will be given mirrors)

-Instruct students to look in the mirrors and list what they see in themselves that makes them unique--interests, friendships, social connections, school, work, beliefs, racial and sexual identity and so on, and also to note how they believe others see them. Students should list these qualities.

-Share with the class. Ask students to remark on what they view as the factors that influence how young people see themselves. And in essence how this affects the decisions they make.

-Ask students to think about quote number 6. What was Thoreau trying to say and how does this quote tie into the choices they make,why they make them, and essentially how they view themselves and how they think others view them.

-Explore the idea of living deliberately and if they feel that they do. Hear is where the philosophy of life comes in. How can following your own path, living deliberately, and not looking back help students understand where they are and where they are going.

Day 3:

Students will start their day with a goal setting activity. Looking back at their mirror exercise, their journals for the past two days, and the reason they were given RISC as a consequence---students will use their knowledge of Thoreau (from the introduction) and make goals that will keep true to who they are, but that will also benefit the school. In other

words---how---specifically---can these particular students set goals that will improve their behavior, help them make better decisions, and make them develop and explore their passions. Here the counselors and teachers assigned to the Program will work with each student and help them set these goals.

After the goal setting activity students will take a walk outside, sit with a partner, share one of their goals and why they have chosen the goal (2 minutes), and then simply observe their surroundings. Students will then take out their journals and while observing their surroundings in silence start working on their philosophy of life essay(1 page).

The essay will be finished when students return to the program. Students will share.

Students will end the program by sharing what their take-aways were and how they will apply those take-aways once they are back in their regular classes.

Stage 3: Build Learning Plan

Learning Activities:

Introduction to Henry David Thoreau on Day One after students have reflected on why they are in the RISC program.

Students will each have a copy of "Henry David Thoreau for Kids: His Life and Ideas with 21 Activities."

Journal writing everyday -first five minutes of the program. Free write-- sort of like stream of consciousness--- so that they are warming up for the day's activities and lessons. After--- students will respond to a quote from Thoreau (see below) and share with the group.

Philosophy of life- Students will write their philosophy of life and decide what kind of life they should be living according to them and no one else.

****Because the program is only three days---there will be follow up visits to students so as to check on their progress, whether they are following through on their goals, and if they are following their own path.

Quotes to explore:

1."Never look back unless you are planning to go that way."

2."Live your beliefs and you can turn the world around."

3. "Pursue some path,however narrow and crooked, in which you can walk with love and reverence."

4." If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours.

5. "Things do not change we change."

6. "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away.

7. "It is what a man thinks of himself that really determines his fate."

Practicing Simplicity

SUBJECT	TEACHER	GRADE	DATE
ELA 8	P. Kinchen	08	August 21, 2017

OVERVIEW

This three-day lesson will introduce the student to Henry David Thoreau's journal and encourage the student to begin his own journaling process. From *Walden*, the chapter entitled "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For," will be the primary text, and portions from the introductory text of the exhibition *This Ever New Self: Thoreau and His Journal* will be read aloud.

	TEACHER GUIDE	STUDENT GUIDE
OBJECTIVES DAY ONE	Use Henry David Thoreau's journaling practice and <i>Walden</i> publication to encourage student to write into each day.	Students will prepare personal journals.
INFORMATION	Guided reading from <i>Walden</i> , chapter entitled "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For."	Students will annotate text and participate in guided reading of chapter.
VERIFICATION	Group discussion of guided reading including what students feel when exploring Thoreau's text.	Students will discover figurative language in text and discuss what they think about Thoreau's time at Walden Pond.
ACTIVITY	Go over "Why Write?" handout to encourage personal journaling.	Students will prepare a journal entry about any item in their immediate surrounding.
SUMMARY	Share personal journaling with students.	Students will either read journal entry aloud or share with partner.

REQUIREMENTS

RESOURCES

NOTES

ELA Standards:

- Determine a theme or central idea of a text and analyze its
- *Walden* by Henry David "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For" Thoreau

development over the course of the text.

- Analyze how particular lines in writing reveal aspects of the author
- Analyze how a text makes connections among and distinctions between individuals, ideas, or events (e.g., through comparisons, analogies, or categories).
- Produce clear and coherent writing in which the development, organization, and style are appropriate to task, purpose, and audience.
- Write routinely over an extended time frames (time for reflection and revision) and shorter time frames (a single sitting or a day or two) for a range of discipline-specific tasks, purposes, and audiences.

Practicing Simplicity

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	Teacher Guide	Student Guide
Objectives DAY TWO	Use Henry David Thoreau's journaling practice and <i>Walden</i> publication to encourage student to write into each day.	Students will continue personal journal writing.
Information	Guided reading from <i>Walden</i> , chapter entitled "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For."	Students will annotate text and participate in guided reading of chapter.
Verification	Group discussion of guided reading including what students feel when exploring Thoreau's text.	Students will discover figurative language in text and discuss what they think about Thoreau's time at Walden Pond.
Activity	Discuss Thoreau's purpose in writing using a portion of the introductory text from <i>This Ever New Self.</i> (Lifelong Practice, Neighbor, Student, Worker)	Students will prepare a journal entry considering three personal roles they undertake in life.
Summary	Share personal journaling with students.	Students will either read journal entry aloud or share with partner.

REQUIREMENTS

RESOURCES

NOTES

ELA Standards:

Determine a theme or central idea of a text and analyze its Walden by Henry David "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For" Thoreau development over the course of the text.

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	Teacher Guide	Student Guide
Objectives DAY THREE	Use Henry David Thoreau's journaling practice and <i>Walden</i> publication to encourage student to write into each day.	Students will prepare personal journals.
Information	Guided reading from <i>Walden</i> , chapter entitled "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For."	Students will annotate text and participate in guided reading of chapter.
Verification	Group discussion of guided reading including what students feel when exploring Thoreau's text.	Students will discover figurative language in text and discuss what they think about Thoreau's time at Walden Pond.
Activity	Discuss Thoreau's purpose in writing using a portion of the introductory text from This Ever New Self. (Reader, Thinker, Writer, Observer)	Students will prepare a journal entry considering three personal roles they undertake in life.
Summary	Share personal journaling with students.	Students will either read journal entry aloud or share with partner.

REQUIREMENTS

ELA Standards:

Determine a theme or central idea of a text and analyze its *Walden* by Henry David Thoreau

RESOURCES

"Where I Lived, and What I Lived For"

NOTES

development over the course of the text.

- Analyze how particular lines in writing reveal aspects of the author
- Analyze how a text makes connections among and distinctions between individuals, ideas, or events (e.g., through comparisons, analogies, or categories).
- Produce clear and coherent writing in which the development, organization, and style are appropriate to task, purpose, and audience.
- Write routinely over an extended time frames (time for reflection and revision) and shorter time frames (a single sitting or a day or two) for a range of disciplinespecific tasks, purposes, and audiences.

Bonnie Klatt bklatt@natomascharter.org Natomas Charter School Sacramento, CA

NEH Landmarks

Living and Writing Deliberately: The Concord Landscapes and Legacy of Henry Thoreau CURRICULUM MINI UNIT: Living and Writing Deliberately

School Context: This mini-unit was developed for college preparatory and honors high school English courses at Natomas Charter School Performing and Fine Arts Academy (PFAA). PFAA is a public charter school in Sacramento, California, that integrates academics and the arts. PFAA is racially and economically diverse and because of its unique arts focus draws students from a wide geographical range in the greater Sacramento area. In the 2017-18 school year, PFAA is transitioning to an alternating block schedule; for the majority of courses, students will meet twice weekly for 85 minutes, and once weekly (on late-start Wednesdays) for 33 minutes.

Course Context: Juniors at PFAA take both United States History and English 11, which have interconnected curriculum throughout many parts of the year. Students are asked to consider related year-long inquiries in each class: what does it mean to be American as demonstrated in United States history, and what does it mean to be an American as demonstrated in American literature and the arts. Throughout the year, students are asked to make connections between what they are learning in each class.

In addition, in English class, students have developed a semester-long individual inquiry question, based on the question formulation technique (QFT) developed by Dan Rothstein and Luz Santana. As students encounter new texts, they are continually developing their response to this question, citing evidence from those texts. (Their response is the basis of their semester final.) This mini-unit includes opportunities for students to connect Thoreau's texts to this semester inquiry; however, a teacher could easily adapt these moments to serve other purposes.

A key activity in this course is the use of writing sprints to develop students' writing fluency and sense of voice. When students engage in sprints (usually anywhere from three to ten minutes), the only rule is to continue writing until the timer chimes, even if one is rewriting the prompt or a sentence already written. Sprints are intended to be a low-risk writing opportunity, and students are not asked to read out loud or exchange sprint responses with other students. Students are asked, however, to discuss ideas that come out of sprints, with the option of quoting themselves directly if desired. At the end of the semester, students will curate a small number of sprints to revise and share.

Another element of this course is the practice of annotating texts. This year, I will implement an annotation style based on the work of Kylene Beers and Robert E. Probst in *Disrupting Thinking: Why How We Read Matters*. This method uses BHH (book, head, heart) as a means to

enter and analyze texts. This mini-unit asks students to use BHH when they annotate texts, but other methods of annotation could be substituted.

This mini-unit will take place in the second month of the school year, when students are well into their semester-long inquiry and already will have reviewed the abolitionist movement and the raid on Harper's Ferry in their United States history course. Students will have written one reflective essay, and the culminating assignment in this unit will serve as a formative assessment of students' ability to craft written arguments, which will be further developed in the subsequent unit. One note: in the middle of this unit, students will be completing and sharing a previously assigned interview project. I have included the details for this assignment, but obviously, this part of the mini-unit could be deleted or adapted for activities happening in your own course.

Unit Objectives: The goals of this mini-unit are as follows:

- To familiarize students with Henry David Thoreau's importance as an American thinker and writer
- To challenge students to consider Thoreau's relevance in their own lives, particularly when it comes to living and writing deliberately
- To demonstrate to students (through example and practice) the importance of reflection and revision on the writing process
- To develop students' ability to create a strong sense of voice in their writing
- To formatively assess students ability to write a strong argument

The delivery of this unit will span four block periods over two weeks; however students will continue to work on a short, processed essay after the unit ends. If teachers would like to extend this unit, optional additional activities are included in some of the daily plans.

Quick Link to **Resource List**

Mini-unit Overview				
	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4
Summary of Class Activities	Writing Deliberately: Notebooks, Journals, and The Role of Revision	Living Deliberately: Writing to Discover our Essential Truths	Discovering Voice: The Development of Thoreau's Antislavery Texts	Finding Your Own Voice: Bridging the Gap between How You See the World and How You Act in It

Day 1Writing	Deliberately: Notebooks, Journals, and The Role of Revision
Standards Addressed	<u>CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.11-12.5</u> (Develop writing by revision, rewriting and considering a new approach) <u>CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.11-12.10</u> (Write routinely over extended and shorter time frames) <u>CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RI.11-12.1</u> (Cite evidence to support analysis)
Activities	 Students will complete a five-minute writing sprint as a bell-ringer activity (see slides for prompt). After sprint, students will be instructed about our next activity: a saunter. After a brief definition of the word "saunter," students will be lead to an open area of campus (in this case a soccer field that abuts an open space) with notebooks in hand. Students will be instructed to "saunter" in silence until they hear me call them back (approximately 10 minutes). At the end of the saunter, they will be asked to repeat the writing sprint from the beginning of class. After the writing sprint, we will head back to class. Back in class, students will be asked to discuss in small groups how the two sprints were different. After 5-7 minutes of discussion, the whole class will reconvene for a short debriefing of conclusions. Teacher will lead discussion of Thoreau's writing sprint was possibly more complex, more creative, more reflective, etc. after walking. Points for discussioneffect of physical activity on thinking and writing; writing something a second time might lead to different ideas; effect of silence and/or mindfulness on thinking and writing processes. Possible extensions: Assign all or parts of Thoreau's essay "Walking" and ask students to discuss and/or write about the role of physical movement and/or deliberation on the writing process. Share handout highlighting Thoreau's revision of one paragraph from <u>Walden</u> and ask student to trace each change; ask student to consider the effect and purpose of each change.
Assessment	 Writing sprints are not formally assessed as their purpose is to help students develop fluency and explore ideas in a low-stakes setting. (Some composition book entries will be shared at the end of the semester in a student-curated collection.) Student understanding and engagement will be informally assessed according to their participation in the small and large group discussions. (Participation is tracked in this class based on frequency and quality of participation.) Homework will be collected and assessed after next class period. Students should demonstrate close reading and analysis as evidenced by their annotations and responses to their selected texts.
Follow-up	• Assign homework <u>reading</u> . (Due next class)

Materials Needed	 <u>Google Slide Deck</u> (contains information presented to students) Copies of Thoreau <u>excerpts</u> for homework
	• Optional reading: Thoreau, <u>Walking</u>
	• Optional <u>handout</u> highlighting Thoreau's revision process

Day 2 Living I	Day 2 Living Deliberately: Writing to Discover our Essential Truths	
Standards Addressed	<u>CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RL.11-12.9</u> (Demonstrate knowledge of nineteenth-century foundational American literature) <u>CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RL.11-12.2</u> (Determine themes and central ideas from a text)	
Activities	 Start with writing sprint based on homework (see slides). After sprint, students will discuss in small groups, and then debrief as a class. Points for discussion: what can we infer about Thoreau's values? In what ways are these values typically American (or not)? Teacher will guide students through a brief overview of Thoreau's concept of living deliberately, main tenets of Transcendentalism, and how conflicts in Thoreau's time might relate to conflicts today (see slides). Students will participate in small group discussion, which will be followed with a whole class debriefing session. Students will be given time to consider how the excerpts from <u>Walden</u> relate to their semester inquiry questions. This is a routine practice that will culminate in a semester final that asks students to answer a significant question they have about American culture using texts from the semester. (You may wish to omit or adapt this writing sprint to serve goals in your class.) This day coincides with the due date for a long-term project in the class. (Details can be found here: What it Means to Be American Interview Project). As a segue to this activity, I will discuss how the Transcendentalist attention to the individual connects to the individual perspectives students have investigated in their interview projects. Students will be asked to find a partner and share the visual component of their project without discussing any aspect of it. Their partner will draw conclusions about their interview subject, and write those conclusions on a sticky note, which they will affix to the back of the visual. Students will rotate partners until they have 5-7 sticky notes. To conclude the activity, students will be asked to do one final writing sprint for the day in which they consider to what extent their visual component successfully communicated ideas from their interview. Assign homework (Read and annotate <u>excerpt</u> from "Civil Disobedience") 	
Assessments	• Writing sprints are not formally assessed as their purpose is to help students develop fluency and explore ideas in a low-stakes setting. (Some composition book entries will be shared at the end of the	

	 semester in a student-curated collection.) Student understanding and engagement will be informally assessed according to their participation in the small and large group discussions. (Participation is tracked in this class based on frequency and quality of participation.) Interview projects will be assessed based on rubric (linked in project directions). Specific to this mini-unit, student responses in the final writing sprint will be used as a formative assessment to determine whether students understand the basic tenets of Transcendentalism and can apply that understanding to the work presented by their peers. This formative assessment will enable teacher to adjust instruction for the next class meeting.
Follow-up Actions	• Read and annotate <u>excerpt</u> from "Civil Disobedience"
Materials Needed	 <u>Google Slide Deck</u> (contains information presented to students) One copy of excerpt from "Civil Disobedience for each student (for homework)

Day 3Discovering Voice: The Development of Thoreau's Antislavery Texts		
Standards Addressed	<u>CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RL.11-12.4</u> (Close reading of a text with attention to word choice and tone) <u>CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RL.11-12.1</u> (Cite evidence to support analysis of a text) <u>CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RL.11-12.9</u> (Examine how multiple texts from the same period approach topics) <u>CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RI.11-12.8</u> (Evaluate reasoning in works of public advocacy)	
Activities	 Teacher will review concept of voice in writing, specifically focusing on the relationship between diction and tone. As a class, we will analyze one example paragraph as a model. Then, students will begin small group discussion regarding diction and tone from the rest of the homework reading. While students are conducting first discussion, I will circle the room, stamping complete homework and informally assessing understanding based on each group's discussion. The whole class will debrief after group discussion. The class will then be divided in half; one half will receive excerpts from "Slavery in Massachusetts" and one half will receive excerpts from "A Plea for Captain John Brown." Students will be given approximately 20 minutes to read and annotate silently, paying attention to diction and tone, and how it furthers Thoreau's argument. (Option, especially for students with less confidence reading Thoreau: students will form pairs and pair read/annotate.) After students have read and annotated independently, they will 	

	 discuss in their table groups, sharing annotations. 4. Transitionstudents will receive the excerpt they did not yet read. Repeat activity (independently read, annotate, and then discuss in small groups.) 5. Before we debrief, students will individually answer the following question in writing (to be turned in at end of class): In what order did Thoreau write these texts? What evidence from his diction and tone can you use to support your stand? Cite at least two quotations from different texts in your answer. (I will allow students about 7 minutes to write and 2 or 3 minutes to share with a partner). 6. As a class, we will discuss how Thoreau's ideas developed among the three texts we looked at today. Hopefully, students will recognize that his tone becomes progressively more strident. They should be able to cite how the same images and analogies are revised over time. 7. As we wrap up, I will remind students how frequent writing and revision can help a writer develop a strong voice. (Students are drafting a reflective essay that was started before this unit. If time allows, students will be asked to rewrite the introduction to their reflective essays from memory as an exercise in rethinking and rewriting.)
Assessments	 While students are conducting first discussion, I will circle the room, stamping complete homework and informally assessing understanding based on each group's discussion. As individuals and groups are discussing texts, I will circulate and informally assess for understanding. I will collect students individual responses and formatively assess their ability to relate diction and tone to author's purposes and their ability to accurately and effectively cite evidence in their own work. (We will have just begun a year-long research project, so this will help me determine how much reteaching I need to do for this skill.) (When reflective essays are due, one of the rubric standards will address voice.)
Follow-up Actions	Homework: Students should go back to their reflective essay drafts (due next class period) and revise to develop a distinct voice.
Materials Needed	 Student copies of <u>anti-slavery excerpts</u> ("Slavery in Massachusetts" and "A Plea for Captain John Brown") Slide deck

Day 4--Finding Your Own Voice: Bridging the Gap between How You See the World and How You Act in It

Standards	<u>CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.11-12.1</u> (Write arguments to support claims)
Addressed	<u>CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.11-12.4</u> (Produce clear and coherent writing that

	is appropriate for a specific audience)
Activities	 Teacher will briefly review Question Formulation Technique (QFT) process (Rothstein and Santana). Students will be presented with a Venn diagram with two overlapping sections: The way I see the world/The way I act in the world. This diagram will become the focus for the QFT process. In small groups, students will brainstorm questions for approximately 5-7 minutes. Students will be asked to stop and analyze and prioritize questions according to QFT process. Groups will share and explain their prioritized questions with the rest of class, followed by some discussion about how these questions might apply to contemporary American culture. Teacher will shift discussion to how American society reflects the conflicts brought out in the questions. Students will be asked to choose one question (from any group) and answer it in a writing sprint (5-7 minutes). Teacher will share back page of one of Thoreau's journals, on which he listed his "faults." Teacher will facilitate quick discussion about how each item might be seen as a fault and how it might diminish a writer's sense of voice. Special emphasis will be given to last item regarding conciseness. Teacher will assign formal written response, challenging students to both be concise and demonstrate a strong voice in a piece of writing. Students will be asked to write a short (no more than 400 word) revision of either their sprint from day one of this unit or the sprint just completed. Due date to be determined.
Assessments	Students' responses will be formally assessed using a rubric that addresses two key elements: clarity of argument and development of voice.
Follow-up Actions	Collect typed, revised essays on a day appropriate to your class. If desired, schedule a time for a draft workshop.
Materials Needed	Slide deck

- Beers, G. Kylene, and Robert E. Probst. *Disrupting Thinking: Why How We Read Matters*. Scholastic Inc., 2017.
- Cramer, Jeffrey S. "Tracing the 'Different Drummer Passage." The Walden Woods Project's Thoreau Institute, www.walden.org, 15 July 2009.

Finley, James S. Henry David Thoreau in Context. Cambridge University Press, 2017.

- Rothstein, Dan, and Luz Santana. Make Just One Change: Teach Students to Ask Their Own Questions. Harvard Education Press, 2014.
- "The Thoreau Reader." Edited by Richard Lenat, *The Thoreau Reader*, The Thoreau Society, www.thoreau.eserver.org/.
- "This Ever New Self: Thoreau and His Journal." *The Morgan Library & Museum*, 2 June 2017, www.themorgan.org/exhibitions/thoreau.
- Thorson, Robert M. Walden's Shore: Henry David Thoreau and Nineteenth-Century Science. Harvard University Press, 2014.

Walls, Laura Dassow. Henry David Thoreau: a Life. The University of Chicago Press, 2017.

Living and Writing Deliberately



Writing Sprint (copy prompt in your comp book)

People tend to have very different ideas about what it means to be American and which American values are most important.

What is the most important American value to you?

Describe this value and explain why it is important to you.

saunter

 Denotation?
 o "to walk in a slow or leisurely manner" (Merriam-Webster)

• Connotations?

We are about to become saunterers.

- Bring your composition book and a writing utensil.
- Rules:
 - You may not speak or otherwise communicate to anyone during our saunter.
 - Stay within sight and earshot of class.
 - Try to notice.

In table groups, discuss--

Compare and contrast your two writing sprints.

In what ways did the content of the sprints differ?

In what ways was *the way* you wrote different?

Henry David Thoreau

- American Writer, Scientist, and Philosopher, and Abolitionist in the mid-nineteenth century.
- Held strong beliefs about "sauntering"
- Walden

Henry David Thoreau, from <u>Walden</u>

"I learned this, at least, by my experiment; that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in $\frac{1}{2}$ common hours."



Henry David Thoreau, from <u>Walden</u>

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau

Writing process included--

- Walking
- Taking notes
- Reflecting on notes
- Recopying notes into journals
- Discussing ideas
- Delivering speeches about ideas
- Publishing ideas

Evolution of an Idea*

• Journal, 30 June 1840

- "A man's life should be a stately march to a sweet but unheard music, and when to his fellows it shall seem irregular and inharmonious, he will only be stepping to a livelier measure, or his nicer ear hurry him into a thousand symphonies and concordant variations.
- A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers (1849)
- "Marching is when the pulse of the hero beats in unison with the pulse of Nature, and he steps to the measure of the universe; then there is true courage and invincible strength"

*Compiled by Jeffrey S. Cramer, The Walden Woods Project's Thoreau Institute. www.walden.org



Evolution of an Idea*

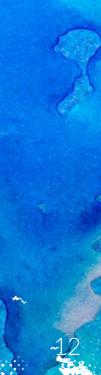
• Journal, 14 July 1851

- "For years I marched as to a music in comparison with which the military music of the streets is noise and discord."
- Journal, 19 July 1851
- "Let a man step to the music which he hears, however measured."

• Journal, 25 July 1851

• "I am bothered to walk with those who wish to keep step with me. It is not necessary to keep step with your companion, as some endeavor to do."

*Compiled by Jeffrey S. Cramer, The Walden Woods Project's Thoreau Institute. www.walden.org



Evolution of an Idea*

• <u>Walden</u> Draft Version 6

• "Let a man step to the music which he hears, however measured and however far away.

• <u>Walden</u> (1854)

• "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away.

*Compiled by Jeffrey S. Cramer, The Walden Woods Project's Thoreau Institute. www.walden.org



Writing deliberately

- Etymology: from "libra"
 - "scales": to weigh, ponder, or consider
- How was Thoreau's process a *deliberate* one?
- How do you deliberate when you write?



Homework

- × **Read** THREE of the SIX excerpts from Thoreau's book <u>Walden</u>.
- × Read deliberately*:
 - × In other words, ANNOTATE
 × Mark up the text with BHH** responses

*no late work will be accepted on this assignment

Respond to the **book (What did the author do? What does the author assume about you? What is in the text?), to your **head** (What does this text make you think? What inferences can you make? Where can you challenge the author's assumptions?), and to your **heart** (How does this make you feel? How can you relate? What might you do differently?)

(Optional) To extend your understanding...

- × **Read** Thoreau's essay, "<u>Walking</u>"
- × Analyze Thoreau's revision process in this paragraph from Walden.
- × Read deliberately*:
 - × In other words, ANNOTATE
 - × Mark up the text with BHH** responses

Julia



Writing Sprint

Examine your annotations on the excerpts you read for homework.

Based on your annotations and highlights, what can you infer about Thoreau's beliefs about the world?

(How did Thoreau express these ideas? In what ways is his language effective?)

- ANIHAN CONTRACT

In table groups, discuss--

Share at least one of the quotations you highlighted in your homework.

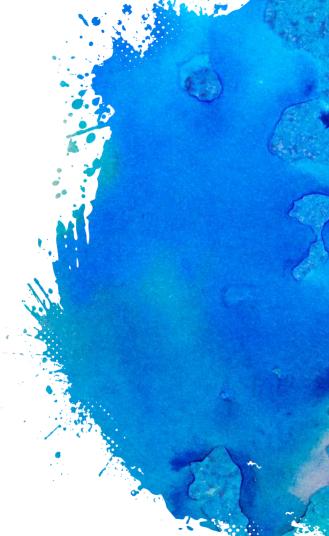
What can you infer about Thoreau's values?

To what extent are these values typically American? (or not?)

What does it mean to "live deliberately"?

What kinds of problems or questions require "deliberation"?

What happens when you have to make a choice between two rights? Between two wrongs?



What does it mean to "live deliberately"?

What is happening in mid-nineteenth century America that might require deliberation?

- Industrialization and changes in job markets
- Less uniformity in religion
- Increased literacy and political interests
- Increasing conflicts over slavery in the South
- Major economic shifts among classes
- Rapid technological advances (especially in communication and transportation)

What does it mean to "live deliberately"?

People in the nineteenth-century have increasingly more choices about their lives.

Why might this require "deliberation"?

What happens when people live without deliberation?

In table groups, discuss--

In what ways do people **today** live deliberately?

In what ways do people **today** fail to live deliberately?

What are the consequences of either practice?

Transcendentalism

- Philosophical movement in mid-nineteenth century
- Ralph Waldo Emerson and his circle
- Main tenets:
 - Individualism and Self-knowledge
 - Intuition (versus reason)
 - Interconnectedness (and thus importance of equity and human rights)
 - Importance of nature



Transcendentalism

- A major conflict (as seen by transcendentalists):
- As humans, we have a strong need to belong to a community and to be loved and accepted by it.
- As humans, we have a strong need to be unique and autonomous.

Why is this a conflict?

Transcendentalism and American Values

• How does this conflict play out in American history and culture?



Writing Sprint

Review your semester inquiry question.

In what ways might Thoreau's ideas from Walden provide answers to your inquiry question? (If possible cite evidence from the excerpts in your response.) Nillian establish

Interview Project Gallery

Writing Sprint (attach to project)

1. To what extent did your visual component succeed in communicating your conclusions?

If the sticky notes seem to "get it," what can you identify that you did well?

If some people did not seem to "get it," what could you do differently to more successfully communicate your ideas?

2. Thinking about the projects you viewed, can you connect any ideas to Transcendentalist ideas? Explain.

- will be in the set

Homework

- Read excerpt from Thoreau's essay,
 "Civil Disobedience."
- × Read deliberately*:
 - × In other words, ANNOTATE
 × Mark up the text with BHH** responses

*no late work will be accepted on this assignment

Respond to the **book (What did the author do? What does the author assume about you? What is in the text?), to your **head** (What does this text make you think? What inferences can you make? Where can you challenge the author's assumptions?), and to your **heart** (How does this make you feel? How can you relate? What might you do differently?) William

Day Three

Voice

- Voice in writing is multifaceted. Remember--it is what makes our writing sound like it comes from a unique individual and not a machine.
- What factors contribute to voice?
 Today, we are going to focus on two related factors:
 - Diction
 - Tone

I HEARTILY ACCEPT the motto, — "That government is best which governs least"; and I should like to see it acted up to more rapidly and systematically. Carried out, it finally amounts to this, which also I believe, — "That government" is best which governs not at all"; and when men are prepared for it, that will be the kind of government which they will have. Government is at best but an expedient; but most governments are usually, and all governments are sometimes, inexpedient. The objections which have been brought against a standing army, and they are many and weighty, and deserve to prevail, may also at last be brought against a standing government. The standing army is only an arm of the standing government. The government itself, which is only the mode which the people have chosen to execute their will, is equally liable to be abused and perverted before the people can act through it. Witness the present Mexican war, the work of comparatively a few individuals using the standing government as their tool; for, in the outset, the people would not have consented to this measure.

In table groups, discuss--

Review Thoreau's essay, "Civil Disobedience."

Discuss examples where Thoreau's diction impacts the tone of his essay. How do his diction and his tone work to create a unique sense of voice in his essay?

Based on this essay, what kind of person does he seem to be?

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Close Reading

Two more Thoreau texts:

- "Slavery in Massachusetts"
- "A Plea for Captain John Brown"

Take the next 20 minutes to closely read and annotate the text you have been given.

Note where Thoreau's diction affects his tone. How does his tone reveal his purpose? - in intra

In table groups, discuss--

- Share out examples that you annotated.
- As a group determine the dominant tone(s) in the text you read.
- Be prepared to cite evidence that demonstrates this tone.
- Then, determine what you think is Thoreau's purpose in writing this text.

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Close Reading

Now read the other text:

- "Slavery in Massachusetts"
- "A Plea for Captain John Brown"

Take the next 20 minutes to closely read and annotate the text you have been given.

Note where Thoreau's diction affects his tone. How does his tone reveal his purpose? - La Million Marin

In table groups, discuss--

- Share out examples that you annotated.
- As a group determine the dominant tone(s) in the text you read.
- Be prepared to cite evidence that demonstrates this tone.
- Then, determine what you think is Thoreau's purpose in writing this text.

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Writing Sprint

On a separate sheet of paper, respond to the following prompt--

After reading and analyzing Thoreau's tone in the three texts from today, make an educated guess as to the chronological order of these texts. Explain how his developing tone helped you determine the order. Be sure to quote and cite AT LEAST two pieces of evidence in your response.

CAN HULL STREET

Thoreau's Developing Tone

• How did you determine the chronological order?

How do rethinking, rewriting, and revision help a writer develop a sense of voice?



Homework

× **Revise** your reflective essay draft (due next class meeting).

× Be deliberate:

- × Read your draft OUT LOUD (to anyone or anything (your best friend, your cat, your cactus?)
- × Does it sound like you?
- × If not, revise to establish your unique voice.

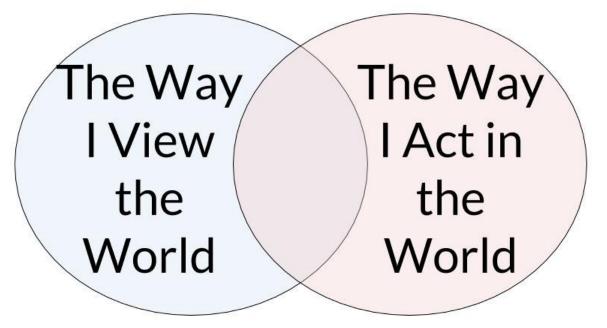


QFT Process Review

- **Step 1:** In left-hand column, list all questions that come to mind. Do not answer, discuss, or edit (other than to ensure a question is being asked, rather than a statement)
- **Step 2:** Mark questions with an O (Open) or C (Closed) and rewrite to opposite in right-hand column
- Step 3: Discuss and prioritize questions







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Perception and Action Gaps

In what ways do Americans have gaps between the ways we view the world (or purport to view the world) and the ways we act in the world?

Contemporary examples?



Writing Sprint Choose ONE of the questions from our QFT process.

Answer that question based on your knowledge, experiences, and/or beliefs.

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Don't forget Thoreau--

According to a list in the back of a journal:

"My faults are

Paradoxes--saying just the opposite, a style which may be imitated--

Ingenious--

Playing with words--getting the laugh--not always simple strong & broad

Using current phrases -- & maxims when I should speak for myself

- willing the

Don't forget Thoreau--

According to Thoreau (continued):

- "My faults are
- Not always earnest
- In short--in fact--alas &c
- Want of conciseness--"

Thoreau wrote MILLIONS of words in his journals and distilled them to a short list of publications. والمنابعة والمنافقة

Your Assignment

- × **Choose** EITHER your sprint from our first day OR your sprint from today.
- × **Rethink, rewrite, and revise** your response to create a brief argument that maintains a clear, distinct voice.
- Be concise: your final draft should be typed in MLA and be NO MORE than 400 words.

فانتظر المنابع

Credits

Special thanks to all the people who made and released these awesome resources for free:

- × Presentation template by <u>SlidesCarnival</u>
- × Photographs by <u>Unsplash</u>
- × Watercolor textures by <u>GraphicBurguer</u>



Lesson Plan for Cara Lane's Honors Junior American Literature Class

Thread: Being Awake, Aware, and Alive

Objectives for Lesson #1: Students will carefully read excerpts from Thoreau's *Walden* (demonstrated by annotations and notes on the text) and analyze his philosophy (demonstrated by an argumentative essay in response to the essential question) while considering their own 21st century context.

Essential Question for Lesson #1: Are Thoreau's views on life relevant to American life today? (This question is meant to be specific to students in their own contexts.)

Procedure for Lesson #1: After students have been introduced to Transcendentalism and have a working understanding of this philosophy as well as of the related opinions of Ralph Waldo Emerson, students will read Thoreau's "Where I Lived, and What I Lived for" and the "Conclusion" from *Walden*. Students should annotate as they read and make relevant notes. Then students will be asked to answer the essential question in a formal essay. The essay is their opportunity to demonstrate their understanding of the text(s) via their explanations and use of relevant, supporting quotes from *Walden* as well as to demonstrate their ability to reflect on an exterior philosophy—the cultural world in which they live but may not notice.

Needed Materials for Lesson #1: 1) The reading texts—preferably on handouts so that students may write and highlight directly on the paper. 2) Students will need their own writing utensils and paper. Since this will be a formal assessment, I will ask that students type these essays on their own time.

Recommendations for Assessing Students in Lesson #1: Create a rubric that contains the point values that are appropriate for your class level. I would assess on a scale of 1-10 in each of the five following categories: Focus, Support/Elaboration, Organization, Integration & Analysis/Overall Effect, and Conventions. (**See the attachment for the distribution of points).

Objective for Lesson #2: Students will carefully read excerpts from Whitman's *Song of Myself* and do a comparison between his philosophy and Thoreau's philosophy from their readings in *Walden*.

Essential Question for Lesson #2: In what ways are Whitman and Thoreau's perspectives on life aligned?

Procedure for Lesson #2: I usually cover Whitman at the conclusion of our Civil War Unit. His response to Lincoln's death via his poem, "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd" is a natural segue from the diaries, letters, and speeches of that time period to this particular author. Once students have a working understanding of Whitman's background and unconventional approach to not only his writing (both content and style-wise) but also to life, they are better prepared to glean the parallels that exist between him and Thoreau. Students must utilize direct quotes from *both* works in order to demonstrate their understanding of the essential question.

Necessary Materials for Lesson #2: 1) Excerpts from Whitman's *Song of Myself* 2) Access to the same excerpts from *Walden* that were covered in Lesson #1 3) Writing Materials

Recommendations for Assessing Students in Lesson #2: This could be handled in a similar manner to Lesson #1; however, if I had done the first lesson, then I would be more inclined to have students working independently in class and to spot check their work; the goal would be to have them make five parallels between Whitman and Thoreau's works. Then I would have students work in small groups (which are usually already established) to come up with four to five of the strongest connections they could make between the two authors. Students would have to turn in both their individual work as well as their final group work. (I would assess students on a quality scale either for the final group product or the individual efforts as well. It's up to the teacher should they want to assess each connection individually or as an overall assignment.) If time permitted, then I would have students share one parallel from each group as a springboard for a whole class discussion regarding these authors and their findings. This would serve as an informal assessment (possibly participation points only).

Honors American Literature ~ Lane

Essay Grading Guide Honors American Literature ~ Lane

Name:_____

____/50

	Developing			Developed		
	1	2-3	4-5	6-7	8-9	10
	Not enough	Many Problems	Some problems	Simple, but OK	Very Good	Excellent
Focus						
• Position clearly stated (Thesis)						
Stays on subject throughout paper						
Effective introduction (orients						
reader well and has a "hook") and						
conclusion (no new information)						
Support/Elaboration						
• Specific and credible claims with						
support (quotes from the novel)						
Reasons and examples are well						
developed; does not rely on						
summary in place of explanation						
Organization						
 Logical sequence 						
Topic Sentences						
 Appropriate paragraphs 						
 Transitions between paragraphs 						
Introduction and Conclusion are						
sequenced appropriately						
Integration & Analysis/Overall						
Effect						
 Paper achieves assigned task 						
 Insightful 						
Demonstrates a command of the						
novel and its themes within the						
context of the chosen prompt						
Conventions <i>appropriate</i>						
Capitalization and punctuation						
• Verb tense						
Sentence Structure						
• Spelling						
Citations <i>with</i> page numbers						

Comments:

LIVING AND WRITING DELIBERATELY: IDEAS FOR TEACHING THE LEGACY OF HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Abstract

This document contains ideas for teaching Thoreau from four different angles, Living with Society, Living with Nature, Practicing Simplicity, and Living with Principle. The unit addresses the Common Core ELA Anchor standards and AP Language and Composition skills, and one section offers an interdisciplinary opportunity with Next Generation Science Standards. Elizabeth J. Levinson ejoylevinson@gmail.com

Introduction

This summer, I was able to attend a National Landmarks Seminar offered by the Concord Museum through the National Endowment for the Humanities on Henry David Thoreau, *Living and Writing Deliberately*. This unit sketch was developed as a result of that seminar. I have first listed out the Common Core ELA Anchor Standards addressed by this unit, which was designed with my AP Language and Composition students in mind. However, the unit is divided into four areas and I think each section could work easily as a mini-unit or be extended as a longer, self-standing unit. The units would also work well in an American Literature class.

The sections are as follows:

- 1. Introduction Why study H.D. Thoreau?
- 2. Living in Society Understanding how we are impacted by those around us and how we impact those around us.
- 3. Living in Nature Following Thoreau's example as a citizen scientist.
- 4. Living with Simplicity Understanding our wants vs. our needs, reflecting on how we can simplify our own lives.
- 5. Living with Principle Comparing and contrasting different protest movements, determining our own principles of protest.

There are so many amazing resources available that in developing the unit, I was somewhat overwhelmed. I have included as many of the relevant resources as I came across, but I have also left out many resources that were not as relevant as other resources. For Thoreau's texts, I have used <u>Henry David Thoreau</u>: Walden, The Maine Woods, Collected Essays and Poems (Library of America College Editions), so all page or paragraph numbers refer to this edition.

I was able to bring home some wonderful images from the seminar. I have assembled some of them in a Google presentation available here:

https://docs.google.com/presentation/d/1y0trjPjS1oxo4ikC3aQMsLz4ihShTF EyYYb HFRitc/edit?usp=sharing

Please feel free to use these images in your lessons. This presentation is also linked in the Living in Nature section, as a resource for examples of nature journaling.

Common Core ELA Anchor Standards addressed:

Key Ideas and Details:

CCSS.ELA-Literacy.CCRA.R.1

Read closely to determine what the text says explicitly and to make logical inferences from it; cite specific textual evidence when writing or speaking to support conclusions drawn from the text.

CCSS.ELA-Literacy.CCRA.R.2

Determine central ideas or themes of a text and analyze their development; summarize the key supporting details and ideas

CCSS.ELA-Literacy.CCRA.R.3

Analyze how and why individuals, events, or ideas develop and interact over the course of a text.

Craft and Structure:

CCSS.ELA-Literacy.CCRA.R.4

Interpret words and phrases as they are used in a text, including determining technical, connotative, and figurative meanings, and analyze how specific word choices shape meaning or tone.

CCSS.ELA-Literacy.CCRA.R.5

Analyze the structure of texts, including how specific sentences, paragraphs, and larger portions of the text (e.g., a section, chapter, scene, or stanza) relate to each other and the whole.

CCSS.ELA-Literacy.CCRA.R.6

Assess how point of view or purpose shapes the content and style of a text.

Integration of Knowledge and Ideas:

CCSS.ELA-Literacy.CCRA.R.7

Integrate and evaluate content presented in diverse media and formats, including visually and quantitatively, as well as in words.¹

CCSS.ELA-Literacy.CCRA.R.8

Delineate and evaluate the argument and specific claims in a text, including the validity of the reasoning as well as the relevance and sufficiency of the evidence.

CCSS.ELA-Literacy.CCRA.R.9

Analyze how two or more texts address similar themes or topics in order to build knowledge or to compare the approaches the authors take.

Range of Reading and Level of Text Complexity:

CCSS.ELA-Literacy.CCRA.R.10

Read and comprehend complex literary and informational texts independently and proficiently.

In the section on Living with Nature, I have included the suggestion to try using citizen science projects alongside journaling. For a look at how Citizen Science Projects can be linked to Common Core Anchor standards for English and Next Generation Science standards, visit this great document:

http://learningisopen.org/toolkit/citizen-science/

NGSS Crosscutting Concepts

Patterns

Observed patterns of forms and events guide organization and classification, and they prompt questions about relationships and the factors that influence them

Cause and effect: mechanism and explanation

Events have causes, sometimes simple, sometimes multifaceted. A major activity of science is investigating and explaining causal relationships and the mechanisms by which they are mediated. Such mechanisms can then be tested across given contexts and used to predict and explain events in new contexts

Scale, proportion, and quantity.

In considering phenomena, it is critical to recognize what is relevant at different measures of size, time, and energy and to recognize how changes in scale, proportion, or quantity affect a system's structure or performance.

Systems and system models.

Defining the system under study—specifying its boundaries and making explicit a model of that system—provides tools for understanding and testing ideas that are applicable throughout science and engineering.

Introduction

Introduction (Can be used with each of the four units independently or to introduce a large unit that makes use of all of these smaller units)

Activity/Purpose	Resources:
Anticipatory Set (15-30 minutes):	Walden the game or link to video teaser, projector.
Build anticipation by viewing/playing a teaser from Walden the game.	Link to game teaser:
Questions for discussion:	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OEJ_59hVPgw&feature=youtu.be
Who H.D. Thoreau? Why would someone make a video game about his	You can also receive a free educator's license to use the game at :
experiment? Why would someone choose to "live in the woods"? What	http://www.waldengame.com/index.html
can we learn from his experience? How would he feel about this game?	
	Additional resource (suggested by colleague):
	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7dD5G5MzBHk
Frontloading (30-45 minutes): In order to understand H.D. Thoreau and his	Chronology of Thoreau's life from the Walden Woods Project:
impact in the world, we will read directly from his work. However, it is	
important to understand the context in which his life was shaped. Let's	https://www.walden.org/thoreau/a-brief-chronology/
explore the time and place and people who have shaped him. We will	
explore a timeline of Thoreau's life together.	

Strand One: Living with Society

Guiding Questions: How do others impact our lives? How do we impact others? What can we learn about our own social circles by examining H.D. Thoreau's social circle?

Activity/Purpose	Resources:
2-3 45 minute class periods:	http://transcendentalists.com/
As a class, research various people who had an impact on Thoreau's life or whom he had an impact on. We will create a large scale, whole class infographic on butcher paper based on student research.	-This hub site offers links and resources for studying Emerson & Thoreau, as well as a pretty comprehensive list of other important transcendentalists.
Using the hub site listed in the resources, I will assign student pairs or small groups different people that were part of Thoreau's life. Students will report back as we complete our class wide infographic.	Program for creating infographics: https://piktochart.com/
Students will then create an individual infographic on those people who have impacted them or whom they have had an impact upon. Most of my students are familiar with Piktochart, but more time may be necessary if students have not done this before. A graphic organizer is provided at the end of this document and students may complete this assignment on paper, if computer resources are not available.	See page 13 for a graphic organizer that can be used for keeping track of people who impacted Thoreau or for student individual projects.

Strand 2: Living with Nature

Guiding Questions: How do we come to understand nature? How does nature help us to understand ourselves and our place in the world? How does our treatment of nature reflect our values as individuals or as a society? How can we be better stewards of the environment? Why is that important? Must all science come from scientists?

Activity/Purpose	Resources
(One week) Observing in nature:	The following Google Presentation includes my personal images from the seminar. There are several
Classroom observation of an object (borrowed from a colleague): Have students write	images of Thoreau's journals, which you can use to
as much as they can about an object in the classroom in a limited amount of time.	offer students examples for creating their own journals:
When time is up, compare notes. Discuss what things they didn't write down that	https://docs.co.ols.com/procentation/d/1./0tviDiC1ova
they could have or should have.	https://docs.google.com/presentation/d/1y0trjPjS1oxo 4ikC3aQMsLz4ihShTF_EyYYb_HFRitc/edit?usp=sharing
Observing in an outdoor space: Take students to an outdoor space and have them observe a section of that space on their own. Essentially, the same activity from the classroom, but with more to observe and more time. I will make use of Jardincito, a Nature Play garden in our neighborhood. Each student will be assigned an area on a map of the garden.	Project Noah is a website that allows students to download a free app and use their phones to upload images of flora and fauna. Teachers can set up a specific project for students to contribute to and then students can help each other identify the plants and
Possible Extension to this: Have students download the Project Noah app and create a classroom project around the space chosen for observations. Have students use their	animals they observe:
phones to upload photos and identify the different species of flora and fauna in space.	http://www.projectnoah.org/
After first observation, have students pose a question for inquiry from their section. Bring students out to collect data for their inquiry question.	
Read Walden Excerpts:	
Ponds, Paragraph 18	

Spring, Paragraphs 17-20, 25-27	
Sharing Data:	
-Compile species data for a "field guide" for the area students observed.	
-Have students choose a method to share the results of their inquiry project, whether through poetry and prose, art work, charts and graphs, etc. Present findings to the rest of class.	

Strand 3: Living with Simplicity

Guiding Questions: What do we need to survive? What do we need to be happy? What happens when we try to simplify our lives? Do attempts at voluntary poverty have anything to offer those who live in poverty? Would Thoreau's experiment work today?

Activity/Purpose	Resources:
-James Finely activity (30-45 minutes):	The synthesis essay will be graded using a generic AP Synthesis Essay rubric,
Have students list out what their daily expenses are. Remind	such as this one:
them to consider the bills their parents might pay, transportation costs, how much their clothes and sneakers	http://teachers.sduhsd.net/mgaughen/docs/Synth%20Generic%20Rubric.pdf
might cost if you prorated their use, educational expenses,	A short video on how our stuff is produced, from originating natural resources,
costs that might not be monetary, etc.	to the stores we purchase stuff from. Heavily biased, but not inaccurate:
Have them reflect on the challenges and surprises they might have noticed during this activity. Ask students to share	
without sharing the actual dollar amounts or specific details.	http://storyofstuff.org/movies/story-of-stuff/
	A Frontline documentary on marketing to teenagers:
Defining our wants vs. our needs. How many items on the list were wants? How many were needs? You may need to	http://www.pbs.org/wgbh/pages/frontline/shows/cool/view/
develop class definitions of "wants" vs. "needs".	nttp://www.pbs.org/wgbn/pages/nontime/snows/cool/view/
	Documentary Viewing Guide from PBS:
-Why do we want the things we want? How does our stuff	https://pov-tc.pbs.org/pov/downloads/2010/pov-behindthelens-introducing-
hurt us? (2 – 3 class periods) View The Story of Stuff and The Merchants of Cool. Have	documentaries-viewing-guide.pdf
students complete documentary viewing guide.	
	Reading Selections:
-Read excerpts from "Economy" alongside the contemporary	Chapter One from <u>Nickel and Dimed, On (Not) Getting By in America</u>
selections listed in the resources and either complete a SOAPSTone analysis (see the following unit) for each one or	By BARBARA EHRENREICH
provide students an annotation guide (1 week).	
Economy: Clothing, p.19-24, Architecture, p.38-45	http://www.nytimes.com/books/first/e/ehrenreich-01nickel.html
-During the same week, have students give something up for	<i>Time</i> article on Cory Booker's Food Stamp Challenge:
a week they know is a want, but feel is a need and reflect on	
	http://newsfeed.time.com/2012/12/04/whats-behind-cory-bookers-food-

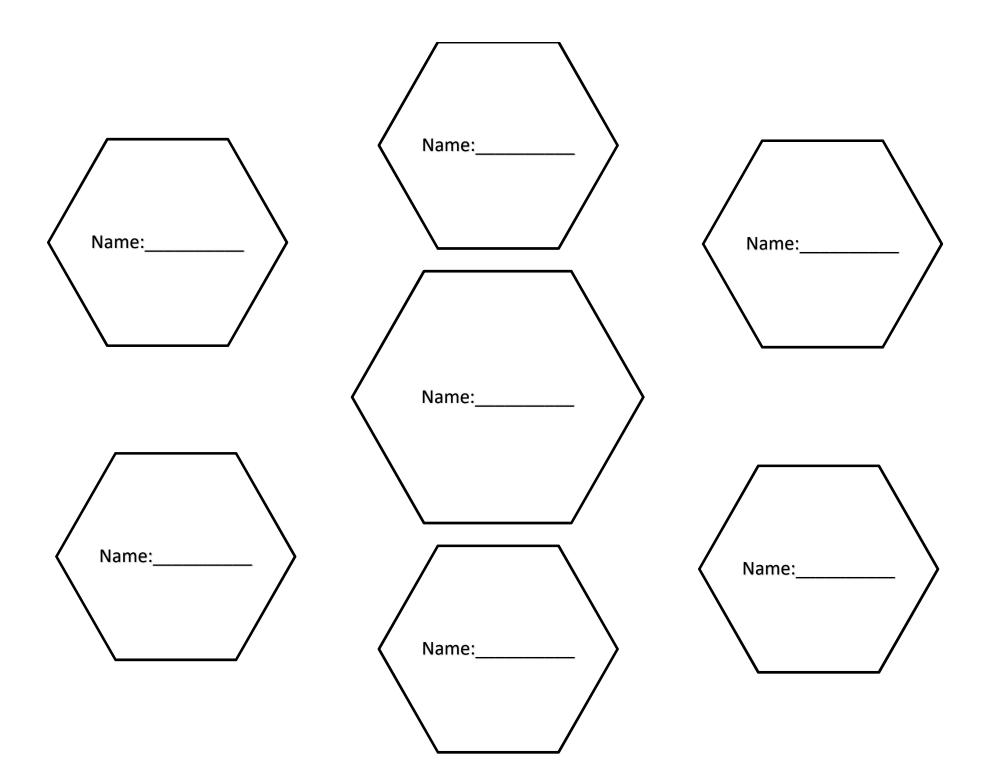
the experience.	stamp-challenge/		
Books for further reading: Into the Wild, Wild	NBC article on voluntary poverty vs. actual poverty:		
	http://www.nbcnews.com/business/consumer/middle-class-minimalist- message-sounds-key-poor-n126536		

Strand 4: Living with Principle

In this short unit, students will compare and contrast different methods of protest and resistance. After reading several essays and articles, students will develop their own statement of principles that they believe in.

Activity/Purpose	Resources:
Anticipatory Set (30-45 minutes): -Agree/Disagree activity using statements from New York Times link. Either ask students to complete these statements on paper or divide room into Agree/Disagree sides and ask students to move to one side of the room or another, depending on how they feel about the statement. Follow up with a class discussion on protest movements that students know about. Have students list out protest movements they are familiar with. Encourage them to generate a list that includes both contemporary and historical protest movements	New York Times Lesson on protests, for Agree/Disagree activity: https://learning.blogs.nytimes.com/2010/04/06/preserve-protect-and-defend-considering-violent-protests-and-american-values/?rref=collection%2Fspotlightcollection%2Flearning-english-language-arts&action=click&contentCollection=learning®ion=stream&modul e=stream_unit&version=search&contentPlacement=3&pgtype=collection
-Over the next 1-2 weeks, read the listed selections below. Use SOAPSTone to make sure students understand these texts. "Civil Disobedience" "A Plea for Captain John Brown" "Letter from a Birmingham Jail" Possible additional readings about: Black Lives Matter movement Antifa Colin Kaepernick Malala Yousafzai Arab Spring Standing Rock	Reading Selections: Letter from a Birmingham Jail http://www.massresistance.org/docs/gen/09a/mlk_day/birmingham_j ail.html Civil Disobedience: http://xroads.virginia.edu/%7EHYPER2/thoreau/civil.html A Plea for Captain John Brown, annotated text: http://thoreau.eserver.org/plea.html
After students have completed various readings, develop a class chart of different tools of resistance and protest. Have students complete a short essay exploring what they believe are the best methods for	Contemporary Protests: https://www.nytimes.com/2017/06/16/sports/football/colin-

promoting societal change.	kaepernick-free-agency-nfl-nba.html
Possible extension: Read In the Time of Butterflies	AP Central SOAPSTone method:
	https://apcentral.collegeboard.org/courses/resources/soapstone- strategy-reading-and-writing



Being Awake, Aware and Alive Project for Field Trip to Chicago Chinatown 2017-18 By Wei Liu

"The millions are awake enough for physical labor; but only one in a million is awake enough for effective intellectual exertion, only one in a hundred millions to a poetic or divine life. To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake." "Morning is when I am awake and there is a dawn in me....We must learn to reawaken and keep ourselves awake, not by mechanical aids, but by an infinite expectation of the dawn, which does not forsake us in our soundest sleep."

-- Henry David Thoreau Walden "Where I lived and what I lived for"

This is a project for you to stay "awake" as a person and to experience Chinese architecture, artifacts and garden as well as Chinese food consciously and deliberately. You are going to be aware of: 1. who you are: a high school student from a suburb of Chicago in the United States; 2. what you are doing: try to use camera to record what you know about Chinese culture through buildings, artifacts and gardens as well as Chinese food that you think represent Chinese culture. Pay attention to different time periods and regions in China; 3. how you are going to do it: use your camera to tell a story about one of the four topics in Chinese and English.

Before the field trip, you need to do some research about Chicago Chinatown to explore one of the following topics: its history, buildings' and garden's styles, Chinese American museum's exhibitions and artifacts as well as Chinese food. You will decide in advance what topic you are going to focus on and what subjects you are going to take pictures of. During the field trip, you will have opportunities to take pictures and ask or write down your questions.

After the field trip, you will have a week to compile and write captions for your pictures and turn them in to google classroom on the Friday of the following week after the field trip. We will present the projects on the following Fridays. Through your presentations, you will make Chinese culture and your own field trip experiences alive and meaningful. Mandarin Chinese Levels I, II, III, IV 2017-18 Field Trip Waubonsie Valley High School, Aurora, IL Photovoice of Chicago Chinatown

1.) Guidelines:

Each student needs to turn in a total of 10 photos as well as captions for the photos. Each caption should include the information listed below in both Chinese and English.

- 1. This is a picture of
- 2. I took the picture because

3. This picture represents my field trip experience to me because

2.) Content:

The pictures should fit into two of the five categories:

- 1. Explain history of Chinatown
- 2. Illustrate Chinese architectural characteristics
- 3. Images of a Chinese garden
- 4. Chinese food
- 5. Museum artifacts (color, shape, size, function, and aesthetic value, etc.)

3.) Language requirements:

Level I use sentences 这是。。。我喜欢因为它。。。 Level II use sentences 这是。。。我喜欢因为它。。。它/他/她/很。。。 Level III use sentences 这是。。。我喜欢因为它。。。它/他/她/很。。。 我觉得 它/他/她很(不)重要。 Level IV use sentences 这是。。。我喜欢因为它。。。它/他/她/很。。。 我觉得 它/他/她很(不)重要,etc.

NEH "Living and Writing Deliberately" Curriculum Unit August 2017 Nancy Logghe

Thread: Being Awake, Aware, Alive

Unit Summary

Students will select quotations from the writings of Henry David Thoreau, illustrate the quotations with photographs or drawings, write the quotations in their own words, and present their work to the class.

Objectives

Students will become familiar with the work of Henry David Thoreau by

reading/listening to biographies of Thoreau.

reading and discussing quotations from his work.

Students will show their understanding of the work of Henry David Thoreau by

writing the quotations in their own words.

illustrating the quotations with photos or drawings.

explaining the why they chose the quotations and the illustrations.

presenting their work to the class.

Notes for teacher

- 1. The idea for this series of lessons comes from the book *Henry David Thoreau for Kids* by Corinne Hosfeld Smith. See bibliography.
- 2. The unit may be adapted for teaching to students in grade 3-12.
- 3. A good resource for this unit is now out of print, but if you can find a copy, it will help your students understand the final product for this unit. *In Wildness Is the Preservation of the World* has been called "the first coffee table book." In it, Eliot Porter created and paired his color photographs of the New England woods with passages by writer Henry David Thoreau. See bibliography.

Editorial Review from Publishers Weekly

".... word and picture complement each other in celebration of the New England countryside through the seasons. This was a landmark work. Porter's images of woods and streams, bogs and forests, plant and animal life remind us that Thoreau saw these

things in similar settings more than a century ago. The book is timeless. " Copyright 1988 Reed Business Information, Inc.

- If your students are already familiar with Thoreau, you may want to save time by skipping Lesson 1 and beginning the unit with Lesson 2. Also, some parts of the lessons may be assigned for homework, making this unit shorter.
- 5. Decide on the final product choices and how final products will be presented, depending on time and your students. Create final product handout for students, if needed.

Product and Presentation Choices

Books- Each student or group of 3-4 students creates a book of quotations and illustrations. Students' "His Words and My Words" handouts may be included. Allow class time for students to browse the books.

Posters – Each student makes one or more posters, each with a quotation and a photo or illustration. Posters are displayed in a Gallery Walk. "His Words and My Words" handouts may be included.

Slide Shows-Each student or group of 3-4 students creates a slide show with their quotations and illustrations. Slide shows are presented to the class with students narrating using their "His Words and My Words" handouts.

6. Decide how you will evaluate the final products so you can tell your students your expectations. Create grading rubric, if needed.

Materials

Biographies of Henry David Thoreau See bibliography for suggestions.

Books and posters showing Thoreau's quotations illustrated with drawings or photograph See bibliography for suggestions.

Notebooks for students to copy quotations

Devices for students to take photographs, one per student or one for each pair of students and/or art supplies for students to create illustrations

A selection of appropriate quotations from Henry David Thoreau's writings, either in print or accessed online See bibliography for suggestions.

Copies of "3,2,1" handout for students (included) You will use this for a "ticket out the door" to check your students' understanding.

Copies of "His Words and My Words" handout for students (included)

Copies of grading rubric, if needed

Copies of final product directions and expectations, if needed

Lessons

Lesson 1 - Guiding Question: Who was Henry David Thoreau?

Preparation

- If this is your students' first encounter with Henry David Thoreau, choose a picture book biography to read aloud. Or select and copy a short biographical excerpt for students to read. See bibliography for suggestions.
- 2. Copy "3,2,1" handouts for students.

Procedure

- 1. Read the biography aloud or ask students to read the excerpt.
- 2. Discuss Thoreau's life and philosophy with students.
- 3. Call students' attention to quotations from Thoreau's writing as they encounter them in the texts.
- 4. Use the "ticket out the door" strategy to check for understanding by asking students to complete "3, 2, 1" handout.

Lesson 2 - Guiding Question: What are Thoreau's most enduring ideas?

Preparation

- 1. Gather an array of books and/or posters that feature photographs and quotations to help students understand that they will choose one or more quotations to illustrate with photos or drawings.
- Decide how you will help students access quotations. If students have computer access, "The Walden Woods Project" has an extensive list of quotes, grouped by subject. See bibliography. Or provide copies of a variety of Thoreau quotations.

3. Check students' "3,2,1" handouts and plan for any necessary re-teaching.

Procedure

- 1. Reteach, as needed, based on "3,2,1" handouts.
- 2. Students browse books and posters.
- 3. Discuss how the words and illustrations work together to create meaning.
- 4. Students choose quotations that they like and copy them into their notebooks.

Lesson 3 - Guiding Question: What do Thoreau's words mean to you?

Preparation

- 1. Copy "His Words and My Words" handout for students.
- 2. Copy product directions and expectations, if needed.
- 3. Copy grading rubric, if needed.

Procedure

- 1. Explain final product expectations. Distribute directions and rubric handouts if needed.
- 2. Provide time for students to browse the quotations in their notebooks.
- 3. Provide time for students to go outdoors or travel throughout the school to take photographs. Can also be assigned as homework.
- 4. Alternatively, provide time for students to make drawings.
- 5. Students complete "His Words and My Words" handout. Can also be assigned as homework.

Lesson 4 - Guiding Question: Why are Thoreau's words important to us today?

Procedure

1. Students present final products.

Formative Assessment

"3,2,1" – Ticket out the Door handout

Summative Assessment

Final Product and "His Words and My Words" handout

Bibliography

Thoreau Biographies

Burleigh, Robert. *If You Spent a Day with Thoreau at Walden Pond*. New York: Henry Holt, 2012.

Imagines what it would have been like to spend a day with Henry David Thoreau at his secluded cabin by Walden Pond, where he recorded his reflections on the natural world. For younger students.

Johnson, D. B. *Henry Hikes to Fitchburg*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 2006.

While his friend works hard to earn the train fare to Fitchburg, young Henry walks the thirty miles through woods and fields, taking the opportunity to enjoy nature. Includes biographical information on Henry David Thoreau. For younger readers.

Locker, Thomas. *Walking with Henry: the Life and Works of Henry David Thoreau.* Golden, CO: Fulcrum Publishers, 2011.

Introduces philosopher, writer, and environmentalist Henry David Thoreau, using selections from his own writings and an imaginary journey into the wilderness. For grades 4-8

Olson, Steven P. Henry David Thoreau: American Naturalist, Writer, and Transcendentalist. New York: Rosen, 2006.

Presents the life and career of famed American naturalist and author, Henry David Thoreau, and discusses the legacy of his work. For grades 6-12.

Smith, Corinne Hosfeld. *Henry David Thoreau for Kids.* Chicago: Chicago Review Press, 2016.

Summarizes Thoreau's life and contributions culture. Includes project ideas, timeline, and resources. For grades 4-8.

Thoreau, Henry David and Peter Fiore. *Henry David's House*. Watertown, Maine: Charlesbridge, 2007. For grades 4-8.

Introduces Henry David Thoreau's *Walden*, through excerpts from the original work.

Thoreau Quotations

Thoreau, Henry David. *Thoreau: a Book of Quotations*. Mineola, New York: Dover Publications, 2000.

The following link to the "The Walden Woods Project" provides an extensive list of Thoreau quotations, grouped by subject.

https://www.walden.org/thoreau/thoreau-quotations/

Books combining Thoreau quotations with photographs or drawings

Gorman, Stephen. *Thoreau's New England*. Hanover, New Hampshire: University Press of New England, 2007.

Full-color photographs harmonize with selections from the writings of Thoreau.

McCurdy, Michael. Walden Then and Now: An Alphabetical Tour of Henry Thoreau's Pond. Watertown, Maine: Charlesbridge, 2010.

Alphabet book with black-and-white illustrations of animals, plants, seasons paired with quotations from *Walden*. References to *Walden* chapters and paragraphs are included.

Thoreau, Henry David. *In Wildness Is the Preservation of the World, from Henry David Thoreau.* Photographs by Eliot Porter. San Francisco: Sierra Club, 1962.

Color photographs of the New England woods are paired with passages by Henry David Thoreau.

Thoreau, Henry David. *Thumbing Through Thoreau: A Book of Quotations by Henry David Thoreau.* Edited by Kenny Luck. Illustrated by Jay Luke, Ren Adams. Archbald, PA: Tribute Books, 2010.

Groups Thoreau's quotations into three categories: "Society & Government," "Spirituality & Nature," and "Love," accompanied by original drawings. Includes index and bibliography.



Name _____

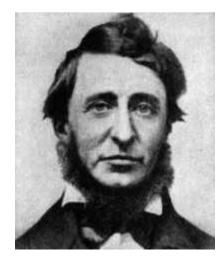
3 thir	ngs I learned while reading or listening	
1.		
2.		
3.		

2 interesting fact	S		
1		 	
2			
Z		 	

1 question I still have			
1	 		

His Words and My Words

Name _____



Quotation from Henry David Thoreau

Quotation in my own words

I chose this quotation because

I chose this illustration for the quotation because

Native Americans & Thoreau Annette Luongo, Huff Elementary Mountain View, California *Grade* 3



Essential Question: How can we as anthropologists create museum exhibits that celebrate the history and culture of Coastal California Tribes?

Standards:

California Grade 3 Social Studies Standard 3.2

- Describe the American Indian nations in their local region long ago; describe national identities, religious beliefs, customs, and various folklore traditions.
- Discuss the ways in which physical geography, including climate, influenced how the local Indian nations adapted to their natural environment (e.g., how they obtained food, clothing, tools).

Standard 3.3

• Trace why their community was established, how individuals and families contributed to its founding and development, and how the community has changed over time, **drawing on maps**, **photographs**, **oral histories**, **letters**, **newspapers**, **and other primary sources**.

- Common Core ELA R.1.3.3, R.1.3.4 (informational reading)
- Common Core Informative Writing W 3.2 a-d

Objectives:

- Students will be able to research a Coastal California tribe and describe ways they adapted to their environment
- Students will be able to analyze primary sources to better understand the history of a group of people

Materials:

- Native American websites, books, and articles that provide information on history/culture, etc.
- Example: <u>https://betterlesson.com/community/lesson/35298/california-native-a</u> <u>merican-tribes</u>
- Links to Ohlone stories: <u>http://www.native-languages.org/ohlonestory.htm</u> <u>http://www.sacred-texts.com/nam/ca/scc/</u> <u>https://multoghost.wordpress.com/2016/06/29/eagle-hummingbird-an</u> <u>d-coyote-an-ohlone-creation-myth/</u>
- Muwekma Tribe link (including a "contact us" section) <u>http://www.muwekma.org</u>

Pre-requisite:

In a previous lesson earlier that week, students will have already discussed the basic needs of food, clothing, shelter.

Procedures:

- Revisit the wooded/creek area near our school. Walk over in small groups with parent volunteers.
- Ask: how do you think the Native Americans entertained each other? After discussing with students, explain that in the time of the Ohlone,

computer games and movies were not available for entertainment, so one way they entertained each other was by storytelling. They are to imagine that there is a campfire and we are sitting around it listening to this tale. Read one of the Ohlone Indian stories from the links listed in the "Materials" section above.

- Discuss the story and explain its value as a small window into the culture of the Coastal California tribes.
- Then invite the children to imagine that we have taken a huge step back in time, and that they are now Native Americans, one of the Coastal California Tribespeople.
- Review what it means to meet one's basic needs (food, clothing shelter), and have the children then look for items in the wooded/creek area that they could use to meet those survival needs as a Native American. Some items could be used for cooking, some for clothing, etc.
- Have the children bring items back to the "campfire" to share what they found and why they believe it would make sense to use in order to help them survive in this tribe.
- Walk back to class
- Closure: Brainstorm all the methods we might employ to learn more about how the Coastal Californians actually lived. Launch the project that we will be working on over the next few weeks, which is a study into the lives of the Coastal Californians. Explain that Thoreau, who we discussed earlier in the year, documented the ways of the Native Americans and sought to learn from them. Highlight the importance of researching artifacts, articles, online sources, books, etc. to gain more insight into their life. Explain that we will be embarking upon a research project where we'll learn about the lives of the Natives and create exhibits for a "museum" in our classroom to share with others so that they may have a window into the lives of the Coastal Californians.

<u>Day 2:</u>

Procedure:

- Review activities from previous lesson (In previous lesson the students brainstormed various ways one could learn more about the history of California Coastal Tribes)
- Gather students at the rug to explain the connection we will make via Skype with a museum spokesperson.
- Once connected via Skype, co-facilitate a discussion about the analysis of primary sources that are being presented. Coach students to make observations rather than play guessing games.
- Work alongside Museum contact to ensure that the discussion also leads to a basic understanding of museum exhibits, their characteristics, features that make the exhibits successful, etc. This will be one of the building blocks for this project, as students will be creating their own "museum exhibits" for our Coastal California Museum that we create at our school
- As items are discussed, teacher takes notes of key learnings as we interact with our Museum contact.
- Closure: once the Skype session is over, students and teacher recap on chart paper the key learnings from today. Save chart paper to use at a later date when students begin planning out their museum exhibits.
- Release students to work in pairs to analyze websites/books/articles that showcase some primary sources related to the Coastal California tribes. Students take notes of their learning in their research notebook.

Materials:

- Computer and Internet connection (Skype-ready)
- Chart Paper
- Website Links to primary sources

Assessment:

Exit ticket where students explain what a primary source is and how they analyze a primary source to better understand those who came before us.

Follow-on Lessons/Activities for this unit will include the following:

- Students will be working in pairs to investigate an aspect of Native American Life. They will be assigned one topic, and will have a choice on a second topic. These will be the areas of study:
 - Clothing
 - Food
 - Lodging
 - Folklore
 - Economy/Trade
 - Medicine
 - Customs and ceremonies
 - Tools
- Future mini-lessons:
 - Model for the students how to effectively take notes on what they're learning about the Native Americans
 - Model how to write an organized informational paragraph
 - Model how to create a poster to display information gathered

Assessment at the culmination of this unit project:

• Each student will turn in an informative report, create an exhibit, and present his/her findings to visitors in our classroom. These products will be used to evaluate each child's progress toward the objectives.

Nature: Observations and Descriptive Writing Annette Luongo, Huff Elementary Mountain View, California *Grade 3*



Essential Question: How can we as writers carefully observe and then describe a place using our senses so that we effectively "paint a picture" in the reader's mind? How can we illustrate our work to help the reader better understand what we're aiming to communicate?

Standards:

- CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.3.2.A
 - Area we'll focus on which is part of a broader standard: "include illustrations when useful to aiding comprehension"
- CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.3.3
 - Area we'll focus on which is part of a broader standard: "develop real experiences using descriptive details"
- CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.3.4
 - ➤ With guidance and support from adults, produce writing in which the development and organization are appropriate to task and purpose.
- CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.3.10
 - Write routinely over extended time frames (time for research, reflection, and revision) and shorter time frames (a single sitting or a day or two) for a range of discipline-specific tasks, purposes, and audiences.

Objectives:

• Students will be able to record details through careful observations (using their five senses)

- Students will be able to write detailed, complete sentences from observations written in their notebooks.
- Students will be able to illustrate their writing to aid the reader in comprehension.

Materials:

- Literature: <u>If You Spent a Day with Thoreau</u>, by R. Burleigh. In this picture book, Robert Burleigh and Wendell Minor imagine a special day spent with the celebrated writer and naturalist *through the eyes of a child*. Together Thoreau and the young boy watch small but significant wonders such as swimming fish, fighting ants, and clouds in the sky.
- Flute music, e.g. https://safeshare.tv/x/GxxaCX-7C0o
- Note-book decorating materials (pencils, papers, paints, etc.)
- Whiteboard, markers
- Nearby woods/creek or other place in nature to observe

Day 1 Procedure:

- 1. In the classroom, teacher reads and discusses the picture-book: <u>If</u> <u>You Spend a Day with Thoreau</u>.
- 2. Explain how Thoreau is a well-known writer for various reasons. One of the things he did in his life was to revisit a place repeatedly, which is what we will do this year -- in every season. Reveal that today our class will make our first visit to our neighboring creek where we will begin to carefully notice/observe what we see, just as Thoreau did, and then we'll write about it.
- 3. Guide the students in decorating their own nature notebook where they will record observations, illustrate, and then practice writing rich, detailed sentences. Explain that the purpose of this notebook is to help us become a stronger writer, as those who observe carefully often write in a more detailed manner which paints a vivid picture for the reader. We will aim to be more careful observers just as Henry

was. Play flute music (use the link provided in "Materials" above), remember to share that Henry was a flute player too :-)

- 4. With notebooks in hand, students walk in small groups guided by an adult to the woods/creek area.
- 5. Once there, prompt the students to sit quietly and notice the sights and sounds around them. Teacher prompts: Close your eyes and notice the sounds that are coming to you. Rather than searching, just notice what's there. Take a moment now to write on the left side of your notebook some observations, phrases, words, illustrations. Now open your eyes and notice the colors around you. Take a moment to write on the left side of your notebook some observations, phrases, words, illustrations. Feel a rock or a stick that is near year. Notice those sensations. Take a moment now to write on the left side of your notebook some observations, phrases, words, illustrations.
- 6. Walk back to class, and notice the sights and sounds as you make your way back.
- 7. In closing this part of the lesson, have students briefly share some of their observations.
- 8. Collect notebooks for continuation tomorrow. (time permitting, review them to see what observations stood out, interesting notes/details, that could be highlighted tomorrow)

Day 2 Procedure:

- 1. Review yesterday's discussion of Henry Thoreau and visit to the wooded creek area. Redistribute the notebooks. Capture what the students remember on the whiteboard. Be sure to include some things that they observed while in the wood/creek area.
- 2. Explain that today we will use our notebooks to write descriptive sentences. On the right side of our notebook we will practice writing about our visit to the creek using descriptive sentences.

- 3. Model for students how to write some descriptive sentences about yesterday's observations. Show non-examples or weaker sentences that lack detail.
- 4. Have students write a couple of descriptive sentences with a partner about the creekside sights and sounds that we observed yesterday (they can also refer to notes on the whiteboard)
- 5. On their own, have students write several sentences about the experience of sitting in the wooded/ creek area. They are to focus on including their senses, writing what they saw, heard, smelled, and felt while there.
- 6. On a separate sheet of paper that each student will turn in, have the students choose their four favorite sentences that they wrote on their own. They will recopy these from their nature notebook onto a new piece of paper. These sentences will be illustrated as well, to further explain to the reader what they're aiming to convey. (Explain that Thoreau would often copy from his notebook onto another piece of paper) This piece of paper they turn in will be looked at by me for evidence of careful observation, use of descriptive detail and their senses.
- 7. Also collect the nature notebooks to be used in the next month or season, when we revisit the creek and record our observations.
- 8. In closing, elicit feedback about what we practiced today, and what we can consider doing to write in a more vibrant way.

Assessment:

- Collect the sentences/illustrations and evaluate them based on their ability to "paint a picture" using one or more of the senses.

Journaling for Self Discovery: Being Awake, Aware, and Alive!

Key Concepts

Discerning Exploring Gleaning Germinating Disciplining Curating Remembering Recording Honing

OverviewThis is a year-long course in journal writing that is highly adaptable
and meant to be integrative with any and all other disciplines of study.
Twelve types of journal entries are introduced and adjustable to use
whenever they enhance already-in-place curriculum.

Materials Needed

- A sturdy, non-electronic journal or notebook with at least 180 pages, preferably lined
- A pleasant, effective writing utensil, ink preferred over pencil because it is more legible over time
- Various objects with which to practice observation and close examination (e.g.: acorns, pine cones, coins, flowers, compass, magnifying glass, magnets, stamps, vintage clothing, photographs or letters)
- Various texts, quotes, images, videos, songs, poems, and activities to create an experience that ignites the imagination and engagement of writer
- An adult figure modeling journaling as the students are journaling

<u>Objectives</u>

T0:

- Utilize writer as primary source
- Encourage introspection
- Foster higher thinking skills
- Teach and model organization, discipline, and fortitude
- Practice informal writing
- Introduce and play with writing tools and forms, such as comparecontrast charts, letter writing and email etiquette, summary, description, argument, persuasion, and poetry forms like Haiku, Diamante, etc.
- Hone observation and listening skills
- Develop internal dialoguing skills to strengthen communication skills
- Disconnect from technology to improve "quality time" with self
- See and experience the world more deeply and clearly
- Educate about the benefits of self-reflection for mental health
- Expand understanding of journaling as a form of processing: in writing, speaking, thinking, and remembering

- Tap into multiple intelligences to strengthen learning and affirm uniqueness of self
- Use place with journaling as a means of learning about self, community, nature, nation, and history
- Connect writing as a form of prayer and meditation
- Encourage and cultivate self awareness and compassion for others
- Link students with other journal writers, e.g.: Henry Thoreau, Anne Frank
- Inspire life-long learning of reading and writing in genres such as memoir, journal, nature and travel writing, using excerpts from *Orion* and *The Sun* magazines, for example
- Utilize journaling in re-drafting for essays and speeches (optional, see Assessment Strategies for Additional Journaling Exercises if including this objective)
- Practice editing and proofreading with journaling (optional, see Assessment Strategies for Additional Journaling Exercises if including this objective)
- Build vocabulary and encourage a life-long curiosity for and love of words (optional, see Assessment Strategies for Additional Journaling Exercises if including this objective)
- Expand journaling techniques to develop skills in note taking: of lectures, speeches, guest speakers, and for research (optional, see Assessment Strategies for Additional Journaling Exercises if including this objective)

<u>Formats</u>

- Maintain a quiet room environment. Dim lights or use only natural light at times, or regularly, to affect calmness. This can be a very effective way to set classroom tone as students are entering, to get them to sit and focus more efficiently. Consistently having your room set in this way in the beginning of class will allow students to develop a routine that may be a source of solace and calm amid a busy school day.
- Ending class with journaling, and the quiet environment, has some compelling benefits and can be done at times when it enhances a lesson, but the typical routine for journal time is best at the beginning of class and can be a built-in anticipatory set for any lesson.
- Model writing in your journal as students are expected to journal. To effectively convey how important you as teacher believe journaling is, for all the above-listed objectives, you must put in the time and develop the discipline for yourself as well. This will strengthen and deepen your relationship with your students, build trust with them, and build your teaching skills.
- Each student in the classroom should have the same journal notebook. If possible, provide them for each student. It is important not to allow for individualization of the notebooks, so no one student stands out, and no one student's notebook stands out. Each student is given the same size notebook, same number of pages, same line spacing, design, and sturdiness. Composition notebooks are inexpensive if bought in bulk from most office or school supply stores. See if your school will spring for the expense. If not, students can purchase their own if the teacher provides clear details about where to purchase and how much the expense will be. Maybe some students would volunteer to purchase more than one and donate the extras to the classroom set. I usually get five different colors so there is some differentiation, and I let students doodle on the covers.
- Set clear time parameters for students. At times, you may want to project, on the overhead, a timer with a countdown. At other times, tell the students they can journal as long as it remains quiet in the room (if you can afford the time), or until the end of class. You may also tell them that they can journal as long as the music is playing, or until they hear the chimes, or some other method of marking the end of the journaling session. Vary up the amount of time you spend journaling. Yet, clearly tell students how long they have to write before you begin (or write it into the prompt).
- Reserve a minimum of 5 minutes and a max of 20 for a typical journaling experience in the classroom routine. Sometimes 5 minutes is too long and 20 minutes is not enough. Learn to read the students and their moods, and their connections with the material they are learning in class. Some students will be on fire to journal every day; others will have to be coaxed into making contact with the page. Allow for both and any response in between. Create the space but let students fill it in their own way, guiding them with deliberate and prescribed parameters.
- Establish a routine. A journaling routine is essential to meet the objectives and gain the benefits of this writing activity. However, this is part of the

beauty of journaling: the routine can be whatever allotment fits with the schedule. The teacher may do any configuration of the following, for example: daily journaling, once a week journaling, a ten-day stint of journaling, or an every-other-day method. Realistically figure out (and stretch a little if necessary!) what the curriculum can allow, and incorporate the journaling with it. Once the teacher decides how often journaling can be done, the goal is to stick to it and practice disciplining self and students to follow through. Avoid random journaling; be deliberate in planning your prompts.

- Assign some journaling as take home, as an option. (Or not, see Procedures below.) A take home entry can replace a daily journal entry or enhance one. It can be used as an extra credit option at the teacher's discretion. This allows students to incorporate other places than the classroom as observatory and learning environment. Using places like nature preserves, historical markers, museums, coffee shops, and shopping malls is a great way to incorporate nature, history, science, technology, sociology, anthropology, art, theater, and pop culture, for example.
- Use music to help establish a mood or as a way to integrate your lessons with journaling. Having students listen to meditative, cultural, or historical music, and having them experience different music genres affirms multiple intelligences and listening skills. It also adds variety to journaling. Also allow journaling with no music and allow some days where students can listen to their own music through their headphones as a choice. Definitely use music consciously and do not overuse it. Silence is as important for journaling as music is.
- Encourage flexibility of thinking and experimenting with journaling forms and methodologies. Allow sketching, doodling, drawing, bullet points, brainstorming, stream-of-consciousness, writing upside down or sideways, skipping lines, starting at the bottom and working up, etc. Encourage students to play with the page and convey to students there is no judgment based on the journaling methodology as long as there is variety in those methodologies. (i.e., not every entry can be a doodle.)
- Honor and guard the privacy of the student journaler. Tell students their journals are private, but clearly and vigorously caution them that their school journals are not locked and that ultra-private writing should be kept in a separate journal that only the student is aware of, and it is kept at home. Tell students their school journals will be graded but not read, and the teacher determines how to grade them. See Assessment Strategies below for ideas.
- Daily, or weekly, etc., connection with the journal is required, but what the student writes about, where s/he goes with the prompt, and how that student makes contact with the page on any given day is up to the student. The prompts are there to guide and inspire thinking but not to control it.
- Sometimes an "M" can be added to the prompt—next to the entry number. Tell students when they see the "M," the entry topic is considered "mandatory," and students are required to address the prompt. Don't overdo the "M" prompts. The more control the students have over what and how they write, the more they will buy in. The first time you introduce a specific

type of journal, you may want to make it mandatory so students have to try all twelve entry types (if you choose to use all twelve) at least once.

- Never force a student to share or follow a prompt. Consider that a student may be sensitive to the topic at hand or processing something internally that s/he does not feel comfortable sharing. Never read a student's journal unless a student requests a reading (see page 9). Never make a student share with other students or allow students to read each other's journals. If sharing is involved, it must be voluntary and the journaler is in charge of his/her journal at all times.
- Above all: think creatively about using the blank page of the journal as a way to incorporate lessons, to process information, to establish classroom mood and routine. Trust and allow yourself (and your students) to be spontaneous with journaling time. Let the prompts come from you or your lesson materials, or the students themselves, organically and without judgment. Allow for experimentation and failure.

Procedures

Each journal entry must contain:

1. <u>An Entry Number</u>: students record the entry number in the same place on the page every time. Establish this routine, but allow students flexibility in *where* they put the number on the page and *how* it is represented. Students may want to highlight the entry number, or circle it, or box it. Tell students the number needs to be clearly identifiable and visible on the page. It is required as part of the assessment of the journal.

2. <u>The Entry Date</u>: students record the day's date with each entry number. It, too, should be in the same place on the page every time. Next to the entry number is preferred, but maybe allow students flexibility in where they put the date on the page and how the date is recorded. (e.g.: 8/4/17 or August 4, 2017, etc.) Encourage (or require) consistent formatting. Consistent dating of entries is an important measure of a journaler's discipline and an assessment factor.

3. <u>A Key Word</u>: students record a key word for the journal entry. What is the entry primarily about or related to? Students choose a key word (or phrase) as a way to sharpen their ability to discern what is important about a writing topic. The teacher may offer his/her key word to model discernment, or one could be provided with the prompt. The key word needs to be clearly identifiable and visible on the page and it is used as a part of the assessment of the journal. Instead of, or in addition to, a key word, the teacher may require students to copy down the prompt for each journal entry, or allow students to choose to do so as a way to "fill up" some of the entry, if writing *about* the prompt feels overly challenging or difficult.

4. <u>Entry Content</u>: students strive to write for a minimum of ½ page when doing a journal entry. Sketches, doodles, bullet points, and other forms of entries must demonstrate appropriate effort for the time allotted. Using up a minimum of 50% of a page is a good guideline for students to adhere to when creating an entry. Encourage students to strive for quality connection with the blank page over meaningless quantity, though even meaningless quantity has its place.

How to journal in class:

Have the journal notebooks readily available for the students as they walk into your classroom. They can be alphabetized, set up by teams, organized by seating chart, distributed by a notebook leader, whatever procedure you can develop that makes the journal writing process streamline and efficient. It should be explained clearly and performed often enough that the procedure becomes routine. I do not recommend that students keep journals with them as they go from class to class. Students will forget their journals often and use the "I forgot it" excuse to avoid a journal entry they don't want to write. In my classroom, for example, I have seven tables. Each table has 5-7 students sitting at it. The journals for the students at each table are bound together by two large rubber bands, across the middle and top to bottom. The bound packet of notebooks is stored on a shelf as close to the table as possible. Each table has a "notebook leader" who is responsible for getting the

bound notebooks to the table to start, and for binding the notebooks back together and returning to the shelf to finish. The notebook leader is a student who habitually arrives early to class and/or who likes to journal or to perform this everyday task.

To take home the journal or not?

There are perks to having students take their journals home. Switching up the environment where journaling happens is very powerful and helps students develop their self-awareness and world awareness. The down side is that students will forget their journals at home if they are assigned an at home journal. Another option is to have students do a journal entry at home, but on a separate sheet of paper. The separate sheet(s) of paper (call them "field entries") can be taped or stapled into the journal when they come to class the next day. If journals are allowed to go home with students, remind students how important the entry number, date, and key word are when journaling outside the classroom routine. The teacher can create a checkout system for journals as well. If a student forgets the journal at home, have the student use a loose leaf sheet of paper, and if necessary, keep it for that student so s/he can tape or staple it into the notebook when it does get back to the classroom. I tell students if they lose their notebooks, they lose all credit for the entries that have not been assessed. This encourages keeping the notebooks in class at all times.

What to do about making up journal entries?

Students should have a journal buddy at their table or in their small group, or just a friend/partner in the class who can catch them up on missing prompts if they miss school. The student who needs to make up journal entries needs to do the make up work for past missing entries at some other time than the time designated for journal writing on the current day. In other words, come in before school, after school, or during homeroom time to get the prompts and write in their journals. Likewise, the teacher needs to write each required journal entry prompt, and/or a description of the prompt in his/her journal. The teacher should regard his/her journal as a "public" record for the class. The teacher needs to have each prompt carefully recorded so students can make up missing entries if their journal buddy is unavailable. The teacher should also record notes on how the class responded to the prompt that were unexpected or especially thought-provoking. The teacher should not regard this class journal as a personal journal or write any private thoughts within this class journal that s/he would not want read by a student.

Assessment Strategies

• In assessing the journal, the teacher must glance at each individual journal entry and take into account the bulk of the journal for the period of time being assessed. Assessing the journal is based on the overall impression the teacher gets regarding how the student connects with the page in his/her unique way and style. Check for the following things overall:

-Consistency with the entry number, date, and key word

-Exploration of ideas

-Creativity with methodologies

-Development (an identifiable measure of content progress, texture, depth, or evenness)

-Unique and personal approach

- One simple way to assess journals is by checking, or "glancing through" the entries. Assign a ½ point, or one full point, each, for: entry number, entry date, key word, and entry content. Thus, if an assessment includes 10 entries, each entry could be worth 2 or 4 points, with 20 or 40 points overall. Giving points for entry numbers, dates, and key words puts value on the *discipline* of numbering and dating, and the *discernment* of using a key word. This diffuses the emphasis on, but does not ignore, the value of the *content* of each entry. Journal content is impossible to accurately assess, since teachers have bias, and each student's journal is intended to be personal and unique. Content should not be the sole factor in assigning point-value when assessing student journals.
- Journals can be checked during class time, if the teacher can spare it, by either: A. having students come to the teacher's desk individually Or B. the teacher can "make the rounds" by stopping at each student's desk. This is best done during quiet reading, journaling, or independent study time. As the student flips through the pages of the journal for the teacher, the teacher: 1. counts each entry, 2. checks dates, key words, entry types and content, and 3. formulates an impression of the journal as a whole. This assessment strategy, though it may distract some students in the room and erode concentration, allows students to keep their journals in their possession and encourages them to take pride in and ownership of their work.
- Journals can also be checked during writing conferences between student and teacher, during class, after school, or by appointment. This is a wonderful way to affirm journaling by including it in important conversation the teacher has with students about all of the different kinds of writing (maybe using student portfolios) they do for the class. This is the optimal way to assess student journals. Consider how affirming it is for a student to be able to flip through his/her journal for the teacher, stopping at certain entries the student enjoyed or struggled with and having a dialogue about the ones that stand out for that student. Discuss process and record keeping here too.
- Journals can be collected and the teacher can take time outside of class to flip through the journals one-by-one. This is more time-consuming, but it does not take or erode valuable class time. This assessment method allows the

teacher to give students the option for further or more detailed feedback by having students label any entry ahead of time with "PLEASE READ" or the use of a sticky tab—this becomes then an invitation for the teacher to read that specific entry and make a comment or have a conversation with the student about the entry's content.

- The teacher may choose to read every student's journal entries, especially if the journaling timeframe is short, or the quantity of entries are not too overwhelming for the teacher. However, the teacher must respect the students' journaling experience as something that is individualized and not up for judgment or criticism. The assessment is an evaluation of effort, with emphasis on quality and quantity. Entries need to be fulfilled, but not necessarily held to specific content requirements. Allow for and reward risk-taking with self-exploration and self-actualization—in whatever form it shows up on the page.
- If the teacher does decide to read students' entries as an assessment, the teacher must inform the students of this ahead of time. This is a matter of respect and trust. If the teacher reads something in a journal entry, that students know the teacher is going to read, or just by happenstance, where the eye happens to look when "glancing through"—and that content is alarming or requires attention—the teacher must take responsibility to follow up on the information found in the journal. Students must be informed that the teacher is obligated to—and will—take action in certain situations.
- Journals should be checked at appropriate times throughout the year, or at the end of a specific journal writing stint or unit. Yearlong journal writing is best assessed at mid-trimester (or quarter) and end of trimester (or semester). Breaking up the journal-check is easier because there is less for the teacher or student to have to flip-through at one time, and it allows for the teacher's feedback and possible ideas for improvement with students who struggle with journaling.
- At the end of the year, or designated finishing point, a self-assessment can be made as well—of the journal itself and/or of journaling as a learning activity. Students can review their journals and use an index card, which they submit to the teacher, to give themselves a grade, finding three strengths and three weaknesses in their journal writing skills and techniques. Or instead of submitting an index card, students could make the last entry in their journals a self-assessment. The teacher may use this self-assessment as a "quick-grading" method for the grade book—or not.
- Make sure to address with your journalers the idea of writing five entries at one time. This is not what journaling is meant to be. A student misses a week of school and then tries to write all five entries in one sitting. There is no way to completely avoid this situation as students will get clever and change their writing utensils, their handwriting, and make the entries look like they were not done all at the same time. Reiterate frequently that journaling is meant to be a one entry per day practice. Five entries in one day is really just one entry. The act of journaling is meant to capture the writer's daily nuances.
- It is important for students to take their journals with them at the end of the year, or whenever the journaling timeframe concludes. The journal, if used

consistently, becomes a unique "snapshot" or remembrance of the period of time in which the journal was kept. Students have a lasting record with which to revisit and examine their lives in a broader context as they grow up and move into different phases of their journey. Consider also holding onto the journals in a file cabinet and returning them to the students at the end of their senior year.

Assessment Strategies for Additional Journaling Exercises

JOURNALING AS A STEP IN THE WRITING PROCESS

• Another assessment strategy for journaling to emphasize and honor the writing process is to require students to review their entries within a designated period of time and submit a re-drafted entry for additional assessment from the teacher, another student, or a group—as an essay or a speech. This assessment could be done weekly, monthly, by trimester or semester, or by unit. This validates journaling as a way to germinate ideas, solutions, opinions, etc. Students have a chance to review their journal entries, discern development in their ideas and growth in their writing, and to practice their revising, editing, and proofreading skills.

JOURNALING FOR VOCABULARY BUILDING

Another assessment strategy to encourage a life-long curiosity for and love of words is to have journalers create a separate section in their journals (or simply keep vocab entries in line with all other entries) dedicated to "Words." If not in line with regular entries, this could be at the back or middle of the notebook. The Words section (or entries) is where students keep a running list of vocabulary they encounter throughout the year (or journaling period) that they do not know the meaning of. The teacher may chose to assign points for the words journalers look up in the dictionary and include the definition and part of speech for. These word lists can be good conversation starters when discussing a novel, story, film, poem, song, etc. The teacher can assign journal entries that focus solely on finding unfamiliar words in a text and having students look up their meanings and functions. Word list entries, or the Word section, should include, as the Key Word, a reference as to where the unfamiliar word was encountered.

JOURNALING FOR NOTE TAKING AND RESEARCHING

- Another assessment strategy is to have journalers create a separate section in their journals (or not, again, the other option is to keep all entries flush with no separate sections in the notebook whatsoever) dedicated to "Notes." If not in line with regular entries, this could be at the back or middle of the notebook. The Notes section or notes entries are where students practice and develop their skills in taking notes on classroom lectures, speakers, films, discussions, etc. Each Notes entry should include, maybe as the Key Word, the name of the speaker, subject of the lecture, or title of the film, etc.
- Another assessment strategy to develop skills in researching is to have journalers create a separate section in their journals (or not) dedicated to

"Research." Any research the teacher assigns in preparation for a paper or presentation could be a journal entry. Research entries should include, as the Key Word, where the researched information came from (the citation). The teacher can require the journaler to write the source(s) used in a research entry in MLA format (or whatever style guide the school uses for creating a works cited, bibliography, or reference list).

• Be careful about note taking and researching if this material is going to be needed for a test. Students will want to take the journals home to study their notes or research the night or two before a test. Teachers may allow students to take their journals home, see the "To take home the journal or not?" section on page 7 of this document. Or encourage students to have a different notebook for test-taking notes and research. Some students may take photos with their phones or tablets of the material in their journals they want to study. Consider allowing students to use their journals during a test; this will encourage better note taking and researching, and students will more likely take ownership of their journals and their study materials.

Types of Journal Entries

- 1. Distilling
- 2. Contexts
- 3. Close Examination
- 4. Mirrors
- 5. Memories
- 6. Encounters
- 7. Daily Log
- 8. Inquiry
- 9. Bullets
- 10. Stream of Consciousness
- 11. Response
- 12. Creative

Employing these twelve types of journal entries, the teacher can meet the objectives for journaling for self discovery with great success. Flexibility abounds with these twelve options, and the teacher can determine what works best for his/her students, considering their grade and maturity level, the subject, curriculum, and lessons being taught, and the engagement level of the students with the material and with journaling. The teacher can utilize whichever types of journal entries best fit with the lessons already in place for their classes. The teacher can present all twelve types of journal entries to his/her students and let them decide which type of entry works for them in each situation where journaling is used.

Following is more detail about each type of journal entry. Each type is worth exploring, and the teacher could provide an example of each type, as well as techniques and tips for optimal practice. Examples could come from the teacher's personal journal or from another journal writer, well known or not. Thoreau is a great source for prompts, and in my yearlong journal writing, Thoreau factors in regularly.

DEFINE "PROMPT": this is the "thing" used to get them started writing in their journals. Usually it should be projected on the overhead, written on the board, or read aloud by the teacher, speaker, or a student in the class. It could be handed out as an entrance ticket. It could be a slip of paper picked out of a hat. It could include, but is not limited to: quotes, excerpts, photos, cartoons, pictures, music, poetry, a skit, a play, a tableau, artwork, videos, TED talks, films, etc. There is no limit to what a prompt can be and the teacher needs to be actively looking for ways to use his/her lesson material as journal prompts. Each prompt should include, or the teacher can address verbally: the journal entry number, the day's date, and possibly a Key Word for the entry.

1. <u>Distilling</u>: DISCERNING ESSENTIAL MEANING. What words, images, sensations, feelings "rise to the top," or stand out, when students are given a prompt and told to react? What is the most important idea? What is the first idea? What is the lasting idea? What is the purpose or essential meaning of this prompt? How did you figure this out? What words, specific images, actions, etc. contribute to your distillation of the information? How does one best distill information? What techniques are used to distill?

2. <u>Contexts</u>: EXPLORING A WORLD. When I encounter this prompt, what do I already know about its context? What is it's history, what might it's future be? What specific issues surround this prompt today, right here and now? How does my community look at this prompt? How might my family, my race, my history, my culture look at it? How does the creator of this prompt affect the prompt? How does the creator's family, race, history, or culture look at this prompt?

3. <u>Close Examination</u>: HONING OBSERVATION SKILLS. When I study the prompt, what do I see, hear, feel, taste, smell? What details can I record? What do these details explain or reveal? What questions arise as I examine closely? How can I examine something more closely? What biases might I have in examining certain prompts? How does my environment, my possible bias, and my mood affect my ability to observe accurately? Comparing and contrasting.

4. <u>Mirrors</u>: EXPLORING WITHIN. When I encounter this prompt, what does it make me think about for me personally? What do I see and feel inside me when I behold the prompt? How does this prompt affect me—physically, emotionally, mentally, spiritually? What can I learn about myself from looking at this prompt? What does my reaction to this prompt say about me? What areas to I need to work on in regards to this prompt, within myself, to become a more whole person?

5. <u>Memories</u>: CURATING THE PAST. What is your happiest memory? Remember someone in your life who is no longer with you. When did you learn to write? What is your earliest memory? What do you remember about kindergarten? What does this prompt evoke in my memory? What associates in my past come to light when I contemplate this prompt? How do I feel about the memories that come to mind as I consider this prompt? Capturing vivid details and images from memories. Dream recollections. Curating memories and why these memories stand out and are remembered.

6. <u>Encounters</u>: GLEANING EXPERIENCES WITH TEXT, SELF, OTHERS, ENVIRONMENTS. What happens to me—or what do I notice--when I interact with this person? What do I feel when I read this text? What happens to me when I am in a particular environment? What happens to the other person? What happens to the environment? These could be dialogues, interviews, and/or descriptions of/with people, places, and aspects of self. Process and explore negative emotions or actions. This kind of entry could follow a silent meditation or prayer. How did the meditation go? What did you experience as you meditated?

7. <u>Daily Log</u>: RECORDING THE HERE AND NOW. What's happened to me, in my world, today? What did I see, experience, feel, wonder? This could be a recording of one's daily routine, or an event that was out of the ordinary in the daily routine. Focusing on what's happening right this minute, right here, is the essential aspect of this kind of entry. Good for recording current events, school assemblies, and seemingly unimportant sensations of the present moment. When students aren't "in the mood" on a given day, I suggest they write a daily log entry. Offer this: "write what a typical morning is like for you on a school day, or on a non-school day." It's a relative "no brainer" and an interesting thing for the student to have recorded for looking back on someday.

8. <u>Inquiry</u>: GERMINATING IDEAS & QUESTIONS, DELVING DEEPER. What is going on underneath the surface? What might happen in the future regarding this prompt? What might happen if the parameters change? What changes could you predict? What changes might occur that you might not predict? How can I use this information again in a different way? How can I adapt this information to other situations? This could be an interview with an emotion, an event, or person in history or in the student's life. Students could ask the emotion Anger (or Joy) questions. Can be simply brainstorming ideas or mind mapping on a topic.

9. <u>Bullets</u>: DISCIPLINING TO BE SUCCINCT. Making lists, providing steps to completing a task, summarizing, providing details. Great journal type for note taking. Instruct students on how to shorten a thought, paragraph, article, etc. to bullet points of key ideas. This entry type works well for the reluctant journaler. Make a list of your favorite (or least) songs, foods, places, words, people. List the steps you take before you play a hockey game. What steps do you take before a performance?

10. <u>Stream-of-Consciousness</u>: LETTING IT ALL OUT. Allowing students to write whatever comes to their minds. Recording the thought process as it happens, examining the thinking. Repeating words, phrases, thoughts, and ideas, over and over if necessary, until the next word, phrase, thought, or idea comes along. Use for initial responses to prompts and for helping students begin to think about new ideas and concepts. Use for students to examine their thoughts. Strive for recording without judgment or hesitation. Great for having students react to music or specific sounds: bird calls, buzzers, rainfall, wind, etc. Great entry type for reluctant journalers as it is nearly frameless and not hard to do.

11. <u>Response</u>: DEVELOPING FEEDBACK. After giving students a prompt, have them write a response to it. How can the idea/image presented in the prompt be improved? What is the strength of the idea? What is the weakness? What is your opinion of the image? How do you back your opinion up? This could be a letter to the prompt creator. Summarize a story and assess its value. Developing rhetorical strategies for argument. Charting similarities or differences. Great entry type to use with quotes, photographs, biblical readings. This type can be used to have students "grade" themselves on their performance or produced material.

12. <u>Creative</u>: FREE FORM JOURNALING. Sketching what a word looks like, doodling what you think a character looks like. Drawing a map of a novel's setting, Writing poetry or song lyrics. Using your non-dominant hand to write/doodle. What does the music "look" like? How would this taste/sound/visual be captured in words? Sketch a concept. Close your eyes and write/draw. Encourage this kind of entry for students who really struggle with writing sentences/paragraphs, etc. Playing with words.

<u>Prompt Ideas</u> (in a general sense, to be adapted to specific lessons)

- Use quotes, excerpts, passages, dialogue
- Use poetry, song lyrics, jingles, commercials, ads, radio broadcasts
- Create or view a cartoon
- Read an op-ed from the newspaper, use current events
- Create or view artwork, use art slideshows
- View photos of a person or place, then and now
- Move the chairs around in the classroom, up-end the seating chart
- Play with lighting, sound, scents to create different atmospheres and moods
- Send students to different parts of the room/school to observe what they see
- Take a field trip—or assign an independent field trip—to a nature preserve, conservatory, aquarium, historical landmark, library, mall, coffee shop, college campus, park, rooftop, backyard
- Have students walk around the block outside with a partner, or solo, and record what they experienced
- Have students journal or take field notes "on location" at their jobs, with their family or friends, at a play, movie, sporting event, concert
- Draw a map of the student's present environment
- Sketch a feeling, draw a word, create a self portrait using different forms
- Brainstorm adjectives, nouns, verbs to capture thoughts, scenes, actions, moods
- Use entries to draft speeches, letters, confessions, love notes, interview questions, eye witness accounts
- Brainstorm and flesh out ideas for group projects, skits, performances
- Draw a book cover, a movie poster, a bookmark, animate a character
- Doodle while listening to a story being read aloud
- Interview an author, musician, poet, character, family member, peer, teacher, famous or infamous person (in real life or make it up)
- Write questions you wish people would ask you
- Write questions you hope people don't ever ask you
- Brainstorm things that inspire you, things you are afraid of, people you'd like to meet, places you'd like to go, historical people you wish you could meet who are dead
- Rewrite a story or poem in a different context, play with the time period, switch out a character, rewrite the ending or the beginning
- What would you do if you had unlimited money and resources?
- What superpower would you have if you could have one? Why?
- Provide a solution to a problem
- Give advice to a character in a movie, play, story or book—or to parents, teachers, friends, principals, the president
- Predict and ending before you know what the ending actually is
- Write a prequel to a story or a character's story
- Chart the pros and cons of an issue or a decision a student or character has to make
- Play with sarcasm and tone by having students rewrite a line of dialogue or quote in a different tone or with sarcasm

Jenny Markert Being Awake, Aware, and Alive!

Sample Reading for Journaling in Ninth Grade Walden and selected Journal entries (Henry David Thoreau) Aphorisms of Ben Franklin, R.E. Emerson The Diary of Anne Frank (Anne Frank) Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl (Harriet Jacobs) The Alchemist (Paulo Coelho) Impressions of an Indian Childhood (Zitkala Sa) Until They Bring The Streetcars Back (Stanley Gordon West) Romeo and Juliet (Shakespeare) Speak (Laurie Halse Anderson) Orion Magazine The Sun Magazine Miscellaneous stories, poems, articles, songs

<u>In the following pages</u> are four lessons incorporating the first four journal types listed on page 12 of this document. I don't have the other eight types developed into lessons yet, but they will be developed as the year unfolds.

Lesson 1 - First Journal Entry of the Year

Type of Entry: #1 – Distilling

Length of time needed for this lesson: A full class period

The prompt is written on the board or overhead:

"Write while the heat is in you. The writer who postpones the recording of his thoughts uses an iron which has cooled to burn a hole with. He cannot inflame the minds of his audience." -Henry David Thoreau, *Journal*, February 10, 1858

And

"To him whose elastic and vigorous thought keeps pace with the sun, the day is a perpetual morning." -Henry David Thoreau *Walden*, chapter 2

Choose <u>one</u>, and write it down *exactly* in your notebook as a part of this journal entry. Copy the punctuation, the citation, & capitalization exactly.

What are at least 2, but no more than 5, most important words found in this quote? Underline them. What do those words specifically mean in relation to the quote? What do you think the quote is saying? What does this quote mean for you personally?

You have 10 minutes

Entry #1 Date Key Word: Distilling (or choose your own)

Teacher's Steps

1. Hand out notebooks and pass around permanent markers. Make sure each student writes his/her full name, the school year, the class name and class period. Show the students exactly where to write this information (in the box right in the center of the front cover of the composition notebooks). Walk around and check each notebook individually. You want some uniformity and to be able to identify on sight whose notebook it is. However, I tell students if they want to doodle on the covers, that's ok, but not required.

2. Instruct students to open to page 1 and decide how they want to approach the blank page: right side up, upside down, sideways, etc. Explain that there are specific requirements for each journal entry and go through those requirements using the teacher's journal as an example: show them entry #'s, date, key word and about how long a typical entry is expected to be.

3. Talk to students about other journaling requirements, how often journaling will take place, what their options are as far as what to write. You may briefly go over the 12 types of journal entries at this time, or tell students you will go over the types of entries as you introduce each kind individually.

4. Tell students how you will be assessing their journals: whether you will be reading them or not, and if not, how to request a reading of a specific journal entry if a student would like an entry to be read by the teacher. Tell them how often and when you will be assessing the journals. Ask them if they have any questions about this assessment process.

5. Have students read the two quotes on the board and pick the one they prefer and copy it exactly into their journals as a part of entry #1. Make sure they know they should copy the quote exactly, word for word, including all punctuation marks. Tell them they also need to get the citation written correctly. Explain what a citation is, if students need clarification.

6. Next, have students read the quote they wrote in their journals again quietly to themselves. Have them underline the 2, 3, 4, or at most 5 words in the quote they feel are most important to the meaning of the quote. Have them take a few minutes to explain in their journals what they think the quote means based on the words they underlined as significant. Next, have them explain what they think Thoreau's advice is to them in their own words (do this in the journal, in writing).

7. Give students 6 minutes to write on the prompt. Tell them they have six minutes and watch the time carefully. When they are done writing, ask two students to read one of the two quotes aloud for the class. Ask students to raise their hand if they chose to write down the first quote, and ask those with their hand up why they chose that quote. Then do the same for the second quote. Discuss the quotes with as much time as you can allot to this.

8. Talk to students about how journaling is a way to "capture the heat while it's in you" and to create "elastic and vigorous thoughts." Tell the students a little bit about Henry David Thoreau and how he journaled and used his journal to write books and lectures. Tell students they will be hearing and reading a lot from Thoreau when they are writing in their journals.

9. Explain putting away or the "packing up" of the journals. Where they go, how to get them to where they go, and who (if anyone) is responsible for the notebooks for that table (or small group). Then let the students pack up the journals until next time.

10. Ask the class if there are any questions about journaling, about Thoreau, about his quotes, or about the journal requirements or assessments.

Lesson 2 – Beginnings

Type of Entry: #2 – Contexts

Length of time needed for this lesson: 15 minutes

The prompt is written on the board or overhead:

"Letter to a young Poet

You are so young, so before all beginning, and I want to beg you, as much as I can, to be patient toward all that is unsolved in your heart and to try to love the questions themselves—like locked rooms and like books that are written in a very foreign tongue. Do not now seek the answers, which cannot be given to you because you would not be able to live them. The point is, to live everything. Live the questions now. Perhaps you will then gradually without noticing it, live along some distant day into the answer." -Maria Ranier Rilke

You may choose to copy down the quote, or parts of it, but it is not mandatory. Read it carefully, though, and think about it for a minute before you go to the questions below. Choose any or all the questions to answer in your journal. You have 15 minutes.

How do you feel about beginning this class, this school? What are your fears? What are your hopes in going through it? What makes you curious? What questions do you have right now?

What makes you excited about this beginning? What makes you nervous? How do you feel about beginning something, in general? Recall a time you began something and it failed miserably. Why did it fail? What did you learn from the experience? What did you learn about yourself? How would you approach the beginning differently if you could do it over? Recall a beginning to something you experienced that went perfectly. Why did it work? What feelings do you have now, thinking back to that beginning?

Entry #2 Date Key Word: Beginnings, or Questioning (or choose your own)

Teacher's steps

1. Write the prompt on the board or overhead. Make sure to include the entry # and the date. Set a timer for 15 minutes.

2. Write for the allotted time, and if you have time, ask for any responses. If not work to incorporate beginnings to the rest of your lesson on this day.

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Lesson 3 – My Backyard

Type of Entry: #3 – Close Examination

Length of time needed for this lesson: 15 minutes

Teacher's Steps

1. Bring in as many items as you think you will need (I bring 14, two for each table) from your backyard. Place one or more items on each table, or one item per student, before or as they are entering the classroom. (I bring two of each of these: a pine cone, an acorn, a hydrangea flower, a marigold flower, a beet, the flowering head of an onion, a post-peak daylily flower, a maple leaf.)

2. Set a timer for 4 minutes and tell student they have that amount of time to observe and take notes about the items at their table. Make sure you have the journal entry # and date written on the board. They are allowed to touch the items, pick them up, and smell them, but they have to allow for others at their table to do the same. If they need a number, tell them 20 bullet points with details, per item. That will get them going.

3. When the 4 minutes are finished, have them stop.

The prompt is written on the board or overhead:

Look over your list of details about the items you observed. What assertions can you make about the items you observed? What do these items, collectively, say about my backyard? About my neighborhood? About me? How correct do you think your assertions are based upon what you observed? What further questions arise from your observations?

You have 4 minutes to address this prompt.

Your homework tonight is to find something from your backyard that you can bring in to school. It needs to be small enough to fit nicely on the table and interesting enough to spend time observing. We will use it for tomorrow's journal.

Entry #3 Date Key Word: Close Looking (or choose your own)

<u>Teacher's steps</u> (continued)

4. Set the timer for 4 minutes, finish addressing the prompt.

5. Ask students to volunteer some observations and assertions. Talk about the power of observation, and the cautions of making too strong assertions without enough information. Talk about the importance of being curious, and really looking at something. Give this discussion 5 minutes if you can. If not, wait until tomorrow's

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journaling time when you do the same exercise, but with the items the students bring in from their back yard. Or split the time between the two days.

5. Here's a quote from Thoreau that you could use with tomorrow's journal entry:

"All this is perfectly distinct to an observant eye, and yet could easily pass unnoticed by most." –Henry David Thoreau, "Walking"

7. A possible entry for the Word Section of the journal:

<u>Assertion</u>: noun
a confident and forceful statement of fact <u>or belief</u>: [with clause] : his assertion that his father had deserted the family.
the action of stating something or exercising authority confidently and forcefully: the assertion of his legal rights.

8. This type of entry works well with historical items also. When teaching about the 1920s or 1950s, for example, bring in articles of clothing from those eras, or photographs—include hairstyles, food samples from a region, old newspaper or magazine ads or articles.

Lesson 4 – Ice Books

Type of Entry: #4 – Mirrors

Length of time needed for this lesson: 15-20 minutes

Teacher's steps

1. Visit the *Orion* website and learn about Basia Irland and her amazing books of ice and what she does with them and rivers. You may want to show the video of the story, which is 4:17 long. Or you may want to show a few pictures of the ice books and talk about them. Or maybe just show one picture of one ice book without any commentary except the prompt. The article can be found in the March/April 2013 issue of the magazine.

https://orionmagazine.org/article/books-of-ice/

https://vimeo.com/59928892



The prompt is written on the board or overhead:

You may want to describe an ice book as you understand it first, but this is optional.

Choose to answer any (or all) of the following questions in your journal. You have 10 minutes.

1. What do you think about Basia Irland and her ice books? What does she value?

2. Symbolically what would you press into your own ice book? What favorite items could you stash there that captures your essence?

3. What would you want to release into your river? What river (or lake) would you release your ice book into?

4. The river could also be symbolic. Rivers often symbolize the journey of life in stories. If the river was the river of your life, what "seeds" would you plant in your book in hopes of them "coming to fruition" in your life?

Entry #4 Date Key Word: Ice Books, Seeds, Rivers (or choose your own)

Teacher's steps (continued)

2. Notes: examples of "seeds" I would sow into my ice book, to be released into my			
river of life: (i.e., What do you see in yourself that you find worth preserving and			
hope to nurture?)	Dedication	Curiosity	Compassion
	Doing good works	Innovation	Creativity

3. Students might ask about whether what they stash into their ice books has to be real seeds or not. My answer: Think real-life, organic material, <u>if you know enough about nature to think of some cool plants that represent you</u>. Here are some sample ideas in my region: water lily seeds, weeping willow cuttings, cattails, acorns, sumac seeds, wild rice, or tall grasses. Many kids have cabins on lakes. What grows in their lakes that they could sow there in an ice book? Or even: sea glass, agates, shells, sand dollars, starfish, white sand—they are organic, but not seeds.

<u>OR</u> give yourself poetic license and don't worry if the items you choose are natural or not—you may have a vintage jewelry collection, or a fishing lure set, or baseball cards, key chains, or love letters . . . not good for the river, but this is just an exercise in looking at self. The items stashed in the ice are symbols of what you value or love.

4. This journal is great to pair with studying rivers, rivers as symbols, the journey of life, influential books and how they plant seeds in people's minds, how we form our identities. How does what we value reflect upon our individual character and our communities?

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Being Awake, Aware and Alive

Quotes from the readings Thoreau quotes: From Walden Economy A:

Could a greater miracle take place than for us to look through each others eyes for an instant? We should live in all the ages of the world in an hour; ay, in all the worlds of the ages.

From Walden economy E

The man who goes alone can start today; but he who travels with another let's wait till that other is ready, and it may be a long time before they get off.

From "Where I lived and what I lived for"

"Renew thyself completely each day; do it again, and again, and forever again."

"To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. How could I have looked him in the face?"

"We must learn to reawaken and keep ourselves awake, not by mechanical aids, but by an infinite expectation of the dawn, which does not forsake us in our soundest sleep. I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor"

"I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life,"

From "Sounds"

"I sat in my sunny doorway from sunrise till noon, rapt in a revery, amidst the pines and hickories and sumachs, in undisturbed solitude and stillness, while the birds sing around or flitted noiseless through the house, until by the sun falling in at my west window, or the noise of some traveller's wagon on the distant highway, I was reminded of the lapse of time"

From "solitude"

"THIS IS A delicious evening, when the whole body is one sense, and imbibes delight through every pore."

From "visitors"

"Men who did not know when their visit had terminated, though I went about my business again, answering them from greater and greater remoteness."

From "the Village"

"for a man needs only to be turned round once with his eyes shut in this world to be lost — do we appreciate the vastness and strangeness of nature. "

"Not till we are lost, in other words not till we have lost the world, do we begin to find ourselves, and realize where we are and the infinite extent of our relations."

From "the pond-b"

"A lake is the landscape's most beautiful and expressive feature. It is earth's eye; looking into which the beholder measures the depth of his own nature." "Nature has no human inhabitant who appreciates her. "

From "the pond in winter"

"Heaven is under our feet is well as over our heads."

"Why is it that a bucket of water soon becomes putrid, but frozen remains sweet forever? It is commonly said that this is the difference between the affections and the intellect."

From " Spring"

"Who would have suspected so large and cold and thick-skinned a thing to be so sensitive? " "I am on the alert for the first signs of spring, to hear the chance note of some arriving bird, or the striped squirrel's chirp, for his stores must be now nearly exhausted, or see the woodchuck venture out of his winter quarters."

" I observed a very slight and graceful hawk, like a nighthawk, alternately soaring like a ripple and tumbling a rod or two over and over, showing the under side of its wings, which gleamed like a satin ribbon in the sun, or like the pearly inside of a shell."

From "Civil Disobedience"

"was like travelling into a far country, such as I had never expected to behold, to lie there for one night. It seemed to me that I never had heard the town-clock strike before, nor the evening sounds of the village; for we slept with the windows open, "

"and yet a change had to my eyes come over the scene — the town, and State, and country — greater than any that mere time could effect. I saw yet more distinctly the State in which I lived. I saw to what extent the people among whom I lived could be trusted as good neighbors and friends; that their friendship was for summer weather only; that they did not greatly propose to do right; that they were a distinct race from me by their prejudices"

From "Life Without Principle 1"

"The aim of the laborer should be, not to get his living, to get "a good job," but to perform well a certain work; and, even in a pecuniary sense, it would be economy for a town to pay its laborers so well that they would not feel that they were working for low ends, as for a livelihood merely, but for scientific, or even moral ends. Do not hire a man who does your work for money, but him who does it for love of it."

From "Walking"

"in Wildness is the preservation of the world."

"Life consists with Wildness. The most alive is the wildest. Not yet subdued to man, its presence refreshes him. "

"Live free, Child of the Mist — and with respect to knowledge we are all children of the mist. The man who takes the liberty to live is superior to all the laws both of heaven and earth,"

"Above all, we cannot afford not to live in the present."

"So we saunter toward the Holy Land; till one day the sun shall shine more brightly than ever he has done, shall perchance shine into our minds and hearts, and light up our whole lives with a great awakening light, so warm and serene and golden as on a bank-side in Autumn."

Pictures

Picture of purple plant in water on Walden Pond





Curriculum Unit on Thoreau by Kelly Matthews, elementary K-5 This is not really just a few lessons, this is going to be implemented throughout the year

Title: Learning How to be Present in a World of Stimulation

Objectives: Students will be able to

Essential questions:

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- What does it mean to be present?
- What is mindfulness?
- How can we calm down in times of stress?
- Who was Henry David Thoreau?
- Why was Thoreau important?

Materials needed:

Suggested Books: (not all of these books need to be used)

- What Does It Mean to Be Present? By Rama DiOrio
- Henry David's House by Henry David Thoreau

- If You Spent a Day with Thoreau at Walden Pond by Robert Burleigh
- Henry David Thoreau for Kids: His Life and Ideas, with 21 Activities by Corinne Hosfeld Smith
- Mindful Monkey, Happy Panda by Lauren Alderfer
- Sitting Still Like a Frog: Mindfulness Exercises for Kids (and their Parents) by Elaine Snel
- The Lemonade Hurricane: A Story of Mindfulness and Meditation by Alicia Morelli
- Master of Mindfulness: How to Be Your Own Superhero in Times of Stress by Laurie Grossman
- Planting Seeds: Practicing Mindfulness with children
 by Thich Nhat Hanh
- Meditation is an Open Sky: Mindfulness for Kids
- A Handful of Quiet: Happiness in Four Pebbles by Thich Nhat Hanh
- A CD player if you choose to use the cds accompanying Sitting Still Like a Frog: Mindfulness Exercises for Kids (and their Parents) and Planting Seeds: Practicing Mindfulness with children

Procedures: Lesson 1

- Ask students- what does the word present mean? Discuss possible definitions.
- Ask students what they think it means when you are "present in the moment".
- Have students discuss answers with a partner.
- Read the book *What Does it Mean to be Present* By Rama DiOrio
- Have students partner again and discuss the same question post reading.
- Ask for groups to share how their thoughts have changed.
- Have students get into groups of 4 and create a poster of how they can be present at school and at home.
- Each group will share their posters with the class

Lesson 2 - different day

- Review what being present means and ask if they made a conscious effort totry being present at home, with their friends or at school?
- Introduce Henry David Thoreau. Show a picture of him (from the internet).
- Inquiry -- who was he? Take possible answers from students just based on his appearance. When did he live? Why do you think he may be important?
- Read the book Henry David's House by Henry David Thoreau
- Partner discuss how did the book make them feel?
- What was their favorite scene in the book? Why?

Lesson 3

- Review a bit about HDT.
- Read aloud If You Spent a Day with Thoreau at Walden Pond by Robert Burleigh
- As you read ask students how if they would like to do each activity the boy and HDT did together?

- Gather as a group and go outside to the nearest park like area. Have students sit quietly alone without a partner. Without talking they are to just observe the world around them. Very little directions should be given this first time. Give it five minutes only
- Gather together and ask students what did they observe?
- Have them find a new place outside. Start the timer and have them spend 5 more minutes with their eyes closed.
- Ask them if they noticed anything new?
- Debrief the activity as a group and go back inside.

Lessons 4-?

- Each lesson will build on the previous one as they learn what Mindfulness is. Exercises will be done to help create Mindfulness using the books *Sitting Still Like a Frog* by Elaine Snel
- Further exercises from *Master of Mindfulness: How to Be Your Own Superhero in Times of Stress* by Laurie Grossman.
- This will be a theme that will take place throughout the school year.

Assessment:

Kids share what "being present" is about in their own words and journal how they plan to be more present and mindful in their lives. Mindfulness will be observed informally by the teacher throughout the year.

Marie Leone Meyer Verona High School, Verona, NJ

Lessons for Creative Nonfiction, grade 12

These lessons will be included in our unit on the personal essay. This will address moving from factual description of the concrete place to description based on visual text, to meditation, and then social commentary as prefatory scaffolding activity that might be used for either the personal essay or a later unit, the culture essay

Thread: "Being Awake, Aware, Alive"

Essential Questions:

What does it mean to be 'awake, aware, alive'? How can one manipulate one's environment and use of language to convey a sense of being 'awake, aware, alive' to readers? How can concrete experience be transformed into philosophical thought?

Materials:

Thoreau's *Journal*, excerpts from Volume 2 of Princeton Univ Press edition, fall 1846, pp. 278-279

"Ktaadn" from *The Maine Woods* Library of American edition, pp 633-635 Painting of Mt. Ktaddan by Frederic Edwin Church (1853), available on http://artgallery.yale.edu/collections/objects/9156

New Jersey standards for Reading Literature

NJSLSA.R1. Read closely to determine what the text says explicitly and to make logical inferences and relevant connections from it; cite specific textual evidence when writing or speaking to support conclusions drawn from the text.

NJSLSA.R2. Determine central ideas or themes of a text and analyze their development; summarize the key supporting details and ideas.

NJSLSA.R4. Interpret words and phrases as they are used in a text, including determining technical, connotative, and figurative meanings, and analyze how specific word choices shape meaning or tone.

NJSLSA.R6. Assess how point of view or purpose shapes the content and style of a text.

NJSLSA.R7. Integrate and evaluate content presented in diverse media and formats, including visually and quantitatively, as well as in words.

NJSLSA.R9. Analyze and reflect on how two or more texts address similar themes or topics in order to build knowledge or to compare the approaches the authors take.

Progress Indicators for Reading Literature

RL.11-12.1. Cite strong and thorough textual evidence and make relevant connections to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text, including determining where the text leaves matters uncertain.

RL.11-12.2. Determine two or more themes or central ideas of a text and analyze their development over the course of the text, including how they interact and build on one another to produce a complex account; provide an objective summary of the text.

RL.11-12.4. Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in the text, including figurative and connotative meanings; analyze the impact of specific word choices on meaning and tone, including words with multiple meanings or language that is particularly fresh, engaging, or beautiful. (e.g., Shakespeare as well as other authors.)

RL.11-12.5. Analyze how an author's choices concerning how to structure specific parts of a text (e.g., the choice of where to begin or end a story, the choice to provide a comedic or tragic resolution) contribute to its overall structure and meaning as well as its aesthetic impact.

RI.11-12.7. Integrate and evaluate multiple sources of information presented in different media or formats (e.g., visually, quantitatively) as well as in words in order to address a question or solve a problem.

RI.11-12.10. By the end of grade 11, read and comprehend literary nonfiction at grade level text-complexity or above with scaffolding as needed.

By the end of grade 12, read and comprehend literary nonfiction at grade level text-complexity or above.

New Jersey Standards for Writing

NJSLSA.W2. Write informative/explanatory texts to examine and convey complex ideas and information clearly and accurately through the effective selection, organization, and analysis of content.

NJSLSA.W3. Write narratives to develop real or imagined experiences or events using effective technique, well-chosen details, and well-structured event sequences.

NJSLSA.W4. Produce clear and coherent writing in which the development, organization, and style are appropriate to task, purpose, and audience.

NJSLSA.W5. Develop and strengthen writing as needed by planning, revising, editing, rewriting, or trying a new approach.

Progress Indicators for Writing

W.11-12.3. Write narratives to develop real or imagined experiences or events using effective technique, well-chosen details, and well-structured event sequences.

- Engage and orient the reader by setting out a problem, situation, or observation and its significance, establishing one or multiple point(s) of view, and introducing a narrator and/or characters; create a smooth progression of experiences or events.
- 2. Use narrative techniques, such as dialogue, pacing, description, reflection, and multiple plot lines, to develop experiences, events, and/or characters.
- 3. Use a variety of techniques to sequence events so that they build on one another to create a coherent whole and build toward a particular tone and outcome (e.g., a sense of mystery, suspense, growth, or resolution).
- 4. Use precise words and phrases, telling details, and sensory language to convey a vivid picture of the experiences, events, setting, and/or characters.

W.11-12.4. Produce clear and coherent writing in which the development, organization, and style are appropriate to task, purpose, and audience. W.11-12.5. Develop and strengthen writing as needed by planning, revising, editing, rewriting, trying a new approach, or consulting a style manual , focusing on addressing what is most significant for a specific purpose and audience.

New Jersey Standards for Language

NJSLSA.L5. Demonstrate understanding of word relationships and nuances in word meanings.

NJSLSA.L6. Acquire and use accurately a range of general academic and domain-specific words and phrases sufficient for reading, writing, speaking, and listening at the college and career readiness level; demonstrate independence in gathering vocabulary knowledge when encountering an unknown term important to comprehension or expression.

Progress Indicators for Language

L.11-12.3. Apply knowledge of language to understand how language functions in different contexts, to make effective choices for meaning or style, and to comprehend more fully when reading or listening.

1. Vary syntax for effect, apply an understanding of syntax to the study of complex texts. L.11-12.5. Demonstrate understanding of figurative language, word relationships, and nuances in word meanings.

- 1. Interpret figures of speech (e.g., hyperbole, paradox) in context and analyze their role in the text.
- 2. Analyze nuances in the meaning of words with similar denotations.

Lesson 1:

Introduction: As cited in the Concord Museum's catalog, Thoreau wrote in his 1860-1861 Journal: "All this is perfectly distinct to an observant eye, and yet could easily pass unnoticed by most."

In our daily lives we are immersed in places, some familiar, and occasionally new and striking. Writing a personal or culture essay depends to a large degree on conveying what the "observant eye" captures, both in terms of concrete place description and the reactions they inspire, and by transformation, to meditative and even philosophical thought.

(This lesson may require two class periods)

Procedure

- 1. Journal response: what does it mean to be "awake, aware, alive?" How are you/are you not "awake, aware, alive" in relation to your environment? How can one become more so?
- 2. Read Journal excerpt, pp. 278-279. Respond to text: what are the dominant images conveyed? What is Thoreau "awake, aware, alive" to? Activity: choose element to focus on and expand text. Share responses.
- 3. Activity: close reading and analysis of Thoreau's expanded description on pp 632-634 of "Ktaadn" in *The Maine Woods*, Library of America edition.
- 4. Think-pair-share: each pair focuses on one aspect of the description. Identify diction, syntax, figurative language, tone, etc. Written response: how does Thoreau's textual development convey thematic/meditative elements? Which specific textual passages provide support? What are the characteristics of place expanded upon? How are those characteristics expanded figuratively?
- 5. Large group sharing/discussion
- 6. Visual text:



Response: What elements of Ktaadn are similar to Thoreau's description? What elements differ? How do the written and visual texts suggest similar/different philosophical responses?

Homework: Be "awake, aware, alert' to your surroundings. Choose a place/activity to take notes on as you are experiencing it.

Lesson two:

(standards repeated from lesson one)

Procedure:

- 1. Cooperative learning: In groups of three, share homework; respond to one another's notes by identifying the central feeling conveyed through the notes.
- 2. Discussion: how can the work be expanded upon to convey the experience more fully? What does the writer want to focus upon about the experience? What does it make him/her "awake, aware, alive" to? What characteristics are suggested by the concrete elements described?
- 3. Writing: expand notes to a narrative/meditative/philosophical piece?
- 4. Workshop writing; what is successful in conveying central theme based upon place? What can be strengthened through use of diction, figurative language, tone, etc?

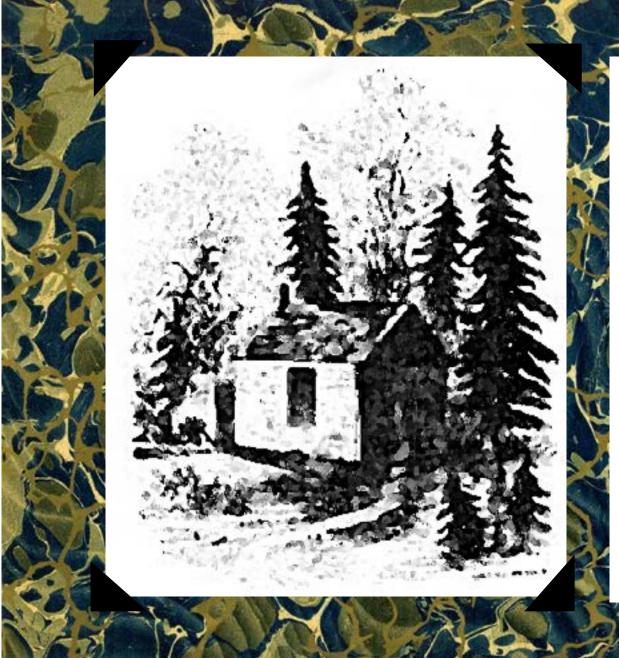
Assessment: draft of approximately 2-3 pages, evaluated in terms of the transition from the concrete to the abstract. Draft will ultimately be incorporated in writer's personal or cultural essay.

SKETCHING DELIBERATELY

a four-week sketchbook exploration inspired by the writing of Henry David Thoreau

> developed by Lynn Miller

NEH Landmarks Workshop Concord, MA July 2017





BUILDING ON THE EXAMPLE AND WRIT-INGS OF HENRY DAVID THOREAU...

HOW CAN STUDENTS BE ENCOURAGED/ INSPIRED TAKE ON THE PRACTICE OF **KEEPING A SKETCHBOOK?**

HOW CAN THE PRACTICE OF KEEPING A SKETCHBOOK HELP STUDENTS BE AWAKE TO THEIR OWN LIVES?

Henry David Thoreau began keeping a journal in 1837. He stopped keeping his journal 25 years, 7000 manuscript pages and 2 million words later. Thoreau's journals--along with his writings on various trips and his two years at Walden Pond--offer us insight into his daily life, but those daily thoughts were also sometimes reworked into essays and other published writings. The journal page was where he took time to ponder, reflect and discuss the pieces of his own life and the social and cultural life of his community and world.

Through a four-week selection of brief readings and five-minute "bell-ringer" sketchbook activities to be completed daily in class, students will practice setting aside time each day for intentional thought and creative activity in a sketchbook. The four-week scope of the activities should help students begin to adopt the habit of daily sketchbook/journal reflection. A sketchbook prompt is given for each day, though there are many other ways that the reading selection can be interpreted.

These exercises can be adapted for multiple age groups and levels of art skill. Remember that the process is as important as the product.

Materials Needed

Glue

Colored pencils

Reading selections and prompts for four weeks (below) Sketchbook for each student Pencil/pen for each student Other art materials as desired: Markers Collage materials: magazines, newspapers, Scissors



Notes:

Sharing the guote

The process

Evaluating the sketchbook

Taking the sketchbook forward The final quote is Thoreau's exhortation to think one's own thoughts. Encourage students to continue to use the sketchbook as an opportunity for daily reflection. You may want to make additional assignments or offer incentives (extra credit, maybe) to keep students working in the sketchbook using their own thoughts as the prompt. You might make random checks rather than assigned due dates to encourage students to keep up daily with their sketchbook work rather than rushing to meet a due date. You may also encourage students to use their sketchbook ideas as the basis for longer, more finished works.

'What are you doing now?' he asked. 'Do you keep a journal?' So I make my first entry today" Thoreau's first journal entry, October 22, 1837





Each student will need a sketchbook (with at least 20 pages or 20 page-spreads, more if you choose to take the sketchbook forward) and a drawing tool (pen or pencil). You may choose to give students their sketchbooks to keep for the entire time or pass out and collect the sketchbooks each day. Additional available art materials will give students fuller range of expression. You may have all materials available every day or have only one or two additional materials each day.

You may choose to photocopy all four weeks of readings and prompts and give to each student along with the sketchbook. Another option is to share the reading selection daily as students begin the process. The quote might be posted on a classroom electronic bulletin board, projected on a classroom screen or photocopied individually so that students can collage the photocopied quote into their sketchbooks.

This activity is designed to stimulate thinking and get students working in the first five minutes of class. Keeping students moving is part of the process. Don't let students bog down in the drive for perfection. As Thoreau did with his writings, these daily sketches can be re-worked into more complete statements. Each day pass out materials as needed, deliver the guote to the student and at the end of five minutes have the students conclude their work. You might have them leave the sketchbooks open as they begin their other work so you can see what they have done and talk with them about their responses.

Because these are designed to be quick exercises, evaluation should focus more on process than product. Sketchbook pages may not be of the highest quality of drawing but if students are proposing and developing ideas, that is a sucessful sketchbook assignment. If you are grading the project, consider giving weekly progress grades (did the student work every day for the assigned period, did the student attempt more than a surface response to the guote and prompt, did the student take a unique path in responding) and then assigning a grade for the entire sketchbook (looking at growth overall, at whether later attempts showed more engagement and effort, etc.).





Week One

Mondav

'What are you doing now?' he asked. 'Do you keep a journal?' So I make my first entry today" Thoreau's first journal entry, October 22, 1837 Because this sketchbook is really about you, make your first entry a contour drawing of yourself. Look into a mirror and draw what you see.

Tuesday

Many an object is not seen, though it falls within the range of our visual ray, because it does not come within the range of our intellectual ray, i.e. we are not looking for it. So, in the largest sense, we find only the world we look for. ~ Journal, July 2, 1857

Find a familiar object around you (a book or pencil, your shoes or backpack) and draw a small section of it (for example, the zipper of a backpack or just the laces of shoes). Look at the familiar object in a new way.

Wednesdav

Many college text-books which were a weariness and a stumbling-block when studied, I have since read a little in with pleasure and profit. ~ Journal, February 19, 1854 Think back to a book you have read (and perhaps not especially enjoyed) as a class assignment. Create a sketchbook page about that book - what you remember. Add a date that you might go back and re-read it for pleasure (and maybe even profit!).

Thursday

When I consider that the nobler animal have been exterminated here - the cougar, the panther, lynx, wolverine, wolf, bear, moose, dear, the beaver, the turkey and so forth and so forth, I cannot but feel as if I lived in a tamed and, as it were, emasculated country... Is it not a maimed and imperfect nature I am conversing with? I take infinite pains to know all the phenomena of the spring, for instance, thinking that I have here the entire poem, and then, to my chagrin, I hear that it is but an imperfect copy that I possess and have read, that my ancestors have torn out many of the first leaves and grandest passages, and mutilated it in many places. ~ Journal, March 23, 1856 Find an image of a species that is entirely extinct or that used to live in the area where you live but is not found there any more. Draw the animal or a symbol of that animal as a missing piece in the world.

Friday

A traveller! I love his title. A traveler is to be reverenced as such. His profession is the best symbol of our life. Going from-toward; it is the history of every one of us. ~ Journal, July 2, 1851

It is Friday! From what have you traveled this week? Toward what are you going this weekend? Create a sketchbook page about your week's journey.





Week Two

Monday people?

Tuesdav

Wednesday 1860

Thursday are.

Fridav It is in vain to dream of a wildness distant from ourselves. There is none such. It is in the bog in our brains and bowels, the primitive vigour of Nature in us, that inspires that dream. I shall never find in the wilds of Labrador any greater wildness than in some recess of Concord, i.e. than I import into it. ~ Journal, August 30, 1856 This is the same quote from yesterday. Thoreau says that the dream comes from within us, from what Nature has given us. Do you have a dream? If so, create a page in your sketchbook about that. If you haven't yet decided what your dream is, think about how you can depict the process of identifying that dream and then making it a reality.





I thrive best on solitude. If I have had a companion only one day in a week, unless it were one or two I could name, I find that the value of the week to me has been seriously affected. It dissipates my days, and often it takes me another week to get over it. ~ Journal, December 28, 1856 *Create a sketchbook page about solitude - being by yourself. Do you like having only yourself for company? How can you symbolize the presence and/or absence of other*

The guestion is not what you look at, but what you see. ~ Journal, August 5, 1851 Find another familiar object and draw it in your sketchbook in such a way that you help people see it differently.

Talk about slavery! It is not the peculiar institution of the South. It exists wherever men are bought and sold, wherever a man allows himself to be made a mere thing or a tool, and surrenders his inalienable rights of reason and conscience. Indeed, this slavery is more complete than that which enslaves the body alone. ~ Journal, December 4,

Create a page in your sketchbook about something that enslaves people today. Remember Thoreau's insight that slavery can mean more than an enslaved body. Use words, images, symbolic colors, whatever you need to convey your subject.

It is in vain to dream of a wildness distant from ourselves. There is none such. It is in the bog in our brains and bowels, the primitive vigour of Nature in us, that inspires that dream. I shall never find in the wilds of Labrador any greater wildness than in some recess of Concord, i.e. than I import into it. ~ Journal, August 30, 1856 Concord, MA, was Thoreau's home town. Do you think of your hometown as being "wildness"? In your sketchbook depict how your hometown has made you the person you



Week Three

Monday

I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself than be crowded on a velvet cushion. ~Walden, Economy Create an image of yourself sitting on a pumpkin (or choose another fruit or vegetable).

Tuesday

"Every part of nature teaches that the passing away of one life is the making room for another. The oak dies down to the ground, leaving within its rind a rich virgin mould, which will impart a vigorous life to an infant forest. The pine leaves a sandy and sterile soil, the harder woods a strong and fruitful mould. So this constant abrasion and decay makes the soil of my future growth. As I live now so shall I reap. If I grow pines and birches, my virgin mould will not sustain the oak; but pines and birches, or, perchance, weeds and brambles, will constitute my second growth. ~Journal, October 24, 1837

Thoreau says that the way we live now determines what our next growth will be. Consider the kind of life you are living now. Based on that, what do you think your next growth will be? Represent that anticipated growth in some way in your sketchbook.

Wednesday

It is not enough to be industrious; so are the ants. What are you industrious about? ~letter to Harrison Blake (November 16, 1857) What keeps you busy? What parts of your busy-ness would you like to eliminate from your life? Create two images side by side: one of your busy life, one of life as you wish to live it.

Thursday

I learned this, at least, by my experiment: that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. ~Walden, Conclusion

What will you look like as you advance confidently in the direction of your dreams? Create that image in your sketchbook.

Friday

Nature is full of genius, full of the divinity; so that not a snowflake escapes its fashioning hand. ~ Journal, January 5, 1856 Create at least 5 different snowflake designs. Draw them, cut them from folded paper or create them in some other way. Make each one an individual.





Week Four

Monday I felt that it would be to make myself the laughing-stock of the scientific community to describe to them that branch of science which specially interests me, in as much as they do not believe in a science which deals with the higher law. So I was obliged to speak to their condition and describe to them that poor part of me which alone they can understand. The fact is I am a mystic, a transcendentalist, and a natural philosopher to boot. Now I think of it, I should have told them at once that I was a transcendentalist. That would have been the shortest way of telling them that they would not understand my explanation. ~ Journal, March 5, 1853 How does it feel when you are not understood? Create a page in your sketchbook that shows how that feels. Use lines, words, colors, images.

Tuesday

Wednesday "Any fool can make a rule

Thursday

Friday ect?



What is the use of a house if you haven't got a tolerable planet to put it on? ~letter to Harrison Blake (May 20, 1860) How do you imagine the state of our planet? Create an image that shows a house on planet Earth as you imagine it.

And any fool will mind it." ~ Journal, February 3, 1860 What does it look like when a fool obeys a foolish rule? Create that image.

Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains. I would drink deeper; fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars. ~Walden, Where I Lived, and What I Lived For Turn Thoreau's words into an image in your sketchbook: time as a stream with a sandy bottom, fish in the sky, a sky pebbly with stars.

Do not seek expressions. Seek thoughts to be expressed. ~Journal, December 25, 1851

Thoreau understood that each of us should be awake and alive to the world in which we live. We should not just echo others' thoughts. We should be thinking our own thoughts. Take what you know about yourself and about the world and each day write your own thoughts and create your own drawings. You may want to conclude this portion of your sketchbook activities by creating another portrait of yourself. How do you think it will be different from the self-portrait you did on the first day of the sketchbook projExamining Desperate and Deliberate Lives

Suggested pacing: 2 weeks, 10 - 50 minute class periods

Learning Goals:

Students will understand Transcendentalism as a philosophy and literary period.

Students will be able to analyze and evaluate Thoreau's writing style (words/phrases, structure, point of view, etc.) and how it impacts meaning.

Students will be able to write an informative/explanatory essay that examines Thoreau's philosophy of living deliberately.

Essential Questions:

- 1. What does Thoreau mean when he says, "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation"?
- 2. How does Thoreau use language to enhance his philosophy?

Supporting Questions:

What does Thoreau's antidote to desperation—living deliberately—really mean? In other words, how does one live deliberately?

How are the principles of Transcendentalism embedded within living deliberately?

What role does nature play in living deliberately?

What role does Civil Disobedience play in living deliberately?

<u>Materials:</u>

Walden by Henry David Thoreau

- Economy excerpts
- Where I Lived...
- 🕹 Civil Disobedience...

Internet access:

Thoreau Quotes

Transcendentalism

Padlet

Socrative

Lexington/Concord Brochures/Ads

Lesson Progression:

- 1. 2 days Context: Transcendentalism & Concord
 - a. Transcendentalism Students define Transcendentalism creating a <u>concept map</u> by visiting <u>http://www.ushistory.org/us/26f.asp</u>
 - b. Concord/Place: In order to understand and generate interest in Thoreau, students read a variety of texts from Concord: Concord museum ad, Emerson's house ad, Thoreau Farm ad, Minute Man Park flyer, Robbins House Ad, Historic Concord Map, Concord Village Photos, Lexington advertisements, etc.

Assess: Concept Map

- c. Students discuss Thoreau's Concord being sure to capture the following:
 - i. What role did Thoreau's beloved Concord play in American History?
 - ii. Who were some of Thoreau's neighbors?
 - iii. How might living in a place like Concord have influenced its 19th century residents?

Assess: Exit Slip with above questions

- d. Students read collection of <u>quotes</u> and begin to characterize Thoreau through discussion and reflection by considering the following:
 - i. What do you notice about Thoreau's writing style? (aphorism, parallelism, metaphor)
 - ii. What are some of the themes T discusses? Why do you think he chooses these themes?
 - iii. What is T's attitude toward his themes?
 - iv. What are his dominant values?
- e. To further their initial understanding of Thoreau, students watch: <u>https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JhP7PKoRmmY</u>

Assess: Mini Poster with graphic representation, 3 significant quotations, analysis of themes and writing style (analysis skills scaffolded earlier in quarter).

HW: On going for 10 days Nature/place journal – notice details of surroundings write one page per day.

2. 1 day - Discuss definition of Desperate

- a. Think, pair, share student definitions for desperate, i.e. What does it mean to be desperate or act desperately?
- b. Divide quote below by sentence. Distribute one sentence to 5 groups. Groups discuss where there sentence would fall in a five sentence paragraph and why.
- c. Project entire quote below while groups discuss and share content of assigned sentence considering the following: key words, imagery, syntax.
 - 1.) The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation. 2.) What is called resignation is confirmed desperation. 3.) From the desperate city you go into the desperate country, and have to console yourself with the bravery of minks and muskrats. 4.) A stereotyped but unconscious despair is concealed even under what are called the games and amusements of mankind. 5.) There is no play in them, for this comes after work.

Assess: Written response:

In a formal paragraph, explain Thoreau's claim that "[t]he mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation." What does he mean?

✤ Be sure to:

- ✓ Include introductory and concluding sentences
- ✓ Cite evidence from text
- ✓ Use proper grammar, usage, mechanics including punctuating quotations.
- 3. 1 day Discuss and define Living Deliberately
 - a. How do you spend your time? Have students clock a typical day. What does their "daily schedule" suggest about their values? Use <u>Padlet</u> to display.
 - b. Define Deliberate with Laura Walls lecture i.e. liberty, libre, liberal.
 - c. Read "Where I Lived and What I Lived For"
 - i. Read first paragraph together and discussing language and themes creating a Double-Entry Journal with focus on what is means to "live deliberately" in preparation for digital Socratic

Assess: connection to theme and depth of analysis

Page #	Significant Quotation/Text	Interpretation/Analysis

4. 1 day - Socrative Discussion on "Where I Lived and What I Lived For" question.

Assess: Writing Prompt

How does Thoreau suggest that one live deliberately?

What role does nature play in living deliberately?

Use **Be Sure To** criteria above

- 5. 3 Days "Civil Disobedience"
 - a. Double-entry journal
 - b. Discussion on structure and style
 - c. Discussion of argument and connection to living deliberately.
 - d. Possible skype with Jeffrey S. Cramer to answer remaining questions.

Assess: Double-entry journal and/or discussion

6. 2 Days – Essay

In a well-developed essay, Introduce and explain Thoreau's philosophy of desperate v. deliberate living.

Assess: Expository Essay Rubric

Assessments/Learning Evidence:

Concept Map

Examining Desperate and Deliberate Lives: A Curriculum Unit for Grade 11, American Literature

Lisa Neu, M.Ed., M.S. Glenbrook South High School, Glenview, Illinois

Overview:

As Americans in a modern world, we often find ourselves swept along in the tide of "Americanism." The pressure to become bigger, better, faster, or stronger drives us toward and through decisions and experiences, often without concern for the unanticipated outcomes. And yet, we are bombarded with books and apps that suggest we should slow down and "breathe." This modern paradox is echoed in John Steinbeck's 1966 essay, "Paradox and Dream"** in which Steinbeck recognizes that "we seem to be in a state of turmoil all the time, both physically and mentally." The fast pace of the American experience in a modern world prevents us from ever being satisfied with the life we live as members of this complex community.

Henry David Thoreau, writing more than 100 years before Steinbeck, was concerned with this very state of constant turmoil in which we lead lives of "quiet desperation" (*Walden*). But, unlike his fellow critic, Thoreau offers his readers a model for action: *Live Deliberately*. According to Thoreau, we do not need to remain mired in our "vague yearnings toward what we wish we were and hope we may be: wise, just, compassionate, and noble" (Steinbeck); we can choose the life we want to live.

Purpose:

The purpose of this unit is for students to gain a deeper understanding of American ideals, H.D. Thoreau, and the concept of desperate vs deliberate lives. To clarify this concept, the unit will focus on Laura D. Walls' multiple lenses for the idea of living de*liber*ate:

- Liberty: to live with freedom from inessentials
- Libre: books, read the world, read your life; "We are all schoolmasters, and our school-house is the universe" ("Huckleberries")
- Libra: blind and holds scales to weigh right and wrong

Guiding questions:

- What does it mean to "live deliberately"?
- How and why have Americans been unable to escape the paradox of life in America?
- What are the consequences of not "living deliberately"?
- What evidence do we have in literature that it is possible to live deliberately?
- How can we, as individuals, be deliberate in our own lives? How can we demonstrate that choice to ourselves and others?

Timeline:

This unit will not be taught as a stand-alone unit. Rather, these lessons and the guiding questions, will be woven throughout the year and be looped back to as students read a variety of texts.

Lesson Plans: This is a sampling of lessons associated with this unit

- Understanding the context for Thoreau's conceptualization of "living deliberately"
 - Lesson 1: Thoreau in his own words.
 - This activity is designed to provide students with an understanding of Thoreau's beliefs and values. Students will make inferences about him through a series of quotations taken from a variety of his writings. After students have completed to this assignment, teacher will provide biographical readings and a lecture on Concord and H.D.Thoreau.
 - <u>Lesson 2: A close reading of selections from *Walden*.
 Students will read relevant selections of the text and answer questions designed to help students understand Thoreau's experiences, beliefs and writing strategies.
 </u>
- Living Free from Inessentials
 - Lesson 3: A consequence of not Living Deliberately: Willy Lowman's desperation.
 One reading of the term "de*liberate*" is Thoreau's belief that we should live free from the inessentials of life. Arthur Miller explores the challenges of living deliberately in this manner in *Death of a Salesman*. While the Lowman's have very little, they still struggle with the materialism of modern American and the American Dream. This lesson is designed to help students more clearly understand Thoreau's ideas through reading his text and applying the concepts to the Lowmans' life and to their own lives.
- Reading the World:
 - Lesson 4: Examining the power of *place* Another reading of the term "de*liber*ate" is drawn from Thoreau's urging his readers to "read the world," not just books. Students will be asked to "read the world" of two different texts and apply the same idea to their own lives. The lesson focuses on the question "How does place impact who we are and how we see the world?". After revisiting "Where I lived and what I lived for," students will explore Cristina Henriquez's *The Book of Unknown Americans*. Students conduct close reading of setting and description in the novel and then complete a writing about their own place. What does their place say about them? How does place impact how we see ourselves or how others see us?

**"Paradox and Dream" reading included for context

Who was H.D. Thoreau?

While we can read about a person to understand him (and there are some great biographies of Thoreau!) the truest way to understand someone is hearing what they have to say in their own voice. Fortunately, Thoreau said A LOT. In fact, in addition to *Walden*, he wrote many shorter works, journals that amounted to more than 2 million words, and letters to friends and family. Below is a series of quotations, listed in chronological order, taken from a variety of Thoreau's writings. Using his own words, who do you think he was? What were some of the experiences he had? What did he believe?

Assignment: In your groups, complete the chart for your assigned section. Be prepared to share your ideas with the class.

Quotations	Inferences: What does the quote say about Thoreau? What did he value? What did he believe?
If I am not I, who will be? <i>—Journal</i> , 9 August 1841	
Go toward the sun and your shadow will fall behind you. —Journal, 8 February 1841	
Till we have loved we have not imagined the heights of love. <i>—Journal</i> , 28 September 1843	
I live in the present. I only remember the past, and anticipate the future. —Thoreau to H. G. O. Blake, 27 March 1848	
Knowledge can be acquired only by a corresponding experience. How can we know what we are told merely? Each man can interpret another's experience only by his own. –A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, 1849	
I was not born to be forced. I will breathe after my own fashion. –"Civil Disobedience", 1849	
Even the death of Friends will inspire us as much as their lives. They will leave consolation to the mourners, as the rich leave money to defray the expenses of their funerals, and their memories will be incrusted over with sublime and pleasing thoughts, as monuments of other men are	

overgrown with moss; for our Friends have no place in the graveyard. –A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, 1849

One moment of serene and confident life is more glorious than a whole campaign of daring. We should be ready for all issues, not daring to die but daring to live.

–Journal, June 1850

Men die of fright and live of confidence. *–Journal*, 1850

I love nature, I love the landscape, because it is so sincere. It never cheats me. It never jests. It is cheerfully, musically earnest. *—Journal*, 16 November 1850

Let me say to you and to myself in one breath: Cultivate the tree which you have found to bear fruit in your soil. Regard not your past failures nor successes. All the past is equally a failure and a success; it is success in as much as it offers you the present opportunity. *—Journal*, 1850

Do we call this the land of the free? What is it to be free from King George the Fourth and continue

the slaves of prejudice? What is it to be born free and equal, and not to live? What is the value of any political freedom, but as a means to moral freedom?

–*Journal*, 16 February 1851

My greatest skill has been to want but little. *-Journa*l, 19 July 1851

The question is not what you look at, but what you see.

-Journal, 5 August 1851

It takes a man of genius to travel in his own country, in his native village; to make any progress between his door and his gate. *—Journal*, 6 August 1851

Whatever has not come under the sway of man is wild. In this sense original and independent men are wild – not tamed and broken by society. – <i>Journal</i> , 3 September 1851
Simplicity is the law of nature for men as well as for flowers. <i>–Journal,</i> 29 February 1852
Whatever your sex or position, life is a battle in which you are to show your pluck, and woe be to the coward. <i>—Journal</i> , 21 March 1853
We can possibly get along with a neighbor, even with a bedfellow, whom we respect but very little but as soon as it comes to this, that we do not respect ourselves, then we do not get along at all. -Letter to H. G. O. Blake, 10 April 1853
We have used up all our inherited freedom, like the young bird the albumen in the egg. It is not as era of repose. If we would save our lives, we mus fight for them. – <i>Journal</i> , 16 June 1854
The universe is wider than our views of it. – <i>Walden</i> , 1854
Things do not change; we change. <i>– Walden</i> , 1854
Say what you have to say, not what you ought. Any truth is better than make-believe. — <i>Walden</i> , 1854
Ah! I need solitude. I have come forth to this hill a sunset to see the forms of the mountains in the horizon – to behold and commune with something grander than man. Their mere distance and unprofanedness is an infinite encouragement it is with infinite yearning and aspiration that I seek solitude, more and more resolved and strong but with a certain weakness that I seek society ever. –Journal, 14 August 1854

Pursue some path, however narrow and crooked, in which you can walk with love and reverence. Wherever a man separates from the multitude and goes his own way, there is a fork in the road, though the travelers along the highway see only a gap in the paling. *—Journal*, 18 October 1855

That man is the richest whose pleasures are the cheapest.

–Journal, 11 March 1856

A man cannot be said to succeed in this life who does not satisfy one friend. *–Journal*, 19 February 1857

If a man is rich and strong anywhere, it must be on his native soil. Here I have been these forty years learning the language of these fields that I may the better express myself. If I should travel to the prairies, I should much less understand them, and my past life would serve me but ill to describe them. Many a weed here stands for more of life to me than the big trees of California would if I should go there. We need only travel enough to give our intellects an airing. *—Journal*, 20 November 1857

The value of any experience is measured, of course, not by the amount of money, but the amount of development we get out of it. *–Journal*, 26 November 1860

I wish to speak a word for Nature, for absolute Freedom and Wildness, as contrasted with a Freedom and Culture merely civil, – to regard man as an inhabitant, or a part and parcel of Nature, rather than a member of society. –"Walking", 1861

Talk of mysteries! – Think of our life in nature, – daily to be shown matter, to come in contact with it, – rocks, trees, wind on our cheeks! the solid earth! the actual world! the common sense! Contact! Contact! Who are we? where are we? –*The Maine Woods*, 1864

(from) "Economy"

WHEN I WROTE the following pages, or rather the bulk of them, I lived alone, in the woods, a mile from any neighbor, in a house which I had built myself, on the shore of Walden Pond, in Concord, Massachusetts, and earned my living by the labor of my hands only. I lived there two years and two months. At present I am a sojourner in civilized life again.

I should not obtrude my affairs so much on the notice of my readers if very particular inquiries had not been made by my townsmen concerning my mode of life, which some would call impertinent, though they do not appear to me at all impertinent. but, considering the circumstances, very natural and pertinent.... I will therefore ask those of my readers who feel no particular interest in me to pardon me if I undertake to answer some of these questions in this book. In most books, the I, or first person, is omitted; in this it will be retained; that, in respect to egotism, is the main difference. We commonly do not remember that it is, after all, always the first person that is speaking. I should not talk so much about myself if there were anybody else whom I knew as well....

I see young men, my townsmen, whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms, houses, barns, cattle, and farming tools; for these are more easily acquired than got rid of. Better if they had been If, according to biographical information, Thoreau socialized throughout his stay at the pond, what do you think he means by "...I am a sojourner in civilized life again"?

What narrative strategies, particularly with regard to voice and tone, is Thoreau employing in this work of creative non-fiction?

Why does Thoreau believe that inheriting a farm has a negative impact on a man's life?

born in the open pasture and suckled by a wolf, that they might have seen with clearer eyes what field they were called to labor in. Who made them serfs of the soil? Why should they eat their sixty acres, when man is condemned to eat only his peck of dirt? Why should they begin digging their graves as soon as they are born? They have got to live a man's life, pushing all these things before them, and get on as well as they can. How many a poor immortal soul have I met well-nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before it a barn seventy-five feet by forty, its Augean stables never cleansed, and one hundred acres of land, tillage, mowing, pasture, and woodlot! The portionless, who struggle with no such unnecessary inherited encumbrances, find it labor enough to subdue and cultivate a few cubic feet of flesh. But men labor under a mistake. The better part of the man is soon plowed into the soil for compost. By a seeming fate, commonly called necessity, they are employed, as it says in an old book, laying up treasures which moth and rust will corrupt and thieves break through and steal. It is a fool's life, as they will find when they get to the end of it, if not before....

The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation. What is called resignation is confirmed desperation. From the desperate city you go into the desperate country, and have to console yourself with the bravery of minks and muskrats. A stereotyped but unconscious despair is concealed

How does Thoreau feel about the lives of "the mass of men"? What words, specifically, does he use to convey that belief?

even under what are called the games and amusements of mankind. There is no play in them, for this comes after work. But it is a characteristic of wisdom not to do desperate things....

(from) "Where I Lived and What I lived For"

When first I took up my abode in the woods, that is, began to spend my nights as well as days there, which, by accident, was on Independence day, or the fourth of July, 1845, my house was not finished for winter, but was merely a defense against the rain, without plastering or chimney, the walls being of rough weather-stained boards, with wide chinks, which made it cool at night. The upright white hewn studs and freshly planed door and window casings gave it a clean and airy look, especially in the morning when its timbers were saturated with dew, so that I fancied that by noon some sweet gum would exude from them....

I was seated by the shore of a small pond, about a mile and a half south of the village of Concord and somewhat higher than it, in the midst of an extensive wood between that town and known to fame, Concord Battle Ground; but I was so low in the woods that the opposite shore, half a mile off, like the rest, covered with wood, was my most distant horizon. For the first week, whenever I looked out on the pond it impressed me like a tarn Describe Thoreau's new "abode"? How does he feel about it? What words, specifically, does he use to convey that feeling?

high up on the side of a mountain, its bottom far above the surface of other lakes, and, as the sun arose, I saw it throwing off its nightly clothing of mist, and here and there by degrees, while the mists, like ghosts, were stealthily withdrawing in every direction into the woods, as at the breaking up of some **nocturnal conventicler**. The very dew seemed to hang upon the trees later into the day than usual, as on the sides of mountains....

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was no life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practice resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion. For most men, it appears to me, are in a strange uncertainty about it, whether it is of the devil or of God, and have somewhat hastily concluded that is the chief end of man here to "glorify God and enjoy him forever."

What is the effect of the simile he uses to describe the mist?

Define: nocturnal conventicler:

In your own words, explain why he went to the woods.

Explain the phrase "I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life."

Still we live meanly, like ants; though the fable tells us that we were long ago changed into men; like pygmies we fight with cranes; it is error upon error, and clout upon clout, and our best virtue has for its occasion a superfluous and evitable wretchedness. Our life is frittered away by detail. An honest man has hardly need to count more that his ten fingers, or in extreme cases he may add his ten toes, and lump the rest. Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumbnail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life, such are the clouds and storms and quicksands and thousand-and-one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom and not make his port at all, be dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator indeed who succeeds. Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in proportion....

Why should we live with such hurry and waste of life? We are determined to be starved before we are hungry. Men say that a stitch in time saves nine, and so they take a thousand stitches today to save nine tomorrow. As for *work*, we haven't any of any consequence... What are some of Thoreau's criticism of modern life? What alternatives to this modern life does he offer?

What does he mean by, "We are determined to be starved before we are hungry"?

For my part, I could easily do without the post-office. I think that there are very few important communications made through it. To speak critically, I never received more than one or two letters in my life – I wrote this some years ago - that were worth the postage. The penny-post is, commonly, an institution through which you seriously offer a man that penny for his thoughts which is so often safely offered in jest. And I am sure that I never read any memorable news in a newspaper. If we read of one man robbed, or murdered, or killed by accident, or on house burned, or one vessel wrecked, or one steamboat blown up, or one cow run over on the Western Railroad, or one mad dog killed, or one lot of grasshoppers in the winter, -- we never need read of another. One is enough....

Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains.

From "The Pond in Winter"

Every winter the liquid and trembling surface of the pond, which was so sensitive to every breath, and reflected every light and shadow, becomes solid to the depth of a foot or a foot and a half, so that it will support the heaviest teams, and perchance the snow covers it to and equal depth, What is Thoreau's criticism of the post-office and the newspaper?

Interpret his metaphor for time. How does he feel about time?.

How does Thoreau characterize Walden Pond in winter? How does he employ personification to enhance that characterization? and it is not to be distinguished from any level field. Like the marmots in the surrounding hills, it closes its eye-lids and becomes dormant for three months or more. Standing on the snow-covered plain, as if in a pasture amid the hills, I cut my way first through a foot of snow, and the a foot of ice, and open a window under my feet, where, kneeling to drink, I look down into the quiet parlor of the fished, pervaded by a softened light as through a window of ground glass, with its bright sanded floor the same as in summer; there a perennial waveless serenity reigns as in the amber twilight sky, corresponding to the cool and even temperament of the inhabitants. Heaven is under our feet as well as over our heads....

From "Spring"

One attraction in coming to the woods to live was that I should have leisure and opportunity so see the spring come in. The ice in the pond at length begins to be honey-combed, and I can set my heel in it as I walk. Fogs and rains and warmer suns are gradually melting the snow; the days have grown sensibly longer; and I see how I shall get through the winter without adding to my woodpile, for large fires are no longer necessary. I am on the alert for the first signs of spring, to hear the chance note of some arriving bird, or the striped squirrel's chirp, for his stores must be now nearly exhausted, or see the woodchuck venture out of his winter Why does he conclude that, "Heaven is under our feet as well as over our heads...."?

How does Thoreau describe the transition from winter to spring? In what ways is Walden alive again?

quarters....

The change from storm and winter to serene and mild weather, from dark and sluggish hours to bright and elastic ones, is a memorable crisis which all things proclaim. It is seemingly instantaneous at last. Suddenly an influx of light filled my house, though the evening was at hand, and the clouds of winter still overhung it, and the eaves were dripping with sleety rain. I looked out the window, and lo! where yesterday was cold gray ice there lay the transparent pond already calm and full of hope as in a summer evening, reflecting a summer evening sky in its bosom, though none was visible overhead, as if it had intelligence with some remote horizon....

From "Conclusion"

I left the woods for as good a reason as I went there. Perhaps it seemed to me that I had several more lives to live, and could not spare any more time for that one. It is remarkable how easily and insensibly we fall into a particular route, and make a beaten track for ourselves. I had not lived there a week before my feet wore a path from my door to the pond-side; and though it is five or six years since I trod it, it is still quite distinct. It is true, I fear that others may have fallen into it, and so helped to keep it open. The surface of the earth is soft and impressible by the feet of men; and so with the paths which the mind travels. How worn How does this passage reflect Thoreau's reverence for nature?

Why did he leave his house at Walden Pond?

and dusty, then, must be the highways of the world, how deep the ruts of tradition and conformity! I did not wish to take a cabin passage, but rather to go before the mast and on the deck of the world, for there I could best see the moonlight amid the mountains. I do not wish to go below now. I learned this, at least, by my experiment; that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary; new, universal, and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favor in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the license of a higher order of beings. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them....

Why should we be in such desperate haste to succeed, and in such desperate enterprises? If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away. Underline and explain two things he learned while living there:

What does he Thoreau believe about the idea of success?

What advice does he offer for living a good or fulfilling life?

However mean your life is, meet it and live it; do not shun it and call it hard times. It is not so bad as you are. It looks poorest when you are richest. The fault-finder will find faults even in paradise. Love your life, poor as it is. You may perhaps have some pleasant, thrilling glorious hours, even in a poorhouse. The setting sun is reflected from the windows of the almshouse as brightly as from the rich man's abode; the snow melts before its door as early in the spring. I do not see but a quiet mind may live as contentedly there, and have as cheering thoughts, as in a palace. The town's poor seem to me often to live the most independent lives of any. May be they are simply great enough to receive without misgiving. Most think that they are above being supported by the town; but it oftener happens that they are not above supporting themselves by dishonest means, which should be more disreputable. Cultivate poverty like a garden herb, like sage. Do not trouble yourself much to get new things, whether clothes or friends. Turn the old; return to them. Things do not change; we change. Sell your clothes and keep your thoughts. ... Money is not required to buy one necessity of the soul....

The light which puts out our eyes is darkness to us. Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star. Why does he believe that, "The town's poor seem to me often to live the most independent lives of any"?

What does he mean by "Sell your clothes and keep your thoughts"?

How is Thoreau using the word "awake"? What is its meaning in this context?

Living Free From Inessentials

<u>Overview:</u>

One reading of the term "deliberate" is Thoreau's belief that we should live free (liberty) from the inessentials of life. Arthur Miller explores the challenges of living deliberately in this manner in *Death of a Salesman*. While the Lowman's have very little, they still struggle with the materialism of modern American and the American Dream. This lesson is designed to help students more clearly understand Thoreau's ideas through reading his text and applying the concepts to the Lowmans' life and to their own lives.

<u>Purpose:</u>

Students will better understand Thoreau's idea of living deliberately - free from the inessentials of life - its connection to the American dream, and its relevance today.

<u>Activity</u>

Divide students into partners or small groups.

Distribute handout including selections from "Economy" and Death of a Salesman.

Have students work together to read and answer the questions that follow. (During this time, the teacher should be circulating and answering questions for students. For example, clarify for students that "hair" refers to horse hair that was mixed into the plaster for insulation and strength. Or, inform students that Thoreau himself helped to forge the latch for his house. By engaging one on one with students, the teacher can best gauge comprehension and engagement and redirect students when necessary.)

Formative Assessment

As a class discuss students' responses and answer any lingering questions. What further conclusions did they draw about Thoreau? What did he value? What about the Lowmans?

Summative Assessment

To help students see the impact of spending in their own lives they will take an accounting of their own. Are they "living deliberately"? Are they "free from inessentials"? Written answers will be submitted.

Closely read Thoreau's accounting for the costs of his house at Walden Pond taken from "Economy":

I have thus a tight shingled and plastered house, ten feet wide by fifteen long, and eight-feet posts, with a garret and a closet, a large window on each side, two trap-doors, one door at the end, and a brick fireplace opposite . The exact cost of my house, paying the usual price for such materials as I used, but not counting the work, all of which was done by myself, was as follows ; and I give the details because very few are able to tell exactly what their houses cost, and fewer still, if any, the separate cost of the various materials which compose them :-

Refuse shingles for roof	
1 • 1	

and sides,
Laths,
Two second-hand windows with
Glass,
One thousand old brick,
Two casks of lime,
Hair,
Mantle-tree iron, 0 15
Nails,
Hinges and screws,
Latch, 0 10
Chalk, 0 01

1. What kind of house did he build?

2. What inferences can you make about Thoreau and his house?

Now, carefully read through his expenses as he details them:

By surveying, carpentry, and day-labor of various other kinds in the village in the meanwhile, for I have as many trades as fingers, I had earned \$13.34. The expense of food for eight months, namely, from July 4th to March 1st, the time when these estimates were made, though I lived there more than two years- not counting potatoes, a little green corn, and some peas, which I had raised, nor considering the value of what was on hand at the last date- was

Rice\$ 1.73 1/2
Molasses 1.73 (Cheapest form of the saccharine.)
Rye meal 1.04 3/4
Indian meal 0.99 3/4 (Cheaper than rye.)
Pork 0.22
(All Experiments Which Failed)
Flour
Sugar
Lard 0.65
Apples 0.25
Dried apple 0.22
Sweet potatoes
One pumpkin 0.06
One watermelon 0.02
Salt 0.03

Yes, I did eat \$8.74, all told; but I should not thus unblushingly publish my guilt, if I did not know that most of my readers were equally guilty with myself, and that their deeds would look no better in print. The next year I sometimes caught a mess of fish for my dinner, and once I went so far as to slaughter a woodchuck which ravaged my bean-field- effect his transmigration, as a Tartar would say- and devour him, partly for experiment's sake; but though it afforded me a momentary enjoyment, notwithstanding a musky flavor, I saw that the longest use would not make that a good practice, however it might seem to have your woodchucks ready dressed by the village butcher.

Clothing and some incidental expenses within the same dates, though little can be inferred from this item, amounted to

\$ 8.40 3/4 Oil and some household utensils...... 2.00

So that all the pecuniary outgoes, excepting for washing and mending, which for the most part were done out of the house, and their bills have not yet been received- and these are all and more than all the ways by which money necessarily goes out in this part of the world- were

House\$ 28.12 1/2
Farm one year 14.72 1/2
Food eight months
Clothing, etc., eight months
Oil, etc., eight months 2.00
In all\$ 61.99 3/4
I address myself now to those of my readers who have a living to get. And to meet this I have for farm produce
sold
\$ 23.44
Earned by day-labor 13.34
In all\$ 36.78
which subtracted from the sum of the outgoes leaves a balance of \$25.21 3/4 on the one side- this being very
nearly the means with which I started, and the measure of expenses to be incurred- and on the other, beside the
leisure and independence and health thus secured, a comfortable house for me as long as I choose to occupy it.

1. What observations can you make about his spending?

2. How does this accounting reflect his idea of "living deliberately"?

Now, reread the following scene from Act 1 of *Death of a Salesman:*

WILLY: What do we owe?

LINDA: Well, on the first there's sixteen dollars on the refrigerator

WILLY: Why sixteen?

LINDA: Well, the fan belt broke, so it was a dollar eighty.

WILLY: But it's brand new.

LINDA: Well, the man said that's the way it is. Till they work themselves in, y'know. (They move through the wall-line into the kitchen.)

WILLY: I hope we didn't get stuck on that machine.

LINDA: They got the biggest ads of any of them!

WILLY: I know, it's a fine machine. What else?

LINDA: Well, there's nine-sixty for the washing machine. And for the vacuum cleaner there's three and a half due on the fifteenth. Then the roof, you got twenty-one dollars remaining.

WILLY: It don't leak, does it?

LINDA: No, they did a wonderful job. Then you owe Frank for the carburetor.

WILLY: I'm not going to pay that man! That goddam Chevrolet, they ought to prohibit the manufacture of that car!

LINDA: Well, you owe him three and a half. And odds and ends, comes to around a hundred and twenty dollars by the fifteenth.

WILLY: A hundred and twenty dollars! My God, if business don't pick up I don't know what I'm gonna do!

1. What observations can you make about the Lowmans' spending? Do that have any inessentials?

2. Imagine a conversation between Thoreau and Willy Lowman. What do you think Thoreau would say to Willy? What would Willy say? And now, it is your turn to...

Take an accounting of your life! Are you living de*liberate*ly?

For this exercise you will take an accounting in two different ways: money and time. Complete the charts below and the questions that follow.

Spending: Write down everything you have spent money on for the last 24 hours.		
<u>Amount Spent</u>		
1⁄4 of a gallon: 66¢		

Time: W	rite down what you did and the duration of the activity
Duration	<u>Activity</u>
12:00am	
1:00am	
2:00am	
3:00am	
4:00am	
5:00am	
6:00am	
7:00am	
8:00am	
9:00am	
10:00am	
11:00am	
12:00pm	
1:00pm	
2:00pm	
3:00pm	
4:00pm	
5:00pm	
6:00pm	
7:00pm	
8:00pm	
9:00pm	
10:00pm	
11:00pm	

What are you doing with your money?

1. What was your greatest financial expense yesterday? Is that a daily expense or uncommonly?

- 2. Are you surprised by how much or how little you spent?
- 3. Do you think that day is average in terms of your spending? Was it low or high?

What are you doing with your time?

1. What was the most time consuming activity for you yesterday? Is that part of your daily routine?

2. How would might you have spent your time differently on a different day? (ie. a weekend vs. a weekday)

3. Were you surprised by the results of your accounting?

Are you living deliberately: free from inessentials of life?

Examining the Power of Place

Who we are and where we are are inextricably tied to one another. Often, the place we live or spend time is a direct reflection of who we are. Sometimes, though, our identity and the place we find ourselves are in such stark contrast that it creates a painful dissonance. Still other times, while there may be a contrast, a place changes who we are until we become part of that place. To understand the power of a place, we must consider two important questions:

- 1. How does one come to know a place?
- 2. How does knowing a place impact our understanding of another person or ourselves?

Step 1: Pre-writing Homework

In Classroom, answer each of the questions. (See Classroom for assignment). Be prepared to discuss your answers in class tomorrow.

- 1. What aspects of a place make it unique or significant?
- 2. As readers, how does an author's description of a place impact the way we understand that place? What stylistic choices might an author make to clearly convey the importance of a place?

Step 3: Defining the power of place

 In Thoreau's chapter "Where I lived and what I lived for" he describes his house and the surrounding area at Walden Pond. As a group, reread that selection in your *Walden* packet and identify as many aspects of place as you can. Write the words from the text that convey place:

2. What does Thoreau's depiction of this place tell us about him? (facts and inference)

3. What mood is conveyed? (How does it make you feel?)

Step 3: Textual Analysis - Group Work

2. In Alma's first chapter, her family is in a new place for the first time. As a group, reread chapter 1. As you read, identify as many aspects of place as you can. Write the words from the text that convey place:

3. What does Henriquez's depiction of this place tell us about the characters? (facts and inference)

4. What mood is conveyed? (How does it make you feel?)

Examining the power of place: What does your place say about you?

As we saw in *Walden* and in Henriquez's depiction of the family's new home in chapter one of *The Book of Unknown Americans*, place can be a reflection of many aspects of a person's life; who we are and where we are are inextricably tied to one another. Now it is your turn to look closely at a place in your own life and reflect on what it says about you.

Prewriting

Choose a significant place in your life to carefully explore. State the place here:

Brainstorm a list of words you might use in your writing about that place: (Revisit your notes on what it means to know a place.)

Brainstorm a list of words you might use to convey the importance of that place. How will your reader better understand you as a result of reading about your place?

Writing

In **no less than 250 words**, write a well-developed description of your place. Remember that this description should convey, through diction, tone, and mood, the importance of this place. (It should help us understand who you are <u>without</u> you simply stating "This place is important because...")

Due Date:

Point Value:

"Paradox and Dream" from *America and Americans* (1966) by John Steinbeck

(1) One of the generalities most often noted about Americans is that we are a restless, a dissatisfied, a searching people. We bridle and buck under failure, and we go mad with dissatisfaction in the face of success. We spend our time searching for security, and hate it when we get it. For the most part we are an intemperate people: we eat too much when we can, drink too much, indulge our senses too much, Even in our so-called virtues we are intemperate: a teetotaler is not content not to drink--he must stop all the drinking in the world; a vegetarian among us would outlaw the eating of meat. We work too hard, and many die under the strain; and then to make up for that we play with a violence as suicidal.

(2) The result is that we seem to be in a state of turmoil all the time, both physically and mentally. We are able to believe that our government is weak, stupid, overbearing, dishonest, and inefficient, and at the same time we are deeply convinced that it is the best government in the world, and we would like to impose it upon everyone else. We speak of the *American Way of Life As* though it involved the ground rules for the governance of heaven. A man hungry and unemployed through his own stupidity and that of others, a man beaten by a brutal policeman, a woman forced into prostitution by her own laziness, high prices, availability, and despair--all bow with reverence toward the *American Way of Life*, although each one would look puzzled and angry if he were asked to define it. We scramble and scrabble up the stony path toward the pot of gold we have taken to mean security. We trample friends, relatives, and strangers who get in the way of our achieving it, and once we get it we shower it on psychoanalysts to try to find out why we are unhappy, and finally, if we have enough of the gold we contribute it back to the nation in the form of foundations and charities.

(3) We fight our way in, and try to buy our way out. We are alert, curious, hopeful, and we take more drugs designed to make us unaware than any other people. We are self-reliant and at the same time completely dependent. We are aggressive, and defenseless. Americans overindulge their children; the children in turn are overly dependent on their parents. We are complacent in our possessions, in our houses, in our education; but it is hard to find a man or woman who does not want something better for the next generation. Americans are remarkably kind and hospitable and open with both guests and strangers; and yet they will make a wide circle around the man dying on the pavement. Fortunes are spent getting cats out of trees and dogs out of sewer pipes; but a girl screaming for help in the street

draws only slammed doors, closed windows, and silence.

(4) Now there is a set of generalities for you, each one of them canceled out by another generality. Americans seem to live and breathe and function by paradox; but in nothing are we so paradoxical as in our passionate belief in our own myths. We truly believe ourselves to be natural-born mechanics and do-it-yourselfers. We spend our lives in automobiles, yet most of us--a great many of us at least-do not know enough about a car to look in the gas tank when the engine fails. Our lives as we live them would not function without electricity, but it is a rare man or woman who, when the power goes off, knows how to look for a burned-out fuse and replace it. We believe implicitly that we are the heirs of the pioneers; that we have inherited self-sufficiency and the ability to take care of ourselves, particularly in relation to nature. There isn't a man among us in ten thousand who knows how to butcher a cow or a pig and cut it up for eating, let alone a wild animal. By natural endowment, we are great rifle shots and great hunters--but when hunting season opens there is a slaughter of farm animals and humans by men and women who couldn't hit a real target if they could see it. Americans treasure the knowledge that they live close to nature, but fewer and fewer farmers feed more and more people; and as soon as we can afford to we eat out of cans, buy microwave dinners, and haunt the delicatessens. Affluence means moving to the suburbs, but the American suburbanite sees, if anything, less of the country than the city apartment dweller with his window boxes and his African violets carefully tended under lights. In no country are more seeds and plants and equipment purchased, and less vegetables and flowers raised.

(5) The paradoxes are everywhere: We shout that we are a nation of laws, not men-and then proceed to break every law we can if we can get away with it. We proudly insist that we base our political positions on the issues--and we will vote against a man because of his religion, his name, or the shape of his nose.

(6) We believe in the manliness of our men and the womanliness of our women, but we go to extremes of expense and discomfort to cover any natural evidence that we are either.

(7) We fancy ourselves as hardheaded realists, but we will buy anything we see advertised, particularly on television; and we buy it not with reference to the quality or the value of the product, but directly as a result of the number of times we have heard it mentioned. The most arrant nonsense about a product is never questioned. We are afraid to be awake, afraid to be alone, afraid to be a moment without the noise and confusion we call entertainment. We boast of our dislike of highbrow art and music, and we have more and better attended symphonies, art galleries, and theaters than any country in the world. We detest abstract art and produce more of it than all the rest of the world put together.

(8) One of the characteristics most puzzling to a foreign observer is the strong and imperishable dream the American carries. On inspection, it is found that the dream has little to do with reality in American life. Consider the dream of and the hunger for home. The very word can reduce nearly all of my compatriots to tears. Builders and developers never build houses--they build homes. The dream home is either in a small town or in a suburban area where grass and trees simulate the country. This dream home is a permanent seat, not rented but owned. It is a center where a man and his wife grow graciously old, warmed by the radiance of well-washed children and grandchildren. Many thousands of these homes are built every year; built, planted, advertised, and sold-and yet, the American family rarely stays in one place for more than five years. The home and its equipment are purchased on time and are heavily mortgaged. The earning power of the father is almost always over-extended. If the earner is successful and his income increases, right away the house is not big enough, or in the proper neighborhood. Or perhaps suburban life pales, and the family moves to the city, where excitement and convenience beckon.

(9) Some of these movements back and forth seem to me a result of just pure restlessness, pure nervousness. We do hear, of course, of people who keep the same job for twenty years, or thirty years, or forty years, and get a gold watch for it; but the numbers of these old and faithful employees are decreasing all the time. Part of the movement has to do with the nature of business itself. Work in factories in supermarkets, for contractors on the construction of houses, bridges, public buildings, or more factories is often temporary; the job gets done, or local taxes or wage increases or falling sales may cause a place of business to move to a new area. In addition, many of the great corporations have a policy of moving employees from one of their many branches to another. The employee with the home dream finds that with every removal he loses money. The sellers of homes make their profit on the down payment and on the interest on the loan; but the private owner who wants to turn over his dream home and move on to another finds that he always takes a loss. However, the dream does not die--it just takes another form.

(10) There is no question that American life is in the process of changing, but, as always in human history, it carries some of the past along with it. Automobile manufacturers discovered and developed the American yearning for status. By changing the appliances and gadgetry on each new model, they could make the car owner feel that his perfectly good automobile was old-fashioned and therefore undesirable. His children were afraid to be seen in it;

and, since a family's image of success in the world, or status, is to a certain extent dependent on the kind of a car the man drives, he was forced to buy a new one whether he needed it or not. The pattern has not changed: and none of this has in any way affected the American dream of home, which remains part Grandma Moses and part split-level ranch house in an area where to keep a cow or a pen of chickens is to break the law.

(11) Of course, the home dream can be acted out almost anywhere. Every summer morning about nine o'clock, on Third Street in New York, a stout and benign-looking lady came down the stairs from her flat to the pavement carrying the great outdoors in her arms. She set out a canvas deck chair, and over it mounted a beach umbrella of the kind which has a little cocktail table around it--and then, smiling happily, this benign and robust woman rolled out a little lawn made of green raffia in front of her chair, set out two pots of red geraniums and an artificial palm, brought a little cabinet with cold drinks-Coca-Cola, Pepsi-Cola-in a small icebox; she laid her folded copy of the Daily News on the table, arranged her equipment, and sank back into the chair--and she was in the country. She nodded and smiled to everyone who went by, and somehow she conveyed her dream to everyone who saw her, and everyone who saw her was delighted with her. For some reason I was overwhelmed with a desire to contribute to this sylvan retreat, and so one day when she had stepped inside for a moment, I deposited on her table a potted fern and a little bowl with two goldfish; and the next morning, I was pleased to see that these had been added to the permanent equipment. Every day through that summer the fern and the goldfish were part of the scene.

(12) The home dream is only one of the deepset American illusions which, since they can't be changed, function as cohesive principles to bind the nation together and make it different from all other nations. It occurs to me that all dreams, waking and sleeping, are powerful and prominent memories of something real, of something that really happened. I believe these memories--some of them, at least--can be inherited; our generalized dreams of water and warmth, of falling, of monsters, of danger and premonitions may have been pre-recorded on some kind of genetic tape in the species out of which we evolved or mutated, just as some of our organs which no longer function seem to be physical memories of other, earlier processes. The national dream of Americans is a whole pattern of thinking and feeling and may well be a historic memory surprisingly little distorted. Furthermore, the participators in the dream need not have descended physically from the people to whom the reality happened. This pattern of thought and conduct which is the national character is absorbed even by the children of immigrants born in America, but it never comes to the immigrants them-selves, no matter how they may wish it; birth on American soil seems to be required.

(13) I have spoken of the dream of home that persists in a time when home is neither required nor wanted. Until very recently home was a real word, and in the English tongue it is a magic word. At first the word "home" meant safety, then gradually comfort. In the immediate American past, the home meant just those two things; the log houses, even the sod houses, were havens of safety, of defense, warmth. food, and comfort. Outside were hostile

Indians and dangerous animals, crippling cold and starvation. Many houses, including the one where President Johnson was born, built only a few generations back, have thick walls and gunslits for defense, a great hearth for cooking and for heat, a cellar under the floor and an attic for the storage of food, and sometimes even an interior well in case of siege. A home was a place where women and children could be reasonably safe, a place to which a man could return with joy and slough off his weariness and his fears. This symbol of safety and comfort is so recent in our history that it is no wonder that to all of us it remains dear and desirable.

(14) It is an American dream that we are great hunters, trackers, woodsmen, deadshots with a rifle or a shotgun; and this dream is deeply held by Americans who have never fired a gun or hunted anything larger or more dangerous than a cockroach. But I wonder whether our deep connection with firearms is not indeed a national potential; not long ago we had to be good hunters or we starved, good shots or our lives were in danger. Can this have carried over? Early in World War II, I spent a good deal of time at the schools for aerial gunnery. The British, having been in the war for a long time, sent teams of instructors to teach our newly inducted men to handle the tail and ball-turret guns in our B-17 bombers, but the instruction began with small arms, since all shooting is pretty much the same. I remember an Englishman saying to me. "It is amazing how quickly these men learn. Some of them have never handled a weapon, and yet it seems to come to them as though they knew it; they pick it up much faster than the English lads do. 'Maybe they're just born with the knack."

(15) The inventiveness once necessary for survival may also be a part of the national dream. Who among us has not bought for a song an ancient junked car, and with parts from other junked cars put together something that would run? This is not lost; American kids are still doing it. The dreams of a people either create folk literature or find their way into it; and folk literature, again, is always based on something that happened. Our most persistent folk tales--constantly retold in books, movies, and television shows--concern cowboys, gunslinging sheriffs, and Indian fighters. These folk figures existed-perhaps not quite as they are re-called nor in the numbers indicated, but they did exist; and this dream also persists. Even businessmen in Texas wear the high-heeled boots and big hats, though they ride in air-conditioned Cadillacs and have forgotten the reason for the high heels. All our children play cowboy and Indian; the brave and honest sheriff who with courage and a six-gun brings law and order and civic virtue to a Western community is perhaps our most familiar hero, no doubt descended from the brave mailed knight of chivalry who battled and over-came evil with lance and sword. Even the recognition signals are the same: white hat, white armor--black hat, black shield. And in these moral tales, so deep set in us, virtue does not arise out of reason or orderly process of law--it is imposed and maintained by violence.

(16) I wonder whether this folk wisdom is the story of our capability. Are these stories permanent because we knew within ourselves that only the threat of violence makes it possible for us to live together in peace? I think that surviving folk tales are directly based on memory. There must have been a leader like King Arthur; although there is no historical record to prove it. The very strength of the story presumes his existence. We know there were

gunslinging sheriffs--not many, but some; but if they had not existed, our need for them would have created them. It interests me that the youthful gangs in our cities, engaging in their "rumbles" which are really wars, and doing so in direct and overt disobedience of law and of all the pressures the police can apply--that these gangs take noble names, and within their organizations are said to maintain a code of behavior and responsibility toward one another and an obedience to their leaders very like that of the tight-knit chivalric code of feudal Europe; the very activities and attitudes which raise the hand of the law against these gangs would, if the nation needed them, be the diagnostics of heroes. And indeed, they must be heroes to themselves.

(17) A national dream need not, indeed may not be clear-cut and exact. For Americans too the wide and general dream has a name. It is called "the American Way of Life." No one can define it or point to any one person or group who lives it, but it is very real nevertheless, perhaps more real than that equally remote dream the Russians call Communism. These dreams describe our vague yearnings toward what we wish were and hope we may be: wise, just, compassionate, and noble. The fact that we have this dream at all is perhaps an indication of its possibility.

"America and Americans"

Answer the following questions in response to your reading of "America and Americans: Paradox and Dream" by John Steinbeck.

- 1. According to Steinbeck, what are some of the ideals that Americans live by? (name at least 5)
- 2. In what ways do we undermine our own values?

3. What is Steinbeck's ultimate message?

4. Do you agree with Steinbeck? Why/why not?

5. Select 3 key quotes from this reading that you believe are essential to understanding this argument.

Learning from and with Henry David Thoreau Grade 8 Gifted Humanities Seminar

Rachel E. Nichols Bala Cynwyd Middle School, Bala Cynwd, PA

This lesson plan is inspired and informed by my experiences as a participant in the NEH Landmarks of American History Teacher Workshop Living and Writing Deliberately: The Concord Landscapes and Legacy of Henry David Thoreau, July 23-27, 2017. I am indebted to Jayne Gordon and the team of esteemed professors, facilitators, and planners for the opportunity.

Inquiry Questions: Who was Henry David Thoreau and what is his legacy? How might we apply Thoreau's practices of keen observation in our own lives? What is the relationship of your history to the history of your town? What can we learn from the artifacts of those who have lived in this place before us? How might the questions that Thoreau posed in his time and place relate to the questions that we have in our time and place?

Objectives: Students will be introduced to the person and writing of Henry David Thoreau (HDT); closely examine the time and place where they live; learn about the history of their town from local historians; engage in analysis of primary source materials; practice keen observation; speak and write with detailed description and clarity; interrogate the origin and notions of civil disobedience; and, develop and pursue individual inquiry questions.

Materials: Online/print materials and children's books, on HDT available from local libraries and gathered on Blackboard; excerpts from *Walden* <u>http://thoreau.eserver.org/walden00.html and digitalthoreau.org</u> (selected passages will be extracted and prepared for initial use in class and students will extend reading online); physical or digital journal; student artifacts; guests, artifacts, and resources from the collection of the Lower Merion Historical Society <u>http://lowermerionhistory.org/web/</u> (or your local historical society)

Assessment: Socratic Seminar Rubric; Journal Rubric; self- & peer-developed rubric for Independent Inquiry

Who was Henry David Thoreau and what is his legacy?

<u>Class 1</u>:

Henry David Thoreau (HDT) Introductory Teach-In:

Students will select/be assigned a topic and conduct one period of research on an aspect of HDT's life/work and learn all they can. Record all notes in your online or physical journal.

Create a shared Google Slideshow by topic group: "What we need to know about HDT and _____". Minimum of 5 slides, maximum of 8. Each slide must include 1-2 images and no more than two lines of text. Use notes feature to include the details/content you will share as well as all sources properly cited for all information and images.

Topics: Biographical facts; community of Concord, MA; Walden Pond; transcendentalism; civil rights

Homework: Complete slides. In the following class, groups will share them out and we will discuss. Students will make note of what they find interesting for further study.

Class 2:

Sharing and discussion of slides on HDT Biographical facts; community of Concord, MA; Walden Pond; transcendentalism; civil rights

How might we apply Thoreau's practices of keen observation in our own lives?

<u>Class 3</u>:

Close reading of a selection from "Spring" together; make note of HDT's observation practices in journals.

"Spring" paragraphs 3-9: <u>http://commons.digitalthoreau.org/walden/spring/spring-1-13/</u>

Homework: Select one of the following selections to read tonight. In your journals, write down one of HDT's lines that you disagree with; one line that sounds like you could have written it; and one line that makes you wonder about something. Elaborate on your thinking and be prepared to discuss tomorrow.

"The Pond in Winter" paragraphs 1-10: <u>http://commons.digitalthoreau.org/walden/the-pond-in-winter/the-pond-in-winter-1-10/</u>

"House Warming" paragraphs 1-9: <u>http://commons.digitalthoreau.org/walden/house-warming/house-warming-1-9/</u>

<u>Class 4</u>:

Go outside for a ten-minute walk-and-talk in pairs to share our thinking about last night's reading. Then, each person will select a spot to sit quietly and observe the outdoors, recording details from all five senses in the journals. Use Close Observation handout as a guide where needed.

Homework: Select a place in or near your home to observe. Look and write for a while.

* If approved, possible visit to Tyler Arboretum (<u>https://www.tylerarboretum.org/</u>) to explore HDT model home and conduct more observation. (See this article for description: <u>http://thoreaufarm.org/2017/03/thoreaus-walden-house-pennsylvania-style/</u>.)

<u>Class 5</u>:

Voluntary sharing out of journal writing. Discussion of principles of observation as evident in HDT and student observations.

What is your relationship to your town and its history?

Find and pin your house on the 2012 survey map of Lower Merion Township with a marked flag. In journals, write about your home and the area that surrounds it. Describe what comes to mind.

Now look at the 1851 map hanging on the other side. What used to be present where your house was today? What do you recognize about your neighborhood? What looks different? What questions does it raise?

Homework: Talk to your parents about what they remember about the neighborhood they grew up in and write down some details.

<u>Class 6</u>:

Share parent feedback about the neighborhoods of their youth. Discuss: What is similar and different today?

Read and discuss "The Village": <u>http://commons.digitalthoreau.org/walden/the-village/</u>. Who and what was important to HDT in his community?

Homework: Consider this question for yourself and write: who and what is important to you and your community?

<u>Class 7</u>:

What can we learn from the artifacts of those who have lived in this place before us?

Guest Conversation with Mr. Gerald Francis, Lower Merion Historical Society: The History of Lower Merion Township from the Lenape to William Penn to the Present Day

Homework: Write about something new you learned today and pose a follow-up question or two for Mr. Francis.

<u>Class 8</u>:

Students will visit the Lower Merion Historical Society to handle and investigate what artifacts tell us about where we live (Lenape tools, ephemera, maps, letters, photos). Share questions with Mr. Francis, apply close observation strategies, and record details in journals.

Homework: Select an artifact from your own home to bring in tomorrow. (It does not have to be from nature.) Write about it and what it reveals about who you are and how you live.

<u>Class 9</u>:

Students will engage in close observation of their own and one another's objects. They will display the artifacts in display cabinets (original faculty mail cubbies from 100-year-old Cynwyd Elementary borrowed from a colleague) and select an object of interest to analyze. Students may engage in this up to three times depending on time; see Object Observation Sheet. (The students will respond to peers' observations later.)

How might the questions that Thoreau posed in his time and place relate to the questions that we have in our time and place?

Independently, begin close reading of "Where I Lived and What I Lived For" paragraphs 1-18: <u>http://commons.digitalthoreau.org/walden/where-i-lived-and-what-i-lived-for/where-i-lived-and-what-i-lived-for/where-i-lived-and-what-i-lived-for-1-12/</u> (and follow arrow). As you read, record lines that stand out, related notes, and questions.

Homework: Complete close reading of "WIL&WILF" and make note of questions and connections.

<u>Class 10</u>:

Open class by sharing lines, questions, and connections from last night's reading.

Guest Conversation with Mr. Ted Goldsborough, Lower Merion Historical Society: The History of Lower Merion Academy and the Role of Education in the Community

Homework: Write down questions that come to mind following Mr. Goldsborough's talk. Also read paragraphs 1-12 from "Reading" <u>http://commons.digitalthoreau.org/walden/reading/?s=education</u>? Pay particular attention to paragraph 12: What does HDT say about education in this excerpt?

Class 11:

Meet with half of students to discuss "Reading" and responses while the other half respond to peer questions and observations about the selected artifacts on paper. Then switch. Discuss as a whole group—what connections are being made with your understanding of education? Where is there dissonance?

Classes 12 & 13:

Provide students with overview and background on what led to HDT's writing "Civil Disobedience" (revisit student slides if fitting).

Engage in collaborative close reading of "Civil Disobedience": <u>http://thoreau.eserver.org/civil1.html</u> by assigning students one paragraph from the first section to examine. (Distribute in print as well for annotation.) After students have read the whole page, they are to return to their assigned paragraph to summarize, pull out an essential phrase or two, and note questions and connections. We will continue to do this over two class periods (or until we have moved through the text).

Homework: Read and follow the links in this July 2017 Smithsonian article and make notes in journals: <u>http://www.smithsonianmag.com/smart-news/martin-luther-king-and-gandhi-werent-only-ones-inspired-thoreaus-civil-disobedience-180963972/</u>

<u>Class 14</u>:

Distribute and discuss Independent Inquiry inspired by the words and work of HDT. Students begin to work. Following are some possibilities to start thinking:

*Students reread their journals and create their own version of "Where I Live and What I Live For".

*Students identify a line or passage from Thoreau that connects with them and develop their own questions to investigate, for example, by drawing on local history of Politics, Environment (streams, foliage, etc.), Education and Public Schools, Business and Industry, Architecture/Neighborhoods, Ethnicity & Immigration

*Students revisit slideshows (all posted) and pursue something they want to learn more about.

*Students explore the Concord Museum's online exhibition on Thoreau and climate change (<u>http://www.concordmuseum.org/early-spring-exhibition.php</u>) or other parts of the collection (<u>http://www.concordmuseum.org/</u>) and follow their curiosities.

*Students play *Walden, A Game* and research topics that pique their interest. (Request educational license here: <u>http://waldengame.com/educators.html)</u>

*Students listen to passages form Thoreau's journals on nature, friendship, slavery, and society—part of the Morgan Library/Concord Museum exhibition (<u>http://www.themorgan.org/exhibitions/online/thoreau</u>) Or explore the whole text of the journals here: <u>http://thoreau.library.ucsb.edu/new_main.html</u>.

*Students investigate how phrases often associated with Thoreau—such as civil disobedience, living deliberately, simplicity—are relevant today.

*Students read from the collection of picture books on Thoreau (gathered from district and local libraries) and focus on an aspect of his life that is of interest.

*Students return to a framing inquiry question and work from there: Who was Henry David Thoreau and what is his legacy? How might we apply Thoreau's practices of keen observation in our own lives? What is the relationship of your personal history to the history of your town? What can we learn from the artifacts of those who have lived in this place before us? How might the questions that Thoreau posed in his time and place relate to the questions that we have in our time and place?

<u>Classes 15-18</u>:

Students work on Independent Inquiries inspired by the words and work of HDT; prepare for sharing.

Practicing Close Observation

Observe:

- What do you see? Write what you notice.
- Keep looking for another minute (or more). Now what do you see?
- What questions you have?
- Count and measure. Write the details.
- Make a "tube" with your thumb and fingers so you can look at just one small area or look at the spot from a different angle. What new things do you notice when you change perspective?
- What do you wonder about what you see? How could you find answers (e.g., observe more closely, conduct research)?

Compare:

- How is what you are looking at the same as _____? Different than _____?
- What does it remind you of?

Interpret:

- What do you think happened before this moment? What do you think might happen next?
- What do you *know* from looking at this place/thing?
- What do you *assume/infer* from looking at it?
- What do you think would happen if _____?

Wonder:

- Do you notice anything surprising or unusual? Describe what you see.
- How would you explain it?
- What new questions did your observations spark? How might you uncover the answers?

You were invited to bring in an artifact from your home that represents you. Write your name and details about that object on one side of the card. Write your number on the other.

- o What do you observe about the object (appearance, size, shape, color, texture, design, purpose)?
- o Why did you bring this object?
- o What does the object symbolize?
- o What is something that others won't know about this object just by looking at it?
- o What is a story that this object might tell?

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- o What do you observe about the object (appearance, size, shape, color, texture, design, purpose)?
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OBJECT STUDY & RESPONSE

- **1.** Select and examine an object from the collection. Consider:
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 - o Think about the object as a cultural artifact. How might it reflect aspects cultural components such as ideology, technology, or sociology?
- 2. Determine what this object may reveal about the person who brought it.
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- 1. Select an object from the collection and examine it closely. Think before responding below.
 - What do you see and/or think when you look at the object?
 - What questions does the object raise for you?
 - Now think about the object as a cultural artifact. How might this reflect aspects of the owner's culture (ideology, technology, or sociology)?
 - Whose object do you think this is?
- 2. Now locate the object's corresponding card on the board. Read it and respond.
 - What personal qualities does the object's owner reveal?
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Independent Inquiry Inspired by Henry David Thoreau



Most have not delved six feet beneath the surface, nor leaped as many above it. We know not where we are. Beside, we are sound asleep nearly half our time. Yet we esteem ourselves wise, and have an established order on the surface. Truly, we are deep thinkers, ... – conclusion, ¶16, walden

CHOOSE A OR B. THEN DO C.

- A. Delve Deeper into Life in Lower Merion Township, Now or Then
- 1. **Choose a contemporary topic related to life in Lower Merion Township**. What is a particular area that you feel passionate about? Is there something that you want to learn more about? Do you want to consider a personal or a societal topic (or both)? What brings you joy in your community? What problems are you observing in your community?

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- 1. **Choose a historical topic related to life in Lower Merion Township.** What is a particular area that you feel passionate about? Is there something that you want to learn more about? Consider topics and questions that emerged through our work and use the resources available through the Lower Merion Historical Society.
- 2. Develop an Inquiry Question ⇔ Research. Read available resources. Collect statistics. Survey your community, if applicable. Learn what others are saying/have said about the topic.
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- 4. **Connect to others.** Why/how does your question connect with other people (past or present)? What can we learn from thinking about your topic? Why does your topic matter?
- 5. Inform others. *See options below.* Co-create assessment rubric with peers.

B. Delve Deeper into the Life and Writing of Henry David Thoreau

- 1. **Conduct further research on Henry David Thoreau.** Use resources available through our library and the Thoreau eServer (<u>http://thoreau.eserver.org/default.html</u>) to answer questions that you develop.
- 2. **Read more full text**. Select *Walden*, *Cape Cod*, or (...) and read closely. Make note of how the writing helps you understand something better.
- 3. **Research the advocate's life and work**. Read newspapers, magazines, and reports from the time period and determine the social and political climate. Find out the root causes of the issues and how the advocate influenced change. Explain how this was accomplished. If the advocate was part of a larger social movement (e.g., The Civil Rights Movement or the United Farm Workers Movement), then also provide an explanation of the broader context. *You must use at least one well-selected primary source*.
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INFORM YOUR CLASSMATES (& OTHERS):

• Create an educational poster or display about the topic. Include statistics, stories, photos, and other attention-grabbing information. Incorporate an infographic. (Try: http://www.easel.ly, https://infogr.am/, or http://piktochart.com/.) Create a works cited page and include credits for non-original materials. Include your inquiry questions and be prepared to answer questions about your work.

OR

• Prepare a video presentation about the topic for an audience of your peers.* Create a works cited page and include credits for non-original materials. Include your inquiry question(s) and be prepared to answer questions about your work.

OR

• Suggest an alternate way to share your work.

AND/OR

• Consider an alternate target audience (though you will still share in class).

Journal Rubric

Please fill in the self-assessment section on the bottom before submitting your work.

	Excellent	Strong	Acceptable	Unacceptable
Content / Meaning	Demonstrates a clear focus on the task/topic and addresses all parts	Maintains focus on the assigned task/topic and addresses most of the task	Some focus on the assigned task/topic yet focus is not entirely clear	Lacks a clear focus on the assigned topic; does not address the task
Analysis and Interpretation	Reveals an in-depth analysis and interpretation of the topic; makes insightful connections	Conveys a thorough understanding of task and topic; makes explicit connections	Conveys a basic understanding of the task and the topic; makes few or superficial connections	Provides a confused or inaccurate understanding of the task or the topic; unclear or no connections
Development and Completion	Ideas are clearly and fully developed by making effective use of relevant and specific details from the text or facts about the topic; all parts of the task are completed with care	Ideas are clearly and consistently developed by using relevant and specific details from the text or topic; all parts of the task are complete	Ideas are briefly developed using some details from the text or topic; all parts of the task are complete, but some parts lack development	Ideas are largely incomplete; one or more parts of the task are incomplete
Language and Conventions	Exhibits correct spelling, grammar, punctuation; project uses sophisticated language and vivid details from the text	Mostly correct spelling, grammar, punctuation; uses appropriate/effective language and incorporates sensory detail	Exhibits errors that somewhat hinder comprehension; some appropriate/effective language and sensory language	Exhibits many errors that hinder comprehension; uses few or no effective words or sensory language
Connections	Makes insightful connections to self, text, others, world	Makes explicit connections to self, text, others, world	Makes few or superficial connections to self, text, others, world	Little or no connections made to self, text, others, world

Self-Assessment:

The best aspect of my journal is: _____

One aspect that may require further revision is:

The grade I would give myself is: _____ because: _____

Teacher Comments:

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Criteria	4	G	2	þ
Contributes to discussion	Frequently	Occasionally	Rarely	Little to none
	(4+ comments)	(3 comments)	(2 comments)	(1 comment)
Cites references to the text or prompt	Specific, appropriate,	General, appropriate,	Weak, inappropriate	No evidence
	and frequent	and frequent	and/or infrequent	
Builds on others' ideas/references others'	Thoroughly with direct	Occasionally with vague	Sporadically	Off topic
ideas	references	references		
Demonstrates "Habits of Mind" -	Frequently	Occasionally	Rarely	Little to none
evidence, definitions, viewpoint,	(4+ habits)	(3 habits)	(2 habits)	(1 habit)
connections, conjecture, relevance				
Explains/initiates new ideas	Explains clearly	Attempts to explain	Presents	No new ideas
			unexplained ideas	
Pays attention to others &	Gives full attention to	Pays attention when	Rarely pays	Uninvolved,
Includes others in discussion	seminar	others speak	Л	interrupting,
	Includes others		others speak	dominating,
	through verbal		Makes divergent	criticizing,
	exchange or invitation		remarks	disrespecting,
	into conversation			and/or obstructing
				process

Adapted from - http://www.hhlth.unm.edu/centers/school-change/does/appendj.pdf & http://www.nusd.k12.az.us/nhs/gthomson.class/web.pagemain/socraticsmeinar.html By Ann Marie Seely - July 5, 2005

Learning from and with Henry David Thoreau Grade 8 Gifted Humanities Seminar

Rachel E. Nichols Bala Cynwyd Middle School, Bala Cynwd, PA

This lesson plan is inspired and informed by my experiences as a participant in the NEH Landmarks of American History Teacher Workshop Living and Writing Deliberately: The Concord Landscapes and Legacy of Henry David Thoreau, July 23-27, 2017. I am indebted to Jayne Gordon and the team of esteemed professors, facilitators, and planners for the opportunity.

Inquiry Questions: Who was Henry David Thoreau and what is his legacy? How might we apply Thoreau's practices of keen observation in our own lives? What is the relationship of your history to the history of your town? What can we learn from the artifacts of those who have lived in this place before us? How might the questions that Thoreau posed in his time and place relate to the questions that we have in our time and place?

Objectives: Students will be introduced to the person and writing of Henry David Thoreau (HDT); closely examine the time and place where they live; learn about the history of their town from local historians; engage in analysis of primary source materials; practice keen observation; speak and write with detailed description and clarity; interrogate the origin and notions of civil disobedience; and, develop and pursue individual inquiry questions.

Materials: Online/print materials and children's books, on HDT available from local libraries and gathered on Blackboard; excerpts from *Walden* <u>http://thoreau.eserver.org/walden00.html and digitalthoreau.org</u> (selected passages will be extracted and prepared for initial use in class and students will extend reading online); physical or digital journal; student artifacts; guests, artifacts, and resources from the collection of the Lower Merion Historical Society <u>http://lowermerionhistory.org/web/</u> (or your local historical society)

Assessment: Socratic Seminar Rubric; Journal Rubric; self- & peer-developed rubric for Independent Inquiry

Who was Henry David Thoreau and what is his legacy?

<u>Class 1</u>:

Henry David Thoreau (HDT) Introductory Teach-In:

Students will select/be assigned a topic and conduct one period of research on an aspect of HDT's life/work and learn all they can. Record all notes in your online or physical journal.

Create a shared Google Slideshow by topic group: "What we need to know about HDT and _____". Minimum of 5 slides, maximum of 8. Each slide must include 1-2 images and no more than two lines of text. Use notes feature to include the details/content you will share as well as all sources properly cited for all information and images.

Topics: Biographical facts; community of Concord, MA; Walden Pond; transcendentalism; civil rights

Homework: Complete slides. In the following class, groups will share them out and we will discuss. Students will make note of what they find interesting for further study.

Class 2:

Sharing and discussion of slides on HDT Biographical facts; community of Concord, MA; Walden Pond; transcendentalism; civil rights

How might we apply Thoreau's practices of keen observation in our own lives?

<u>Class 3</u>:

Close reading of a selection from "Spring" together; make note of HDT's observation practices in journals.

"Spring" paragraphs 3-9: <u>http://commons.digitalthoreau.org/walden/spring/spring-1-13/</u>

Homework: Select one of the following selections to read tonight. In your journals, write down one of HDT's lines that you disagree with; one line that sounds like you could have written it; and one line that makes you wonder about something. Elaborate on your thinking and be prepared to discuss tomorrow.

"The Pond in Winter" paragraphs 1-10: <u>http://commons.digitalthoreau.org/walden/the-pond-in-winter/the-pond-in-winter-1-10/</u>

"House Warming" paragraphs 1-9: <u>http://commons.digitalthoreau.org/walden/house-warming/house-warming-1-9/</u>

<u>Class 4</u>:

Go outside for a ten-minute walk-and-talk in pairs to share our thinking about last night's reading. Then, each person will select a spot to sit quietly and observe the outdoors, recording details from all five senses in the journals. Use Close Observation handout as a guide where needed.

Homework: Select a place in or near your home to observe. Look and write for a while.

* If approved, possible visit to Tyler Arboretum (<u>https://www.tylerarboretum.org/</u>) to explore HDT model home and conduct more observation. (See this article for description: <u>http://thoreaufarm.org/2017/03/thoreaus-walden-house-pennsylvania-style/</u>.)

<u>Class 5</u>:

Voluntary sharing out of journal writing. Discussion of principles of observation as evident in HDT and student observations.

What is your relationship to your town and its history?

Find and pin your house on the 2012 survey map of Lower Merion Township with a marked flag. In journals, write about your home and the area that surrounds it. Describe what comes to mind.

Now look at the 1851 map hanging on the other side. What used to be present where your house was today? What do you recognize about your neighborhood? What looks different? What questions does it raise?

Homework: Talk to your parents about what they remember about the neighborhood they grew up in and write down some details.

<u>Class 6</u>:

Share parent feedback about the neighborhoods of their youth. Discuss: What is similar and different today?

Read and discuss "The Village": <u>http://commons.digitalthoreau.org/walden/the-village/</u>. Who and what was important to HDT in his community?

Homework: Consider this question for yourself and write: who and what is important to you and your community?

<u>Class 7</u>:

What can we learn from the artifacts of those who have lived in this place before us?

Guest Conversation with Mr. Gerald Francis, Lower Merion Historical Society: The History of Lower Merion Township from the Lenape to William Penn to the Present Day

Homework: Write about something new you learned today and pose a follow-up question or two for Mr. Francis.

<u>Class 8</u>:

Students will visit the Lower Merion Historical Society to handle and investigate what artifacts tell us about where we live (Lenape tools, ephemera, maps, letters, photos). Share questions with Mr. Francis, apply close observation strategies, and record details in journals.

Homework: Select an artifact from your own home to bring in tomorrow. (It does not have to be from nature.) Write about it and what it reveals about who you are and how you live.

<u>Class 9</u>:

Students will engage in close observation of their own and one another's objects. They will display the artifacts in display cabinets (original faculty mail cubbies from 100-year-old Cynwyd Elementary borrowed from a colleague) and select an object of interest to analyze. Students may engage in this up to three times depending on time; see Object Observation Sheet. (The students will respond to peers' observations later.)

How might the questions that Thoreau posed in his time and place relate to the questions that we have in our time and place?

Independently, begin close reading of "Where I Lived and What I Lived For" paragraphs 1-18: <u>http://commons.digitalthoreau.org/walden/where-i-lived-and-what-i-lived-for/where-i-lived-and-what-i-lived-for/where-i-lived-and-what-i-lived-for-1-12/</u> (and follow arrow). As you read, record lines that stand out, related notes, and questions.

Homework: Complete close reading of "WIL&WILF" and make note of questions and connections.

<u>Class 10</u>:

Open class by sharing lines, questions, and connections from last night's reading.

Guest Conversation with Mr. Ted Goldsborough, Lower Merion Historical Society: The History of Lower Merion Academy and the Role of Education in the Community

Homework: Write down questions that come to mind following Mr. Goldsborough's talk. Also read paragraphs 1-12 from "Reading" <u>http://commons.digitalthoreau.org/walden/reading/?s=education</u>? Pay particular attention to paragraph 12: What does HDT say about education in this excerpt?

Class 11:

Meet with half of students to discuss "Reading" and responses while the other half respond to peer questions and observations about the selected artifacts on paper. Then switch. Discuss as a whole group—what connections are being made with your understanding of education? Where is there dissonance?

Classes 12 & 13:

Provide students with overview and background on what led to HDT's writing "Civil Disobedience" (revisit student slides if fitting).

Engage in collaborative close reading of "Civil Disobedience": <u>http://thoreau.eserver.org/civil1.html</u> by assigning students one paragraph from the first section to examine. (Distribute in print as well for annotation.) After students have read the whole page, they are to return to their assigned paragraph to summarize, pull out an essential phrase or two, and note questions and connections. We will continue to do this over two class periods (or until we have moved through the text).

Homework: Read and follow the links in this July 2017 Smithsonian article and make notes in journals: <u>http://www.smithsonianmag.com/smart-news/martin-luther-king-and-gandhi-werent-only-ones-inspired-thoreaus-civil-disobedience-180963972/</u>

<u>Class 14</u>:

Distribute and discuss Independent Inquiry inspired by the words and work of HDT. Students begin to work. Following are some possibilities to start thinking:

*Students reread their journals and create their own version of "Where I Live and What I Live For".

*Students identify a line or passage from Thoreau that connects with them and develop their own questions to investigate, for example, by drawing on local history of Politics, Environment (streams, foliage, etc.), Education and Public Schools, Business and Industry, Architecture/Neighborhoods, Ethnicity & Immigration

*Students revisit slideshows (all posted) and pursue something they want to learn more about.

*Students explore the Concord Museum's online exhibition on Thoreau and climate change (<u>http://www.concordmuseum.org/early-spring-exhibition.php</u>) or other parts of the collection (<u>http://www.concordmuseum.org/</u>) and follow their curiosities.

*Students play *Walden, A Game* and research topics that pique their interest. (Request educational license here: <u>http://waldengame.com/educators.html)</u>

*Students listen to passages form Thoreau's journals on nature, friendship, slavery, and society—part of the Morgan Library/Concord Museum exhibition (<u>http://www.themorgan.org/exhibitions/online/thoreau</u>) Or explore the whole text of the journals here: <u>http://thoreau.library.ucsb.edu/new_main.html</u>.

*Students investigate how phrases often associated with Thoreau—such as civil disobedience, living deliberately, simplicity—are relevant today.

*Students read from the collection of picture books on Thoreau (gathered from district and local libraries) and focus on an aspect of his life that is of interest.

*Students return to a framing inquiry question and work from there: *Who was Henry David Thoreau and what is his legacy?* How might we apply Thoreau's practices of keen observation in our own lives? What is the relationship of your personal history to the history of your town? What can we learn from the artifacts of those who have lived in this place before us? How might the questions that Thoreau posed in his time and place relate to the questions that we have in our time and place?

Classes 15-18:

Students work on Independent Inquiries inspired by the words and work of HDT; prepare for sharing.

Practicing Close Observation

Observe:

- What do you see? Write what you notice.
- Keep looking for another minute (or more). Now what do you see?
- What questions you have?
- Count and measure. Write the details.
- Make a "tube" with your thumb and fingers so you can look at just one small area or look at the spot from a different angle. What new things do you notice when you change perspective?
- What do you wonder about what you see? How could you find answers (e.g., observe more closely, conduct research)?

Compare:

- How is what you are looking at the same as _____? Different than _____?
- What does it remind you of?

Interpret:

- What do you think happened before this moment? What do you think might happen next?
- What do you *know* from looking at this place/thing?
- What do you assume/infer from looking at it?
- What do you think would happen if _____?

Wonder:

- Do you notice anything surprising or unusual? Describe what you see.
- How would you explain it?
- What new questions did your observations spark? How might you uncover the answers?

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Independent Inquiry Inspired by Henry David Thoreau



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CHOOSE A OR B. THEN DO C.

- A. Delve Deeper into Life in Lower Merion Township, Now or Then
- 1. **Choose a contemporary topic related to life in Lower Merion Township**. What is a particular area that you feel passionate about? Is there something that you want to learn more about? Do you want to consider a personal or a societal topic (or both)? What brings you joy in your community? What problems are you observing in your community?

OR

- 1. **Choose a historical topic related to life in Lower Merion Township.** What is a particular area that you feel passionate about? Is there something that you want to learn more about? Consider topics and questions that emerged through our work and use the resources available through the Lower Merion Historical Society.
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INFORM YOUR CLASSMATES (& OTHERS):

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OR

• Prepare a video presentation about the topic for an audience of your peers.* Create a works cited page and include credits for non-original materials. Include your inquiry question(s) and be prepared to answer questions about your work.

OR

• Suggest an alternate way to share your work.

AND/OR

• Consider an alternate target audience (though you will still share in class).

Journal Rubric

Please fill in the self-assessment section on the bottom before submitting your work.

	Excellent	Strong	Acceptable	Unacceptable
Content / Meaning	Demonstrates a clear focus on the task/topic and addresses all parts	Maintains focus on the assigned task/topic and addresses most of the task	Some focus on the assigned task/topic yet focus is not entirely clear	Lacks a clear focus on the assigned topic; does not address the task
Analysis and Interpretation	Reveals an in-depth analysis and interpretation of the topic; makes insightful connections	Conveys a thorough understanding of task and topic; makes explicit connections	Conveys a basic understanding of the task and the topic; makes few or superficial connections	Provides a confused or inaccurate understanding of the task or the topic; unclear or no connections
Development and Completion	Ideas are clearly and fully developed by making effective use of relevant and specific details from the text or facts about the topic; all parts of the task are completed with care	Ideas are clearly and consistently developed by using relevant and specific details from the text or topic; all parts of the task are complete	Ideas are briefly developed using some details from the text or topic; all parts of the task are complete, but some parts lack development	Ideas are largely incomplete; one or more parts of the task are incomplete
Language and Conventions	Exhibits correct spelling, grammar, punctuation; project uses sophisticated language and vivid details from the text	Mostly correct spelling, grammar, punctuation; uses appropriate/effective language and incorporates sensory detail	Exhibits errors that somewhat hinder comprehension; some appropriate/effective language and sensory language	Exhibits many errors that hinder comprehension; uses few or no effective words or sensory language
Connections	Makes insightful connections to self, text, others, world	Makes explicit connections to self, text, others, world	Makes few or superficial connections to self, text, others, world	Little or no connections made to self, text, others, world

Self-Assessment:

The best aspect of my journal is: _____

One aspect that may require further revision is:

The grade I would give myself is: _____ because: _____

Teacher Comments:

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Criteria	4	З	2	1
Contributes to discussion	Frequently	Occasionally	Rarely	Little to none
	(4+ comments)	(3 comments)	(2 comments)	(1 comment)
Cites references to the text or prompt	Specific, appropriate,	General, appropriate,	Weak, inappropriate	No evidence
	and frequent	and frequent	and/or infrequent	
Builds on others' ideas/references others'	Thoroughly with direct	Occasionally with vague	Sporadically	Off topic
ideas	references	references		
Demonstrates "Habits of Mind" -	Frequently	Occasionally	Rarely	Little to none
evidence, definitions, viewpoint,	(4+ habits)	(3 habits)	(2 habits)	(1 habit)
connections, conjecture, relevance				
Explains/initiates new ideas	Explains clearly	Attempts to explain	Presents	No new ideas
			unexplained ideas	
Pays attention to others &	Gives full attention to	Pays attention when	Rarely pays	Uninvolved,
Includes others in discussion	seminar	others speak	attention when	interrupting,
	Includes others		others speak	dominating,
	through verbal		Makes divergent	criticizing,
	exchange or invitation		remarks	disrespecting,
	into conversation			and/or obstructing
				process

Adapted from - http://www.hhlt.umm.edu/centers/school-change/does/appendi.pdf & http://www.nusd.k12.az.us/nhs/gthomson.class/web.pagemain/socraticsmeinar.html By Ann Marie Seely – July 5, 2005

Title: Reconciling Society	Course: Grade 12 AP Literature & Composition
Topic: Transcendentalism and English Romanticism	Prepared by: Mary Rose O'Shea

Overview	This unit will guide students in an exploration of Transcendentalism and English romanticism focusing on the works of Henry David Thoreau, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and William Wordsworth. Other authors referenced include Coleridge, Byron, Keats, and Whitman. Using the concept of place as a frame, students will explore the connections between identity, belief, self, landscape, and nature. This unit seeks to acknowledge the situated nature of learning and importance of multimodal learning activities through the use of both hands-on interactions with the physical environment and virtual reality field trips; students will contextualize the inextricable links between place and content of writing for the aforementioned writers. Students will also explore their own landscapes and consider the influence of those places on their own development and thought.
	Students will demonstrate understanding through a two part summative assessment: 1) compare and contrast two fiction selections—one Transcendentalist and one English romantic in an AP style analysis essay—according to a holistic AP style essay rubric, and 2) an ode to the landscapes of students' own lives—students will document an important place in their landscapes, write about it, and share it with the class, referencing the Transcendentalist and romantic text read throughout the unit.
CCSS	 Cite strong and thorough textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text, including determining where the text leaves matters uncertain (RL.1.11-12) Determine two or more themes or central ideas of a text and analyze their development over the course of the text, including how they interact and build on one another to produce a complex account; provide an objective summary of the text (RI.2.11-12 & RL.2.11-12) By the end of grade 12, read and comprehend literature, including stories, dramas, and poems, at the high end of the grades 11–CCR text complexity band independently and proficiently (RL.10.12) Draw evidence from literary or informational texts to support analysis, reflection, and research (W.9.11-12). Initiate and participate effectively in a range of collaborative discussions (one- on-one, in groups, and teacher-led) with diverse partners on grades 11–12 topics, texts, and issues, building on others' ideas and expressing their own clearly and persuasively (SL.1.11-12).

Enduring Understandings	 Students will: understand the connections and differences between the Transcendentalist movement in American and English romanticism and the major philosophical influences on both movements. contextualize the importance of place and landscape in the writings of Thoreau, Emerson, Wordsworth, and other writers.
Essential Questions	 To what extent was Thoreau (and his writing) influenced by his surrounding landscapes? Can he be separated from his context? How do our physical surroundings and landscape impact our identities? Can we be separated from these contexts? How did the English romantic Movement influence the American transcendentalists? What are the fundamental philosophical differences between the Transcendentalists and the romantics? What forms, structures and genres did these writers/poets follow in crafting their pieces?
Formative Assessments	 Journal writing (Travel/Nature/Observational journal) Small group discussions Whole group discussions Concept maps Google Street View photo documentations
Summative Assessment	 AP style analysis essay: compare and contrast two pieces from Transcendentalist/romantic writers Homage to our own landscapes: A documentation and analysis through writing and other mediums of students' choice of an important place in students' own landscapes.
Texts/ Resources	Suggested Focus Texts Selections from the journals of Henry D. Thoreau (some available digitally here: http://thoreau.library.ucsb.edu/writings_journals.html) A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers by Henry D. Thoreau Walden by Henry D. Thoreau Walden by Henry D. Thoreau "Nature" by Ralph Waldo Emerson "Song of Nature" by Ralph Waldo Emerson "The Poet" by Ralph Waldo Emerson "Daffodils" by William Wordsworth "London, 1852" by William Wordsworth "The Complaint of a Forsaken Indian Woman" by William Wordsworth Supplemental Texts http://www.npr.org/2015/07/24/425321179/retracing-ralph-waldo-emersons-steps-in-a-now-unchanged-eden

Selected Sample Lessons

Assumption for these lessons is that students regularly work in cooperative groupings and can easily turn to and work/discuss/think with group members. If this structure is not already in place, teachers will need to create them.

Sample Lesson 1 Introduction to Transcendentalism and English Romanticism: Comparing and Contrasting Transcendentalism and Romanticism

Expected Time Frame: 2 class sessions

From <u>Walden</u> by Henry David Thoreau

"We need the tonic of wildness...At the same time that we are earnest to explore and learn all things, we require that all things be mysterious and unexplorable, that land and sea be indefinitely wild, unsurveyed and unfathomed by us because unfathomable. We can never have enough of nature."

- Into:
 - Anticipation Guide:
 - Students will assess prior knowledge through completion of anticipation guide that addresses major figures, definitions, writings, themes, and social issues pertaining to the Transcendentalists and the English romantic writers. We will return to this document at the conclusion of the unit and reflection knowledge gained or amended.
 - Whole Group Discussion:
 - What do we know about Thoreau and the other Transcendentalists and Wordsworth and the other English romantic poets already? What do we think we know? What questions do we have about these topics? Record on poster paper/Google doc or other shared platform and return to the questions throughout the unit and as learning and realizations occur.
- Through:
 - Tea Party (adapted from Beers): Each student will receive a card on which is listed one of figures below, a brief biography including where and when the person was born and lived, major publications, a interesting fact about them, and a representative quotation from the respective figure's writing. Students are to mingle, introduce themselves, and share their words. When done interacting with all persons at the "tea party" students will return to their small groups and discuss the people they've met (and will be provided with a list of the people in attendance).
 - Major players in both movements: Henry David Thoreau, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Bronson Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Rev. George Ripley, William Wordsworth, Thomas Carlyle, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Lord Byron, John Keats, Robert Southey, Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, and Thomas De Quincey.
 - Influencing thinkers: Immanuel Kant, Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel, Friedrich Wilhelm Joseph Schelling, Johann Gottlieb Fichte, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, John Jacques Rousseau
 - Add or delete figures depending on class size
- Closing:
 - Concept Mapping:
 - Continuing the previous discussion with their small groups, students will develop a working concept map (with their group members) that demonstrates the influences and

connections between and among the various people at the Tea Party. If *Inspiration* software is available, utilize that, otherwise students can also cut out the names, sort them according to relationship, and display on a poster paper. Groups should also created a key that explains the connections.

Sample Lesson 2: Landscape and Meaning Making Grounding Ourselves in Place—Where and What is Home?

Expected time frame: 2-3 class sessions

From <u>Walking</u> by H.D. Thoreau:

While almost all men feel an attraction drawing them to society, few are attracted strongly to Nature. In their relation to Nature men appear to me for the most part, notwithstanding their arts, lower than the animals. It is not often a beautiful relation, as in the case of the animals. How little appreciation of the beauty of the landscape there is among us! We have to be told that the Greeks called the world Kosmos, Beauty, or Order, but we do not see clearly why they did so, and we esteem it at best only a curious philological fact.

For my part, I feel that with regard to Nature I live a sort of border life, on the confines of a world into which I make occasional and transient forays only, and my patriotism to the State into whose territories I seem to retreat are those of a moss-trooper. Unto a life which I call natural I would gladly follow even a will-o'-the wisp through bogs and sloughs unimaginable, but no moon nor firefly has shown me to the causeway to it. Nature is a personality so vast and universal that we have never seen one of her features. The walker in the familiar fields which stretch around my native town sometimes finds himself in another land than is described in their owners' deeds, as it were in some far-away field on the confines of the actual Concord, where her jurisdiction ceases, and the idea which the word Concord suggests ceases to be suggested. These farms which I have set up, appear dimly still as through a mist; but they have no chemistry to fix them; they fade from the surface of the glass; and the picture which the painter painted stands out dimly from beneath. The world with which we are commonly acquainted leaves no trace, and it will have no anniversary (pp. 52-53).

-from the journals of Henry David Thoreau

And yet there is no more tempting novelty than this new November. No going to Europe or another world...Give me the old familiar walk, post office and all—with this new ever self—with this infinite expectation and faith, which does not know when it is beaten. We'll go nutting once more. We'll pluck the nut of the world and crack it in the winter evenings. Theater—and all another sight setting—are puppet-shows in comparison. I will tae another walk to the Cliff—another row on the river—another skate on the meadow—be out in the first snow—associate with the winter birds. Here I am at home. I recognize my friend.

1 November 1858

Note: This lesson requires students to have access to a digital device that is compatible with Google Cardboard or other type of VR viewer. If this is not possible, consider having students share, or use this lesson as a station in which one ore more areas are set up and students can rotate through as part of a larger lesson.

- Into:
 - Journal in response to above quotation. Possible question prompts include: What is your relationship with Nature? How does Nature figure into your daily life (or does it)? How can we seek out Nature in urban environments (or can we)?
 - Whole group sharing of journaling and defining of Nature and landscape (built environment, natural landscape, etc.).
- Through:
 - Virtual field trip to Walden Pond, Concord, Massachusetts, and the English Lake District
 - Using the Google Street View application and Google Cardboard or other virtual reality goggles, students will explore the places of and influencing writers like Thoreau and Wordsworth. They should keep brief notes in a "travel journal" as they explore these locations.
 - Sharing out—students will share samples of observations on poster papers reserved for each focus area (Transcendentalism and romanticism).
- Closing/Application
 - Students will choose a location of personal importance and document using the Google Street View application camera, and share with group members during next meeting of class session.
 - If possible, take class on walking field trip to a park, nature preserve, or other local nature site. Particularly for students in urban environments, it is especially important to immerse the group in the natural landscape in order to truly gain an understanding of natural context in conjunction with discussion of Thoreau and Wordsworth.

Based on the Journals and Practices of Henry David Thoreau

Henry David Thoreau lived a life of curiosity, principle, and investigation! Over the course of his life he meticulously filled 54 journals in total. These journals are a wealth of information regarding his life, Concord, Massachusetts where he lived, the activities he enjoyed, the natural world, the people he met, and common activities he took part in.

This collection of activities is designed to be done over the course of one academic year. The idea is to introduce aspects of Henry Thoreau gradually and have the students get to know him over time. The activities are designed to emulate Henry's strategies and techniques, help them understand his writings, introduce them to the ideas of observation and record keeping, what it meant to him to live simply, and learn about the context of his life in Concord, Massachusetts.

Henry was a great observer. He took a great deal of care and time to record what he saw happening in nature and the world around him throughout the course of his whole adult life. This year my students will be keeping a science journal that includes many of the observational and record-keeping strategies that Thoreau employed in his own journals. These strategies will be used on an almost daily basis throughout the year and revisited regularly. Not only will the journals be places to keep record of what we are learning but also what is going on in the natural world in our immediate vicinity.

The journal activities we will be doing are outlined on the following pages.

Activity to start the year!

Observation activity

Part 1: Gather together objects that will most likely be unfamiliar to the students. I plan to bring in an old snowshoe, a garlic press or cherry pitter, a mining drill bit, a bamboo rice form, an Indian multi-tiered lunch carrier, an antique fanned picture holder, a crucible, a Dutch cookie press, an antique tobacco holder, and an ink well. This gives me the right number to divide my students in groups of 3–4 for each object.

Begin by reading <u>The Important Book</u> by Margaret Wise Brown, aloud to your students. Ask the students why the author would write an entire picture book about simple, everyday things?

Activity #1. Display an object that is unfamiliar to the students. Walk it around the classroom so they can see it more closely, talk a little about it (without giving anything away), and then place it under the document camera so they can see it clearly and close up. Tell the students that they are not to tell what they think the object was used for but only answer the following questions. Discuss as a class.

- 1) Do you think this object is old or new? Why?
- 2) Do you think this object was crafted by an individual person or produced in a factory? Why?
- 3) What are the materials that this object is made from? How can you tell?
- 4) Would this have been an expensive or inexpensive object to possess? Why do you think so?
- 5) Do you think this object was used a lot or not that much? Why?
- 6) Where do you think this object would have been used? Why?

- 7) What kind of person do you think used this object? Why do you think this?
- 8) Finally, what do you think the purpose of this object is? Tell about how you think it was used.

Next, you will divide the students into groups of 3 or 4 and give each group one of the unfamiliar objects you brought in. Give the students 5 minutes to examine their object and discuss it as a group. Remind them to be respectful of each other's answers and never tell someone they are wrong even if they disagree. Demonstrate how to say "I agree because...", or, "I disagree because...".

After 5 minutes, give each student a worksheet from the back of this packet for each person to fill out. They need to write in complete sentences and explain the answers to each item. Give them about 15 minutes to complete this.

Tell the students that they will now, as a group, show their object to the class. Each person will give their own opinion about what they think the object is and also explain their answer for one question (#1 - #7) from their paper. For example, "I think this object is a ______. I think it was used a lot because ______."

Give them a couple of minutes to organize themselves and quickly practice. Each person in the group should be answering a different question from #1 - #7.

Have each group come to the front, display their object, and have each person tell what they think the object is.

Since I have three class periods throughout the day I won't tell the students what the objects actually are until tomorrow. I know that some of them would spill the beans to the other two classes so will hold off on that! Give them 15 minutes at the end of class to sketch their object in their journal. If they have time they may color it with crayons or colored pencils.

Part 2: Read The Important Book to the class one more time. Give them each a sheet of lined paper to write on as they listen. As you read tell them that they should write any patterns they hear on each page of the book. They should also be thinking of familiar objects that they use every day that don't seem too special but are important for one reason or another.

The pattern they should hear is "The important thing about _______ is that it's _______.", followed by describing phrases and then, once again, "...but the important thing about _______ is that it is ______.", echoing the first line almost exactly.

Give the students a couple more minutes to finish their list of seemingly everyday objects. Brainstorm as a class on the board. Choose one of the objects and do a demo poem together as a class. For example...

The important thing about a chair is that you can sit on it.

It is solid, has four legs, and makes you comfortable.

It sits upright and helps you every day.

If you have one chair you can be alone. If you have two, you can be with a friend. If you have three, you can have a conversation.

It is hard or soft and sometimes has spinning wheels.

You can sit with your legs straight, crossed, or tucked up underneath you. But the important thing about a chair is that you can sit on it.

This type of poem is easily adaptable to different grade levels. You can require a certain number of adjectives, simile or metaphor, or any other language/grammar strategy you are trying to review or reinforce.

Once the students understand what they are supposed to do they will write a rough draft of their poem on regular, lined paper. I will be requiring them to have at least 5 - 6 describing sentences in the middle in addition to the beginning and ending lines. They also need to have 5 - 6 adjectives included. If it is later in the year they will need to also include simile and/or metaphor in one of their lines. Once they have finished their poem they may proceed to their final draft that will be written in their science journal.

Once the poem is copied into their journal they can draw on the page to create an interesting written piece that is visually interesting. I use Waldorf School journals as my inspiration. See the link here to my Pinterest page about Waldorf journals to see how simple writing can be made beautiful. Not all of these are poetry examples but you can get the idea of what I'm going for with my students.

Tracking the Natural World Around Us!

This activity is designed to give the students a vehicle to practice longitudinal record keeping like Henry Thoreau did. Henry had a practice of going back into his extensive journals and gleaning data from what he recorded. This data was related primarily to the weather, water, temperature, animals, plants, and many other forms of natural phenomenon he observed. The data would then be recorded onto charts.

In 5th grade our science curriculum is divided into life, earth, and physical science. Specifically we cover the following areas.

Chapter 1: The Structure of Living Things; cells and organisms

Chapter 2: Plant Structures and Functions; vascular plants, plant transport systems, and photosynthesis / respiration

Chapter 3: Human Body Systems; general anatomy and the digestive, circulatory and excretory systems

Chapter 4: Earth's Water; the blue planet, the water cycle, fresh water resources, and California's water supply

Chapter 5: Earth's Weather; atmosphere, air currents and wind, oceans and air temperature, and severe weather

Chapter 6: The Solar System; the sun, the structure of the solar system, gravity and orbit

Chapter 7: Types of Matter; properties of matter, elements, mixtures, compounds Chapter 8: Changes in Matter; chemical reactions, metals and alloys, salts You should use whatever science standards your classroom is required to cover to guide what your students will track over the academic year.

Thoreau used data from his charts to record what he observed. Here are several photos of what they looked like.

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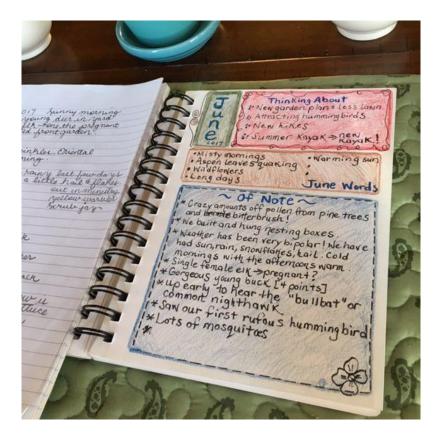
The first thing you probably notice is that Thoreau had atrocious handwriting! But when we look closely we can see that he made observations about numerous things related to the natural world. In the first and second examples he is listing types of plants and flowers he observed, how many of each were in seed, in flower, their heights, and how many were blooming on the specific plants he was observing. In the 3rd example we see that he was making observations about how cold or hot it was, how windy it was, or if there were thunderstorms. On other charts he tracked the dates that the ice broke up on the ponds, the date people started wearing light or heavier clothing, the amount of water in lakes, and when birds hatched from their eggs. All of the information collected in the chart was gathered from the journals he kept on a daily basis.

My plan for the year is to have students keep a similar chart based on the specific content of our science program. We will create the chart at the beginning of the year and pull it out once every two weeks to track the data we observe outside. By the end of the year we will have approximately 15–16 data points for each phenomenon we track. Students will record brief descriptions, numeric data, dates, measurements, and small pictures in the cells on the chart. The chart will look something like this. I plan to print 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ " by 14" paper, taping them end-to-end if needed.

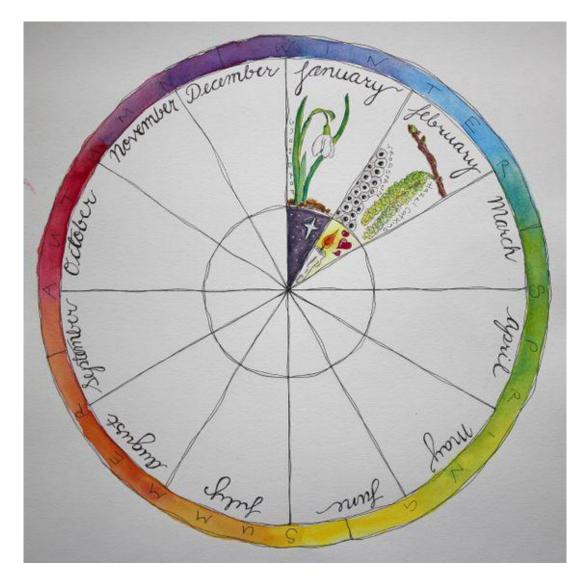
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Moon					

Besides these there will be a number of other categories in the final printed copies I pass out to students the second week of school. This is just meant to be an example of how the chart will look.

In addition to a chart students will create a monthly data overview page in their science journal. At the end of the month we will look back at our charts and take note of the things we have observed. Students will create a visual representation of what we have seen that month. Here is an example. Mine will most likely also include pictures and labels for each thing observed to make it more visually interesting. I will also have it span the two facing pages of their journal.



I am also considering having the students create some kind of phenology wheel but that may be overkill and I probably won't have time to do both. Here's an example of one.



As we track the data from our observations I will be reading excerpts from Walden where he describes his surroundings and observations in detail.

Journaling Like Thoreau

The trend in K-12 science right now is interactive journals. Students are supposed to collect information on the right-hand side of their notebook and write responses that show their learning on the left-hand side. This is all well and good but I believe a journal should be more in order for it to have meaning and for the students to take ownership of it. Thoreau's journals were a wealth of strategies, recording styles, scientific data, and personal reflection and thoughtfulness. Therefore, in my class this year, we will be utilizing journals as "lesson books" where students not only collect and respond to information but where they create meaning and have a space to gather and reflect creatively and authentically as Thoreau did.

To this end I have created a list of all the different kinds of entries and activities that my students will take part in and include in their journals. Each of these things will be directly tied to the curriculum we focus on in 5^{th} grade.

- Plant pressing vascular and non-vascular plants. Pages labeled and colored. We will collect these seasonally.
- 2) Leaf rubbings seasonal rubbings of leaves that are labeled and described.
- Vocabulary students will gather key vocabulary words and illustrate their meanings in a variety of ways.
- 4) Content area organization students will take notes and gather information in a variety of ways including but not limited to
 - a. Cornell notes
 - b. Foldables
 - c. Visual models
 - d. Drawings and diagrams

- e. Lab notes
- f. Traditional outlines
- 5) Output / reflection pages that include
 - a. Drawings
 - b. Acrostic poems
 - c. Comics
 - d. Additional questions they have
 - e. Quick writes to respond to learning
 - f. Compare / contrast charts
- 6) Bell ringers these are 5 minute activities that they students will complete daily when they come into the classroom. They will include very short activities about a variety of things including the following. (Links included in case you are looking for resources)
 - a. Thoreau quotes along with a writing prompt for students to think more deeply. (See next section for 20 weeks of Thoreau quotes and prompts!)
 - b. Greek and Latin root word work
 - c. Quick write / observations to get them thinking about the topic for the day
 - d. Reading about famous scientists and responding to a prompt.
 - e. Scientist "Quote of the Week"
 - f. 3-minute fiction story starters; <u>NPRs weekly competition</u> was my inspiration for this. I just make something up once every week or two and see how creative the kids can be. AMAZING!
 - g. Answer an essential science question based on what you have learned.

- h. Vocabulary "doodle notes" <u>similar to this</u> but I make them so the students have to generate their own information. (WWK = Words Worth Knowing)
- 7) "I Wonder" pages. Small written pieces where students list further questions they have and want to learn the answers to about what we have been studying. Use as a springboard for our science fair at the end of the year.
- 8) Monthly Page of chart observation date gathered in one place in a visual way.

Thoreau Quotes and Writing Prompts

Henry Thoreau thought deeply and expressed himself eloquently about what he observed in the world. I want students to be introduced to several well-known quotes that are commonly known as well as some that are less so. Here are 20 quotes with accompanying prompts that are designed to be done every week or two, either during class opening, or at some other time during your school day. They are arranged in no particular order but I tried to choose things that my 5th grade students can relate to in their own lives. I will start having students respond to these prompts only after I have given them an overview of Henry's life so they understand their context.

#1: "I sailed on the north river (the Assabet) last night with my flute – and my music was a tinkling stream which meandered with the river – and fell from note to note as a brook from rock to rock."

- Do you play a musical instrument? How would you describe its sound? Thoreau described the sound of his flute as "a tinkling stream which meandered with the river" and "a brook from rock to rock". Create a 4–5 sentence paragraph about playing your instrument or an instrument you have heard played. Include at least 3 similes that describe how the instrument sounds to you.

#2 - "It is one of the regular pursuits of the spring...I go in search of arrowheadswhen the proper season comes round again...methinks the last one gives meabout the same delight that the first did...It is a stone fruit. Each one yields me athought."

- Thoreau loved to hunt for Native American arrowheads and collect them. What is something you like to collect? Thoreau said that finding them was just as good as eating his favorite fruit! He said "Each one yields me a thought". What do you think he thought when he found each arrowhead? What do you think about when you find something that you like to collect?

#3 - "I am no more lonely than a single mullein or dandelion in a pasture, or a bean leaf, or sorrel, or a horse-fly, or a humble-bee. I am no more lonely than the Mill Brook,, or the north star, or the south wind, or an April shower, or a January thaw, or the first spider in a new house."

- When Henry moved into his small house on Walden Pond everyone asked if he was lonely. The above quote is what he had to say about that! Do you think that being lonely was a positive thing for him or a negative thing? Have you ever felt lonely? Talk about how you felt and if you feel that being lonely is a positive thing or a negative thing.

#4 - "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived."

- Hmmm...this is a little hard to read, isn't it? Turn to a neighbor (or maybe two!), read each part of the sentence between the commas, and see if you can decide together what Thoreau means. Once you think you understand, explain what you think he means by this. (Once they have written this give them the second part of the prompt.) What is something that you do in your life that you think helps to make it a good life? Write a few sentences about it and explain why it helps your life be better.

#5 – Thoreau read a book that said this..."An abode without birds is like meat without seasoning." Thoreau thought about this when he moved to his small house on Walden Pond. He wrote, "Such was not my abode, for I found myself suddenly neighbor to the birds; not by having imprisoned one, but having caged myself near them."

- What do you think about this idea? Do you think Thoreau would have kept a pet? Do you think he looked at the birds as pets or not?

#6 - "I find it wholesome to be alone the greater part of the time. To be in company, even with the best, is soon wearisome and dissipating. I love to be alone."

- Would you rather be alone and happy or be around people you don't really like and miserable? Why or why not? Explain your reasoning. #7 – "The language of friendship is not words but meanings."

- What do you think Thoreau meant by this? How can you apply this to your friendships? How would this idea help you to be a better friend?

#8 – "Friends...they cherish one another's hopes. They are kind to one another's dreams."

- Do you know what your friends hope and dream for? What are some of the things you know about the things your friends want for themselves. Tell about them and also explain how you can support your friends in their hopes and dreams.

#9 - "As a single footstep will not make a path on the earth so a single thought will not make a pathway in the mind. To make a deep physical path we walk again and again. To make a deep mental path, we must think over and over the kinds of thoughts we wish to dominate our lives."

- What kinds of thoughts are negative and what kinds of thoughts are positive? What are the thoughts that you can think about that will make your life better?

#10 – "Rather than love, than money, than fame, give me truth."

- Why do you think that truth was more important that the other things he listed? What are the things that are truly important to you? Why?

#11 - "We must learn to reawaken and keep ourselves awake, not by mechanical aid, but by an infinite expectation of the dawn."

- Thoreau didn't think that people needed things to be awake, alive, and happy. He thought that just living and looking forward to each day was enough. Do you agree or disagree? Why? Do you think that having things makes you more happy? Explain.

#12 – "Aim above morality. Be not simply good, be good for something."

- What do you think he meant by this? How can you apply this to how you live your life?

#13 – "Books are the treasured wealth of the world and the fit inheritance of generations and nations."

- Do you agree? Are books the most valuable thing that we can leave to future generations or are there other things you think are more valuable? Explain.

#14 -"I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself, than be crowded on a velvet cushion"

- What on earth does he mean by this? Do you think he is right or wrong? Why?

#15 - "The greatest compliment that was ever paid me was when one asked me what I thought, and attended to my answer."

- Some people don't take the time to listen to others. Why is it important to listen to others as well as be listened to?

#16 - "What is the use of a house if you haven't got a tolerable planet to put it on?"

- What is Thoreau talking about? Explain what he means and whether you think he is right or not?

#17 -"I put a piece of paper under my pillow and when I could not sleep, I wrote in the dark."

- That seems kind of like a silly thing to do! What are some things you do that might seem silly to other people?

#18 -"In the long run, men hit only what they aim at. Therefore they had better aim at something high."

- What is something in your life that you want to aim at? Do you think you are aiming high enough or not? Why?

#19 - "A truly good book teaches me better than to read it. I must soon lay it down and commence living on its hint. What I began by reading, I must finish by acting."

- Is there a book you have read that makes you want to do something new or start doing things in a different way? What was the book and why did it make you want to take some sort of action? Be prepared to explain it to a friend.

#20 – "To have done anything just for money is to have been truly idle."

- Do you think it's OK to do a job just for money even though you may not like it or do you think it's also important to do something good or that brings you pleasure? Explain. 1) Do you think this object is old or new? Why?

2) Do you think this object was crafted by an individual person or produced in a factory? Why?

3) What are the materials that this object is made from? How can you tell?

4) Would this have been an expensive or inexpensive object to possess? Why do you think so?

5) Do you think this object was used a lot or not that much? Why?

6) Where do you think this object would have been used? Why?

7) What kind of person do you think used this object? Why do you think this?

8) Finally, what do you think the purpose of this object is? Tell about how you think it was used.

Living and Writing Deliberately: The Concord Landscapes and Legacy of Henry Thoreau Curriculum Thread: Living in Society

Learning Intention (objective):

Students will use their understanding of mid-nineteenth century U.S. History, particularly the themes of anti-slavery reform, transcendentalism, and westward expansion related to the Mexican-American War, to analyze Henry David Thoreau's essay "Civil Disobedience" and discuss in a seminar format important ideas and themes in an effort to further explore and answer a student generated question.

Essential Questions:

How are Thoreau's views reflective of American society in the decades leading up to the Civil War?

What parts of Thoreau's essay reflect ideas and themes of transcendentalism and other reform movements of the time?

How can Thoreau's ideas on civil disobedience be connected to similar examples of political protest either before or after the 1840s?

Procedure:

Students will be given two days to read H. D. Thoreau's essay "Civil Disobedience" and develop a "cosmic question" for the class to discuss in a seminar format. (A "cosmic question" is a question developed by the student that they would like to ask a very wise person who is familiar with the reading and has an understanding of the historical background of the time in which the piece was created.)

On the day of the seminar, the desks will be organized in a circle so all students can see and hear one another easily.

Each student will take turns reading his or her "cosmic question" to the class. (I often have students email me there question in advance, so I can compile them electronically and have them visible for the class to see and refer to. However, the teacher/students can write each question down by hand, but this takes more time.)

Then students will decide which question they want to focus on and begin the seminar. (The purpose of the seminar is to explore the reading and the meaning it has to the participants. Students should refer back to the reading as much as possible to help them address and,

hopefully, answer the "cosmic question." It should be a cooperative exercise where students build off one another's ideas in a positive and non-competitive manner.)

Once the class has selected the question for the seminar, the student who created the question has the first opportunity to discuss his/her ideas about the question. Once the student has spoken, it is no longer that student's question but the entire classes question whose job it is to explore and answer it as well as they can. (This should be emphasized to the class)

The teacher's job once the seminar has begun is to facilitate the discussion and make sure that the students are working toward answering the question they chose. It is not to lead and contribute to the discussion. There will probably be some moments of awkward silence, but that is part of the process and will encourage students to think and contribute to the seminar.

At the end of the class, the teacher will ask the students to reflect on their experience and write a response (one paragraph minimum) to the "cosmic question" for homework.

Materials:

A copy of "Civil Disobedience" for the students to read.

A computer with projection unit or large paper, markers, and tape to write down cosmic questions for students to see and discuss while determining which question to focus on in the seminar.

Success Criteria (assessment):

Students can actively participate in a thoughtful seminar using specific examples from the essay as well as prior knowledge about U.S. History to work cooperatively and address a question they developed and find interesting/relevant.

Students can reflect on the seminar experience and express in writing what they learned and found valuable from the activity.

Thoreau HyperDoc: Practicing Simplicity

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This unit was created for 7th grade English Lagguage Arts students. This unit was created for students with 1:1 technology and access to Google Classroom and the full Google Suite for Education.

What's a HyperDoc?

A HyperDoc is a lesson or lessons that "students can access which contains instructions, links, tasks, and many clever ways to get kids thinking. Focusing on creating opportunities for choice, exploration, and ways for kids to apply their knowledge is key to creating a truly innovative HyperDoc."

Learn more about HyperDocs from the creators click here: <u>http://hyperdocs.co/</u>

This HyperDoc's online link: $https://goo.gl/qnEcLM \leftarrow Click here!$

Click <u>File</u> at the top of the Google Slides, then click <u>Make a Copy</u>. This will make an exact copy of what I've created, and it will put a copy of it (that you can completely edit!) into your Google Drive. Now you can make edits to make it your own HyperDoc to fit your classroom's needs! (How To Make Your Own Copy of This HyperDoc How-To Video)

For Teacher Part II

TONS more HyperDoc HERE!

<u>Make the digital gallery walk into a non-digital gallery walk</u> <u>around your classroom!</u>

Worried about taking your students outside?

Outdoor Teaching Strategies

Thoreau: Practicing Simplicity

Students!

This Google Slides presentation is YOURS to type on!

Your teacher should have given you the link to make a copy, or your teacher pushed it to you via Google Classroom.

A HyperDoc is a live document where you can type on it, make notes, and your teacher will grade this Google Slides!



First things first: How do you pronounce Thoreau?



- Double click the video to the left to hear the different pronunciations.
- The correct pronunciation is just like the word "thorough".
- Make it rhyme with the word "borough" (like the 5 boroughs of New York City)
- Many people pronounce Thoreau wrong every day!

BIG CONCEPTS



- → Who was Henry David Thoreau and what did he value?
- → How can I view my life and existence like Thoreau does his own?
- → Why does Thoreau think it is important to live simply?
- → How can I live more simply?

Common Core Standards



CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.RI.7.4

Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in a text, including figurative, connotative, and technical meanings; analyze the impact of a specific word choice on meaning and tone.

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.7.2

Write informative/explanatory texts to examine a topic and convey ideas, concepts, and information through the selection, organization, and analysis of relevant content.

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.W.7.8

Gather relevant information from multiple print and digital sources, using search terms effectively; assess the credibility and accuracy of each source; and quote or paraphrase the data and conclusions of others while avoiding plagiarism and following a standard format for citation.

CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.SL.7.1

Engage effectively in a range of collaborative discussions (one-on-one, in groups, and teacher-led) with diverse partners on grade 7 topics, texts, and issues, building on others' ideas and expressing their own clearly.



	Thoreau in 1856		
Born	July 12, 1817 Concord, Massachusetts, US		
Died	May 6, 1862 (aged 44) Concord, Massachusetts, US		
Alma mater	Harvard College		
Era	19th century philosophy		
Region	Western philosophy		
School	Transcendentalism ^[1]		
Main interests	Ethics • Poetry • Religion • Politio • Biology • Philosophy • History		
Notable ideas	Abolitionism • tax resistance • development criticism • civil disobedience • conscientious objection • direct action • environmentalism • anarchism •		

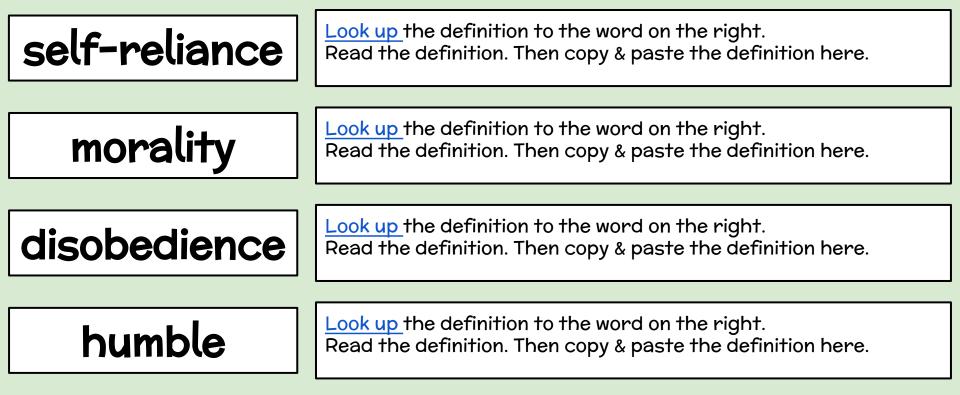
simple living

Who was Thoreau?

<u>Click here</u> to skim over the facts from Wikipedia about Thoreau.

What are you learning? You will be asked about specific things you've learned later.

Vocabulary to know before watching the video on the next slide



Who was Thoreau?

Double click the video on the right to learn more about Thoreau.



I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die. discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion.

- Henry David Thoreau, "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For", in <u>Walden</u>



Why did Thoreau want to live in the woods?

Thoreau wanted to live in the woods because...

Simplify, simplify, simplify!

Thoreau wanted us to simplify our lives. He wants us to examine our life, our strengths, and our weaknesses without distractions. "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately," wrote Henry David Thoreau in *Walden*, his memoir of two years living in the Concord woods, "to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived."<u>2</u>

This was the mission statement of Henry David Thoreau, environmentalist, transcendentalist and unabashed individual. In his essays, memoirs and journals, Thoreau put forth theories that have played a major role in how Americans see themselves today. His writings on civil disobedience influenced reformers like Martin Luther King, Jr. His environmentalism convinced naturalist John Muir to found the national parks system. And *Walden*'s do-it-yourself, live-off-the-land simplicity has inspired generations of environmentalists, pioneers and iconoclastic figures.

He decided to live as simply as he could, for as long as he could, along the banks of Walden Pond. Using boards purchased from a construction site, Thoreau built himself a little cabin on the banks of Walden. On 4 July 1845, he moved in. He grew most of his own food, earned what little money he had through day labor, and wrote effusively of the joy he took in his simple activities. He lived unhurriedly, working only when he needed to. As he wrote in his memoir of the experience, *Walden*, "A man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone."

Shmoop Editorial Team. "Henry David Thoreau: Biography." Shmoop. Shmoop University, Inc., 11 Nov. 2008. Web. 14 Aug. 2017.

Characterization

We learn about people by their thoughts, words, and actions.



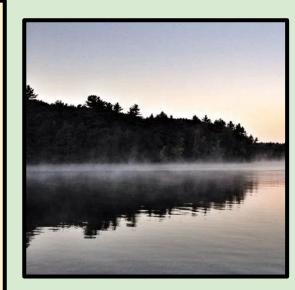
-HENRY DAVID THOREAU

What does this quote reveal about Thoreau?

This quote tells me...

Observe the little things in life to find gratitude

"Morning brings back the heroic ages. I was as much affected by the faint hum of a mosquito making its invisible and unimaginable tour through my apartment at earliest dawn, when I was sitting with door and windows open, as I could be by any trumpet that ever sang of fame. It was Homer's requiem; itself an Iliad and Odyssey in the air, singing its own wrath and wanderings. There was something cosmical about it; a standing advertisement, till forbidden, of the everlasting vigor and fertility of the world. The morning, which is the most memorable season of the day, is the awakening hour." -Hanny David Thangay Waldon



What imagery do you observe every morning when you wake up?

Write Your Description Here



CAUTION CAUTION CAUTION CAUTION CAUTION UTION CAUTION CAUTION CAUT **WARNING!**

THOREAU DOES NOT WANT YOU TO THROW AWAY ALL OF YOUR POSSESSIONS TO GO LIVE IN THE WOODS!

Thoreau wanted us to SIMPLIFY, SIMPLIFY, SIMPLIFY!

So, would he have hated that we are using technology to learn about him? Would he have had an iPhone? What would his Facebook profile say? Yes, Thoreau wanted us to explore nature and resist the technologies that surround us, but he didn't want us to all live without the advancement of society. He accepted the idea that humans are constantly advancing especially with technology.

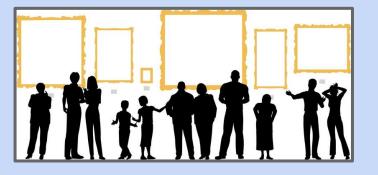
CAUTION

CAUTIO

He wants us to find a healthy balance of our everyday needs and wants !

CAUTION CAUTION CAUTION CAUTION CAUTION

Digital Gallery Walk: Directions



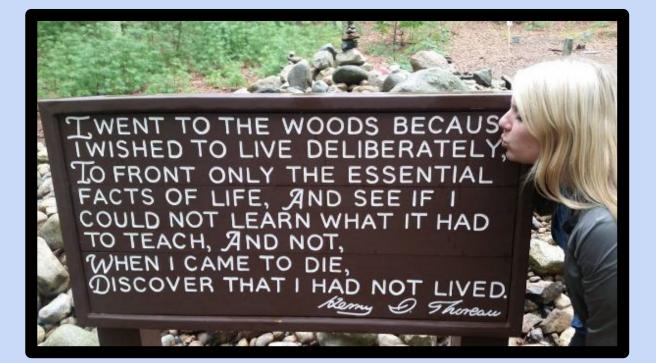
- You will be given four Thoreau quotes on the next four slides. You will be given a link to a online discussion board/bulletin board called PADLET with each photo.
- 2. Examine the quote what does it mean? What does it mean to us? What could it mean to Thoreau? Why did Thoreau say this?
- 3. On the Padlet discussion board, the whole class can see your answers. You will double click anywhere on the board to create a box that you can type in.
- 4. At the top of the box, put your three letter initial.
- 5. In the box, type what you think about the quote. USE COMPLETE SENTENCES!

Digital Gallery Walk: Directions

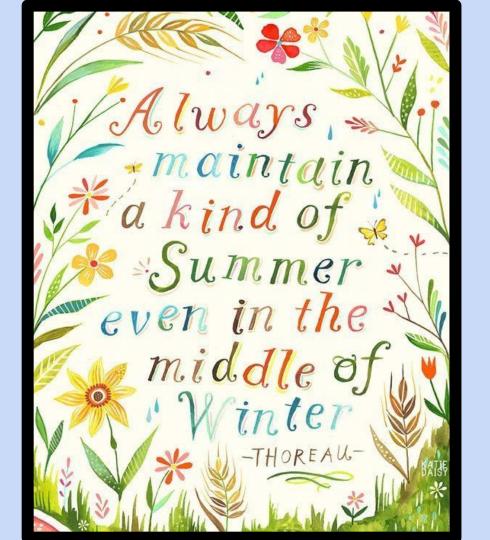
Text-to-Text Connections What does this remind me of in something else I've read? Text-to-Self Connections What does this remind me of in my life? Text-to-World Connections What does this remind me of in the real world?

Use a connection in your writings on Padlet!













Digital Gallery Walk

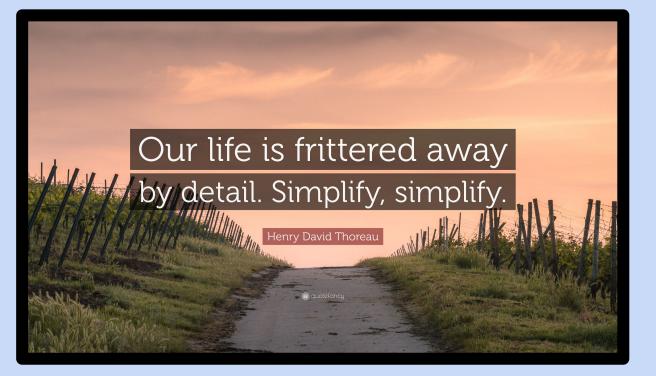
I MAKE MYSELF RICH BY MAKING MY WANTS FEW.

-HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Click here

PRETTYPROVIDENCE.COM





Click here

Great job on the digital gallery walk!



Explore More

Thoreau's Hometown Museum http://www.concordmuseum.org/

Thoreau & Trancendentalism Timeline http://www.stickleysmallpress.com/transc/thoreau/timeline.html

Thoreau Society http://www.thoreausociety.org/

Walden Woods Project https://www.walden.org/

Project Choices

Let's go into nature! Let's grab our journals! Let's simplify, simplify, simplify! For two class periods, we will be going outside into the nature surrounding our school. Choose **ONE** to complete during two class periods:

Thoreau Biography

Find a quiet spot in nature. Make sure you are two arm lengths away from any other students. We will take breaks to collaborate and discuss periodically.

In your journal, write about what you've learned so far about Thoreau. Include your own thoughts on why you might agree or disagree with Thoreau on some of his opinions. Explore how you might live "Thoreau-ly"

My Walden

Find a quiet spot in nature. Make sure you are two arm lengths away from any other students. We will take breaks to collaborate and discuss periodically.

In your journal, write about what you would do if you were at Walden Pond for a week by yourself. Explain the significance in your daily tasks and connect them to Thoreau'

Simplify, Simplify!

Find a quiet spot in nature. Make sure you are two arm lengths away from any other students. We will take breaks to collaborate and discuss periodically.

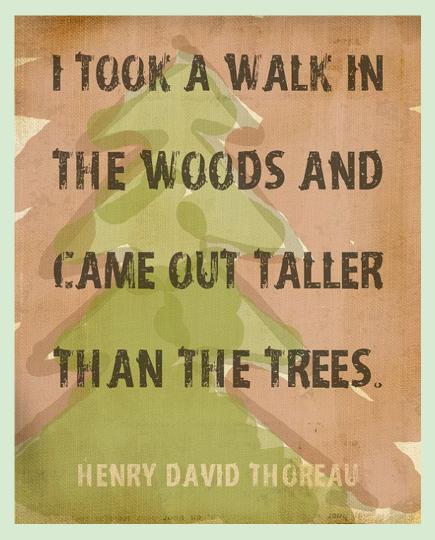
In your journal, write about how you might simplify your daily life during this school year. What could you give up? Donate? Change? Simplify? Explain how you would do it and why it would be beneficial.

Grading Criteria	Excellent	Acceptable	Minimal	Unacceptable
Content	Response to assigned topic thorough and well written, with varied sentence structure and vocabulary; opinions always supported with facts.	Response thoughtful and fairly well written; most opinions supported with facts	Response adequately addresses some aspects of the assigned topic; opinions sometimes based on incorrect information.	Response consists of unsupported opinions only marginally related to the topic.
ldea Development	Excellent use of examples and details to explore and develop ideas and opinions.	Good reliance upon examples and details to illustrate and develop ideas and opinions.	Incomplete development of ideas; details and examples not always evident.	Ideas not clearly stated or developed.
Organization	Very logically organized; contains introduction; development of main idea (or ideas), and conclusion.	Contains introduction, some development of ideas, and conclusion.	Topics and ideas discussed somewhat randomly; entry may lack clearly defined introduction or conclusion.	Entry is unstructured.
Mechanics	Flawless spelling and punctuation.	Few or no spelling errors; some minor punctuation mistakes.	Several spelling and punctuation errors.	Many instances of incorrect spelling and punctuation.

Journaling Rubric/Grading Scale







NEH Living and Writing Deliberately: The Concord Landscapes and the Legacy of Henry Thoreau Curriculum Unit August 8, 2017 Emily Ray

Being Awake, Aware, and Alive

Objectives: This plan is intended for 10th grade English classes studying early American literature (beginnings to 1800) and is part of a unit on Transcendentalism.

1. Students will read and annotate excerpts from Henry David Thoreau's *Walden*, specifically the sections "Where I Lived and What I Lived For" and "Conclusion."

2. Students will identify quotes that support the idea of being active participants in life.

3. Students will study Thoreau's writing process.

4. Students will write a journal entry and an essay based on Thoreau's ideas/writing model.

Essential Questions:

1. What does it mean to be an active participant in life?

2. How does technology affect our ability to be completely present in a moment?

Materials:

Excerpts from Thoreau's Walden Clip of Common Sense Media "Distracted Parents" ad https://youtu.be/G5ADGEo4fvQ

Art supplies/magazines for poster

Procedures:

Day One

1. Bell ringer journal- Does technology make us more or less aware of the world around us?

2. Class will watch the Common Sense Media ad called "Distracted Parents," depicting two parents so distracted by technology that they pay no attention to what their son is saying about school. Teacher will lead class in a discussion about how technology affects daily life and the ability to be truly aware of surroundings.

3. Students will read excerpts from Thoreau's *Walden* and annotate for quotes that support the idea of being awake, aware, and alive.

Day Two

1. Bell ringer journal- Choose one quote from yesterday's annotation that seemed especially significant. What made it stand out?

2. Students will discuss some of the quotes that they highlighted in yesterday's lesson.

3. Students will choose one Thoreau quote that they find inspiring and create a visual representation.

They must use at least an $8.5'' \times 11''$ paper and include the selected quote. The visual representation can be drawn, printed, or cut from print media.

Day Three

 Teacher will share with students Thoreau's process of writing: note taking, journaling, refined essay.
 Class will take a walking field trip to the pond on school property, taking a notebook and a writing utensil with which to jot down thoughts. Students should try to remain as quiet and solitary as possible as they experience nature. Cell phones are not allowed!

Day Four

1. Bell ringer journal (Extended)- Using your notes from yesterday as a reference, write a one page journal entry chronicling your experiences at the pond yesterday.

2. *Bonus Assignment Opportunity* - Class will discuss the idea of a technology limitation challenge. How difficult would it be cut certain types of technology out for an extended period? Students can then choose to try to cut TV, movies, and video games out of their lives for the next ten days. At the end of the ten day period, students would turn in an account of their experiences cutting out technology. Were they successful? How long were they able to hold out?

Day Five

1. Writing Assignment prompt- Henry David Thoreau said, "You must live in the present, launch yourself on every wave, find your eternity in each moment." Does society today encourage the idea of living in the moment? Use the Thoreau quotes you found, your experiences at the pond, and/or our discussions of technology to write a five paragraph response.

Assessments:

- 1. Journal entries
- 2. Student annotations
- 3. Thoreau quote poster
- 4. Student essays

<u>Choosing a Life with Principle:</u> Henry David Thoreau and Captain John Brown

Unit Plan for Grade 11, US History Prepared by Jake Rhoades

OVERVIEW & PURPOSE

Prior to this lesson I will be doing a lecture/powerpoint about John Brown and the incident at Harpers Ferry. The students will also have read, *God's Angry Man: By Stephen B.Oates*. Oates article is a very good account on Brown's past and what lead to Brown's raid on Harpers Ferry. Along with giving background information about Brown and what transpired at Harpers Ferry we students have explored the question of whether Brown is a hero or villain, (revolutionary or terrorist). After the John Brown lesson it is important to ask students to consider the reaction of the country after news was heard of the Harpers Ferry plot.

"Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity!" This is a very simple lesson plan, simply because it does not need to be overly complicated. After the lesson plan on John Brown and Harpers Ferry I would like to hear from the students about how they feel the country would have reacted. After this discussion the students are going to read some primary reaction accounts. The one that we will focus on here is, *A Plea for Captain John Brown: By Henry David Thoreau.* We are focusing on this account by Thoreau because it is a wonderfully passionate account about defending John Brown.

This unit can be broken up into a 2-3 days worth of lessons if one wants between your lecture, discussions, team assignment and individual writing assignment. One may want to give more time on the team assignment depending on the class (maybe even using a full class period). It really is up to the individual teacher as to how they would want to incorporate this. I suspect a lot of history teachers do lessons on John Brown and the Harpers Ferry raid, so adding the Thoreau essay at the very least would be a nice follow up. I have also included a link to the article *God's Angry Man: By Stephen B. Oates* if that could be of use to anyone.

EDUCATION STANDARDS

- 1. Montana-Soc2.6 Analyze and evaluate conditions, actions, and motivations that contribute to conflict and cooperation within and among groups and nations.
- 2. Montana-SOC4.4b Analyze issues using historical evidence to form and support a reasoned position.

Objectives

- 1. To observe the mood of the country after John Brown's raid on Harpers Ferry through primary sources. The students will read *A plea for Captain John Brown by Henry David Thoreau*
- 2. To civilly debate the pros and cons of Henry David Thoreau's essay
- 3. Use reason to articulate thoughts on whether Thoreau's essay was reasonable or radical

MATERIALS NEEDED

- 1. Butcher paper
- 2. Markers
- 3. Thinking caps
- 4. Links to Articles (You can use one or both)
 - a. God's Angry Man <u>http://www.jruppertatmcqaid.com/JohnBrownArticles.pdf</u>
 - b. A Plea for Brown:<u>http://avalon.law.yale.edu/19th_century/thoreau_001.asp</u>

Assignment One-activity: Reasonable or Radical

After students have read A Plea for Captain John Brown:

- 1. Break students into two teams
 - a. One group who believes that Thoreau's essay was reasonable
 - b. One group who believes that Thoreau's essay was radical

You can ask students by show of hands who is on the "reasonable or radical" side and come up with teams that way, or choose the teams at random.

2. Have a piece of butcher paper for students to write on and marker to write with

- 3. Give each team 10-15 minutes to write their responses as to whether Thoreau's essay was reasonable or radical
- 4. Give the teams another 10 minutes to write down what they believe are the most important quotes or passages that support their position
- 5. Have a spokesperson from each team discuss their team's position for 5 minutes in front of the class
- 6. Give each team a two-minute rebuttal
- 7. At the end of class ask whether or not any student's have changed their position regardless of the team that they were on, ask why they changed their mind?

Assignment two-follow up-worksheet

After the team work is finished hand out the "10 essential questions" worksheet. The answers to these questions should be well thought out by the students (demonstrating knowledge of the time period that we are covering in this unit and the readings).

- 1. Define: principle (students may use dictionary)
- 2. Based on our readings did Brown and Thoreau live a life of principle?
- 3. Is Thoreau's writing a primary source document?
- 4. Thoreau writes of Brown that "He could not have been tried by a jury of his peers, because his peers did not exist." What does Thoreau mean by this?
- 5. What do you believe is the most important argument made by Thoreau in his defense of John Brown? Why?
- 6. What do you believe is the weakest defense made by Thoreau in his defense of John Brown? Why?
- 7. What are some key arguments that people might use to disagree with Thoreau?
- 8. How do you think most Northerners would have reacted to this essay?
- 9. Is there anything that seems prophetic in Thoreau's essay?
- 10. Is Thoreau being reasonable or radical in his essay?

Points per question

2 points-Student demonstrates understanding, complete sentences/thoughts

1 Point-demonstrates some understanding, but lacks thoroughness

0-Student lacked initiative in thought and writing skills

Anti-Slavery

Most townspeople opposed the idea of slavery, but were divided on what to do about it. While some Concordians supported the anti-slavery crusade early on, others feared such activity would undermine the nation's political stability. Later, in the late 1840s, when it appeared that Southern slaveholders were gaining control of the national government, many people in Concord organized to oppose slavery.

I cannot for an instant recognize that political organization as my government which is the slave's government also.... Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison.

Henry D. Thoreau, Civil Disobedience (1849)

Just put a fugitive slave who has taken the name of Henry Williams into the cars for Canada....Intended to dispatch him at noon through to Burlington, but when I went to buy his ticket, saw one at the depot who looked and behaved so much like a Boston policeman that I did not venture that time.

Henry D. Thoreau, Journal (October 11, 1851)



Be Awake, Be Aware, Be Alive Introducing Henry David Thoreau and His World to Second Grade Students Susan Richardson, Media Specialist Sunnyside Elementary School Red Wing, Minnesota

"The youth gets together his materials to build a bridge to the moon or perchance a palace or temple on the earth and at length the middle-aged man concludes to build a wood shed with them." Although the literal words of Henry David Thoreau are meant for adults, the ideas they express about nature and walking, about observing and writing, are easily understood and appreciated by children. Even the youngest will respond positively to a mentor like Thoreau who encourages a reverence for nature and the art of living a simple life.

The following lessons are designed to introduce second graders to Thoreau and his world. Each lesson centers on a piece of literature. Although the lessons were created for use in a library curriculum, delivered in fifty minute segments once a week, they could easily be adapted for general classroom use with slightly younger or older students. Some lessons involve extended activities to be completed beyond the time frame of the library session.

The interdisciplinary nature of library curriculum allows librarians to address a variety of academic standards. These lessons address **standards in English/Language Arts, Social Studies and Media Literacy**. Those specific standards are listed in Appendix A.

Appendix B provides an **annotated bibliography** including titles used in these lessons and supplementary titles which might also be helpful.

Note that the use of a **document camera** when sharing the stories suggested for these lesson plans will allow students to observe and discuss the details of the illustrations most effectively.

Framing Questions and Topics to Investigate

Who was Henry David Thoreau? When and where did he live? Why did he choose to move to the woods? What did he discover about nature from his careful observations? How did writing in his journals help him understand more about the world he lived in? What did he mean by "living deliberately"?

Assessment of student learning in short lessons such as these primarily involves observation of students' understanding of concepts as evidenced in participation in large and small group discussions, noted on an anecdotal record sheet. More in depth assessment might take place in one-to-one conferencing about journals and responses created in Lessons 2 and 3, although the rotation schedule of library classes and the sheer number of students seen throughout a day makes this challenging. Coordination with a classroom teacher is often needed to assess library media products.

Lesson 1: An Introduction to Thoreau and His World

Share *Henry Builds a Cabin* by D.B. Johnson. This fictionalized story of the details of how Henry makes decisions about how, where and why he will build his cabin in the woods will introduce students to Thoreau and the world in which he lived. A wealth of questions, activities, and brief videos related to the book can be found on the excellent website "The Adventures of a Cyberbee" created by Linda Joseph, specifically at <u>http://www.cyberbee.com/henrybuilds/</u>.

The details in the illustrations of the book provide a means to introduce students to many facts of Thoreau's life:

--The pencil inscribed "John Thoreau & Sons"—Thoreau's family owns a pencil factory and Thoreau himself made several improvements to the pencils produced there.

--The bean fields which provided Thoreau with the money he needed to live, but which also allowed him to observe wildlife, and to imagine the Indians who had first used the same land.

--The way in which Thoreau used the surroundings of his cabin for living: the sunny spot for reading, the bean field as his dining room, the path to the pond as a place to play his flute, and therefore needed but a small dwelling.

--The friends who visit him and who play an important role in his life: Ralph Waldo and Lydian Emerson, Bronson Alcott.

A slideshow of pictures of the site of the house (taken by this author during the NEH seminar) will link this fictionalized story to its real setting in present day Concord.

Activity: Using the measurements described in the book, have students measure a large piece of paper to construct a "life-sized" floor plan of Thoreau's cabin, 10 x 15 feet. Using the list of furniture and other items he moves into his cabin (found in an illustration in the book), have students use real objects (or in the case of the bed, a facsimile) to place on the floor plan. Compare the cabin and its furnishings to the homes in which they live. Introduce the idea that Thoreau went to the woods "to live deliberately" and to discover what is actually necessary for a happy life. Discuss what it means to "simplify".

Lesson 2: Observing Nature Carefully: Thoreau's Life at Walden Pond

Review the idea of living deliberately and simply, introduced at the end of Lesson 1.

Before reading this lesson's book, share its book trailer, created by Macmillan Books, to set the stage for today's story: <u>https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-O-ts1Ec0tA</u>

Share *If You Spent a Day with Thoreau at Walden Pond,* by Robert Burleigh, illustrated by Wendell Minor. (with thanks to Nancy Logghe from the 2017 NEH Thoreau seminar for suggesting this title) Discuss which ideas or facts about Thoreau from <u>Henry Builds a Cabin</u> were also described in this story.

As a group, make a list of the activities suggested in this book in which Thoreau might engage as he seeks to "live deliberately". All will involve close observation of nature using all of one's senses: feeling the soft pine needles, listening to the birds, savoring the huckleberries, spying the baby partridges. Note that Thoreau kept a journal in which he carefully records his observations.

A slide show of places photographed during a walk around Walden Pond (taken by this author during the NEH seminar) will again link this fictionalized story to its real setting in the present day.

Activity: Bring the class to a green space near the classroom. Any outdoor area will work. Give each student pencil and paper. Instruct the students to find a single natural object to observe—a flower, a tree, a blade of grass, a rock, the sky. Give them 10 minutes to write down every detail of the object. Encourage them to consider all five senses. This exercise involves lengthy, deliberate, careful observation, and while many may announce they are finished long before the time is up, encourage

them to "look, look, and look again." Ask them to imagine what this object might say about itself if it could speak. If time permits, have them sketch the object, or if equipment is available, photograph the objects they have observed.

One possible use for their notes might be to create a book that other classes could use as a guide to the green space and to observing nature closely, in the same way that Thoreau's journals inspire adult readers today. Collaboration with a computer teacher may coordinate such a project.

Note: Thoreau visited Red Wing, Minnesota in June 1861 and climbed Barn Bluff, noting in his journals the various flora and fauna he observed. For teachers whose schools are in the vicinity of Red Wing, a hike on the bluff during which students could observe and write in journals would make an excellent extension for this lesson. Specific details of his observations can be found in "The Significance of Thoreau's Trip to the Upper Mississippi in 1861" by Harriet M. Sweetland, published in the *Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters,* Volume 51, 1962, p. 276.

(http://images.library.wisc.edu/WI/EFacs/transactions/WT1962/reference/wi.wt1962.hmsweetland.pdf)

Lesson 3: Thoreau Inspires Others

Introduce *Louisa May and Mr. Thoreau's Flute* by Julie Dunlap and Marybeth Lorbiecki, illustrated by Mary Azarian, by playing a recording of flute music from Thoreau's music books (sheet music source listed in bibliography, mp3 downloads available). Previous lessons have alluded to Thoreau's music, but in this lesson, his flute playing takes center stage as metaphor for the inner creative voice in all of us. If possible, show copies of the music scores, in which imprints of the leaves Thoreau collected and pressed as he played and walked can be seen.

Share the story. Thoreau often "collects" the children of Concord to explore the countryside. One young girl, Louisa, is particularly drawn to these rambles, both because of her curious nature and feisty adventurous bent, and because Thoreau is such an unusual character.

Questions for discussion:

Have any of Thoreau's activities in this story been described in the previous stories about him? We are coming to know his personality and interests very well. How does this book add to what we know about him--especially his physical appearance?

Describe Louisa, who grows up to be the author of a much beloved book, <u>Little Women</u>, based on her own family. How does Thoreau help her find her inner voice, and what kind of voice is it? Thoreau inspires Louisa to write her first poem, included in the illustrations on the last page of the book. Listen to a musical version of the poem at this website:

https:///euioemevelecttiemvegegien.com/tag/leuioe.mev.mr.thereeu

<u>https://louisamayalcottismypassion.com/tag/louisa-may-mr-thoreaus-flute/</u> Activity: Louisa responds to Thoreau's ideas through her inner voice of creative writing--she creates a

poem. Ask students to respond to what they have learned about Thoreau by using their inner voices. Their response might be through artwork, of any medium. It might be through words--poetry or prose. It might be through music or dance. It might be through creating a replica of Thoreau's house in the woods, perhaps involving a more scientific voice. It might be a collage of items from nature.

Limitations of time for a library session will mean that students may only have a chance to begin to plan their responses at this point. Creation of their responses may take place back in the classroom, as a related project during art or music classes, or in a future library lesson.

Appendix A

The following are standards from English/Language Arts, Social Studies and Media Literacy which are addressed in the lessons on Thoreau and his world.

Academic Standards in English/Language Arts for Grade 2

Reading Literature (2.1)

Analyze how and why individuals, events, and ideas develop and interact over the course of a text.

2.1.3.3 Describe how characters in a story respond to major events and challenges.

Integrate and evaluate content presented in diverse media and formats, including visually and quantitatively, as well as in words.

2.1.7.7 Use information gained from the illustrations and words in a print or digital text to demonstrate understanding of its characters, setting, or plot.

Analyze how two or more texts address similar themes or topics in order to build knowledge or to compare the approaches the authors take.

2.1.9.9 Compare and contrast two or more versions of the same story.

Academic Standards in Social Studies

From the National Curriculum Standards for Social Studies: The Themes of Social Studies. *Time, Continuity and Change*

Children in early grades learn to locate themselves in time and space. They gain experience with sequencing to establish a sense of order and time, and begin to understand the historical concepts that give meaning to the events that they study. The use of stories about the past can help children develop their understanding of ethical and moral issues as they learn about important events and developments. Children begin to recognize that stories can be told in different ways, and that individuals may hold divergent views about events in the past. They learn to offer explanations for why views differ, and thus develop the ability to defend interpretations based on evidence from multiple sources. They begin to understand the linkages between human decisions and consequences.

People, Places, and Environments

In the early grades, young learners draw upon immediate personal experiences in their neighborhoods, towns and cities, and states, as well as peoples and places distant and unfamiliar, to explore geographic concepts and skills. They learn to use maps, globes, and other geographic tools. They also express interest in and concern for the use and misuse of the physical environment.

Production, Distribution and Consumption

In schools, this theme typically appears in units and courses dealing with concepts, principles, and issues drawn from the discipline of economics. Young learners begin by prioritizing their economic wants vs. needs. They explore economic decision-making as they compare their own economic experiences with those of others and consider the wider consequences of those decisions on groups, communities, the nation, and beyond.

Academic Standards in Media Literacy for Grade 2

Integrate and evaluate information presented in diverse media and formats, including visually, quantitatively, and orally.

2.8.2.2 Recount or describe key ideas or details from a text read aloud or information presented orally or through other media.

Communicate using traditional or digital multimedia formats and digital writing and publishing for a specific purpose.

2.8.8.8 With prompting and support, create an individual or shared multimedia work for a specific purpose (e.g. to create or integrate knowledge, to share experiences or information, to persuade, to entertain, or as an artistic expression).

Appendix B

Burleigh, Robert. *If You Spent a Day with Thoreau at Walden Pond.* New York: Henry Holt, 2012. In this lovely picture book, Robert Burleigh and Wendell Minor imagine a special day spent with the celebrated writer and naturalist through the eyes of a child . Together Thoreau and the young boy watch small but significant wonders such as swimming fish, fighting ants, and clouds in the sky. It is a day full of splendor and appreciation of the outdoor world.

Dunlap, Julie, and Marybeth Lorbiecki. Louisa May and Mr. Thoreau's Flute. New York: Dial, 2002.

In nineteenth-century Concord, Massachusetts, seven-year-old Louisa May Alcott joins other local children on the varied excursions led by teacher and naturalist Henry David Thoreau, and is inspired to write her first poem.

Johnson, D.B. Henry Builds a Cabin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 2002.

Young Henry appears frugal to his friends as he sets about building a cabin. Includes biographical information about Henry Thoreau.

Henry Climbs a Mountain. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 2003.

Although he loves his freedom, Henry, a bear modeled on Henry Thoreau, goes to jail rather than go against his principles. Based on an incident in the life of Henry David Thoreau.

Henry Hikes to Fitchburg. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 2000.

While his friend works hard to earn the train fare to Fitchburg, Henry walks the thirty miles through woods and fields, enjoying nature and the time to think great thoughts. Story inspired by a passage in Henry David Thoreau's "Walden".

Henry Works. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 2004.

On a misty morning, Henry, a bear modeled after Henry David Thoreau, shows his awareness of nature as he helps neighbors during his walk to work.

Przybojewski, Donna Marie. *Henry David Thoreau, Who Can He Be? Read and Find Out–Easy as A,B,C.* Streamline Publishing, 2016. Engaging and vibrant illustrations walk children through the A, B, C's with simple rhyme as they learn about this American author.

Schnur, Steven, editor. Henry David's House. Watertown, MA: Charlesbridge, 2002.

Excerpts from Thoreau's Walden highlight his belief in the inherent value of living life in harmony with nature.

The Thoreau Family Flute Book. Merrimack, NH: Falls House Press.

Music played in informal concerts probably by Henry Thoreau, his brother John and their father who all played the flute. This book has ten easy to intermediate level pieces transcribed from the original flute books displayed at the Concord Museum in Massachusetts.

Downloads of recordings from this book available at

https://www.amazon.com/Thoreau-Family-Flute-Book/dp/B01I3OYPBY

BEING AWAKE, AWARE, AND ALIVE

Curriculum project for Theresa Roh

NEH Living and Writing Deliberately: The Concord Landscapes and Legacy of Henry Thoreau

July 23-28, 2017

BACKGROUND

Students will learn about Thoreau from class discussions and picture books. They will discuss topics such as living deliberately, self-determination, simplicity, solitude, reflection, mindfulness, being awake and alive, observation and being accountable to self and others. The following books can be used to teach elementary students about Henry Thoreau:

<u>Henry Hikes to Fitchburg</u> by D.B. Johnson <u>Henry Builds a Cabin</u> by D.B. Johnson <u>Henry Works</u> by D.B. Johnson <u>Henry Climbs a Mountain</u> by D. B. Johnson <u>If you Spent a Day with Thoreau at Walden Pond</u> by Robert Burleigh <u>Henry David's House</u> by Henry David Thoreau and Steven Schnur <u>A Year in the Woods</u> by Henry David Thoreau and Geovanni Manna

Students will look at photos of Henry David Thoreau's original journals. They will notice that his journals have written text, drawings, graphs, charts, and poetry.

The study of Thoreau will be woven throughout the school year in all subject areas. Students will discuss how they are living a more deliberate life.

SPENDING TIME IN NATURE OBSERVING, BEING AWARE AND PRESENT

To begin this process we will engage in a "walk and talk" using quotes from Thoreau. Students will walk in pairs and have a quote to discuss. Each student will be given five minutes to reflect on the quote. Each child must talk and have a conversation with the other student. We will use this technique several times before students begin recording in their journals. Students will spend time outdoors reflecting on quotes from Henry Thoreau and sketching nature. They will have a quote journal with sketches for each week in the school year.

OBJECTIVE and PROCEDURE

Students will listen to the audio poem "How to be Alone" by Tanya Davis.

Students will create a nature journal using recycled materials.

Each week students will spend 15-20 minutes outside enjoying nature. This time limit will increase as the year goes on and as time permits. They will write a Thoreau quote at the top of the page. They will draw a leaf, tree, pine cone, clouds or anything they observe in nature. If students see animals they may choose to draw them. Students will reflect on the quote they have written. The first quote will be "A journal—a book that shat contain a record of all your joy—your ecstasy."

MATERIALS

Cardboard, hole-puncher, sticks (the students will find these outside), a rubber band and paper with holes punched at the top.

There will be a box in the room with quotes from Thoreau and other Transcendentalist writers. Students may use these for their journals or find quotes on the Internet using the classroom iPads. If they find a new quote they will write it on cardstock and put it in the quote box.

ESSENTIAL QUESTIONS

What is something you observe in nature?
What does the object look like?
What details do you notice?
What details distinguish it from other similar objects?
How does the object make you feel?
What do you think about when you see the object?
Students can brainstorm other ideas for questions each week before going outside.
Encourage students to be fully awake and alive as they have this reflection time each week. If it is raining the students can complete the guiet time and reflection in the

classroom.

QUOTES FROM THOUREAU

"Heaven is under our feet, as well as over our heads."

"The language of friendships is not words but meanings."

"It's not what you look at that matters, it's what you see."

"The world is but a canvas to our imagination."

"You must live in the present, launch yourself on every wave, find your eternity opinion each moment."

"The most I can do for my friend is simply to be his friend."

"Wealth is the ability to fully experience life."

"The price of anything is the amount of life you exchange for it."

"Goodness is the only investment that never fails."

"Could a greater miracle take place than for us to look through each other's eyes for an instant?

"The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation."

"Live your beliefs and you can turn the world around."

"It's never too late to give up your prejudices."

"Rather than love, than money, then fame, give me truth."

"Things do not change; we change.

"Many go fishing all their lives without knowing that it is not fish they are after."

More Henry David Thoreau quotes can be found at brainyquote.com

EXTENSION

Students keep interactive notebooks in Science class. In the past they have contained notes and foldables on science concepts. I want to extend this practice to include other components.

Students will also record reflections in their Science interactive notebooks. Instead of using them for just notes they will write reflections on lessons they learn and illustrate concepts learned in the lesson. (We will use some of the graphic representations from the Waldorf School illustrations. These will be modeled on the board as a class.) Students will include poetry, charts, graphs, tables, maps and personal reflections.

LIVING DELIBERATELY THROUGHOUT THE SCHOOL YEAR.

Students will reflect on how they are using time each day. They will discuss questions such as what does it mean to be awake, alive and living deliberately. What does it mean to simplify? Why did Thoreau think it was important to simplify? Why did Thoreau go to the woods to live deliberately? How can you live deliberately in your current environment?

After discussing how to live deliberately, students will think of one way each week that they can practice being awake, alive and living deliberately.

Students will record their ideas in their Religion interactive notebooks each Friday. Each Thursday students will reflect on how they have improved on their practice of living deliberately. They will either continue working on the goal from the week before or think of another goal to focus on the following week.

Throughout the year, I will add to the unit on Thoreau. I will add lessons from my cohorts from the NEH workshop.

I will include lessons in math and social studies on timelines, graphs, measurement and surveying.

ANALYZING PHOTOS OF OBJECTS FROM THE LIFE OF HENRY THOREAU

Photos of objects from the Concord Museum and from the <u>concordmuseum.org</u> website will be used or this lesson. <u>An Observant Eye: The</u> <u>Thoreau Collection at the Concord Museum</u> will also be used for photographs of objects.

OBJECTIVE

Students will look at a photo of an object from Thoreau's life and use background knowledge and critical thinking skills to identify the object and the use in Thoreau's life. After students brainstorm ideas, the true identity of the object will be revealed and discussed.

ESSENTIAL QUESTIONS

How can objects associated with Thoreau help us to understand Thoreau and his legacy?

What personal objects do you have and how to they help you make an impact on the world? (examples: musical instrument, sports equipment, paintings, essays written)

PROCEDURE

Have students study objects and discuss observations. What do you see? What do you think the object is used for? What purpose did the object serve? Is it heavy or light? What is the shape? What is it made of? What patterns or designs do you see on the object? If you could touch it, how would it feel? Does it make a sound? Would adults, children or both use it? Why might Thoreau use this? Do you like the way it looks? Has it always looked this way? What value does the object have? Will it become more or less valuable over time? What happens once this object is no longer used? Does it remind you of any object you use? What questions do you have about the object? Where could you learn more about this object? Questions are adapted from a lesson on "Reading and Evaluating Objects" from the George Washington Teacher Institute.

CULMINATING LESSON

Reflection of Your Life

This will be used at the end of the school year.

Throughout the year students will learn about Henry's life and hopefully develop a relationship with him.

OBJECTIVE

Students will reflect on the life of Henry Thoreau and his legacy. They will discuss how Henry showed a love for learning throughout his life and encouraged simple, deliberate living.

Students will find a quote that describes their purpose in life.

They will write about how they would like to be remembered by their friends and community. They will reflect on what difference they hope to make in the world. How do they hope to accomplish this?

ESSENTIAL QUESTIONS

Why did Henry matter? What legacy do you think he wanted to leave? How will you remember Henry Thoreau? What legacy do you hope to leave? How do you want people to see you? What do you want people to remember about you?

PROCEDURES

- 1. Students will view photos of tombstones from Sleepy Hollow.
- 2. Students will read the epitaphs and observe the tombstones.
- 3. Students will discuss the objects left at Louisa M. Alcott's grave.
- 4. What do the objects say about Louisa's legacy?

5. Use a scroll cut out and write about yourself in the future celebrating who you are and what impact you had in the world. Include a quote that describes your legacy.

6. Hang the scrolls on a board title "LIVING DELIBERATELY".

An *Anticipation Guide* is a strategy that is used before reading a text to activate students' prior knowledge and build curiosity about a new topic. Before reading a text, students respond to several statements that challenge or support their preconceived ideas about key concepts in the text. Using this strategy stimulates students' interest in a topic and sets a purpose for exploring the text. Anticipation guides can be revisited after reading a text to evaluate how well students understood the material and to correct any misconceptions. Typically, I have students fill in the anticipation guide and then set up the classroom for philosophical chairs. I will read out one of the statements and students will move to the side of the classroom that corresponds to their answer (in this case true or false). Students then have an opportunity to explain their thinking to the opposing side. If students change their mind they can move to the other side of the class.

Anticipation Guide: Walden by Henry David Thoreau

The True/False statements below will introduce you to **<u>subjects</u>** and <u>themes</u> that are presented in the documentary *Walden*. Write true if you agree with the statement, or false if you disagree.

- ____Only loners need time away from people.
- _____Most people don't have common sense.
- _____Some anxiety comes from not understanding the technology we use every day.
 - _____ Other people have suffered in ways very similar to how I have suffered.
- Nature is important and should be protected at all costs.
- Most people are unhappy but pretend like everything is ok.
- Older people have important lessons to teach young people.
- People would be happier if they had less stuff.
- _____ The way I live my life effects other people in ways I don't understand.
 - _____Buying new things makes me feel good.
- Spending more time outside can help overcome depression.
- _____The highest achievements of humankind are art and poetry.
- _____In many ways children understand the world better than adults.
- _____ I am a good representation of the human species.
 - _____ The answers to my problems have been written about in a book somewhere.
- Developing spirituality is not really important in the age of science.
 - _____Who I am is constantly changing and is sometimes out of my control.

CACULATING LIFE COST

This activity is based around the following quote from the Economy chapter of *Walden*:

...and the cost of a thing is the amount of what I will call life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run." (Walden 28)

This activity is designed to help you do a close reading of this line from the text. The goal is to help you understand what Thoreau might have been getting at when he wrote the line. One thing Thoreau was really good at was understanding how his actions and decisions impacted other people. When we buy things, we are impacting both the Earth and other people in ways we might not understand.

The things we own have hidden costs in addition to what they cost in currency. This activity asks you to select an item that you own and explore those hidden costs—or what Thoreau might call *life* costs—by researching and answering the questions below. Please pick an item that you bought for yourself or an item that someone else bought for you fairly recently and that you wouldn't mind bringing to school. The item needs to be clearly marked where it was made. Answer the questions below to the best of your abilities, taking time to do some internet research. When you are finished, write a brief summary of your answers on the tag I gave you. You will be sharing both your item and this tag with the class during a garage sale activity (a version of a gallery walk).

1. What is the cost to you?

A: How much money did this item cost?

B: What job did you have to do to earn this money? If someone bought it for you, what job did they have to do? How many hours did you have to do this job to buy this item? If someone gave you the money, where did they get it from?

C: Was there anything that made this money hard to earn? (For example, did you have to deal with difficult customers or clean up gross stuff?) Did earning the money take any physical toll on you?

D: What other healthy (both mental and physical) activities could you have been doing instead of working to earn money to buy this item?

E: Do you ever worry that someone will steal this item or that it will break?

2. What is the cost to the earth?

A: What materials is your item made of and where might they come from? How are these materials extracted from the earth?

B: Where is your item made? How did these materials get to where your item was assembled? How did your item get to where you bought it from?

C: Did your item have any packaging? Where is that packaging now?

D: When you are done with this item what will you do with it? What will you do with it if it breaks?

3. What is the cost to the people who made it?

A: What are the labor practices like in the country where your item was made? B: What might life be like for the people who made it? How many of these items do you think they make in a day? What physical toll might it take on their bodies to make this item? Does making this item expose people to dangerous chemicals or toxic materials? In addition to looking for articles about labor practices, it might be helpful to watch a YouTube video about factories in the country where your item was made.



Transcendentalism Unit Overview – Justin Schlicher – justin.schlicher@ankenyschools.org

Introduction: This unit, taught in American Literature, is bookended by several other units that flow with chronology and theme, of which are described next. The unit prior to the Transcendentalism unit involves context and literature surrounding the Revolutionary War. It includes speeches, poems, biographies, and documents that help tell the story of the American Revolution. Students are left with seeing how Puritan influence (which they have already been exposed to) impacted the new country, while understanding how times and mindsets had changed. After that is a small unit that centers on context and literature from some of the American Romantic Gothic writers in the early 19th century. This dark Romanticism serves to contrast with what will follow (Transcendentalism within bright Romanticism). The Transcendentalism unit is followed by context and literature surrounding the Civil War. I title that unit "The Civil War and the Last Frontier." The unit serves to show how Transcendentalism and bright Romanticism in America was shortlived and squashed by the Civil War's brutal reality. It also looks at the treatment of Native Americans and the "westering" that occurred throughout the 19th century. In fact, one reading regarding The Trail of Tears (A Soldier Recalls the Trail of Tears) can be connected to the frustrations of Concord residents and the treatment of Cherokee Indians. Their frustrations led to Ralph Waldo Emerson writing a letter to President Van Buren, to no avail. See excerpts from Gross (attached) and his chapter "The Spirit of Reform" (pp. 34-37) for that information. While the flow of these units works well within my classroom, this unit plan is by no means limited to such a bookended design because it can work well as a standalone unit.

A note on materials: This unit relies on a collection of strategically chosen readings and images. Some comes from our textbook (Pearson's *The American Experience*). It contains excerpts from Emerson ("Nature," "Self-Reliance") and Thoreau (*Walden*, "Civil Disobedience"), as well as some simple contextual information on Transcendentalism and the Transcendentalists. Note that those are just excerpts and include very simple contextual info, and may be limiting for advanced students. However, it can act as the guiding text for teacher-led readings or strategic groupings. The rest of the readings and images come from a packet of materials (see attached). The packet contains: 1) relevant excerpts from *Walden*," "Slavery in Massachusetts," "Life Without Principle," "Walking" and 2) relevant images and 3) the excerpt from Robert Gross.

Unit Sequence

1. Intro and Context

- a. Introductory Lesson Essential Questions
 - i. What is Transcendentalism?
 - ii. Who were the Transcendentalists?
 - iii. How can we describe the mindset of a Transcendentalist?
 - iv. How can I be deliberate about my own beliefs and actions within my society? (*Being Awake, Aware, and Alive* and *Living in Society*)
- Lesson Objective: Students will be able to: 1) gain necessary contextual knowledge about the Transcendentalist philosophy movement, 2) develop a working definition of Transcendentalism, and 3) write with purpose.
- c. Lesson Sequence
 - Anticipatory Set 1: Use attached images of "Transparent Eyeball," Mahatma Gandhi, Martin Luther King, Jr., Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Henry Thoreau to stimulate conversation from journal responses that the students produce. Their responses can be shared with peers and can be used for whole-class conversation. This activity is designed to show students how certain viewpoints led to major collective action, with relevant modern implications. Image 1)
 "Transparent Eyeball" by Christopher Cranch: *Based on your observation, what do you think is meant by "transparent eyeball" in this image?* 2) Mahatma Gandhi and Martin Luther King, Jr.:

Who are these men and why are they important? What did they stand for? 3) Emerson and Thoreau: I explain how these men helped inspire Gandhi and King (Emerson's beliefs and practices-> Thoreau's beliefs -> Gandhi's beliefs -> King's beliefs). This idea is returned to throughout the unit.

- ii. Anticipatory Set 2: Have students respond in their journals to the following questions: 1) what do we think/see/believe/consume that limits us? How do those things limit us? What could we as individuals and as a society be like if those limitations were removed? 2) What is your ideal society? How would you go about forming it? What would be barriers to forming/sustaining it? How would you deal with those barriers? Students can share their journal entries with peers from voluntary responses shared with the class. I can also share my personal responses. These questions are sure to generate discussion in anticipation of the unit content.
- iii. Read relevant contextual information from either Pearson (pp. 360-361) or the entry from Stanford Encyclopedia found <u>here</u>. This is where strategic grouping of students is necessary. The Pearson reading is very quick and concise, but with superficial context. The Stanford entry is *much* more detailed, longer, and involves complex vocabulary. It also uses primary and secondary sources. Each strategic group (3 or 4 students) can popcorn the reading, generating summaries and relevant information that can be shared back to the class to create a working set of ideas on the whiteboard. This is where students have grasped a general understanding to this lesson's essential questions.
- d. Formative assessments for this lesson: I collect student responses to the question of "In your own words, what is Transcendentalism?" and/or review student journal responses. The evaluation of the formative assessment is categorized by a wow, they really got it!/got it/don't got it informal scoring, which can dictate future groupings for reading.

2. Reading #1: Emerson's "Nature"

- a. Essential Questions
 - i. What is Transcendentalism?
 - ii. How is nature crucial to understanding Transcendentalism? (Living in Nature)
- b. Lesson Objective: Students will be able to: 1) analyze author's purpose and central idea, and 2) understand the mindset of the Transcendentalist, and 3) write with purpose.
- c. Lesson Sequence
 - i. Remind students about Emerson's "crisis of conscience" and what led to his path of Transcendentalism, which is reviewed in Pearson on p. 365. Pose the question for a journal response: *Reflect on the various stages of your life. What stage or event(s) in your life "set you on a new path"*? *Explain.*
 - ii. Read aloud to the class the "Nature" excerpt on pp. 367-368 in Pearson. I model my own thoughts as I read.
 - iii. Students complete the following practice on a separate sheet of paper: Review the excerpt of "Nature" and complete the following:
 - 1. Find at least ten lines (or sections) that you feel might resonate the most with people who connect with the idea of Transcendentalism. Write them on your paper.
 - 2. For each of those lines, explore the meaning within the context of the excerpt, and discuss the impact they could have had on Transcendental thinking throughout the world
 - 3. Review your chosen lines and pick at least three that you feel are Emerson's strongest supports for explaining Transcendentalism.

- 4. Share your results with your peers (reading groups) and decide what line suggests Emerson's strongest support for explaining Transcendentalism and nature.
- Have one person from the group write that line on a piece of construction paper in large lettering. The paper will be taped to the wall, creating a "quote bank" around the room. Some groups may pick the same line, but groups can be asked to pick their second or third choice, if necessary.
- iv. Formative assessment for the lesson: I collect the sheets of paper with the ten lines from each student. The evaluation of this assessment is based on me viewing their top three choices, as well as their rationale for each choice. This is a way for me to see if each student is choosing text evidence that could provide good direction for their understanding.

3. Reading #2: Emerson's "Self-Reliance"

- a. Essential Questions
 - i. What must be examined in the self in order to advance society? (Living in Society)
 - ii. How can a Transcendentalist exist in our society? (*Living in Society*)
- b. Lesson Objective: Students will be able to: 1) analyze author's purpose and central idea, and 2) understand the mindset of the Transcendentalist, and 3) write with purpose.
- c. Lesson Sequence
 - i. Remind students about the world Emerson experienced and how it fueled his desire to "rise above" and seek an ideal. Pose the question for a journal response: *Explain what "self-reliance" means to you*.
 - ii. Read aloud to the class the "Self-Reliance" excerpt on pp. 369-370 in Pearson. I model my own thoughts as I read.
 - iii. Students complete the following practice on a separate sheet of paper: Review the excerpt of "Self-Reliance" and complete the following:
 - 1. Find at least ten lines (or sections within the excerpt) that you feel might resonate with people who connect with the idea of Transcendentalism. Write them on your paper.
 - 2. For each of those lines, explore the meaning within the context of the excerpt, and discuss the impact they could have had on Transcendental thinking throughout the world
 - 3. Review your chosen lines and pick at least three that you feel are Emerson's strongest supports for explaining Transcendentalism.
 - 4. Share your results with your peers (reading groups) and decide what line suggests Emerson's strongest support for explaining Transcendentalism and self-reliance.
 - 5. Have one person from the group write that line on a piece of construction paper in large lettering. The paper will be taped to the wall as an addition to our "quote bank" around the room. Some groups may pick the same line, but groups can be asked to pick their second or third choice, if necessary.
 - iv. To create whole-class discussion, pose the following question: *Can a Transcendentalist exist in our society today? Explain.*
 - v. Formative assessment for the lesson: I collect the sheets of paper with the ten lines from each student. The evaluation of this assessment is based on me viewing their top three choices, as well as their rationale for each choice. This is a way for me to see if each student is choosing text evidence that could provide good direction for their understanding.

4. Thoreau Context

- a. Essential Questions
 - i. What driving forces shaped Henry Thoreau's perception of the world?
 - ii. How can we describe the mindset of a Transcendentalist?
 - iii. How did Henry Thoreau embody Emerson's concept of Transcendentalism?
- b. Lesson Objective: Students will be able to: 1) grasp relevant contextual information about Henry David Thoreau and 2) extend their knowledge about the Transcendentalist movement.
- c. Lesson Sequence
 - Allow time for certain students to peruse <u>this</u> website which gives a general background about Henry David Thoreau. The site provides an overview that is designed for all types of learners. <u>This</u> website provides a more advanced understanding of Thoreau's life, which is designed for advanced readers.
 - ii. Ask students to develop a list of information from their perusing that helps explain 1) the driving forces behind what shaped Henry Thoreau's perception of the world, and 2) how Henry Thoreau embodied Emerson's concept of Transcendentalism, and 3) any questions they have after perusing the site. This activity allows for students to learn at their own pace while keeping a particular focus. When sufficient time has passed, the whole class can review pertinent information while getting to the heart of our essential questions. This allows us the opportunity to acknowledge the life Thoreau lived outside Walden Pond. Finally, it allows me the opportunity to answer any questions the students might have and/or share my experiences.
 - iii. Formative assessments and evaluation for the lesson: 1) the collection of student work from their perusing can act as an informal way to gauge student understanding of Transcendentalism and how Henry Thoreau's life embodied it. It allows me to see whether or not students are compartmentalizing the philosophy and the man, or are making the necessary connections. And 2) Exit Ticket question: What have been the driving forces to shape *your* perception of the world. Explain.

5. Reading #3: Thoreau's Walden

- a. Essential Questions
 - i. What constitutes a deliberate life? (Being Awake, Aware, and Alive)
 - ii. How is Transcendentalism put into action? (Being Awake, Aware, and Alive)
 - iii. What deliberation does nature require? (Living in Nature)
- b. Lesson Objective: Students will be able to: 1) analyze author's purpose and central idea, and 2) understand the mindset of the Transcendentalist, and 3) write with purpose.
- c. Lesson Sequence
 - *i.* Remind students about Thoreau's life just before Walden Pond, and about how Thoreau's time at Walden was relatively brief. Pose the question for a journal response: *If you wanted to be alone in isolation where would you go? Explain.*
 - ii. Start reading aloud to the class the *Walden* excerpt mashup (parts of "Where I Lived…" and "The Conclusion") on pp. 379-387 in Pearson. Stop at a chosen spot. The rest of this excerpt mashup is for certain reading groups to read on their own or to popcorn, and I will assign the advanced reading groups particular excerpts from the packet: "Economy" (pp. 11-15, pp. 20-29, pp. 39-52), "Where I Lived and What I Lived For" (pp. 55-65), "Sounds" (pp. 72-74), "Solitude" (pp. 86-87), "Visitors" (pp. 88-94), "The Bean-Field" (pp. 102-103), "The Village" (pp. 105-106), "The Ponds" (p. 114), "Higher Laws" (pp. 131-133), "Spring" (pp. 185-188), all of "Conclusion" (pp. 188-196).

- iii. Students complete the following practice on a separate sheet of paper: Review the assigned readings from *Walden* and complete the following:
 - 1. Find at least ten lines (or sections within the excerpt) that you feel might resonate with people who connect with the idea of Transcendentalism. Write them on your paper.
 - 2. For each of those lines, explore the meaning within the context of the excerpt, and discuss the impact they could have had on Transcendental thinking throughout the world
 - 3. Review your chosen lines and pick at least three that you feel are Thoreau's strongest.
 - 4. Choose your favorite two lines or extended quotes, write them on construction paper in large lettering and tape it to our wall.
- iv. Journaling Assignment: What place "is" you? Think of all the places you've visited or you'd like to see. Explain.
- v. Formative assessment for the lesson: This opportunity allows for students to share their favorite pieces of Walden publically with the class, which is a very good way to informally assess the connections they are making.

6. Reading #4: Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience"

- a. Essential Questions
 - i. What does it mean to live in a democracy? (Choosing life with Principle)
 - ii. What is civil disobedience?
 - iii. How is Transcendentalism put into action through civil disobedience? (*Choosing life with Principle*)
- b. Lesson Objective: Students will be able to: 1) analyze author's purpose and central idea, and 2) understand the mindset of the Transcendentalist
- c. Lesson Sequence
 - i. Provide students a reminder of the context surrounding Thoreau's night in jail. Read aloud to the students the Pearson excerpt from "Civil Disobedience" on pp. 388-389. I model my thinking as I read aloud.
 - 1. Students are to find lines (or sections) that they feel are the most meaningful to them, and explore the potential modern implications in their journals. Explain examples of those modern implications and how those examples are connected.
 - 2. Share your findings with your group members then decide on one quote that will be put up on our quote wall.
 - ii. **Summative assessment** for this section of the sequence: Emerson and Thoreau Quiz (email me if you want a copy of this, otherwise I'm not going to make it public). It would be beneficial to take some time to review the previous readings in preparation for the quiz.

7. Reading #5: Wrapping up Thoreau

- a. Essential Question: What does it mean to live deliberately in a democracy? (Choosing life with Principle)
- b. Lesson Objective: Students will be able to: 1) gain relevant contextual information on a topic, and 2) write with purpose.
- c. Lesson Sequence
 - Anticipatory Set: Start class by presenting a recent news headline concerning social justice.
 Explain the story and explore the relevant connections to what we have been discussing in class.
 Have students respond in their journals to the following question: What social justice topics fire you up? Explain.

- ii. I present to the class several remaining excerpts from relevant Thoreau essays. This is done in the form of a PowerPoint. The relevant excerpts (attached) are from "Walking," "Life Without Principle," and "Slavery in Massachusetts." I explain the evolution of Thoreau's words and actions in relation to Transcendentalism and the Civil War. I also explore Thoreau's last years and his death.
- iii. Journal response question: What does the future of democracy look like for America? How will you live deliberately within our society?
- iv. Formative assessment for the lesson: The journal response question gives me a great opportunity to see the worldview and the outlook of my students. Students in this class are on the cusp of adulthood, and will be of voting age soon. The collection of that journal response is a great way to get them thinking about their own future.

8. Film Viewing and Socratic Seminar Preparation *

A note on this sequence within the unit

*By this point in the unit students have gained a particular understanding of Transcendentalism. However, the concept can still be pretty fuzzy. I don't blame them one bit! It's a lot to wrap your head around! So in order to bring the topic more into focus I have my students watch the 2007 film *Into the Wild*. It culminates in a Socratic seminar that creates a lot of great discussion, all while bringing clarity and focus to the difficult topic of Transcendentalism and Emerson and Thoreau's beliefs. While I would love to incorporate pieces of text from Krakauer's 1996 novel in order to enrich the sequence, I've found that the film holds its own water. The film is rated R, so I have my students get a permission slip signed. I censor a few scenes: topless woman: 58:30 to 1:02:15, main character floating naked down river: 1:29:59 to 1:30:07, nudist colony: 1:52:35 to 1:52:57. There are a few other scenes that I've thought about censoring, but I've ultimately decided not to. You'll have to screen the film so you can make your own decisions.

- a. Essential Questions
 - i. At what point does living in nature become pushing the envelope in the wild? (Living in Nature)
 - ii. How does self-reliance and non-conformity fit within modern society? (Living in Society)
 - iii. Where is inner peace found? (*Being Awake, Aware, and Alive*)
 - iv. How can a life of simplicity occur in today's world? (Living a life with Principle)
- b. Lesson Objective: Students will be able to: 1) enhance their understanding of a topic, 2) write with purpose, 3) be an active member in public discussion, and 4) use evidence to reinforce author's purpose and message.
- c. Lesson Sequence
 - i. Explain to students the purpose for viewing the film, and what culminating activity will end this part of the unit (the Socratic seminar). Most of my students are familiar with the activity, and I generally need to coach them through at various points as to what it should look like.
 - ii. Explain how students need to be generating a list of open-ended questions that will be used in our Socratic seminar to fuel discussion. This needs to be done throughout the viewing of the film. A note on this: I generally use the questions my students create at the end of the Socratic seminar process. This is because I have already created a specific list of questions, and the questions (and responses) they create are good for the end.
 - iii. After viewing the film, time is needed for students to prepare for the Socratic seminar. I distribute the following list of questions. As you can see, I assign particular questions to particular groups for the seminar:

Transcendentalism and Into the Wild Socratic Seminar Preparation

Use evidence from our recent readings and our viewing of the film in order to answer the following questions.

Seminar Group 1:

- 1. Chris consciously made an effort to not share his feelings with his parents. Instead, he just wanted to "live his life." Why couldn't Chris have just told his parents how he felt?
- 2. What do you think was the most driving force behind what shaped Chris McCandless? Explain.
- 3. Do you know anyone who is similar to Chris? What do you think is the most driving force behind what shapes them?
- 4. Was Chris just a pretentious/self-righteous spoiled brat? Shouldn't he have just been thankful for the life his parents gave him and carry out their wishes of him going to law school?
- 5. What do you think Emerson would have thought about Chris? Would he disagree with Chris's philosophies? Explain.

Seminar Group 2:

- 6. What do you think Thoreau would have thought about Chris? Would he disagree with Chris's philosophies? Explain.
- 7. It appears that Chris easily recognized the pressures and expectations of society (conformity and materialism), and he was easily able to buck those trends. If he was still alive today, what advice do you think Chris would give to people who recognize those same pressures and expectations of society?
- 8. His sister said that Chris "found company with the authors he read." Do you think Chris had friends? What do you think the teenage Chris would have been like at a school like AHS?
- 9. Chris worked for Wayne Westerberg's grain harvesting business in South Dakota for a short time. Following a passionate plea by Chris for needing to be out in the wild and turning away from society, Wayne says "It's a mistake to get too deep into all that stuff." Was Wayne right? Is it a mistake "to get too deep into all that stuff"?
- 10. In the film, Rainey says "Children can be pretty harsh when it comes to their parents." Was Chris too harsh on his parents?

Seminar Group 3:

- 11. Irony can be found in the fact that once McCandless seemed to have discovered the value of family, he could not return to society because the stream he had crossed earlier at a place marked by his hat is no longer passable. He must wait out the rush of water from the spring run-off. He dies before he can make it back. Look at the stream as a metaphor. Compare the stream to something in McCandless' life.
- 12. Was Chris a hypocrite? Explain.
- 13. What main messages do you take from the film, and what moments from the film help reinforce those messages?
- 14. There could have been a lot of reasons for Chris to pity himself before he died "because he was so young, because he was alone, because his body had betrayed him and his will had let him down" (Krakauer, 199). Also, from the film, we see that Chris's realization about happiness through his reading of Tolstoy (and subsequent joy in the prospect of leaving could have amplified that pity): "A quiet secluded life in the country with the possibility of being useful to people to whom it is easy to do good, and who are not accustomed to have it done to them; then work which one hopes may be of some use; then rest, nature, books, music, love for one's neighbor such is my idea of happiness. And then, on top of all that, you for a mate, and children, perhaps what more can the heart of a man desire?" Do you think Chris died at peace?
- 15. It's easy to label Chris a fool, and there are many ways in which the film makes Chris look foolish and unprepared, but the book helps us understand how Chris was actually quite prepared for Alaska (he had been there before, he survived in a cave for over a month, he extensively traveled and physically prepared). Was Chris a hero or a fool? Something else?

iv. Conducting the seminar and grading: With three different groups of students participating in the seminar, students have the opportunity to grade their peers for this assessment. I have a rubric for this assessment (attached – note how it needs to be printed double sided). As I mentioned earlier, I do a lot of modeling and coaching as to what this seminar should look like. Send me an email if you have questions about Socratic seminar or how I use it as an assessment. This acts as a summative grade within the sequence.

9. End of Unit Portfolio Project

- a. Essential Questions: This summative project covers many essential questions across the spectrum of threads for this unit. The idea is that students will choose which threads they'd like to cover for their project, and pick questions within each thread. These questions (and the work that goes into them) complete the portfolio.
- b. Objectives: This project has the power to meet a number of objectives surrounding the skills of writing (informational, argumentative, and persuasive), speaking, and reading for analysis. Student's proposals will indicate the various skills to be assessed.
- c. Lesson Sequence
 - i. Pass out the assignment sheet to students. Here is an overview of it:

Transcendentalism Portfolio Project – English 11 – Mr. Schlicher

The various themed threads below contain questions that can guide you in your process of completing this portfolio project. Follow these steps:

-Pick two different questions from each of the four threads below. This will make a total of eight different pieces to your project.

-Each of those questions will be answered formally in the shape of an essay, a presentation, a panel discussion (with you as the expert), a piece of artwork, a narrative, or an assessment of your choice.

-Develop a short proposal for each question that you will show me before you start. The proposal will include the question, the mode (essay, presentation, etc.), and the sources you will use. This is a way for us to converse about your plans. Your proposal should also include a timeline of due dates and deadlines.

-You will be evaluated using my formal rubrics for respective assessments (email me if you're a teacher and you'd like to see what I use). The entire portfolio project will fulfill several essential learning scores.

Living in Nature:

- 1. What should be "common space" available to all?
- 2. What place is you? Think of all the places you've been to. Want to see some ideas for places you've never been? <u>Check out this list</u> of Google Expeditions so you can get some other ideas.
- 3. If you wanted to be alone in isolation where would you go?
- 4. What are the purest places left?
- 5. How does Thoreau suggest we live deliberately in nature? How can that work today?
- 6. How are nature and society divided today?
- 7. What does Thoreau suggest about how slavery impacts nature?
- 8. What does Thoreau suggest about how capitalism impacts nature?

- 9. Explore all the information surrounding the history and discussion about the formation of Saylorville Dam. Was there any controversy surrounding it? What was lost from its formation? What was gained? What are the modern implications?
- 10. What conservation and preservation efforts are/have been going on in Ankeny or in Iowa? In what ways might Thoreau and Emerson suggest these are important? Why?
- 11. In what ways is nature essential to Transcendentalism?
- 12. Other ideas you have? Write it in your proposal.

Being Awake, Aware, and Alive:

- 1. What is your earliest memory? Why do you think this is your first memory and why is it "stamped" on your memory?
- 2. What does Thoreau suggest about being a student? Is it to be passive? Is it to be active?
- 3. Health and wellness seems to be a big topic in our country, as many people suffer from various sicknesses. Our health seems to reflect our attitudes and our surroundings (Thoreau suffered from narcolepsy when he lived on Staten Island). What can help our situation?
- 4. In what ways do Emerson and Thoreau differ? What evidence suggests those differences? Who do you identify most with? Explain.
- 5. Review the last year of all your social media posts and feeds. Find several themes within your posts feeds that help explain you and what is important to you.
- 6. Thoreau was an observer of everything. He saw the good, the bad, the ugly, and the beautiful in all. Pick a topic that you have observed and write a praise, a criticism, or a rant that displays your knowledge and observation on the topic.
- 7. What do we think/see/believe/consume that limits us? How do those things limit us? What could we as individuals and as a society be like if those limitations were removed?
- 8. Imagine that you experience the loss of someone who is very close to you. What would you do to celebrate their life? To memorialize them? To fill that void?
- 9. What would you call Thoreau's time at Walden? An escape? A screw you to society? A sabbatical? An experiment? Explain your thoughts, and explain what you would do if you could do something similar. Where would it be? Why?
- 10. In some ways your youth is similar to Thoreau's. As a youth, Thoreau's Concord was growing and changing. Certain technologies were bustling, and certain lands were being repurposed for development. This had an impact on him. In what ways are the changes and growth we are seeing in Ankeny impacting you?
- 11. Thoreau was an authority on Concord. Why would a person want to be an authority on their home town? What would you do/need to become an authority on a place? On Ankeny? What would you like to become an authority on? Why? How would you go about becoming an authority on that? Make a list of ideas, then use all resources you have access to in order to develop a sense of authority. What would Thoreau think/say if he became an authority on Ankeny?
- 12. Imagine that you are constantly surrounded by people who inspire you. Based on your personality, develop a story about what could come from that inspiration.
- 13. Visit one of our historical societies and take a tour. Using at least five topics from the tour, develop a personal narrative from a former inhabitant of our lands.
- 14. What does our location and the design of our building say about our town? Our school? Us?
- 15. Who is out there "living deliberately" now? Who would Thoreau call a "deliberate" person? Explain.
- 16. What is self-reliance according to Ralph Waldo Emerson? In what ways are you self-reliant? What would Emerson say about you in this regard?
- 17. Develop a critique of the readings (and the ideas from them) we've done throughout this unit.

18. Other ideas you have? Write it in your proposal.

Living in Society:

- 1. How does Thoreau suggest we live deliberately in society? How can that work today?
- 2. How are nature and society divided today?
- 3. Many readers tend to isolate Thoreau's life and personality to what is written in *Walden*. What evidence is there to suggest that Thoreau lived a life outside Walden and in society? What does this say about Thoreau's time at Walden? What does this say about what Thoreau might say about society?
- 4. How does Thoreau suggest that the following issues exist? In other words, what causes: -gender inequality
 - -racism

-classicism

-issues from capitalism

- 5. To what extent was Thoreau religious? What do his comments suggest he felt about society and organized religion? In what ways are Thoreau's observations on organized religion similar or different to today?
- 6. If you had the opportunity to surround yourself (to live by and be friends with and converse) with people you admire who would it be and why? Where would it be and why? What topics would be discussed and why?
- 7. What do we think/see/believe/consume that limits us? How do those things limit us? What could we as individuals and as a society be like if those limitations were removed?
- 8. Ralph Waldo Emerson posed a threat to organized religion and ministry because his ideas suggested that the individual could interpret god and spirituality without the help of a church or a minister. He was accused of heresy. Who else in our society has suggested that we don't need established institutions (the norms) and what has their approach looked like?
- 9. What is your ideal society? How would you go about forming it? What would be barriers to forming/sustaining it? How would you deal with those barriers?
- 10. Collective action through community: How does Transcendentalism fit within it? How does it go against it? Use specific examples.
- 11. Imagine that you are constantly surrounded by people who inspire you. Based on your personality, develop a story about what could come from that inspiration.
- 12. There is a lot of pressure put on you to go through certain steps in order to "be happy" or "successful." This is what society wants and has chosen for you. What do you want to choose for yourself?
- 13. What topics about our town or our state could be lectured about in order to better our society? Brainstorm ideas and develop a lecture or presentation that takes into account your audience and everything needed to inform and/or persuade them.
- 14. What is non-conformity according to Ralph Waldo Emerson? In what ways are you a conformist or a non-conformist? What would Emerson say about you in this regard?
- 15. Other ideas you have? Write it in your proposal.

Choosing Life with Principle:

- 1. Thoreau's stance on slavery became very evident throughout the 1850s. His passion on that topic suggests a life with certain principles (action from principle). Explore Thoreau's stance by reviewing necessary texts. Trace Thoreau's ideas about society and principle throughout the 1840s and 1850s.
- 2. What did social justice mean to Thoreau? Use evidence to explain. What does social justice mean to you today?

- 3. Collective action through community: How does Transcendentalism fit within it? How does it go against it? Use specific examples.
- 4. Transcendentalism involves rising above the social and religious norms of society by seeking inner truth through nature and self-reliance. This can be lived out through a set of virtues in order to achieve an ideal. It is a lifelong process; ever-evolving and ever-changing. In Emerson and Thoreau's time, living this way went against the grain of society. It implies that Transcendentalists "saw something wrong" with society that was worth rising above; a certain negativity. What evidence is there to suggest how Transcendentalists felt about those particular aspects of society?
- 5. In regard to modern living issues and Transcendentalism, what might the original Transcendentalists say? Use evidence to suggest what they would say, and evaluate whether or not those solutions would work in modern times.
- 6. What do we think/see/believe/consume that limits us? How do those things limit us? What could we as individuals and as a society be like if those limitations were removed?
- 7. Imagine that you are constantly surrounded by people who inspire you. Based on your personality, develop a story about what could come from that inspiration.
- 8. What social justice topic fires you up? What would fire you up to the point of exercising your freedom of speech? In other words, what would mobilize you? Have there been any examples of this?
- 9. Make an argument to support what Thoreau's votes would have been in the 2016 national and state elections. As you near the time for you to enter the real world, what will shape your choices for voting?
- 10. Other ideas you have? Write it in your proposal.

Unit Packet of Images and Readings (the Pearson readings are not included here. Email me if you'd like them)



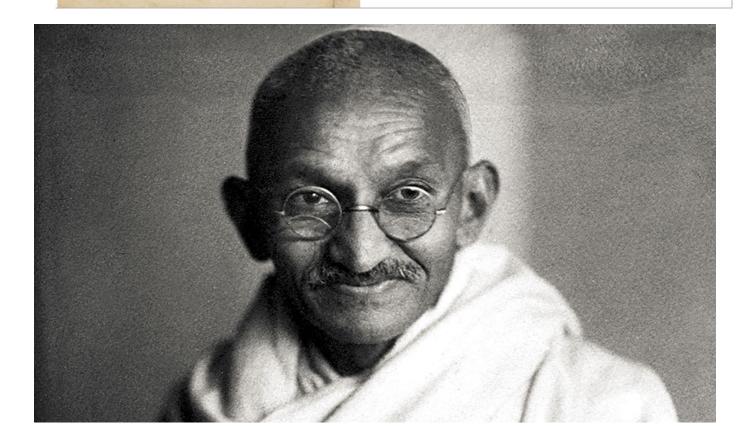
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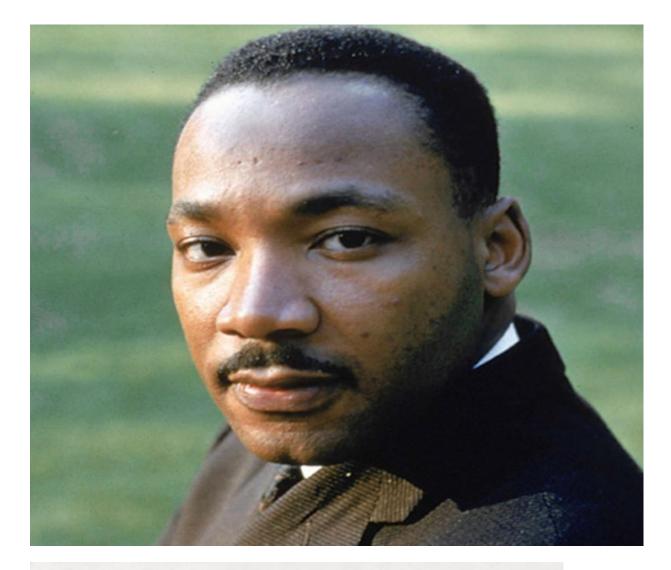
Nature. p. 13.

Eysball ."

"Standing on the bare ground, my head bathed by the blithe air, I'm uplifted into infinite space, all mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eyeball."

-Nature, p. 13

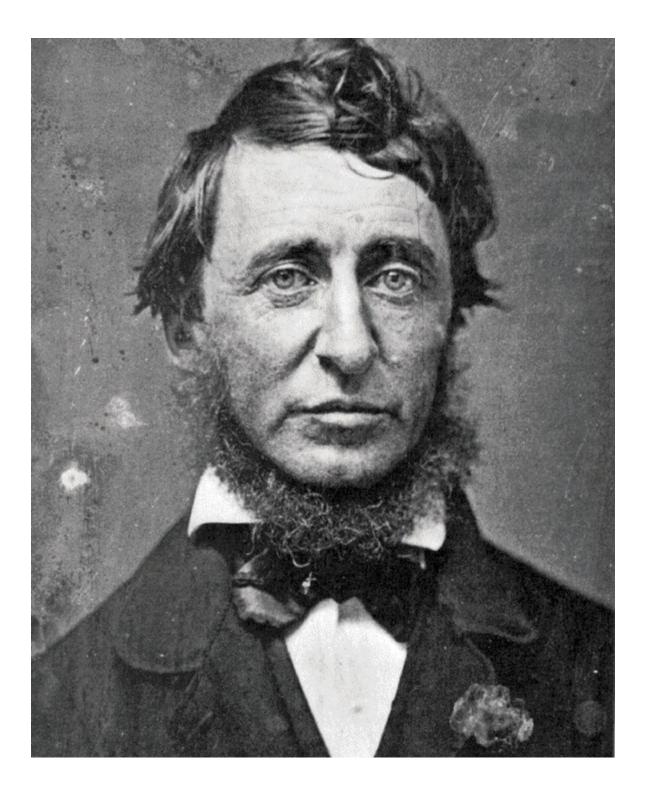




RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882)

To be yourself in a world that is constantly trying to make you something else is the greatest accomplishment.

InspirationBoost.com



From "Economy" in Walden:

I see young men, my townsmen, whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms, houses, barns, cattle, and farming tools; for these are more easily acquired than got rid of. Better if they had been born in the open pasture and suckled by a wolf, that they might have seen with clearer eyes what field they were called to labor in. Who made them serfs of the soil? Why should they eat their sixty acres, when man is condemned to eat only his peck of dirt? Why should they begin digging their graves as soon as they are born? They have got to live a man's life, pushing all these things before them, and get on as well as they can. How many a poor immortal soul have I met well-nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before it a barn seventy-five feet by forty, its Augean stables never cleansed, and one hundred acres of land, tillage, mowing, pasture, and woodlot! The portionless, who struggle with no such unnecessary inherited encumbrances, find it labor enough to subdue and cultivate a few cubic feet of flesh.

But men labor under a mistake. The better part of the man is soon plowed into the soil for compost. By a seeming fate, commonly called necessity, they are employed, as it says in an old book, laying up treasures which moth and rust will corrupt and thieves break through and steal. It is a fool's life, as they will find when they get to the end of it, if not before. It is said that Deucalion and Pyrrha created men by throwing stones over their heads behind them:

Inde genus durum sumus, experiensque laborum, Et documenta damus qua simus origine nati.

Or, as Raleigh rhymes it in his sonorous way,

"From thence our kind hard-hearted is, enduring pain and care, Approving that our bodies of a stony nature are."

So much for a blind obedience to a blundering oracle, throwing the stones over their heads behind them, and not seeing where they fell.

Most men, even in this comparatively free country, through mere ignorance and mistake, are so occupied with the factitious cares and superfluously coarse labors of life that its finer fruits cannot be plucked by them. Their fingers, from excessive toil, are too clumsy and tremble too much for that. Actually, the laboring man has not leisure for a true integrity day by day; he cannot afford to sustain the manliest relations to men; his labor would be depreciated in the market. He has no time to be anything but a machine. How can he remember well his ignorance- which his growth requires- who has so often to use his knowledge? We should feed and clothe him gratuitously sometimes, and recruit him with our cordials, before we judge of him. The finest qualities of our nature, like the bloom on fruits, can be preserved only by the most delicate handling. Yet we do not treat ourselves nor one another thus tenderly.

Some of you, we all know, are poor, find it hard to live, are sometimes, as it were, gasping for breath. I have no doubt that some of you who read this book are unable to pay for all the dinners which you have actually eaten, or for the coats and shoes which are fast wearing or are already worn out, and have come to this page to spend borrowed or stolen time, robbing your creditors of an hour. It is very evident what mean and sneaking lives many of you live, for my sight has been whetted by experience; always on the limits, trying to get into business and trying to get out of debt, a very ancient slough, called by the Latins aes alienum, another's brass, for some of their coins were made of brass; still living, and dying, and buried by this other's brass; always promising to pay, promising to pay, tomorrow, and dying today, insolvent; seeking to curry favor, to get custom, by how many modes, only not state-prison offences; lying, flattering, voting, contracting yourselves into a nutshell of civility or dilating into an atmosphere of thin and vaporous generosity, that you may persuade your neighbor to let you make his shoes, or his hat, or his coat, or his carriage, or import his groceries for him; making yourselves sick, that you may lay up something against a sick day, something to be tucked away in an old chest, or in a stocking behind the plastering, or, more safely, in the brick bank; no matter where, no matter how much or how little.

I sometimes wonder that we can be so frivolous, I may almost say, as to attend to the gross but somewhat foreign form of servitude called Negro Slavery, there are so many keen and subtle masters that enslave both North and South. It is hard to have a Southern overseer; it is worse to have a Northern one; but worst of all when you are the slave-driver of yourself. Talk of a divinity in man! Look at the teamster on the highway, wending to market by day or night; does any divinity stir within him? His highest duty to fodder and water his horses! What is his destiny to him compared with the shipping interests? Does not he drive for Squire Make-a-stir? How godlike, how immortal, is he? See how he cowers and sneaks, how vaguely all the day he fears, not being immortal nor divine, but the slave and prisoner of his own opinion of himself, a fame won by his own deeds. Public opinion is a weak tyrant compared with our own private opinion. What a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines, or rather indicates, his fate. Self-emancipation even in the West Indian provinces of the fancy and imagination- what Wilberforce is there to bring that about? Think, also, of the ladies of the land weaving toilet cushions against the last day, not to betray too green an interest in their fates! As if you could kill time without injuring eternity.

The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation. What is called resignation is confirmed desperation. From the desperate city you go into the desperate country, and have to console yourself with the bravery of minks and muskrats. A stereotyped but unconscious despair is concealed even under what are called the games and amusements of mankind. There is no play in them, for this comes after work. But it is a characteristic of wisdom not to do desperate things.

When we consider what, to use the words of the catechism, is the chief end of man, and what are the true necessaries and means of life, it appears as if men had deliberately chosen the common mode of living because they preferred it to any other. Yet they honestly think there is no choice left. But alert and healthy natures remember that the sun rose clear. It is never too late to give up our prejudices. No way of thinking or doing, however ancient, can be trusted without proof. What everybody echoes or in silence passes by as true today may turn out to be falsehood tomorrow, mere smoke of opinion, which some had trusted for a cloud that would sprinkle fertilizing rain on their fields. What old people say you cannot do, you try and find that you can. Old deeds for old people, and new deeds for new. Old people did not know enough once, perchance, to fetch fresh fuel to keep the fire a-going; new people put a little dry wood under a pot, and are whirled round the globe with the speed of birds, in a way to kill old people, as the phrase is. Age is no better, hardly so well, qualified for an instructor as youth, for it has not profited so much as it has lost. One may almost doubt if the wisest man has learned anything of absolute value by living. Practically, the old have no very important advice to give the young, their own experience has been so partial, and their lives have been such miserable failures, for private reasons, as they must believe; and it may be that they have some faith left which belies that experience, and they are only less young than they were. I have lived some thirty years on this planet, and I have yet to hear the first syllable of valuable or even earnest advice from my seniors. They have told me nothing, and probably cannot tell me anything to the purpose. Here is life, an experiment to a great extent untried by me; but it does not avail me that they have tried it. If I have any experience which I think valuable, I am sure to reflect that this my Mentors said nothing about.

One farmer says to me, "You cannot live on vegetable food solely, for it furnishes nothing to make bones with"; and so he religiously devotes a part of his day to supplying his system with the raw material of bones; walking all the while he talks behind his oxen, which, with vegetable-made bones, jerk him and his lumbering plow along in spite of every obstacle. Some things are really necessaries of life in some circles, the most helpless and diseased, which in others are luxuries merely, and in others still are entirely unknown.

The whole ground of human life seems to some to have been gone over by their predecessors, both the heights and the valleys, and all things to have been cared for. According to Evelyn, "the wise Solomon prescribed ordinances for the very distances of trees; and the Roman praetors have decided how often you may go into your neighbor's land to gather the acorns which fall on it without trespass, and what share belongs to that neighbor." Hippocrates has even left directions how we should cut our nails; that is, even with the ends of the fingers, neither shorter nor longer. Undoubtedly the very tedium and ennui which presume to have exhausted the variety and the joys of life are as old as Adam. But man's

capacities have never been measured; nor are we to judge of what he can do by any precedents, so little has been tried. Whatever have been thy failures hitherto, "be not afflicted, my child, for who shall assign to thee what thou hast left undone?"

We might try our lives by a thousand simple tests; as, for instance, that the same sun which ripens my beans illumines at once a system of earths like ours. If I had remembered this it would have prevented some mistakes. This was not the light in which I hoed them. The stars are the apexes of what wonderful triangles! What distant and different beings in the various mansions of the universe are contemplating the same one at the same moment! Nature and human life are as various as our several constitutions. Who shall say what prospect life offers to another? Could a greater miracle take place than for us to look through each other's eyes for an instant? We should live in all the ages of the world in an hour; ay, in all the worlds of the ages. History, Poetry, Mythology!- I know of no reading of another's experience so startling and informing as this would be.

The greater part of what my neighbors call good I believe in my soul to be bad, and if I repent of anything, it is very likely to be my good behavior. What demon possessed me that I behaved so well? You may say the wisest thing you can, old man- you who have lived seventy years, not without honor of a kind- I hear an irresistible voice which invites me away from all that. One generation abandons the enterprises of another like stranded vessels.

I think that we may safely trust a good deal more than we do. We may waive just so much care of ourselves as we honestly bestow elsewhere. Nature is as well adapted to our weakness as to our strength. The incessant anxiety and strain of some is a well-nigh incurable form of disease. We are made to exaggerate the importance of what work we do; and yet how much is not done by us! or, what if we had been taken sick? How vigilant we are! determined not to live by faith if we can avoid it; all the day long on the alert, at night we unwillingly say our prayers and commit ourselves to uncertainties. So thoroughly and sincerely are we compelled to live, reverencing our life, and denying the possibility of change. This is the only way, we say; but there are as many ways as there can be drawn radii from one centre. All change is a miracle to contemplate; but it is a miracle which is taking place every instant. Confucius said, "To know that we know what we know, and that we do not know what we do not know, that is true knowledge." When one man has reduced a fact of the imagination to be a fact to his understanding, I foresee that all men at length establish their lives on that basis.

Let us consider for a moment what most of the trouble and anxiety which I have referred to is about, and how much it is necessary that we be troubled, or at least careful. It would be some advantage to live a primitive and frontier life, though in the midst of an outward civilization, if only to learn what are the gross necessaries of life and what methods have been taken to obtain them; or even to look over the old day-books of the merchants, to see what it was that men most commonly bought at the stores, what they stored, that is, what are the grossest groceries. For the improvements of ages have had but little influence on the essential laws of man's existence: as our skeletons, probably, are not to be distinguished from those of our ancestors.

By the words, necessary of life, I mean whatever, of all that man obtains by his own exertions, has been from the first, or from long use has become, so important to human life that few, if any, whether from savageness, or poverty, or philosophy, ever attempt to do without it. To many creatures there is in this sense but one necessary of life, Food. To the bison of the prairie it is a few inches of palatable grass, with water to drink; unless he seeks the Shelter of the forest or the mountain's shadow. None of the brute creation requires more than Food and Shelter. The necessaries of life for man in this climate may, accurately enough, be distributed under the several heads of Food, Shelter, Clothing, and Fuel; for not till we have secured these are we prepared to entertain the true problems of life with freedom and a prospect of success. Man has invented, not only houses, but clothes and cooked food; and possibly from the accidental discovery of the warmth of fire, and the consequent use of it, at first a luxury, arose the present necessity to sit by it. We observe cats and dogs acquiring the same second nature. By proper Shelter and Clothing we legitimately retain our own internal

heat; but with an excess of these, or of Fuel, that is, with an external heat greater than our own internal, may not cookery properly be said to begin? Darwin, the naturalist, says of the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego, that while his own party, who were well clothed and sitting close to a fire, were far from too warm, these naked savages, who were farther off, were observed, to his great surprise, "to be streaming with perspiration at undergoing such a roasting." So, we are told, the New Hollander goes naked with impunity, while the European shivers in his clothes. Is it impossible to combine the hardiness of these savages with the intellectualness of the civilized man? According to Liebig, man's body is a stove, and food the fuel which keeps up the internal combustion in the lungs. In cold weather we eat more, in warm less. The animal heat is the result of a slow combustion, and disease and death take place when this is too rapid; or for want of fuel, or from some defect in the draught, the fire goes out. Of course the vital heat is not to be confounded with fire; but so much for analogy. It appears, therefore, from the above list, that the expression, animal life, is nearly synonymous with the expression, animal heat; for while Food may be regarded as the Fuel which keeps up the fire within us- and Fuel serves only to prepare that Food or to increase the warmth of our bodies by addition from without- Shelter and Clothing also serve only to retain the heat thus generated and absorbed.

The grand necessity, then, for our bodies, is to keep warm, to keep the vital heat in us. What pains we accordingly take, not only with our Food, and Clothing, and Shelter, but with our beds, which are our night-clothes, robbing the nests and breasts of birds to prepare this shelter within a shelter, as the mole has its bed of grass and leaves at the end of its burrow! The poor man is wont to complain that this is a cold world; and to cold, no less physical than social, we refer directly a great part of our ails. The summer, in some climates, makes possible to man a sort of Elysian life. Fuel, except to cook his Food, is then unnecessary; the sun is his fire, and many of the fruits are sufficiently cooked by its rays; while Food generally is more various, and more easily obtained, and Clothing and Shelter are wholly or half unnecessary. At the present day, and in this country, as I find by my own experience, a few implements, a knife, an axe, a spade, a wheelbarrow, etc., and for the studious, lamplight, stationery, and access to a few books, rank next to necessaries, and can all be obtained at a trifling cost. Yet some, not wise, go to the other side of the globe, to barbarous and unhealthy regions, and devote themselves to trade for ten or twenty years, in order that they may live- that is, keep comfortably warm- and die in New England at last. The luxuriously rich are not simply kept comfortably warm, but unnaturally hot; as I implied before, they are cooked, of course a la mode.

Most of the luxuries, and many of the so-called comforts of life, are not only not indispensable, but positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind. With respect to luxuries and comforts, the wisest have ever lived a more simple and meagre life than the poor. The ancient philosophers, Chinese, Hindoo, Persian, and Greek, were a class than which none has been poorer in outward riches, none so rich in inward. We know not much about them. It is remarkable that we know so much of them as we do. The same is true of the more modern reformers and benefactors of their race. None can be an impartial or wise observer of human life but from the vantage ground of what we should call voluntary poverty. Of a life of luxury the fruit is luxury, whether in agriculture, or commerce, or literature, or art. There are nowadays professors of philosophy, but not philosophers. Yet it is admirable to profess because it was once admirable to live. To be a philosopher is not merely to have subtle thoughts, nor even to found a school, but so to love wisdom as to live according to its dictates, a life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity, and trust. It is to solve some of the problems of life, not only theoretically, but practically. The success of great scholars and thinkers is commonly a courtier-like success, not kingly, not manly. They make shift to live merely by conformity, practically as their fathers did, and are in no sense the progenitors of a noble race of men. But why do men degenerate ever? What makes families run out? What is the nature of the luxury which enervates and destroys nations? Are we sure that there is none of it in our own lives? The philosopher is in advance of his age even in the outward form of his life. He is not fed, sheltered, clothed, warmed, like his contemporaries. How can a man be a philosopher and not maintain his vital heat by better methods than other men?

... A man who has at length found something to do will not need to get a new suit to do it in; for him the old will do, that has lain dusty in the garret for an indeterminate period. Old shoes will serve a hero longer than they have served his valet- if a hero ever has a valet- bare feet are older than shoes, and he can make them do. Only they who go to soirees and legislative balls must have new coats, coats to change as often as the man changes in them. But if my jacket and trousers, my hat and shoes, are fit to worship God in, they will do; will they not? Who ever saw his old clothes- his old coat, actually worn out, resolved into its primitive elements, so that it was not a deed of charity to bestow it on some poor boy, by him perchance to be bestowed on some poorer still, or shall we say richer, who could do with less? I say, beware of all enterprises that require new clothes, and not rather a new wearer of clothes. If there is not a new man, how can the new clothes be made to fit? If you have any enterprise before you, try it in your old clothes. All men want, not something to do with, but something to do, or rather something to be. Perhaps we should never procure a new suit, however ragged or dirty the old, until we have so conducted, so enterprised or sailed in some way, that we feel like new men in the old, and that to retain it would be like keeping new wine in old bottles. Our moulting season, like that of the fowls, must be a crisis in our lives. The loon retires to solitary ponds to spend it. Thus also the snake casts its slough, and the caterpillar its wormy coat, by an internal industry and expansion; for clothes are but our outmost cuticle and mortal coil. Otherwise we shall be found sailing under false colors, and be inevitably cashiered at last by our own opinion, as well as that of mankind.

We don garment after garment, as if we grew like exogenous plants by addition without. Our outside and often thin and fanciful clothes are our epidermis, or false skin, which partakes not of our life, and may be stripped off here and there without fatal injury; our thicker garments, constantly worn, are our cellular integument, or cortex; but our shirts are our liber, or true bark, which cannot be removed without girdling and so destroying the man. I believe that all races at some seasons wear something equivalent to the shirt. It is desirable that a man be clad so simply that he can lay his hands on himself in the dark, and that he live in all respects so compactly and preparedly that, if an enemy take the town, he can, like the old philosopher, walk out the gate empty-handed without anxiety. While one thick garment is, for most purposes, as good as three thin ones, and cheap clothing can be obtained at prices really to suit customers; while a thick coat can be bought for five dollars, which will last as many years, thick pantaloons for two dollars, cowhide boots for a dollar and a half a pair, a summer hat for a quarter of a dollar, and a winter cap for sixty-two and a half cents, or a better be made at home at a nominal cost, where is he so poor that, clad in such a suit, of his own earning, there will not be found wise men to do him reverence?

When I ask for a garment of a particular form, my tailoress tells me gravely, "They do not make them so now," not emphasizing the "They" at all, as if she quoted an authority as impersonal as the Fates, and I find it difficult to get made what I want, simply because she cannot believe that I mean what I say, that I am so rash. When I hear this oracular sentence, I am for a moment absorbed in thought, emphasizing to myself each word separately that I may come at the meaning of it, that I may find out by what degree of consanguinity 'They' are related to me, and what authority they may have in an affair which affects me so nearly; and, finally, I am inclined to answer her with equal mystery, and without any more emphasis of the "they"- "It is true, they did not make them so recently, but they do now." Of what use this measuring of me if she does not measure my character, but only the breadth of my shoulders, as it were a peg to bang the coat on? We worship not the Graces, nor the Parcee, but Fashion. She spins and weaves and cuts with full authority. The head monkey at Paris puts on a traveller's cap, and all the monkeys in America do the same. I sometimes despair of getting anything quite simple and honest done in this world by the help of men. They would have to be passed through a powerful press first, to squeeze their old notions out of them, so that they would not soon get upon their legs again; and then there would be some one in the company with a maggot in his head, hatched from an egg deposited there nobody knows when, for not even fire kills these things, and you would have lost your labor. Nevertheless, we will not forget that some Egyptian wheat was handed down to us by a mummy. On the whole, I think that it cannot be maintained that dressing has in this or any country risen to the dignity of an art. At present men make shift to wear what they can get. Like shipwrecked sailors, they put on what they can find on the beach, and at a little distance, whether of space or time, laugh at each other's masquerade. Every generation laughs at the old fashions, but follows religiously the new. We are amused at beholding the costume of Henry VIII, or Queen Elizabeth, as much as if it was that of the King and Queen of the Cannibal Islands. All costume off a man is pitiful or grotesque. It is only the serious eye peering from and the sincere life passed within it which restrain laughter and consecrate the costume of any people. Let Harlequin be taken with a fit of the colic and his trappings will have to serve that mood too. When the soldier is hit by a cannon-ball, rags are as becoming as purple.

The childish and savage taste of men and women for new patterns keeps how many shaking and squinting through kaleidoscopes that they may discover the particular figure which this generation requires today. The manufacturers have learned that this taste is merely whimsical. Of two patterns which differ only by a few threads more or less of a particular color, the one will be sold readily, the other lie on the shelf, though it frequently happens that after the lapse of a season the latter becomes the most fashionable. Comparatively, tattooing is not the hideous custom which it is called. It is not barbarous merely because the printing is skin-deep and unalterable.

I cannot believe that our factory system is the best mode by which men may get clothing. The condition of the operatives is becoming every day more like that of the English; and it cannot be wondered at, since, as far as I have heard or observed, the principal object is, not that mankind may be well and honestly clad, but, unquestionably, that corporations may be enriched. In the long run men hit only what they aim at. Therefore, though they should fail immediately, they had better aim at something high.

As for a Shelter, I will not deny that this is now a necessary of life, though there are instances of men having done without it for long periods in colder countries than this. Samuel Laing says that "the Laplander in his skin dress, and in a skin bag which he puts over his head and shoulders, will sleep night after night on the snow... in a degree of cold which would extinguish the life of one exposed to it in any woollen clothing." He had seen them asleep thus. Yet he adds, "They are not hardier than other people." But, probably, man did not live long on the earth without discovering the convenience which there is in a house, the domestic comforts, which phrase may have originally signified the satisfactions of the house more than of the family; though these must be extremely partial and occasional in those climates where the house is associated in our thoughts with winter or the rainy season chiefly, and two thirds of the year, except for a parasol, is unnecessary. In our climate, in the summer, it was formerly almost solely a covering at night. In the Indian gazettes a wigwam was the symbol of a day's march, and a row of them cut or painted on the bark of a tree signified that so many times they had camped. Man was not made so large limbed and robust but that he must seek to narrow his world and wall in a space such as fitted him. He was at first bare and out of doors; but though this was pleasant enough in serene and warm weather, by daylight, the rainy season and the winter, to say nothing of the torrid sun, would perhaps have nipped his race in the bud if he had not made haste to clothe himself with the shelter of a house. Adam and Eve, according to the fable, wore the bower before other clothes. Man wanted a home, a place of warmth, or comfort, first of warmth, then the warmth of the affections.

We may imagine a time when, in the infancy of the human race, some enterprising mortal crept into a hollow in a rock for shelter. Every child begins the world again, to some extent, and loves to stay outdoors, even in wet and cold. It plays house, as well as horse, having an instinct for it. Who does not remember the interest with which, when young, he looked at shelving rocks, or any approach to a cave? It was the natural yearning of that portion, any portion of our most primitive ancestor which still survived in us. From the cave we have advanced to roofs of palm leaves, of bark and boughs, of linen woven and stretched, of grass and straw, of boards and shingles, of stones and tiles. At last, we know not what it is to live in the open air, and our lives are domestic in more senses than we think. From the hearth the field is a great distance. It would be well, perhaps, if we were to spend more of our days and nights without any obstruction between us and the celestial bodies, if the poet did not speak so much from under a roof, or the saint dwell there so long. Birds do not sing in caves, nor do doves cherish their innocence in dovecots.

However, if one designs to construct a dwelling-house, it behooves him to exercise a little Yankee shrewdness, lest after all he find himself in a workhouse, a labyrinth without a clue, a museum, an almshouse, a prison, or a splendid mausoleum instead. Consider first how slight a shelter is absolutely necessary. I have seen Penobscot Indians, in this town, living in tents of thin cotton cloth, while the snow was nearly a foot deep around them, and I thought that they would be glad to have it deeper to keep out the wind. Formerly, when how to get my living honestly, with freedom left for my proper pursuits, was a question which vexed me even more than it does now, for unfortunately I am become somewhat callous, I used to see a large box by the railroad, six feet long by three wide, in which the laborers locked up their tools at night; and it suggested to me that every man who was hard pushed might get such a one for a dollar, and, having bored a few auger holes in it, to admit the air at least, get into it when it rained and at night, and hook down the lid, and so have freedom in his love, and in his soul be free. This did not appear the worst, nor by any means a despicable alternative. You could sit up as late as you pleased, and, whenever you got up, go abroad without any landlord or houselord dogging you for rent. Many a man is harassed to death to pay the rent of a larger and more luxurious box who would not have frozen to death in such a box as this. I am far from jesting. Economy is a subject which admits of being treated with levity, but it cannot so be disposed of. A comfortable house for a rude and hardy race, that lived mostly out of doors, was once made here almost entirely of such materials as Nature furnished ready to their hands. Gookin, who was superintendent of the Indians subject to the Massachusetts Colony, writing in 1674, says, "The best of their houses are covered very neatly, tight and warm, with barks of trees, slipped from their bodies at those seasons when the sap is up, and made into great flakes, with pressure of weighty timber, when they are green.... The meaner sort are covered with mats which they make of a kind of bulrush, and are also indifferently tight and warm, but not so good as the former.... Some I have seen, sixty or a hundred feet long and thirty feet broad.... I have often lodged in their wigwams, and found them as warm as the best English houses." He adds that they were commonly carpeted and lined within with well-wrought embroidered mats, and were furnished with various utensils. The Indians had advanced so far as to regulate the effect of the wind by a mat suspended over the hole in the roof and moved by a string. Such a lodge was in the first instance constructed in a day or two at most, and taken down and put up in a few hours; and every family owned one, or its apartment in one.

In the savage state every family owns a shelter as good as the best, and sufficient for its coarser and simpler wants; but I think that I speak within bounds when I say that, though the birds of the air have their nests, and the foxes their holes, and the savages their wigwams, in modern civilized society not more than one half the families own a shelter. In the large towns and cities, where civilization especially prevails, the number of those who own a shelter is a very small fraction of the whole. The rest pay an annual tax for this outside garment of all, become indispensable summer and winter, which would buy a village of Indian wigwams, but now helps to keep them poor as long as they live. I do not mean to insist here on the disadvantage of hiring compared with owning, but it is evident that the savage owns his shelter because it costs so little, while the civilized man hires his commonly because he cannot afford to own it; nor can he, in the long run, any better afford to hire. But, answers one, by merely paying this tax, the poor civilized man secures an abode which is a palace compared with the savage's. An annual rent of from twenty-five to a hundred dollars (these are the country rates) entitles him to the benefit of the improvements of centuries, spacious apartments, clean paint and paper, Rumford fireplace, back plastering, Venetian blinds, copper pump, spring lock, a commodious cellar, and many other things. But how happens it that he who is said to enjoy these things is so commonly a poor civilized man, while the savage, who has them not, is rich as a savage? If it is asserted that civilization is a real advance in the condition of man- and I think that it is, though only the wise improve their advantages- it must be shown that it has produced better dwellings without making them more costly; and the cost of a thing is the amount of what I will call life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run. An average house in this neighborhood costs perhaps eight hundred dollars, and to lay up this sum will take from ten to fifteen years of the laborer's life, even if he is not

encumbered with a family- estimating the pecuniary value of every man's labor at one dollar a day, for if some receive more, others receive less;- so that he must have spent more than half his life commonly before his wigwam will be earned. If we suppose him to pay a rent instead, this is but a doubtful choice of evils. Would the savage have been wise to exchange his wigwam for a palace on these terms?

It may be guessed that I reduce almost the whole advantage of holding this superfluous property as a fund in store against the future, so far as the individual is concerned, mainly to the defraying of funeral expenses. But perhaps a man is not required to bury himself. Nevertheless this points to an important distinction between the civilized man and the savage; and, no doubt, they have designs on us for our benefit, in making the life of a civilized people an institution, in which the life of the individual is to a great extent absorbed, in order to preserve and perfect that of the race. But I wish to show at what a sacrifice this advantage is at present obtained, and to suggest that we may possibly so live as to secure all the advantage without suffering any of the disadvantage. What mean ye by saying that the poor ye have always with you, or that the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge?

"As I live, saith the Lord God, ye shall not have occasion any more to use this proverb in Israel.

"Behold all souls are mine; as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine: the soul that sinneth, it shall die."

When I consider my neighbors, the farmers of Concord, who are at least as well off as the other classes, I find that for the most part they have been toiling twenty, thirty, or forty years, that they may become the real owners of their farms, which commonly they have inherited with encumbrances, or else bought with hired money- and we may regard one third of that toil as the cost of their houses- but commonly they have not paid for them yet. It is true, the encumbrances sometimes outweigh the value of the farm, so that the farm itself becomes one great encumbrance, and still a man is found to inherit it, being well acquainted with it, as he says. On applying to the assessors, I am surprised to learn that they cannot at once name a dozen in the town who own their farms free and clear. If you would know the history of these homesteads, inquire at the bank where they are mortgaged. The man who has actually paid for his farm with labor on it is so rare that every neighbor can point to him. I doubt if there are three such men in Concord. What has been said of the merchants, that a very large majority, even ninety-seven in a hundred, are sure to fail, is equally true of the farmers. With regard to the merchants, however, one of them says pertinently that a great part of their failures are not genuine pecuniary failures, but merely failures to fulfil their engagements, because it is inconvenient; that is, it is the moral character that breaks down. But this puts an infinitely worse face on the matter, and suggests, beside, that probably not even the other three succeed in saving their souls, but are perchance bankrupt in a worse sense than they who fail honestly. Bankruptcy and repudiation are the springboards from which much of our civilization vaults and turns its somersets, but the savage stands on the unelastic plank of famine. Yet the Middlesex Cattle Show goes off here with eclat annually, as if all the joints of the agricultural machine were suent.

The farmer is endeavoring to solve the problem of a livelihood by a formula more complicated than the problem itself. To get his shoestrings he speculates in herds of cattle. With consummate skill he has set his trap with a hair springe to catch comfort and independence, and then, as he turned away, got his own leg into it. This is the reason he is poor; and for a similar reason we are all poor in respect to a thousand savage comforts, though surrounded by luxuries. As Chapman sings,

"The false society of men- -for earthly greatness All heavenly comforts rarefies to air."

And when the farmer has got his house, he may not be the richer but the poorer for it, and it be the house that has got him. As I understand it, that was a valid objection urged by Momus against the house which Minerva made, that she "had not made it movable, by which means a bad neighborhood might be avoided"; and it may still be urged, for our houses are such unwieldy property that we are often imprisoned rather than housed in them; and the bad neighborhood to be avoided is our own scurvy selves. I know one or two families, at least, in this town, who, for nearly a

generation, have been wishing to sell their houses in the outskirts and move into the village, but have not been able to accomplish it, and only death will set them free.

Granted that the majority are able at last either to own or hire the modern house with all its improvements. While civilization has been improving our houses, it has not equally improved the men who are to inhabit them. It has created palaces, but it was not so easy to create noblemen and kings. And if the civilized man's pursuits are no worthier than the savage's, if he is employed the greater part of his life in obtaining gross necessaries and comforts merely, why should he have a better dwelling than the former?

But how do the poor minority fare? Perhaps it will be found that just in proportion as some have been placed in outward circumstances above the savage, others have been degraded below him. The luxury of one class is counterbalanced by the indigence of another. On the one side is the palace, on the other are the almshouse and "silent poor." The myriads who built the pyramids to be the tombs of the Pharaohs were fed on garlic, and it may be were not decently buried themselves. The mason who finishes the cornice of the palace returns at night perchance to a hut not so good as a wigwam. It is a mistake to suppose that, in a country where the usual evidences of civilization exist, the condition of a very large body of the inhabitants may not be as degraded as that of savages. I refer to the degraded poor, not now to the degraded rich. To know this I should not need to look farther than to the shanties which everywhere border our railroads, that last improvement in civilization; where I see in my daily walks human beings living in sties, and all winter with an open door, for the sake of light, without any visible, often imaginable, wood-pile, and the forms of both old and young are permanently contracted by the long habit of shrinking from cold and misery, and the development of all their limbs and faculties is checked. It certainly is fair to look at that class by whose labor the works which distinguish this generation are accomplished. Such too, to a greater or less extent, is the condition of the operatives of every denomination in England, which is the great workhouse of the world. Or I could refer you to Ireland, which is marked as one of the white or enlightened spots on the map. Contrast the physical condition of the Irish with that of the North American Indian, or the South Sea Islander, or any other savage race before it was degraded by contact with the civilized man. Yet I have no doubt that that people's rulers are as wise as the average of civilized rulers. Their condition only proves what squalidness may consist with civilization. I hardly need refer now to the laborers in our Southern States who produce the staple exports of this country, and are themselves a staple production of the South. But to confine myself to those who are said to be in moderate circumstances.

Most men appear never to have considered what a house is, and are actually though needlessly poor all their lives because they think that they must have such a one as their neighbors have. As if one were to wear any sort of coat which the tailor might cut out for him, or, gradually leaving off palm-leaf hat or cap of woodchuck skin, complain of hard times because he could not afford to buy him a crown! It is possible to invent a house still more convenient and luxurious than we have, which yet all would admit that man could not afford to pay for. Shall we always study to obtain more of these things, and not sometimes to be content with less? Shall the respectable citizen thus gravely teach, by precept and example, the necessity of the young man's providing a certain number of superfluous glow- shoes, and umbrellas, and empty guest chambers for empty guests, before he dies? Why should not our furniture be as simple as the Arab's or the Indian's? When I think of the benefactors of the race, whom we have apotheosized as messengers from heaven, bearers of divine gifts to man, I do not see in my mind any retinue at their heels, any carload of fashionable furniture. Or what if I were to allow- would it not be a singular allowance?- that our furniture should be more complex than the Arab's, in proportion as we are morally and intellectually his superiors! At present our houses are cluttered and defiled with it, and a good housewife would sweep out the greater part into the dust hole, and not leave her morning's work undone. Morning work! By the blushes of Aurora and the music of Memnon, what should be man's morning work in this world? I had three pieces of limestone on my desk, but I was terrified to find that they required to be dusted daily, when the furniture of my mind was all undusted still, and threw them out the window in

disgust. How, then, could I have a furnished house? I would rather sit in the open air, for no dust gathers on the grass, unless where man has broken ground.

It is the luxurious and dissipated who set the fashions which the herd so diligently follow. The traveller who stops at the best houses, so called, soon discovers this, for the publicans presume him to be a Sardanapalus, and if he resigned himself to their tender mercies he would soon be completely emasculated. I think that in the railroad car we are inclined to spend more on luxury than on safety and convenience, and it threatens without attaining these to become no better than a modern drawing-room, with its divans, and ottomans, and sun-shades, and a hundred other oriental things, which we are taking west with us, invented for the ladies of the harem and the effeminate natives of the Celestial Empire, which Jonathan should be ashamed to know the names of. I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself than be crowded on a velvet cushion. I would rather ride on earth in an ox cart, with a free circulation, than go to heaven in the fancy car of an excursion train and breathe a malaria all the way.

The very simplicity and nakedness of man's life in the primitive ages imply this advantage, at least, that they left him still but a sojourner in nature. When he was refreshed with food and sleep, he contemplated his journey again. He dwelt, as it were, in a tent in this world, and was either threading the valleys, or crossing the plains, or climbing the mountaintops. But lo! men have become the tools of their tools. The man who independently plucked the fruits when he was hungry is become a farmer; and he who stood under a tree for shelter, a housekeeper. We now no longer camp as for a night, but have settled down on earth and forgotten heaven. We have adopted Christianity merely as an improved method of agriculture. We have built for this world a family mansion, and for the next a family tomb. The best works of art are the expression of man's struggle to free himself from this condition, but the effect of our art is merely to make this low state comfortable and that higher state to be forgotten. There is actually no place in this village for a work of fine art, if any had come down to us, to stand, for our lives, our houses and streets, furnish no proper pedestal for it. There is not a nail to hang a picture on, nor a shelf to receive the bust of a hero or a saint. When I consider how our houses are built and paid for, or not paid for, and their internal economy managed and sustained. I wonder that the floor does not give way under the visitor while he is admiring the gewgaws upon the mantelpiece, and let him through into the cellar, to some solid and honest though earthy foundation. I cannot but perceive that this so-called rich and refined life is a thing jumped at, and I do not get on in the enjoyment of the fine arts which adorn it, my attention being wholly occupied with the jump; for I remember that the greatest genuine leap, due to human muscles alone, on record, is that of certain wandering Arabs, who are said to have cleared twenty-five feet on level ground. Without factitious support, man is sure to come to earth again beyond that distance. The first question which I am tempted to put to the proprietor of such great impropriety is, Who bolsters you? Are you one of the ninety-seven who fail, or the three who succeed? Answer me these questions, and then perhaps I may look at your bawbles and find them ornamental. The cart before the horse is neither beautiful nor useful. Before we can adorn our houses with beautiful objects the walls must be stripped, and our lives must be stripped, and beautiful housekeeping and beautiful living be laid for a foundation: now, a taste for the beautiful is most cultivated out of doors, where there is no house and no housekeeper.

Old Johnson, in his "Wonder-Working Providence," speaking of the first settlers of this town, with whom he was contemporary, tells us that "they burrow themselves in the earth for their first shelter under some hillside, and, casting the soil aloft upon timber, they make a smoky fire against the earth, at the highest side." They did not "provide them houses," says he, "till the earth, by the Lord's blessing, brought forth bread to feed them," and the first year's crop was so light that "they were forced to cut their bread very thin for a long season." The secretary of the Province of New Netherland, writing in Dutch, in 1650, for the information of those who wished to take up land there, states more particularly that "those in New Netherland, and especially in New England, who have no means to build farmhouses at first according to their wishes, dig a square pit in the ground, cellar fashion, six or seven feet deep, as long and as broad as they think proper, case the earth inside with wood all round the wall, and line the wood with the bark of trees or something else to prevent the caving in of the earth; floor this cellar with plank, and wainscot it overhead for a ceiling,

raise a roof of spars clear up, and cover the spars with bark or green sods, so that they can live dry and warm in these houses with their entire families for two, three, and four years, it being understood that partitions are run through those cellars which are adapted to the size of the family. The wealthy and principal men in New England, in the beginning of the colonies, commenced their first dwelling-houses in this fashion for two reasons: firstly, in order not to waste time in building, and not to want food the next season; secondly, in order not to discourage poor laboring people whom they brought over in numbers from Fatherland. In the course of three or four years, when the country became adapted to agriculture, they built themselves handsome houses, spending on them several thousands."

In this course which our ancestors took there was a show of prudence at least, as if their principle were to satisfy the more pressing wants first. But are the more pressing wants satisfied now? When I think of acquiring for myself one of our luxurious dwellings, I am deterred, for, so to speak, the country is not yet adapted to human culture, and we are still forced to cut our spiritual bread far thinner than our forefathers did their wheaten. Not that all architectural ornament is to be neglected even in the rudest periods; but let our houses first be lined with beauty, where they come in contact with our lives, like the tenement of the shellfish, and not overlaid with it. But, alas! I have been inside one or two of them, and know what they are lined with.

Though we are not so degenerate but that we might possibly live in a cave or a wigwam or wear skins today, it certainly is better to accept the advantages, though so dearly bought, which the invention and industry of mankind offer. In such a neighborhood as this, boards and shingles, lime and bricks, are cheaper and more easily obtained than suitable caves, or whole logs, or bark in sufficient quantities, or even well-tempered clay or flat stones. I speak understandingly on this subject, for I have made myself acquainted with it both theoretically and practically. With a little more wit we might use these materials so as to become richer than the richest now are, and make our civilization a blessing. The civilized man is a more experienced and wiser savage. But to make haste to my own experiment.

... I am wont to think that men are not so much the keepers of herds as herds are the keepers of men, the former are so much the freer. Men and oxen exchange work; but if we consider necessary work only, the oxen will be seen to have greatly the advantage, their farm is so much the larger. Man does some of his part of the exchange work in his six weeks of having, and it is no boy's play. Certainly no nation that lived simply in all respects, that is, no nation of philosophers, would commit so great a blunder as to use the labor of animals. True, there never was and is not likely soon to be a nation of philosophers, nor am I certain it is desirable that there should be. However, I should never have broken a horse or bull and taken him to board for any work he might do for me, for fear I should become a horseman or a herdsman merely; and if society seems to be the gainer by so doing, are we certain that what is one man's gain is not another's loss, and that the stable-boy has equal cause with his master to be satisfied? Granted that some public works would not have been constructed without this aid, and let man share the glory of such with the ox and horse; does it follow that he could not have accomplished works yet more worthy of himself in that case? When men begin to do, not merely unnecessary or artistic, but luxurious and idle work, with their assistance, it is inevitable that a few do all the exchange work with the oxen, or, in other words, become the slaves of the strongest. Man thus not only works for the animal within him, but, for a symbol of this, he works for the animal without him. Though we have many substantial houses of brick or stone, the prosperity of the farmer is still measured by the degree to which the barn overshadows the house. This town is said to have the largest houses for oxen, cows, and horses hereabouts, and it is not behindhand in its public buildings; but there are very few halls for free worship or free speech in this county. It should not be by their architecture, but why not even by their power of abstract thought, that nations should seek to commemorate themselves? How much more admirable the Bhagvat-Geeta than all the ruins of the East! Towers and temples are the luxury of princes. A simple and independent mind does not toil at the bidding of any prince. Genius is not a retainer to any emperor, nor is its material silver, or gold, or marble, except to a trifling extent. To what end, pray, is so much stone hammered? In Arcadia, when I was there, I did not see any hammering stone. Nations are possessed with an insane ambition to perpetuate the memory of themselves by the amount of hammered stone they leave. What if equal pains

were taken to smooth and polish their manners? One piece of good sense would be more memorable than a monument as high as the moon. I love better to see stones in place. The grandeur of Thebes was a vulgar grandeur. More sensible is a rod of stone wall that bounds an honest man's field than a hundred-gated Thebes that has wandered farther from the true end of life. The religion and civilization which are barbaric and heathenish build splendid temples; but what you might call Christianity does not. Most of the stone a nation hammers goes toward its tomb only. It buries itself alive. As for the Pyramids, there is nothing to wonder at in them so much as the fact that so many men could be found degraded enough to spend their lives constructing a tomb for some ambitious booby, whom it would have been wiser and manlier to have drowned in the Nile, and then given his body to the dogs. I might possibly invent some excuse for them and him, but I have no time for it. As for the religion and love of art of the builders, it is much the same all the world over, whether the building be an Egyptian temple or the United States Bank. It costs more than it comes to. The mainspring is vanity, assisted by the love of garlic and bread and butter. Mr. Balcom, a promising young architect, designs it on the back of his Vitruvius, with hard pencil and ruler, and the job is let out to Dobson & Sons, stonecutters. When the thirty centuries begin to look down on it, mankind begin to look up at it. As for your high towers and monuments, there was a crazy fellow once in this town who undertook to dig through to China, and he got so far that, as he said, he heard the Chinese pots and kettles rattle; but I think that I shall not go out of my way to admire the hole which he made. Many are concerned about the monuments of the West and the East- to know who built them. For my part, I should like to know who in those days did not build them- who were above such trifling. But to proceed with my statistics.

By surveying, carpentry, and day-labor of various other kinds in the village in the meanwhile, for I have as many trades as fingers, I had earned \$13.34. The expense of food for eight months, namely, from July 4th to March 1st, the time when these estimates were made, though I lived there more than two years- not counting potatoes, a little green corn, and some peas, which I had raised, nor considering the value of what was on hand at the last date- was

Rice\$ 1.73 1/2
Molasses 1.73 (Cheapest form of the saccharine.)
Rye meal 1.04 3/4
Indian meal 0.99 3/4 (Cheaper than rye.)
Pork 0.22
(All Experiments Which Failed)
Flour 0.88 (Costs more than Indian meal, both money and trouble.)
Sugar 0.80
Lard 0.65
Apples 0.25
Dried apple 0.22
Sweet potatoes 0.10
One pumpkin 0.06
One watermelon 0.02

Yes, I did eat \$8.74, all told; but I should not thus unblushingly publish my guilt, if I did not know that most of my readers were equally guilty with myself, and that their deeds would look no better in print. The next year I sometimes caught a mess of fish for my dinner, and once I went so far as to slaughter a woodchuck which ravaged my bean-field- effect his transmigration, as a Tartar would say- and devour him, partly for experiment's sake; but though it afforded me a momentary enjoyment, notwithstanding a musky flavor, I saw that the longest use would not make that a good practice, however it might seem to have your woodchucks ready dressed by the village butcher.

Clothing and some incidental expenses within the same dates, though little can be inferred from this item, amounted to

\$ 8.40 3/4

Oil and some household utensils...... 2.00

So that all the pecuniary outgoes, excepting for washing and mending, which for the most part were done out of the house, and their bills have not yet been received- and these are all and more than all the ways by which money necessarily goes out in this part of the world- were

House.....\$ 28.12 1/2

Farm one year..... 14.72 1/2

Food eight months..... 8.74

Clothing, etc., eight months...... 8.40 3/4

Oil, etc., eight months..... 2.00

----- In all.....\$ 61.99 3/4

I address myself now to those of my readers who have a living to get. And to meet this I have for farm produce sold

\$ 23.44

Earned by day-labor..... 13.34

----- In all.....\$ 36.78

which subtracted from the sum of the outgoes leaves a balance of \$25.21 3/4 on the one side- this being very nearly the means with which I started, and the measure of expenses to be incurred- and on the other, beside the leisure and independence and health thus secured, a comfortable house for me as long as I choose to occupy it.

These statistics, however accidental and therefore uninstructive they may appear, as they have a certain completeness, have a certain value also. Nothing was given me of which I have not rendered some account. It appears from the above estimate, that my food alone cost me in money about twenty-seven cents a week. It was, for nearly two years after this,

rye and Indian meal without yeast, potatoes, rice, a very little salt pork, molasses, and salt; and my drink, water. It was fit that I should live on rice, mainly, who love so well the philosophy of India. To meet the objections of some inveterate cavillers, I may as well state, that if I dined out occasionally, as I always had done, and I trust shall have opportunities to do again, it was frequently to the detriment of my domestic arrangements. But the dining out, being, as I have stated, a constant element, does not in the least affect a comparative statement like this.

I learned from my two years' experience that it would cost incredibly little trouble to obtain one's necessary food, even in this latitude; that a man may use as simple a diet as the animals, and yet retain health and strength. I have made a satisfactory dinner, satisfactory on several accounts, simply off a dish of purslane (Portulaca oleracea) which I gathered in my cornfield, boiled and salted. I give the Latin on account of the savoriness of the trivial name. And pray what more can a reasonable man desire, in peaceful times, in ordinary noons, than a sufficient number of ears of green sweet corn boiled, with the addition of salt? Even the little variety which I used was a yielding to the demands of appetite, and not of health. Yet men have come to such a pass that they frequently starve, not for want of necessaries, but for want of luxuries; and I know a good woman who thinks that her son lost his life because he took to drinking water only.

The reader will perceive that I am treating the subject rather from an economic than a dietetic point of view, and he will not venture to put my abstemiousness to the test unless he has a well-stocked larder.

Bread I at first made of pure Indian meal and salt, genuine hoe-cakes, which I baked before my fire out of doors on a shingle or the end of a stick of timber sawed off in building my house; but it was wont to get smoked and to have a piny flavor, I tried flour also; but have at last found a mixture of rye and Indian meal most convenient and agreeable. In cold weather it was no little amusement to bake several small loaves of this in succession, tending and turning them as carefully as an Egyptian his hatching eggs. They were a real cereal fruit which I ripened, and they had to my senses a fragrance like that of other noble fruits, which I kept in as long as possible by wrapping them in cloths. I made a study of the ancient and indispensable art of bread-making, consulting such authorities as offered, going back to the primitive days and first invention of the unleavened kind, when from the wildness of nuts and meats men first reached the mildness and refinement of this diet, and travelling gradually down in my studies through that accidental souring of the dough which, it is supposed, taught the leavening process, and through the various fermentations thereafter, till I came to "good, sweet, wholesome bread," the staff of life. Leaven, which some deem the soul of bread, the spiritus which fills its cellular tissue, which is religiously preserved like the vestal fire- some precious bottleful, I suppose, first brought over in the Mayflower, did the business for America, and its influence is still rising, swelling, spreading, in cerealian billows over the land- this seed I regularly and faithfully procured from the village, till at length one morning I forgot the rules, and scalded my yeast; by which accident I discovered that even this was not indispensable- for my discoveries were not by the synthetic but analytic process- and I have gladly omitted it since, though most housewives earnestly assured me that safe and wholesome bread without yeast might not be, and elderly people prophesied a speedy decay of the vital forces. Yet I find it not to be an essential ingredient, and after going without it for a year am still in the land of the living; and I am glad to escape the trivialness of carrying a bottleful in my pocket, which would sometimes pop and discharge its contents to my discomfiture. It is simpler and more respectable to omit it. Man is an animal who more than any other can adapt himself to all climates and circumstances. Neither did I put any sal-soda, or other acid or alkali, into my bread. It would seem that I made it according to the recipe which Marcus Porcius Cato gave about two centuries before Christ. "Panem depsticium sic facito. Manus mortariumque bene lavato. Farinam in mortarium indito, aquae paulatim addito, subigitoque pulchre. Ubi bene subegeris, defingito, coquitoque sub testu." Which I take to mean,- "Make kneaded bread thus. Wash your hands and trough well. Put the meal into the trough, add water gradually, and knead it thoroughly. When you have kneaded it well, mould it, and bake it under a cover," that is, in a baking-kettle. Not a word about leaven. But I did not always use this staff of life. At one time, owing to the emptiness of my purse, I saw none of it for more than a month.

Every New Englander might easily raise all his own breadstuffs in this land of rye and Indian corn, and not depend on distant and fluctuating markets for them. Yet so far are we from simplicity and independence that, in Concord, fresh and sweet meal is rarely sold in the shops, and hominy and corn in a still coarser form are hardly used by any. For the most part the farmer gives to his cattle and hogs the grain of his own producing, and buys flour, which is at least no more wholesome, at a greater cost, at the store. I saw that I could easily raise my bushel or two of rye and Indian corn, for the former will grow on the poorest land, and the latter does not require the best, and grind them in a hand-mill, and so do without rice and pork; and if I must have some concentrated sweet, I found by experiment that I could make a very good molasses either of pumpkins or beets, and I knew that I needed only to set out a few maples to obtain it more easily still, and while these were growing I could use various substitutes beside those which I have named. "For," as the Forefathers sang,

"we can make liquor to sweeten our lips Of pumpkins and parsnips and walnut-tree chips."

Finally, as for salt, that grossest of groceries, to obtain this might be a fit occasion for a visit to the seashore, or, if I did without it altogether, I should probably drink the less water. I do not learn that the Indians ever troubled themselves to go after it. Thus I could avoid all trade and barter, so far as my food was concerned, and having a shelter already, it would only remain to get clothing and fuel. The pantaloons which I now wear were woven in a farmer's family- thank Heaven there is so much virtue still in man; for I think the fall from the farmer to the operative as great and memorable as that from the man to the farmer;- and in a new country, fuel is an encumbrance. As for a habitat, if I were not permitted still to squat, I might purchase one acre at the same price for which the land I cultivated was sold- namely, eight dollars and eight cents. But as it was, I considered that I enhanced the value of the land by squatting on it.

There is a certain class of unbelievers who sometimes ask me such questions as, if I think that I can live on vegetable food alone; and to strike at the root of the matter at once- for the root is faith- I am accustomed to answer such, that I can live on board nails. If they cannot understand that, they cannot understand much that I have to say. For my part, I am glad to bear of experiments of this kind being tried; as that a young man tried for a fortnight to live on hard, raw corn on the ear, using his teeth for all mortar. The squirrel tribe tried the same and succeeded. The human race is interested in these experiments, though a few old women who are incapacitated for them, or who own their thirds in mills, may be alarmed.

My furniture, part of which I made myself- and the rest cost me nothing of which I have not rendered an accountconsisted of a bed, a table, a desk, three chairs, a looking-glass three inches in diameter, a pair of tongs and andirons, a kettle, a skillet, and a frying-pan, a dipper, a wash-bowl, two knives and forks, three plates, one cup, one spoon, a jug for oil, a jug for molasses, and a japanned lamp. None is so poor that he need sit on a pumpkin. That is shiftlessness. There is a plenty of such chairs as I like best in the village garrets to be had for taking them away. Furniture! Thank God, I can sit and I can stand without the aid of a furniture warehouse. What man but a philosopher would not be ashamed to see his furniture packed in a cart and going up country exposed to the light of heaven and the eyes of men, a beggarly account of empty boxes? That is Spaulding's furniture. I could never tell from inspecting such a load whether it belonged to a so-called rich man or a poor one; the owner always seemed poverty-stricken. Indeed, the more you have of such things the poorer you are. Each load looks as if it contained the contents of a dozen shanties; and if one shanty is poor, this is a dozen times as poor. Pray, for what do we move ever but to get rid of our furniture, our exuviae; at last to go from this world to another newly furnished, and leave this to be burned? It is the same as if all these traps were buckled to a man's belt, and he could not move over the rough country where our lines are cast without dragging them-dragging his trap. He was a lucky fox that left his tail in the trap. The muskrat will gnaw his third leg off to be free. No wonder man has lost his elasticity. How often he is at a dead set! "Sir, if I may be so bold, what do you mean by a dead set?" If you are a seer, whenever you meet a man you will see all that he owns, ay, and much that he pretends to disown, behind him, even to his kitchen furniture and all the trumpery which he saves and will not burn, and he will appear to be harnessed to it and making what headway he can. I think that the man is at a dead set who has got through a knot-hole or gateway

where his sledge load of furniture cannot follow him. I cannot but feel compassion when I hear some trig, compactlooking man, seemingly free, all girded and ready, speak of his "furniture," as whether it is insured or not. "But what shall I do with my furniture?"- My gay butterfly is entangled in a spider's web then. Even those who seem for a long while not to have any, if you inquire more narrowly you will find have some stored in somebody's barn. I look upon England today as an old gentleman who is travelling with a great deal of baggage, trumpery which has accumulated from long housekeeping, which he has not the courage to burn; great trunk, little trunk, bandbox, and bundle. Throw away the first three at least. It would surpass the powers of a well man nowadays to take up his bed and walk, and I should certainly advise a sick one to lay down his bed and run. When I have met an immigrant tottering under a bundle which contained his all- looking like an enormous well which had grown out of the nape of his neck- I have pitied him, not because that was his all, but because he had all that to carry. If I have got to drag my trap, I will take care that it be a light one and do not nip me in a vital part. But perchance it would be wisest never to put one's paw into it.

I would observe, by the way, that it costs me nothing for curtains, for I have no gazers to shut out but the sun and moon, and I am willing that they should look in. The moon will not sour milk nor taint meat of mine, nor will the sun injure my furniture or fade my carpet; and if he is sometimes too warm a friend, I find it still better economy to retreat behind some curtain which nature has provided, than to add a single item to the details of housekeeping. A lady once offered me a mat, but as I had no room to spare within the house, nor time to spare within or without to shake it, I declined it, preferring to wipe my feet on the sod before my door. It is best to avoid the beginnings of evil.

Not long since I was present at the auction of a deacon's effects, for his life had not been ineffectual:

"The evil that men do lives after them."

As usual, a great proportion was trumpery which had begun to accumulate in his father's day. Among the rest was a dried tapeworm. And now, after lying half a century in his garret and other dust holes, these things were not burned; instead of a bonfire, or purifying destruction of them, there was an auction, or increasing of them. The neighbors eagerly collected to view them, bought them all, and carefully transported them to their garrets and dust holes, to lie there till their estates are settled, when they will start again. When a man dies he kicks the dust.

The customs of some savage nations might, perchance, be profitably imitated by us, for they at least go through the semblance of casting their slough annually; they have the idea of the thing, whether they have the reality or not. Would it not be well if we were to celebrate such a "busk," or "feast of first fruits," as Bartram describes to have been the custom of the Mucclasse Indians? "When a town celebrates the busk," says he, "having previously provided themselves with new clothes, new pots, pans, and other household utensils and furniture, they collect all their worn out clothes and other despicable things, sweep and cleanse their houses, squares, and the whole town of their filth, which with all the remaining grain and other old provisions they cast together into one common heap, and consume it with fire. After having taken medicine, and fasted for three days, all the fire in the town is extinguished. During this fast they abstain from the gratification of every appetite and passion whatever. A general amnesty is proclaimed; all malefactors may return to their town."

"On the fourth morning, the high priest, by rubbing dry wood together, produces new fire in the public square, from whence every habitation in the town is supplied with the new and pure flame." They then feast on the new corn and fruits, and dance and sing for three days, "and the four following days they receive visits and rejoice with their friends from neighboring towns who have in like manner purified and prepared themselves."

The Mexicans also practised a similar purification at the end of every fifty-two years, in the belief that it was time for the world to come to an end.

I have scarcely heard of a truer sacrament, that is, as the dictionary defines it,- outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," than this, and I have no doubt that they were originally inspired directly from Heaven to do thus, though they have no Biblical record of the revelation.

For more than five years I maintained myself thus solely by the labor of my hands, and I found that, by working about six weeks in a year, I could meet all the expenses of living. The whole of my winters, as well as most of my summers, I had free and clear for study. I have thoroughly tried school- keeping, and found that my expenses were in proportion, or rather out of proportion, to my income, for I was obliged to dress and train, not to say think and believe, accordingly, and I lost my time into the bargain. As I did not teach for the good of my fellow-men, but simply for a livelihood, this was a failure. I have tried trade; but I found that it would take ten years to get under way in that, and that then I should probably be on my way to the devil. I was actually afraid that I might by that time be doing what is called a good business. When formerly I was looking about to see what I could do for a living, some sad experience in conforming to the wishes of friends being fresh in my mind to tax my ingenuity, I thought often and seriously of picking huckleberries; that surely I could do, and its small profits might suffice- for my greatest skill has been to want but little- so little capital it required, so little distraction from my wonted moods, I foolishly thought. While my acquaintances went unhesitatingly into trade or the professions, I contemplated this occupation as most like theirs; ranging the hills all summer to pick the berries which came in my way, and thereafter carelessly dispose of them; so, to keep the flocks of Admetus. I also dreamed that I might gather the wild herbs, or carry evergreens to such villagers as loved to be reminded of the woods, even to the city, by hay-cart loads. But I have since learned that trade curses everything it handles; and though you trade in messages from heaven, the whole curse of trade attaches to the business.

As I preferred some things to others, and especially valued my freedom, as I could fare hard and yet succeed well, I did not wish to spend my time in earning rich carpets or other fine furniture, or delicate cookery, or a house in the Grecian or the Gothic style just yet. If there are any to whom it is no interruption to acquire these things, and who know how to use them when acquired, I relinquish to them the pursuit. Some are "industrious," and appear to love labor for its own sake, or perhaps because it keeps them out of worse mischief; to such I have at present nothing to say. Those who would not know what to do with more leisure than they now enjoy, I might advise to work twice as hard as they dowork till they pay for themselves, and get their free papers. For myself I found that the occupation of a day-laborer was the most independent of any, especially as it required only thirty or forty days in a year to support one. The laborer's day ends with the going down of the sun, and he is then free to devote himself to his chosen pursuit, independent of his labor; but his employer, who speculates from month to month, has no respite from one end of the year to the other. In short, I am convinced, both by faith and experience, that to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely; as the pursuits of the simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial. It is not necessary that a man should earn his living by the sweat of his brow, unless he sweats easier than I do. One young man of my acquaintance, who has inherited some acres, told me that he thought he should live as I did, if he had the means. I would not have any one adopt my mode of living on any account; for, beside that before he has fairly learned it I may have found out another for myself, I desire that there may be as many different persons in the world as possible; but I would have each one be very careful to find out and pursue his own way, and not his father's or his mother's or his neighbor's instead. The youth may build or plant or sail, only let him not be hindered from doing that which he tells me he would like to do. It is by a mathematical point only that we are wise, as the sailor or the fugitive slave keeps the polestar in his eye; but that is sufficient guidance for all our life. We may not arrive at our port within a calculable period, but we would preserve the true course.

Undoubtedly, in this case, what is true for one is truer still for a thousand, as a large house is not proportionally more expensive than a small one, since one roof may cover, one cellar underlie, and one wall separate several apartments. But for my part, I preferred the solitary dwelling. Moreover, it will commonly be cheaper to build the whole yourself

than to convince another of the advantage of the common wall; and when you have done this, the common partition, to be much cheaper, must be a thin one, and that other may prove a bad neighbor, and also not keep his side in repair. The only cooperation which is commonly possible is exceedingly partial and superficial; and what little true cooperation there is, is as if it were not, being a harmony inaudible to men. If a man has faith, he will cooperate with equal faith everywhere; if he has not faith, he will continue to live like the rest of the world, whatever company he is joined to. To cooperate in the highest as well as the lowest sense, means to get our living together. I heard it proposed lately that two young men should travel together over the world, the one without money, earning his means as he went, before the mast and behind the plow, the other carrying a bill of exchange in his pocket. It was easy to see that they could not long be companions or cooperate, since one would not operate at all. They would part at the first interesting crisis in their adventures. Above all, as I have implied, the man who goes alone can start today; but he who travels with another must wait till that other is ready, and it may be a long time before they get off.

But all this is very selfish, I have heard some of my townsmen say. I confess that I have hither- to indulged very little in philanthropic enterprises. I have made some sacrifices to a sense of duty, and among others have sacrificed this pleasure also. There are those who have used all their arts to persuade me to undertake the support of some poor family in the town; and if I had nothing to do- for the devil finds employment for the idle- I might try my hand at some such pastime as that. However, when I have thought to indulge myself in this respect, and lay their Heaven under an obligation by maintaining certain poor persons in all respects as comfortably as I maintain myself, and have even ventured so far as to make them the offer, they have one and all unhesitatingly preferred to remain poor. While my townsmen and women are devoted in so many ways to the good of their fellows, I trust that one at least may be spared to other and less humane pursuits. You must have a genius for charity as well as for anything else. As for Doing-good, that is one of the professions which are full. Moreover, I have tried it fairly, and, strange as it may seem, am satisfied that it does not agree with my constitution. Probably I should not consciously and deliberately forsake my particular calling to do the good which society demands of me, to save the universe from annihilation; and I believe that a like but infinitely greater steadfastness elsewhere is all that now preserves it. But I would not stand between any man and his genius; and to him who does this work, which I decline, with his whole heart and soul and life, I would say, Persevere, even if the world call it doing evil, as it is most likely they will.

I am far from supposing that my case is a peculiar one; no doubt many of my readers would make a similar defence. At doing something- I will not engage that my neighbors shall pronounce it good- I do not hesitate to say that I should be a capital fellow to hire; but what that is, it is for my employer to find out. What good I do, in the common sense of that word, must be aside from my main path, and for the most part wholly unintended. Men say, practically, Begin where you are and such as you are, without aiming mainly to become of more worth, and with kindness aforethought go about doing good. If I were to preach at all in this strain, I should say rather, Set about being good. As if the sun should stop when he had kindled his fires up to the splendor of a moon or a star of the sixth magnitude, and go about like a Robin Goodfellow, peeping in at every cottage window, inspiring lunatics, and tainting meats, and making darkness visible, instead of steadily increasing his genial heat and beneficence till he is of such brightness that no mortal can look him in the face, and then, and in the meanwhile too, going about the world in his own orbit, doing it good, or rather, as a truer philosophy has discovered, the world going about him getting good. When Phaeton, wishing to prove his heavenly birth by his beneficence, had the sun's chariot but one day, and drove out of the beaten track, he burned several blocks of houses in the lower streets of heaven, and scorched the surface of the earth, and dried up every spring, and made the great desert of Sahara, till at length Jupiter hurled him headlong to the earth with a thunderbolt, and the sun, through grief at his death, did not shine for a year.

There is no odor so bad as that which arises from goodness tainted. It is human, it is divine, carrion. If I knew for a certainty that a man was coming to my house with the conscious design of doing me good, I should run for my life, as from that dry and parching wind of the African deserts called the simoom, which fills the mouth and nose and ears and

eyes with dust till you are suffocated, for fear that I should get some of his good done to me- some of its virus mingled with my blood. No- in this case I would rather suffer evil the natural way. A man is not a good man to me because he will feed me if I should be starving, or warm me if I should be freezing, or pull me out of a ditch if I should ever fall into one. I can find you a Newfoundland dog that will do as much. Philanthropy is not love for one's fellow-man in the broadest sense. Howard was no doubt an exceedingly kind and worthy man in his way, and has his reward; but, comparatively speaking, what are a hundred Howards to us, if their philanthropy do not help us in our best estate, when we are most worthy to be helped? I never heard of a philanthropic meeting in which it was sincerely proposed to do any good to me, or the like of me.

The Jesuits were quite balked by those indians who, being burned at the stake, suggested new modes of torture to their tormentors. Being superior to physical suffering, it sometimes chanced that they were superior to any consolation which the missionaries could offer; and the law to do as you would be done by fell with less persuasiveness on the ears of those who, for their part, did not care how they were done by, who loved their enemies after a new fashion, and came very near freely forgiving them all they did.

Be sure that you give the poor the aid they most need, though it be your example which leaves them far behind. If you give money, spend yourself with it, and do not merely abandon it to them. We make curious mistakes sometimes. Often the poor man is not so cold and hungry as he is dirty and ragged and gross. It is partly his taste, and not merely his misfortune. If you give him money, he will perhaps buy more rags with it. I was wont to pity the clumsy Irish laborers who cut ice on the pond, in such mean and ragged clothes, while I shivered in my more tidy and somewhat more fashionable garments, till, one bitter cold day, one who had slipped into the water came to my house to warm him, and I saw him strip off three pairs of pants and two pairs of stockings ere he got down to the skin, though they were dirty and ragged enough, it is true, and that he could afford to refuse the extra garments which I offered him, he had so many intra ones. This ducking was the very thing he needed. Then I began to pity myself, and I saw that it would be a greater charity to bestow on me a flannel shirt than a whole slop-shop on him. There are a thousand hacking at the branches of evil to one who is striking at the root, and it may be that he who bestows the largest amount of time and money on the needy is doing the most by his mode of life to produce that misery which he strives in vain to relieve. It is the pious slave-breeder devoting the proceeds of every tenth slave to buy a Sunday's liberty for the rest. Some show their kindness to the poor by employing them in their kitchens. Would they not be kinder if they employed themselves there? You boast of spending a tenth part of your income in charity; maybe you should spend the nine tenths so, and done with it. Society recovers only a tenth part of the property then. Is this owing to the generosity of him in whose possession it is found, or to the remissness of the officers of justice?

Philanthropy is almost the only virtue which is sufficiently appreciated by mankind. Nay, it is greatly overrated; and it is our selfishness which overrates it. A robust poor man, one sunny day here in Concord, praised a fellow-townsman to me, because, as he said, he was kind to the poor; meaning himself. The kind uncles and aunts of the race are more esteemed than its true spiritual fathers and mothers. I once heard a reverend lecturer on England, a man of learning and intelligence, after enumerating her scientific, literary, and political worthies, Shakespeare, Bacon, Cromwell, Milton, Newton, and others, speak next of her Christian heroes, whom, as if his profession required it of him, he elevated to a place far above all the rest, as the greatest of the great. They were Penn, Howard, and Mrs. Fry. Every one must feel the falsehood and cant of this. The last were not England's best men and women; only, perhaps, her best philanthropists.

I would not subtract anything from the praise that is due to philanthropy, but merely demand justice for all who by their lives and works are a blessing to mankind. I do not value chiefly a man's uprightness and benevolence, which are, as it were, his stem and leaves. Those plants of whose greenness withered we make herb tea for the sick serve but a humble use, and are most employed by quacks. I want the flower and fruit of a man; that some fragrance be wafted over from him to me, and some ripeness flavor our intercourse. His goodness must not be a partial and transitory act, but a constant superfluity, which costs him nothing and of which he is unconscious. This is a charity that hides a multitude of

sins. The philanthropist too often surrounds mankind with the remembrance of his own castoff griefs as an atmosphere, and calls it sympathy. We should impart our courage, and not our despair, our health and ease, and not our disease, and take care that this does not spread by contagion. From what southern plains comes up the voice of wailing? Under what latitudes reside the heathen to whom we would send light? Who is that intemperate and brutal man whom we would redeem? If anything ail a man, so that he does not perform his functions, if he have a pain in his bowels even- for that is the seat of sympathy- he forthwith sets about reforming- the world. Being a microcosm himself, he discovers- and it is a true discovery, and he is the man to make it- that the world has been eating green apples; to his eyes, in fact, the globe itself is a great green apple, which there is danger awful to think of that the children of men will nibble before it is ripe; and straightway his drastic philanthropy seeks out the Esquimau and the Patagonian, and embraces the populous Indian and Chinese villages; and thus, by a few years of philanthropic activity, the powers in the meanwhile using him for their own ends, no doubt, he cures himself of his dyspepsia, the globe acquires a faint blush on one or both of its cheeks, as if it were beginning to be ripe, and life loses its crudity and is once more sweet and wholesome to live. I never dreamed of any enormity greater than I have committed. I never knew, and never shall know, a worse man than myself.

I believe that what so saddens the reformer is not his sympathy with his fellows in distress, but, though he be the holiest son of God, is his private ail. Let this be righted, let the spring come to him, the morning rise over his couch, and he will forsake his generous companions without apology. My excuse for not lecturing against the use of tobacco is, that I never chewed it, that is a penalty which reformed tobacco-chewers have to pay; though there are things enough I have chewed which I could lecture against. If you should ever be betrayed into any of these philanthropies, do not let your left hand know what your right hand does, for it is not worth knowing. Rescue the drowning and tie your shoestrings. Take your time, and set about some free labor.

Our manners have been corrupted by communication with the saints. Our hymn-books resound with a melodious cursing of God and enduring Him forever. One would say that even the prophets and redeemers had rather consoled the fears than confirmed the hopes of man. There is nowhere recorded a simple and irrepressible satisfaction with the gift of life, any memorable praise of God. All health and success does me good, however far off and withdrawn it may appear; all disease and failure helps to make me sad and does me evil, however much sympathy it may have with me or I with it. If, then, we would indeed restore mankind by truly Indian, botanic, magnetic, or natural means, let us first be as simple and well as Nature ourselves, dispel the clouds which hang over our own brows, and take up a little life into our pores. Do not stay to be an overseer of the poor, but endeavor to become one of the worthies of the world.

I read in the Gulistan, or Flower Garden, of Sheik Sadi of Shiraz, that "they asked a wise man, saying: Of the many celebrated trees which the Most High God has created lofty and umbrageous, they call none azad, or free, excepting the cypress, which bears no fruit; what mystery is there in this? He replied: Each has its appropriate produce, and appointed season, during the continuance of which it is fresh and blooming, and during their absence dry and withered; to neither of which states is the cypress exposed, being always flourishing; and of this nature are the azads, or religious independents.- Fix not thy heart on that which is transitory; for the Dijlah, or Tigris, will continue to flow through Bagdad after the race of caliphs is extinct: if thy hand has plenty, be liberal as the date tree; but if it affords nothing to give away, be an azad, or free man, like the cypress."

From "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For" in Walden:

AT A CERTAIN season of our life we are accustomed to consider every spot as the possible site of a house. I have thus surveyed the country on every side within a dozen miles of where I live. In imagination I have bought all the farms in succession, for all were to be bought, and I knew their price. I walked over each farmer's premises, tasted his wild apples, discoursed on husbandry with him, took his farm at his price, at any price, mortgaging it to him in my mind; even put a higher price on it- took everything but a deed of it-took his word for his deed, for I dearly love to talk- cultivated it, and him too to some extent, I trust, and withdrew when I had enjoyed it long enough, leaving him to carry it on. This

experience entitled me to be regarded as a sort of real-estate broker by my friends. Wherever I sat, there I might live, and the landscape radiated from me accordingly. What is a house but a sedes, a seat?-better if a country seat. I discovered many a site for a house not likely to be soon improved, which some might have thought too far from the village, but to my eyes the village was too far from it. Well, there I might live, I said; and there I did live, for an hour, a summer and a winter life; saw how I could let the years run off, buffet the winter through, and see the spring come in. The future inhabitants of this region, wherever they may place their houses, may be sure that they have been anticipated. An afternoon sufficed to lay out the land into orchard, wood-lot, and pasture, and to decide what fine oaks or pines should be left to stand before the door, and whence each blasted tree could be seen to the best advantage; and then I let it lie, fallow, perchance, for a man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone.

My imagination carried me so far that I even had the refusal of several farms- the refusal was all I wanted- but I never got my fingers burned by actual possession. The nearest that I came to actual possession was when I bought the Hollowell place, and had begun to sort my seeds, and collected materials with which to make a wheelbarrow to carry it on or off with; but before the owner gave me a deed of it, his wife- every man has such a wife- changed her mind and wished to keep it, and he offered me ten dollars to release him. Now, to speak the truth, I had but ten cents in the world, and it surpassed my arithmetic to tell, if I was that man who had ten cents, or who had a farm, or ten dollars, or all together. However, I let him keep the ten dollars and the farm too, for I had carried it far enough; or rather, to be generous, I sold him the farm for just what I gave for it, and, as he was not a rich man, made him a present of ten dollars, and still had my ten cents, and seeds, and materials for a wheelbarrow left. I found thus that I had been a rich man without any damage to my poverty. But I retained the landscape, and I have since annually carried off what it yielded without a wheelbarrow. With respect to landscapes,

"I am monarch of all I survey, My right there is none to dispute."

I have frequently seen a poet withdraw, having enjoyed the most valuable part of a farm, while the crusty farmer supposed that he had got a few wild apples only. Why, the owner does not know it for many years when a poet has put his farm in rhyme, the most admirable kind of invisible fence, has fairly impounded it, milked it, skimmed it, and got all the cream, and left the farmer only the skimmed milk.

The real attractions of the Hollowell farm, to me, were: its complete retirement, being, about two miles from the village, half a mile from the nearest neighbor, and separated from the highway by abroad field; its bounding on the river, which the owner said protected it by its fogs from frosts in the spring, though that was nothing tome; the gray color and ruinous state of the house and barn, and the dilapidated fences, which put such an interval between me and the last occupant; the hollow and lichen-covered apple trees, nawed by rabbits, showing what kind of neighbors I should have; but above all, the recollection I had of it from my earliest voyages up the river, when the house was concealed behind a dense grove of red maples, through which I heard the house-dog bark. I was in haste to buy it, before the proprietor finished getting out some rocks, cutting down the hollow apple trees, and grubbing up some young birches which had sprung up in the pasture, or, in short, had made any more of his improvements. To enjoy these advantages I was ready to carry it on; like Atlas, to take the world on my shoulders- I never heard what compensation he received for that- and do all those things which had no other motive or excuse but that I might pay for it and be unmolested in my possession of it; for I knew all the while that it would yield the most abundant crop of the kind I wanted, if I could only afford to let it alone. But it turned out as I have said.

All that I could say, then, with respect to farming on a large scale- I have always cultivated a garden- was, that I had had my seeds ready. Many think that seeds improve with age. I have no doubt that time discriminates between the good and the bad; and when at last I shall plant, I shall be less likely to be disappointed. But I would say to my fellows, once for all,

As long as possible live free and uncommitted. It makes but little difference whether you are committed to a farm or the county jail.

Old Cato, whose "De Re Rustica" is my "Cultivator," says- and the only translation I have seen makes sheer nonsense of the passage-"When you think of getting a farm turn it thus in your mind, not to buy greedily; nor spare your pains to look at it, and do not think it enough to go round it once. The oftener you go there the more it will please you, if it is good." I think I shall not buy greedily, but go round and round it as long as I live, and be buried in it first, that it may please me the more at last.

The present was my next experiment of this kind, which I purpose to describe more at length, for convenience putting the experience of two years into one. As I have said, I do not propose to write anode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, standing on his roost, if only to wake my neighbors up.

When first I took up my abode in the woods, that is, began to spend my nights as well as days there, which, by accident, was on Independence Day, or the Fourth of July, 1845, my house was not finished for winter, but was merely a defence against the rain, without plastering or chimney, the walls being of rough, weather-stained boards, with wide chinks, which made it cool at night. The upright white hewn studs and freshly planed door and windowcasings gave it a clean and airy look, especially in the morning, when its timbers were saturated with dew, so that I fancied that by noon some sweet gum would exude from them. To my imagination it retained throughout the day more or less of this auroral character, reminding me of a certain house on a mountain which I had visited a year before. This was an airy and unplastered cabin, fit to entertain a travelling god, and where a goddess might trail her garments. The winds which passed over my dwelling were such as sweep over the ridges of mountains, bearing the broken strains, or celestial parts only, of terrestrial music. The morning wind forever blows, the poem of creation is uninterrupted; but few are the ears that hear it. Olympus is but the outside of the earth everywhere.

The only house I had been the owner of before, if I except a boat, was a tent, which I used occasionally when making excursions in the summer, and this is still rolled up in my garret; but the boat, after passing from hand to hand, has gone down the stream of time. With this more substantial shelter about me, I had made some progress toward settling in the world. This frame, so slightly clad, was a sort of crystallization around me, and reacted on the builder. It was suggestive somewhat as a picture in outlines. I did not need To go outdoors to take the air, for the atmosphere within had lost none of its freshness. It was not so much within doors as behind a door where I sat, even in the rainiest weather. The Harivansa says, "An abode without birds is like a meat without seasoning." Such was not my abode, for I found myself suddenly neighbor to the birds; not by having imprisoned one, but having caged myself near them. I was not only nearer to some of those which commonly frequent the garden and the orchard, but to those smaller and more thrilling songsters of the forest which never, or rarely, serenade a villager- the woodthrush, the veery, the scarlet tanager, the field sparrow, the whip-poor-will, and many others.

I was seated by the shore of a small pond, about a mile and a half south of the village of Concord and somewhat higher than it, in the midst of an extensive wood between that town and Lincoln, and about two miles south of that our only field known to fame, Concord Battle Ground; but I was so low in the woods that the opposite shore, half a mile off, like the rest, covered with wood, was my most distant horizon. For the first week, whenever I looked out on the pond it impressed me like a tarn high up on the side of a mountain, its bottom far above the surface of other lakes, and, as the sun arose, I saw it throwing off its nightly clothing of mist, and here and there, by degrees, its soft ripples or its smooth reflecting surface was revealed, while the mists, like ghosts, were stealthily withdrawing in every direction into the woods, as at the breaking up of some nocturnal conventicle. The very dew seemed to hang upon the trees later into the day than usual, as on the sides of mountains.

This small lake was of most value as a neighbor in the intervals of a gentle rain-storm in August, when, both air and water being perfectly still, but the sky overcast, mid-afternoon had all the serenity of evening, and the wood thrush sang around, and was heard from shore to shore. A lake like this is never smoother than at such a time; and the clear portion of the air above it being, shallow and darkened by clouds, the water, full of light and reflections, becomes a lower heaven itself so much the more important. From a hill-top near by, where the wood had been recently cut off, there was a pleasing vista southward across the pond, through a wide indentation in the hills which form the shore there, where their opposite sides sloping toward each other suggested a stream flowing out in that direction through a wooded valley, but stream there was none. That way I looked between and over the near green hills to some distant and higher ones in the horizon, tinged with blue. Indeed, by standing on tiptoe I could catch a glimpse of some of the peaks of the still bluer and more distant mountain ranges in the northwest, those true-blue coins from heaven's own mint, and also of some portion of the village. But in other directions, even from this point, I could not see over or beyond the woods which surrounded me. It is well to have some water in your neighborhood, to give buoyancy to and float the earth. One value even of the smallest well is, that when you look into it you see that earth is not continent but insular. This is as important as that it keeps butter cool. When I looked across the pond from this peak toward the Sudbury meadows, which in time of flood I distinguished elevated perhaps by a mirage in their seething valley, like a coin in a basin, all the earth beyond the pond appeared like a thin crust insulated and floated even by this small sheet of interverting water, and I was reminded that this on which I dwelt was but dry land.

Though the view from my door was still more contracted, I did not feel crowded or confined in the least. There was pasture enough for my magination. The low shrub oak plateau to which the opposite shore arose stretched away toward the prairies of the West and the steppes of Tartary, affording ample room for all the roving families of men. "There are none happy in the world but beings who enjoy freely a vast horizon"- said Damodara, when his herds required new and larger pastures.

Both place and time were changed, and I dwelt nearer to those parts of the universe and to those eras in history which had most attracted me. Where I lived was as far off as many a region viewed nightly by astronomers. We are wont to imagine rare and delectable places in some remote and more celestial corner of the system, behind the constellation of Cassiopeia's Chair, far from noise and disturbance. I discovered that my house actually had its site in such a withdrawn, but forever new and unprofaned, part of the universe. If it were worth the while to settle in those parts near to the Pleiades or the Hyades, to Aldebaran or Altair, then I was really there, or at an equal remoteness from the life which I had left behind, dwindled and twinkling with as fine a ray to my nearest neighbor, and to be seen only in moonless nights by him. Such was that part of creation where I had squatted;

"There was a shepherd that did live, And held his thoughts as high As were the mounts whereon his flocks Did hourly feed him by."

What should we think of the shepherd's life if his flocks always wandered to higher pastures than his thoughts?

Every morning was a cheerful invitation to make my life of equal simplicity, and I may say innocence, with Nature herself. I have been as sincere a worshipper of Aurora as the Greeks. I got up early and bathed in the pond; that was a religious exercise, and one of the best things which I did. They say that characters were engraven on the bathing tub of King Tching-thang to this effect: "Renew thyself completely each day; do it again, and again, and forever again." I can understand that. Morning brings back the heroic ages. I was as much affected by the faint burn of a mosquito making its invisible and unimaginable tour through my apartment at earliest dawn, when I was sailing with door and windows open, as I could be by any trumpet that ever sang of fame. It was Homer's requiem; itself an Iliad and Odyssey in the air, singing its own wrath and wanderings. There was something cosmical about it; a standing advertisement, till forbidden, of the everlasting vigor and fertility of the world. The morning, which is the most memorable season of the day, is the awakening hour. Then there is least somnolence in us; and for an hour, at least, some part of us awakes which slumbers

all the rest of the day and night. Little is to be expected of that day, if it can be called a day, to which we are not awakened by our Genius, but by the mechanical nudgings of some servitor, are not awakened by our own newly acquired force and aspirations from within, accompanied by the undulations of celestial music, instead of factory bells, and a fragrance filling the air- to a higher life than we fell asleep from; and thus the darkness bear its fruit, and prove itself to be good, no less than the light. That man who does not believe that each day contains an earlier, more sacred, and auroral hour than he has yet profaned, has despaired of life, and is pursuing a descending and darkening way. After a partial cessation of his sensuous life, the soul of man, or its organs rather, are reinvigorated each day, and his Genius tries again what noble life it can make. All memorable events, I should say, transpire in morning time and in a morning atmosphere. The Vedas say, "All intelligences awake with the morning." Poetry and art, and the faire stand most memorable of the actions of men, date from such an hour. All poets and heroes, like Memnon, are the children of Aurora, and emit their music at sunrise. To him whose elastic and vigorous thought keeps pace with the sun, the day is a perpetual morning. It matters not what the clocks say or the attitudes and labors of men. Morning is when I am awake and there is a dawn in me. Moral reform is the effort to throw off sleep. Why is it that men give so poor an account of their day if they have not been slumbering? They are not such poor calculators. If they had not been overcome with drowsiness, they would have performed something. The millions are awake enough for physical labor; but only one in a million is awake enough for effective intellectual exertion, only one in a hundred millions to a poetic or divine life. To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was guite awake. How could I have looked him in the face?

We must learn to reawaken and keep ourselves awake, not by mechanical aids, but by an infinite expectation of the dawn, which does not forsake us in our soundest sleep. I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so to make a few objects beautiful; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do. To affect the quality of the day, that is the highest of arts. Every man is tasked to make his life, even in its details, worthy of the contemplation of his most elevated and critical hour. If we refused, or rather used up, such paltry information as we get, the oracles would distinctly inform us how this might be done.

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan- like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion. For most men, it appears to me, are in a strange uncertainty about it, whether it is of the devil or of God, and have somewhat hastily concluded that it is the chief end of man here to "glorify God and enjoy him forever."

Still we live meanly, like ants; though the fable tells us that we were long ago changed into men; like pygmies we fight with cranes; it is error upon error, and clout upon clout, and our best virtue has for its occasion a superfluous and evitable wretchedness. Our life is frittered away by detail. An honest man has hardly need to count more than his ten fingers, or in extreme cases he may add his ten toes, and lump the rest. Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb-nail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life, such are the clouds and storms and quicksands and thousand-and-one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom and not make his port at all, by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator indeed who succeeds. Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in proportion. Our life is like a German Confederacy, made up of petty states, with its boundary

forever fluctuating, so that even a German cannot tell you how it is bounded at any moment. The nation itself, with all its so- called internal improvements, which, by the way are all external and superficial, is just such an unwieldy and overgrown establishment, cluttered with furniture and tripped up by its own traps, ruined by luxury and heedless expense, by want of calculation and a worthy aim, as the million households in the land; and the only cure for it, as for them, is in a rigid economy, a stern and more than Spartan simplicity of life and elevation of purpose. It lives too fast. Men think that it is essential that the Nation have commerce, and export ice, and talk through a telegraph, and ride thirty miles an hour, without a doubt, whether they do or not; but whether we should live like baboons or like men, is a little uncertain. If we do not get out sleepers, and forge rails, and devote days and nights to the work, but go to tinkering upon our lives to improve them, who will build railroads? And if railroads are not built, how shall we get to heaven in season? But if we stay at home and mind our business, who will want railroads? We do not ride on the railroad; it rides upon us. Did you ever think what those sleepers are that underlie the railroad? Each one is a man, an Irishman, or a Yankee man. The rails are laid on them, and they are covered with sand, and the cars run smoothly over them. They are sound sleepers, I assure you. And every few years a new lot is laid down and run over; so that, if some have the pleasure of riding on a rail, others have the misfortune to be ridden upon. And when they run over a man that is walking in his sleep, a supernumerary sleeper in the wrong position, and wake him up, they suddenly stop the cars, and make a hue and cry about it, as if this were an exception. I am glad to know that it takes a gang of men for every five miles to keep the sleepers down and level in their beds as it is, for this is a sign that they may sometime get up again.

Why should we live with such hurry and waste of life? We are determined to be starved before we are hungry. Men say that a stitchin time saves nine, and so they take a thousand stitches today to save nine tomorrow. As for work, we haven't any of any consequence. We have the Saint Vitus' dance, and cannot possibly keep our heads still. If I should only give a few pulls at the parish bell-rope, as for a fire, that is, without setting the bell, there is hardly a man on his farm in the outskirts of Concord, notwithstanding that press of engagements which was his excuse so many times this morning, nor a boy, nor a woman, I might almost say, but would forsake all and follow that sound, not mainly to save property from the flames, but, if we will confess the truth, much more to see it burn, since burn it must, and we, be it known, did not set it on fire- or to see it put out, and have a hand in it, if that is done as handsomely; yes, even if it were the parish church itself. Hardly a man takes a half-hour's nap after dinner, but when he wakes he holds up his head and asks, "What's the news?" as if the rest of mankind had stood his sentinels. Some give directions to be waked every half-hour, doubtless for no other purpose; and then, to pay for it, they tell what they have dreamed. After a night's sleep the news is as indispensable as the breakfast. "Pray tell me anything new that has happened to a man anywhere on this globe"- and he reads it over his coffee and rolls, that a man has had his eyes gouged out this morning on the Wachito River; never dreaming the while that he lives in the dark unfathomed mammoth cave of this world, and has but the rudiment of an eye himself.

For my part, I could easily do without the post-office. I think that there are very few important communications made through it. To speak critically, I never received more than one or two letters in my life- I wrote this some years ago- that were worth the postage. The penny-post is, commonly, an institution through which you seriously offer a man that penny for his thoughts which is so often safely offered in jest. And I am sure that I never read any memorable news in a newspaper. If we read of one man robbed, or murdered, or killed by accident, or one house burned, or one vessel wrecked, or one steamboat blown up, or one cow run over on the Western Railroad, or one mad dog killed, or one lot of grasshoppers in the winter- we never need read of another. One is enough. If you are acquainted with the principle, what do you care for a myriad instances and applications? To a philosopher all news, as it is called, is gossip, and they who edit and read it are old women over their tea. Yet not a few are greedy after this gossip. There was such a rush, as I hear, the other day at one of the offices to learn the foreign news by the last arrival, that several large squares of plate glass belonging to the establishment were broken by the pressure- news which I seriously think a ready wit might write a twelve-month, or twelve years, beforehand with sufficient accuracy. As for Spain, for instance, if you know how to throw in Don Carlos and the Infanta, and Don Pedro and Seville and Granada, from time to time in the right proportions- they may have changed the names a little since I saw the papers- and serve up a bull-fight when other entertainments fail, it will be true to the letter, and give us as good an idea of the exact state or ruin of things in Spain as the most succinct and lucid reports under this head in the newspapers: and as for England, almost the last significant scrap of news from that quarter was the revolution of 1649; and if you have learned the history of her crops for an average year, you never need attend to that thing again, unless your speculations are of a merely pecuniary character. If one may judge who rarely looks into the newspapers, nothing new does ever happen in foreign parts, a French revolution not excepted.

What news! how much more important to know what that is which was never old! "Kieou-he-yu (great dignitary of the state of Wei) sent a man to Khoung-tseu to know his news. Khoung-tseu caused the messenger to be seated near him, and questioned him in these terms: What is your master doing? The messenger answered with respect: My master desires to diminish the number of his faults, but he cannot come to the end of them. The messenger being gone, the philosopher remarked: What a worthy messenger! What a worthy messenger!" The preacher, instead of vexing the ears of drowsy farmers on their day of rest at the end of the week- for Sunday is the fit conclusion of an ill-spent week, and not the fresh and brave beginning of a new one-with this one other draggle-tail of a sermon, should shout with thundering voice, "Pause! Avast! Why so seeming fast, but deadly slow?"

Shams and delusions are esteemed for soundest truths, while reality is fabulous. If men would steadily observe realities only, and not allow themselves to be deluded, life, to compare it with such things as we know, would be like a fairy tale and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. If we respected only what is inevitable and has a right to be, music and poetry would resound along the streets. When we are unhurried and wise, we perceive that only great and worthy things have any permanent and absolute existence, that petty fears and petty pleasures are but the shadow of the reality. This is always exhilarating and sublime. By closing the eyes and slumbering, and consenting to be deceived by shows, men establish and confirm their daily life of routine and habit everywhere, which still is built on purely illusory foundations. Children, who play life, discern its true law and relations more clearly than men, who fail to live it worthily, but who think that they are wiser by experience, that is, by failure. I have read in a Hindoo book, that "there was a king's son, who, being expelled in infancy from his native city, was brought up by a forester, and, growing up to maturity in that state, imagined himself to belong to the barbarous race with which he lived. One of his father's ministers having discovered him, revealed to him what he was, and the misconception of his character was removed, and he knew himself to be a prince. So soul," continues the Hindoo philosopher, "from the circumstances in which it is placed, mistakes its own character, until the truth is revealed to it by some holy teacher, and then it knows itself to be Brahme." I perceive that we inhabitants of New England live this mean life that we do because our vision does not penetrate the surface of things. We think that that is which appears to be. If a man should walk through this town and see only the reality, where, think you, would the "Mill-dam" go to? If he should give us an account of the realities he beheld there, we should not recognize the place in his description. Look at a meeting-house, or a court-house, or a jail, or a shop, or a dwelling-house, and say what that thing really is before a true gaze, and they would all go to pieces in your account of them. Men esteem truth remote, in the outskirts of the system, behind the farthest star, before Adam and after the last man. In eternity there is indeed something true and sublime. But all these times and places and occasions are now and here. God himself culminates in the present moment, and will never be more divine in the lapse of all the ages. And we are enabled to apprehend at all what is sublime and noble only by the perpetual instilling and drenching of the reality that surrounds us. The universe constantly and obediently answers to our conceptions; whether we travel fast or slow, the track is laid for us. Let us spend our lives in conceiving then. The poet or the artist never yet had so fair and noble a design but some of his posterity at least could accomplish it.

Let us spend one day as deliberately as Nature, and not be thrown off the track by every nutshell and mosquito's wing that falls on the rails. Let us rise early and fast, or break fast, gently and without perturbation; let company come and let company go, let the bells ring and the children cry- determined to make a day of it. Why should we knock under and go with the stream? Let us not be upset and overwhelmed in that terrible rapid and whirlpool called a dinner, situated in

the meridian shallows. Weather this danger and you are safe, for the rest of the way is downhill. With unrelaxed nerves, with morning vigor, sail by it, looking another way, tied to the mast like Ulysses. If the engine whistles, let it whistle till it is hoarse for its pains. If the bell rings, why should we run? We will consider what kind of music they are like. Let us settle ourselves, and work and wedge our feet downward through the mud and slush of opinion, and prejudice, and tradition, and delusion, and appearance, that alluvion which covers the globe, through Paris and London, through New York and Boston and Concord, through Church and State, through poetry and philosophy and religion, till we come to a hard bottom and rocks in place, which we can call reality, and say, This is, and no mistake; and then begin, having a point d'appui, below freshet and frost and fire, a place where you might found a wall or a state, or set a lamp-post safely, or perhaps a gauge, not a Nilometer, but a Realometer, that future ages might know how deep a freshet of shams and appearances had gathered from time to time. If you stand right fronting and face to face to a fact, you will see the sun glimmer on both its surfaces, as if it were a cimeter, and feel its sweet edge dividing you through the heart and marrow, and so you will happily conclude your mortal career. Be it life or death, we crave only reality. If we are really dying, let us hear the rattle in our throats and feel cold in the extremities; if we are alive, let us go about our business.

Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains. I would drink deeper; fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars. I cannot count one. I know not the first letter of the alphabet. I have always been regretting that I was not as wise as the day I was born. The intellect is a cleaver; it discerns and rifts its way into the secret of things. I do not wish to be any more busy with my hands than is necessary. My head is hands and feet. I feel all my best faculties concentrated in it. My instinct tells me that my head is an organ for burrowing, as some creatures use their snout and fore paws, and with it I would mine and burrow my way through these hills. I think that the richest vein is somewhere hereabouts; so by the divining-rod and thin rising vapors I judge; and here I will begin to mine.

From "Sounds" in Walden:

Will you be a reader, a student merely, or a seer? Read your fate, see what is before you, and walk on into futurity.

I did not read books the first summer; I hoed beans. Nay, I often did better than this. There were times when I could not afford to sacrifice the bloom of the present moment to any work, whether of the head or hands. I love a broad margin to my life. Sometimes, in a summer morning, having taken my accustomed bath, I sat in my sunny doorway from sunrise till noon, rapt in a revery, amidst the pines and hickories and sumachs, in undisturbed solitude and stillness, while the birds sing around or flitted noiseless through the house, until by the sun falling in at my west window, or the noise of some traveller's wagon on the distant highway, I was reminded of the lapse of time. I grew in those seasons like corn in the night, and they were far better than any work of the hands would have been. They were not time subtracted from my life, but so much over and above my usual allowance. I realized what the Orientals mean by contemplation and the forsaking of works. For the most part, I minded not how the hours went. The day advanced as if to light some work of mine; it was morning, and lo, now it is evening, and nothing memorable is accomplished. Instead of singing like the birds, I silently smiled at my incessant good fortune. As the sparrow had its trill, sitting on the hickory before my door, so had I my chuckle or suppressed warble which he might hear out of my nest. My days were not days of the week, bearing the stamp of any heathen deity, nor were they minced into hours and fretted by the ticking of a clock; for I lived like the Puri Indians, of whom it is said that "for yesterday, today, and tomorrow they have only one word, and they express the variety of meaning by pointing backward for yesterday forward for tomorrow, and overhead for the passing day." This was sheer idleness to my fellow-townsmen, no doubt; but if the birds and flowers had tried me by their standard, I should not have been found wanting. A man must find his occasions in himself, it is true. The natural day is very calm, and will hardly reprove his indolence.

I had this advantage, at least, in my mode of life, over those who were obliged to look abroad for amusement, to society and the theatre, that my life itself was become my amusement and never ceased to be novel. It was a drama of many

scenes and without an end. If we were always, indeed, getting our living, and regulating our lives according to the last and best mode we had learned, we should never be troubled with ennui. Follow your genius closely enough, and it will not fail to show you a fresh prospect every hour. Housework was a pleasant pastime. When my floor was dirty, I rose early, and, setting all my furniture out of doors on the grass, bed and bedstead making but one budget, dashed water on the floor, and sprinkled white sand from the pond on it, and then with a broom scrubbed it clean and white; and by the time the villagers had broken their fast the morning sun had dried my house sufficiently to allow me to move in again, and my meditations were almost uninterupted. It was pleasant to see my whole household effects out on the grass, making a little pile like a gypsy's pack, and my three-legged table, from which I did not remove the books and pen and ink, standing amid the pines and hickories. They seemed glad to get out themselves, and as if unwilling to be brought in. I was sometimes tempted to stretch an awning over them and take my seat there. It was worth the while to see the sun shine on these things, and hear the free wind blow on them; so much more interesting most familiar objects look out of doors than in the house. A bird sits on the next bough, life-everlasting grows under the table, and blackberry vines run round its legs; pine cones, chestnut burs, and strawberry leaves are strewn about. It looked as if this was the way these forms came to be transferred to our furniture, to tables, chairs, and bedsteads- because they once stood in their midst.

My house was on the side of a hill, immediately on the edge of the larger wood, in the midst of a young forest of pitch pines and hickories, and half a dozen rods from the pond, to which a narrow footpath led down the hill. In my front yard grew the strawberry, blackberry, and life-everlasting, johnswort and goldenrod, shrub oaks and sand cherry, blueberry and groundnut. Near the end of May, the sand cherry (Cerasus pumila) adorned the sides of the path with its delicate flowers arranged in umbels cylindrically about its short stems, which last, in the fall, weighed down with goodsized and handsome cherries, fell over in wreaths like rays on every side. I tasted them out of compliment to Nature, though they were scarcely palatable. The sumach (Rhus glabra) grew luxuriantly about the house, pushing up through the embankment which I had made, and growing five or six feet the first season. Its broad pinnate tropical leaf was pleasant though strange to look on. The large buds, suddenly pushing out late in the spring from dry sticks which had seemed to be dead, developed themselves as by magic into graceful green and tender boughs, an inch in diameter; and sometimes, as I sat at my window, so heedlessly did they grow and tax their weak joints, I heard a fresh and tender bough suddenly fall like a fan to the ground, when there was not a breath of air stirring, broken off by its own weight. In August, the large masses of berries, which, when in flower, had attracted many wild bees, gradually assumed their bright velvety crimson hue, and by their weight again bent down and broke the tender limbs.

As I sit at my window this summer afternoon, hawks are circling about my clearing; the tantivy of wild pigeons, flying by two and threes athwart my view, or perching restless on the white pine boughs behind my house, gives a voice to the air; a fish hawk dimples the glassy surface of the pond and brings up a fish; a mink steals out of the marsh before my door and seizes a frog by the shore; the sedge is bending under the weight of the reed-birds flitting hither and thither; and for the last half-hour I have heard the rattle of railroad cars, now dying away and then reviving like the beat of a partridge, conveying travellers from Boston to the country. For I did not live so out of the world as that boy who, as I hear, was put out to a farmer in the east part of the town, but ere long ran away and came home again, quite down at the heel and homesick. He had never seen such a dull and out-of-the-way place; the folks were all gone off; why, you couldn't even hear the whistle! I doubt if there is such a place in Massachusetts now:

"In truth, our village has become a butt

For one of those fleet railroad shafts, and o'er

Our peaceful plain its soothing sound is- Concord."

The Fitchburg Railroad touches the pond about a hundred rods south of where I dwell. I usually go to the village along its causeway, and am, as it were, related to society by this link. The men on the freight trains, who go over the whole length

of the road, bow to me as to an old acquaintance, they pass me so often, and apparently they take me for an employee; and so I am. I too would fain be a track-repairer somewhere in the orbit of the earth.

The whistle of the locomotive penetrates my woods summer and winter, sounding like the scream of a hawk sailing over some farmer's yard, informing me that many restless city merchants are arriving within the circle of the town, or adventurous country traders from the other side. As they come under one horizon, they shout their warning to get off the track to the other, heard sometimes through the circles of two towns. Here come your groceries, country; your rations, countrymen! Nor is there any man so independent on his farm that he can say them nay. And here's your pay for them! screams the countryman's whistle; timber like long battering-rams going twenty miles an hour against the city's walls, and chairs enough to seat all the weary and heavy-laden that dwell within them. With such huge and lumbering civility the country hands a chair to the city. All the Indian huckleberry hills are stripped, all the cranberry meadows are raked into the city. Up comes the cotton, down goes the woven cloth; up comes the silk, down goes the woollen; up come the books, but down goes the wit that writes them.

When I meet the engine with its train of cars moving off with planetary motion- or, rather, like a comet, for the beholder knows not if with that velocity and with that direction it will ever revisit this system, since its orbit does not look like a returning curve- with its steam cloud like a banner streaming behind in golden and silver wreaths, like many a downy cloud which I have seen, high in the heavens, unfolding its masses to the light- as if this traveling demigod, this cloud-compeller, would ere long take the sunset sky for the livery of his train; when I hear the iron horse make the bills echo with his snort like thunder, shaking the earth with his feet, and breathing fire and smoke from his nostrils (what kind of winged horse or fiery dragon they will put into the new Mythology I don't know), it seems as if the earth had got a race now worthy to inhabit it. If all were as it seems, and men made the elements their servants for noble ends! If the cloud that hangs over the engine were the perspiration of heroic deeds, or as beneficent as that which floats over the farmer's fields, then the elements and Nature herself would cheerfully accompany men on their errands and be their escort.

From "Solitude" in *Walden*:

Society is commonly too cheap. We meet at very short intervals, not having had time to acquire any new value for each other. We meet at meals three times a day, and give each other a new taste of that old musty cheese that we are. We have had to agree on a certain set of rules, called etiquette and politeness, to make this frequent meeting tolerable and that we need not come to open war. We meet at the post-office, and at the sociable, and about the fireside every night; we live thick and are in each other's way, and stumble over one another, and I think that we thus lose some respect for one another. Certainly less frequency would suffice for all important and hearty communications. Consider the girls in a factory- never alone, hardly in their dreams. It would be better if there were but one inhabitant to a square mile, as where I live. The value of a man is not in his skin, that we should touch him.

I have heard of a man lost in the woods and dying of famine and exhaustion at the foot of a tree, whose loneliness was relieved by the grotesque visions with which, owing to bodily weakness, his diseased imagination surrounded him, and which he believed to be real. So also, owing to bodily and mental health and strength, we may be continually cheered by a like but more normal and natural society, and come to know that we are never alone.

I have a great deal of company in my house; especially in the morning, when nobody calls. Let me suggest a few comparisons, that some one may convey an idea of my situation. I am no more lonely than the loon in the pond that laughs so loud, or than Walden Pond itself. What company has that lonely lake, I pray? And yet it has not the blue devils, but the blue angels in it, in the azure tint of its waters. The sun is alone, except in thick weather, when there sometimes appear to be two, but one is a mock sun. God is alone- but the devil, he is far from being alone; he sees a great deal of company; he is legion. I am no more lonely than a single mullein or dandelion in a pasture, or a bean leaf, or sorrel, or a

horse-fly, or a bumblebee. I am no more lonely than the Mill Brook, or a weathercock, or the north star, or the south wind, or an April shower, or a January thaw, or the first spider in a new house.

I have occasional visits in the long winter evenings, when the snow falls fast and the wind howls in the wood, from an old settler and original proprietor, who is reported to have dug Walden Pond, and stoned it, and fringed it with pine woods; who tells me stories of old time and of new eternity; and between us we manage to pass a cheerful evening with social mirth and pleasant views of things, even without apples or cider- a most wise and humorous friend, whom I love much, who keeps himself more secret than ever did Goffe or Whalley; and though he is thought to be dead, none can show where he is buried. An elderly dame, too, dwells in my neighborhood, invisible to most persons, in whose odorous herb garden I love to stroll sometimes, gathering simples and listening to her fables; for she has a genius of unequalled fertility, and her memory runs back farther than mythology, and she can tell me the original of every fable, and on what fact every one is founded, for the incidents occurred when she was young. A ruddy and lusty old dame, who delights in all weathers and seasons, and is likely to outlive all her children yet.

The indescribable innocence and beneficence of Nature- of sun and wind and rain, of summer and winter- such health, such cheer, they afford forever! and such sympathy have they ever with our race, that all Nature would be affected, and the sun's brightness fade, and the winds would sigh humanely, and the clouds rain tears, and the woods shed their leaves and put on mourning in midsummer, if any man should ever for a just cause grieve. Shall I not have intelligence with the earth? Am I not partly leaves and vegetable mould myself?

What is the pill which will keep us well, serene, contented? Not my or thy great-grandfather's, but our greatgrandmother Nature's universal, vegetable, botanic medicines, by which she has kept herself young always, outlived so many old Parrs in her day, and fed her health with their decaying fatness. For my panacea, instead of one of those quack vials of a mixture dipped from Acheron and the Dead Sea, which come out of those long shallow black-schooner looking wagons which we sometimes see made to carry bottles, let me have a draught of undiluted morning air. Morning air! If men will not drink of this at the fountainhead of the day, why, then, we must even bottle up some and sell it in the shops, for the benefit of those who have lost their subscription ticket to morning time in this world. But remember, it will not keep quite till noonday even in the coolest cellar, but drive out the stopples long ere that and follow westward the steps of Aurora. I am no worshipper of Hygeia, who was the daughter of that old herb-doctor Esculapius, and who is represented on monuments holding a serpent in one hand, and in the other a cup out of which the serpent sometimes drinks; but rather of Hebe, cup-bearer to Jupiter, who was the daughter of Juno and wild lettuce, and who had the power of restoring gods and men to the vigor of youth. She was probably the only thoroughly sound-conditioned, healthy, and robust young lady that ever walked the globe, and wherever she came it was spring.

From "Visitors" in Walden:

I am naturally no hermit, but might possibly sit out the sturdiest frequenter of the bar-room, if my business called me thither.

I had three chairs in my house; one for solitude, two for friendship, three for society. When visitors came in larger and unexpected numbers there was but the third chair for them all, but they generally economized the room by standing up. It is surprising how many great men and women a small house will contain. I have had twenty-five or thirty souls, with their bodies, at once under my roof, and yet we often parted without being aware that we had come very near to one another. Many of our houses, both public and private, with their almost innumerable apartments, their huge halls and their cellars for the storage of wines and other munitions of peace, appear to be extravagantly large for their inhabitants. They are so vast and magnificent that the latter seem to be only vermin which infest them. I am surprised when the herald blows his summons before some Tremont or Astor or Middlesex House, to see come creeping out over the piazza for all inhabitants a ridiculous mouse, which soon again slinks into some hole in the pavement. One inconvenience I sometimes experienced in so small a house, the difficulty of getting to a sufficient distance from my guest when we began to utter the big thoughts in big words. You want room for your thoughts to get into sailing trim and run a course or two before they make their port. The bullet of your thought must have overcome its lateral and ricochet motion and fallen into its last and steady course before it reaches the ear of the bearer, else it may plow out again through the side of his head. Also, our sentences wanted room to unfold and form their columns in the interval. Individuals, like nations, must have suitable broad and natural boundaries, even a considerable neutral ground, between them. I have found it a singular luxury to talk across the pond to a companion on the opposite side. In my house we were so near that we could not begin to bear-we could not speak low enough to be heard; as when you throw two stones into calm water so near that they break each other's undulations. If we are merely loguacious and loud talkers, then we can afford to stand very near together, cheek by jowl, and feel each other's breath; but if we speak reservedly and thoughtfully, we want to be farther apart, that all animal heat and moisture may have a chance to evaporate. If we would enjoy the most intimate society with that in each of us which is without, or above, being spoken to, we must not only be silent, but commonly so far apart bodily that we cannot possibly hear each other's voice in any case. Referred to this standard, speech is for the convenience of those who are hard of hearing; but there are many fine things which we cannot say if we have to shout. As the conversation began to assume a loftier and grander tone, we gradually shoved our chairs farther apart till they touched the wall in opposite corners, and then commonly there was not room enough.

My "best" room, however, my withdrawing room, always ready for company, on whose carpet the sun rarely fell, was the pine wood behind my house. Thither in summer days, when distinguished guests came, I took them, and a priceless domestic swept the floor and dusted the furniture and kept the things in order.

If one guest came he sometimes partook of my frugal meal, and it was no interruption to conversation to be stirring a hasty-pudding, or watching the rising and maturing of a loaf of bread in the ashes, in the meanwhile. But if twenty came and sat in my house there was nothing said about dinner, though there might be bread enough for two, more than if eating were a forsaken habit; but we naturally practised abstinence; and this was never felt to be an offence against hospitality, but the most proper and considerate course. The waste and decay of physical life, which so often needs repair, seemed miraculously retarded in such a case, and the vital vigor stood its ground. I could entertain thus a thousand as well as twenty; and if any ever went away disappointed or hungry from my house when they found me at home, they may depend upon it that I sympathized with the mat least. So easy is it, though many housekeepers doubt it, to establish new and better customs in the place of the old. You need not rest your reputation on the dinners you give.

From "The Bean-Field" in Walden:

Ancient poetry and mythology suggest, at least, that husbandry was once a sacred art; but it is pursued with irreverent haste and heedlessness by us, our object being to have large farms and large crops merely. We have no festival, nor procession, nor ceremony, not excepting our cattle-shows and so-called Thanksgivings, by which the farmer expresses a sense of the sacredness of his calling, or is reminded of its sacred origin. It is the premium and the feast which tempt him. He sacrifices not to Ceres and the Terrestrial Jove, but to the infernal Plutus rather. By avarice and selfishness, and a grovelling habit, from which none of us is free, of regarding the soil as property, or the means of acquiring property chiefly, the landscape is deformed, husbandry is degraded with us, and the farmer leads the meanest of lives. He knows Nature but as a robber. Cato says that the profits of agriculture are particularly pious or just (maximequepius quaestus), and according to Varro the old Romans "called the same earth Mother and Ceres, and thought that they who cultivated it led a pious and useful life, and that they alone were left of the race of King Saturn."

We are wont to forget that the sun looks on our cultivated fields and on the prairies and forests without distinction. They all reflect and absorb his rays alike, and the former make but a small part of the glorious picture which he beholds in his daily course. In his view the earth is all equally cultivated like a garden. Therefore we should receive the benefit of his light and beat with a corresponding trust and magnanimity. What though I value the seed of these beans, and harvest that in the fall of the year? This broad field which I have looked at so long looks not to me as the principal cultivator, but away from me to influences more genial to it, which water and make it green. These beans have results which are not harvested by me. Do they not grow for woodchucks partly? The ear of wheat (in Latin spica, obsoletely speca, from spe, hope) should not be the only hope of the husbandman; its kernel or grain (granumfrom gerendo, bearing) is not all that it bears. How, then, can our harvest fail? Shall I not rejoice also at the abundance of the weeds whose seeds are the granary of the birds? It matters little comparatively whether the fields fill the farmer's barns. The true husbandman will cease from anxiety, as the squirrels manifest no concern whether the woods will bear chestnuts this year or not, and finish his labor with every day, relinquishing all claim to the produce of his fields, and sacrificing in his mind not only his first but his last fruits also.

From "The Village" in Walden:

In our most trivial walks, we are constantly, though unconsciously, steering like pilots by certain well-known beacons and headlands, and if we go beyond our usual course we still carry in our minds the bearing of some neighboring cape; and not till we are completely lost, or turned round- for a man needs only to be turned round once with his eyes shut in this world to be lost- do we appreciate the vastness and strangeness of nature. Every man has to learn the points of compass again as often as he awakes, whether from sleep or any abstraction. Not till we are lost, in other words not till we have lost the world, do we begin to find ourselves, and realize where we are and the infinite extent of our relations.

One afternoon, near the end of the first summer, when I went to the village to get a shoe from the cobbler's, I was seized and put into jail, because, as I have elsewhere related, I did not pay a tax to, or recognize the authority of, the State which buys and sells men, women, and children, like cattle, at the door of its senate-house. I had gone down to the woods for other purposes. But, wherever a man goes, men will pursue and paw him with their dirty institutions, and, if they can, constrain him to belong to their desperate odd-fellow society. It is true, I might have resisted forcibly with more or less effect, might have run "amok" against society; but I preferred that society should run "amok" against me, it being the desperate party. However, I was released the next day, obtained my mended shoe, and returned to the woods in season to get my dinner of huckleberries on Fair Haven Hill. I was never molested by any person but those who represented the State. I had no lock nor bolt but for the desk which held my papers, not even a nail to put over my latch or windows. I never fastened my door night or day, though I was to be absent several days; not even when the next fall I spent a fortnight in the woods of Maine. And yet my house was more respected than if it had been surrounded by a file of soldiers. The tired rambler could rest and warm himself by my fire, the literary amuse himself with the few books on my table, or the curious, by opening my closet door, see what was left of my dinner, and what prospect I had of a supper. Yet, though many people of every class came this way to the pond, I suffered no serious inconvenience from these sources, and I never missed anything but one small book, a volume of Homer, which perhaps was improperly gilded, and this I trust a soldier of our camp has found by this time. I am convinced, that if all men were to live as simply as I then did, thieving and robbery would be unknown. These take place only in communities where some have got more than is sufficient while others have not enough.

From "The Ponds" in Walden:

A lake is the landscape's most beautiful and expressive feature. It is earth's eye; looking into which the beholder measures the depth of his own nature. The fluviatile trees next the shore are the slender eyelashes which fringe it, and the wooded hills and cliffs around are its overhanging brows.

From "Higher Laws" in Walden:

Our whole life is startlingly moral. There is never an instant's truce between virtue and vice. Goodness is the only investment that never fails. In the music of the harp which trembles round the world it is the insisting on this which thrills us. The harp is the travelling patterer for the Universe's Insurance Company, recommending its laws, and our little

goodness is all the assessment that we pay. Though the youth at last grows indifferent, the laws of the universe are not indifferent, but are forever on the side of the most sensitive. Listen to every zephyr for some reproof, for it is surely there, and he is unfortunate who does not hear it. We cannot touch a string or move a stop but the charming moral transfixes us. Many an irksome noise, go a long way off, is heard as music, a proud, sweet satire on the meanness of our lives.

We are conscious of an animal in us, which awakens in proportion as our higher nature slumbers. It is reptile and sensual, and perhaps cannot be wholly expelled; like the worms which, even in life and health, occupy our bodies. Possibly we may withdraw from it, but never change its nature. I fear that it may enjoy a certain health of its own; that we may be well, yet not pure. The other day I picked up the lower jaw of a hog, with white and sound teeth and tusks, which suggested that there was an animal health and vigor distinct from the spiritual. This creature succeeded by other means than temperance and purity. "That in which men differ from brute beasts," says Mencius, "is a thing very inconsiderable; the common herd lose it very soon; superior men preserve it carefully." Who knows what sort of life would result if we had attained to purity? If I knew so wise a man as could teach me purity I would go to seek him forthwith. "A command over our passions, and over the external senses of the body, and good acts, are declared by the Ved to be indispensable in the mind's approximation to God." Yet the spirit can for the time pervade and control every member and function of the body, and transmute what ill form is the grossest sensuality into purity and devotion. The generative energy, which, when we are loose, dissipates and makes us unclean, when we are continent invigorates and inspires us. Chastity is the flowering of man; and what are called Genius, Heroism, Holiness, and the like, are but various fruits which succeed it. Man flows at once to God when the channel of purity is open. By turns our purity inspires and our impurity casts us down. He is blessed who is assured that the animal is dying out in him day by day, and the divine being established. Perhaps there is none but has cause for shame on account of the inferior and brutish nature to which he is allied. I fear that we are such gods or demigods only as fauns and satyrs, the divine allied to beasts, the creatures of appetite, and that, to some extent, our very life is our disgrace.

All sensuality is one, though it takes many forms; all purity is one. It is the same whether a man eat, or drink, or cohabit, or sleep sensually. They are but one appetite, and we only need to see a person do any one of these things to know how great a sensualist he is. The impure can neither stand nor sit with purity. When the reptile is attacked at one mouth of his burrow, he shows himself at another. If you would be chaste, you must be temperate. What is chastity? How shall a man know if he is chaste? He shall not know it. We have heard of this virtue, but we know not what it is. We speak conformably to the rumor which we have heard. From exertion come wisdom and purity; from sloth ignorance and sensuality. In the student sensuality is a sluggish habit of mind. An unclean person is universally a slothful one, one who sits by a stove, whom the sun shines on prostrate, who reposes without being fatigued. If you would avoid uncleanness, and all the sins, work earnestly, though it be at cleaning a stable. Nature is hard to be overcome, but she must be overcome. What avails it that you are Christian, if you are not purer than the heathen, if you deny yourself no more, if you are not more religious? I know of many systems of religion esteemed heathenish whose precepts fill the reader with shame, and provoke him to new endeavors, though it be to the performance of rites merely.

I hesitate to say these things, but it is not because of the subject- I care not how obscene my words are- but because I cannot speak of them without betraying my impurity. We discourse freely without shame of one form of sensuality, and are silent about another. We are so degraded that we cannot speak simply of the necessary functions of human nature. In earlier ages, in some countries, every function was reverently spoken of and regulated by law. Nothing was too trivial for the Hindoo lawgiver, however offensive it may be to modern taste. He teaches how to eat, drink, cohabit, void excrement and urine, and the like, elevating what is mean, and does not falsely excuse himself by calling these things trifles.

Every man is the builder of a temple, called his body, to the god he worships, after a style purely his own, nor can he get off by hammering marble instead. We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them.

From "Spring" in Walden:

A single gentle rain makes the grass many shades greener. So our prospects brighten on the influx of better thoughts. We should be blessed if we lived in the present always, and took advantage of every accident that befell us, like the grass which confesses the influence of the slightest dew that falls on it; and did not spend our time in atoning for the neglect of past opportunities, which we call doing our duty. We loiter in winter while it is already spring. In a pleasant spring morning all men's sins are forgiven. Such a day is a truce to vice. While such a sun holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return. Through our own recovered innocence we discern the innocence of our neighbors. You may have known your neighbor yesterday for a thief, a drunkard, or a sensualist, and merely pitied or despised him, and despaired of the world; but the sun shines bright and warm this first spring morning, re-creating the world, and you meet him at some serene work, and see how it is exhausted and debauched veins expand with still joy and bless the new day, feel the spring influence with the innocence of infancy, and all his faults are forgotten. There is not only an atmosphere of good will about him, but even a savor of holiness groping for expression, blindly and ineffectually perhaps, like a newborn instinct, and for a short hour the south hillside echoes to no vulgar jest. You see some innocent fair shoots preparing to burst from his gnarled rind and try another year's life, tender and fresh as the youngest plant. Even he has entered into the joy of his Lord. Why the jailer does not leave open his prison doors- why the judge does not dismiss his case- why the preacher does not dismiss his congregation! It is because they do not obey the hint which God gives them, nor accept the pardon which he freely offers to all.

Our village life would stagnate if it were not for the unexplored forests and meadows which surround it. We need the tonic of wildness- to wade sometimes in marshes where the bittern and the meadow-hen lurk, and hear the booming of the snipe; to smell the whispering sedge where only some wilder and more solitary fowl builds her nest, and the mink crawls with its belly close to the ground. At the same time that we are earnest to explore and learn all things, we require that all things be mysterious and unexplorable, that land and sea be infinitely wild, unsurveyed and unfathomed by us because unfathomable. We can never have enough of nature. We must be refreshed by the sight of inexhaustible vigor, vast and titanic features, the sea-coast with its wrecks, the wilderness with its living and its decaying trees, the thundercloud, and the rain which lasts three weeks and produces freshets. We need to witness our own limits transgressed, and some life pasturing freely where we never wander. We are cheered when we observe the vulture feeding on the carrion which disgusts and disheartens us, and deriving health and strength from the repast. There was a dead horse in the hollow by the path to my house, which compelled me sometimes to go out of my way, especially in the night when the air was heavy, but the assurance it gave me of the strong appetite and inviolable health of Nature was my compensation for this. I love to see that Nature is so rife with life that myriads can be afforded to be sacrificed and suffered to prey on one another; that tender organizations can be so serenely squashed out of existence like pulp-tadpoles which herons gobble up, and tortoises and toads run over in the road; and that sometimes it has rained flesh and blood! With the liability to accident, we must see how little account is to be made of it. The impression made on a wise man is that of universal innocence. Poison is not poisonous after all, nor are any wounds fatal. Compassion is a very untenable ground. It must be expeditious. Its pleadings will not bear to be stereotyped.

"Conclusion" from Walden:

TO THE sick the doctors wisely recommend a change of air and scenery. Thank Heaven, here is not all the world. The buckeye does not grow in New England, and the mockingbird is rarely heard here. The wild goose is more of a cosmopolite than we; he breaks his fast in Canada, takes a luncheon in the Ohio, and plumes himself for the night in a southern bayou. Even the bison, to some extent, keeps pace with the seasons cropping the pastures of the Colorado

only till a greener and sweeter grass awaits him by the Yellowstone. Yet we think that if rail fences are pulled down, and stone walls piled up on our farms, bounds are henceforth set to our lives and our fates decided. If you are chosen town clerk, forsooth, you cannot go to Tierra del Fuego this summer: but you may go to the land of infernal fire nevertheless. The universe is wider than our views of it.

Yet we should oftener look over the tafferel of our craft, like curious passengers, and not make the voyage like stupid sailors picking oakum. The other side of the globe is but the home of our correspondent. Our voyaging is only greatcircle sailing, and the doctors prescribe for diseases of the skin merely. One hastens to southern Africa to chase the giraffe; but surely that is not the game he would be after. How long, pray, would a man hunt giraffes if he could? Snipes and woodcocks also may afford rare sport; but I trust it would be nobler game to shoot one's self.

"Direct your eye right inward, and you'll find A thousand regions in your mind yet undiscovered. Travel them, and be Expert in home-cosmography."

What does Africa- what does the West stand for? Is not our own interior white on the chart? black though it may prove, like the coast, when discovered. Is it the source of the Nile, or the Niger, or the Mississippi, or a Northwest Passage around this continent that we would find? Are these the problems which most concern mankind? Is Franklin the only man who is lost, that his wife should be so earnest to find him? Does Mr. Grinnell know where he himself is? Be rather the Mungo Park, the Lewis and Clark and Frobisher, of your own streams and oceans; explore your own higher latitudes-with shiploads of preserved meats to support you, if they be necessary; and pile the empty cans sky-high for a sign. Were preserved meats invented to preserve meat merely? Nay, be a Columbus to whole new continents and worlds within you, opening new channels, not of trade, but of thought. Every man is the lord of a realm beside which the earthly empire of the Czar is but a petty state, a hummock left by the ice. Yet some can be patriotic who have no self-respect, and sacrifice the greater to the less. They love the soil which makes their graves, but have no sympathy with the spirit which may still animate their clay. Patriotism is a maggot in their heads. What was the meaning of that South-Sea Exploring Expedition, with all its parade and expense, but an indirect recognition of the fact that there are continents and seas in the moral world to which every man is an isthmus or an inlet, yet unexplored by him, but that it is easier to sail many thousand miles through cold and storm and cannibals, in a government ship, with five hundred men and boys to assist one, than itis to explore the private seal the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean of one's being alone.

"Erret, et extremos alter scrutetur Iberos. Plus habet hic vitae, plus habet ille viae."

Let them wander and scrutinize the outlandish Australians. I have more of God, they more of the road.

It is not worth the while to go round the world to count the cats in Zanzibar. Yet do this even till you can do better, and you may perhaps find some "Symmes' Hole" by which to get at the inside at last. England and France, Spain and Portugal, Gold Coast and Slave Coast, all front on this private sea; but no bark from them has ventured out of sight of land, though it is without doubt the direct way to India. If you would learn to speak all tongues and conform to the customs of all nations, if you would travel farther than all travelers, be naturalized in all climes, and cause the Sphinx to dash her bead against a stone, even obey the precept of the old philosopher, and Explore thyself. Herein are demanded the eye and the nerve. Only the defeated and deserters go to the wars, cowards that run away and enlist. Start now on that farthest western way, which does not pause at the Mississippi or the Pacific, nor conduct toward a wornout China or Japan, but leads on direct, a tangent to this sphere, summer and winter, day and night, sun down, moon down, and at last earth down too.

It is said that Mirabeau took to highway robbery "to ascertain what degree of resolution was necessary in order to place one's self in formal opposition to the most sacred laws of society." He declared that "a soldier who fights in the ranks does not require half so much courage as a foot-pad"- "that honor and religion have never stood in the way of a wellconsidered and a firm resolve." This was manly, as the world goes; and yet it was idle, if not desperate. A saner man would have found himself often enough "in formal opposition" to what are deemed "the most sacred laws of society," through obedience to yet more sacred laws, and so have tested his resolution without going out of his way. It is not for a man to put himself in such an attitude to society, but to maintain himself in whatever attitude he find himself through obedience to the laws of his being, which will never be one of opposition to a just government, if he should chance to meet with such.

I left the woods for as good a reason as I went there. Perhaps it seemed to me that I had several more lives to live, and could not spare any more time for that one. It is remarkable how easily and insensibly we fall into a particular route, and make a beaten track for ourselves. I had not lived there a week before my feet wore a path from my door to the pond-side; and though it is five or six years since I trod it, it is still quite distinct. It is true, I fear, that others may have fallen into it, and so helped to keep it open. The surface of the earth is soft and impressible by the feet of men; and so with the paths which the mind travels. How worn and dusty, then, must be the Highways of the world, how deep the ruts of tradition and conformity! I did not wish to take a cabin passage, but rather to go before the mast and on the deck of the world, for there I could best see the moonlight amid the mountains. I do not wish to go below now.

I learned this, at least, by my experiment: that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary; new, universal, and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favor in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the license of a higher order of beings. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

It is a ridiculous demand which England and America make, that you shall speak so that they can understand you. Neither men nor toadstools grow so. As if that were important, and there were not enough to understand you without them. As if Nature could support but one order of understandings, could not sustain birds as well as quadrupeds, flying as well as creeping things, and hush and whoa, which Bright can understand, were the best English. As if there were safety in stupidity alone. I fear chiefly lest my expression may not be extra-vagant enough, may not wander far enough beyond the narrow limits of my daily experience, so as to be adequate to the truth of which I have been convinced. Extra vagance! it depends on how you are yarded. The migrating buffalo, which seeks new pastures in another latitude, is not extravagant like the cow which kicks over the pail, leaps the cow yard fence, and runs after her calf, in milking time. I desire to speak somewhere without bounds; like a man in a waking moment, to men in their waking moments; for I am convinced that I cannot exaggerate enough even to lay the foundation of a true expression. Who that has heard a strain of music feared then lest he should speak extravagantly any more forever? In view of the future or possible, we should live quite laxly and undefined in front our outlines dim and misty on that side; as our shadows reveal an insensible perspiration toward the sun. The volatile truth of our words should continually betray the inadequacy of the residual statement. Their truth is instantly translated; its literal monument alone remains. The words which express our faith and piety are not definite; yet they are significant and fragrant like frankincense to superior natures.

Why level downward to our dullest perception always, and praise that as common sense? The commonest sense is the sense of men asleep, which they express by snoring. Sometimes we are inclined to class those who are once-and-a-half-witted with the half-witted, because we appreciate only a third part of their wit. Some would find fault with the morning red, if they ever got up early enough. "They pretend," as I hear, "that the verses of Kabir have four different senses; illusion, spirit, intellect, and the exoteric doctrine of the Vedas"; but in this part of the world it is considered a ground for complaint if a man's writings admit of more than one interpretation. While England endeavors to cure the potato-rot, will not any endeavor to cure the brain-rot, which prevails so much more widely and fatally?

I do not suppose that I have attained to obscurity, but I should be proud if no more fatal fault were found with my pages on this score than was found with the Walden ice. Southern customers objected to its blue color, which is the evidence of its purity, as if it were muddy, and preferred the Cambridge ice, which is white, but tastes of weeds. The purity men love is like the mists which envelop the earth, and not like the azure ether beyond.

Some are dinning in our ears that we Americans, and moderns generally, are intellectual dwarfs compared with the ancients, or even the Elizabethan men. But what is that to the purpose? A living dog is better than a dead lion. Shall a man go and hang himself because he belongs to the race of pygmies, and not be the biggest pygmy that he can? Let every one mind his own business, and endeavor to be what he was made.

Why should we be in such desperate haste to succeed and in such desperate enterprises? If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away. It is not important that he should mature as soon as an apple tree or an oak. Shall he turn his spring into summer? If the condition of things which we were made for is not yet, what were any reality which we can substitute? We will not be shipwrecked on a vain reality. Shall we with pains erect a heaven of blue glass over ourselves, though when it is done we shall be sure to gaze still at the true ethereal heaven far above, as if the former were not?

There was an artist in the city of Kouroo who was disposed to strive after perfection. One day it came into his mind to make a staff. Having considered that in an imperfect work time is an ingredient, but into a perfect work time does not enter, he said to himself, It shall be perfect in all respects, though I should do nothing else in my life. He proceeded instantly to the forest for wood, being resolved that it should not be made of unsuitable material; and as he searched for and rejected stick after stick, his friends gradually deserted him, for they grew old in their works and died, but he grew not older by a moment. His singleness of purpose and resolution, and his elevated piety, endowed him, without his knowledge, with perennial youth. As he made no compromise with Time, Time kept out of his way, and only sighed at a distance because he could not overcome him. Before he had found a stock in all respects suitable the city of Kouroo was a hoary ruin, and he sat on one of its mounds to peel the stick. Before he had given it the proper shape the dynasty of the Candahars was at an end, and with the point of the stick he wrote the name of the last of that race in the sand, and then resumed his work. By the time he had smoothed and polished the staff Kalpa was no longer the pole-star; and ere he had put on the ferule and the head adorned with precious stones, Brahma had awoke and slumbered many times. But why do I stay to mention these things? When the finishing stroke was put to his work, it suddenly expanded before the eyes of the astonished artist into the fairest of all the creations of Brahma. He had made a new system in making a staff, a world with fun and fair proportions; in which, though the old cities and dynasties had passed away, fairer and more glorious ones had taken their places. And now he saw by the heap of shavings still fresh at his feet, that, for him and his work, the former lapse of time had been an illusion, and that no more time had elapsed than is required for a single scintillation from the brain of Brahma to fall on and inflame the tinder of a mortal brain. The material was pure, and his art was pure; how could the result be other than wonderful?

No face which we can give to a matter will stead us so well at last as the truth. This alone wears well. For the most part, we are not where we are, but in a false position. Through an infinity of our natures, we suppose a case, and put ourselves into it, and hence are in two cases at the same time, and it is doubly difficult to get out. In sane moments we regard only the facts, the case that is. Say what you have to say, not what you ought. Any truth is better than make-believe. Tom Hyde, the tinker, standing on the gallows, was asked if he had anything to say. "Tell the tailors," said he, "to remember to make a knot in their thread before they take the first stitch." His companion's prayer is forgotten.

However mean your life is, meet it and live it; do not shun it and call it hard names. It is not so bad as you are. It looks poorest when you are richest. The fault-finder will find faults even in paradise. Love your life, poor as it is. You may perhaps have some pleasant, thrilling, glorious hours, even in a poor-house. The setting sun is reflected from the

windows of the almshouse as brightly as from the rich man's abode; the snow melts before its door as early in the spring. I do not see but a quiet mind may live as contentedly there, and have as cheering thoughts, as in a palace. The town's poor seem tome often to live the most independent lives of any. Maybe they are simply great enough to receive without misgiving. Most think that they are above being supported by the town; but it oftener happens that they are not above supporting themselves by dishonest means, which should be more disreputable. Cultivate poverty like a garden herb, like sage. Do not trouble yourself much to get new things, whether clothes or friends. Turn the old; return to them. Things do not change; we change. Sell your clothes and keep your thoughts. God will see that you do not want society. If I were confined to a corner of a garret all my days, like a spider, the world would be just as large to me while I had my thoughts about me. The philosopher said: "From an army of three divisions one can take away its general, and put it in disorder; from the man the most abject and vulgar one cannot take away his thought." Do not seek so anxiously to be developed, to subject yourself to many influences to be played on; it is all dissipation. Humility like darkness reveals the heavenly lights. The shadows of poverty and meanness gather around us, "and lo! Creation widens to our view." We are often reminded that if there were bestowed on us the wealth of Croesus, our aims must still be the same, and our means essentially the same. Moreover, if you are restricted in your range by poverty, if you cannot buy books and newspapers, for instance, you are but confined to the most significant and vital experiences; you are compelled to deal with the material which yields the most sugar and the most starch. It is life near the bone where it is sweetest. You are defended from being a trifler. No man loses ever on a lower level by magnanimity on a higher. Superfluous wealth can buy superfluities only. Money is not required to buy one necessary of the soul.

I live in the angle of a leaden wall, into whose composition was poured a little alloy of bell-metal. Often, in the repose of my mid-day, there reaches my ears a confused tintinnabulum from without. It is the noise of my contemporaries. My neighbors tell me of their adventures with famous gentlemen and ladies, what notabilities they met at the dinner-table; but I am no more interested in such things than in the contents of the Daily Times. The interest and the conversation are about costume and manners chiefly; but a goose is a goose still, dress it as you will. They tell me of California and Texas, of England and the Indies, of the Hon. Mr.-- of Georgia or of Massachusetts, all transient and fleeting phenomena, till I am ready to leap from their court-yard like the Mameluke bey. I delight to come to my bearings- not walk in procession with pomp and parade, in a conspicuous place, but to walk even with the Builder of the universe, if I may- not to live in this restless, nervous, bustling, trivial Nineteenth Century, but stand or sit thoughtfully while it goes by. What are men celebrating? They are all on a committee of arrangements, and hourly expect a speech from somebody. God is only the president of the day, and Webster is his orator. I love to weigh, to settle, to gravitate toward that which most strongly and rightfully attracts me;- not hang by the beam of the scale and try to weigh less- not suppose a case, but take the case that is; to travel the only path I can, and that on which no power can resist me. It affords me no satisfaction to commerce to spring an arch before I have got a solid foundation. Let us not play at kittly-benders. There is a solid bottom everywhere. We read that the traveller asked the boy if the swamp before him had a hard bottom. The boy replied that it had. But presently the traveller's horse sank in up to the girths, and he observed to the boy, "I thought you said that this bog had a hard bottom." "So it has," answered the latter, "but you have not got half way to it yet." So it is with the bogs and quicksands of society; but he is an old boy that knows it. Only what is thought, said, or done at a certain rare coincidence is good. I would not be one of those who will foolishly drive a nail into mere lath and plastering; such a deed would keep me awake nights. Give me a hammer, and let me feel for the furring. Do not depend on the putty. Drive a nail home and clinch it so faithfully that you can wake up in the night and think of your work with satisfaction- a work at which you would not be ashamed to invoke the Muse. So will help you God, and so only. Every nail driven should be as another rivet in the machine of the universe, you carrying on the work.

Rather than love, than money, than fame, give me truth. I sat at a table where were rich food and wine in abundance, and obsequious attendance, but sincerity and truth were not; and I went away hungry from the inhospitable board. The hospitality was as cold as the ices. I thought that there was no need of ice to freeze them. They talked to me of the age of the wine and the fame of the vintage; but Ithought of an older, a newer, and purer wine, of a more glorious vintage,

which they had not got, and could not buy. The style, the house and grounds and "entertainment" pass for nothing with me. I called on the king, but he made me wait in his hall, and conducted like a man incapacitated for hospitality. There was a man in my neighborhood who lived in a hollow tree. His manners were truly regal. I should have done better had I called on him.

How long shall we sit in our porticoes practising idle and musty virtues, which any work would make impertinent? As if one were to begin the day with long-suffering, and hire a man to hoe his potatoes; and in the afternoon go forth to practise Christian meekness and charity with goodness aforethought! Consider the China pride and stagnant selfcomplacency of mankind. This generation inclines a little to congratulate itself on being the last of an illustrious line; and in Boston and London and Paris and Rome, thinking of its long descent, it speaks of its progress in art and science and literature with satisfaction. There are the Records of the Philosophical Societies, and the public Eulogies of Great Men! It is the good Adam contemplating his own virtue. "Yes, we have done great deeds, and sung divine songs, which shall never die"- that is, as long as we can remember them. The learned societies and great men of Assyria- where are they? What youthful philosophers and experimentalists we are! There is not one of my readers who has yet lived a whole human life. These may be but the spring months in the life of the race. If we have had the seven-years' itch, we have not seen the seventeen-year locust yet in Concord. We are acquainted with a mere pellicle of the globe on which we live. Most have not delved six feet beneath the surface, nor leaped as many above it. We know not where we are. Beside, we are sound asleep nearly half our time. Yet we esteem ourselves wise, and have an established order on the surface. Truly, we are deep thinkers, we are ambitious spirits! As I stand over the insect crawling amid the pine needles on the forest floor, and endeavoring to conceal itself from my sight, and ask myself why it will cherish those humble thoughts, and bide its head from me who might, perhaps, be its benefactor, and impart to its race some cheering information, I am reminded of the greater Benefactor and Intelligence that stands over me the human insect.

There is an incessant influx of novelty into the world, and yet we tolerate incredible dullness. I need only suggest what kind of sermons are still listened to in the most enlightened countries. There are such words as joy and sorrow, but they are only the burden of a psalm, sung with a nasal twang, while we believe in the ordinary and mean. We think that we can change our clothes only. It is said that the British Empire is very large and respectable, and that the United States are a first-rate power. We do not believe that a tide rises and falls behind every man which can float the British Empire like a chip, if he should ever harbor it in his mind. Who knows what sort of seventeen-year locust will next come out of the ground? The government of the world I live in was not framed, like that of Britain, in after-dinner conversations over the wine.

The life in us is like the water in the river. It may rise this year higher than man has ever known it, and flood the parched uplands; even this may be the eventful year, which will drown out all our muskrats. It was not always dry land where we dwell. I see far inland the banks which the stream anciently washed, before science began to record its freshets. Every one has heard the story which has gone the rounds of New England, of a strong and beautiful bug which came out of the dry leaf of an old table of apple-tree wood, which had stood in a farmer's kitchen for sixty years, first in Connecticut, and afterward in Massachusetts- from an egg deposited in the living tree many years earlier still, as appeared by counting the annual layers beyond it; which was heard gnawing out for several weeks, hatched perchance by the heat of an urn. Who does not feel his faith in a resurrection and immortality strengthened by hearing of this? Who knows what beautiful and winged life, whose egg has been buried for ages under many concentric layers of woodenness in the dead dry life of society, deposited at first in the alburnum of the green and living tree, which has been gradually converted into the semblance of its well-seasoned tomb- heard perchance gnawing out now for years by the astonished family of man, as they sat round the festive board- may unexpectedly come forth from amidst society's most trivial and handselled furniture, to enjoy its perfect summer life at last!

I do not say that John or Jonathan will realize all this; but such is the character of that morrow which mere lapse of time can never make to dawn. The light which puts out our eyes is darkness to us. Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star.

Excerpts from "Walking":

It is true, we are but faint-hearted crusaders, even the walkers, nowadays, who undertake no persevering, never-ending enterprises. Our expeditions are but tours, and come round again at evening to the old hearth-side from which we set out. Half the walk is but retracing our steps. We should go forth on the shortest walk, perchance, in the spirit of undying adventure, never to return-- prepared to send back our embalmed hearts only as relics to our desolate kingdoms. If you are ready to leave father and mother, and brother and sister, and wife and child and friends, and never see them again-- if you have paid your debts, and made your will, and settled all your affairs, and are a free man--then you are ready for a walk.

To come down to my own experience, my companion and I, for I sometimes have a companion, take pleasure in fancying ourselves knights of a new, or rather an old, order--not Equestrians or Chevaliers, not Ritters or Riders, but Walkers, a still more ancient and honorable class, I trust. The Chivalric and heroic spirit which once belonged to the Rider seems now to reside in, or perchance to have subsided into, the Walker--not the Knight, but Walker, Errant. He is a sort of fourth estate, outside of Church and State and People.

We have felt that we almost alone hereabouts practiced this noble art; though, to tell the truth, at least if their own assertions are to be received, most of my townsmen would fain walk sometimes, as I do, but they cannot. No wealth can buy the requisite leisure, freedom, and independence which are the capital in this profession. It comes only by the grace of God. It requires a direct dispensation from Heaven to become a walker. You must be born into the family of the Walkers. Ambulator nascitur, non fit. Some of my townsmen, it is true, can remember and have described to me some walks which they took ten years ago, in which they were so blessed as to lose themselves for half an hour in the woods; but I know very well that they have confined themselves to the highway ever since, whatever pretensions they may make to belong to this select class. No doubt they were elevated for a moment as by the reminiscence of a previous state of existence, when even they were foresters and outlaws.

"When he came to grene wode,

In a mery mornynge, There he herde the notes small

Of byrdes mery syngynge.

"It is ferre gone, sayd Robyn,

That I was last here;

Me Lyste a lytell for to shote

At the donne dere."

I think that I cannot preserve my health and spirits, unless I spend four hours a day at least--and it is commonly more than that--sauntering through the woods and over the hills and fields, absolutely free from all worldly engagements. You may safely say, A penny for your thoughts, or a thousand pounds. When sometimes Iam reminded that the mechanics and shopkeepers stay in their shops not only all the forenoon, but all the afternoon too, sitting with crossed legs, so

many of them--as if the legs were made to sit upon, and not to stand or walk upon--I think that they deserve some credit for not having all committed suicide long ago...

...I trust that we shall be more imaginative, that our thoughts will be clearer, fresher, and more ethereal, as our sky--our understanding more comprehensive and broader, like our plains--our intellect generally on a grander seale, like our thunder and lightning, our rivers and mountains and forests-and our hearts shall even correspond in breadth and depth and grandeur to our inland seas. Perchance there will appear to the traveler something, he knows not what, of laeta and glabra, of joyous and serene, in our very faces. Else to what end does the world go on, and why was America discovered?

...The West of which I speak is but another name for the Wild; and what I have been preparing to say is, that in Wildness is the preservation of the World. Every tree sends its fibers forth in search of the Wild. The cities import it at any price. Men plow and sail for it. From the forest and wilderness come the tonics and barks which brace mankind. Our ancestors were savages. The story of Romulus and Remus being suckled by a wolf is not a meaningless fable. The founders of every state which has risen to eminence have drawn their nourishment and vigor from a similar wild source. It was because the children of the Empire were not suckled by the wolf that they were conquered and displaced by the children of the northern forests who were.

I believe in the forest, and in the meadow, and in the night in which the corn grows. We require an infusion of hemlock, spruce or arbor vitae in our tea. There is a difference between eating and drinking for strength and from mere gluttony. The Hottentots eagerly devour the marrow of the koodoo and other antelopes raw, as a matter of course. Some of our northern Indians eat raw the marrow of the Arctic reindeer, as well as various other parts, including the summits of the antlers, as long as they are soft. And herein, perchance, they have stolen a march on the cooks of Paris. They get what usually goes to feed the fire. This is probably better than stall-fed beef and slaughterhouse pork to make a man of. Give me a wildness whose glance no civilization can endure--as if we lived on the marrow of koodoos devoured raw.

There are some intervals which border the strain of the wood thrush, to which I would migrate--wild lands where no settler has squatted; to which, methinks, I am already acclimated...

...In short, all good things are wild and free. There is something in a strain of music, whether produced by an instrument or by the human voice--take the sound of a bugle in a summer night, for instance--which by its wildness, to speak without satire, reminds me of the cries emitted by wild beasts in their native forests. It is so much of their wildness as I can understand. Give me for my friends and neighbors wild men, not tame ones. The wildness of the savage is but a faint symbol of the awful ferity with which good men and lovers meet.

I love even to see the domestic animals reassert their native rights--any evidence that they have not wholly lost their original wild habits and vigor; as when my neighbor's cow breaks out of her pasture early in the spring and boldly swims the river, a cold, gray tide, twenty-five or thirty rods wide, swollen by the melted snow. It is the buffalo crossing the Mississippi. This exploit confers some dignity on the herd in my eyes--already dignified. The seeds of instinct are preserved under the thick hides of cattle and horses, like seeds in the bowels of the earth, an indefinite period.

Any sportiveness in cattle is unexpected. I saw one day a herd of a dozen bullocks and cows running about and frisking in unwieldy sport, like huge rats, even like kittens. They shook their heads, raised their tails, and rushed up and down a hill, and I perceived by their horns, as well as by their activity, their relation to the deer tribe. But, alas! a sudden loud WHOA! would have damped their ardor at once, reduced them from venison to beef, and stiffened their sides and sinews like the locomotive. Who but the Evil One has cried "Whoa!" to mankind? Indeed, the life of cattle, like that of many men, is but a sort of locomotiveness; they move a side at a time, and man, by his machinery, is meeting the horse and the ox halfway. Whatever part the whip has touched is thenceforth palsied. Who would ever think of a SIDE of any of the supple cat tribe, as we speak of a SIDE of beef? ...Methinks it would be some advantage to philosophy if men were named merely in the gross, as they are known. It would be necessary only to know the genus and perhaps the race or variety, to know the individual. We are not prepared to believe that every private soldier in a Roman army had a name of his own--because we have not supposed that he had a character of his own.

At present our only true names are nicknames. I knew a boy who, from his peculiar energy, was called "Buster" by his playmates, and this rightly supplanted his Christian name. Some travelers tell us that an Indian had no name given him at first, but earned it, and his name was his fame; and among some tribes he acquired a new name with every new exploit. It is pitiful when a man bears a name for convenience merely, who has earned neither name nor fame.

I will not allow mere names to make distinctions for me, but still see men in herds for all them. A familiar name cannot make a man less strange to me. It may be given to a savage who retains in secret his own wild title earned in the woods. We have a wild savage in us, and a savage name is perchance somewhere recorded as ours. I see that my neighbor, who bears the familiar epithet William or Edwin, takes it off with his jacket. It does not adhere to him when asleep or in anger, or aroused by any passion or inspiration. I seem to hear pronounced by some of his kin at such a time his original wild name in some jaw-breaking or else melodious tongue.

Here is this vast, savage, hovering mother of ours, Nature, lying all around, with such beauty, and such affection for her children, as the leopard; and yet we are so early weaned from her breast to society, to that culture which is exclusively an interaction of man on man--a sort of breeding in and in, which produces at most a merely English nobility, a civilization destined to have a speedy limit.

In society, in the best institutions of men, it is easy to detect a certain precocity. When we should still be growing children, we are already little men. Give me a culture which imports much muck from the meadows, and deepens the soil--not that which trusts to heating manures, and improved implements and modes of culture only!

...A man's ignorance sometimes is not only useful, but beautiful--while his knowledge, so called, is oftentimes worse than useless, besides being ugly. Which is the best man to deal with--he who knows nothing about a subject, and, what is extremely rare, knows that he knows nothing, or he who really knows something about it, but thinks that he knows all?

My desire for knowledge is intermittent, but my desire to bathe my head in atmospheres unknown to my feet is perennial and constant. The highest that we can attain to is not Knowledge, but Sympathy with Intelligence. I do not know that this higher knowledge amounts to anything more definite than a novel and grand surprise on a sudden revelation of the insufficiency of all that we called Knowledge before--a discovery that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. It is the lighting up of the mist by the sun. Man cannot KNOW in any higher sense than this, any more than he can look serenely and with impunity in the face of the sun: "You will not perceive that, as perceiving a particular thing," say the Chaldean Oracles...

...Above all, we cannot afford not to live in the present. He is blessed over all mortals who loses no moment of the passing life in remembering the past. Unless our philosophy hears the cock crow in every barnyard within our horizon, it is belated. That sound commonly reminds us that we are growing rusty and antique in our employments and habits of thoughts. His philosophy comes down to a more recent time than ours. There is something suggested by it that is a newer testament,--the gospel according to this moment. He has not fallen astern; he has got up early and kept up early, and to be where he is is to be in season, in the foremost rank of time. It is an expression of the health and soundness of Nature, a brag for all the world,--healthiness as of a spring burst forth, a new fountain of the Muses, to celebrate this last instant of time. Where he lives no fugitive slave laws are passed. Who has not betrayed his master many times since last he heard that note?

The merit of this bird's strain is in its freedom from all plaintiveness. The singer can easily move us to tears or to laughter, but where is he who can excite in us a pure morning joy? When, in doleful dumps, breaking the awful stillness of our wooden sidewalk on a Sunday, or, perchance, a watcher in the house of mourning, I hear a cockerel crow far or near, I think to myself, "There is one of us well, at any rate,"--and with a sudden gush return to my senses.

We had a remarkable sunset one day last November. I was walking in a meadow, the source of a small brook, when the sun at last, just before setting, after a cold, gray day, reached a clear stratum in the horizon, and the softest, brightest morning sunlight fell on the dry grass and on the stems of the trees in the opposite horizon and on the leaves of the shrub oaks on the hillside, while our shadows stretched long over the meadow eastward, as if we were the only motes in its beams. It was such a light as we could not have imagined a moment before, and the air also was so warm and serene that nothing was wanting to make a paradise of that meadow. When we reflected that this was not a solitary phenomenon, never to happen again, but that it would happen forever and ever, an infinite number of evenings, and cheer and reassure the latest child that walked there, it was more glorious still.

The sun sets on some retired meadow, where no house is visible, with all the glory and splendor that it lavishes on cities, and perchance as it has never set before--where there is but a solitary marsh hawk to have his wings gilded by it, or only a musquash looks out from his cabin, and there is some little black-veined brook in the midst of the marsh, just beginning to meander, winding slowly round a decaying stump. We walked in so pure and bright a light, gilding the withered grass and leaves, so softly and serenely bright, I thought I had never bathed in such a golden flood, without a ripple or a murmur to it. The west side of every wood and rising ground gleamed like the boundary of Elysium, and the sun on our backs seemed like a gentle herdsman driving us home at evening.

So we saunter toward the Holy Land, till one day the sun shall shine more brightly than ever he has done, shall perchance shine into our minds and hearts, and light up our whole lives with a great awakening light, as warm and serene and golden as on a bankside in autumn.

From "Life Without Principle":

AT A LYCEUM, not long since, I felt that the lecturer had chosen a theme too foreign to himself, and so failed to interest me as much as he might have done. He described things not in or near to his heart, but toward his extremities and superficies. There was, in this sense, no truly central or centralizing thought in the lecture. I would have had him deal with his privatest experience, as the poet does. The greatest compliment that was ever paid me was when one asked me what I thought, and attended to my answer. I am surprised, as well as delighted, when this happens, it is such a rare use he would make of me, as if he were acquainted with the tool. Commonly, if men want anything of me, it is only to know how many acres I make of their land- since I am a surveyor- or, at most, what trivial news I have burdened myself with. They never will go to law for my meat; they prefer the shell. A man once came a considerable distance to ask me to lecture on Slavery; but on conversing with him, I found that he and his clique expected seven eighths of the lecture to be theirs, and only one eighth mine; so I declined. I take it for granted, when I am invited to lecture anywhere- for I have

had a little experience in that business- that there is a desire to hear what I think on some subject, though I may be the greatest fool in the country- and not that I should say pleasant things merely, or such as the audience will assent to; and I resolve, accordingly, that I will give them a strong dose of myself. They have sent for me, and engaged to pay for me, and I am determined that they shall have me, though I bore them beyond all precedent.

So now I would say something similar to you, my readers. Since you are my readers, and I have not been much of a traveller, I will not talk about people a thousand miles off, but come as near home as I can. As the time is short, I will leave out all the flattery, and retain all the criticism.

Let us consider the way in which we spend our lives.

This world is a place of business. What an infinite bustle! I am awaked almost every night by the panting of the locomotive. It interrupts my dreams. There is no sabbath. It would be glorious to see mankind at leisure for once. It is nothing but work, work, work. I cannot easily buy a blank-book to write thoughts in; they are commonly ruled for dollars and cents. An Irishman, seeing me making a minute in the fields, took it for granted that I was calculating my wages. If a man was tossed out of a window when an infant, and so made a cripple for life, or seared out of his wits by the Indians, it is regretted chiefly because he was thus incapacitated for business! I think that there is nothing, not even crime, more opposed to poetry, to philosophy, ay, to life itself, than this incessant business.

There is a coarse and boisterous money-making fellow in the outskirts of our town, who is going to build a bank-wall under the hill along the edge of his meadow. The powers have put this into his head to keep him out of mischief, and he wishes me to spend three weeks digging there with him. The result will be that he will perhaps get some more money to board, and leave for his heirs to spend foolishly. If I do this, most will commend me as an industrious and hard-working man; but if I choose to devote myself to certain labors which yield more real profit, though but little money, they may be inclined to look on me as an idler. Nevertheless, as I do not need the police of meaningless labor to regulate me, and do not see anything absolutely praiseworthy in this fellow's undertaking any more than in many an enterprise of our own or foreign governments, however amusing it may be to him or them, I prefer to finish my education at a different school.

If a man walk in the woods for love of them half of each day, he is in danger of being regarded as a loafer; but if he spends his whole day as a speculator, shearing off those woods and making earth bald before her time, he is esteemed an industrious and enterprising citizen. As if a town had no interest in its forests but to cut them down!

Most men would feel insulted if it were proposed to employ them in throwing stones over a wall, and then in throwing them back, merely that they might earn their wages. But many are no more worthily employed now. For instance: just after sunrise, one summer morning, I noticed one of my neighbors walking beside his team, which was slowly drawing a heavy hewn stone swung under the axle, surrounded by an atmosphere of industry- his day's work begun- his brow commenced to sweat- a reproach to all sluggards and idlers- pausing abreast the shoulders of his oxen, and half turning round with a flourish of his merciful whip, while they gained their length on him. And I thought, Such is the labor which the American Congress exists to protect- honest, manly toil- honest as the day is long- that makes his bread taste sweet, and keeps society sweet- which all men respect and have consecrated; one of the sacred band, doing the needful but irksome drudgery. Indeed, I felt a slight reproach, because I observed this from a window, and was not abroad and stirring about a similar business. The day went by, and at evening I passed the yard of another neighbor, who keeps many servants, and spends much money foolishly, while he adds nothing to the common stock, and there I saw the stone of the morning lying beside a whimsical structure intended to adorn this Lord Timothy Dexter's premises, and the dignity forthwith departed from the teamster's labor, in my eyes. In my opinion, the sun was made to light worthier toil than this. I may add that his employer has since run off, in debt to a good part of the town, and, after passing through Chancery, has settled somewhere else, there to become once more a patron of the arts.

The ways by which you may get money almost without exception lead downward. To have done anything by which you earned money merely is to have been truly idle or worse. If the laborer gets no more than the wages which his employer pays him, he is cheated, he cheats himself. If you would get money as a writer or lecturer, you must be popular, which is to go down perpendicularly. Those services which the community will most readily pay for, it is most disagreeable to render. You are paid for being something less than a man. The State does not commonly reward a genius any more wisely. Even the poet laureate would rather not have to celebrate the accidents of royalty. He must be bribed with a pipe of wine; and perhaps another poet is called away from his muse to gauge that very pipe. As for my own business, even that kind of surveying which I could do with most satisfaction my employers do not want. They would prefer that I should do my work coarsely and not too well, ay, not well enough. When I observe that there are different ways of surveying, my employer commonly asks which will give him the most land, not which is most correct. I once invented a rule for measuring cord-wood, and tried to introduce it in Boston; but the measurer there told me that the sellers did not wish to have their wood measured correctly- that he was already too accurate for them, and therefore they commonly got their wood measured in Charlestown before crossing the bridge.

The aim of the laborer should be, not to get his living, to get "a good job," but to perform well a certain work; and, even in a pecuniary sense, it would be economy for a town to pay its laborers so well that they would not feel that they were working for low ends, as for a livelihood merely, but for scientific, or even moral ends. Do not hire a man who does your work for money, but him who does it for love of it.

It is remarkable that there are few men so well employed, so much to their minds, but that a little money or fame would commonly buy them off from their present pursuit. I see advertisements for active young men, as if activity were the whole of a young man's capital. Yet I have been surprised when one has with confidence proposed to me, a grown man, to embark in some enterprise of his, as if I had absolutely nothing to do, my life having been a complete failure hitherto. What a doubtful compliment this to pay me! As if he had met me half-way across the ocean beating up against the wind, but bound nowhere, and proposed to me to go along with him! If I did, what do you think the underwriters would say? No, no! I am not without employment at this stage of the voyage. To tell the truth, I saw an advertisement for ablebodied seamen, when I was a boy, sauntering in my native port, and as soon as I came of age I embarked.

The community has no bribe that will tempt a wise man. You may raise money enough to tunnel a mountain, but you cannot raise money enough to hire a man who is minding his own business. An efficient and valuable man does what he can, whether the community pay him for it or not. The inefficient offer their inefficiency to the highest bidder, and are forever expecting to be put into office. One would suppose that they were rarely disappointed.

Perhaps I am more than usually jealous with respect to my freedom. I feel that my connection with and obligation to society are still very slight and transient. Those slight labors which afford me a livelihood, and by which it is allowed that I am to some extent serviceable to my contemporaries, are as yet commonly a pleasure to me, and I am not often reminded that they are a necessity. So far I am successful. But I foresee that if my wants should be much increased, the labor required to supply them would become a drudgery. If I should sell both my forenoons and afternoons to society, as most appear to do, I am sure that for me there would be nothing left worth living for. I trust that I shall never thus sell my birthright for a mess of pottage. I wish to suggest that a man may be very industrious, and yet not spend his time well. There is no more fatal blunderer than he who consumes the greater part of his life getting his living. All great enterprises are self-supporting. The poet, for instance, must sustain his body by his poetry, as a steam planing-mill feeds its boilers with the shavings it makes. You must get your living by loving. But as it is said of the merchants that ninety-seven in a hundred fail, so the life of men generally, tried by this standard, is a failure, and bankruptcy may be surely prophesied.

Merely to come into the world the heir of a fortune is not to be born, but to be still-born, rather. To be supported by the charity of friends, or a government pension- provided you continue to breathe- by whatever fine synonyms you describe

these relations, is to go into the almshouse. On Sundays the poor debtor goes to church to take an account of stock, and finds, of course, that his outgoes have been greater than his income. In the Catholic Church, especially, they go into chancery, make a clean confession, give up all, and think to start again. Thus men will lie on their backs, talking about the fall of man, and never make an effort to get up.

As for the comparative demand which men make on life, it is an important difference between two, that the one is satisfied with a level success, that his marks can all be hit by point-blank shots, but the other, however low and unsuccessful his life may be, constantly elevates his aim, though at a very slight angle to the horizon. I should much rather be the last man- though, as the Orientals say, "Greatness doth not approach him who is forever looking down; and all those who are looking high are growing poor."

It is remarkable that there is little or nothing to be remembered written on the subject of getting a living; how to make getting a living not merely holiest and honorable, but altogether inviting and glorious; for if getting a living is not so, then living is not. One would think, from looking at literature, that this question had never disturbed a solitary individual's musings. Is it that men are too much disgusted with their experience to speak of it? The lesson of value which money teaches, which the Author of the Universe has taken so much pains to teach us, we are inclined to skip altogether. As for the means of living, it is wonderful how indifferent men of all classes are about it, even reformers, so called- whether they inherit, or earn, or steal it. I think that Society has done nothing for us in this respect, or at least has undone what she has done. Cold and hunger seem more friendly to my nature than those methods which men have adopted and advise to ward them off.

The title wise is, for the most part, falsely applied. How can one be a wise man, if he does not know any better how to live than other men?- if he is only more cunning and intellectually subtle? Does Wisdom work in a tread-mill? or does she teach how to succeed by her example? Is there any such thing as wisdom not applied to life? Is she merely the miller who grinds the finest logic? It is pertinent to ask if Plato got his living in a better way or more successfully than his contemporaries- or did he succumb to the difficulties of life like other men? Did he seem to prevail over some of them merely by indifference, or by assuming grand airs? or find it easier to live, because his aunt remembered him in her will? The ways in which most men get their living, that is, live, are mere makeshifts, and a shirking of the real business of life-chiefly because they do not know, but partly because they do not mean, any better.

The rush to California, for instance, and the attitude, not merely of merchants, but of philosophers and prophets, so called, in relation to it, reflect the greatest disgrace on mankind. That so many are ready to live by luck, and so get the means of commanding the labor of others less lucky, without contributing any value to society! And that is called enterprise! I know of no more startling development of the immorality of trade, and all the common modes of getting a living. The philosophy and poetry and religion of such a mankind are not worth the dust of a puffball. The hog that gets his living by rooting, stirring up the soil so, would be ashamed of such company. If I could command the wealth of all the worlds by lifting my finger, I would not pay such a price for it. Even Mahomet knew that God did not make this world in jest. It makes God to be a moneyed gentleman who scatters a handful of pennies in order to see mankind scramble for them. The world's raffle! A subsistence in the domains of Nature a thing to be raffled for! What a comment, what a satire, on our institutions! The conclusion will be, that mankind will hang itself upon a tree. And have all the precepts in all the Bibles taught men only this? and is the last and most admirable invention of the human race only an improved muck-rake? Is this the ground on which Orientals and Occidentals meet? Did God direct us so to get our living, digging where we never planted- and He would, perchance, reward us with lumps of gold?

God gave the righteous man a certificate entitling him to food and raiment, but the unrighteous man found a facsimile of the same in God's coffers, and appropriated it, and obtained food and raiment like the former. It is one of the most extensive systems of counterfeiting that the world has seen. I did not know that mankind was suffering for want of old. I have seen a little of it. I know that it is very malleable, but not so malleable as wit. A grain of gold gild a great surface, but not so much as a grain of wisdom.

The gold-digger in the ravines of the mountains is as much a gambler as his fellow in the saloons of San Francisco. What difference does it make whether you shake dirt or shake dice? If you win, society is the loser. The gold-digger is the enemy of the honest laborer, whatever checks and compensations there may be. It is not enough to tell me that you worked hard to get your gold. So does the Devil work hard. The way of transgressors may be hard in many respects. The humblest observer who goes to the mines sees and says that gold-digging is of the character of a lottery; the gold thus obtained is not the same same thing with the wages of honest toil. But, practically, he forgets what he has seen, for he has seen only the fact, not the principle, and goes into trade there, that is, buys a ticket in what commonly proves another lottery, where the fact is not so obvious.

After reading Howitt's account of the Australian gold-diggings one evening, I had in my mind's eye, all night, the numerous valleys, with their streams, all cut up with foul pits, from ten to one hundred feet deep, and half a dozen feet across, as close as they can be dug, and partly filled with water- the locality to which men furiously rush to probe for their fortunes- uncertain where they shall break ground- not knowing but the gold is under their camp itself- sometimes digging one hundred and sixty feet before they strike the vein, or then missing it by a foot- turned into demons, and regardless of each others' rights, in their thirst for riches- whole valleys, for thirty miles, suddenly honeycombed by the pits of the miners, so that even hundreds are drowned in them- standing in water, and covered with mud and clay, they work night and day, dying of exposure and disease. Having read this, and partly forgotten it, I was thinking, accidentally, of my own unsatisfactory life, doing as others do; and with that vision of the diggings still before me, I asked myself why I might not be washing some gold daily, though it were only the finest particles- why I might not sink a shaft down to the gold within me, and work that mine. There is a Ballarat, a Bendigo for you- what though it were a sulky-gully? At any rate, I might pursue some path, however solitary and narrow and crooked, in which I could walk with love and reverence. Wherever a man separates from the multitude, and goes his own way in this mood, there indeed is a fork in the road, though ordinary travellers may see only a gap in the paling. His solitary path across lots will turn out the higher way of the two.

Men rush to California and Australia as if the true gold were to be found in that direction; but that is to go to the very opposite extreme to where it lies. They go prospecting farther and farther away from the true lead, and are most unfortunate when they think themselves most successful. Is not our native soil auriferous? Does not a stream from the golden mountains flow through our native valley? and has not this for more than geologic ages been bringing down the shining particles and forming the nuggets for us? Yet, strange to tell, if a digger steal away, prospecting for this true gold, into the unexplored solitudes around us, there is no danger that any will dog his steps, and endeavor to supplant him. He may claim and undermine the whole valley even, both the cultivated and the uncultivated portions, his whole life long in peace, for no one will ever dispute his claim. They will not mind his cradles or his toms. He is not confined to a claim twelve feet square, as at Ballarat, but may mine anywhere, and wash the whole wide world in his tom.

Howitt says of the man who found the great nugget which weighed twenty-eight pounds, at the Bendigo diggings in Australia: "He soon began to drink; got a horse, and rode all about, generally at full gallop, and, when he met people, called out to inquire if they knew who he was, and then kindly informed them that he was 'the bloody wretch that had found the nugget.' At last he rode full speed against a tree, and nearly knocked his brains out." I think, however, there was no danger of that, for he had already knocked his brains out against the nugget. Howitt adds, "He is a hopelessly ruined man." But he is a type of the class. They are all fast men. Hear some of the names of the places where they dig: "Jackass Flat"- "Sheep's-Head Gully"- "Murderer's Bar," etc. Is there no satire in these names? Let them carry their illgotten wealth where they will, I am thinking it will still be "Jackass Flat," if not "Murderer's Bar," where they live. The last resource of our energy has been the robbing of graveyards on the Isthmus of Darien, an enterprise which appears to be but in its infancy; for, according to late accounts, an act has passed its second reading in the legislature of New Granada, regulating this kind of mining; and a correspondent of the "Tribune" writes: "In the dry season, when the weather will permit of the country being properly prospected, no doubt other rich guacas [that is, graveyards] will be found." To emigrants he says: "do not come before December; take the Isthmus route in preference to the Boca del Toro one; bring no useless baggage, and do not cumber yourself with a tent; but a good pair of blankets will be necessary; a pick, shovel, and axe of good material will be almost all that is required": advice which might have been taken from the "Burker's Guide." And he concludes with this line in Italics and small capitals: "If you are doing well at home, STAY THERE," which may fairly be interpreted to mean, "If you are getting a good living by robbing graveyards at home, stay there."

But why go to California for a text? She is the child of New England, bred at her own school and church.

It is remarkable that among all the preachers there are so few moral teachers. The prophets are employed in excusing the ways of men. Most reverend seniors, the illuminati of the age, tell me, with a gracious, reminiscent smile, betwixt an aspiration and a shudder, not to be too tender about these things- to lump all that, that is, make a lump of gold of it. The highest advice I have heard on these subjects was grovelling. The burden of it was- It is not worth your while to undertake to reform the world in this particular. Do not ask how your bread is buttered; it will make you sick, if you do-and the like. A man had better starve at once than lose his innocence in the process of getting his bread. If within the sophisticated man there is not an unsophisticated one, then he is but one of the devil's angels. As we grow old, we live more coarsely, we relax a little in our disciplines, and, to some extent, cease to obey our finest instincts. But we should be fastidious to the extreme of sanity, disregarding the gibes of those who are more unfortunate than ourselves.

In our science and philosophy, even, there is commonly no true and absolute account of things. The spirit of sect and bigotry has planted its hoof amid the stars. You have only to discuss the problem, whether the stars are inhabited or not, in order to discover it. Why must we daub the heavens as well as the earth? It was an unfortunate discovery that Dr. Kane was a Mason, and that Sir John Franklin was another. But it was a more cruel suggestion that possibly that was the reason why the former went in search of the latter. There is not a popular magazine in this country that would dare to print a child's thought on important subjects without comment. It must be submitted to the D.D.'s. I would it were the chickadee-dees.

You come from attending the funeral of mankind to attend to a natural phenomenon. A little thought is sexton to all the world.

I hardly know an intellectual man, even, who is so broad and truly liberal that you can think aloud in his society. Most with whom you endeavor to talk soon come to a stand against some institution in which they appear to hold stock- that is, some particular, not universal, way of viewing things. They will continually thrust their own low roof, with its narrow skylight, between you and the sky, when it is the unobstructed heavens you would view. Get out of the way with your cobwebs; wash your windows, I say! In some lyceums they tell me that they have voted to exclude the subject of religion. But how do I know what their religion is, and when I am near to or far from it? I have walked into such an arena and done my best to make a clean breast of what religion I have experienced, and the audience never suspected what I was about. The lecture was as harmless as moonshine to them. Whereas, if I had read to them the biography of the greatest scamps in history, they might have thought that I had written the lives of the deacons of their church. Ordinarily, the inquiry is, Where did you come from? or, Where are you going? That was a more pertinent question which I overheard one of my auditors put to another one- "What does he lecture for?" It made me quake in my shoes.

To speak impartially, the best men that I know are not serene, a world in themselves. For the most part, they dwell in forms, and flatter and study effect only more finely than the rest. We select granite for the underpinning of our houses

and barns; we build fences of stone; but we do not ourselves rest on an underpinning of granitic truth, the lowest primitive rock. Our sills are rotten. What stuff is the man made of who is not coexistent in our thought with the purest and subtilest truth? I often accuse my finest acquaintances of an immense frivolity; for, while there are manners and compliments we do not meet, we do not teach one another the lessons of honesty and sincerity that the brutes do, or of steadiness and solidity that the rocks do. The fault is commonly mutual, however; for we do not habitually demand any more of each other.

That excitement about Kossuth, consider how characteristic, but superficial, it was!- only another kind of politics or dancing. Men were making speeches to him all over the country, but each expressed only the thought, or the want of thought, of the multitude. No man stood on truth. They were merely banded together, as usual one leaning on another, and all together on nothing; as the Hindoos made the world rest on an elephant, the elephant on a tortoise, and the tortoise on a serpent, and had nothing to put under the serpent. For all fruit of that stir we have the Kossuth hat.

Just so hollow and ineffectual, for the most part, is our ordinary conversation. Surface meets surface. When our life ceases to be inward and private, conversation degenerates into mere gossip. We rarely meet a man who can tell us any news which he has not read in a newspaper, or been told by his neighbor; and, for the most part, the only difference between us and our fellow is that he has seen the newspaper, or been out to tea, and we have not. In proportion as our inward life fails, we go more constantly and desperately to the post-office. You may depend on it, that the poor fellow who walks away with the greatest number of letters, proud of his extensive correspondence, has not heard from himself this long while.

I do not know but it is too much to read one newspaper a week. I have tried it recently, and for so long it seems to me that I have not dwelt in my native region. The sun, the clouds, the snow, the trees say not so much to me. You cannot serve two masters. It requires more than a day's devotion to know and to possess the wealth of a day.

We may well be ashamed to tell what things we have read or heard in our day. I did not know why my news should be so trivial- considering what one's dreams and expectations are, why the developments should be so paltry. The news we hear, for the most part, is not news to our genius. It is the stalest repetition. You are often tempted to ask why such stress is laid on a particular experience which you have had- that, after twenty-five years, you should meet Hobbins, Registrar of Deeds, again on the sidewalk. Have you not budged an inch, then? Such is the daily news. Its facts appear to float in the atmosphere, insignificant as the sporules of fungi, and impinge on some neglected thallus, or surface of our minds, which affords a basis for them, and hence a parasitic growth. We should wash ourselves clean of such news. Of what consequence, though our planet explode, if there is no character involved in the explosion? In health we have not the least curiosity about such events. We do not live for idle amusement. I would not run round a corner to see the world blow up.

All summer, and far into the autumn, perchance, you unconsciously went by the newspapers and the news, and now you find it was because the morning and the evening were full of news to you. Your walks were full of incidents. You attended, not to the affairs of Europe, but to your own affairs in Massachusetts fields. If you chance to live and move and have your being in that thin stratum in which the events that make the news transpire- thinner than the paper on which it is printed- then these things will fill the world for you; but if you soar above or dive below that plane, you cannot remember nor be reminded of them. Really to see the sun rise or go down every day, so to relate ourselves to a universal fact, would preserve us sane forever. Nations! What are nations? Tartars, and Huns, and Chinamen! Like insects, they swarm. The historian strives in vain to make them memorable. It is for want of a man that there are so many men. It is individuals that populate the world. Any man thinking may say with the Spirit of Lodin-

"I look down from my height on nations,

And they become ashes before me;-

Calm is my dwelling in the clouds;

Pleasant are the great fields of my rest."

Pray, let us live without being drawn by dogs, Esquimaux-fashion, tearing over hill and dale, and biting each other's ears.

Not without a slight shudder at the danger, I often perceive how near I had come to admitting into my mind the details of some trivial affair- the news of the street; and I am astonished to observe how willing men are to lumber their minds with such rubbish- to permit idle rumors and incidents of the most insignificant kind to intrude on ground which should be sacred to thought. Shall the mind be a public arena, where the affairs of the street and the gossip of the tea-table chiefly are discussed? Or shall it be a quarter of heaven itself- an hypaethral temple, consecrated to the service of the gods? I find it so difficult to dispose of the few facts which to me are significant, that I hesitate to burden my attention with those which are insignificant, which only a divine mind could illustrate. Such is, for the most part, the news in newspapers and conversation. It is important to preserve the mind's chastity in this respect. Think of admitting the details of a single case of the criminal court into our thoughts, to stalk profanely through their very sanctum sanctorum for an hour, ay, for many hours! to make a very bar-room of the mind's inmost apartment, as if for so long the dust of the street had occupied us- the very street itself, with all its travel, its bustle, and filth, had passed through our thoughts' shrine! Would it not be an intellectual and moral suicide? When I have been compelled to sit spectator and auditor in a court-room for some hours, and have seen my neighbors, who were not compelled, stealing in from time to time, and tiptoeing about with washed hands and faces, it has appeared to my mind's eye, that, when they took off their hats, their ears suddenly expanded into vast hoppers for sound, between which even their narrow heads were crowded. Like the vanes of windmills, they caught the broad but shallow stream of sound, which, after a few titillating gyrations in their coggy brains, passed out the other side. I wondered if, when they got home, they were as careful to wash their ears as before their hands and faces. It has seemed to me, at such a time, that the auditors and the witnesses, the jury and the counsel, the judge and the criminal at the bar- if I may presume him guilty before he is convicted- were all equally criminal, and a thunderbolt might be expected to descend and consume them all together.

By all kinds of traps and signboards, threatening the extreme penalty of the divine law, exclude such trespassers from the only ground which can be sacred to you. It is so hard to forget what it is worse than useless to remember! If I am to be a thoroughfare, I prefer that it be of the mountain brooks, the Parnassian streams, and not the town sewers. There is inspiration, that gossip which comes to the ear of the attentive mind from the courts of heaven. There is the profane and stale revelation of the bar-room and the police court. The same ear is fitted to receive both communications. Only the character of the hearer determines to which it shall be open, and to which closed. I believe that the mind can be permanently profaned by the habit of attending to trivial things, so that all our thoughts shall be tinged with triviality. Our very intellect shall be macadamized, as it were- its foundation broken into fragments for the wheels of travel to roll over; and if you would know what will make the most durable pavement, surpassing rolled stones, spruce blocks, and asphaltum, you have only to look into some of our minds which have been subjected to this treatment so long.

If we have thus desecrated ourselves- as who has not?- the remedy will be by wariness and devotion to reconsecrate ourselves, and make once more a fane of the mind. We should treat our minds, that is, ourselves, as innocent and ingenuous children, whose guardians we are, and be careful what objects and what subjects we thrust on their attention. Read not the Times. Read the Eternities. Conventionalities are at length as had as impurities. Even the facts of science may dust the mind by their dryness, unless they are in a sense effaced each morning, or rather rendered fertile by the dews of fresh and living truth. Knowledge does not come to us by details, but in flashes of light from heaven. Yes, every thought that passes through the mind helps to wear and tear it, and to deepen the ruts, which, as in the streets of Pompeii, evince how much it has been used. How many things there are concerning which we might well deliberate whether we had better know them- had better let their peddling-carts be driven, even at the slowest trot or walk, over that bride of glorious span by which we trust to pass at last from the farthest brink of time to the nearest shore of

eternity! Have we no culture, no refinement- but skill only to live coarsely and serve the Devil?- to acquire a little worldly wealth, or fame, or liberty, and make a false show with it, as if we were all husk and shell, with no tender and living kernel to us? Shall our institutions be like those chestnut burs which contain abortive nuts, perfect only to prick the fingers?

America is said to be the arena on which the battle of freedom is to be fought; but surely it cannot be freedom in a merely political sense that is meant. Even if we grant that the American has freed himself from a political tyrant, he is still the slave of an economical and moral tyrant. Now that the republic- the respublica- has been settled, it is time to look after the res-privata- the private state- to see, as the Roman senate charged its consuls, "ne quid res-PRIVATA detrimenti caperet," that the private state receive no detriment.

Do we call this the land of the free? What is it to be free from King George and continue the slaves of King Prejudice? What is it to be born free and not to live free? What is the value of any political freedom, but as a means to moral freedom? Is it a freedom to be slaves, or a freedom to be free, of which we boast? We are a nation of politicians, concerned about the outmost defences only of freedom. It is our children's children who may perchance be really free. We tax ourselves unjustly. There is a part of us which is not represented. It is taxation without representation. We quarter troops, we quarter fools and cattle of all sorts upon ourselves. We quarter our gross bodies on our poor souls, till the former eat up all the latter's substance.

With respect to a true culture and manhood, we are essentially provincial still, not metropolitan- mere Jonathans. We are provincial, because we do not find at home our standards; because we do not worship truth, but the reflection of truth; because we are warped and narrowed by an exclusive devotion to trade and commerce and manufactures and agriculture and the like, which are but means, and not the end.

So is the English Parliament provincial. Mere country bumpkins, they betray themselves, when any more important question arises for them to settle, the Irish question, for instance- the English question why did I not say? Their natures are subdued to what they work in. Their "good breeding" respects only secondary objects. The finest manners in the world are awkwardness and fatuity when contrasted with a finer intelligence. They appear but as the fashions of past days- mere courtliness, knee-buckles and small-clothes, out of date. It is the vice, but not the excellence of manners, that they are continually being deserted by the character; they are cast-off-clothes or shells, claiming the respect which belonged to the living creature. You are presented with the shells instead of the meat, and it is no excuse generally, that, in the case of some fishes, the shells are of more worth than the meat. The man who thrusts his manners upon me does as if he were to insist on introducing me to his cabinet of curiosities, when I wished to see himself. It was not in this sense that the poet Decker called Christ "the first true gentleman that ever breathed." I repeat that in this sense the most splendid court in Christendom is provincial, having authority to consult about Transalpine interests only, and not the affairs of Rome. A praetor or proconsul would suffice to settle the questions which absorb the attention of the English Parliament and the American Congress.

Government and legislation! these I thought were respectable professions. We have heard of heaven-born Numas, Lycurguses, and Solons, in the history of the world, whose names at least may stand for ideal legislators; but think of legislating to regulate the breeding of slaves, or the exportation of tobacco! What have divine legislators to do with the exportation or the importation of tobacco? what humane ones with the breeding of slaves? Suppose you were to submit the question to any son of God- and has He no children in the Nineteenth Century? is it a family which is extinct?- in what condition would you get it again? What shall a State like Virginia say for itself at the last day, in which these have been the principal, the staple productions? What ground is there for patriotism in such a State? I derive my facts from statistical tables which the States themselves have published. A commerce that whitens every sea in quest of nuts and raisins, and makes slaves of its sailors for this purpose! I saw, the other day, a vessel which had been wrecked, and many lives lost, and her cargo of rags, juniper berries, and bitter almonds were strewn along the shore. It seemed hardly worth the while to tempt the dangers of the sea between Leghorn and New York for the sake of a cargo of juniper berries and bitter almonds. America sending to the Old World for her bitters! Is not the sea-brine, is not shipwreck, bitter enough to make the cup of life go down here? Yet such, to a great extent, is our boasted commerce; and there are those who style themselves statesmen and philosophers who are so blind as to think that progress and civilization depend on precisely this kind of interchange and activity- the activity of flies about a molasses- hogshead. Very well, observes one, if men were oysters. And very well, answer I, if men were mosquitoes.

Lieutenant Herndon, whom our government sent to explore the Amazon, and, it is said, to extend the area of slavery, observed that there was wanting there "an industrious and active population, who know what the comforts of life are, and who have artificial wants to draw out the great resources of the country." But what are the "artificial wants" to be encouraged? Not the love of luxuries, like the tobacco and slaves of, I believe, his native Virginia, nor the ice and granite and other material wealth of our native New England; nor are "the great resources of a country" that fertility or barrenness of soil which produces these. The chief want, in every State that I have been into, was a high and earnest purpose in its inhabitants. This alone draws out "the great resources" of Nature, and at last taxes her beyond her resources; for man naturally dies out of her. When we want culture more than potatoes, and illumination more than sugar-plums, then the great resources of a world are taxed and drawn out, and the result, or staple production, is, not slaves, nor operatives, but men- those rare fruits called heroes, saints, poets, philosophers, and redeemers.

In short, as a snow-drift is formed where there is a lull in the wind, so, one would say, where there is a lull of truth, an institution springs up. But the truth blows right on over it, nevertheless, and at length blows it down.

What is called politics is comparatively something so superficial and inhuman, that practically I have never fairly recognized that it concerns me at all. The newspapers, I perceive, devote some of their columns specially to politics or government without charge; and this, one would say, is all that saves it; but as I love literature and to some extent the truth also, I never read those columns at any rate. I do not wish to blunt my sense of right so much. I have not got to answer for having read a single President's Message. A strange age of the world this, when empires, kingdoms, and republics come a-begging to a private man's door, and utter their complaints at his elbow! I cannot take up a newspaper but I find that some wretched government or other, hard pushed and on its last legs, is interceding with me, the reader, to vote for it- more importunate than an Italian beggar; and if I have a mind to look at its certificate, made, perchance, by some benevolent merchant's clerk, or the skipper that brought it over, for it cannot speak a word of English itself, I shall probably read of the eruption of some Vesuvius, or the overflowing of some Po, true or forged, which brought it into this condition. I do not hesitate, in such a case, to suggest work, or the almshouse; or why not keep its castle in silence, as I do commonly? The poor President, what with preserving his popularity and doing his duty, is completely bewildered. The newspapers are the ruling power. Any other government is reduced to a few marines at Fort Independence. If a man neglects to read the Daily Times, government will go down on its knees to him, for this is the only treason in these days.

Those things which now most engage the attention of men, as politics and the daily routine, are, it is true, vital functions of human society, but should be unconsciously performed, like the corresponding functions of the physical body. They are infrahuman, a kind of vegetation. I sometimes awake to a half-consciousness of them going on about me, as a man may become conscious of some of the processes of digestion in a morbid state, and so have the dyspepsia, as it is called. It is as if a thinker submitted himself to be rasped by the great gizzard of creation. Politics is, as it were, the gizzard of society, full of grit and gravel, and the two political parties are its two opposite halves- sometimes split into quarters, it may be, which grind on each other. Not only individuals, but states, have thus a confirmed dyspepsia, which expresses itself, you can imagine by what sort of eloquence. Thus our life is not altogether a forgetting, but also, alas! to a great

extent, a remembering, of that which we should never have been conscious of, certainly not in our waking hours. Why should we not meet, not always as dyspeptics, to tell our had dreams, but sometimes as eupeptics, to congratulate each other on the ever-glorious morning? I do not make an exorbitant demand, surely.

From "Slavery in Massachusetts":

"The fate of the country... does not depend on what kind of paper you drop into the ballot-box once a year, but on what kind of man you drop from your chamber into the street every morning."

"Those who have been bred in the school of politics fail now and always to face the facts."

"A government which deliberately enacts injustice, and persists in it, will at length ever become the laughing-stock of the world."

"A distinguished clergyman told me that he chose the profession of a clergyman because it afforded the most leisure for literary pursuits. I would recommend to him the profession of a governor."

"Now-a-days, men wear a fool's cap, and call it a liberty cap."

"Probably no country was ever ruled by so mean a class of tyrants as, with a few noble exceptions, are the editors of the periodical press in this country. And as they live and rule only by their servility, and appealing to the worst, and not the better nature of man, the people who read them are in the condition of the dog that returns to his vomit."

"If there is any hell more unprincipled than our rulers, and we, the ruled, I feel curious to see it."

"I believe that, in this country, the press exerts a greater and a more pernicious influence than the church did in its worst period. We are not a religious people, but we are a nation of politicians."

"I would remind my countrymen that they are to be men first, and Americans only at a late and convenient hour."

"There is no such thing as accomplishing a righteous reform by the use of 'expediency.' There is no such thing as sliding up hill. In morals, the only sliders are backsliders."

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when the justices overturned that state's bid to impose its rule over the Indian people. To Atwill's disgust, Jackson refused to enforce the decision, making "our laws . . . a nullity." At the end of December 1835 a rump faction of the Cherokee leadership gave up all hope of remaining in Georgia and signed on to a relocation plan under federal auspices; the resulting Treaty of New Echota barely got through the U.S. Senate five months later. Nothing was said about these developments in the Concord press. It was only in April 1838, as the Cherokees faced an imminent deadline to depart for undesired land in the West, that the unfolding tragedy took center stage. Like the temperance reform being debated at the very same moment, it put an urgent moral question at the heart of local political debate.³³

Stirred by a column on "The Plunder of the Cherokees" in the <u>Boston Atlas</u>, the leading Whig newspaper in the state, outraged Concordians joined in a last-ditch campaign to stop "an act of the vilest injustice . . . against an unoffending and most injured race." "The wrongs which these poor people have received at the hands of our Government are already enough to rouse the indignation of every man of common feeling," fumed the <u>Gazette</u>, "but it makes the blood boil to hear of atrocities such as those which are now meditated. They MUST NOT be executed. As Men and Christians, we cannot allow them in silence. We must protest and remonstrate against it." The opportunity came the next day. On Sunday, April 22, following public worship, townspeople of all sects gathered in the Trinitarian meetinghouse and listened with mounting anger to accounts of the American government's bad faith toward the Cherokees and of the injustice the Van Buren administration was about to perpetrate in forcing their removal to the West. The case was made in speeches by local Whigs, including Samuel and Rockwood Hoar, Josiah Davis, and Trinitarian pastor Wilder.

The event was unusual for a Sabbath, for it arguably dealt with a political matter

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inappropriate for the Lord's Day. The participants dismissed that objection. The assembly, as they saw it, possessed "moral and religious bearings." Its concern was the treatment of the Indians according to "the principles of humanity, justice, and religion." By these standards, the "misnamed treaty" of New Echota was utterly invalid and ought to be set aside. So the townsmen affirmed in a unanimous public statement. They also circulated a "remonstrance" for submission to Congress. Composed by Rockwood Hoar, the handwritten statement condemned the seizure of the Cherokees' lands "without their consent" as "an outrage upon justice and humanity, a violation of all the principles of free government, and of the solemn obligations of the U[nited] States to this dependent people." Altogether, 173 men endorsed the document; the signature of Ezra Ripley, still strong and legible in his eighties, headed the list. At the same time, 316 women signed separate petitions with the same text, with Mary Wilder, the Trinitarian minister's wife, in the forefront, followed by Cynthia Thoreau. Unlike 1830, when Concord had stood apart from the petition campaign against the Indian Removal Act, concerned citizens now raised their voices both in a collective declaration of sentiments and in their own individual names.³⁴

Waldo Emerson played a prominent part in these proceedings. He was a key organizer of the meeting, and when the session opened, he came forward and explained its purpose "very fully and appropriately." His remarks drew heavily on the protest and memorial of the Cherokee Nation against the misbegotten treaty. Later in the program the Rev. Emerson – the <u>Gazette</u> insisted on his clerical title – expanded on his views as one of the featured speakers. He had no hesitation about signing the petition; his name came second, immediately after grandfather Ripley. None of these acts distinguished either Emerson or Concord from other opponents of removal. A good many communities in the Bay State, from Pittsfield and Williamstown in Berkshire County to Northampton in the Connecticut Valley and thence through the Middlesex towns of Dracut and

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Billerica to Newburyport on the coast, did the same things. But the Transcendentalist thinker took one further step to publicize the distress he felt at the disturbing course of events. At the request of his neighbors, he sat down after the public meeting and composed an open letter of protest to President Martin Van Buren. It was intended for publication in an editorial outlet the chief executive and other influential policy-makers were likely to see. To that end, Emerson dispatched the communication to a receptive member of the Twenty-Fifth Congress, then convened in the nation's capital. That was not Concord's own representative, the Democrat William Parmenter; Emerson turned instead to the Whig Congressman from Cape Cod. Upon receipt of the letter, John Reed, Jr., visited the office of the <u>National Intelligencer</u>, the voice of the Whig establishment in Jacksonian Washington, and arranged for its appearance in the May 14 issue. Headed "Communication," the letter carried the dateline, "Concord, Massachusetts, April 23, 1838," and the by-line of Ralph Waldo Emerson, "fellow citizen" of the President. No further information about the author was supplied. Little known beyond New England, the writer could not depend on his reputation to attract readers. He had to rely on the power of his words.³⁵

A public message to the President from a private citizen was rare, if not unprecedented, in American politics during the first half-century of government under the Constitution. No one imitated Emerson's example at the time, and few commented on it. Just seven newspapers, all in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, reprinted the letter. One was his hometown weekly, the <u>Gazette</u> (to which he supplied a copy), another the <u>Boston Courier</u>, full of praise for the "boldness and independence" of the statement and relieved that it partook "not in the remotest degree of transcendentalism," and a third William Lloyd Garrison's abolitionist <u>Liberator</u>. The letter traveled in narrow circles geographically and politically. Nonetheless, it marked an unusual intervention by Emerson in the political arena, and it did so with a rhetorical extravagance uncharacteristic of the

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The Spirit of Reform man. This plea for justice did not simply rehearse objections to the dispossession of the Cherokees

and to their forced relocation to the new "Indian Territory" beyond the Mississippi. It also personalized the dispute in an emotional appeal to a president about to commit "an act of fraud and robbery" in the name of the American people - a "crime" certain to "bring down the renowned chair in which you sit into infamy," he warned Van Buren, and to ruin the reputation of the republic as "the sweet omen of religion and liberty." Let the "instrument of perfidy" - the Treaty of New Echota - be executed, and "the name of this nation . . . will stink to the world." Could anything stop this headlong descent into evil? Rather than give in to the general sense of "despondency" among "a great part of the northern people," Emerson summoned all his rhetorical powers to awaken the "moral sentiment" in the chief executive's breast and spur him to do the right thing. His letter overflowed with anguish and outrage in an outpouring of hurt feelings seldom seen in his prose.³⁶

Emerson brought to his task first-hand knowledge of the Cherokees' progress in "civilization" and defense of their country. Seven years earlier the brothers Emerson had joined in protests against the Indian Removal Act. Charles, then a twenty-two-year-old law student in Cambridge, helped organize a public meeting to oppose the anti-Indian policies of Washington and Georgia ("Never was a plainer case of right & wrong," he declared); Waldo, still in the pulpit of Boston's Second Church, preached against the nation's "bad heart," as evident in the "barefaced trespass of power upon weakness" amid "the general indifference" of the public. A year later, on the eve of the Supreme Court's rejection of Georgia's claim to sovereignty over the Cherokee Nation, Emerson listened with rapt attention as two representatives of that beleaguered people spoke to a Boston audience at William Ellery Channing's Federal Street meetinghouse. The Indian emissaries, Elias Boudinot and John Ridge, were the Cherokee spokesmen best-known in the white community. Products of mixed white-Indian parentage, they were living testimonials to the success of Yankee

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missionaries in converting "the heathen" and educating them in Christianity and culture. Emerson was particularly impressed by Ridge, "a stately gifted person," whose eloquence "put to shame" the white notables, including Samuel Hoar and the Rev. Lyman Beecher, with whom he shared the platform. Now, in late April 1838, a proud citizen of Concord, Emerson drew on all that he had read and heard to speak out against "the crime" moving "at such fatally quick time" to catastrophe for the Cherokee people. The deadline for removal was just a month away – a date fixed by the dishonorable treaty. Ironically, that compact had been negotiated and signed by Boudinot and Ridge, part of a small minority intent on preserving Cherokee autonomy even at the cost of resettlement far from the land of their ancestors. Emerson ignored that uncomfortable detail in preparing his open letter to Van Buren.³⁷

In Emerson's telling, the natives were not the only victims of the federal government. So were the upstanding citizens of Concord and New England, who had watched in distress as their "agents" in Washington broke solemn promises and violated law and morality in order to drive the Cherokees from their homes. Those unhappy white citizens took center stage in the letter to the President. Emerson framed his statement as a narrative of alienated affections, recounting how his neighbors, once confident of the honor and good intentions of the national government, had steadily lost faith in their leaders. Emerson admitted to accompanying the townspeople on this road to disaffection, notwithstanding his positive regard for the chief executive. "By right, and natural position, "he assured Van Buren, "every citizen is your friend." But step by step, the top magistrates – first Jackson, then his successor – had betrayed that trust. Everywhere "the men and the matrons sitting in the thriving independent families all over the land" had welcomed the advancement of the Cherokees in civilization; they had watched "with sympathy the painful labors of these red men to redeem their own race from the doom of eternal inferiority." (Though Emerson did not say so, the

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Trinitarians of Concord regularly contributed funds to support the mission school in Cherokee country.)³⁸ The natives' prospects appeared hopeful. They would surely "taste justice and love" from federal authorities; no one expected them to be "abandoned to their enemies." Yet the "sham treaty" was signed, against "the will of the [Cherokee] nation," and despite the Indians' overwhelming repudiation of the agreement, enforcement was going forward mercilessly. The people of Concord could hardly believe what they read in the press. "Men and women with pale and perplexed faces meet one another in streets and churches here, and ask if this be so." Unfortunately, there was no avoiding the harsh truth. "Such a dereliction of all faith and virtue, such a denial of justice and such deafness to screams of misery" were without precedent in a time of peace. "Sir, does the Government think that the people of the United States are become savage and mad? . . . The soul of man, the justice, the mercy, that is the heart's heart in all men from Maine to Georgia, does abhor this business."

This was strong language, meant to speak truth to power without inhibition or fear of affront. Emerson acknowledged going beyond "the bounds of decorum," only to throw the charge back at potential critics. "Would it not be a higher indecorum, coldly to argue a matter like this?" How could he not speak as bluntly and forcefully as possible when "a crime is projected that confounds our understandings by its magnitude"? So immense was the "crime" that it injured all people of principle and piety throughout the United States. It "really deprives us as well as the Cherokees of a country, for how could we call the conspiracy that should crush these poor Indians, our Government, or the land that was cursed by their parting and dying imprecations, our country, any more?" Emerson and his neighbors were being dispossessed of a republic in which they could no longer believe.

Was there no reprieve for the Cherokees? Must "millions of virtuous citizens" accept their

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powerlessness and "shut their eyes until the last howl and wailing of these poor tormented villages and tribes shall afflict the ear of the world"? Many people had advised Emerson not to waste his breath; a plea to Van Buren would fall on deaf ears. But the Concord citizen would not affect "the contumely of this distrust." Nor would he give up on the chief executive. "A man with your experience in affairs," he appealed, "must have seen cause to appreciate the futility of opposition to the moral sentiment. However feeble the sufferer, and however great the oppressor, it is in the nature of things that the blow should recoil on its aggressor. For God is in the sentiment, and it cannot be withstood." The faith of the Transcendentalist animated the protest, even if the editor of the Boston Courier, not to mention the President, paid no heed.³⁹

Emerson's letter was a "shriek" as shrill as the "howl" from the forlorn Cherokees shortly to be dragged along the Trail of Tears, some four thousand losing their lives along the way. He took no pride of authorship nor drew any satisfaction from the foray into the political arena. Far from it. Emerson "hated" the address to Van Buren; it was "a deliverance that does not deliver the soul." For one thing, it was pointless. The fate of the Cherokees was fixed; nothing he said was going to prevent the impending disaster. "Why strike ineffectual blows?" Then again something had to be done, if only to release pent-up anger. "Sometimes a scream is better than a thesis." But Emerson was loath to engage in a moral protest – what he called a "holy hurrah" – for its own sake, as if to put his superior sensibility on parade. Yankees were far too prone to such displays, which hung "like dead cats around one's neck." His regrets went deeper still. He had broken his longstanding resolution to utter only those thoughts that were truly his own. Writing an open letter to Van Buren was not his inspiration. It came from his neighbors, and he took on the assignment out of a sense of duty. "It is not my impulse to say it & therefore my genius deserts me, no muse befriends, no music of thought or of word accompanies. Bah!" He had consented to be an amanuensis of outrage,

-33-The Spirit of Reform channeling the passions of others through the feathers of his quill pen. The result, in his opinion, was a superficial piece, full of wrought-up emotions and calculated for effect. Emerson vowed never to repeat the experience.40

Chapter 19

Who badgered Emerson into pro-Cherokee activism? Not the Whigs, who abounded in gentlemen willing to take leadership roles in the opposition to removal. Emerson was complaining about pressure from a specific set of "friends." It was the women in his domestic and social circles who prodded him to take a prominent public stand. The impetus behind the protest meeting at the Trinitarian meetinghouse came from Mary Merrick Brooks, the lawyer's wife, who became so distraught after reading about "the Plunder of the Cherokees" in the Boston Atlas that she called on Emerson and importuned him to "set the men [in town] to work." Accompanying her to this interview was Prudence Ward, a middle-aged single woman who boarded with the Thoreau family. Strengthening their appeal still more was Lidian Emerson, who could not contain her distress over the Indians' plight. "Doing good you know is all out of fashion," she wrote her sister in Plymouth, "but there happens just now to occur a case so urgent that one must lay aside for a while all newfangled notions - and attempt in the good old way to do a little good - by speaking our word, and doing what deeds we may in behalf of the poor Cherokee nation." Though he preferred to act on his own rather than join in "public movements," Emerson could not ignore his wife's moving plea. Would he not take the lead in organizing a meeting? The sympathetic husband complied, only to find himself drawn ever more deeply into the movement. The next thing he knew he was recruited to write the open letter to Van Buren. When that communication was published, his Concord friends hastened to congratulate him on the success. Emerson declined the compliments. The credit for his contributions was due exclusively to the ladies. The sentiments he expressed were "put into his heart by the women. . . . He was only the pen in their fingers." In effect, women pressured the

Chapter 19 The Spirit of Reform reluctant thinker to become an activist against his will. He became the medium of feminine feelings he barely recognized as his own - hardly a route to "manly power."41

Women were, in fact, the Marthas and Marys of reform. Their conscientious labors in the churches and charitable societies furnished food and clothing to the poor, supported missionaries to Indians in America and to "infidels" abroad, and lent aid to any and all good causes favored by the ministers. Without their untiring efforts, the thousands who flocked to teetotaling Fourth of July celebrations and town-wide tea parties would have gone without refreshment. But women did more than bake pies and cakes and serve coffee and tea. Such associations as the Female Charitable Society set their own agenda for doing good and conducted activities in the public eye according to formal constitutions and by-laws. Activist women caught the spirit of reform and invested their moral influence in a host of causes. By the late 1830s they were emerging as partners with men junior partners, to be sure - in common enterprises. The signatures of women, promising to abstain from intoxicating liquors, filled the subscription lists of the temperance societies. Without their pleas and pressure, how many men would have taken the pledge? Female participation almost by definition gave a moral and religious aura to projects otherwise deemed political. By this alchemy the fight against Cherokee removal transcended the everyday jockeying for power between the parties. No matter that every man who took a leading part in the Concord protest meeting was a Whig nor that the Concord Freeman dismissed the campaign to redress "the fancied wrongs" of the Cherokees as merely a gambit to "bring odium and ill-will" upon the Van Buren administration. Through "deceptive appeals to justice and humanity," the Whigs succeeded in rallying "religious auxiliaries" to their side. Female involvement was meant to cleanse the campaign for Cherokee rights of partisan taint. Women outnumbered men by far on the Concord petitions to Congress in April 1838: 316 to 173 in a proportion (65 percent) approaching the usual predominance (70

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The Spirit of Reform

percent) of the sisterhood in the churches. Included among them were Emerson's mother and wife, Thoreau's aunts, mother, and sisters, and, of course, Prudence Ward and Mary Brooks. The memorials, three in all, carried the exact same message composed by Rockwood Hoar, though for the sake of decorum female and male signatures were not mingled together promiscuously. They were inscribed on separate documents, seeming proof that no unseemly conduct was involved in the solicitation of subscriptions to a moral cause. Even as they asserted a larger presence in the public sphere, women still observed the demands of convention.⁴²

About the same time Emerson was composing his public letter to Van Buren, another Concord citizen was sending her thoughts about Cherokee removal to a distinguished figure in the nation's capital. Mary M. Brooks, the Whig politician's wife, attended the April 22 protest meeting in the Trinitarian meetinghouse, where she signed a petition, and the next day she expressed the outrage felt by local women in a letter to John Quincy Adams, then in his third term as a member of the House of Representatives and a leading opponent of Cherokee removal. She did not write for herself alone. Her communication was on behalf of "a band of women, emphatically women," who turned "instinctively" to the former President with their "hearts . . . bleeding for the woes and distresses of their suffering brethren in this most guilty land." Would he not be "our Moses" in the defense of the "poor Indians"?

Confident of a positive reception, Brooks combined apocalyptic rhetoric with an emotional appeal for empathy. Consider the oppressed natives, she urged Adams; they were about to be dragged from their "dear homes to a far-off land, with little or no prospect before them, but death by weariness, famine or disease." Put yourself in their place: "See that aged man whose only earthly desire is that he may lay his bones in the sepulcher of his fathers; see him trembling with age and decrepitude stretching out his withered hands to you and feebly, but earnestly [crying], 'Save me, O

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The Spirit of Reform

save me, from the dreadful fate that awaits us." "See that sick husband and wife," behold "the concentration of agony in their looks," and heed their "speechless sorrow." With infants in their arms they "entreat you to seize yonder trumpet and blow such blasts as you alone can blow and cry." It was not the Cherokees alone in danger of destruction. Adopting a prophetic mode, Brooks anticipated the "magnetic bolts of God's direst wrath about to descend upon this nation." Could the "awful judgments" of an "offended" Lord be averted? There was yet time for America to repent its sins and change its ways. Fearful that the Congressman might give way to despair, Brooks offered encouragement from Concord. "A ray of hope from the throne of God has visited our souls," she affirmed, "and we could not rest until we had unfurled it to you." With Adams pleading for mercy before "the footstool of divine mercy," the republic could still, at the last minute, escape the punishment it so richly deserved.

The appeal to Adams was steeped in a language of Christian piety utterly lacking in Emerson's letter to Van Buren. But the statements from Concord were alike in giving vent to cries and howls from the depths of the protesters' souls. Playing on the passions, they were designed to "harrow up" the "feelings" of the recipients. Much as he regretted his "shriek," Emerson could not match up to the emotional intensity of his female neighbors. Brooks was well-aware of the difference. While she was careful to observe the proprieties of gender, she hinted that women would not always be so contained. "We could almost be willing to peril our own souls by the temptations of worldly greatness, that we might from some commanding station, under the influence of present feelings, plead the cause of those who have none to help them."⁴³

Abolitionism provided that opportunity. The anti-slavery movement would shake up the rules and send a radical shock through society as a whole. In the crusade against slavery, some women would step beyond their assigned sphere and claim leadership in their own right. No longer

Chapter 19

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The Spirit of Reform

content to follow the paths of Martha and Mary, they would be Deborahs in the crusade against slavery and the struggle for equal rights.

Mary Merrick Brooks was once a faithful follower of her minister's words. Born to privilege in the home of merchant Tilly Merrick, she learned early on to cultivate piety and practice "selfdenial." At age fourteen, she had grieved over her mother's death and absorbed the lessons regularly preached by Ripley. In a world full of "sorrow and suffering and sin," happiness resided not "in terrestrial objects" but in the love of God. "The moment any thing troubles me," she told a friend, "that moment I begin to think of eternity." In this spirit she set out on a path of religious duty and social usefulness. In 1823, age twenty-two, she wed Brooks, a widower fifteen years her senior, and assumed care of his strong-willed three-year-old daughter Caroline. Seven months later the young wife and expectant mother professed her faith and joined the First Church; she stuck with it through the Trinitarian schism, renewed the covenant in 1832, and sought solace within the sanctuary after losing her second child, eleven-month-old Charles, the next year. The Female Charitable Society welcomed her into its ranks and employed her abilities as secretary and treasurer. The Unitarian Sunday School benefited from her intelligence and generosity as well. One former student remembered her as "a lady born," looking "like a porcelain miniature" in her black lace dress, "high lace ruff" around her neck, and yellow bow "above the puff of her beautiful hair." Seated in the library of her home, she gathered the children about her and "in beautiful, loving, quiet tones" communicated "the God-love surrounding us all" and "placed us in God's arms, making us feel safe throughout the week."44

Mary Brooks was not always a soft and gentle soul. She had a fierce determination that could occasionally ignite in passion and scorch the targets of her fury. Once, when her nineteen-year-old

Unit Template



[National Geographic Reach]

ESL [Grade 5—ELD Levels 2-4]

[This unit about crossing between cultures is intended to deliver systematic, explicit, and sustained English language development in the context of the Massachusetts Curriculum Frameworks (abbreviated as MA 2017). The purpose of this unit is to help ELs develop the language necessary for academic success in the content area of English language arts. They will also develop language that will be used recurrently in and across various academic and social contexts.]

The embedded language development of this unit centers on two of the *Key Uses of Academic Language*:

- RECOUNT by describing character development within a fictional text, using supporting evidence.
- EXPLAIN by comparing and contrasting life in different countries based on a non-fiction text, using supporting evidence.

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Integrated ESL Unit Template Incorporating WIDA Standards, Massachusetts Curriculum Frameworks, and UbD Framework

Unit Plan

Stage 1—Desired Results					
Transfer					
Students will be able to independently use their learning to T					
T.1 Communicate for social and instructional purposes within the school setting.					
T.2 Communicate information, ideas, and concepts necessary for academic success in the					
content area of language arts.					
Meaning					
	ESSENTIAL QUESTIONS Q				
	How can where you are change who you are?				
5 I					
· ·	What is justice?				
· · ·					
1 1					
1					
knowledge from a text.					
Laurana Arminitian	in the Form Domains				
Language Acquisition in the Four Domains KNOWLEDGE: Academic Language K SKILLS: Academic Language S					
	SKILLS: Academic Language S Students will be skilled at				
	Using subject-verb agreement to form sentences.				
	Determining the meaning of academic				
	vocabulary using tools, such as dictionaries				
	and thesaurus.				
	Analyze the use of figurative language				
	(similes and metaphors) to compare and				
1 5	contrast.				
	Students will be able to independently use their leaT.1 Communicate for social and instructional purpT.2 Communicate information, ideas, and conceptcontent area of language arts.MeanUNDERSTANDINGSUStudents will understand thatWhen reading, it's important to consider theperspective of a character.Determining main ideas and explaining howthey are supported by key details helps tosummarize a text.Understanding how a narrator uses languagecan help us compare and contrast differentplaces.Using evidence to support ideas buildsknowledge from a text.				

identify and explain the effects of figurative language such as metaphors and similes. (MA 2017) ELA-Literacy.RL.5.6- Describe how a narrator's or speaker's point of view influences how events are described in a story, myth, poem, or drama.	Compare and contrast language used to indicate similarities and differences (and, but, however, therefore).	Comparing and contrasting ideas in informational text.		
	Stage 2—Evidence			
EVALUATIVE CRITERIA:	ASSESSMENT EVIDENCE: Language Development			
	CURRICULUM EMBEDDED PERFORMANCE ASSESSMENT (Performance Tasks) PT			
	OTHER EVIDENCE:	OE		
Stage 3—Learning Plan				
SOCIOCULTURAL IMPLICATIONS: Topics: Depending on students' background experiences, these topics may evoke strong emotional responses, given possible negative experiences (e.g. discrimination, injustice, etc.) Furthermore, the sub-topic of slavery in the US might not be familiar to English Learner students.				

Task/situation:

• Students may be more comfortable learning and/or expressing themselves in different ways: orally, in writing, by listening, by movement or touch, by looking at images of visual representations, by speaking, etc. Provide multiple ways for students to learn information and demonstrate their learning.

SUMMARY OF KEY LEARNING EVENTS AND INSTRUCTION:

Part 1: How can where you are change who you are?

Thread 1: Being Awake, Aware, and Alive

Lesson 1: Day 1-

• Language objectives:

- Students will be able to orally discuss the meaning and *personal* examples of key terms such as *character development* and *characteristics*.
- Students will be able to recount by describing personal character development through creation and completion of a topdown web graphic organizer with examples of key topic vocabulary (*character development, characteristics*).
- **Brief overview of lesson:** Students will be introduced to the big question and thread through exploration of character development and how we use adjectives to describe character [development] characteristics. Starting with examples that connect to their backgrounds, such as their own personal character development as they moved from country to country, students will then be introduced to the figure and character development of Henry David Thoreau. Students will take part in a formative assessment that will evaluate their ability to use the top-down web graphic organizer with which they are already familiar to outline adjectives to describe their own character development in their personal moves from country to country. This activity will also build their background knowledge in preparation for application to text.

Lesson 2: Day 1-

- Language objectives:
 - Students will be able to orally discuss the meaning and *text* examples of key terms such as *character development* and *characteristics*.
 - Students will be able to recount by orally describing a main character's character development using key topic vocabulary (*character development, characteristics*) supported by text evidence with a partner."

Brief overview of lesson: Students will be introduced to the <u>National Geographic Reach</u> text, "My Diary from Here to There," through a first read. The set purpose is to read this fictional diary about a character who is moving from country to country and think about how the main character changes (character development). Students will use examples from Amada's diary to support their ideas.

Thread 2: Living in Society

Lesson 3: Day 1-

- Language objectives:
 - Students will be able to orally discuss the meaning and *text* examples of key terms such as *character development* and *characteristics*.
 - Students will be able to recount by describing a main character's character development through creation and completion of a top-down web graphic organizer with examples of key topic vocabulary (*character development, characteristics*) supported by text evidence.
- Brief overview of lesson: In the second read of this text, students will review plot and make a top-down web of the plot. To explore the thread, they will then review character development using adjective characteristics, supported by text evidence, and

add these characteristics in writing to their top-down web.

Lesson 4: Day 1-

- Language objectives:
 - Students will be able to retell in writing a main character's character development based upon the characteristic vocabulary included in their top-down webs and supported by text evidence.
- **Brief overview of lesson:** Students will review the character development portion of their top-down webs, which serve as formative assessments of their ability to identify a character's changing characteristics and find support using text evidence. They will retell how the main character develops in the text first orally to a partner and then in writing, based upon the characteristic vocabulary included in their top-down webs and supported by text evidence. Their writing will serve as a summative assessment of students' ability to describe a character's development in writing, based upon a top-down web writing plan including characteristics and supporting text evidence.

Thread 3: Hearing that Different Drummer Lesson 5: Day 1-

- Language objectives:
 - Students will be able to describe orally how a narrator's point of view influences the author's use of comparison in a text.
- **Brief overview of lesson:** To explore the thread, students will be introduced to the non-fiction autobiography genre through exploration and review of text features, including maps, photos, labels, captions, and headings. The set purpose for the first read of this <u>National Geographic Reach</u> text, "A Refugee Remembers The Autobiography of John Bul Dau," is to read this autobiographical text to compare a person's life in two countries supported by text evidence. To link current and past learning, characteristics will continue to be used to analyze the person in the text and make comparisons between his life in two countries.

Lesson 6: Day 1-

- Language objectives:
 - Students will be able to explain by comparing a person's life in two countries through creation and completion of a topdown web graphic organizer supported by text evidence and including characteristics.
- **Brief overview of lesson:** Students will complete their first read of the text and discuss John Bul Dau's life, comparing it between two countries. Students will be introduced to a top-down web for comparison that functions similar to a Venn Diagram. They will develop a top-down web writing plan comparing John Bul Dau's life between two countries, using text evidence to support the identified characteristics in comparing this person's life between two countries.

Part 2: What is justice?

Thread 4: Choosing Life with Principle

Lesson 7: Day 1-

- Language objectives:
 - Students will be able to explain by comparing a person's life in two countries in writing based upon the comparisons and characteristics included in their top-down web graphic organizers and supported by text evidence.
- **Brief overview of lesson:** In this lesson, students will be introduced to the big question and thread after reviewing and completing their comparison top-down webs, which serve as formative assessments of their ability to identify a person's characteristics, make comparisons between life in two countries, and find support using text evidence. They will explain these comparisons first orally to a partner and then in writing, reflecting on what is just, and based upon the comparisons included in their top-down webs. Their writing will serve as a summative assessment of students' ability to make comparisons in writing, based upon a top-down web writing plan, including characteristics, comparisons, and supporting text evidence.

Lesson 8: Day 1-

- Language objectives:
 - Students will be able to describe choices they can make to demonstrate how they "live de*liber*ately" through creation and completion of a top-down web graphic organizer including these choices.
- **Brief overview of lesson:** In this lesson, students will continue to reflect on the big question and thread through vocabulary word part analysis and use of cognates. Students will analyze word parts in the word "deliberately" as we examine the Thoreauvian concept of "Living Deliberately" through discussion and with the support of a top-down web. After building background of Thoreau's decision to go to jail instead of paying taxes to a government that allowed slavery, students will continue to apply their knowledge of "living deliberately" to their own personal experiences in preparation for application to text. They will discuss with a partner and then create their own top-down web as a writing plan to respond to the prompt: "What choices can you make at school and at home that demonstrate how you "live deliberately"?

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What students should know and be able to do to engage in this unit:

Turn and talk: turn to their assigned partner, facing them directly (knee-to-knee and eye-to-eye), and quietly talk with their partner on topic using sentence frames provided by the teacher.

Share ideas with the whole class or a small group.

Basic understanding of adjectives as describing words.

Basic understanding of the top-down web graphic organizer structure.

Actively listen to text read-aloud.

Basic understanding of plot.

Retell elements from text, using text evidence support.

Compare concepts.

Basic understanding of fiction and non-fiction text features to evaluate whether text is fiction or non-fiction.

Part 1 Essential Question: How can where you are change who you are?

Thread 1: Being Awake, Aware, and Alive

Lesson 1

Day 1 Big Question and thread exploration: How can where you are change who you are? & *Being Awake, Aware, and Alive* **Estimated Time:** 40 minutes

Brief overview of lesson: Students will be introduced to the big question and thread through exploration of character development and how we use adjectives to describe character [development] characteristics. Starting with examples that connect to their backgrounds, such as their own personal character development as they moved from country to country, students will then be introduced to the figure and character development of Henry David Thoreau. Students will take part in a formative assessment that will evaluate their ability to use the top-down web graphic organizer with which they are already familiar to outline adjectives to describe their own character development in their personal moves from country to country. This activity will also build their background knowledge in preparation for application to text.

LESSON FOUNDATION

Unit-Level Focus Language Goals to Be Addressed in This Lesson/Unit-Level Salient Connections to Be Addressed in This Lesson

G.1 RECOUNT by describing character development within a fictional text, using supporting evidence.

(MA 2017) ELA-Literacy.RL.5.4- Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in a text; identify and explain the effects of figurative language such as metaphors and similes.

Language Objectives Essential Questions Addressed in This Lesson

Students will be able to orally discuss the meaning and personal examples of key terms such as *character development* and *characteristics*.

Students will be able to recount by describing personal character development through creation and completion of a top-down web graphic organizer with examples of key topic vocabulary (*character development, characteristics*). Q.1 How can where you are change who you are?

Assessment

Formative: Assess student application of learned language to define and/or provide personal examples of the terms *character development* and *characteristics* during turn-and-talks, class discussion, and in top-down web graphic organizers.

Formative: Assess student creation and completion of their own top-down graphic organizers of their personal character development, including adjective characteristics to describe how they changed moving from country to country.

*Adjust instruction as needed.

THE LESSON IN ACTION

Lesson Opening

1. Post and explain the lesson's language objectives: "Students will be able to orally discuss the meaning and examples of key terms such as *character development* and *characteristics*," and "Students will be able to recount by describing personal character development through creation and completion of a top-down web graphic organizer with examples of key topic vocabulary (*character development, characteristics*)." To promote student ownership and self-monitoring of learning, have students summarize and/or state the objective in their own words. At the end of the lesson, students can reflect on their learning in relation to the objective.

2. Introduce the big question and thread.

3. Pre-teach the vocabulary character development and introduce word part analysis to break down the meaning of vocabulary words: diary and characteristics. Model for students how to use their first language to help them break down the meaning of word parts (cognates). Discuss describing words and teach/review the related vocabulary word, adjectives.

During the Lesson

1. Assess students' background knowledge about character development through turn-and-talks and class discussion about their personal character development as they have moved from country to country.

2. Provide background about the figure, Henry David Thoreau. Then, model use of adjective characteristics to describe this important historic figure orally and in writing using a top-down web (e.g. observant, deliberate, scientific, reflective, etc.)

a. Define *character development* again ("how someone changes over time").

b. Explain that students will be completing their own top-down web graphic organizers to write down their own personal character [development] characteristics as they have moved from country to country that they had shared orally. Review that the characteristic (describing words) they will be using are called adjectives.

3. Students create and complete their own top-down graphic organizers of their personal character development, including adjective characteristics to describe how they changed moving from country to country.

Lesson Closing

- 1. Introduce the lesson's text to be read, analyzed and discussed next lesson: <u>National Geographic Reach</u>: *"My Diary from Here to There."* by Amada Irma Perez.
- 2. Review that students will apply their knowledge of using adjectives to describe character [development] characteristics of the text's main character.
- 3. Revisit the objectives.

Lesson 1 Resources

National Geographic Reach: "My Diary from Here to There." by Amada Irma Perez.

Whiteboard

Pencils, markers, crayons

Student partner groupings

Student writing paper

Images of Henry David Thoreau

Lesson 2

Day 2 How does the character, Amada, in the text "My Diary from Here to There" develop? & *Being Awake, Aware, and Alive* Estimated Time: 40 minutes

Brief overview of lesson: Students will be introduced to the <u>National Geographic Reach</u> text, "My Diary from Here to There," through a first read. The set purpose is to read this fictional diary about a character who is moving from country to country and think about how the main character changes (character development). Students will use examples from Amada's diary to support their ideas.

LESSON FOUNDATION

Unit-Level Focus Language Goals to Be Addressed in This Lesson/Unit-Level Salient Connections to Be Addressed in This Lesson

G.1 RECOUNT by describing character development within a fictional text, using supporting evidence.

(MA 2017) ELA-Literacy.RL.5.4- Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in a text; identify and explain the effects of figurative language such as metaphors and similes.

Language Objectives Essential Questions Addressed in This Lesson

Students will be able to orally discuss the meaning and *text* examples of key terms such as *character development* and *characteristics*.

Students will be able to recount by orally describing a main character's character development using key topic vocabulary (*character development, characteristics*) supported by text evidence with a partner. Q.1 How can where you are change who you are?

Assessment

Formative: Assess student application of learned language to define and/or provide text examples of the terms *character development* and *characteristics* during turn-and-talks, class discussion, and in preparation for creating top-down web graphic organizers.

Formative: Assess student application of learned language to recall key events/information from the text using text evidence during the retelling.

*Adjust instruction as needed.

THE LESSON IN ACTION

Lesson Opening

1. Post and explain the lesson's language objectives: "Students will be able to orally discuss the meaning and *text* examples of key terms such as *character development* and *characteristics*" and "Students will be able to recount by orally describing a main character's character development using key topic vocabulary (*character development, characteristics*) supported by text evidence with a partner." To promote student ownership and self-monitoring of learning, have students summarize and/or state the objective in their own words. At the end of the lesson, students can reflect on their learning in relation to the objective.

2. Review from prior class that students will apply their knowledge of using adjectives to describe character [development] characteristics of the text's main character.

During the Lesson

1. Introduce the lesson's text.

a. Display the front cover of <u>National Geographic Reach</u>: *"My Diary from Here to There."* by Amada Irma Perez.

b. Students preview the text in pairs. Review: 1) how to evaluate whether the text is fiction or non-fiction using text features and 2) picture walking, including question generation. Remind students that they will alternate pages in their picture walk and must generate at least one question during their picture walk that they will consider during reading.

c. Tell students to think about the set purpose, which is to read this fictional diary about a character who is moving from country to country and think about how the main character changes (character development). Students will use examples from Amada's diary to support their ideas.

d. Explain that students will apply their background knowledge of their personal character development in their own moves from country to country to orally analyze the main character's character development throughout the text, using supporting text evidence.

2. Read the text aloud, modeling proper reading.

- 3. Review the text:
 - a. Review the vocabulary word plot (beginning, middle, and end of a text). Illustrate plot in a top-down web.

b. Have students think about the main ideas of the text independently first, then turn and talk with a partner to recount main ideas from the text, before sharing as a whole group. Prompt students as needed, using questions, such as: "What happened at the beginning of the text?" or "What changes happen in Amada's life?" Provide sentence frames for students to use if they want to, such as: "At the beginning, ______ because I saw in the text _____." During partner work, listen to conversations, focusing on use of adjective characteristics, keywords or the use of sentence frames.

4. Students turn-and-talk to discuss the main character's character development throughout the text supported by text evidence. Model some adjective characteristics using a sentence frame such as "At the beginning, I think Amada felt ____ (e.g. worried) because I saw in the text ____." Then have students discuss it with a partner. Listen to conversations, assessing students' language production and understanding of character development in texts supported by text evidence.

Lesson Closing

1. Explain that students will be completing their own top-down web graphic organizers next class to write down the main character's character [development] characteristics as she moved from country to country supported by text evidence that they had shared orally. Review that the characteristic (describing words) they will be using are called adjectives.

2. Review that students can use their personal character development top-down webs as reference and support.

3. Revisit the objectives.

Lesson 2 Resources

National Geographic Reach: "My Diary from Here to There." by Amada Irma Perez.

Whiteboard

Student partner groupings

Lesson 3

Day 3 How does the character, Amada, in the text "My Diary from Here to There" develop? & Living in Society

Estimated Time: 40 minutes

Brief overview of lesson: In the second read of this text, students will review plot and make a top-down web of the plot. To explore the thread, they will then review character development using adjective characteristics, supported by text evidence, and add these characteristics in writing to their top-down web.

LESSON FOUNDATION

Unit-Level Focus Language Goals to Be Addressed in This Lesson/Unit-Level Salient Connections to Be Addressed in This Lesson

G.1 RECOUNT by describing character development within a fictional text, using supporting evidence.

(MA 2017) ELA-Literacy.RL.5.4- Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in a text; identify and explain the effects of figurative language such as metaphors and similes.

(MA 2017) ELA-Literacy.RL.5.6- Describe how a narrator's or speaker's point of view influences how events are described in a story, myth, poem, or drama.

Language Objectives Essential Questions Addressed in This Lesson

Students will be able to orally discuss the meaning and *text* examples of key terms such as *character development* and *characteristics*.

Students will be able to recount by describing a main character's character development through creation and completion of a top-down web graphic organizer with examples of key topic vocabulary (*character development, characteristics*) supported by text evidence. Q.1

How can where you are change who you are?

Assessment

Formative: Assess student application of learned language of the term *plot* in top-down web graphic organizers.

Formative: Assess student application of learned language to recall key events/information from the text using text evidence during the retelling.

Formative: Assess student creation and completion of their own top-down graphic organizers of a text's main character's character development, including adjective characteristics to describe how the main character changed throughout the narrative supported by text evidence.

*Adjust instruction as needed.

THE LESSON IN ACTION

Lesson Opening

1. Post and explain the lesson's language objectives: "Students will be able to orally discuss the meaning and *text* examples of key terms such as *character development* and *characteristics*" and "Students will be able to recount by describing a main character's character development through creation and completion of a top-down web graphic organizer with examples of key topic vocabulary (*character development, characteristics*) supported by text evidence." To promote student ownership and self-monitoring of learning, have students summarize and/or state the objective in their own words. At the end of the lesson, students can reflect on their learning in relation to the objective.

2. Model in a top-down web a concept learned during a Thoreauvian workshop of what changes location can make (topic=location; sub-topics of what language can change= 1) character development, 2) writing, 3) language. Prompt students to discuss how their personal location changes affected any of these sub-topics. Monitor conversations for academic language proficiency and use of key vocabulary. If needed, model an example of how a location change altered personal character development in preparation for students' text talk and application.

3. Activator: Students turn-and talk to review the text plot describing the main character's character development using adjective characteristics supported by text evidence.

During the Lesson

1. Students create and complete their own top-down graphic organizers of the main character's character development, including adjective characteristics supported by text evidence to describe her character development throughout the narrative.

a. Prompt students to start by creating a top-down web illustrating plot (beginning, middle, and end).

b. Remind students to add notes in their top-down webs of the main character's character development of the text independently. If needed, prompt students to check in with partners to review or clarify the adjective characteristics they had identified orally with their partners to describe the main character's character development supported by text evidence. Prompt students as needed, using questions, such as: "How does Amada change during the text? Why/What happened?" Provide sentence

frames for students to use if they want to, such as: "At the beginning, I think Amada felt ____ (e.g. worried) because I saw in the text _____." During independent or partner check-ins, monitor top-down web note-taking and listen to conversations, focusing on use of adjective characteristics, keywords or the use of sentence frames.

Lesson Closing

1. Explain that students will be using their own top-down web graphic organizer [writing plans] next class to write in complete sentences the main character's character [development] characteristics as she moved from country to country supported by text evidence. Review that the characteristic (describing words) they will be using are called adjectives.

2. Revisit the objectives.

Lesson 3 Resources

National Geographic Reach: "My Diary from Here to There." by Amada Irma Perez.

Whiteboard

Pencils, markers, crayons

Student partner groupings

Student writing paper

Lesson 4

Day 4 How does the character, Amada, in the text "My Diary from Here to There" develop? & Living in Society

Estimated Time: 40 minutes

Brief overview of lesson: Students will review the character development portion of their top-down webs, which serve as formative assessments of their ability to identify a character's changing characteristics and find support using text evidence. They will retell how the main character develops in the text first orally to a partner and then in writing, based upon the characteristic vocabulary included in their top-down webs and supported by text evidence. Their writing will serve as a summative assessment of students' ability to describe a character's development in writing, based upon a top-down web writing plan including characteristics and supporting text evidence.

LESSON FOUNDATION

Unit-Level Focus Language Goals to Be Addressed in This Lesson/Unit-Level Salient Connections to Be Addressed in This Lesson

G.1 RECOUNT by describing character development within a fictional text, using supporting evidence.

(MA 2017) ELA-Literacy.RL.5.6- Describe how a narrator's or speaker's point of view influences how events are described in a story, myth, poem, or drama.

Language Objectives Essential Questions Addressed in This Lesson

Students will be able to retell in writing a main character's character development based upon the characteristic vocabulary included in their top-down webs and supported by text evidence. Q.1 How can where you are change who you are?

Assessment

Formative: Assess student application of learned language to recall key events/information from the text using text evidence during the retelling.

Formative: Assess student application of learned language to define and/or provide text examples of the terms *character development* and *characteristics* during turn-and-talks, class discussion, and in preparation for creating top-down web graphic organizers.

Summative: Assess student application of character development in writing based upon their top-down web graphic organizers and including characteristics and supporting text evidence.

*Adjust instruction as needed.

THE LESSON IN ACTION

Lesson Opening

1. Post and explain the lesson's language objectives: "Students will be able to retell in writing a main character's character development through retelling based upon the characteristic vocabulary included in their top-down webs and supported by text evidence." To promote student ownership and self-monitoring of learning, have students summarize and/or state the objective in their own words. At the end of the lesson, students can reflect on their learning in relation to the objective.

2. Activator: Students turn-and talk to review their top-down webs describing the main character's character development using adjective characteristics supported by text evidence.

During the Lesson

1. Students write from their own top-down graphic organizer [writing plans] about the main character's character development, including adjective characteristics supported by text evidence to describe her character development throughout the narrative.

a. Remind students to include an introduction and conclusion in their writing. Prompt students as needed to check the appropriate _____ (e.g. topic) section of their top-down webs for introduction and conclusion notes to use to write complete sentences. If needed, prompt students to check in with partners to state orally their introductions and conclusions.

b. Remind students to write complete sentences from their top-down web notes. If needed, prompt students to check in with partners to review or clarify their complete sentences derived from their top-down web note-taking. Provide sentence frames for students to use if they want to, such as: "At the beginning, I think Amada felt ____ (e.g. worried) because I saw in the text ____." During independent or partner check-ins, monitor writing in complete sentences in introductions, body, and conclusion. Listen to conversations, focusing on use of complete sentences including adjective characteristics or keywords or the use of sentence frames.

Lesson Closing

1. Students read their writing to each other in pairs and offer feedback about any revisions needed to make their partner's writing more clear.

- 2. Write on board and ask students to consider the text sentence (p. 21): "Keep your language and culture alive in your diary and in your heart." Read aloud p. 25 "Meet the author" about how some of the author's diary stories became books. Students discuss how the fictional main character's thoughts, emotions, and experiences influence how events are described in the story ((MA 2017) ELA-Literacy.RL.5.6.)
- 3. Revisit the objectives.

Lesson 4 Resources

- National Geographic Reach: "My Diary from Here to There." by Amada Irma Perez.
- Whiteboard
- Pencils, markers, crayons
- Student partner groupings
- Student top-down web graphic organizers
- Student writing paper

Lesson 5

Day 5 Compare John Bul Dau's life in two countries, using supporting evidence. & Hearing that Different Drummer

Estimated Time: 40 minutes

Brief overview of lesson: To explore the thread, students will be introduced to the non-fiction autobiography genre through exploration and review of text features, including maps, photos, labels, captions, and headings. The set purpose for the first read of this <u>National</u> <u>Geographic Reach</u> text, "A Refugee Remembers The Autobiography of John Bul Dau," is to read this autobiographical text to compare a person's life in two countries supported by text evidence. To link current and past learning, characteristics will continue to be used to analyze the person in the text and make comparisons between his life in two countries.

LESSON FOUNDATION

Unit-Level Focus Language Goals to Be Addressed in This Lesson/Unit-Level Salient Content Connections to Be Addressed in This Lesson

G.2 RECOUNT by summarizing main ideas in an informational text and explain how they are supported by key details.

G.3 EXPLAIN by comparing and contrasting life in different countries based on a non-fiction text, using supporting evidence.

(MA 2017) ELA-Literacy.RL.5.6- Describe how a narrator's or speaker's point of view influences how events are described in a story, myth, poem, or drama.

(MA 2017) ELA-Literacy.RI.5.5- Describe how an author uses one or more structures (e.g., chronology, comparison, cause/effect, problem/solution) of events, to present information in a text.

Language Objectives Essential Questions Addressed in This Lesson

Students will be able to describe orally how a narrator's point of view influences the author's use of comparison in a text. Q.1How can where you are change who you are?

Assessment

Formative: Assess student application of learned language to define and/or provide text examples of the terms *narrator, point of view*, and *compare* (Verb)/*comparison* (Noun) during turn-and-talks, class discussion, and in preparation for creating top-down web graphic organizers.

Formative: Assess student application of learned language to recall key events/information from the text using text evidence during the retelling.

*Adjust instruction as needed.

THE LESSON IN ACTION

Lesson Opening

1. Post and explain the lesson's language objectives: "Describe how a narrator's point of view influences the author's use of comparison in a text." To promote student ownership and self-monitoring of learning, have students summarize and/or state the objective in their own words. At the end of the lesson, students can reflect on their learning in relation to the objective.

2. Model in a top-down web some examples of subject and pronoun words that are used for a narrator in first-person point of view to tell a story the way he sees it. (topic=first person point-of-view; sub-topics= 1) I, 2) me, 3) my. Prompt students to: 1) discuss their own personal stories (connecting to their background experiences) from their point of view and 2) notice the subject and pronoun words they use to do it (e.g. I, me, my). If needed, model an example and visually mark in the modeled top-down web the number of times these first-person subject and pronoun words are being used during modeling.

During the Lesson

1. Introduce the lesson's text.

a. Display the front cover of <u>National Geographic Reach</u>: *"A Refugee Remembers: The Autobiography of John Bul Dau."* by John Bul Dau.

b. Review word part analysis to break down the meaning of vocabulary words. To connect students' current and prior learning, mention the vocabulary words students previously analyzed using word part analysis (e.g. diary and characteristics) and then explicitly state (orally and in writing) that the next vocabulary word for word part analysis is: autobiography. To explicitly leverage students' background experiences, remind students to use their first language to help them break down the meaning of word parts (cognates). Be explicit that the narrator of the text is the same as the author: John Bul Dau.

c. Students preview the text in pairs. Review: 1) how to evaluate whether the text is fiction or non-fiction using text features, including maps*, and 2) picture walking, including question generation. Remind students that they will alternate pages in their picture walk and must generate at least one question during their picture walk that they will consider during reading.

*As a visual example, show a map of DCR's Walden Pond State Reservation to connect back to the life of Henry David Thoreau and his time living at Walden Pond.

c. Tell students to think about the set purpose, which is to read this autobiographical text to compare a person's life in two countries supported by text evidence. Be explicit that the narrator of the text is John Bul Dau.

d. Explain that students will apply their prior learning of characteristics to compare the narrator's life in two countries, using supporting text evidence.

2. Review partner reading as similar to picture walking in which students will alternate pages in their picture walk and look for answers to their previously generated questions.

3. Review the text:

a. Review how to compare life situations. Model using sentence frames noting how I would speak in first person point-of-view about myself (as the narrator did), such as: "In France, I ____, but in America, I ____. In both places, I ____." Emphasize that my point-of-view influences how events are described.

b. Have students think about the main ideas of the text independently first, then turn and talk with a partner to recount main ideas from the text, before sharing as a whole group. Prompt students as needed, using questions, such as: "What happened in the narrator's, John Bul Dau's, life in Africa?" or "How was that the same or different than in America?" Provide sentence frames for students to use if they want to, noting how we would speak in a different point-of-view to describe a person in a text (using names or pronouns like "he" or "she"), such as: "In Africa, John ____, but in America, he _____. In both places, the narrator _____." During partner work, listen to conversations, focusing on use of characteristics, keywords or the use of sentence frames.

Lesson Closing

1. Explain that students will be completing their own top-down web graphic organizers next class to compare the narrator, John Bul Dau's, life between two countries supported by text evidence. Review that the characteristic (describing words) they will be using are called adjectives.

2. Continue to review that students can use their character development top-down webs from the prior fictional story, *"My Diary from Here to There"* as reference and support.

3. Write on board and ask students to consider again (this time using non-fiction) how a narrator's or speaker's point of view influences how events are described ((MA 2017) ELA-Literacy.RL.5.6.) Students discuss how John Bul Dau's first person point-of-view (e.g. using words such as "I", "me", "my") influences how events are described in the [non-fiction] autobiography.

4. Revisit the objectives.

Lesson 5 Resources

National Geographic Reach: : "A Refugee Remembers: The Autobiography of John Bul Dau." by John Bul Dau.

Whiteboard

Student partner groupings

Visuals: map of DCR's Walden Pond State Reservation

Lesson 6

Day 6 Compare John Bul Dau's life in two countries, using supporting evidence. & Hearing that Different Drummer

Estimated Time: 40 minutes

Brief overview of lesson: Students will complete their first read of the text and discuss John Bul Dau's life, comparing it between two countries. Students will be introduced to a top-down web for comparison that functions similar to a Venn Diagram. They will develop a top-down web writing plan comparing John Bul Dau's life between two countries, using text evidence to support the identified characteristics in comparing this person's life between two countries.

LESSON FOUNDATION

Unit-Level Focus Language Goals to Be Addressed in This Lesson/Unit-Level Salient Connections to Be Addressed in This Lesson

G.2 RECOUNT by summarizing main ideas in an informational text and explain how they are supported by key details.

G.3 EXPLAIN by comparing and contrasting life in different countries based on a non-fiction text, using supporting evidence.

(MA 2017) ELA-Literacy.RI.5.5- Describe how an author uses one or more structures (e.g., chronology, comparison, cause/effect, problem/solution) of events, to present information in a text.

Language Objectives Essential Questions Addressed in This Lesson

Students will be able to explain by comparing a person's life in two countries through creation and completion of a top-down web graphic organizer supported by text evidence and including characteristics. Q.1 How can where you are change who you are?

Assessment

Formative: Assess student application of learned language to define and/or provide text examples of the terms *narrator, point of view*, and *compare* (Verb)/*comparison* (Noun) during turn-and-talks, class discussion, and in preparation for creating top-down web graphic organizers.

Formative: Assess student application of learned language to recall key events/information from the text using text evidence during the retelling.

Formative: Assess student creation and completion of their own top-down graphic organizers to compare a person's life between two countries supported by text evidence and including characteristics.

*Adjust instruction as needed.

THE LESSON IN ACTION

Lesson Opening

1. Post and explain the lesson's language objectives: "Students will be able to explain by comparing a person's life in two countries through creation and completion of a top-down web graphic organizer supported by text evidence and including characteristics." To promote student ownership and self-monitoring of learning, have students summarize and/or state the objective in their own words. At the end of the lesson, students can reflect on their learning in relation to the objective.

- 3. Model how to use a top-down web or comparison, specifically using symbols such as "=" and "X" to demonstrate top-down web details that are the same or different.
- 4. Review/cycle back to connect current learning to prior learning by discussing how the adjective characteristics to describe a fictional character, like Amada, can also be used to describe a non-fictional person like John Bul Dau.
- 5. Students turn-and-talk to brainstorm adjective characteristics to describe John Bul Dau supported by text evidence. If needed, prompt students to refer back to their prior Amada character development top-down webs.

During the Lesson

1. Students create and complete their own top-down graphic organizers comparing John Bul Dau's life between two countries, including adjective characteristics supported by text evidence.

a. If needed, prompt students to refer back to their prior Amada character development top-down webs for reference and support.

b. Remind students to add notes in their top-down webs comparing the narrator's life in two countries independently, based on their prior turn-and-talk conversations. If needed, prompt students to check in with partners to review or clarify the adjective characteristics they had identified orally with their partners to compare the narrator's life between two countries supported by

text evidence. Prompt students as needed, using questions, such as: "How does John Bul Dau change during the text? Why/What happened?" Provide guiding questions for students to respond to if they want to, such as: "What happened in the narrator's life in Africa?" or "How was that the same or different than in America?" listen to conversations, focusing on use of adjective characteristics or keywords.

Lesson Closing

1. Explain that students will be using their own top-down web graphic organizer [writing plans] next class to write complete sentences comparing the narrator's life in two countries supported by text evidence. Review that the characteristic (describing words) they will be using are called adjectives.

2. Revisit the objectives.

Lesson 6 Resources

National Geographic Reach: "A Refugee Remembers: The Autobiography of John Bul Dau." by John Bul Dau.

Whiteboard

Pencils, markers, crayons

Student partner groupings

Student writing paper

Part 2 Essential Question: What Is Justice?

Lesson 7

Day 7 Compare John Bul Dau's life in two countries, using supporting evidence. & Choosing life with principle.

Estimated Time: 40 minutes

Brief overview of lesson: In this lesson, students will be introduced to the big question and thread after reviewing and completing their comparison top-down webs, which serve as formative assessments of their ability to identify a person's characteristics, make comparisons between life in two countries, and find support using text evidence. They will explain these comparisons first orally to a partner and then in writing, reflecting on what is just, and based upon the comparisons included in their top-down webs. Their writing will serve as a summative assessment of students' ability to make comparisons in writing, based upon a top-down web writing plan, including characteristics, comparisons, and supporting text evidence.

LESSON FOUNDATION

Unit-Level Focus Language Goals to Be Addressed in This Lesson/Unit-Level Salient Connections to Be Addressed in This Lesson

- G.2 RECOUNT by summarizing main ideas in an informational text and explain how they are supported by key details.
- G.3 EXPLAIN by comparing and contrasting life in different countries based on a non-fiction text, using supporting evidence.

(MA 2017) ELA-Literacy.RI.5.5- Describe how an author uses one or more structures (e.g., chronology, comparison, cause/effect, problem/solution) of events, to present information in a text.

Language Objectives Essential Questions Addressed in This Lesson

Students will be able to explain by comparing a person's life in two countries in writing based upon the comparisons and characteristics included in their top-down web graphic organizers and supported by text evidence. Q.2 What is justice?

Assessment

Formative: Assess student application of learned language to define and/or provide text examples of the terms *narrator, point of view*, and *compare* (Verb)/*comparison* (Noun) during turn-and-talks, class discussion, and in preparation for creating top-down web graphic organizers.

Formative: Assess student application of learned language to recall key events/information from the text using text evidence during the retelling.

Summative: Assess student application of comparisons of a person's life in two countries in writing based upon their comparison top-down web graphic organizers and including these comparisons, characteristics, and supporting text evidence.

*Adjust instruction as needed.

THE LESSON IN ACTION

Lesson Opening

1. Post and explain the lesson's language objectives: "Students will be able to explain by comparing a person's life in two countries in writing based upon the comparisons and characteristics included in their top-down web graphic organizers and supported by text evidence." To promote student ownership and self-monitoring of learning, have students summarize and/or state the objective in their own words. At the end of the lesson, students can reflect on their learning in relation to the objective.

2. Guide word part analysis of the essential question vocabulary word, "justice," using a top-down web with "justice" as the topic. If needed, prompt students to find a [familiar] word part within the word (e.g. just).

3. Students turn-and talk to review their top-down webs comparing John Bul Dau's life in two countries, including comparisons, adjective characteristics, and supporting text evidence. Prompt students to reflect on these comparisons in relation to what is just.

During the Lesson

1. Students write from their own top-down graphic organizer [writing plans] comparing John Bul Dau's life in two countries, including comparisons, adjective characteristics, and supporting text evidence.

a. Remind students to include an introduction and conclusion in their writing. Prompt students as needed to check the appropriate _____ (e.g. topic) section of their top-down webs for introduction and conclusion notes. If needed, prompt students to check in with partners to state orally their introductions and conclusions.

b. Remind students to write complete sentences from their top-down web notes. If needed, prompt students to check in with partners to review or clarify their complete sentences derived from their top-down web note-taking. Provide sentence frames for students to use if they want to, noting how we would speak in a different point-of-view using names or pronouns like "he" or "she" such as: "In Africa, John ____, but in America, he ____. In both places, the narrator _____." During independent or partner check-ins, monitor writing in complete sentences in introductions, body, and conclusion. Listen to conversations, focusing on use of complete sentences including comparisons, adjective characteristics or keywords, or the use of sentence frames.

Lesson Closing

- 1. Students read their writing to each other in pairs and offer feedback about any revisions needed to make their partner's writing more clear.
- 2. Revisit the objectives.

Lesson 7 Resources

National Geographic Reach: "A Refugee Remembers: The Autobiography of John Bul Dau." by John Bul Dau.

Whiteboard

Pencils, markers, crayons

Student partner groupings

Student top-down web graphic organizers

Student writing paper

Lesson 8

Day 8 How can we make choices to "live deliberately"? & Choosing Life with Principle

Estimated Time: 40 minutes

Brief overview of lesson: In this lesson, students will continue to reflect on the big question and thread through vocabulary word part analysis and use of cognates. Students will analyze word parts in the word "deliberately" as we examine the Thoreauvian concept of "Living Deliberately" through discussion and with the support of a top-down web. After building background of Thoreau's decision to go to jail instead of paying taxes to a government that allowed slavery, students will continue to apply their knowledge of "living deliberately" to their own personal experiences in preparation for application to text. They will discuss with a partner and then create their own top-down web as a writing plan to respond to the prompt: "What choices can you make at school and at home that demonstrate how you "live deliberately"?

LESSON FOUNDATION

Unit-Level Focus Language Goals to Be Addressed in This Lesson/Unit-Level Salient Connections to Be Addressed in This Lesson

G.2 RECOUNT by summarizing main ideas in an informational text and explain how they are supported by key details.

(MA 2017) ELA-Literacy.RL.5.4- Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in a text; identify and explain the effects of figurative language such as metaphors and similes.

Language Objectives Essential Questions Addressed in This Lesson

Students will be able to describe choices they can make to demonstrate how they "live de*liber* ately" through creation and completion of a top-down web graphic organizer including these choices. Q.2 What is justice?

Assessment

Formative: Assess student application of learned language to define and/or provide examples of *justice* and the terms, word parts, and cognates in the phrase "*Living Deliberately*" during turn-and-talks, class discussion, and in preparation for creating top-down web graphic organizers.

Formative: Assess student creation and completion of their own top-down graphic organizers to describe choices they can make to demonstrate how they "live de*liber* ately."

*Adjust instruction as needed.

THE LESSON IN ACTION

Lesson Opening

- 1. Post and explain the lesson's language objectives: "Students will be able to describe choices they can make to demonstrate how they "live de**liber**ately" through creation and completion of a top-down web graphic organizer including these choices." To promote student ownership and self-monitoring of learning, have students summarize and/or state the objective in their own words. At the end of the lesson, students can reflect on their learning in relation to the objective.
- 2. Activator: Model in a top-down web a concept learned during a Thoreauvian workshop of applying word part analysis and cognates to understand what Thoreau meant by "Living De*liber*ately" (topic=Living De*liber*ately, sub-topics prompted by students' use of their first language (cognates) = 1) liberty, 2) libr[e] "library", 3) libra "to weigh". Guide students to synthesize parts of overall message presented by Laura Wall (e.g. have freedom to read world and weigh consequences, particularly in hard cases.) Prompt students to discuss how their first languages (cognates) supported them to synthesize [parts of] this message and emphasize the advantages of using this strategy. Review the connections students have made between past learning and current learning by using their first language to support them in word part analysis and making meaning of new words. Monitor conversations for academic language proficiency and use of cognate vocabulary.
- 3. Build background of Thoreau's hard decision to go to jail instead of paying taxes to a government that allowed slavery, which demonstrated one way in which he felt he was doing *justice* and "living deliberately."
- 4. Students turn-and-talk to brainstorm choices they can make at school and at home to demonstrate how they "live deliberately." Write the writing prompt on the board: "What choices can you make at school and at home that demonstrate how you "live de**liber**ately"?

During the Lesson

1. Students create and complete their own top-down graphic organizers of choices they can make at school and at home to demonstrate how they "live deliberately" in response to the writing prompt.

a. If needed, prompt students to think of some of the hardest choices they (or their friends) have had to make and how the results could demonstrate how they "live deliberately."

b. Remind students to add notes in their top-down webs of these choices at school and at home to "live deliberately," based on their prior turn-and-talk conversations. If needed, prompt students to check in with partners to review or clarify the choices they had identified orally with their partners at school and at home to "live deliberately." Prompt students as needed, using questions, such as: "How does that choice demonstrate that you "live deliberately"? Why/What happened?" Provide guiding questions for students to respond to if they want to, such as: "What hard choices have you had to make at school or at home?" or "How do/did those choices demonstrate how you "live deliberately"? Listen to conversations, focusing on use of key words or cognates.

Lesson Closing

1. Explain that students will be using their own personal experiences to apply the idea of making choices to "live deliberately" to text, starting with the last text: <u>National Geographic Reach</u>: *"A Refugee Remembers: The Autobiography of John Bul Dau."* by John Bul Dau.

2. Revisit the objectives.

Lesson 8 Resources

Whiteboard

Pencils, markers, crayons

Student partner groupings

Student writing paper

Choosing Life with Principle

By Nadyne Shimada The ASK Academy

Content Area: English Language Arts

Grade Levels: 11-12

Time for Unit: Five class periods on a 70-minute per period schedule

Unit Overview:

Through a careful examination of "Civil Disobedience", students will develop an understanding of how nonviolent individual protest is often the foundation to living a life with integrity and principle. By analyzing how Thoreau developed his rhetoric and arguments, students will relate his ideas to the construct of personal morality.

Unit Objectives:

Students will be able to:

- Identify key arguments and evaluate the facts and logic related to those arguments.
- Identify key rhetorical strategies related to the construction of a text and explain how the strategies influence the reader's interpretation of the author's purpose.
- Write an argumentative essay that defends, challenges, or qualifies current day interpretations of living a life with principle.

Reading:

• "Civil Disobedience" by Henry David Thoreau

Essential Questions:

- What role does freedom play in the development of a principle?
- What rhetorical strategies do you use and how do you construct arguments to convey the passion you feel for a principle?
- What incites a person to act in opposition to societal norms?

Common Core Standards:

- CCSS Reading Informational Text 11-12 #6: Determine an author's point of view or purpose in a text in which the rhetoric is particularly effective, analyzing how style and content contribute to the power, persuasiveness, or beauty of the text.
- CCSS Reading Informational Text 11-12 #8: Delineate and evaluate the reasoning in seminal U.S. texts, including the application of constitutional principles and use of legal reasoning (e.g. in U.S. Supreme Court majority opinions and dissents) and the premises, purposes, and arguments in works of public advocacy (e.g., *The Federalist* presidential addresses).

- CCSS Speaking and Listening 11-12 #1D: Respond thoughtfully to diverse perspectives; synthesize comments, claims, and evidence made on all sides of an issue; resolve contradictions when possible, and determine what additional information or research is required to deepen the investigation or complete the task.
- CCSS Writing 11-12 #1: Write arguments to support claims in an analysis of substantive topics or texts, using valid reasoning and relevant and sufficient evidence.

Materials:

- Copies of "Civil Disobedience"
- Poster-Size Self-Stick Note Pads and Poster Markers
- Copies of graphic organizers (SOAPSTone and Argument Analysis)
- Document camera
- Projector

Foundational Knowledge:

Prior to this unit, students would have been introduced to rhetorical schemes and tropes, as well as the rhetorical triangle.

Lesson 1: Day 1-

Objective: CCSS Reading Informational Text 11-12 #6: Determine an author's point of view or purpose in a text in which the rhetoric is particularly effective, analyzing how style and content contribute to the power, persuasiveness, or beauty of the text.

Context: In protest of slavery, Henry David Thoreau stopped paying his taxes. Initially, Sam Staples, the local constable, tax collector, and jailer ignored Thoreau's tax evasion but because he was leaving office and anxious to update his records, Staples stopped Thoreau when he was in town on an errand. Staples asked Thoreau to pay his back taxes and when Thoreau refused, he was escorted to jail. That night someone (most likely his aunt) his back taxes. When he was told he was free to go the next morning, Thoreau was furious. Thoreau used this experience to write "Resistance to Civil Government" which was later reprinted after his death as "Civil Disobedience."

Procedure:

- Begin the class by asking the class to define "civil disobedience." Explore the definitions of both words and what they mean together. Give students some examples of civil disobedience: Kim Davis, the county clerk who went to jail instead of issuing a marriage license to a gay couple because it was against her religious beliefs; mayors who declare their cities "sanctuaries" for illegal immigrants. Ask students about boundaries—what line demarcates "civil disobedience" and what is breaking the law? Ask students if they have ever thought about or engaged in an act of civil disobedience—what are they willing to protest or stand for?
- Distribute copies of "Civil Disobedience." Instruct the students to read and annotate paragraphs 1 through 19. They should read through the text once before they begin annotating. This is a lengthy piece so it will probably take the remainder of the class period. The annotation is homework.

Lesson 1: Day 2-

Objective: CCSS Reading Informational Text 11-12 #6: Determine an author's point of view or purpose in a text in which the rhetoric is particularly effective, analyzing how style and content contribute to the power, persuasiveness, or beauty of the text.

Context: Students have read the first half of "Civil Disobedience" twice, first to get a sense of what Thoreau is trying to communicate and the second time to analyze and annotate the text.

Procedure:

- Reintroduce the essay by asking students what their initial impressions are of the piece. What quotes did they highlight? What compelled that person to highlight those words? How do you interpret those words and why do the "speak to you?"
- Using this initial discussion to re-activate the essay in students' minds, have them complete a SOAPSTone analysis. Give students 30 minutes to complete this graphic organizer and collect for assessment. Review the various responses using the document camera and projector as points for discussion at the end of class.
- For homework, students will read and annotate paragraphs 20 through 45.

Lesson 2: Day 1-

Objective: CCSS Reading Informational Text 11-12 #8: Delineate and evaluate the reasoning in seminal U.S. texts, including the application of constitutional principles and use of legal reasoning (e.g. in U.S. Supreme Court majority opinions and dissents) and the premises, purposes, and arguments in works of public advocacy (e.g., *The Federalist* presidential addresses).

Context: Students have read and analyzed the first part of "Civil Disobedience" for rhetorical strategies and persuasion. Begin with class by introducing the idea that "Civil Disobedience" was call to action—Thoreau realized that it was no longer appropriate to simply state he was opposed to slavery and the Mexican War—he felt compelled to incite others to examine their own moral compasses and not only protest moral injustice, but to take action.

Procedure:

- Begin the class with a "Walk and Talk." Randomly assign students to pairs. These will be the partner groups for the remainder of the period and tomorrow. The question to be discussed is "What major ideas did Thoreau present in favor of civil disobedience?"
 - Rules for Walk and Talk:
 - In pairs, students will make two laps around the parking lot or track.
 - In the first lap, the person on the right talks first about the topic. The only comment/question the partner can make is "Can you elaborate on that?"
 - At the end of the first lap, the partner listening says "Thank you for your comments" and they trade roles. They follow the same rules about comments and expressing gratitude.
- When the pairs return to the classroom, they will complete the graphic organizer using one of the following questions as their basis for deconstructing the text and collecting evidence:
 - How is "Civil Disobedience" a call to action?

- What is the role of government?
- Is majority rule the basis for a democracy?
- How should societies determine what is "right" and what is "wrong"?
- To what extent should we follow the law?

I usually assign these questions to the groups to ensure even distribution and you will have multiple pairs addressing the same question, but that is what makes it interesting. Pairs will identify direct quotations related to their focus question, identify the evidence or the reasoning Thoreau provides related to the selected quotation, and explain how they would interpret it. Each pair should identify at least four quotations related to their question. Give students approximately 30 minutes to complete this task, but check to see if they need 5 to 10 more minutes. Reserve approximately 15 minutes for discussion.

- Teacher led whole group discussion begins with "What major ideas did Thoreau present in favor of civil disobedience?" As you record responses on the board, ask for their evidence and interpretation.
- Collect graphic organizers for assessment. Tell students that tomorrow's Socratic Seminar will be about the purpose of the entire document so they will want to reread the entirety of "Civil Disobedience" for homework tonight.

Lesson 2: Day 2-

Objective: Respond thoughtfully to diverse perspectives; synthesize comments, claims, and evidence made on all sides of an issue; resolve contradictions when possible, and determine what additional information or research is required to deepen the investigation or complete the task.

Context: Students will have analyzed the rhetoric and arguments in "Civil Disobedience" and should not be ready to discuss it holistically in a Socratic Seminar.

Procedure:

- Direct students to pair off with the same partner they had yesterday.
- Return the SOAPStone Analysis and Argument Analysis assignments.
- Randomly select one pair for these roles: one will be the recorder, and the other a timer and score keeper. The recorder's job is to summarize key points and transition statements and record them on the board. The timer's job is to record the number of times each person speaks and to cue speakers that they have talked for one minute. (You want to students to practice presenting evidence and getting to the point.)
- Ask the pairs to determine which partner will speak first. Seat the participants of the first speaking group in a circle facing in so they can all see each other. Instruct the participants that their goal to encourage everyone's active participation, no one person should dominate the conversation, this is a conversation so pay attention for nonverbal cues indicating that someone would like to contribute, and in the 15 minutes allocated for the conversation, the group must address the selected quote.
- The second partner will sit directly behind their partner. They will act as coaches by passing the speaker notes with comments and questions.
- The teacher distributes copies of the hand-outs for each group discussion. The teacher reads the hand-out aloud and selects one person to begin the conversation.

Hand-Out for Group 1:

At the beginning of his essay, Thoreau observed, "I heartily accept the motto—'That government is best which governs least,' and I should like to see it acted up to more rapidly and systematically. Carried out, it finally amounts to this, which also I believe—'That government is best which governs not at all'; and when men are prepared for it, that will be the kind of government which they will have. Government is at best but an expedient; but most government are usually, and all government are sometimes, inexpedient… This American government—what is it but a tradition, though a recent one, endeavoring to transmit itself unimpaired to posterity, but each instant losing some of its integrity? It has not the vitality and force of a single living man; for a single man can bend it to his will. It is a sort of wooden gun to the people themselves. But it is not the less necessary for this; for the people must have some complicated machinery or other, and hear its din, to satisfy that idea of government which they have. Governments show thus how successfully men can be imposed on, even impose on themselves, for their own advantage" (par. 1 and 2). Discuss his position and your interpretation using examples with which you are most familiar (for example, our school government, city, state, or federal government) to support your claims and assertions.

• At the end of 15 minutes, the time keeper calls time. The teacher asks the recorder to summarize the main points of the discussion and for the timer's summary of participation. The teacher asks each coach to make one statement about a point or statement they wish their partner had brought up or stated. Then, the teacher selects another pair to record and time and the partners switch places.

Hand-Out for Group 2:

Thoreau wrote, "Thus the State never intentionally confronts a man's sense, intellectual or moral, but only his body, his senses. It is not armed with superior wit or honesty, but with superior physical strength. I was not born to be forced. I will breathe after my own fashion. Let us see who is the strongest. What force has a multitude? They only can force me who obey a higher law than I. They force me to become like themselves. I do not hear of men being forced to have this way or that by masses of men. What sort of life were that to live? When I meet a government which says to me, "Your money or your life," why should I be in haste to give it my money? It may be in a great strait, and not know what to do: I cannot help that. It must help itself; do as I do. It is not worth the while to snivel about it. I am not responsible for the successful working of the machinery of society. I am not the son of the engineer. I perceive that, when an acorn and a chestnut fall side by side, the one does not remain inert to make way for the other, but both obey their own laws, and spring and grow and flourish as best they can, till one, perchance, overshadows and destroys the other. If a plant cannot live according to its nature, it dies; and so a man" (par. 27). Discuss your interpretation of this paragraph in light of personal morality. Can and should morality be legislated and enforced by governments? And, what influences or forces morality to evolve?

• At the end of 15 minutes, the time keeper calls time. The teacher asks the recorder to summarize the main points of the discussion and for the timer's summary of

participation. The teacher asks each coach to make one statement about a point or statement they wish their partner had brought up or stated.

• *Exit Ticket:* On a half-sheet of paper, ask students to write a one paragraph response to the question "What is living a life with principle?"

Assessment -

Objective: Write arguments to support claims in an analysis of substantive topics or texts, using valid reasoning and relevant and sufficient evidence.

Context: Students will have read and discussed "Civil Disobedience for rhetorical strategies, the construction effectiveness of Thoreau's arguments, as well as connected the text to personal experience and values.

Procedure:

Students will write an in-class essay (recommended time 45 minutes) using the AP Language and Composition 2016 free-response argument prompt:

"In 1891 Irish author Oscar Wilde (1854-1900) observed, 'Disobedience, in the eyes of anyone who has read history, is man's original virtue. It is through disobedience that progress has been made, through disobedience and through rebellion.'

Wilde claims that disobedience is a valuable human trait and that it promotes social progress. Write an essay that argues your position on the extent to which Wilde's claims are valid. Use appropriate examples from your reading, experiences, or observations to support your argument."

Refer to https://apcentral.collegeboard.org/courses/ap-english-language-and-composition/exam?course=ap-english-language-and-composition for essay scoring rubrics and exemplars.

Extension Activities —

- Compare and contrast "Civil Disobedience" to "Letter from Birmingham Jail" by Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.
 - Socratic Seminar: The pieces were written for different audiences but they are widely read in high school Advanced Placement and college English and history courses, thus high school and college students are now the primary audience. What makes elements of rhetoric and persuasion make these writing enduring pieces of literature? Do you think either of these pieces of writing deserve to be a part of our literary canon? Why or why not?
 - *Essay:* In what ways do the texts convey the same message and tone? In what ways to they differ?
- How is the poem "What Kind of Times are These?" about living a life with principle? How is "Civil Disobedience" like this poem? Make a two-column chart. On one side write a line of the poem. On the other side of the chart, record a quote from "Civil

Disobedience" that conveys the same message or sentiment. How is Rich's prose similar to Thoreau's writing style? What do you think Thoreau would say about this poem?

What Kind of Times Are These

By Adrienne Rich There's a place between two stands of trees where the grass grows uphill and the old revolutionary road breaks off into shadows near a meeting-house abandoned by the persecuted who disappeared into those shadows.

I've walked there picking mushrooms at the edge of dread, but don't be fooled this isn't a Russian poem, this is not somewhere else but here, our country moving closer to its own truth and dread, its own ways of making people disappear.

I won't tell you where the place is, the dark mesh of the woods meeting the unmarked strip of light ghost-ridden crossroads, leafmold paradise: I know already who wants to buy it, sell it, make it disappear.

And I won't tell you where it is, so why do I tell you anything? Because you still listen, because in times like these to have you listen at all, it's necessary to talk about trees.

"Civil Disobedience" By Henry David Thoreau 1849

Instructions: Circle all unfamiliar words. Look-up the definition for each unfamiliar word and make a notation. Highlight all allusions to people or events. Look-up each reference you are unsure of and make a notation. Star all rhetorical strategies; identify the schemes and tropes in your notations. Use a different colored highlighter and identify all references to the Constitution. Use another color and highlight all references to the Bible or God.

Text	Notes/Rhetorical Strategies
I heartily accept the motto, "That government is best which governs least"; and I should like to see it acted up to more rapidly and systematically. Carried out, it finally amounts to this, which also I believe- "That government is best which governs not at all"; and when men are prepared for it, that will be the kind of government which they will have. Government is at best but an expedient; but most governments are usually, and all governments are sometimes, inexpedient. The objections which have been brought against a standing army, and they are many and weighty, and deserve to prevail, may also at last be brought against a standing government. The standing army is only an arm of the standing government. The government itself, which is only the mode which the people have chosen to execute their will, is equally liable to be abused and perverted before the people can act through it. Witness the present Mexican war, the work of comparatively a few individuals using the standing government as their tool; for, in the outset, the people would not have consented to this measure.	
This American government- what is it but a tradition, though a recent one, endeavoring to transmit itself unimpaired to posterity, but each instant losing some of its integrity? It has not the vitality and force of a single living man; for a single man can bend it to his will. It is a sort of wooden gun to the people themselves. But it is not the less necessary for this; for the people must have some complicated machinery or other, and hear its din, to satisfy that idea of government which they have. Governments show thus how successfully men can be imposed on, even impose on themselves, for their own advantage. It is excellent, we must all allow. Yet this government never of itself furthered any enterprise, but by the alacrity with which it got out of its way. It does not keep the country free. It does not settle the West. It does not educate. The character inherent in the American people has done all that has been accomplished; and it would have done somewhat more, if the government had not sometimes got in its way. For government is an expedient by which men would fain succeed in letting one another alone; and, as has been said, when it is most expedient, the governed are most let alone by it. Trade and commerce, if they were not made of india-rubber, would never manage to bounce over the obstacles which legislators are continually putting in their way; and, if one were to judge these men wholly by the effects of their actions and not partly by their intentions, they would deserve to be classed and punished with those mischievous persons who put obstructions on the railroads.	(2)
But, to speak practically and as a citizen, unlike those who call themselves no- government men, I ask for, not at once no government, but at once a better government. Let every man make known what kind of government would command his respect, and that will be one step toward obtaining it.	(3)
After all, the practical reason why, when the power is once in the hands of the people, a majority are permitted, and for a long period continue, to rule is not because they are most likely to be in the right, nor because this seems fairest to the minority, but because they are physically the strongest. But a government in which the majority rule in all cases cannot be based on justice, even as far as men understand it. Can there not	(4)

be a government in which majorities do not virtually decide right and wrong, but conscience?- in which majorities decide only those questions to which the rule of expediency is applicable? Must the citizen ever for a moment, or in the least degree, resign his conscience to the legislation? Why has every man a conscience, then? I think that we should be men first, and subjects afterward. It is not desirable to cultivate a respect for the law, so much as for the right. The only obligation which I have a right to assume is to do at any time what I think right. It is truly enough said that a corporation has no conscience; but a corporation of conscientious men is a corporation with a conscience. Law never made men a whit more just; and, by means of their respect for it, even the well-disposed are daily made the agents of injustice. A common and natural result of an undue respect for law is, that you may see a file of soldiers, colonel, captain, corporal, privates, powder-monkeys, and all, marching in admirable order over hill and dale to the wars, against their wills, ay, against their common sense and consciences, which makes it very steep marching indeed, and produces a palpitation of the heart. They have no doubt that it is a damnable business in which they are concerned; they are all peaceably inclined. Now, what are they? Men at all? or small movable forts and magazines, at the service of some unscrupulous man in power? Visit the Navy-Yard, and behold a marine, such a man as an American government can make, or such as it can make a man with its black arts- a mere shadow and reminiscence of humanity, a man laid out alive and standing, and already, as one may say, buried under arms with funeral accompaniments, though it may be,

> "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note, As his corse to the rampart we hurried; Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot O'er the grave where our hero we buried."

> > (5)

The mass of men serve the state thus, not as men mainly, but as machines, with their bodies. They are the standing army, and the militia, jailers, constables, posse comitatus, etc. In most cases there is no free exercise whatever of the judgment or of the moral sense; but they put themselves on a level with wood and earth and stones; and wooden men can perhaps be manufactured that will serve the purpose as well. Such command no more respect than men of straw or a lump of dirt. They have the same sort of worth only as horses and dogs. Yet such as these even are commonly esteemed good citizens. Others- as most legislators, politicians, lawyers, ministers, and office-holders- serve the state chiefly with their heads; and, as they rarely make any moral distinctions, they are as likely to serve the devil, without intending it, as God. A very few- as heroes, patriots, martyrs, reformers in the great sense, and men- serve the state with their consciences also, and so necessarily resist it for the most part; and they are commonly treated as enemies by it. A wise man will only be useful as a man, and will not submit to be "clay," and "stop a hole to keep the wind away," but leave that office to his dust at least:

"I am too high-born to be propertied, To be a secondary at control, Or useful serving-man and instrument To any sovereign state throughout the world."

He who gives himself entirely to his fellow-men appears to them useless and selfish;	(6)
but he who gives himself partially to them is pronounced a benefactor and	
philanthropist.	

How does it become a man to behave toward this American government today? I (7) answer, that he cannot without disgrace be associated with it. I cannot for an instant recognize that political organization as my government which is the slave's government also.

All men recognize the right of revolution; that is, the right to refuse allegiance to, and to resist, the government, when its tyranny or its inefficiency are great and unendurable. But almost all say that such is not the case now. But such was the case, they think, in the Revolution Of '75. If one were to tell me that this was a bad government because it taxed certain foreign commodities brought to its ports, it is (8)

most probable that I should not make an ado about it, for I can do without them. All machines have their friction; and possibly this does enough good to counterbalance the evil. At any rate, it is a great evil to make a stir about it. But when the friction comes to have its machine, and oppression and robbery are organized, I say, let us not have such a machine any longer. In other words, when a sixth of the population of a nation which has undertaken to be the refuge of liberty are slaves, and a whole country is unjustly overrun and conquered by a foreign army, and subjected to military law, I think that it is not too soon for honest men to rebel and revolutionize. What makes this duty the more urgent is the fact that the country so overrun is not our own, but ours is the invading army.	
Paley, a common authority with many on moral questions, in his chapter on the "Duty of Submission to Civil Government," resolves all civil obligation into expediency; and he proceeds to say that "so long as the interest of the whole society requires it, that is, so long as the established government cannot be resisted or changed without public inconveniency, it is the will of God that the established government be obeyed- and no longer. This principle being admitted, the justice of every particular case of resistance is reduced to a computation of the quantity of the danger and grievance on the one side, and of the probability and expense of redressing it on the other." Of this, he says, every man shall judge for himself. But Paley appears never to have contemplated those cases to which the rule of expediency does not apply, in which a people, as well as an individual, must do justice, cost what it may. If I have unjustly wrested a plank from a drowning man, I must restore it to him though I drown myself. This, according to Paley, would be inconvenient. But he that would save his life, in such a case, shall lose it. This people must cease to hold slaves, and to make war on Mexico, though it cost them their existence as a people.	(9)
In their practice, nations agree with Paley; but does any one think that Massachusetts does exactly what is right at the present crisis?	(10)
"A drab of state, a cloth-o'-silver slut, To have her train borne up, and her soul trail in the dirt."	
Practically speaking, the opponents to a reform in Massachusetts are not a hundred thousand politicians at the South, but a hundred thousand merchants and farmers here, who are more interested in commerce and agriculture than they are in humanity, and are not prepared to do justice to the slave and to Mexico, cost what it may. I quarrel not with far-off foes, but with those who, near at home, cooperate with, and do the bidding of those far away, and without whom the latter would be harmless. We are accustomed to say, that the mass of men are unprepared; but improvement is slow, because the few are not materially wiser or better than the may. It is not so important that many should be as good as you, as that there be some absolute goodness somewhere; for that will leaven the whole lump. There are thousands who are in opinion opposed to slavery and to the war, who yet in effect do nothing to put an end to them; who, esteeming themselves children of Washington and Franklin, sit down with their hands in their pockets, and say that they know not what to do, and do nothing; who even postpone the question of freedom to the question of free trade, and quietly read the prices-current along with the latest advices from Mexico, after dinner, and, it may be, fall asleep over them both. What is the price-current of an honest man and patriot today? They hesitate, and they regret, and sometimes they petition; but they do nothing in earnest and with effect. They will wait, well disposed, for others to remedy the evil, that they may no longer have it to regret. At most, they give only a cheap vote, and a feeble countenance and God-speed, to the right, as it goes by them. There are nine hundred and ninety-nine patrons of virtue to one virtuous man. But it is easier to deal with the real possessor of a thing than with the temporary guardian of it.	
All voting is a sort of gaming, like checkers or backgammon, with a slight moral tinge to it, a playing with right and wrong, with moral questions; and betting naturally accompanies it. The character of the voters is not staked. I cast my vote, perchance, as I think right; but I am not vitally concerned that that right should prevail. I am willing to leave it to the majority. Its obligation, therefore, never exceeds that of expediency. Even voting for the right is doing nothing for it. It is only expressing to men feebly	(11)

your desire that it should prevail. A wise man will not leave the right to the mercy of chance, nor wish it to prevail through the power of the majority. There is but little virtue in the action of masses of men. When the majority shall at length vote for the abolition of slavery, it will be because they are indifferent to slavery, or because there is but little slavery left to be abolished by their vote. They will then be the only slaves. Only his vote can hasten the abolition of slavery who asserts his own freedom by his vote.

I hear of a convention to be held at Baltimore, or elsewhere, for the selection of a candidate for the Presidency, made up chiefly of editors, and men who are politicians by profession; but I think, what is it to any independent, intelligent, and respectable man what decision they may come to? Shall we not have the advantage of his wisdom and honesty, nevertheless? Can we not count upon some independent votes? Are there not many individuals in the country who do not attend conventions? But no: I find that the respectable man, so called, has immediately drifted from his position, and despairs of his country, when his country has more reason to despair of him. He forthwith adopts one of the candidates thus selected as the only available one, thus proving that he is himself available for any purposes of the demagogue. His vote is of no more worth than that of any unprincipled foreigner or hireling native, who may have been bought. O for a man who is a man, and, as my neighbor says, has a bone in his back which you cannot pass your hand through! Our statistics are at fault: the population has been returned too large. How many men are there to a square thousand miles in this country? Hardly one. Does not America offer any inducement for men to settle here? The American has dwindled into an Odd Fellow-one who may be known by the development of his organ of gregariousness, and a manifest lack of intellect and cheerful self-reliance; whose first and chief concern, on coming into the world, is to see that the almshouses are in good repair; and, before yet he has lawfully donned the virile garb, to collect a fund for the support of the widows and orphans that may be; who, in short, ventures to live only by the aid of the Mutual Insurance company, which has promised to bury him decently.

It is not a man's duty, as a matter of course, to devote himself to the eradication of any, even the most enormous, wrong; he may still properly have other concerns to engage him; but it is his duty, at least, to wash his hands of it, and, if he gives it no thought longer, not to give it practically his support. If I devote myself to other pursuits and contemplations, I must first see, at least, that I do not pursue them sitting upon another man's shoulders. I must get off him first, that he may pursue his contemplations too. See what gross inconsistency is tolerated. I have heard some of my townsmen say, "I should like to have them order me out to help put down an insurrection of the slaves, or to march to Mexico;- see if I would go"; and yet these very men have each, directly by their allegiance, and so indirectly, at least, by their money, furnished a substitute. The soldier is applauded who refuses to serve in an unjust war by those who do not refuse to sustain the unjust government which makes the war; is applauded by those whose own act and authority he disregards and sets at naught; as if the state were penitent to that degree that it differed one to scourge it while it sinned, but not to that degree that it left off sinning for a moment. Thus, under the name of Order and Civil Government, we are all made at last to pay homage to and support our own meanness. After the first blush of sin comes its indifference; and from immoral it becomes, as it were, unmoral, and not quite unnecessary to that life which we have made.

The broadest and most prevalent error requires the most disinterested virtue to sustain it. The slight reproach to which the virtue of patriotism is commonly liable, the noble are most likely to incur. Those who, while they disapprove of the character and measures of a government, yield to it their allegiance and support are undoubtedly its most conscientious supporters, and so frequently the most serious obstacles to reform. Some are petitioning the State to dissolve the Union, to disregard the requisitions of the President. Why do they not dissolve it themselves- the union between themselves and the State- and refuse to pay their quota into its treasury? Do not they stand in the same relation to the State that the State does to the Union? And have not the same reasons prevented the State?

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How can a man be satisfied to entertain an opinion merely, and enjoy it? Is there any enjoyment in it, if his opinion is that he is aggrieved? If you are cheated out of a single dollar by your neighbor, you do not rest satisfied with knowing that you are cheated, or with saying that you are cheated, or even with petitioning him to pay you your due; but you take effectual steps at once to obtain the full amount, and see that you are never cheated again. Action from principle, the perception and the performance of right, changes things and relations; it is essentially revolutionary, and does not consist wholly with anything which was. It not only divides States and churches, it divides families; ay, it divides the individual, separating the diabolical in him from the divine.	(15)
Unjust laws exist: shall we be content to obey them, or shall we endeavor to amend them, and obey them until we have succeeded, or shall we transgress them at once? Men generally, under such a government as this, think that they ought to wait until they have persuaded the majority to alter them. They think that, if they should resist, the remedy would be worse than the evil. But it is the fault of the government itself that the remedy is worse than the evil. It makes it worse. Why is it not more apt to anticipate and provide for reform? Why does it not cherish its wise minority? Why does it cry and resist before it is hurt? Why does it not encourage its citizens to be on the alert to point out its faults, and do better than it would have them? Why does it always crucify Christ, and excommunicate Copernicus and Luther, and pronounce Washington and Franklin rebels?	(16)
One would think, that a deliberate and practical denial of its authority was the only offence never contemplated by government; else, why has it not assigned its definite, its suitable and proportionate, penalty? If a man who has no property refuses but once to earn nine shillings for the State, he is put in prison for a period unlimited by any law that I know, and determined only by the discretion of those who placed him there; but if he should steal ninety times nine shillings from the State, he is soon permitted to go at large again.	(17)
If the injustice is part of the necessary friction of the machine of government, let it go, let it go: perchance it will wear smooth- certainly the machine will wear out. If the injustice has a spring, or a pulley, or a rope, or a crank, exclusively for itself, then perhaps you may consider whether the remedy will not be worse than the evil; but if it is of such a nature that it requires you to be the agent of injustice to another, then, I say, break the law. Let your life be a counter-friction to stop the machine. What I have to do is to see, at any rate, that I do not lend myself to the wrong which I condemn.	(18)
As for adopting the ways which the State has provided for remedying the evil, I know not of such ways. They take too much time, and a man's life will be gone. I have other affairs to attend to. I came into this world, not chiefly to make this a good place to live in, but to live in it, be it good or bad. A man has not everything to do, but something; and because he cannot do everything, it is not necessary that he should do something wrong. It is not my business to be petitioning the Governor or the Legislature any more than it is theirs to petition me; and if they should not bear my petition, what should I do then? But in this case the State has provided no way: its very Constitution is the evil. This may seem to be harsh and stubborn and unconciliatory; but it is to treat with the utmost kindness and consideration the only spirit that can appreciate or deserves it. So is a change for the better, like birth and death, which convulse the body.	(19)
I do not hesitate to say, that those who call themselves Abolitionists should at once effectually withdraw their support, both in person and property, from the government of Massachusetts, and not wait till they constitute a majority of one, before they suffer the right to prevail through them. I think that it is enough if they have God on their side, without waiting for that other one. Moreover, any man more right than his neighbors constitutes a majority of one already.	(20)
I meet this American government, or its representative, the State government, directly, and face to face, once a year- no more- in the person of its tax-gatherer; this is the only mode in which a man situated as I am necessarily meets it; and it then says distinctly, Recognize me; and the simplest, the most effectual, and, in the present posture of affairs, the indispensablest mode of treating with it on this head, of expressing your	(21)

little satisfaction with and love for it, is to deny it then. My civil neighbor, the taxgatherer, is the very man I have to deal with- for it is, after all, with men and not with parchment that I quarrel- and he has voluntarily chosen to be an agent of the government. How shall he ever know well what he is and does as an officer of the government, or as a man, until he is obliged to consider whether he shall treat me, his neighbor, for whom he has respect, as a neighbor and well-disposed man, or as a maniac and disturber of the peace, and see if he can get over this obstruction to his neighborliness without a ruder and more impetuous thought or speech corresponding with his action. I know this well, that if one thousand, if one hundred, if ten men whom I could name- if ten honest men only- ay, if one HONEST man, in this State of Massachusetts, ceasing to hold slaves, were actually to withdraw from this copartnership, and be locked up in the county jail therefor, it would be the abolition of slavery in America. For it matters not how small the beginning may seem to be: what is once well done is done forever. But we love better to talk about it: that we say is our mission, Reform keeps many scores of newspapers in its service, but not one man. If my esteemed neighbor, the State's ambassador, who will devote his days to the settlement of the question of human rights in the Council Chamber, instead of being threatened with the prisons of Carolina, were to sit down the prisoner of Massachusetts, that State which is so anxious to foist the sin of slavery upon her sisterthough at present she can discover only an act of inhospitality to be the ground of a quarrel with her- the Legislature would not wholly waive the subject the following winter.

Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison. The proper place today, the only place which Massachusetts has provided for her freer and less desponding spirits, is in her prisons, to be put out and locked out of the State by her own act, as they have already put themselves out by their principles. It is there that the fugitive slave, and the Mexican prisoner on parole, and the Indian come to plead the wrongs of his race should find them; on that separate, but more free and honorable, ground, where the State places those who are not with her, but against her- the only house in a slave State in which a free man can abide with honor. If any think that their influence would be lost there, and their voices no longer afflict the ear of the State, that they would not be as an enemy within its walls, they do not know by how much truth is stronger than error, nor how much more eloquently and effectively he can combat injustice who has experienced a little in his own person. Cast your whole vote, not a strip of paper merely, but your whole influence. A minority is powerless while it conforms to the majority; it is not even a minority then; but it is irresistible when it clogs by its whole weight. If the alternative is to keep all just men in prison, or give up war and slavery, the State will not hesitate which to choose. If a thousand men were not to pay their tax-bills this year, that would not be a violent and bloody measure, as it would be to pay them, and enable the State to commit violence and shed innocent blood. This is, in fact, the definition of a peaceable revolution, if any such is possible. If the tax-gatherer, or any other public officer, asks me, as one has done, "But what shall I do?" my answer is, "If you really wish to do anything, resign your office." When the subject has refused allegiance, and the officer has resigned his office, then the revolution is accomplished. But even suppose blood should flow. Is there not a sort of blood shed when the conscience is wounded? Through this wound a man's real manhood and immortality flow out, and he bleeds to an everlasting death. I see this blood flowing now.

I have contemplated the imprisonment of the offender, rather than the seizure of his goods- though both will serve the same purpose- because they who assert the purest right, and consequently are most dangerous to a corrupt State, commonly have not spent much time in accumulating property. To such the State renders comparatively small service, and a slight tax is wont to appear exorbitant, particularly if they are obliged to earn it by special labor with their hands. If there were one who lived wholly without the use of money, the State itself would hesitate to demand it of him. But the rich man- not to make any invidious comparison- is always sold to the institution which makes him rich. Absolutely speaking, the more money, the less virtue; for money comes between a man and his objects, and obtains them for him; and it was certainly no great virtue to obtain it. It puts to rest many questions which he would otherwise be taxed to answer; while the only new question which it puts is the hard but

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(23)

superfluous one, how to spend it. Thus his moral ground is taken from under his feet. The opportunities of living are diminished in proportion as what are called the "means" are increased. The best thing a man can do for his culture when he is rich is to endeavor to carry out those schemes which he entertained when he was poor. Christ answered the Herodians according to their condition. "Show me the tribute-money," said he;- and one took a penny out of his pocket;- if you use money which has the image of Caesar on it, and which he has made current and valuable, that is, if you are men of the State, and gladly enjoy the advantages of Caesar's government, then pay him back some of his own when he demands it. "Render therefore to Caesar that which is Caesar's, and to God those things which are God's"- leaving them no wiser than before as to which was which; for they did not wish to know.	
When I converse with the freest of my neighbors, I perceive that, whatever they may say about the magnitude and seriousness of the question, and their regard for the public tranquillity, the long and the short of the matter is, that they cannot spare the protection of the existing government, and they dread the consequences to their property and families of disobedience to it. For my own part, I should not like to think that I ever rely on the protection of the State. But, if I deny the authority of the State when it presents its tax-bill, it will soon take and waste all my property, and so harass me and my children without end. This is hard. This makes it impossible for a man to live honestly, and at the same time comfortably, in outward respects. It will not be worth the while to accumulate property; that would be sure to go again. You must hire or squat somewhere, and raise but a small crop, and eat that soon. You must live within yourself, and depend upon yourself always tucked up and ready for a start, and not have many affairs. A man may grow rich in Turkey even, if he will be in all respects a good subject of the Turkish government. Confucius said: "If a state is governed by the principles of reason, poverty and misery are subjects of shame; if a state is not governed by the principles of reason, riches and honors are the subjects of shame." No: until I want the protection of Massachusetts to be extended to me in some distant Southern port, where my liberty is endangered, or until I am bent solely on building up an estate at home by peaceful enterprise, I can afford to refuse allegiance to Massachusetts, and her right to my property and life. It costs me less in every sense to incur the penalty of disobedience to the State than it would to obey. I should feel as if I were worth less in that case.	(24)
Some years ago, the State met me in behalf of the Church, and commanded me to pay a certain sum toward the support of a clergyman whose preaching my father attended, but never I myself. "Pay," it said, "or be locked up in the jail." I declined to pay. But, unfortunately, another man saw fit to pay it. I did not see why the schoolmaster should be taxed to support the priest, and not the priest the schoolmaster; for I was not the State's schoolmaster, but I supported myself by voluntary subscription. I did not see why the lyceum should not present its tax-bill, and have the State to back its demand, as well as the Church. However, at the request of the selectmen, I condescended to make some such statement as this in writing:- "Know all men by these presents, that I, Henry Thoreau, do not wish to be regarded as a member of any incorporated society which I have not joined." This I gave to the town clerk; and he has it. The State, having thus learned that I did not wish to be regarded as a member of that church, has never made a like demand on me since; though it said that it must adhere to its original presumption that time. If I had known how to name them, I should then have signed off in detail from all the societies which I never signed on to; but I did not know where to find a complete list.	(25)
I have paid no poll-tax for six years. I was put into a jail once on this account, for one night; and, as I stood considering the walls of solid stone, two or three feet thick, the door of wood and iron, a foot thick, and the iron grating which strained the light, I could not help being struck with the foolishness of that institution which treated me as if I were mere flesh and blood and bones, to be locked up. I wondered that it should have concluded at length that this was the best use it could put me to, and had never thought to avail itself of my services in some way. I saw that, if there was a wall of stone between me and my townsmen, there was a still more difficult one to climb or break through before they could get to be as free as I was. I did not for a moment feel confined, and the walls seemed a great waste of stone and mortar. I felt as if I alone of	(26)

all my townsmen had paid my tax. They plainly did not know how to treat me, but behaved like persons who are underbred. In every threat and in every compliment there was a blunder; for they thought that my chief desire was to stand the other side of that stone wall. I could not but smile to see how industriously they locked the door on my meditations, which followed them out again without let or hindrance, and they were really all that was dangerous. As they could not reach me, they had resolved to punish my body; just as boys, if they cannot come at some person against whom they have a spite, will abuse his dog. I saw that the State was half-witted, that it was timid as a lone woman with her silver spoons, and that it did not know its friends from its foes, and I lost all my remaining respect for it, and pitied it.	
Thus the State never intentionally confronts a man's sense, intellectual or moral, but only his body, his senses. It is not armed with superior wit or honesty, but with superior physical strength. I was not born to be forced. I will breathe after my own fashion. Let us see who is the strongest. What force has a multitude? They only can force me who obey a higher law than I. They force me to become like themselves. I do not hear of men being forced to have this way or that by masses of men. What sort of life were that to live? When I meet a government which says to me, "Your money or your life," why should I be in haste to give it my money? It may be in a great strait, and not know what to do: I cannot help that. It must help itself; do as I do. It is not worth the while to snivel about it. I am not responsible for the successful working of the machinery of society. I am not the son of the engineer. I perceive that, when an acorn and a chestnut fall side by side, the one does not remain inert to make way for the other, but both obey their own laws, and spring and grow and flourish as best they can, till one, perchance, overshadows and destroys the other. If a plant cannot live according to its nature, it dies; and so a man.	(27)
The night in prison was novel and interesting enough. The prisoners in their shirt- sleeves were enjoying a chat and the evening air in the doorway, when I entered. But the jailer said, "Come, boys, it is time to lock up"; and so they dispersed, and I heard the sound of their steps returning into the hollow apartments. My room-mate was introduced to me by the jailer as "a first-rate fellow and a clever man." When the door was locked, he showed me where to hang my hat, and how he managed matters there. The rooms were whitewashed once a month; and this one, at least, was the whitest, most simply furnished, and probably the neatest apartment in the town. He naturally wanted to know where I came from, and what brought me there; and, when I had told him, I asked him in my turn how he came there, presuming him to be an honest man, of course; and, as the world goes, I believe he was. "Why," said he, "they accuse me of burning a barn; but I never did it." As near as I could discover, he had probably gone to bed in a barn when drunk, and smoked his pipe there; and so a barn was burnt. He had the reputation of being a clever man, had been there some three months waiting for his trial to come on, and would have to wait as much longer; but he was quite domesticated and contented, since he got his board for nothing, and thought that he was well treated.	(28)
He occupied one window, and I the other; and I saw that if one stayed there long, his principal business would be to look out the window. I had soon read all the tracts that were left there, and examined where former prisoners had broken out, and where a grate had been sawed off, and heard the history of the various occupants of that room; for I found that even here there was a history and a gossip which never circulated beyond the walls of the jail. Probably this is the only house in the town where verses are composed, which are afterward printed in a circular form, but not published. I was shown quite a long list of verses which were composed by some young men who had been detected in an attempt to escape, who avenged themselves by singing them.	(29)
I pumped my fellow-prisoner as dry as I could, for fear I should never see him again; but at length he showed me which was my bed, and left me to blow out the lamp.	(30)
It was like travelling into a far country, such as I had never expected to behold, to lie there for one night. It seemed to me that I never had heard the town clock strike before, nor the evening sounds of the village; for we slept with the windows open, which were inside the grating. It was to see my native village in the light of the Middle	(31)

Ages, and our Concord was turned into a Rhine stream, and visions of knights and castles passed before me. They were the voices of old burghers that I heard in the streets. I was an involuntary spectator and auditor of whatever was done and said in the kitchen of the adjacent village inn- a wholly new and rare experience to me. It was a closer view of my native town. I was fairly inside of it. I never had seen its institutions before. This is one of its peculiar institutions; for it is a shire town. I began to comprehend what its inhabitants were about.	
In the morning, our breakfasts were put through the hole in the door, in small oblong- square tin pans, made to fit, and holding a pint of chocolate, with brown bread, and an iron spoon. When they called for the vessels again, I was green enough to return what bread I had left; but my comrade seized it, and said that I should lay that up for lunch or dinner. Soon after he was let out to work at haying in a neighboring field, whither he went every day, and would not be back till noon; so he bade me good-day, saying that he doubted if he should see me again.	(32)
When I came out of prison- for some one interfered, and paid that tax- I did not perceive that great changes had taken place on the common, such as he observed who went in a youth and emerged a tottering and gray-headed man; and yet a change had to my eyes come over the scene- the town, and State, and country- greater than any that mere time could effect. I saw yet more distinctly the State in which I lived. I saw to what extent the people among whom I lived could be trusted as good neighbors and friends; that their friendship was for summer weather only; that they did not greatly propose to do right; that they were a distinct race from me by their prejudices and superstitions, as the Chinamen and Malays are; that in their sacrifices to humanity they ran no risks, not even to their property; that after all they were not so noble but they treated the thief as he had treated them, and hoped, by a certain outward observance and a few prayers, and by walking in a particular straight though useless path from time to time, to save their souls. This may be to judge my neighbors harshly; for I believe that many of them are not aware that they have such an institution as the jail in their village.	(33)
It was formerly the custom in our village, when a poor debtor came out of jail, for his acquaintances to salute him, looking through their fingers, which were crossed to represent the grating of a jail window, "How do ye do?" My neighbors did not thus salute me, but first looked at me, and then at one another, as if I had returned from a long journey. I was put into jail as I was going to the shoemaker's to get a shoe which was mended. When I was let out the next morning, I proceeded to finish my errand, and, having put on my mended shoe, joined a huckleberry party, who were impatient to put themselves under my conduct; and in half an hour- for the horse was soon tackled- was in the midst of a huckleberry field, on one of our highest hills, two miles off, and then the State was nowhere to be seen.	(34)
This is the whole history of "My Prisons."	(35)
I have never declined paying the highway tax, because I am as desirous of being a good neighbor as I am of being a bad subject; and as for supporting schools, I am doing my part to educate my fellow-countrymen now. It is for no particular item in the tax-bill that I refuse to pay it. I simply wish to refuse allegiance to the State, to withdraw and stand aloof from it effectually. I do not care to trace the course of my dollar, if I could, till it buys a man or a musket to shoot one with- the dollar is innocent- but I am concerned to trace the effects of my allegiance. In fact, I quietly declare war with the State, after my fashion, though I will still make what use and get what advantage of her I can, as is usual in such cases.	(36)
If others pay the tax which is demanded of me, from a sympathy with the State, they do but what they have already done in their own case, or rather they abet injustice to a greater extent than the State requires. If they pay the tax from a mistaken interest in the individual taxed, to save his property, or prevent his going to jail, it is because they have not considered wisely how far they let their private feelings interfere with the public good.	(37)

This then is my position at present. But one cannot be too much on his guard in such	(20)
This, then, is my position at present. But one cannot be too much on his guard in such a case, lest his action be biased by obstinacy or an undue regard for the opinions of men. Let him see that he does only what belongs to himself and to the hour.	(38)
I think sometimes, Why, this people mean well, they are only ignorant; they would do	(39)
better if they knew how: why give your neighbors this pain to treat you as they are not	(39)
inclined to? But I think again, This is no reason why I should do as they do, or permit	
others to suffer much greater pain of a different kind. Again, I sometimes say to	
myself, When many millions of men, without heat, without ill will, without personal facility of any kind, demand of you a fay shillings only without the possibility such is	
feeling of any kind, demand of you a few shillings only, without the possibility, such is their constitution, of retracting or altering their present demand, and without the	
possibility, on your side, of appeal to any other millions, why expose yourself to this	
overwhelming brute force? You do not resist cold and hunger, the winds and the	
waves, thus obstinately; you quietly submit to a thousand similar necessities. You do	
not put your head into the fire. But just in proportion as I regard this as not wholly a	
brute force, but partly a human force, and consider that I have relations to those	
millions as to so many millions of men, and not of mere brute or inanimate things, I	
see that appeal is possible, first and instantaneously, from them to the Maker of them,	
and, secondly, from them to themselves. But if I put my head deliberately into the fire,	
there is no appeal to fire or to the Maker of fire, and I have only myself to blame. If I	
could convince myself that I have any right to be satisfied with men as they are, and to	
treat them accordingly, and not according, in some respects, to my requisitions and	
expectations of what they and I ought to be, then, like a good Mussulman and fatalist, I	
should endeavor to be satisfied with things as they are, and say it is the will of God.	
And, above all, there is this difference between resisting this and a purely brute or	
natural force, that I can resist this with some effect; but I cannot expect, like Orpheus,	
to change the nature of the rocks and trees and beasts.	
I do not wish to quarrel with any man or nation. I do not wish to split hairs, to make	(40)
fine distinctions, or set myself up as better than my neighbors. I seek rather, I may say,	(10)
even an excuse for conforming to the laws of the land. I am but too ready to conform	
to them. Indeed, I have reason to suspect myself on this head; and each year, as the	
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place without it. They may be men of a certain experience and discrimination, and have no doubt invented ingenious and even useful systems, for which we sincerely thank them; but all their wit and usefulness lie within certain not very wide limits. They are wont to forget that the world is not governed by policy and expediency. Webster never goes behind government, and so cannot speak with authority about it. His words are wisdom to those legislators who contemplate no essential reform in the existing government; but for thinkers, and those who legislate for all time, he never once glances at the subject. I know of those whose serene and wise speculations on this theme would soon reveal the limits of his mind's range and hospitality. Yet, compared with the cheap professions of most reformers, and the still cheaper wisdom and eloquence of politicians in general, his are almost the only sensible and valuable words, and we thank Heaven for him. Comparatively, he is always strong, original, and, above all, practical. Still, his quality is not wisdom, but prudence. The lawyer's truth is not Truth, but consistency or a consistent expediency. Truth is always in harmony with herself, and is not concerned chiefly to reveal the justice that may consist with wrong-doing. He well deserves to be called, as he has been called, the Defender of the Constitution. There are really no blows to be given by him but defensive ones. He is not a leader, but a follower. His leaders are the men of '87- "I have never made an effort," he says, "and never propose to make an effort; I have never countenanced an effort, and never mean to countenance an effort, to disturb the arrangement as originally made, by which the various States came into the Union." Still thinking of the sanction which the Constitution gives to slavery, he says, "Because it was a part of the original compact- let it stand." Notwithstanding his special acuteness and ability, he is unable to take a fact out of its merely political relations, and behold it as it lies absolutely to be disposed of by the intellect- what, for instance, it behooves a man to do here in America today with regard to slavery- but ventures, or is driven, to make some such desperate answer as the following, while professing to speak absolutely, and as a private man- from which what new and singular code of social duties might be inferred? "The manner," says he, "in which the governments of those States where slavery exists are to regulate it is for their own consideration, under their responsibility to their constituents, to the general laws of propriety, humanity, and justice, and to God. Associations formed elsewhere, springing from a feeling of humanity, or any other cause, have nothing whatever to do with it. They have never received any encouragement from me, and they never will." They who know of no purer sources of truth, who have traced up its stream no higher, stand, and wisely stand, by the Bible and the Constitution, and drink at it there with reverence and humility; but they who behold where it comes trickling into this lake or that pool, gird up their loins once more, and continue their pilgrimage toward its fountain-head. No man with a genius for legislation has appeared in America. They are rare in the history of the world. There are orators, politicians, and eloquent men, by the thousand; but the speaker has not yet opened his mouth to speak who is capable of settling the much-vexed questions of the day. We love eloquence for its own sake, and not for any truth which it may utter, or any heroism it may inspire. Our legislators have not yet learned the comparative value of free trade and of freedom, of union, and of rectitude, to a nation. They have no genius or talent for comparatively humble questions of taxation and finance, commerce and manufactures and agriculture. If we were left

solely to the wordy wit of legislators in Congress for our guidance, uncorrected by the seasonable experience and the effectual complaints of the people, America would not long retain her rank among the nations. For eighteen hundred years, though perchance I have no right to say it, the New Testament has been written; yet where is the legislator who has wisdom and practical talent enough to avail himself of the light which it sheds on the science of legislation?

The authority of government, even such as I am willing to submit to- for I will cheerfully obey those who know and can do better than I, and in many things even those who neither know nor can do so well- is still an impure one: to be strictly just, it must have the sanction and consent of the governed. It can have no pure right over my person and property but what I concede to it. The progress from an absolute to a limited monarchy, from a limited monarchy to a democracy, is a progress toward a

(44)

(45)

(43)

true respect for the individual. Even the Chinese philosopher was wise enough to
regard the individual as the basis of the empire. Is a democracy, such as we know it,
the last improvement possible in government? Is it not possible to take a step further
towards recognizing and organizing the rights of man? There will never be a really
free and enlightened State until the State comes to recognize the individual as a higher
and independent power, from which all its own power and authority are derived, and
treats him accordingly. I please myself with imagining a State at least which can afford
to be just to all men, and to treat the individual with respect as a neighbor; which even
would not think it inconsistent with its own repose if a few were to live aloof from it,
not meddling with it, nor embraced by it, who fulfilled all the duties of neighbors and
fellow-men. A State which bore this kind of fruit, and suffered it to drop off as fast as
it ripened, would prepare the way for a still more perfect and glorious State, which
also I have imagined, but not yet anywhere seen.

SOAPSTone Analysis

Who is the **SPEAKER**? What voice tells the story?

What do you think?	Evidence

What is the **OCCASION**? What is the time and place of the piece; what is the context that prompted the writing?

Evidence

Who is the **AUDIENCE**? To whom is the piece directed?

What do you think?	Evidence

What is the **PURPOSE**? Why did the writer create this text?

What do you think?	Evidence

What is the **SUBJECT**? What is the writer attempting to convey?

What do you think?	Evidence

What is the **TONE**? What three words describe the author's attitude?

What do you think?	Evidence

Why does it "speak to you?"

AP Language and Composition "Civil Disobedience" Argument Analysis

Claim	Evidence	Your Interpretation

Carolyn Smiley Grade 10 / American Literature Acton-Boxborough Regional High School (ABRHS) Acton, MA

NEH Curriculum Unit

Living and Writing Deliberately: The Concord Landscapes and Legacy of Henry David Thoreau

Background: American literature at ABRHS is taught thematically. It is a tenth grade course, taught at four levels. Our class periods are 47 minutes long. This unit plan is designed with our college preparatory course in mind. Our core texts include *The Crucible, The Glass Castle, The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, Into the Wild, The Catcher in the Rye,* and short works from Poe, Emerson, Thoreau, and Dickinson, among others.

I incorporate elements of Thoreau's work and legacy throughout my curriculum. What follows are three different units where I plan to incorporate application to Thoreau. Thread 1 serves as an introduction to the grade 10 identity unit. Threads 2 and 3 are still about the identity unit, and both use Jeannette Walls' *The Glass Castle* as the core novel. The lessons for these two threads include the same two essential questions that we use as a department, but each thread also has additional essential questions that are specific to the thread in question. In addition, these two threads include excerpts from "Civil Disobedience" and short quotes from *Walden*. Finally, thread 4 uses *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* and makes the transition from the identity unit to the freedom unit. This thread also includes excerpts from "Slavery in Massachusetts."

All strategies noted, including "Save the Last Word for Me," "Think-Pair-Share," etc. would have been taught, modeled, and practiced prior to these lesson sequences.

Year Long Essential Question:

1) What does it mean to be an American?

Thread #1: Being Awake, Aware, and Alive

<u>Lesson Background</u>: This series of lessons builds on an introduction to Thoreau and his work. Students would already have some background knowledge on Thoreau, and some students have a strong sense of transcendentalism already, having previously studied *Being Henry David* as eighth graders.

These lessons would be taught as introduction to our Identity unit.

Course-Wide Essential Questions for the Identity Unit:

- 1. How is identity formed?
- 2. How do societal expectations affect the development of our identities?

Additional Essential Question for this Thread:

1. What pieces of your identity contribute to you being "aware" of and "alive" in the world around you?

Objectives:

At the end of this 3 day sequence, and after completing the writing assignment, students will be able to:

- 1. Discuss their own understandings of what it means to be "awake, alive, and aware."
- 2. Articulate how closely studying significant objects in our lives can deepen our understandings of ourselves and the world around us.

Procedures/Materials:

Lesson 1:

1) Students will be given two different excerpts from the *Walden* Chapter "Where I Lived and What I Lived For." Independently, they will choose first the word and then the phrase that they believe are most significant in each excerpt. They will then annotate for their rationale.

Excerpt 1:

To be awake is to be alive. [...] We must learn to reawaken and keep ourselves awake, not by mechanical aids, but by an infinite expectation of the dawn, which does not forsake us in our soundest sleep. I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor. [...]

Excerpt 2:

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life [...]

- 2) Students will then participate in a modified "Save the Last Word for Me" protocol discussion with two other classmates. The first student states which word he picked, but does not explain why. The other two participants each have 30 seconds to explain why they believe that chosen word could be important. Then the student who originally chose that word explains his rationale. This process will repeat until all three students have had the opportunity to have the "last word" on their chosen word and phrase in both excerpts.
- 3) As a whole class, we will discuss findings and patterns in the groups' analyses.
- 4) Next, we will create a class list of all of the different activities and ways that we think contribute to us feeling "awake" and "aware" in our world.
- 5) Exit Ticket (<u>formative assessment</u>): What is the activity/experience in your life that makes you feel the most "alive" and "aware"? Explain.

Lesson 2:

1) Students will begin with a quick write:

Yesterday we discussed what it means to be "aware" and "alive." What do you think is the relationship between being aware/awake and the development of your identity?

- 2) Students will then discuss their responses with their "elbow partner." Each pair will then share out one conclusion they came to regarding the relationship between being aware/awake and identity development.
- 3) By this point, students will have started to explore how it is our passions, family, friends, connections, etc. that help us feel aware/awake and contribute to our identities as we grow and mature. Discussing group responses from the think-pair-share of step 2 will continue during this step.
- 4) Next, I will display an A-B t-shirt. For ten minutes, students will write about the extent to which this object contributes to them feeling "awake"/"aware" and how it represents part of their identity.
- 5) Students will then be invited to share 1-2 sentences from their response. The goal is here is to show the diversity of experience: how they can all look at the same object but it leads each of them to feel "awake"/"aware" in different ways.
- 6) We will then engage in a whole class discussion about what can prevent us from feeling "awake" and "aware" in our world.
- 7) Exit ticket (<u>formative assessment</u>): Students will explain one object that they think best represents what makes them feel "aware" and "awake."

Lesson 3:

1) I will present the personal narrative assignment about Object Writing (<u>summative</u> <u>assessment</u>).

Writing Prompt: We have discussed how being aware/awake contributes to the development of our identities. You will choose ONE (1) object that you believe best represents your identity and best demonstrates how you are "aware" and "awake."

You will describe the object, but you will also develop your narrative so as to explain why this object is significant in your life and contributes to you feeling "aware" and "awake" in 2017. Your voice will be engaging and authentic.

You will have class-time to journal, brainstorm, and develop your narrative.

You will be assessed using the Personal/Creative writing rubric.

- 2) Students would then have time to start brainstorming.
- 3) In the days that follow, students would participate in several prewriting and journaling activities to help them engage with the Object Writing assignment. In addition, we would also do several mini lessons about voice and style. Students would also spend class time drafting and revising their narrative.

Thread #2: Hearing that Different Drummer

<u>Lesson Background</u>: This series of lessons would occur after students read parts 1-2 in *The Glass Castle*. Students typically read 20-30 pages every two days. We would have discussed key plot and theme details every day, but these activities explained below are to be used as a synthesis of approximately the first half of the novel. This novel is read as part of our Identity Unit.

In addition, students would also have read <u>excerpts</u> from the following chapters in *Walden* prior to the activities outlined below: "Where I Lived & What I Lived For," "Sounds," and "Solitude."

Course-Wide Essential Questions for the Identity Unit:

- 1. How is identity formed?
- 2. How do societal expectations affect the development of our identities?

Additional Essential Questions for this Thread:

- 1. Why is it important for an individual to listen to his conscience and follow his own beliefs?
- 2. Under what circumstances can following one's own beliefs be problematic?

Objectives:

At the end of this lesson sequence, students will be able to:

- 1. Explain the importance and challenges of following one's conscience.
- 2. Explain key elements of Thoreau's "Conclusion" in <u>Walden</u> through close reading.
- 3. Apply Thoreau's understandings about identity and self to specific events and characters in <u>The Glass Castle</u>.

Procedures/Materials:

Lesson 1:

- 1) Students would come to class having read paragraphs 4, 5, and 10 of the Conclusion of <u>*Walden*</u> (see attached). They also would have answered three questions for homework (formative assessment):
 - a. Using paragraph 4, explain why you think Thoreau decided to leave his cabin in the woods.
 - b. What do you think is the most important lesson we can learn from paragraph 5? Explain.
 - c. Reread paragraph 10. We get a popular expression from this paragraph. What do you think it means to "march to the beat of your own drum"?
- 2) Students will participate in a Gallery Walk exercise. Each of the questions listed above will be on a separate piece of large chart paper. Each piece of chart paper will be taped up around the room. Students will take their marker and silently "visit" each paper and record their thoughts, using their homework answers to guide their responses. They will also respond to their classmates' ideas (thus, this becomes a "silent discussion"). In addition to the 3 questions listed above, there will also be a fourth question that students will respond to on the fly:

d. Which characters that we have studied this year (or last year) do you think live their lives according to Thoreau's advice to march to the beat of your own drum, no matter what anyone else thinks? Explain.

3) We would then take 10-15 minutes to debrief the Gallery Walk and to discuss patterns and tensions that emerge.

4) Exit Ticket (<u>formative assessment</u>): Explain what Thoreau means in the following excerpt, and explain one character or real-life example that you believe lives his/her life according to Thoreau's advice: "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Lesson 2:

- 1) Students will be arranged in 5 groups. Each group will be assigned approximately 25 pages from *The Glass Castle*. On their large chart paper, each group will record 3 passages. The first passage should answer essential question 1, the second passage must answer essential question 2, and the third passages could answer either question:
 - a. Why is it important for an individual to listen to his conscience and follow his own beliefs?
 - b. Under what circumstances can following one's own beliefs be problematic?

Underneath each passage, groups will take bulleted notes about how their chosen passage answers the essential question.

(Group 1: Pages 1-25; Group 2: Pages 26-50; Group 3: Pages 51-75; Group 4: Pages 76-101; Group 5: Pages 102-125).

- 2) On a second piece of chart paper, each group will also answer the following question: Using what you know about Thoreau and his beliefs, how do you think he would respond to the Walls' family following their own beliefs? Explain.
- 3) It will take the entire period for students to complete the above tasks.

Lesson 3:

- 1) Students will spend a few minutes in their groups wrapping up any tasks from yesterday and deciding how they will "teach" their conclusions to the class.
- 2) Each group will then come to the front of the room and present their passages, explanations, and Thoreau Application Reflections to the class.
- 3) As a whole class, we will discuss overall observations, patterns, and conclusions that the groups came to.
- 4) Next, students will independently reflect on the following: *how does applying Thoreau's ideas confirm or challenge your understanding of Rosemary or Rex Walls? Explain.*
- 5) Students will then share out their reflections. The teacher can also collect these reflections as a way to informally <u>assess</u> for understanding.

Conclusion Excerpts from *Walden* (Thread #2, Lesson 1)

[4] I left the woods for as good a reason as I went there. Perhaps it seemed to me that I had several more lives to live, and could not spare any more time for that one. It is remarkable how easily and insensibly we fall into a particular route, and make a beaten track for ourselves. I had not lived there a week before my feet wore a path from my door to the pond-side; and though it is five or six years since I trod it, it is still quite distinct. It is true, I fear, that others may have fallen into it, and so helped to keep it open. The surface of the earth is soft and impressible by the feet of men; and so with the paths which the mind travels. How worn and dusty, then, must be the highways of the world, how deep the ruts of tradition and conformity! I did not wish to take a cabin passage, but rather to go before the mast and on the deck of the world, for there I could best see the moonlight amid the mountains. I do not wish to go below now.

[5] I learned this, at least, by my experiment: that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary; new, universal, and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favor in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the license of a higher order of beings. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

[...]

[10] Why should we be in such desperate haste to succeed and in such desperate enterprises? If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away. It is not important that he should mature as soon as an apple tree or an oak. Shall he turn his spring into summer? [...]

<u>Lesson Background</u>: This series of lessons would occur after students had been introduced to Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience," and after they had read through part three in *The Glass Castle* (through page 241 out of 288 pages). We would have discussed key plot points and overarching themes. However, this thread represents a synthesis of parts one, two, and three of the novel.

Course-Wide Essential Questions for the Identity Unit:

- 1. How is identity formed?
- 2. How do societal expectations affect the development of our identities?

Additional Essential Questions for this Thread:

- 1. What are the consequences of defying societal expectations?
- 2. How can non-conformity lead to a greater sense of self?

Objectives:

At the end of this lesson sequence, students will be able to:

- 1. Explain Thoreau's goals in writing "Civil Disobedience."
- 2. Apply Thoreau's objectives in "Civil Disobedience" to events of The Glass Castle.

Procedures/Materials:

Lesson 1:

- 1) Students would have been given the "Civil Disobedience" Excerpt (see attached) previously. In addition, during that prior class period, we would have discussed background to the text, including why Thoreau spent a night in jail. We would have read the text two times the day before, discussing challenging vocabulary and phrases. Finally, we also would have talked about more recent examples of Civil Disobedience, including an article about parents protesting standardized tests and telling the school/state that their child would not sit for the exam.
- 2) For homework the previous night, students would have underlined and annotated one text-to-text connection they made between "Civil Disobedience" and any other text we read this year (or freshman year).
- 3) We will begin class by having a few students share their text-to-text connections.
- 4) Next, in groups of 3-4, students will apply the Three Big Questions strategy. The three questions are:
 - a. What Surprised Me?
 - b. What did the Author Assume I Already Knew?
 - c. What Challenged, Changed, or Confirmed What I Already Knew?

As a group, students will take turns reading out loud the "Civil Disobedience" excerpt, stopping at the end of each paragraph. Each student will then annotate the paragraph for "surprises" using an **!**, for "assumptions" using a **?**, and for "challenged/changed/confirmed" using a **C**.

- 5) After reading out loud and then annotating independently, students will share out their surprises, assumptions, and challenges/changes/confirmations in their groups. These three types of annotations lead to students discussing the significance of the text in their small groups.
- 6) Finally, students will choose 1 of their surprises/assumptions/3 Cs to share in class tomorrow. They will highlight it and jot down briefly what they are thinking.

Lesson 2:

- 1) Each student will share one of their surprises/assumptions/3 Cs from yesterday's small group discussion.
- 2) We will then take another 10 minutes to clarify any confusions or misconceptions from the "Civil Disobedience" excerpt.
- 3) For the next activity, students will work with a partner on shared Google Doc to apply Thoreau and "Civil Disobedience" to *The Glass Castle*.
- 4) Pairs of students will choose 1-2 sentences from "Civil Disobedience" that they think connect with *The Glass Castle* in order to develop a RAFT writing.
 - a. First they will complete a graphic organizer (see attached)
 - b. Next they will use the graphic organizer to type a letter in the persona of Rex or Rosemary Walls. They will include their chosen "Civil Disobedience" sentences and explain how a choice they (as their chosen character's voice) made in the novel connects with Thoreau's ideas in "Civil Disobedience."
 - c. Students will be <u>assessed</u> using the creative writing and literary analysis rubrics.
 - d. Students will have day 2 and day 3 to work on this response in class.

Excerpt from "Civil Disobedience (for Thread #3, Lesson 1)

[1] I HEARTILY ACCEPT the motto, — "That government is best which governs least"; and I should like to see it acted up to more rapidly and systematically. Carried out, it finally amounts to this, which also I believe, — "That government is best which governs not at all"; and when men are prepared for it, that will be the kind of government which they will have. Government is at best but an expedient; but most governments are usually, and all governments are sometimes, inexpedient. The objections which have been brought against a standing army, and they are many and weighty, and deserve to prevail, may also at last be brought against a standing government itself, which is only the mode which the people have chosen to execute their will, is equally liable to be abused and perverted before the people can act through it. Witness the present Mexican war, the work of comparatively a few individuals using the standing government as their tool; for, in the outset, the people would not have consented to this measure.

[2] This American government — what is it but a tradition, though a recent one, endeavoring to transmit itself unimpaired to posterity, but each instant losing some of its integrity? It has not the vitality and force of a single living man; for a single man can bend it to his will. It is a sort of wooden gun to the people themselves. But it is not the less necessary for this; for the people must have some complicated machinery or other, and hear its din, to satisfy that idea of government which they have. Governments show thus how successfully men can be imposed on, even impose on themselves, for their own advantage. It is excellent, we must all allow. Yet this government never of itself furthered any enterprise, but by the alacrity with which it got out of its way. It does not keep the country free. It does not settle the West. It does not educate. The character inherent in the American people has done all that has been accomplished; and it would have done somewhat more, if the government had not sometimes got in its way. For government is an expedient by which men would fain succeed in letting one another alone; and, as has been said, when it is most expedient, the governed are most let alone by it. Trade and commerce, if they were not made of India rubber, would never manage to bounce over the obstacles which legislators are continually putting in their way; and, if one were to judge these men wholly by the effects of their actions, and not partly by their intentions, they would deserve to be classed and punished with those mischievous persons who put obstructions on the railroads.

[3] But, to speak practically and as a citizen, unlike those who call themselves no-government men, I ask for, not at once no government, but *at once* a better government. Let every man make known what kind of government would command his respect, and that will be one step toward obtaining it.

[4] After all, the practical reason why, when the power is once in the hands of the people, a majority are permitted, and for a long period continue, to rule, is not because they are most likely to be in the right, nor because this seems fairest to the minority, but because they are physically the strongest. But a government in which the majority rule in all cases cannot be based on justice, even as far as men understand it. Can there not be a government in which majorities do not virtually decide right and wrong, but conscience? — in which majorities decide only those questions to which the rule of expediency is applicable? Must the citizen ever for a moment, or in the least degree, resign his conscience to the legislator? Why has every man a conscience, then? I think that we should be men first, and subjects afterward. It is not desirable to cultivate a respect for the law, so much as for the right. The only obligation which I have a right to assume is to do at any time what I think right. It is truly enough said that a corporation has no conscience; but a corporation of conscientious men is a corporation *with* a conscience.

Law never made men a whit more just; and, by means of their respect for it, even the welldisposed are daily made the agents of injustice. A common and natural result of an undue respect for law is, that you may see a file of soldiers, colonel, captain, corporal, privates, powdermonkeys, and all, marching in admirable order over hill and dale to the wars, against their wills, ay, against their common sense and consciences, which makes it very steep marching indeed, and produces a palpitation of the heart. They have no doubt that it is a damnable business in which they are concerned; they are all peaceably inclined. Now, what are they? Men at all? or small movable forts and magazines, at the service of some unscrupulous man in power?

RAFT Writing Assignment (for Thread #3, Lesson 2)

Complete the following prewriting activities before you draft your letter.

Part I:

Our Chosen Sentence(s) from "Civil Disobedience":	What we think these lines mean:	How we think this connects to the novel:

Part II (Developing your RAFT)

R	Role	Are you Rex or Rosemary?
А	Audience	Your children: are you writing to all of them? Just Jeannette? Etc.
F	Format	Letter
Т	Topic	Connect "Civil Disobedience" to specific moments in the novel

Thread #4: Examining Desperate and Deliberate Lives

<u>Lesson Background</u>: This lesson sequence asks students to make connections between Thoreau and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. We read this text as part of the Freedom Unit, and it follows our reading of *The Glass Castle* and several other short works. As such, we continue to make connections in the Freedom unit to previous essential questions about non-conformity and following one's conscience.

These lessons require that students have read through chapter 31 in *Huck* and that they have been given background information on Thoreau's speech "Slavery in Massachusetts." Students would be provided with a timeline that merges events from *Huck* with "Slavery in Massachusetts: we would have discussed The Kansas-Nebraska Act, Anthony Burns and Edward Loring, The Fugitive Slave Act, as well as important background for *Huck Finn*. It's also important to remind students that Thoreau is writing about Massachusetts in 1854, while Twain is writing in 1876 about the 1840s. Students in this class do not read chapters 20-30 of *Huck* (The Duke and the King).

Course-Wide Essential Questions for the Freedom Unit:

- 1. How does the definition of freedom vary according to the individual?
- 2. What obstacles must an individual overcome in order to achieve freedom?

Additional Essential Questions for this Thread:

- 1. What behaviors and choices are indicative of living a deliberate and desperate life?
- 2. How does non-conformity and following one's conscience contribute to leading a deliberate and desperate life?

Objectives:

At the end of this lesson sequence, students will be able to:

- 1. Demonstrate comprehension and analysis of Huck's decision to tear up the letter that would have sold Jim out.
- 2. Explain Thoreau's objectives in "Slavery in Massachusetts" and how understanding this text deepens our understanding of what's at stake in Huck and Jim's quest for freedom.

Procedures/Materials:

Lesson 1:

- 1) As mentioned previously, students will have read through chapter 31 in the novel. They also will have completed the chapter 31 discussion handout (see attached).
- 2) On the first day of discussion, students will make meaning of Huck's choice to tear up his letter that sells Jim out as a slave, despite the potential consequences. Students will explore Huck's moral dilemma using their chosen words, phrases, sentences, and responses to questions on the handout.
- 3) Next, students will return to the following Thoreau quote from earlier in the year (thread #1): "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; [...] I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life."

Students will be asked to explain independently the differences in how Huck and Jim are both living deliberate and desperate lives in the woods. While both are searching for freedom, the risks and consequences are radically different for both men.

This response will be collected for informal assessment.

Lesson 2-3:

- 1) Students will be given a copy of the excerpts from Thoreau's "Slavery in Massachusetts." We will need to spend time discussing background information and unfamiliar references. We will read it through once together.
- 2) Next, students will work in pairs to do a close reading of the text. Students will take turns reading paragraphs. After student 1 reads paragraph 1, student 2 will summarize the paragraph. The roles then switch for paragraph 2, and so on and so forth. Students will continue making meaning of the text using this paired-reading strategy.
- 3) As a whole class, we will then discuss the following:
 - a. What are Thoreau's objectives in this lecture?
 - b. What is Thoreau's tone in this lecture?
 - c. How does this speech seem different from the excerpts of Walden we have read?
- 4) Exit ticket (<u>formative assessment</u>): What's one question you still have about our reading of "Slavery in Massachusetts"? (Students will complete this exit ticket even if we don't finish the discussion outlined in step 3).

Lesson 3-4:

- 1) We will finish up any discussion from the previous day. We will also use students' exit tickets from the day before to clarify any confusions or misconceptions.
- 2) I will remind students that *Huck Finn* is written about the 1840s, Thoreau is writing "Slavery in Massachusetts" in 1854, and Twain writes *Huck Finn* in 1876.
- 3) Next, students will complete a think-pair-share-square activity. First, they will independently respond to the following: *how does reading "Slavery in Massachusetts" deepen your understanding of what is at stake for both Huck and Jim as they make their way further into slave territory seeking freedom? Use a direct quote from the novel to support your thoughts.*

After they respond independently, they will pair up and share their thoughts. Each pair will then meet with another pair ("square") to discuss all four members' responses.

- 4) As a whole class, we will discuss the groups' observations. In addition, we will also discuss what Thoreau is suggesting through his speech about living a "desperate and "deliberate" life.
- 5) Exit ticket (<u>formative assessment</u>): Over the past few days, we have discussed Huck and Jim leading deliberate lives, and we have discussed what it means to live a deliberate life in "Slavery in Massachusetts." Do you think Huck will continue to live his

life in a "desperate and deliberate" way over the course of the novel? If yes, explain. If no, explain what you think will prevent him from doing so.

Conclusions:

These threads do not feature lessons that follow one after the other over the course of several days. Instead, there would definitely be gaps in between these sequences: additional lessons would follow the activities outlined here for each of the threads. There would also certainly be other formative and summative assessments for both novels used here. In addition, I would continue to use Thoreau's works throughout the remainder of the year.

Chapter 31 Discussion (for Thread #4, Lesson 1)

<u>Directions:</u> Read this entire excerpt from chapter 31 as Huck wrestles with his conscience. Then, use a highlighter or pen to underline the WORD, the PHRASE (group of words), and the SENTENCE (all different) that you think are most important for understanding how Huck is feeling about his sense of morality and his conscience. Complete the two questions at the end as well.

It made me shiver. And I about made up my mind to pray, and see if I couldn't try to quit being the kind of a boy I was and be better. So I kneeled down. But the words wouldn't come. Why wouldn't they? It warn't no use to try and hide it from Him. Nor from ME, neither. I knowed very well why they wouldn't come. It was because my heart warn't right; it was because I warn't square; it was because I was playing double. I was letting ON to give up sin, but away inside of me I was holding on to the biggest one of all. I was trying to make my mouth SAY I would do the right thing and the clean thing, and go and write to that nigger's owner and tell where he was; but deep down in me I knowed it was a lie, and He knowed it. You can't pray a lie—I found that out.

So I was full of trouble, full as I could be; and didn't know what to do. At last I had an idea; and I says, I'll go and write the letter—and then see if I can pray. Why, it was astonishing, the way I felt as light as a feather right straight off, and my troubles all gone. So I got a piece of paper and a pencil, all glad and excited, and set down and wrote:

Miss Watson, your runaway nigger Jim is down here two mile below Pikesville, and Mr. Phelps has got him and he will give him up for the reward if you send. - HUCK FINN

I felt good and all washed clean of sin for the first time I had ever felt so in my life, and I knowed I could pray now. But I didn't do it straight off, but laid the paper down and set there thinking—thinking how good it was all this happened so, and how near I come to being lost and going to hell. And went on thinking. And got to thinking over our trip down the river; and I see Jim before me all the time: in the day and in the night-time, sometimes moonlight, sometimes storms, and we a-floating along, talking and singing and laughing. But somehow I couldn't seem to strike no places to harden me against him, but only the other kind. I'd see him standing my watch on top of his'n, 'stead of calling me, so I could go on sleeping; and see him how glad he was when I come back out of the fog; and when I come to him again in the swamp, up there where the feud was; and such-like times; and would always call me honey, and pet me and do everything he could think of for me, and how good he always was; and at last I struck the time I saved him by telling the men we had small-pox aboard, and he was so grateful, and said I was the best friend old Jim ever had in the world, and the ONLY one he's got now; and then I happened to look around and see that paper.

It was a close place. I took it up, and held it in my hand. I was a-trembling, because I'd got to decide, forever, betwixt two things, and I knowed it. I studied a minute, sort of holding my breath, and then says to myself:

"All right, then, I'll GO to hell"-and tore it up.

It was awful thoughts and awful words, but they was said. And I let them stay said; and never thought no more about reforming. I shoved the whole thing out of my head, and said I would take up wickedness again, which was in my line, being brung up to it, and the other warn't. And for a starter I would go to work and steal Jim out of slavery again; and if I could think up anything worse, I would do that, too; because as long as I was in, and in for good, I might as well go the whole hog.

Questions:

1) Explain Huck's internal conflict.

2) Why is it important that Huck is willing to "go to hell" for Jim? Think about his feelings in chapter 1:

"Then [Miss Watson] told me all about the bad place, and I said I wished I was there. She got mad then, but I didn't mean no harm. All I wanted was to go somewheres; all I wanted was a change, I warn't particular. She said it was wicked to say what I said; said she wouldn't say it for the whole world; she was going to live so as to go to the good place. Well, I couldn't see no advantage in going where she was going, so I made up my mind I wouldn't try for it. But I never said so, because it would only make trouble, and wouldn't do no good" (2).

Slavery in Massachusetts Excerpt - Thoreau

[1] I LATELY ATTENDED a meeting of the citizens of Concord, expecting, as one among many, to speak on the subject of slavery in Massachusetts; but I was surprised and disappointed to find that what had called my townsmen together was the destiny of Nebraska,(1) and not of Massachusetts, and that what I had to say would be entirely out of order. I had thought that the house was on fire, and not the prairie; but though several of the citizens of Massachusetts are now in prison for attempting to rescue a slave from her own clutches,(2) not one of the speakers at that meeting expressed regret for it, not one even referred to it. It was only the disposition of some wild lands a thousand miles off which appeared to concern them. The inhabitants of Concord are not prepared to stand by one of their own bridges, but talk only of taking up a position on the highlands beyond the Yellowstone River.(3) Our Buttricks and Davises and Hosmers (4) are retreating thither, and I fear that they will leave no Lexington Common between them and the enemy. There is not one slave in Nebraska; there are perhaps a million slaves in Massachusetts.(5)

[4] Again it happens that the Boston Court-House is full of armed men, holding prisoner and trying a MAN, to find out if he is not really a SLAVE. Does any one think that justice or God awaits Mr. Loring's (7) decision? For him to sit there deciding still, when this question is already decided from eternity to eternity, and the unlettered slave himself and the multitude around have long since heard and assented to the decision, is simply to make himself ridiculous. We may be tempted to ask from whom he received his commission, and who he is that received it; what novel statutes he obeys, and what precedents are to him of authority. Such an arbiter's very existence is an impertinence. We do not ask him to make up his mind, but to make up his pack.

[8] I have read a recent law of this State, making it penal for any officer of the "Commonwealth" to "detain or aid in the... detention," anywhere within its limits, "of any person, for the reason that he is claimed as a fugitive slave." Also, it was a matter of notoriety that a writ of replevin (10) to take the fugitive out of the custody of the United States Marshal could not be served for want of sufficient force to aid the officer.

[10] The whole military force of the State is at the service of a Mr. Suttle, a slaveholder from Virginia, to enable him to catch a man whom he calls his property; but not a soldier is offered to save a citizen of Massachusetts from being kidnapped! Is this what all these soldiers, all this *training*, have been for these seventy-nine years past?(11) Have they been trained merely to rob Mexico and carry back fugitive slaves to their masters?

[12] Three years ago, also, just a week after the authorities of Boston assembled to carry back a perfectly innocent man, and one whom they knew to be innocent, into slavery,(12) the inhabitants of Concord caused the bells to be rung and the cannons to be fired, to celebrate their liberty — and the courage and love of liberty of their ancestors who fought at the bridge.(13) As if *those* three millions had fought for the right to be free themselves, but to hold in slavery three million others. Nowadays, men wear a fool's-cap, and call it a liberty-cap.(14) I do not know but there are some who, if they were tied to a whipping-post, and could but get one hand free, would use it to ring the bells and fire the cannons to celebrate *their* liberty. So some of my townsmen took the liberty to ring and fire. That was the extent of their freedom; and when the sound of the bells died away, their liberty died away also; when the powder was all expended, their liberty went off with the smoke.

[15] Every humane and intelligent inhabitant of Concord, when he or she heard those bells and those cannons, thought not with pride of the events of the 19th of April, 1775,(15) but with shame of the events of the 12th of April, 1851.(16) But now we have half buried that old shame under a new one.

[17] I wish my countrymen to consider, that whatever the human law may be, neither an individual nor a nation can ever commit the least act of injustice against the obscurest individual without having to pay the penalty for it. A government which deliberately enacts injustice, and persists in it, will at length even become the laughing-stock of the world.(17)

[18] Much has been said about American slavery, but I think that we do not even yet realize what slavery is. If I were seriously to propose to Congress to make mankind into sausages, I have no doubt that most of the members would smile at my proposition, and if any believed me to be in earnest, they would think that I proposed something much worse than Congress had ever done. But if any of them will tell me that to make a man into a sausage would be much worse — would be any worse — than to make him into a slave — than it was to enact the Fugitive Slave Law, I will accuse him of foolishness, of intellectual incapacity, of making a distinction without a difference. The one is just as sensible a proposition as the other.

[22] The law will never make men free; it is men who have got to make the law free. They are the lovers of law and order who observe the law when the government breaks it.

[39] What should concern Massachusetts is not the Nebraska Bill, nor the Fugitive Slave Bill, but her own slaveholding and servility. Let the State dissolve her union with the slaveholder.(27) She may wriggle and hesitate, and ask leave to read the Constitution once more; but she can find no respectable law or precedent which sanctions the continuance of such a union for an instant.

[42] Covered with disgrace, the State has sat down coolly to try for their lives and liberties the men who attempted to do its duty for it. And this is called *justice*! They who have shown that they can behave particularly well may perchance be put under bonds for *their good behavior*. They whom truth requires at present to plead guilty are, of all the inhabitants of the State, preeminently innocent. While the Governor, and the Mayor, and countless officers of the Commonwealth are at large, the champions of liberty are imprisoned.

NEH Landmarks of American History Teacher Workshop, July 16-21, 2017

Living and Writing Deliberately: The Concord Landscapes and Legacy of Henry Thoreau

Lesson Plan Thread: Living in Society

Lesson plan by Liz Sokolov of The National Cathedral School, Washington, DC

Level: Appropriate for 10th-12th grade, preferably in an American Literature course

TITLE: Applying Transcendental Philosophy Across American Literature Texts: Close Reading of Paired Passages of Thoreau and Emerson with *The Scarlet Letter*, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, and *The Great Gatsby*

Objective:

Students will be able to apply Thoreau's transcendental philosophy to key American novels in my semester-long American Literary Traditions course in order to understand the legacy of Transcendentalism in American thought and generate new ways of seeing the novels. While applying Transcendental philosophy, students will gain skills in both close reading and comparative analysis.

Overall Essential Questions for this approach of paired passages:

Each of the novels we read asks a question that transcendentalists were concerned with: How can one live independently while living in a world with social hierarchy? This unit will explore how Transcendentalism can help us understand Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*, Twain's *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, and Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*.

With regard to developing analytical thinking, we will ask how can a compare/contrast mode of close reading analysis with paired passages from transcendentalism and the novels evoke new meaning, interpretations, and understanding?

<u>LESSON 1: Using Transcendentalism to Introduce and Generate Thinking About *The Scarlet* <u>Letter:</u></u>

<u>Essential Question</u>: How do Thoreau's themes of "simplicity," "leading lives of quiet desperation," and living "deliberately," along with Emerson's theme of connecting spiritually with nature, apply to *The Scarlet Letter*?

Procedures:

As a way to prepare for a study of Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*, students will read Emerson's essay "Nature," and read excerpts from "Economy," and the entirety of the chapter "Where I Live, and What I Lived For" from Thoreau's *Walden*. Students will take1-2 class periods to discuss these essays. For "Nature," students will focus on deciphering Emerson's argument, highlighting passages they choose, with an emphasis on the "transparent eyeball." For *Walden*,

students will focus in particular on the passages associated with the ideas of "simplicity," what it means to "lead lives of quiet desperation," and what it means to "live deliberately."

Then, with this background knowledge in Transcendentalism, students will later be asked to return to these essays at various touchstone points in *The Scarlet Letter* as a way to understand the strains of transcendentalism in Hawthorne's novel, and their influence on the novel's message.

Paired Passage Close Reading for Walden and The Scarlet Letter:

1) Compare Thoreau's description of his house to the description of Hester Prynne's house.

[Context: Emerson published "Nature" in 1836, Hawthorne published *The Scarlet Letter* in 1850, and Thoreau published *Walden* in 1854. So we are not looking for evidence that Hawthorne was influenced by *Walden*, which would be anachronistic, but we are interested in the thinking we as readers can generate when we examine two passages about two homes in the woods, one real, and one fictional. It is also important to note that while Hawthorne was friends with transcendentalists, and even spent some time at the utopian transcendental community Brook Farm, that he himself cannot be considered a transcendentalist, though the ideas of transcendentalism can be seen in his work. It might be worth asking as an extension activity to what extent are there limitations to his brand of transcendentalism in his novel, given the fact that he was not, himself, a transcendentalist.]

Thoreau passage:

"When first I took up my abode in the woods, that is, began to spend my nights as well as days there, which, by accident, was on Independence Day, or the Fourth of July, 1845, my house was not finished for winter, but was merely a defence against weather-stained boards, with wide chinks, which made it cool at night. The upright white hewn studs and freshly planed door and window casings gave it a clean and airy look, especially in the morning, when its timbers were saturated with dew, so that I fancied that by noon some sweet gum would exude from them. To my imagination it retained throughout the day more or less of this auroral character, reminding me of a certain house on a mountain which I had visited a year before. This was an airy and unplastered cabin, fit to entertain a travelling god, and where a goddess might trail her garments. The winds which passed over my dwelling were such as sweep over the ridges of mountains, bearing the broken strains, or celestial parts only, of terrestrial music. The morning wind forever blows, the poem of creation is uninterrupted; but few are the ears that hear it. Olympus is but the outside of the earth everywhere."

Guided close reading questions:

In what ways does Thoreau's passage work metaphorically? Why might his mention of "Independence Day" be important? In what ways do the details he offers about his house connect with his theme of "simplicity" and 'living deliberately'? What is significant that "few are the ears that hear" the "terrestrial music" that passes over his "dwelling"? How does Thoreau paint himself, and how does he paint society in this passage?

Now, given your insights into Thoreau's intent as he describes his cabin, turn your attention to Hawthorne's intent as he describes Hester's cabin, and annotate for your ideas:

"Hester Prynne, therefore, did not flee. On the outskirts of the town, within the verge of the peninsula, but not in close vicinity to any other habitation, there was a small thatched cottage. It had been built by an earlier settler, and abandoned, because the soil about it was too sterile for cultivation, while its comparative remoteness put it out of the sphere of that social activity which already marked the habits of the emigrants. It stood on the shore, looking across a basin of the sea at the forest-covered hills, towards the west. A clump of scrubby trees, such as alone grew on the peninsula, did not so much conceal the cottage from view, as seem to denote that here was some object which would fain have been, or at least ought to be, concealed. In this little, lonesome dwelling, with some slender means that she possessed, and by the license of the magistrates, who still kept an inquisitorial watch over her, Hester established herself, with her infant child. A mystic shadow of suspicion immediately attached itself to the spot. Children, too young to comprehend wherefore this woman should be shut out from the sphere of human charities, would creep nigh enough to behold her plying her needle at the cottage-window, or standing in the door-way, or laboring in her little garden, or coming forth along the pathway that led townward; and, discerning the scarlet letter on her breast, would scamper off, with a strange, contagious fear."

In what ways is Hester's experience different from Thoreau's? In what ways might it have the potential to be similar? How is it significant that Hester lives removed from town? In what ways is it significant that she lives close to nature? Look at the language describing the nature. What is significant that her dwelling 'looks' "across a basin of the sea at the forest-covered hills"? In what ways are there both positive and negative connotations to her dwelling? What might we conclude about her character, given the description of her dwelling? How is she portrayed, and how is society portrayed? What can we conclude about the society and its attitudes towards Hester and her cottage?

Broader questions for later in the novel: How do you see strains of "simplicity" in Hester's approach to life? Compare her to, say, the Governor and his elaborate home, dress, and insistence on pomp and circumstance. Who 'complicates' his life in this novel? How so? Look at Dimmesdale and Chillingworth. What is the message about simplicity versus complication in this novel? Who "lives deliberately," and who lives lives of "quiet desperation"? What is the answer about how one should live, according to Thoreau and Hawthorne?

<u>Extension activity</u>: Recall Emerson's "transparent eyeball" and apply it to scenes in *The Scarlet Letter*. Does anyone in the novel *see* like a transparent eyeball? When? To what effect? Who does not see like a transparent eyeball? What is that effect? (Suggested scenes: Pearl in the forest, connecting to nature, and able to discern the truth about her mother and the reverend's relationship; Dimmesdale with his renewed energy in the forest; the townspeople who avoid the forest.

Extension activity: Compare Hester and her home to the characters in Thoreau's *Walden* chapter "Former Inhabitants," such as Zilpha, the "colored woman," whose "little house, where she spun linen for townsfolk" "was set on fire by English soldiers," or the "Irishman" whom Thoreau describes as "Capable of more civil speech than you could well attend to," but whose home the neighbors "avoided" "as an unlucky castle." What does Thoreau see in these outsiders who make their dwelling by Walden Pond that others do not see? What does Hawthorne see in Hester that the Puritans don't see? What can you then conclude about transcendentalism as a result of these inquiries?

Lesson 2

<u>Procedures for using Transcendentalism to Introduce and Generate Thinking about *The* <u>Adventures of Huckleberry Finn:</u></u>

Essential Question:

How does Henry David Thoreau, in "Civil Disobedience," suggest ways to live responsibly and 'deliberately' in society?

What effect does Thoreau understand nature to have on society, and vice versa?

How can reading "Civil Disobedience" generate new thinking about Huck's own struggle in society and with his conscience?

<u>Process:</u> Students will read Thoreau's essay "Civil Disobedience" and discuss it on its own in advance of reading *Huck*.

Then, as a touchstone during the study of the novel, students can be asked to discuss the following questions:

Does Huck embark on civil disobedience at any point? When? How so? How not? What is at stake for him? What do we learn about morality from watching Huck, an individual, act within society? What do we learn about the forces that influence someone to act morally versus the forces that influence someone to act without conscience? What are Thoreau and Twain arguing about man's responsibility to man?

<u>CLOSE READING</u>: [The following lesson was inspired by Professor James Finley's lecture on "Civil Disobedience," as part of the NEH program. He brought attention to the 'huckleberry party' passage, which in turn prompted me to think about how to connect this to *Huckleberry* Finn.]

Study the passage near the end of "Civil Disobedience" when Thoreau writes:

"It was formerly the custom in our village, when a poor debtor came out of jail, for his acquaintances to salute him, looking through their fingers, which were crossed to represent the grating of a jail window, "How do ye do?" My neighbors did not thus salute me, but first looked at me, and then at one another, as if I had returned from a long journey. I was put into jail as I was going to the shoemaker's to get a shoe which was mended. When I was let out the next morning, I proceeded to finish my errand, and, having put on my mended shoe, joined a huckleberry party, who were impatient to put themselves under my conduct; and in half an hour—for the horse was soon tackled—was in the midst of a huckleberry field, on one of our highest hills, two miles off, and then the State was nowhere to be seen."

<u>Questions</u>: How do you interpret Thoreau heading off to join a "huckleberry party" after his night in jail? Is he negating his social protest from earlier in the essay by going off and having 'fun'? Or, is going off on the huckleberry party *part* of his protest? How can you bring in Thoreau's ideas of 'nature' to make sense of this act? Is nature connected to his radical ideas? Where is the true place for a man in an unjust state? What might be significant about the act of picking 'huckleberries'? Compare such an act to, say, picking cotton? By showing people how to pick huckleberries, what alternative economy does Thoreau model for his readers?

Now study the last page of *Huck*, when he narrates:

"And then Tom he talked along and talked along, and says, le's all three slide out of here one of these nights and get an outfit, and go for howling adventures amongst the Injuns, over in the Territory, for a couple of weeks or two; and I says, all right, that suits me, but I ain't got no money for to buy the outfit, and I reckon I couldn't get none from home, because it's likely pap's been back before now, and got it all away from Judge Thatcher and drunk it up. "No, he hain't," Tom says; "it's all there yet—six thousand dollars and more; and your pap hain't ever been back since. Hadn't when I come away, anyhow." Jim says, kind of solemn: "He ain't a-comin' back no mo', Huck." I says: "Why, Jim?" "Nemmine why, Huck—but he ain't comin' back no mo." But I kept at him; so at last he says: "Doan' you 'member de house dat was float'n down de river, en dey wuz a man in dah, kivered up, en I went in en unkivered him and didn' let you come in? Well, den, you kin git yo' money when you wants it, kase dat wuz him."

Tom's most well now, and got his bullet around his neck on a watch-guard for a watch, and is always seeing what time it is, and so there ain't nothing more to write about, and I am rotten glad of it, because if I'd a knowed what a trouble it was to make a book I wouldn't a tackled it, and ain't a-going to no more. But I reckon I got to light out for the Territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and sivilize me, and I can't stand it. I been there before.

THE END Yours truly, Huck Finn"

Questions: Keeping in mind your thoughts on Thoreau at the end of "Civil Disobedience," How do you understand Huck's last act at the end of the novel? Is he rejecting society by 'lighting' "out for the Territory?" Is he abandoning the moral compass he had begun to develop on his journey with Jim? What forces prey on him to force this decision? Is Huck like Thoreau at the end or not? Is he part of a kind of white, masculine fantasy of exploring adventure in the rugged wilderness, as opposed to Thoreau, who likely has a moral purpose in going on the huckleberry party? Or, is Huck failed by a society that makes meaningful connection between whites and blacks impossible? Look at Huck's silence after Jim tells him his Pap has been dead all this time. Think of the implication Huck must realize, here, that Jim withheld this crucial information from Huck. Huck, the trickster, has been duped and betrayed. Is Huck a victim of a society that forces Jim to manipulate Huck into believing he still was running from his abusive Pap, when in fact Jim just needed Huck as a white ally? Is Huck betrayed by Jim *and* by society? What might Twain be arguing about the condition of man in society at this time?

Symbolic Epilogue:

Thoreau knew huckleberries grew wild. How might he be using them symbolically? How might you see Huck's own name as symbolic, given this discussion? Extension Activity: In his eulogy for Thoreau, Emerson states:

"Had his genius been only contemplative, he had been fitted to his life, but with his energy and practical ability he seemed born for great enterprise and for command; and I so much regret the loss of his rare powers of action, that I cannot help counting it a fault in him that he had no ambition. Wanting this, instead of engineering for all America, he was the captain of a huckleberry-party. Pounding beans is good to the end of empires one of these days; but if, at the end of years, it is still only beans?"

In what ways might being a "captain of a huckleberry party" be a dig by Emerson? In what ways might it be praise? Which do you think it is? Do you think Huck is a "captain of a huckleberry party," too?

<u>Extension activity</u>: Time permitting, look at the "white lily" passage from the end of Thoreau's essay "Slavery in Massachusetts" for discussion on how Thoreau uses symbol to attack slavery. Lead a discussion in Twain's strategies for attacking slavery and the failure of reconstruction, the point of view from which he wrote the novel.

Lesson 3

Procedures for using Emerson's Self-Reliance to introduce The Great Gatsby:

Students will read and discuss Emerson's essay "Self Reliance" in advance of reading <u>Gatsby.</u>

Then, as a touchstone during the study of the novel, student can be asked to discuss the following questions:

Is it possible to be self-reliant? Is Rebirth possible? What forces make self-reliance challenging? What forces make it possible? Is anyone self-reliant in *The Great Gatsby*? What is Fitzgerald saying about self-reliance by the end of the novel?

Students can also think about the *absence* of nature in *The Great Gatsby*, and discuss the materialism Fitzgerald argues has replaced that nature, to disastrous effects.

For a close reading opportunity, look particularly at the last few pages of chapter 9, when Nick recalls the Long Island from the perspective of the first settlers:

"Most of the big shore places were closed now and there were hardly any lights except the shadowy, moving glow of a ferryboat across the Sound. And as the moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until gradually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes – a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.

<u>Questions:</u> How does language such as "the fresh green breast of the new world" reveal Fitzgerald's opinion on the role of nature in society? What other words or phrases help argue for nature as an antidote to capitalism?

<u>Find your own passage to pair with *Gatsby*</u>: What would Thoreau have to say about the materialistic drive of the characters in *The Great Gatsby*? Find a quote from *Walden* that Thoreau might have used to offer advice to the characters in *The Great Gatsby*. Find an appropriate passage from Emerson's "Self Reliance" to pair with *The Great Gatsby*. Explain your choice.

<u>Assessment:</u> Students will write an essay on the final exam at the end of the semester that synthesizes their work on Transcendentalism as applied to these three great American novels.

Topic:

Write an essay that argues how Transcendentalism is essential to understanding the American Literature that follows it, particularly *The Scarlet Letter*, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, and *The Great Gatsby*.

Tips: Narrow your focus to a particular strain of Transcendentalism, such as nature, spirit, Civil Disobedience, or man and woman in society. Use that one thread to apply to the three texts.

In your introduction, make sure to give context to Emerson and Thoreau and the Transcendental Movement in general.

Consider one body paragraph per text. Make sure to refer specifically to Transcendentalism and the novel in question. You may bring in a piece of paper with quotes from Emerson and Thoreau that you think you might like to use as part of your essay.

In your conclusion, wrap up by asserting which novel seems to be most heavily influenced by Transcendental philosophy.

What Is Your Beat?/ What Do You Love?/ Who Are You?

1. What roles do you hold in your family? (brother, son, grandson, ect.)

2. What are your favorite hobbies?

3. What is an activity or activities that you are really good at?

4. If a friend or classmate were to describe you, what are two adjectives that they might use? (creative, kind, loyal, good listener, hard worker, imaginative, funny, friendly, - just few adjectives you could choose from)

5. What are your three of your favorite foods?

6. What is your favorite topic or topics to learn about?

What is your favorite books or book?

8. What are your favorite animals or animal?

9. What are your favorite places or place to visit or spend time?

10. What are your favorite sportss?

11. Are there any additional things that you are passionate about- that maybe don't fit into the categories in the questions above?

_____7.

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Reading Text: 1. Read /Listen 2. Think/Observe a. What words do you not know? Circle Them. b. What do you notice about the words and how they are put together? Is the language the same as we use today or different? How/ Why is it different? Do you think this was written recently or a long time ago? Why? 3. Discuss/ Explore Meaning

Jennifer Surgenor NEH LIving and Writing Deliberately: The Concord Landscapes and Legacy of Henry David Thoreau

Thread: Hearing That Different Drummer

Social Emotional Curriculum Unit

We All Beat to Our Own Drums

Grade Level: 2nd -5th Grade

(I have written this curriculum for 3rd Graders but they certainly could be used or adaptated for older students)

OVERVIEW & PURPOSE

One goal of these lessons is to introduce the students to Henry David Thoreau, as he will be a mentor for our studies in a variety of ways throughout the school year. This unit focuses on exploring Henry David Thoreau: The Independent Thinker (based on the idea from The Morgan Museum in the "This Ever New Self" Thoreau and His Journal exhibit) (We will explore many parts of Thoreau throughout our studies this year).

Another main goal of these lessons is to help them explore who they are as an individual, what their passions are, and what makes them a unique individual. This will be done as an activity if the first two weeks of school as we are building our classroom community and getting to know each other. It will also be followed up by other lessons as we progress from identifying and being proud of the unique characteristics of each individual in the classroom to recognizing the importance of diversity and how to respect those differences in working together in the classroom community.

Thirdly, these lessons will help the students explore a quote for its literary meaning and explore that meaning with various forms of expression.

Guiding Questions

- 1. What does it mean to "beat to your own drummer?"
- 2. Why is it important to recognize and be respectful of the unique passions/ interests of each individual in our classroom?
- 3. What makes you unique?
- 4. What were some of the characteristics/ passions that made Thoreau unique?
- 5. What is figurative language?

EDUCATION STANDARDS

- 1. English Language Anchor Standards (all grades) CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.CCRA.SL.1 Prepare for and participate effectively in a range of conversations and collaborations with diverse partners, building on others' ideas and expressing their own clearly and persuasively.
- 2. CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.CCRA.SL.4 Present information, findings, and supporting evidence such that listeners can follow 4 the line of reasoning and the organization, development, and style are appropriate to task, purpose, and audience.
- 3. CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.CCRA.SL.6 Adapt speech to a variety of contexts and communicative tasks, demonstrating command of formal English when indicated or appropriate. C
- CSS.ELA-LITERACY.CCRA.L.1 Demonstrate command of the conventions of standard English grammar and usage when writing or speaking.
 CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.CCRA.L.3 Apply knowledge of language to understand how language functions in different contexts, to make effective choices for meaning or style, and to comprehend more fully when reading or listening.
 CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.CCRA.L.5 Demonstrate understanding of figurative language, word relationships, and nuances in word meanings.
 CCSS.ELA-LITERACY.CCRA.L.6 Acquire and use accurately a range of general academic and domain-specific words and phrases sufficient for reading, writing, speaking, and listening at the college and career readiness level; demonstrate independence in gathering vocabulary knowledge when encountering an unknown term important to comprehension or expression.

OBJECTIVES

- 1. To introduce the students to Thoreau as a historical figure
- 2. To teach that Thoreau was a unique individual who pursued his ideas and passions
- 3. Students will explore all the ways in which they identify themselves
- 4. Students will recognize that there are many roles/ways that we define ourselves
- 5. Students will learn to respectfully listen to their peers
- 6. Students will explore how to express themselves creatively through art and public speaking and writing
- 7. Students will learn what an analogy is and explore what it means to "beat their own drums"

We All Beat to Our Own Drums Lesson 1 : Exploring Metaphor

Thoreau Quotations:

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away." —Walden (1854)

Objectives:

- 1. To look closely at a text and think critically about what the writer is trying to say
- 2. To demonstrate, through conversation and writing, an exploration of meaning of the quote
- 3. For students to be familiar with how authors use figurative language in their writing

Standards

MATERIALS NEEDED

Thoreau Drummer Quote Worksheet

White Board

Thoreau Drummer Quote- Student Copy- attached as a separate PDF

Background

This is the first in a series of lessons based around this quote. This beginning lesson will be less focused on Thoreau, but more on exploring the words and the concept of figurative language.

Step 1/ Read Aloud/ Word exploration

Hang the poster with the Drummer Quote in the center of your classroom/or circle area

Hand each student Thoreau Drummer Quote Student Copy

Put quote under document camera or white board

Reading

Explain that you are going to read the quote aloud several times and ask the students to :

- a. Listen carefully the words in the quote
- b. Think about it silently in their heads

(You can even post these instructions on board)

Read the quote aloud for them

Have one or two students read the quote aloud for the class

Exploring

"Now that we have read through this quote several times, I want to hear some observations/questions that you have about it. We will talk in a moment about meaning of the whole quote, but for now I want you to focus on specifically on the words. "

Use the questions on the worksheet to start the discussion.

Then have students share the words they circled and give them the definitions. You can share the vocabulary cards I have created at the end of this lesson.

In your discussion, challenge students to think about what Thoreau means or is trying to say in this quote.

"Do you think he means this literally? That we each hear drums drumming?"

Explain that in Thoreau uses figurative language to get his meaning across. Ask them if they have ever heard the phrase: "beat to your own drum"

What do they think this phrase means? You may to help them along with this if they haven't heard it before. It means that each person should pay attention to what they love and do things they love.

In this quote, Thoreau is trying to encourage people to recognize that if someone is doing something differently that it is because they are doing things that they love or in a way that makes sense to them and this is ok.

"However measured or far away" - he is trying to say however close to "normal" or what others are doing or however far away or different from what others are doing

Engage:

Ask students to brainstorm examples of when they or someone else has done something differently from maybe what was "normal" or expected.

Then you can also discuss with them that often when others or people do things different from what has been done before or what is expected, they often get criticized and judged. Thoreau is trying to say that we should have respect and tolerance and even admiration for those that seek to do things differently.

Conclusion

To wrap up the discussion, have students listen to a brief clips of one singular instrument and then a orchestra.

Try and use an orchestra as an analogy for how each player has to play different instruments and different music to make the orchestra music come together. If everyone all played the same instrument and the same music, it would not be as enjoyable.

In our classroom, we are going to spend the next few days getting to know each other, but this will continue all year. We are going to pay attention to what we have in common, but also what talents and characteristics each of us as individuals has. We will celebrate and respect each individual for their strengths and areas of growth and work to work together to make our own orchestra this year in our classroom.

Assessment:

Ask students to choose one of the following journal entries to write and reflect about after the lesson:

1. Why is diversity (or a variety of opinions, skills, or ideas) important in a classroom or any group of people?

2. What does it mean to "hear a different drummer"? Is this a good thing or a bad thing according to Thoreau?

Evaluate each student's writing and look for the following characterstics in their writing:

-ability to express their own ideas and support those ideas with evidence/ examples from the text

-ability to grasp an understanding of figurative language and explore possible ideas of what Thoreau meant in his quote

Vocabulary

pace	the speed at which something moves
companions	friends or peers who are with someon
measured	close or at the same speed

We All Beat to Our Own Drums

Lesson 2: What is Your Beat? Exploring Individuality/ Passions in Our Classroom

MATERIALS NEEDED

- 1. Picture Book: Burleigh, Robert If You Spent A Day With Thoreau at Walden Pond
- 2. What is Your Beat? What do you Love? Worksheet (attached as a PDF)

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away." —Walden (1854)

ACTIVITY

Introduction: To begin this lesson, speak to the students about that today you are going to introduce them to a new friend. I love referring to authors as friends, as even if they are deceased and we haven't met them personally, I believe that we become friends with authors when we read their books. Although we aren't meeting the author personally, we are still getting to know them through their writing. Books often teach us and meet us at different points of our lives when we reread them so I do think of books as friends.

Anyways, explain to them that they are going to learn about an important figure in Massachusetts and U.S. history. (I will focus on MA history since this is part of the curriculum I teach). Ask the students if they have ever heard of Henry David Thoreau and take some responses. (As they are in elementary school and if you aren't in MA, they may not have any prior knowledge about him. But if you are in MA, it is more likely that they might have heard of him or Concord, or Walden Pond.) Do in informal survey to see what prior knowledge you students might know.

"Henry David Thoreau was an important figure in history as he wrote and taught ideas that help people think differently about the world around them, particularly nature. He is most famous for being a writer, but he was also had many other talents and roles that defined him. This year we will explore some passions/ roles of Thoreau. I was inspired by an exhibit I saw at the Morgan Library this summer and how they portrayed /explored these different sides of Thoreau's life and came up with a creative idea for us to explore all the different sides of you. "

Read the picture book to them and them have them brainstorm with you some of the things that Thoreau was passionate about or adjectives we could use to describe him:

Writer, reader, nature lover, philosopher, friend

Activity:

"Today we are going to do an activity in which you will start to think about what you are passionate about / adjectives/ roles you would use to describe yourself. Today we are going to brainstorm, and tomorrow we will use them to create an art project and activity."

In order to get the students warmed up to this activity, you will post a series of prompts around the room. Have students take their clip boards and worksheets (with the prompts) and visit some of the prompts. You can assign two or three to one and then time them for a few minutes and give them a cue to rotate to the next prompt. Explain before you begin the activity, that some of the prompts might come quick, some might take some thought, and some you might not find an answer to in the time provided. This is ok, it is just an activity to get them warmed up.

Some prompts:

What is your role/s in your family ? (son, grandson, nephew, brother)

What do you love to do in your spare time? (read, play video games, play with friends, make crafts)

What are your favorite books/ book to read?

After you have given them a chance to explore prompts and think of answers to write on their worksheet, have them settle down at their desk to keep brainstorming answers.

This worksheet will feed into Lesson 3.

We All Beat to Our Own Drums Lesson 3: Silhoutte of Me Project

Objectives:

-create artistic representation of themselves and their unique passions and interests

-present to audience in a clear voice

-follow multiple step directions

Overview:

As a follow up from the previous lesson, students will take their passions / interests and create an artistic representation of themselves in a silhoutte of their heads.

Materials Needed:

- Digital camera or phone
- Sharpies
- Tag board
- Coloring pencils/ crayons
- Black construction paper

Activity:

- 1. Have students pull out their worksheet from the previous lesson. Explain to them that today you are going to have them make picture representations of their interests and put them in a silhoutte of their heads.
- 2. Show them some examples of silhouettes and give them this definition: the dark shape and outline of someone or something visible against a lighter background, especially in dim light.

Explain that before there were cameras, people made silhouettes of people as a way to represent them.

Some pictures of silhouettes to show them:

https://s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com/originals/71/52/c0/7152c0c2e215a7910377786b110 8a706.jpg

https://s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com/736x/f3/2b/c0/f32bc0946c92c3410ea9c2b4368be25 b--silhouette-portrait-silhouette-art.jpg

Thoreau Connection:

Show them this example of a silhouette of Henry David Thoreau

https://static01.nyt.com/images/2017/06/02/arts/02THOREAU1/02THOREAU1-blog427.jpg

3. Explain to students that you are going to create silhouettes of each of their heads but that instead of filling it in with black you are going to fill them in with pictures of their passions and interests. See the link below for a visual example:

https://s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com/originals/e2/be/1d/e2be1d2b456c0170d21c0c87 dfe43055.jpg

4. To begin project take a picture of each student's profile

I have included a picture of my profile since I didn't get a chance to practice yet with a child.



5. Next, print out the profile (you may need to adjust size/crop photo for your needs) and then have students use sharpie/pen to outline their profile and cut it out.

6. After they have cut out their profile, have them trace it on an 8 ½ x 11 piece of tag board.

7. In the outline, they should start to draw pictures (inspired from the previous lesson's worksheet) of the things that represent their passions / interests. They should use a pen or sharpie to outline the pictures and then fill in the space around the drawings.

8. To finish the artwork, you will have the students cut out their silhouettes and then glue them to fit on an 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 11 black piece of construction paper

9. Have students then share their silhouettes and give a brief explanation of 5-7 of the items they included and how those pictures represents part of their talents,

passions and interests.

Once I am back at school, I plan to make more examples for my students and will share photos of these with you to supplement these lessons.

Using Thoreau's "Walking" to Strengthen Our Writing Two-Week Unit—7th and 8th grades

Overview

In this unit, middle school students will observe with a purpose and write with an audience in mind. They will investigate how a place can have diversity of meaning and importance to different people. Students will analyze Thoreau's essay "Walking" and use The Old Forest, an urban wilderness, to strengthen these skills. Students will have the opportunity to self-select topics for developing background knowledge, to choose the purpose of the observations/data collection they will focus on while visiting The Old Forest, and to choose their audience and the type of writing in response to the time spent in the woods.

Understanding Goals

Students will:

- research the life of Henry David Thoreau and his relationship with Walden Pond. They
 will research the history of The Old Forest, a 10,000-year-old urban forest in the middle
 of Memphis, Tennessee. They will research the many purposes people have for
 walking, specifically in nature.
- do a close read of Thoreau's essay, "Walking." They will analyze the text to identify Thoreau's ideas on walking, observation, and purpose. They will investigate ways that following Thoreau's examples can strengthen their writing.
- walk and observe with a specific purpose in mind in The Old Forest. Students will create field journals that meet the needs of the writing tasks they have set for themselves.
- will use their field journals to create a final draft of a piece of writing that matches the purpose of their observations.

Standards—NCTE / IRA Standards for English Language Arts

 Students read a wide range of print and non-print texts to build an understanding of texts, of themselves, and of the cultures of the United States and the world; to acquire new information; to respond to the needs and demands of society and the workplace; and for personal fulfillment. Among these texts are fiction and nonfiction, classic and contemporary works.

- Students read a wide range of literature from many periods in many genres to build an understanding of the many dimensions (e.g., philosophical, ethical, aesthetic) of human experience.
- Students apply a wide range of strategies to comprehend, interpret, evaluate, and appreciate texts. They draw on their prior experience, their interactions with other readers and writers, their knowledge of word meaning and of other texts, their word identification strategies, and their understanding of textual features (e.g., sound-letter correspondence, sentence structure, context, graphics).
- Students adjust their use of spoken, written, and visual language (e.g., conventions, style, vocabulary) to communicate effectively with a variety of audiences and for different purposes.
- Students employ a wide range of strategies as they write and use different writing
 process elements appropriately to communicate with different audiences for a variety of
 purposes.
- Students conduct research on issues and interests by generating ideas and questions, and by posing problems. They gather, evaluate, and synthesize data from a variety of sources (e.g., print and non-print texts, artifacts, people) to communicate their discoveries in ways that suit their purpose and audience.
- Students use a variety of technological and information resources (e.g., libraries, databases, computer networks, video) to gather and synthesize information and to create and communicate knowledge.
- Students participate as knowledgeable, reflective, creative, and critical members of a variety of literacy communities.
- Students use spoken, written, and visual language to accomplish their own purposes (e.g., for learning, enjoyment, persuasion, and the exchange of information).

Preparation

- Select excerpts from "Walking" and annotate for vocabulary, allusions, and events to give students the background knowledge to infer meaning.
- Select articles and websites for students to use for web quests and research.
- Create Resources Folder on computers for students that includes links to all web quests, websites, research material, and presentation software.
- Create rubrics (teacher and peer) for research groups and presentations.
- Create stations for Brainstorming Circle. Need markers and large chart paper to create one prompt for each station. Prompts for stations: 1) Brainstorm verbs for walking; 2) Brainstorm reasons people write; 3) Brainstorm how you make strong observations; 4) Brainstorm why people spend time outdoors; and 5) Brainstorm different types of jobs or tasks in a wilderness setting that require observation or data collecting skills.
- See-Think-Wonder--Select photographs of natural surroundings of The Old Forest, people making observations or collecting data in a wooded area, and a solitary figure walking in The Old Forest.
- Create introduction PowerPoint.
- Set up research stations on-line and in the classroom for groups to use.
- Create text-dependent questions for "Walking" close read.
- Create resource centers for observation days and writing days: include models of field journals, sketch books, scientific journals for data collection, and the types of writing that students have selected, graphic organizers for pre-writing, checklists for editing and peer editing, and a rubric for the final draft.

Lessons and Activities

Lesson One (1 day)

"Wildness is the preservation of the World." HDT

Brainstorming Circle—Divide students into five groups and explain that each group is going to brainstorm at five different stations. Discuss the importance of "piggybacking" and commenting on other students' ideas, especially as they move into the second, third, and fourth rotation. Be prepared to push students to think outside of the box. Have ideas and questions to consider typed out for each station. If you see a group struggling, hand one of the students an idea or question to re-engage the thinking and conversation.

After brainstorming at the final station, give students a short time to evaluate the ideas that the class has generated. Then one by one, have the groups lead whole group discussions about their ideas.

See-Think-Wonder Activity (Visible Thinking Strategy)—Have students pair up and use their writing journals. Select several photos to project on the screen. For each photograph, have students write I see..., I think..., and I wonder.... Give students silent time to closely observe and write answers in journals. After viewing all photographs, have students do a Think-Pair-Share before opening discussion to whole group.

Wrap-up—Using their writing journals, have students reflect on the following questions: What connections do you see between walking and writing? What connections do you see between observing and writing? What connections do you see between nature, walking, observing, and writing? Encourage students to consider the charts and the discussions and to create venn diagrams if they are struggling to find similarities.

Lesson Two (3 days—possibly 4 depending on the number of groups to present) Background research and Student Teaching/Presentations "The walking of which I speak has nothing in it akin to taking exercise, as it is called, as the sick take medicine at stated hours ...but it is itself the enterprise and adventure of the day."

In groups of two or three, have students share their answers and reflections from the wrap-up of lesson one. Then have each group write a prediction of what topic and skills they will be studying for the next couple of weeks. Have students share their ideas with the whole group as they hang their predictions on the board.

Teacher will introduce the unit as the students take notes and begin considering the choices that they will make during the study.

After introduction, students will divide into groups based on the background topic that they would like to research: Henry David Thoreau, Walden, The Old Forest, and walking in nature.

3-2-1 Bridge (Visible Thinking Strategy) Before students begin their research, have each one create an initial response to their topic in their writing journals. Students should write 3 words that quickly come to mind when thinking about the topic. They should write 2 questions that they have about the topic. Finally, have them create a metaphor or simile about the topic. Groups will use web quests, other internet resources, and print resources in class and at home to gather notes and create a PowerPoint or Prezi to teach the class about their topic.

During the presentations, students will take notes about the four topics and use teacher-made rubrics to give peer feedback to each presentation group.

3-2-1 Bridge After the presentations, have the students create a second 3-2-1. Then write a **bridge**. This is a statement that allows students to show how their new ideas connect to or changed during the course of their research and presentation.

Lesson Three (1.5 day) Close read of "Walking"

"Nature will bear the closest inspection. She invites us to lay our eye level with her smallest leaf, and take an insect view of its plain." HDT

Students will read annotated excerpts from "Walking." Then students will answer textdependent questions based on their first, second, and third readings of the excerpts.

The 4 C's (Visible Thinking Strategy) In small groups, students identify connections between the text and their own lives and/or learning, parts of the text that they want to challenge, key concepts or ideas, and changes in attitudes suggest by the writing.

Depending on the weather, take students outside to read and discuss.

Lesson Four (1 day) Observing with a purpose and writing for an audience "The questions is not what you look at, but what you see." HDT

Warm-up—During bellwork, have students look at three of the charts they created during the brainstorm circles on the first day: how you make strong observations, why people spend time outdoors, and different types of jobs in a wilderness setting that require observation skills.

Have students do a turn-and-talk review of note-taking (observing) with a purpose and writing with a specific audience in mind. Share whole group. Have students take out their 4 C's notes from "Walking." In the same small groups from that discussion, have students discuss Thoreau's observations and his intended audience.

Have resource centers set up with different types of field journals, notes, and data that people collect when walking in nature. In each of the centers, include models of the types of writing that writers would create from these observations. As students are rotating, be available to answer questions and offer guidance about the type of observations and writing that they will focus on while in The Old Forest.

In their writing journals, have students commit to the type of observations they will make in The Old Forest. Have them describe the type of writing they will create after the field trip. Have them reflect on why they are drawn to this type of observation and writing.

Lesson Five (1 day)

"We should go forth on the shortest walk, perchance, in the spirit of undying adventure, never to return; prepared to send back our embalmed hearts only, as relics to our desolate kingdoms. If you are ready to leave father and mother, and brother and sister, and wife and child and friends, and never see them again; if you have paid your debts, and made your will, and settled all your affairs, and are a free man; then you are ready for a walk." HDT

Observations in The Old Forest.

Students will hike the Old Forest Loop with the a map and guides. They will search for locations that they learned about during their research. They will also look for spots that they might want to use for their observations.

After hiking the loop, students will break into groups based on the purpose of their observations. One adult leader will accompany each group. Using information collected during the hike, students will select the location(s) where they will be observing. Give the leader the models and examples of the type of observations that their students are doing. Also, create a list of questions and/or prompts that will help guide students if they are having trouble getting started. Allow groups to decide how to structure their observation locations and times.

Once students return to school, have them reflect on their walk in the woods by writing a **I Used to Think..., Now I Think (Visible Thinking Strategy)** about The Old Forest and spending time in nature.

Lesson Six Writing (3 days—one for prewriting; two for peer editing, teacher conferences, and revisions)

"Moreover, you must walk like a camel which is said to be the only beast which ruminates when walking. When a traveller asked Wordsworth's servant to show him her master's study, she answered 'Here is his library, but his study is out of doors." HDT

Students will begin class by sharing their field journals including observations, sketches, and data with their teammates who are focusing on the same type of writing. Then students will begin their individual writing projects. Resource centers with models should still be available. Set mini-lessons for students who need assistance with graphic organizers and pre-writing sheets. Have appointment sheets out for students to sign up for writing conferences with teacher.

Student Assessments

Writing journals, background research and presentations, self reflection, peer reflections, use of visible thinking strategies, field journals, and final draft of writing in response to The Old Forest

Resources

- "Walking" by Henry David Thoreau
- Henry David Thoreau: An American Landscape edited and illustrated by Robert L. Rothwell
- Non-fiction articles on the reasons people walk and work in nature
- Articles on The Old Forest
- Overton Park Conservancy website—<u>www.overtonpark.org</u>
- iNaturalist link on the OPC website
- Examples of different genres of writing that are based on the observations of the natural world: scientific articles—botany, insects, reptiles, mammals, climate conditions, etc.; environmental activism; memoirs; meditation and walking in nature; fiction—include excerpts of Peter Taylor's short story "The Old Forest"
- Video clips from 10 Parks That Changed America
- Book: Overton Park by William Bearden
- Documentary: Overton Park: A Century of Change by William Bearden
- Making Thinking Visible: How to Promote Engagement, Understanding, and Independence for All Learners by Ritchhart, Church, and Morrison

Arielle Trager

Living and Writing Deliberately: The Concord Landscapes and Legacy of Henry Thoreau

Threads:

Unit 1: Being Awake, Aware, and Alive Unit 1: Living in Nature Unit 2: Living in Society Unit 2: Choosing Life with Principle

Note on the Unit Plans: My lesson plans include two units: one creative writing unit for use at the beginning of the year to get to know students, and one unit on Living with Principles to go along with *A Raisin in the Sun*.

Unit One: Deliberately Defining Ourselves

(Using the threads "Being Awake, Aware, and Alive," and "Living in Nature")

Essential Questions:

- 1. What makes us feel alive and energized? What makes our lives meaningful?
- 2. How can we deliberately notice and focus on the things around us right now when we are distracted by worrying about the past or future, or by things (luxuries) we want?
- 3. What role does nature play in our high tech 21st century lives?
- 4. How can nature help us reflect on our own lives?

Lesson 1 (Awake, Aware, and Alive):

Objective: Students will close read an excerpt from Thoreau's "Walking," in order to develop a definition of being "awake and alive."

Warm Up:

- 1. Give the definition of being "awake" and the definition of being "alive."
- 2. Now act like a philosopher and write what you think it *really* means to be "awake" and "alive" in life.
- 3. Discuss. Make a chart on the board of things that make us feel metaphorically awake and alive, and things that make us feel metaphorically sleepy. (ex. things we are passionate about vs. routines we don't care about)

Explanation: "We are going to spend some time thinking about who we are, what is meaningful to us, and what makes us feel alive. We are going to use Thoreau, who wrote a lot about how to live a life that is really awake and alive. When I say awake and alive, I also want us to think about this word "deliberate." Ask students for definition. Explain that Thoreau wrote about living "deliberately" in the same way he wrote about being awake and alive.

Share quote: "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived." Break down the word "deliberately"--sounds like "liberty." "Deliberate" as a verb means to think about things very carefully and weigh all of your options before making decisions or acting. When we live our lives with liberty and also meaning, we are "awake and alive"

Application: Close read a section of "Walking" in groups. (up to and including paragraph that starts with "my vicinity affords many good walks…" and ends "It will

never become quite familiar to you.") Highlight quotes which show what Thoreau thinks about being "awake" and "alive."

Wrap Up: Share and discuss a few highlighted quotes. Summarize Thoreau's ideas. (Further reading could also be assigned for hw.)

Lesson 2 (Awake, Aware, and Alive):

Objective: Students will evaluate the extent to which Thoreau's philosophy in "Walking" applies to our modern lives.

Warm Up: Since the last time we met, what's something that made you feel awake or alive?

Explanation: "We're going to look at a few more of Thoreau's quotes so we can define his thoughts on being awake and alive, and decide if we agree with him--or if it's even possible to follow his ideas in our modern world.

Application: Post other quotes around the room (see Lesson 2--Quotes Sheet below). Ask students to (from their seats) choose at least 2 quotes to respond to in their notebooks. Students will write:

- 1. What do you think this quote means?
- 2. Do you agree? Does it apply to your life?

Discuss. Push students to think about what these quotes would really mean for them in their 21st century lives. Many students might like Thoreau's ideas, but ask them if they would walk for 4 hours each day without their phones. How can we strike a modern balance?

As a class, summarize what Thoreau thought about being awake and alive, AND some of the challenges we face in the modern world if we want to follow some of his ideas.

Wrap Up: Exit Ticket: What's one way you can be more awake or alive this week?

Lesson 3 (Living in Nature):

Objective: Students will identify key aspects of Thoreau's nature writing and interpret the connections he makes between nature and self.

Warm Up: Notice an object in this room and write a detailed description of it in a paragraph. Try to make it as detailed as possible! Discuss--Was it difficult to describe

something in that much detail? What did it feel like? Were you aware of other things around you as you were writing?

Explanation: Thoreau wrote like this all the time, because, as we've discussed, he wrote about being really aware and alive in the moment and focusing on things around him. Let's look at some examples of Thoreau writing like this and identify some of his writing techniques and the personal ideas he expresses in this kind of writing.

Application: Read and annotate: The last section of "Walking" (from "We had a remarkable sunset one day..." to the end) and other quotes (see Lesson 3--Quotes Sheet below)

Make a list of writing techniques (personification, color, sound, lists, metaphor, etc.) and the personal ideas (that we are never alone, that we are connected to nature, that we should not be afraid of traveling to new places, etc.) Thoreau expresses in his writing. Does he only describe nature? (Push students to see how Thoreau ends up writing about himself and his own beliefs, how he also writes about nature to reflect on himself) How is it different from other genres?

Wrap Up: Exit Ticket: What's one way Thoreau uses nature to reflect on himself or express one of his beliefs?

Lesson 4 (Living in Nature):

Objective: Students will apply key aspects of Thoreau's nature writing to their own nature writing experiment.

Explanation: (Students should be informed of this activity at least a day before.) Today the class will go on a nature walk to a nearby green space. Students will bring their notebooks and remain silent for the whole walk. After walking quietly for a few minutes, students will have 10 minutes to write about their surroundings. The class will return leaving enough time to discuss the walk.

Application: Nature Walk

Wrap Up: Discuss what it felt like to be quiet for a long period of time and to write something so detailed. Did you only write about nature, or like in Thoreau's writing, did yourself and your ideas pop up? Was it easy or hard to concentrate? Did you write something you liked or not?

[Lesson 2 Quotes]

Thoreau: Awake, Aware, and Alive

- 1. "Above all, we cannot afford not to live in the present." ("Walking")
- 2. "The millions are awake enough for physical labor; but only one in a million is awake enough for effective intellectual exertion, only one in a hundred millions to a poetic or divine life. To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake....We must learn to reawaken and to keep ourselves awake, not by mechanical aids, but by an infinite expectation of the dawn..." (Walden, Where I Lived, and What I Lived For")
- Most men, even in this comparatively free country, through mere ignorance and mistake, are so occupied with the factitious care and superfluously coarse labors of life that its finer fruits cannot be plucked by them...He has no time to be anything but a machine (Walden, Economy)
- 4. Will you be a reader, a student merely, or a seer? (Walden, Sounds)
- 5. The universe is wider than our views of it. (Walden, Conclusion)
- 6. Life consists with wildness. The most alive is the wildest. (Walking)

Thoreau: Living in Nature

1. We had a remarkable sunset one day last November. I was walking in a meadow the source of a small brook, when the sun at last, just before setting, after a cold grey day, reached a clear stratum in the horizon, and the softest brightest morning sun-light fell on the dry grass and on the stems of the trees in the opposite horizon, and on the leaves of the shrub-oaks on the hill-side, while our shadows stretched long over the meadow eastward, as if we were the only motes in its beams. It was such a light as we could not have imagined a moment before, and the air also was so warm and serene that nothing was wanting to make a paradise of that meadow. When we reflected that this was not a solitary phenomenon, never to happen again, but that it would happen forever and ever an infinite number of evenings, and cheer and reassure the latest child that walked there, it was more glorious still.

The sun sets on some retired meadow, where no house is visible, with all the glory and splendor that it lavishes on cities, and perchance, as it has never set before, — where there is but a solitary marsh hawk to have his wings guilded by it, or only a musquash looks out from his cabin, and there is some little black-veined brook in the midst of the marsh, just beginning to meander, winding slowly round a decaying stump. We walked in so pure and bright a light, gilding the withered grass and leaves, so softly and serenely bright — I thought I had never bathed in such a golden flood, without a ripple or a murmur to it. The west side of every wood and rising ground gleamed like the boundary of elysium, and the sun on our backs seemed like a gentle herdsman, driving us home at evening.

So we saunter toward the Holy Land; till one day the sun shall shine more brightly than ever he has done, shall perchance shine into our minds and hearts, and light up our whole lives with a great awakening light, so warm and serene and golden as on a bank-side in Autumn.

- 2. While I enjoy the friendship of the seasons I trust that nothing can make life a burden to me. The gentle rain which waters my beans and keeps me in the house today is not drear and melancholy, but good for me too....In the midst of a gentle rain while these thoughts prevailed, I was suddenly sensible of such sweet and beneficent society in Nature, in the very pattering of the drops, and in every sound and sight around my house, an infinite and unaccountable friendliness all at once like an atmosphere sustaining me, as made the fancied advantages of human neighborhood insignificant, and I have never thought of them since. Every little pine needle expanded and swelled with sympathy and befriended me. I was so distinctly made aware the the presence of something kindred to me, even in scenes which we are accustomed to call wild and dreary, and also that the nearest of blood to me and humanest was not a person nor a villager, that I thought no place could ever be strange to me again. (Walden, Solitude)
- 3. "...not till we are completely lost, or turned round,---for a man needs only to be turned round once with his eyes shut in this world to be lost,--do we appreciate the vastness and strangeness of Nature. Every man has to learn the points of compass again as often as he awakes, whether from sleep or any abstraction. Not till we are lost, in other words, not till we have lost the world, do we begin to find ourselves, and realize where we are and the infinite extent of our relations. (Walden, The Village)
- 4. I am no more lonely that a single mullein or dandelion in a pasture, or a bean leaf, or sorrel, or a horse-fly, or a humble-bee. I am no more lonely than the Mill Brook, or a weathercock, or the north star, or the south wind, or an April shower, or a January thaw, or the first spider in a new house. (Walden, Solitude)
- 5. "Heaven is under our feet as well as over our heads." (Walden, "The Pond in Winter")

Unit 2: Living in Society with Principle (Using the Threads "Living in Society" and "Choosing Life with Principle")

Essential Questions:

- 1. How does society affect people, and how do people affect society?
- 2. How do young people contribute to or change their societies?
- 3. What are my principles and how do they direct my future?
- 4. How do my choices affect others in my society, and the future?

Lesson 1 (Living in Society):

Objective: Students will examine the ways social issues can affect individuals using *A Raisin in the Sun* and an excerpt from "Civil Disobedience".

Warm Up: What does it mean to live in a "society"? What are the benefits and the dangers of living in society?

Explanation: [This lesson would occur after students have finished reading *A Raisin in the Sun*.] Today we are going to be focusing on how society can pressure people into things. We are going to be looking at all the different social issues the Younger family faced in *A Raisin in the Sun*, and start thinking about how other people and other books have addressed these same issues, and how you can too. You will start by filling out this chart with what you know about the Younger family. (see "Facing Social Pressures: *A Raisin in the Sun* and Thoreau" below) Walk through one example together.

Application: Students complete the first part of the chart explaining how each character in the Younger family faces different social pressures (race, class, age, gender...) and fights them in different ways (ex. Mama works tirelessly so her children can have a better life, Beneatha aspires to be a doctor and break out of traditional female roles in her relationships...) Discuss.

Wrap Up: Key Question: How do you see these same social issues affecting people today? How do people overcome them today?

Homework: Read the excerpt from "Civil Disobedience" and complete the chart for homework. (Excerpt from "But, to speak practically and as a citizen, unlike those who call themselves no-government men...." to "But it is easier to deal with the real possessor of a thing than with the temporary guardian of it.") [A longer excerpt may be assigned!]

Lesson 2 (Living in Society):

Objective: Students will examine the many ways in which individuals try to change their societies, using Thoreau and modern examples.

Warm Up: Look back over your homework and the excerpt from "Civil Disobedience." Does Thoreau give any ideas about how to solve these social issues? Do you have any ideas? Discuss.

Explanation: We've discussed how society can affect individual people, and pressure them into certain things. Now we're going to think about the ways that individuals can affect society through three examples--The Younger Family, Thoreau, and modern teenagers who have made a difference.

Application: Discuss the Youngers: Recall the chart that describes how they each pushed back against social pressures. We know it made a difference individually for them, but if we imagine they were a real family, would their actions have affected anyone else?

Watch: Two Videos on Thoreau and Civil Disobedience: <u>https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gugnXTN6-D4</u> <u>https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=elrTpoY6AYQ</u>

Discuss: What are examples of "civil disobedience" shown in these videos? (Note Thoreau's involvement in the Underground Railroad, not discussed in videos.) How much of a difference do you think they made?

Read article on teens making a difference: http://metro.co.uk/2015/11/20/six-people-under-20-whove-already-helped-change-the-wo rld-5510687/

Discuss: How did these teens make a difference? Could you imagine you or any of your friends doing anything like this? Are there any local examples of teenagers you know pushing for changing in their communities or schools?

Wrap up: Does society control individuals, or do individuals control society? How?

Lesson 3 (Choosing Life with Principle):

Objective: Students will define what it means to have principles, identify the principles of the Younger family, and Thoreau, and create a list of their own.

Warm Up: Define "principles." Do you have any family or personal mottos that you live by?

Explanation: Discuss examples of principles. Use student examples, common examples (such as <u>these</u>), or possibly the principles/mottos of your school. Write a list together of what the Younger's principles might be.

Application: Use the quote list to come up with three of Thoreau's principles (see "Living with Principles--Thoreau" below). Discuss.

Begin writing a list of 5-10 of your own. Finish for homework.

Wrap up: Share a few personal principles so far.

Lesson 4 (Choosing Life with Principle):

Objective: Students will identify successful aspects of creative nonfiction essays, and begin to write a creative piece that demonstrates their principles.

Warm Up: Choose one of your principles that you wrote down, and one social issue that you care about (we may or may not have discussed it in previous lessons). Share.

Explanation: We're going to start thinking about how you can really live by these principles, and possibly use your principles to face social issues that you disagree with. You will be writing a creative essay that showcases your beliefs and how to plan to live your life in society according to those beliefs. We will look at a few examples of the kinds of essays you can write.

Application: Choose 3 of the 5 "This I Believe" essays to read. (See "This I Believe Packet" below. Many more essays can be found on npr.org or thisibelieve.org) What do you like about each piece? What don't you like about each?

Discuss. Make a list of writing techniques we like on the board.

Wrap up: Exit ticket: What principle/social issue would you like to write about? (Tell me if you are not sure!)

Further Lessons: Students will write their own "This I Believe" essays, using the work they've done to study their own principles and social issues they care about.

Name_____

Facing Social Issues: A Raisin in the Sun and Thoreau

Character	Social Issue(s)	How they fight/face it
Mama		
Walter		
Ruth		
Beneatha		

Social Issue (What is a problem Thoreau sees in his society?)	Quote Evidence

Facing Social Issues: A Raisin in the Sun and Thoreau (cont'd)

Living With Principles - Thoreau

- 1. I have always endeavored to acquire strict business habits; they are indispensable to every man. (Walden, Economy)
- 2. Shall we always study to obtain more of these things (luxuries) and not sometimes to be content with less? (Walden, Economy)
- 3. There is some of the same fitness in a man's building his own house that there is in a bird's building its own nest. Who knows but if men constructed their dwellings with their own hands, and provided food for themselves and families simply and honestly enough, the poetic faculty would be universally developed, as birds universally sing when they are so engaged? (Walden, Economy)
- How could youths better learn to live than by at once trying the experiment of living? (Walden, Economy)
- 5. "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of live, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. (Walden, Where I Lived and What I Lived For)
- 6. If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. (Walden, Conclusion)
- "I ask for, not at once no government, but at once a better government (Civil Disobedience)
- 8. Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison (Civil Disobedience)
- 9. If a thousand men were not to pay their tax-bills this year, that would not a be a violent and bloody measure, as it would be to pay them, and enable the State to commit violence and shed innocent blood. (Civil Disobedience)
- 10. You must live within yourself, and depend upon yourself always tucked up and ready for a start, and not have many affairs. (Civil Disobedience)

Name_____ "This I Believe" Essay Packet

Being Content With Myself by Kamaal Majeed

Why don't you 'act black'?"

Since my middle school years, I've been asked this question more than any other. It seems to me that too many people have let society program into their brains what should be expected of me, a black person, before ever interacting with me. But I believe in being who I am, not who others want me to be.

On my first day of high school, going into math class, two of my classmates pointed and laughed at me. I initially thought my fly was open, or that something was stuck in my teeth. But as I took my seat, I heard one of the students whisper, "Why is a black person taking Honors?" So my fly wasn't open. An honors level class had simply been joined by a student whose skin was an unsettling shade of brown.

Many people think my clothes should be big enough for me to live in, or expect me to listen exclusively to "black music." In seventh grade, a group of my peers fixed their cold stares on my outfit: cargo shorts and a plain, fitting t-shirt. They called out to me, "Go get some 'gangsta' clothes, white boy."

In one of my Spanish classes, as part of a review exercise, the teacher asked me, "¿Te gusta más la música de rap o rock?" "Do you like rap music or rock music more?" I replied, "La música de rock." The look of shock on my classmates' faces made me feel profoundly alienated.

I am now in my junior year of high school. I still take all Honors courses. My wardrobe still consists solely of clothes that are appropriate to my proportions. My music library spans from rock to pop to techno, and almost everything in between. When it comes to choosing my friends, I am still colorblind. I continue to do my best work in school in order to reach my goals; and yet, when I look in the mirror, I still see skin of that same shade of brown.

My skin color has done nothing to change my personality, and my personality has done nothing to change my skin color.

I believe in being myself. I believe that I—not any stereotype—should define who I am and what actions I take in life. In high school, popularity often depends on your willingness to follow trends. And I've been told that it doesn't get much easier going into adulthood. But the only other option is to sacrifice my individuality for the satisfaction and approval of others. Sure, this can be appealing, since choosing to keep my self-respect intact has made me unpopular and disliked at times, with no end to that in sight. Others' being content with me, though, is not nearly as important as my being content with myself.

Kamaal Majeed is a high school student in Waltham, Mass. In addition to his studies, he works part-time at the local public library, and enjoys studying foreign languages and writing a personal journal. Majeed hopes to pursue a career in journalism. Independently produced for NPR by Jay Allison and Dan Gediman with John Gregory and Viki Merrick.

America's Beauty is in its Diversity by ALAA EL-SAAD

America is built on the idea of freedom, and there is no exception for Muslim women. I believe in the freedom of religion and speech. But mostly, I believe it's OK to be different, and to stand up for who and what you are. So I believe in wearing the *hijab*.

The *hijab* is a religious head covering, like a scarf. I am Muslim, and keeping my head covered is a sign of maturity and respect toward my religion and to Allah's will. To be honest, I also like to wear it to be different. I don't usually like to do what everyone else is doing. I want to be an individual, not just part of the crowd. But when I first wore it, I was also afraid of the reaction that I'd get at school.

I decided on my own that sixth grade was the time I should start wearing the *hijab*. I was scared about what the kids would say or even do to me. I thought they might make fun of me, or even be scared of me and pull off my headscarf. Kids at that age usually like to be all the same, and there's little or no acceptance of differences.

On the first day of school, I put all those negative thoughts behind my back and walked in with my head held high. I was holding my breath a little, but inside I was also proud to be a Muslim, proud to be wearing the *hijab*, proud to be different.

I was wrong about everything I thought the kids would say or even do to me. I actually met a lot of people because of wearing my head covering. Most of the kids would come and ask me questions — respectfully — about the *hijab* and why I wore it.

I did hear some kid was making fun of me, but there was one girl — she wasn't even in my class, we never really talked much — and she stood up for me, and I wasn't even there! I made a lot of new friends that year, friends that I still have until this very day, five years later.

Yes, I'm different, but everyone is different here, in one way or another. This is the beauty of America.

I believe in what America is built on: all different religions, races and beliefs. Different everything.

>Independently produced for Tell Me More by Jay Allison and Dan Gediman with John Gregory

and Viki Merrick.

Always Go to the Funeral By DEIRDRE SULLIVAN

I believe in always going to the funeral. My father taught me that.

The first time he said it directly to me, I was 16 and trying to get out of going to calling hours for Miss Emerson, my old fifth grade math teacher. I did not want to go. My father was unequivocal. "Dee," he said, "you're going. Always go to the funeral. Do it for the family."

So my dad waited outside while I went in. It was worse than I thought it would be: I was the only kid there. When the condolence line deposited me in front of Miss Emerson's shell-shocked parents, I stammered out, "Sorry about all this," and stalked away. But, for that deeply weird expression of sympathy delivered 20 years ago, Miss Emerson's mother still remembers my name and always says hello with tearing eyes.

That was the first time I went un-chaperoned, but my parents had been taking us kids to funerals and calling hours as a matter of course for years. By the time I was 16, I had been to five or six funerals. I remember two things from the funeral circuit: bottomless dishes of free mints and my father saying on the ride home, "You can't come in without going out, kids. Always go to the funeral."

Sounds simple — when someone dies, get in your car and go to calling hours or the funeral. That, I can do. But I think a personal philosophy of going to funerals means more than that.

"Always go to the funeral" means that I have to do the right thing when I really, really don't feel like it. I have to remind myself of it when I could make some small gesture, but I don't really have to and I definitely don't want to. I'm talking about those things that represent only inconvenience to me, but the world to the other guy. You know, the painfully under-attended birthday party. The hospital visit during happy hour. The Shiva call for one of my ex's uncles. In my humdrum life, the daily battle hasn't been good versus evil. It's hardly so epic. Most days, my real battle is doing good versus doing nothing.

In going to funerals, I've come to believe that while I wait to make a grand heroic gesture, I should just stick to the small inconveniences that let me share in life's inevitable, occasional calamity.

On a cold April night three years ago, my father died a quiet death from cancer. His funeral was on a Wednesday, middle of the workweek. I had been numb for days when, for some reason, during the funeral, I turned and looked back at the folks in the church. The memory of it still takes my breath away. The most human, powerful and humbling thing I've ever seen was a church at 3:00 on a Wednesday full of inconvenienced people who believe in going to the funeral.

After listening to the results of this project for several weeks, I knew I could do three minutes, too. Certainly not on world peace or the search for meaning in an increasingly distracted world or anything as grave and serious as all that, but on a belief just as true.

There is No Such Thing as Too Much Barbecue by JASON SHEEHAN

I believe in barbecue. As soul food and comfort food and health food, as a cuisine of both solace and celebration. When I'm feeling good, I want barbecue. And when I'm feeling bad, I just want barbecue more. I believe in barbecue in all its regional derivations, in its ethnic translations, in forms that range from white-tablecloth presentations of cunningly sauced costillas, to Chinese take-out spareribs that stain your fingers red, to the most authentic product of the tarpaper rib shacks of the Deep South. I believe that like sunshine and great sex, no day is bad that has barbecue in it.

I believe in the art of generations of pit men working in relative obscurity to keep alive the craft of slow smoking as it's been practiced for as long as there's been fire. A barbecue cook must have an intimate understanding of his work: the physics of fire and convection, the hard science of meat and heat and smoke — and then forget it all to achieve a sort of gut-level, Zen instinct for the process.

I believe that barbecue drives culture, not the other way around. Some of the first blows struck for equality and civil rights in the Deep South were made not in the courtrooms or schools or on buses, but in the barbecue shacks. There were dining rooms, backyards and roadhouse juke joints in the South that were integrated long before any other public places.

I believe that good barbecue requires no decor, and that the best barbecue exists despite its trappings. Paper plates are okay in a barbecue joint. And paper napkins. And plastic silverware. And I believe that any place with a menu longer than can fit on a single page — or better yet, just a chalkboard — is coming dangerously close to putting on airs.

I believe that good barbecue needs sides the way good blues need rhythm, and that there is only one rule: Serve whatever you like, but whatever you serve, make it fresh. Have someone's mama in the back doing the "taters" and hush puppies and sweet tea, because Mama will know what she's doing — or at least know better than some assembly-line worker bagging up powdered mashed potatoes by the ton.

I believe that proper barbecue ought to come in significant portions. Skinny people can eat barbecue, and do, but the kitchen should cook for a fat man who hasn't eaten since breakfast. My leftovers should last for days.

I believe that if you don't get sauce under your nails when you're eating, you're doing it wrong. I believe that if you don't ruin your shirt, you're not trying hard enough.

I believe — *I know* — there is no such thing as too much barbecue. Good, bad or in-between, old-fashioned pit-smoked or high-tech and modern; it doesn't matter. Existing without gimmickry, without the infernal swindles and capering of so much of contemporary cuisine, barbecue is truth; it is history and home, and the only thing I don't believe is that I'll ever get enough.

The Power of Story by Alling Long

When my dog Gracie disappeared six years ago, I really learned what I believe. Gracie escaped from my boyfriend's backyard around 2:00 p.m. We scoured the neighborhood for hours but had no luck. She was gone. We put up fliers, and by dark, we returned home, exhausted.

On the second day, I called my vet, the SPCA, and the animal shelter. Nothing. I felt lost, defeated.

If I knew Gracie had been killed, I would have been heartbroken, but I could've moved on. If I knew she was caught somewhere, I would rescue her. If I knew she had found a better home, I would be sad yet relieved. But how do I deal with the unknown? Pray? Wait patiently? Search endlessly? Give up? I didn't know what to do, what to hope for.

The third day, while I was searching in the woods for Gracie with my friend Rhea, I confessed that losing Gracie was like losing faith in everything. Rhea smiled and said, "You know, maybe Gracie's on a great adventure." It seems strange, but I felt better then. Rhea's words reminded me what, as a writer, I definitely have faith in: the power of story.

As one writer said, all we have is stories. It's what holds our life together. We call some stories science, some stories myth, but imagine hearing for the first time that the world may be round or that solid matter is mostly hollow. Such stories only become real when we believe them. And some stories are never supported with scientific fact, but they still seem to hold true.

For instance, ten years earlier, I'd dreamed that I should get a dog, and by that evening, Gracie, a goofy-looking gray mutt, came into my life. When people on the street would ask what her breed was, I would say Muppet wolf terrier. It was a breed I made up because I believed Gracie was a breed of her own, a fluffy half dog, half wolf.

So why not imagine now, as Rhea suggested, that she was off on an adventure exploring her wolf side?

The fourth day started with me finding a nickel on the sidewalk. I'd always thought of finding money as a good omen. And I was convinced it meant Gracie would come home on the fifth day. I guess it was another story to hold on to.

On day five, I was at a friend's house when her phone rang. I knew instantly it was news about Gracie. And I was right. Someone had found her in a downtown alley and had taken her in. Still, when I finally saw her in my hallway, her head lying quietly on her fluffy front paws, I cried. "My wolf days are over," Gracie seemed to say. "I'm back to being a dog."

Or so is the story I choose to believe.

"Do you keep a Journal?"¹

Exploring the Interconnectedness between Reading, Writing, Creativity, Ideas, and Living Deliberately

Christine Traxler Woodinville High School Woodinville, WA Participant in the 2017 NEH Landmarks of American History Week "Living and Writing Deliberately: The Concord Landscapes and Legacy of Henry Thoreau." Program Director: Jayne Gordon.

Introduction

For many years I have asked all of my high school students to keep a Writer's Notebook. Eager as ever to please, they want to know what to write in it, and so every year I suggest types of writing (descriptive, rhetorical analysis of a text, reactions to ideas, rants, raves, explanations, how-to narrative, original song lyrics or shots at poetry, etc.) and give them specific prompts (emulate a particularly dense and delicious sentence, describe a weird conversation you overheard today, etc.). I also ask students to use the Notebook as a Commonplace Book, a place to keep quote nuggets and ideas from readings they do not want to forget.

These are all fine ideas and certainly get kids moving on their writing – a half page a day, every day. Students typically find the writing to be laborious at first in that daily writing is new and they have all sorts of preconceived notions about what they should be writing, or even more importantly who should be writing (not them, for they are not professional writers!). But by the end of the year, most thank me for the opportunity to express themselves, to think aloud, to record a year's worth of ideas, to discover new ways of discovering themselves. And of course, most agree that their writing improves with daily practice and at times, loving attention to language.

What I would like to do this year given what I now know from studying Thoreau, Emerson and the Concord intellectuals, is to both ground the act of journal writing in an historical context of American letters, and to explore how the journal can extend beyond the classroom imperatives of becoming better readers and writers, to the life well-lived. Deliberate attention to one's thought processes and ways of seeing the world is a goal in this lesson and throughout the year. Becoming inductive geniuses² is another.

¹ From Thoreau's first journal entry on October 22, 1837.

² Paraphrase of a paragraph in the "Introduction" to Robert M. Thorson's book *Walden's Shore: Henry David Thoreau and Nineteenth-Century Science*, Harvard University Press, 2014. Induction as a means of generating ideas from text (whatever that text may be: book, work of art, another person, nature), is skill upon which our department has set as high priority. We use Rossenwasser and Stephen's brilliant book *Writing Analytically* and its attendant writing (and reading) heuristics as a reference for all four years of high school.

Target Audience

High School Juniors Class: AP English Language and Composition

Context

The summer assignment for incoming AP juniors is to read Jon Krakauer's book *Into the Wild* and to generate two question essays: one to Chris McCandless, the protagonist of the book, and one to Krakauer, the author, as a means to distinguish between the two. Students often want to analyze McCandless without acknowledging that everything we think we know about McCandless has been carefully crafted by Krakauer. Typically I will have students use those questions to write about the text to bring to our first seminar.

During our study of the book, we explore some of the authors both McCandless adored and Krakauer finds noteworthy. One such author is Henry David Thoreau. In past years I have focused mostly on Thoreau's essay "On the Duty of Civil Disobedience," and excerpts from *Walden* ("Where I lived and What I lived for," "Spring," "Conclusion," some of "Economy.") This year I want to extend our exploration of Thoreau's ideas about what it means to live deliberately, to what it means to read and write deliberately. Certainly Krakauer makes a case for McCandless' ideas being an extension of a legacy of thinkers beginning perhaps with the Transcendentalists. Both Krakauer and McCandless are readers, thinkers and writers who clearly create new ways of seeing the world, but whose ideas can also be clearly traced to a foundational philosophy.

In that first week of learning student names and dealing with all of the logistics of spending a year together, I introduce the Writer's Notebook as I discussed in the "Introduction." This year I plan to take more time introducing the journal, providing context via the texts listed below. We will explore the idea of a Journal in the context of *Into the Wild*. By the end of the book, Krakauer gives us some insight into Chris' state of mind out at Bus 142 through brief excerpts from McCandless' writing. In Chris' writing, the inductive genius emerges. His terse notes on the fauna and flora of his surroundings, what he killed for food and his list of domestic duties ("patch jeans") become the stuff that leads him to declare food "holy." Thus McCandless continues the great American tradition of journaling to discover ideas. We will rewind to that great journalist, Henry David Thoreau, and discover what perhaps journaling can mean beyond perfunctory skill building and expediency.

Possible Texts

- *Into the Wild* by Jon Krakauer (summer reading common text upon entering class and upon which to begin our discussion of how interacting with ideas and creating new ones can shape our lives.)
- Excerpts from *Walden's Shore: Henry David Thoreau and Nineteenth-Century Science* by Robert M. Thorson

- Excerpts from *Writing Analytically* by Rossenwasser and Stephen (specifically about the Commonplace Notebook, inductive reasoning, and active reading and writing)
- Excerpts (two pages) on *The Dial* literary magazine from *The Thoreau Collection of Kevin MacDonnell*, an online resource found on the website of the Walden Woods Project. The purpose for *The Dial* serves as an important historical grounding in Thoreau's peer group in Concord and the reverence they had for the freedom of expressing ideas.
- Personal Photo slide show of the Morgan Library Exhibit: "This Ever New Self: Thoreau and his Journal" (Need to create)
- First Journal entries (October November 1837) of Thoreau
- Chapter III: "Reading" from *Walden* by Thoreau
- "The American Scholar" by Emerson
- Excerpts from *First We Read Then We Write: Emerson on the Creative Process* by Robert d. Richardson

Ideas for Instruction/Student Participation

- 1. After our first big Seminar on the book itself and an exploration of ideas (civil disobedience, capitalism and consumerism), we will look closely at the role books and writing have on the protagonist of *Into the Wild*, Chris McCandless.
- 2. I will discuss the week I spent in Concord seeking out Thoreau, his society, his world and his ideas.
- 3. Activate prior knowledge Free write on what it means to be a reader, a writer and the connections between reading and writing.
- 4. Slide show of Morgan Library Exhibit from my personal photos; students take notes, write impressions and what they has the most impact on their own sense of what it means to be a reader and a writer.
- 5. Post-Writing Free write: Re-read first free write. What do you want to add to your ideas about reading and writing?
- 6. Assigned readings from Thoreau, Emerson, Richardson, McDonnell, Thorsen. Seminar on all authors or one/two at a time. We may read some of these in class together and discuss as we read, reading carefully and with loving attention to language.
- 7. Discuss modern conditions for free expression. What are the cultural conversations around freedom of speech? Why might journaling be important today?
- 8. <u>Possible assignments</u>:

- Synthesis essay on what it means to be a reader and a writer from the multiple sources we read/discuss.
- Follow-up journal entries or free writes integrating new information.
- Research assignment using many of the online resources I now have for the study of Thoreau.
- Q and A with Jeff Cramer at the Thoreau Institute.
- Strolling walks and journaling observations
- Journal prompts that instruct students to move from observations to conclusions (inductive reasoning), from concrete to abstract, like Thoreau does, like Krakauer does.
- Send students out to find a journal not a spiral notebook, but a personal journal and a velvety pen with which to write.
- Have students create their own assignments based on interests generated during our study of Thoreau and *Into the Wild*.

Follow-up Throughout the Year

Students write every day (even the weekends, even the holidays), with some leeway for days when it is simply impossible to do so. I like to have students turn in journals twice a year. I do not read all of their writings, but I ask that they pick a few they think are representative of their writing and thinking. I typically write a few responses to their writings.

This year I would like them to think about an audience as they write, to perhaps revise some of their journal entries (as did Thoreau) and share with classmates (their audience). Maybe brainstorm with students about creating a literary café where students can read some of their writing as performance.

I would like to end the year with students engaging in a deliberate reflection on themselves as readers and writers. Have they lived by reading and writing? How so? Why not? What has changed in the way they think? Which writers (read in or out of class) inspire them? How do they want to live? Whose idea is it? How has keeping a journal influenced their ability to analyze?

Thoreau Lesson ELD1 By Kathy Weingand

Day 1

Text: Henry David Thoreau: American Naturalist by Peter Anderson

What? We are learning about the life of the American author, Henry David Thoreau. Why? To learn about an important American.

How? We will read a biography about Thoreau and learn about his works.

- 1. Students are shown a picture of Walden Pond during each season of the year and asked to identify each season's characteristics and then asked to talk about what they see with a partner. Then volunteers share what they see in the picture with the class.
- 2. Students are shown a picture of a house in the woods, Thoreau's cabin and students make a list of what they see with a partner. Next, students share their list with another pair. See attached.
- 3. Go over list of vocabulary words and define key vocabulary words: writer, author, naturalist, surveyor, abolitionist.
- 4. Pass out biographies and students read the biography aloud together with their partner switching off reading.
- 5. Students make a list of words they do not understand and the teacher defines them on the board while the students read together.

Day 2

Introduce the framing questions: What made Thoreau special? Why is Thoreau important to American literature? What was special about Thoreau's writings?

- 1. Use the biography to answer these to questions and have students pair share.
- 2. Ask for students to volunteer to share their answers with the class.

3. Present the excerpt "It is worth the while to walk in wet weather; the earth and leaves are strewn with pearls"

4. Students pair share about what thoreau means. Maybe he means that nature is like a decoration or like jewelry.

5. Students create a google doc sheets presentation of 2 sheets with images from the internet representing Henry David Thoreau's relationship with the natural world and submit to google classroom. With that they need to prepare sentences to describe how this picture represents Thoreau and students include 1 of the following sentence frames completed with their own

words: Henry David Thoreau is special because..... or Henry David Thoreau is important because.....

6. Students are presented a rubric that will be used for grading.

Day 3

- 1. Students practice speaking their presentations with a partner before presentation.
- 2. Students present their google sheets to the class and are graded on the rubric.

Henry David Thoreau

What? We are learning about the life of the American author, Henry David Thoreau. Why? To learn about an important American. How? We will read a biography about Thoreau and learn about his works.

Define: writer, author, naturalist, surveyor, abolitionist.

Walden Pond: What do you see?









What do you see?



Assignment: Create a google doc sheet presentation of 2 sheets with images from the internet representing Henry David Thoreau's relationship with the natural world and submit to google classroom. You need to prepare sentences to describe how your pictures represent Thoreau.

You need to include 1 of the following sentence frames completed with their own words:

Henry David Thoreau is special because.....

Henry David Thoreau is important because......

Prepare to present your slides to the class.









Henry David Thoreau

What? We are learning about the life of the American author, Henry David Thoreau. Why? To learn about an important American. How? We will read a biography about Thoreau and learn about his works.

Define: writer, author, naturalist, surveyor, abolitionist.

Walden Pond: What do you see?









What do you see?



Assignment: Create a google doc sheet presentation of 2 sheets with images from the internet representing Henry David Thoreau's relationship with the natural world and submit to google classroom. You need to prepare sentences to describe how your pictures represent Thoreau.

You need to include 1 of the following sentence frames completed with their own words:

Henry David Thoreau is special because.....

Henry David Thoreau is important because.....

Prepare to present your slides to the class.









NEH Thoreau Institute Lesson Plan Thread: Examining Desperate and Deliberative Lives Barbara Whitlock Montrose School 29 North St., Medfield MA 02052 bwhitlock@montroseschool.org

Description of Curriculum Plan: This unit is designed for AP US History students examining the first half of the 19th century Anti-Slavery Reform Movements and Antebellum period. This is roughly a two-week unit, culminating in a DBQ. However, each lesson could be done as a single lesson. Students should read background in their textbooks and consider adding "The Madness of John Brown" (ch 7) in Davidson and Lytle's After the Fact: The Art of Historical Detection, 6th ed. (McGraw Hill 2010) before doing the DBQ.

How to Integrate these materials in the classroom:

- Provide Historical Context: Each lesson includes a brief historical overview framework to help the teacher position the historical context for the lesson's documents. Students will need contextualization support to understand the broader Reform Movement, the specific Anti-Slavery Movement, and particular references to Boston and Concord's Female Antislavery Movement (or substitute with a local focus near your school district). For APUSH teachers: This unit could follow as an in-depth case study following your work in Period 5 of the AP Key Concepts.
- 2. Close Reading of Primary and Secondary Sources: Common Core and AP History reform efforts have focused on developing close reading skills for students. Depending on your student's' readiness, you can use some or all of the documents included as in-class exercises guided by teacher prompting or small-group think-pair-share exercises. For advanced readers, they can annotate and answer the guiding questions independently to bring to class discussion.
- **3.** Looking for Patterns: The secondary and primary source documents lead students to see several patterns:
 - a. Influences of women (family and broader community) on changes in the engagement, rhetoric, and responses recommended by male leaders (particularly Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry David Thoreau) for the Abolitionist cause.
 - b. Comparison of early and later texts by Emerson and Thoreau that highlight changes in perspective and a pattern of increased radicalization.
- 4. DBQ Assessment: The final assessment focuses on the impact of John Brown and the Harper's Ferry raid on the Abolition Movement. The documents take students beyond the words of Emerson and Thoreau to include leading speakers and commentators of their day.

APUSH Connections: The study focuses on the following APUSH-relevant learning variables (see details below):

- Themes: NAT-1.0, POL-2.0, CUL-2.0
- Key Concept **Period 5 1844-1877** <u>5.2</u> Intensified by expansion and deepening regional divisions, debates over slavery and other economic, cultural, and political issues led the nation into civil war.
- History Disciplinary Practices: Analyzing Primary & Secondary Sources
- Historical Reasoning Skills: Contextualization, Comparison, Continuity & Change over Time

2018 AP History Disciplinary Practices & Reasoning Skills:

https://apcentral.collegeboard.org/courses/resources/ap-history-disciplinary-practices-and-reasoning-skills 2017 APUSH Key Concepts Guide:

<u>https://secure-media.collegeboard.org/digitalServices/pdf/ap/ap-us-history-course-and-exam-description.p</u> <u>df</u> (pp 60-61)

Essential Question: To what extent does deliberation or desperate circumstances drive transformative historic change?

Guiding Question: What role did deliberation play in developing the Anti-Slavery Movement in Massachusetts (1835-1860), and how did desperate responses to the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 and John Brown's Raid at Harper's Ferry in 1859 shift key abolitionist leaders from moderation to calls for more radical intervention?

Focus Question: What was the process by which leading Transcendentalist figures such as Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry David Thoreau became radicalized in their approach to abolition, and what was the pivotal role of women in the Abolitionist movement in Massachusetts and national events in influencing these leaders?

Lesson 1. Research one of the female members of regional anti-slavery societies in Massachusetts.

Overview: In 1833, women of diverse races formed the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, the first female anti-slavery society in the US. In 1834, women formed the Middlesex County Anti-Slavery Society; and, in 1837, a group of women connected to the Transcendentalists formed the Concord Female Anti-Slavery Society. Similar organizations emerged in towns throughout Massachusetts and across cities throughout the North. The documentary history of these women remains in official documents, such as the Boston Anti-Slavery Society Constitution 1835 (included below), resolutions from meetings, speeches (see below) and letters by members. Uncovering the influence of these women among the men in their families and communities requires inference. In this lesson, students will research one woman involved in a female anti-Slavery Society and other such societies in Massachusetts was facilitated by the extension of the railway system. For example, the Fitchburg line of the train station, completed in 1844, connected the Concord activists to Boston activists daily, with five trains running per week day. A network of lecturers spoke among these organizations, further charging the movement's responses to advancing the abolitionist cause.

These pockets of activism involved years of deliberation and collaboration, yet key events contributed to the process of radicalization. The passage of the 1850 Fugitive Slave Act, with MA Senator Daniel Webster casting the passing vote, along with key legal decisions in MA courts that returned African-Americans to slavery in the South, contributed to the shift toward more charged rhetoric and advocacy for more dramatic responses to the problem of abolition.

 \rightarrow Use the resources below to identify and research a woman leader of a female antislavery society in MA (or apply this to regions near your school district). Identify her role in her community and discern her impact on spreading the abolitionist cause.

Guiding Questions:

- What was her place in her town/city?
- What role did she play in her local anti-slavery society? How did she get involved?
- What key events did she participate in?
- What texts influenced her?
- What primary source verifies her role? (speech, letter, newspaper article)

Expanding learning: Students could also reflect back to see what role the women they researched may have played in temperance societies in the 1830s and look forward to discern their role in the suffrage movement and Seneca Falls Convention in 1848 to to trace the historical reasoning skill of continuity and change over time.

Resources:

Jeffrey, Julie Roy, *The Great Silent Army of Abolitionism: Ordinary Women in the Anti-Slavery Movement*, 1998 (UNC Press).

https://www.gilderlehrman.org/history-by-era/slavery-and-anti-slavery/resources/woman-abolitionists Female Anti-Slavery Society members in Massachusetts:

For Boston:

Hanson, Debra Gold, *Strained Sisterhood*, 2009 (UMASS Press) <u>http://www.americanabolitionists.com/boston-female-anti-slavery-society.html</u> <u>http://www.masshist.org/online/abolition/index.php?id=70</u>

For Salem: <u>http://www.blackpast.org/aah/remond-sarah-parker-1824-1894</u> For Worcester: <u>http://www.wwhp.org/Resources/Biographies/sarahhusseyearle.html</u> For Concord:

Petrulionis, Sandra, *To Set the World Right: The Anti-Slavery Movement in Thoreau's Concord,* 2006 (Cornell Univ Press).

http://www.robbinshouse.org/wp-content/uploads/Meet-Ellen-Garrison-PROOF.pdf

Lesson 2: Primary Source Analysis of the Boston Anti-Slavery Society Constitution 1835 and a July 13, 1836 Address to the organization

Overview: The Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society established its guiding principles in the two documents included here: the organization's constitution and in an early address by leaders to its members. Note that these documents emphasize the right of petition. In addition, the role of women as moral leaders charged to influence men toward what is right and good emerges in such references as: "As wives and mothers, as sisters and daughters, we are deeply responsible for the influence we have on the human race. We are bound to exert it; we are bound to urge men to cease to do evil, and learn to do well." By comparing these two documents, students will uncover the principles that guided the women's commitment to the Abolitionist Movement in light of the broader Reform Movement (1820-1865).

Guiding Questions:

• What are the key principles guiding these documents, and what implicit values emerge?

- How inclusive was the organization? (Are there references to race? How about the annual fee? Use this historical currency calculator: <u>https://futureboy.us/fsp/dollar.fsp</u>)
- How would you assess the organization's methods to advance abolition?

Image of the original document:

Preamble to the Constitution of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society.

Believing slavery to be a direct violation of the laws of God, and productive of a vast amount of misery and crime; and convinced that its abolition can only be effected by an acknowledgement of "the justice and necessity of *immediate emancipation*,—we hereby agree to form ourselves into a Society TO AID AND AS-SIST IN THIS RIGHTEOUS CAUSE AS FAR AS LIES WITHIN OUR POWER.

Preamble.

Believing slavery to be a direct violation of the law of God, and productive of a vast amount of misery and crime; and convinced that its abolition can only be effected by an acknowledgement of the justice and necessity of immediate emancipation,--we hearby agree to form ourselves into a Society to aid and assist in this righteous cause as far as lies within our power.

Constitution.

Article 1st. This Society shall be called the Boston Female Anti Slavery Society.

Art. 2d. Any lady may become a member of this Society, by subscribing to the sentiments contained in the preamble, and paying fifty cents annually. Any lady by paying five dollars at entrance will be considered a life member. Art. 3d. Its funds shall be appropriated to the dissemination of TRUTH on the subject of slavery, and the improvement of the moral and intellectual character of the colored population. The opinions of the members, as to the best means of effecting These purposes will be freely given at the meetings. Questions relative to the business of the Society may be decided by a vote of two thirds of the members present, or such decisions may be transferred by them to the Board of Officers.

Art. 4th. The government of this Society, shall be vested in a Board of Officers, consisting of a President, whose duty it is to preside at all meetings of the Society. A Vice President, to supply the place of the former, in case of absence. A Corresponding Secretary, who shall keep all communications addressed to the Society, and manage all the correspondence with any other bodies or individuals, according to the direction of the Society, or officers. A Recording Secretary, who is to keep a record of transactions, and give notice of the time and place for all meetings of the Society. A Treasurer, authorized to receive subscriptions, donations, &c., and to pay the bills of the Society; and five Counsellors, to advice and assist the other officers. In case of the absence of both President and Vice President, a presiding officer may be chosen by vote. Two thirds of the officers shall constitute a quorum.

Art. 5th. An annual meeting of the Society shall be held on the second Wednesday in October, at which meeting the reports of the Secretaries and Treasurer shall be

read, and officers chosen for the ensuing year.

Art. 6th. Quarterly meetings of the Society shall be held on the second Wednesdays of January, April, July and October, at which time the Secretary shall report the proceedings of the Society, and such other business shall be transacted as circumstances may render necessary. If for any unforeseen reasons, other meetings become advisable, the President is authorized to summon the other officers, and they may give notice to the members of the Society.
Art. 7th. If any vacancies occur in the Board, during the intervals of the regular meetings, the Board shall have power to fill such vacancies, pro tem.
Art. 8th. Each member is entitled to a copy of every publication issued by the Society.
Art. 9th. Any of the above articles may be amended, or new ones introduced, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.
Boston, May, 1835.

http://www.lehigh.edu/~dek7/SSAWW/writBoston%20FASS.htm

July 13, 1836

ADDRESS OF THE BOSTON FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

TO THE WOMEN OF MASSACHUSETTS:

SISTERS AND FRIENDS:

As *immortal souls*, created by God to know and love him with all our hearts, and our neighbor as ourselves, we owe immediate obedience to his commands, respecting the sinful system of Slavery, beneath which 2,500,000 of our Fellow-Immortals, children of the same country, are crushed, soul and body, in the extremity of degradation and agony.

As *women*, it is incumbent upon us, instantly and always, to labor to increase the knowledge and the love of God that such concentrated hatred of his character and laws may no longer be so intrenched in *men's* business and bosoms, that they dare not condemn and renounce it.

As *wives* and *mothers*, as *sisters* and *daughters*, we are deeply responsible for the influence we have on the human race. We are bound to exert it; we are bound to urge men to cease to do evil, and learn to do well. We are bound to urge them to regain, defend, and preserve inviolate the rights of all, especially those whom they have most deeply wronged. We are bound to the constant exercise of the only right we ourselves enjoy—the right which our physical weakness renders peculiarly appropriate—the right of petition. We are bound to try how much it can accomplish in the District of Columbia, or we are as verily guilty touching slavery as our brethren and sisters in the slaveholding States: for Congress possesses power 'to exercise exclusive legislation over the District of Columbia in all cases whatsoever,' by a provision of the <u>Constitution</u>; and by an *act* of the *First* Congress, the right of petition was secured to us.

By a *resolution* of the *Last* Congress, that no petition respecting slavery, shall be printed for the information of the members, and that no vote shall be taken on it, by which we may know whether the men we call our representatives are truly such, the whole nation is made to feel the slaveholder's scourge. The best and noblest of our countrymen, thus seeing, and thus feeling these things, have spoken and acted like freemen—Oh, let us aid them to rouse the slumbering manhood of the rest! Let us rise in the moral power power of womanhood; and give utterance to the voice of outraged mercy,

and insulted justice, and eternal truth, and mighty love, and holy freedom; in the name and for the sake of our Saviour; and in the mountain-moving faith that we can do all things, Christ strengthening us.

Let us petition:—petition, till, even for our importunity, we cannot be denied. Let us know no rest till we have done our utmost to convince the mind, and to obtain the testimony of every woman, in every town, in every county of our Commonwealth, against the horrible Slave-traffic, which makes the District of Columbia a disgrace to the earth, and exhibits in the centre of a Christian country, an unrebuked wickedness, for which, no other spot on earth affords a parallel.

To facilitate this, we annex a form of petition, and entreat the aid of every woman whose hand it reaches, to circulate it (or a better,) rapidly, faithfully and thoroughly, and to transmit the signatures, as soon as possible, to 46, Washington Street, Boston, addressed to the person whose name, as a member of our Executive Committee, shall to be affixed to this address.

A detail of the mere physical particulars involved in the arrangements of a single Slave-dealer, would show the abolition of Slavery in the ten miles square, to be 'a cause worth dying for:' but while our whole country, by deliberately sanctioning such atrocities, stands before God and the world, as the strong hold of Slavery, while the institutions of the free are daily breaking down under operation of the Slave system; while in the best regulated parts of our country, the lives of the free are endangered by an avowal of the principles of the <u>Declaration of Independence</u>; and freedom itself embittered because honorable and dignifying industry is stigmatized as *slavish*—while these things are , we must devote ourselves to avert the fearful crisis to which these things are leading. Weak and wicked is the idea, that union in oppression is possible. Every nation that attempts it, 'God beholds, and drives asunder;' and has done from the foundation of the world.

Christian friends, again we conjure you, by all that woman holds dear and holy, to labor as woman has never yet done, in view of the unutterable destruction which waits visibly round about, to make our land a perpetual desolation, unless the people repent.

Leave no energy unemployed, no righteous means untried. Grudge no expense—yield to no opposition—forget fatigue—till, by the strength of prayer and sacrifice, the spirit of love shall have overcome sectional jealousy, political rivalry, prejudice against color, cowardly concession of principle, wicked compromise with sin, devotion to gain, and spiritual despotism, which now bear with a mountain's weight upon the Slave. Let but each *woman* in the land do a Christian woman's duty, and the result cannot fail to be his instant, peaceful, unconditional deliverance. Thus, and thus only can we hope to deliver our own souls. Only in thus doing, can we hope to hear the voice of Jesus, saying unto us, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father!—Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me!'

By Order of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society,

M. W. CHAPMAN,

M. AMMIDON,

Corresponding Secretaries.

https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Address_of_the_Boston_Female_Anti-Slavery_Society

Lesson 3. Trace Emerson's changing views on how to respond to slavery, and consider the role of his wife, Lidian Emerson in affecting his views along with the effect of desperate events triggered by The Fugitive Slave Act of 1850.

Overview: Emerson worked briefly as a Unitarian minister before settling into a writing and lecturing career and supporting the development of an intellectual community in Concord later known as the Transcendentalists. He was a scholar who advocated for the principles of equality and freedom in his writing and speeches. However, he is often described as "reluctant" to engage in the early years of the Abolitionist Movement. Sandra Petrulionis argued: "Emerson's embrace of the cause evolved over twenty years from near indifference to full-blown militance." To what extent did his wife Lidian Jackson Emerson and other female anti-slavery advocates in Concord influence the change in Emerson's rhetoric, revealed in the documents below? To what extent was the shift in his tone reveal increasing desperation as a result of the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850?

The first secondary source document ("Emerson's Path into the World of Reform") notes female influences in this shift. Petrulionis claims that another Concord-based women's leader helped push Emerson toward greater involvement in Abolition by inviting him to speak at events that marked pivotal anniversaries, such as the freeing of slaves in the British West Indies. Petrulionis claims: "Under the relentless direction of Concord native Mary Merrick Brooks, the female antislavery society joined neighboring towns in hosting antislavery 'celebrations' on August 1st to commemorate the anniversary of emancipation in the West Indies. The first of these events in 1844 marked a shift in Waldo Emerson's public commitment to antislavery as Concord's leading intellectual addressed a gathering that included Frederick Douglass." The primary source document of Emerson's 1844 address to the Concord Women's Anti-Slavery Society on the Anniversary of the Emancipation of the Negroes in The British West Indies outlines Emerson's early ideas promoting legislative reform to end slavery while cautioning patience, which he models by documenting the process Great Britain underwent to end slavery.

Reading further, students will read a secondary source that sets the stage for the changes in Emerson's rhetoric and strategies to end slavery in his Address to Citizens of Concord 3 May, 1851, a year after passage of the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850. How did historical events cause Emerson's dramatic shift in tone? How does Emerson's transition shed light on the essential question: To what extent does deliberation or desperate circumstances drive transformative historic change?

Resources:

Influence of wife Lidian Jackson Emerson on her husband, Ralph Waldo Emerson: <u>https://concordlibrary.org/special-collections/antislavery/03b_essay</u>

Petrulionis, Sandra, *To Set This World Right: The Antislavery Movement in Thoreau's Concord*, Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 2006).

Moody, Marjory M., "The Evolution of Emerson as an Abolitionist," American Literature Vol. 17, No. 1 (Mar., 1945), pp. 1-21 Database JSTOR via bbp.org

Buell, Lawrence. *Emerson*. (Belknap Harvard Press 2003).

Mott, Wesley T, Ralph Waldo Emerson in Context (Cambridge Univ Press 2013).

Emerson's Path into the World of Reform

At first, the skeptic in Emerson kept him apart from reforming "associations". He believed that reform could best be accomplished through the individual practice of "self-culture", his Transcendental term for moral self-improvement. Also, in the early years of the abolitionist movement, he found many of its proponents to be narrow, bitter, and self-righteous. After the abolitionist George Thompson visited his home in 1835, Emerson recorded the following in his journal.

Thompson the Abolitionist is inconvertible; what you say or what might be said would make no impression on him. He belongs I fear to that great class of the Vanity-stricken. An inordinate thirst for notice can not be gratified until it has found in its gropings what is called a Cause that men will bow to; tying himself fast to that, the small man is then at liberty to consider all objections made to him as proofs of folly & the devil in the objector, & under that screen, if he gets a rotten egg or two, yet his name sounds through the world and he is praised & praised.[5]

But over the years, he came to admire and support many abolitionist leaders, including Mary Merrick Brooks, president of Concord's own Female Anti-Slavery Society. In fact, all the women in Emerson's household, beginning with Lidian in the 1830s, would become members of that Society.

Eventually, he would entertain several of these leaders in his home, including the Grimké sisters, Garrison, and Wendell Phillips. Phillips, Emerson came to feel, was one of the best orators of the age. Against protests by conservatives, he would argue successfully for Phillip's right to speak on slavery at the Concord Lyceum, a controversial topic even there. His admiration for Garrison, the most famous of the abolitionists, grew considerably over the years. In 1841, Emerson noted, "I cannot speak of that gentleman without respect".[6] He also considered Lucretia Mott a "noble woman", and described Frederick Douglass as a compelling example of the heroic "anti-slave".[7] Emerson's eventual alliance with these reformers came only after the slavery issue heated up and he began to appreciate their abolitionist efforts. Yet seeds for this shift lay in his earlier writings.

When Emerson gave his "American Scholar" address in 1837, he assured his distinguished audience of Harvard alumni and students that "Action is with the scholar subordinate, but it is essential. Without it, he is not yet man".[8] Announcing a cultural revolution, his mission was change and reform. The question was, how might someone such as himself, attuned to "the strains of eloquence", as he put it, actually act? Until the late 1830s and early 1840s, he felt that moral suasion and education were action enough. By "goodness calling to goodness", his speeches sought to open listeners to the divine voice within. He hoped that his message would lead individuals to an intuitive perception of universal moral law, which would then transform society. In this early view, change in the single soul had to come first.

By the mid-1840s, however, Emerson recognized that this strategy was simply not working. Far from improving, America was actually becoming more corrupt. Years before, he had warned about the dangers of materialism. Now the nation's commercial success had fostered what he called a "vulgar prosperity that retrogrades ever to barbarism".[9] In an 1846 poem, Emerson lamented, "Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind".[10] For him, the grossest example of this grasping after goods was the institution of slavery, long embodied by the South's "ownership" of Washington, D.C. Throughout the late 1840s, the Southern slave power threatened to grow exponentially. Soon after the Mexican War ended in 1848, Texas entered the Union as a large, new Slave State. Simultaneously, vast new

territories acquired as a result of the war — territories that extended west to California and north to Utah — promised an even further expansion of the slave power. These national developments accentuated Emerson's moral and cultural distress. Consequently, beginning in the mid-1840s, his philosophy began to undergo a significant transition. The "visionary ecstasy" of his earlier works gave way to a belief in "ethical engagement as a means of spiritual fulfillment".[11] As a result, Emerson became more and more involved in the major social issues of his day, especially slavery and, eventually, the women's rights movement.

http://brewminate.com/ralph-waldo-emerson-pragmatic-idealist-in-action-as-a-reformer-1850-1865/

Secondary & Primary Source Analysis: Ralph Waldo Emerson's Address delivered at the Concord Courthouse before the Concord Women's Anti-Slavery Society on the Anniversary of the Emancipation of the Negroes in The British West Indies, August 1, 1844.

Guiding Questions:

- What evidence demonstrates Emerson's support for abolition?
- What methods does Emerson endorse to ensure abolition?
- He documents the process by which England ended slavery by 1833. What should his audience infer from this analogy about how America should end slavery?

Secondary Source: Historical Framework

"Ralph Waldo Emerson's 1844 speech is one of the best-known and better-anthologized examples of antislavery rhetoric to emerge from the Transcendentalist movement. Prior to this speech, Emerson (1803-1882) had not been known as a public voice in support of abolitionism even if his private sentiments long had been opposed to slavery. Likely heavily influenced by his wife Lidian's strong abolitionist sentiments, he accepted a speaking invitation from the Women's Anti-Slavery Society, of which his wife was a member. Public opinion did not support abolitionism at this date and Concord churches refused to host this meeting, causing it to be scheduled for the court-house. To ensure attendance, Henry David Thoreau campaigned from door-to-door throughout town.

"In keeping with his social views emphasizing the advance of human progress, Emerson locates his discussion of race slavery within the "history of mankind [that] interests us only as it exhibits a steady gain in truth and right..." (4) With language that is by turns ironic and incensed, he discusses features of slavery – deprivation, disenfranchisement, ruin of families -- that contradict such a social advance. Emerson enumerates the horrors of slavery and writes "the blood is anti-slavery: it runs cold in the veins: the stomach rises with disgust, and curses slavery." (6) Progress, he argues, arrives through witness reports of these sights and ensuing political action.

"Emerson calls upon rationalism to eliminate slavery, arguing that the concepts of Right and Freedom are aligned with each other."

Lockard, Joe, "Anti-Slavery Literature" http://antislavery.eserver.org/tracts/emersonaddress

Primary Source: Ralph Waldo Emerson's Address delivered at the Concord Courthouse before the Concord Women's Anti-Slavery Society on the Anniversary of the Emancipation of the Negroes in The British West Indies, August 1, 1844

THERE a captive sat in chains,

Crooning ditties treasured well

From his Afric's torrid plains.

Sole estate his sire bequeathed,-

Hapless sire to hapless son,-

Was the wailing song he breathed,

And his chain when life was done.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS: <u>1</u> We are met to exchange congratulations on the anniversary of an event singular in the history of civilization; a day of reason; of the clear light; of that which makes us better than a flock of birds and beasts; a day which gave the immense fortification of a fact, of gross history, to ethical abstractions. It was the settlement, as far as a great Empire was concerned, of a question on which almost every leading citizen in it had taken care to record his vote; one which for many years absorbed the attention of the best and most eminent of mankind. I might well hesitate, coming from other studies, and without the smallest claim to be a special laborer in this work of humanity, to undertake to set this matter before you; which ought rather to be done by a strict coöperation of many well-advised persons; but I shall not apologize for my weakness. In this cause, no man's weakness is any prejudice: it has a thousand sons; if one man cannot speak, ten others can; and, whether by the wisdom of its friends, or by the folly of the adversaries; by speech and by silence; by doing and by omitting to do, it goes forward. Therefore I will speak,—or, not I, but the might of liberty in my weakness. The subject is said to have the property of making dull men eloquent.

... Let us withhold every reproachful, and, if we can, every indignant remark. In this cause, we must renounce our temper, and the risings of pride. ..

The history of mankind interests us only as it exhibits a steady gain of truth and right, in the incessant conflict which it records between the material and the moral nature. From the earliest monuments it appears that one race was victim and served the other races...The prizes of society, the trumpet of fame, the privileges of learning, of culture, of religion, the decencies and joys of marriage, honor, obedience, personal authority and a perpetual melioration into a finer civility,—these were for all, but not for them. For the negro, was the slave-ship to begin with, in whose filthy hold he sat in irons, unable to lie down; bad food, and insufficiency of that; disfranchisement; no property in the rags that covered him; no marriage, no right in the poor black woman that cherished him in her bosom, no right to the children of his body; no security from the humors, none from the crimes, none from the appetites of his master: toil, famine, insult and flogging; and, when he sank in the furrow, no wind of good fame blew over him, no priest of salvation visited him with glad tidings: but he went down to death with dusky dreams of African shadow-catchers and Obeahs hunting him....

But the crude element of good in human affairs must and ripen, spite of whips and plantation laws and West Indian interest. Conscience rolled on its pillow, and could not sleep. We sympathize very tenderly here with the poor aggrieved planter, of whom so many unpleasant things are said; but if we saw the whip applied to old men, to tender women; and, undeniably, though I shrink to say so, pregnant women

set in the treadmill for refusing to work; when, not they, but the eternal law of animal nature refused to work;—if we saw men's backs flayed with cowhides, and "hot rum poured on, superinduced with brine or pickle, rubbed in with a cornhusk, in the scorching heat of the sun,"—if we saw the runaways hunted with bloodhounds into swamps and hills; and, in cases of passion, a planter throwing his negro into a copper of boiling cane-juice,—if we saw these things with eyes, we too should wince. They are not pleasant sights. The blood is moral: the blood is anti-slavery: it runs cold in the veins: the stomach rises with disgust, and curses slavery. ...

The richest and greatest, the prime minister of England, the king's privy council were obliged to say that it was too true. It became plain to all men, the more this business was looked into, that the crimes and cruelties of the slave-traders and slave-owners could not be overstated. The more it was searched, the more shocking anecdotes came up,-things not to be spoken. Humane persons who were informed of the reports insisted on proving them. Granville Sharpe was accidentally made acquainted with the sufferings of a slave, whom a West Indian planter had brought with him to London and had beaten with a pistol on his head, so badly that his whole body became diseased, and the man useless to his master, who left him to go whither he pleased. The man applied to Mr. William Sharpe, a charitable surgeon, who attended the diseases of the poor. In process of time, he was healed. Granville Sharpe found him at his brother's and procured a place for him in an apothecary's shop. The master accidentally met his recovered slave, and instantly endeavored to get possession of him again. Sharpe protected the slave. In consulting with the lawyers, they told Sharpe the laws were against him. Sharpe would not believe it; no prescription on earth could ever render such iniquities legal. 'But the decisions are against you, and Lord Mansfield, now Chief Justice of England, leans to the decisions. Sharpe instantly sat down and gave himself to the study of English law for more than two years, until he had proved that the opinions relied on, of Talbot and Yorke, were incompatible with the former English decisions and with the whole spirit of English law. He published his book in 1769, and he so filled the heads and hearts of his advocates that when he brought the case of George Somerset, another slave, before Lord Mansfield, the slavish decisions were set aside, and equity affirmed...

This decision established the principle that the "air of England is too pure for any slave to breathe," but the wrongs in the islands were not thereby touched. Public attention, however, was drawn that way, and the methods of the stealing and the transportation from Africa became noised abroad. The Quakers got the story. In their plain meeting-houses and prim dwellings this dismal agitation got entrance. They were rich: they owned, for debt or by inheritance, island property; they were religious, tender-hearted men and women; and they had to hear the news and digest it as they could. Six Quakers met in London on the 6th of July, 1783,-William Dillwyn, Samuel Hoar, George Harrison, Thomas Knowles, John Lloyd, Joseph Woods, "to consider what step they should take for the relief and liberation of the negro slaves in the West Indies, and for the discouragement of the slave-trade on the coast of Africa." They made friends and raised money for the slave; they interested their Yearly Meeting; and all English and all American Quakers. John Woolman of New Jersey, whilst yet an apprentice, was uneasy in his mind when he was set to write a bill of sale of a negro, for his master. He gave his testimony against the traffic, in Maryland and Virginia. Thomas Clarkson was a youth at Cambridge, England, when the subject given out for a Latin prize dissertation was, "Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?" He wrote an essay, and won the prize; but he wrote too well for his own peace; he began to ask himself if these things could be true; and if they were, he could no longer rest. He left Cambridge; he fell in with the six Quakers. They engaged him to act for them. He himself interested Mr. Wilberforce in the matter.

The shipmasters in that trade were the greatest miscreants, and guilty of every barbarity to their own crews. Clarkson went to Bristol, made himself acquainted with the interior of the slave-ships and the details of the trade. The facts confirmed his sentiment, "that Providence had never made that to be wise which was immoral, and that the slave-trade was as impolitic as it was unjust;" <u>5</u> that it was found peculiarly fatal to those employed in it. More seamen died in that trade in one year than in the whole remaining trade of the country in two. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox were drawn into the generous enterprise.

In 1788, the House of Commons voted Parliamentary inquiry. In 1791, a bill to abolish the trade was brought in by Wilberforce, and supported by him and by Fox and Burke and Pitt, with the utmost ability and faithfulness; resisted by the planters and the whole West Indian interest, and lost. During the next sixteen years, ten times, year after year, the attempt was renewed by Mr. Wilberforce, and ten times defeated by the planters. The king, and all the royal family but one, were against it. These debates are instructive, as they show on what grounds the trade was assailed and defended. ...

For months and years the bill was debated, with some consciousness of the extent of its relations by the first citizens of England, the foremost men of the earth; every argument was weighed, every particle of evidence was sifted, and laid in the scale; and, at last, the right triumphed, the poor man was vindicated, and the oppressor was flung out. I know that England has the advantage of trying the question at a wide distance from the spot where the nuisance exists the planters are not, excepting in rare examples, members of the legislature. The extent of the empire, and the magnitude and number of other questions crowding into court, keep this one in balance, and prevent it from obtaining that ascendency, and being urged with that intemperance, which a question of property tends to acquire. There are causes in the composition of the British legislature, and the relation of its leaders to the country and to Europe, which exclude much that is pitiful and injurious in other legislative assemblies. From these reasons, the question was discussed with a rare independence and magnanimity...

http://www.bartleby.com/90/1104.html

Primary & Secondary Source Analysis: Ralph Waldo Emerson's Address to the Citizens of Concord 3 May 1851 after the passage of the Compromise of 1850 Fugitive Slave Act, with MA Senator Daniel Webster casting the vote that secured the legislation.

Secondary Source Historic Context:

"Emerson was outraged by the Fugitive Slave Law and by early attempts to enforce it. His journal and letters after its passage were full of anger. He seethed, for example, in one entry in 1851, "And this filthy enactment was made in the 19th Century, by people who could read & write. I will not obey it, by God."

"Edward Waldo Emerson wrote in *Emerson in Concord* of his father's preoccupation with the detested law: "He woke in the mornings with a weight upon him When his children told him that the subject given out for their next school composition was, The Building of a House, he said, 'You must be sure to say that no house nowadays is perfect without having a nook where a fugitive slave can be safely hidden away.' " Edward recalled, too, that his father's rage was channeled into legal research: "The national disgrace took Mr. Emerson's mind from poetry and philosophy, and almost made him for a time a student of law and an advocate. He eagerly sought and welcomed all principles in law-books, or broad rulings of great jurists, that Right lay behind Statute to guide its application and that immoral laws are void."

"On April 26, 1851, thirty-five of Emerson's Concord townsmen signed a letter asking him publicly to present his views on the law. On May 3rd, he delivered an impassioned speech—his first of several in reaction to the Fugitive Slave Law.

"In the address, Emerson openly advocated breaking the law on the grounds that an immoral law carried no authority. (Henry Thoreau had earlier offered a similar view in his "Resistance to Civil Government," now known as *Civil Disobedience*.) The speech was well-received by the antislavery community. Although under normal circumstances not much inclined to political activism, Emerson repeated the speech a number of times in various Middlesex locations to support the campaign to elect Free Soil candidate John G. Palfrey to the United States Congress."

https://concordlibrary.org/special-collections/antislavery/29

Guiding Questions:

- What changes can you note in Emerson's tone and rhetorical strategies?
- What methods does Emerson advocate to bring about change?

Primary Source: Address to Citizens of Concord 3 May, 1851

THE ETERNAL Rights,

Victors over daily wrongs:

Awful victors, they misguide

Whom they will destroy,

And their coming triumph hide

In our downfall, or our joy:

They reach no term, they never sleep,

In equal strength through space abide;

Though, feigning dwarfs, they crouch and creep,

The strong they slay, the swift outstride;

Fate's grass grows rank in valley clods,

And rankly on the castled steep,—

Speak it firmly, these are gods,

Are all ghosts beside.

FELLOW CITIZENS: <u>1</u> I accepted your invitation to speak to you on the great question of these days, with very little consideration of what I might have to offer: for there seems to be no option. The last year has forced us all into politics, and made it a paramount duty to seek what it is often a duty to shun. We do not breathe well. There is infamy in the air. I have a new experience. I wake in the morning with a painful sensation, which I carry about all day, and which, when traced home, is the odious remembrance of that ignominy which has fallen on Massachusetts, which robs the landscape of beauty, and takes the sunshine out of every hour. I have lived all my life in this state, and never had any experience of personal inconvenience from the laws, until now. They never came near me to any discomfort before. I find the like sensibility in my neighbors; and in that class who take no interest in the ordinary questions of party politics. There are men who are as sure indexes of the equity of legislation and of the same state of public feeling, as the barometer is of the weight of the air, and it is a bad sign when these are discontented, for though they snuff oppression and dishonor at a distance, it is because

they are more impressionable: the whole population will in a short time be as painfully affected.

Every hour brings us from distant quarters of the Union the expression of mortification at the late events in Massachusetts, and at the behavior of Boston. The tameness was indeed shocking. Boston, of whose fame for spirit and character we have all been so proud; Boston, whose citizens, intelligent people in England told me they could always distinguish by their culture among Americans; the Boston of the American Revolution, which figures so proudly in John Adams's Diary, which the whole country has been reading; Boston, spoiled by prosperity, must bow its ancient honor in the dust, and make us irretrievably ashamed. In Boston, we have said with such lofty confidence, no fugitive slave can be arrested, and now, we must transfer our vaunt to the country, and say, with a little less confidence, no fugitive man can be arrested here; at least we can brag thus until to-morrow, when the farmers also may be corrupted.

The crisis had the illuminating power of a sheet of lightning at midnight. It showed truth. It ended a good deal of nonsense we had been wont to hear and to repeat, on the 19th of April, the 17th of June, the 4th of July. It showed the slightness and unreliableness of our social fabric, it showed what stuff reputations are made of, what straws we dignify by office and title, and how competent we are to give counsel and help in a day of trial. It showed the shallowness of leaders; the divergence of parties from their alleged grounds; showed that men would not stick to what they had said, that the resolutions of public bodies, or the pledges never so often given and put on record of public men, will not bind them. The fact comes out more plainly that you cannot rely on any man for the defence of truth, who is not constitutionally or by blood and temperament on that side. A man of a greedy and unscrupulous selfishness may maintain morals when they are in fashion: but he will not stick.

What is the use of admirable law-forms, and political forms, if a hurricane of party feeling and a combination of monied interests can beat them to the ground? What is the use of courts, if judges only quote authorities, and no judge exerts original jurisdiction, or recurs to first principles? What is the use of a Federal Bench, if its opinions are the political breath of the hour? And what is the use of constitutions, if all the guaranties provided by the jealousy of ages for the protection of liberty are made of no effect, when a bad act of Congress finds a willing commissioner? The levity of the public mind has been shown in the past year by the most extravagant actions. Who could have believed it, if foretold that a hundred guns would be fired in Boston on the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill? Nothing proves the want of all thought, the absence of standard in men's minds, more than the dominion of party. Here are humane people who have tears for misery, an open purse for want; who should have been the defenders of the poor man, are found his embittered enemies, rejoicing in his rendition,-merely from party ties. I thought none, that was not ready to go on all fours, would back this law. And yet here are upright men, *compotes mentis*, husbands, fathers, trustees, friends, open, generous, brave, who can see nothing in this claim for bare humanity, and the health and honor of their native State, but canting fanaticism, sedition and "one idea." Because of this preoccupied mind, the whole wealth and power of Boston-two hundred thousand souls, and one hundred and eighty millions of money-are thrown into the scale of crime: and the poor black boy, whom the fame of Boston had reached in the recesses of a vile swamp, or in the alleys of Savannah, on arriving here finds all this force employed to catch him. The famous town of Boston is his master's hound. The learning of the universities, the culture of elegant society, the acumen of lawyers, the majesty of the Bench, the eloquence of the Christian pulpit, the stoutness of Democracy, the respectability of the Whig party are all combined to kidnap him.

1. By the sentiment of duty. An immoral law makes it a man's duty to break it, at every hazard. For virtue is the very self of every man. It is therefore a principle of law that an immoral contract is void, and that an immoral statute is void. For, as laws do not make right, and are simply declaratory of a right which already existed, it is not to presumed that they can so stultify themselves as to command injustice.

2. It is contravened by all the sentiments. How can a law be enforced that fines pity, and imprisons

charity? As long as men have bowels, they will disobey. You know that the Act of Congress of September 18, 1850, is a law which every one of you will break on the earliest occasion. There is not a manly Whig, or a manly Democrat, of whom, if a slave were hidden in one of our houses from the hounds, we should not ask with confidence to lend his wagon in aid of his escape, and he would lend it. The man would be too strong for the partisan.

3. It is contravened by the written laws themselves, because the sentiments, of course, write the statutes. Laws are merely declaratory of the natural sentiments of mankind, and the language of all permanent laws will be in contradiction to any immoral enactment.

4. It is contravened by the mischiefs it operates. A wicked law cannot be executed by good men, and must be by bad.

Let the attitude of the states be firm. Let us respect the Union to all honest ends. But also respect an older and wider union, the law of Nature and rectitude. Massachusetts is as strong as the Universe, when it does that. We will never intermeddle with your slavery,—but you can in no wise be suffered to bring it to Cape Cod and Berkshire. This law must be made inoperative. It must be abrogated and wiped out of the statute-book; but whilst it stands there, it must be disobeyed. We must make a small state great, by making every man in it true. It was the praise of Athens, "She could not lead countless armies into the field, but she knew how with a little band to defeat those who could." Every Roman reckoned himself at least a match for a Province. Every Dorian did. Every Englishman in Australia, in South Africa, in India, or in whatever barbarous country their forts and factories have been set up,—represents London, represents the art, power and law of Europe. Every man educated at the Northern school carries the like advantages into the South. For it is confounding distinctions to speak of the geographic sections of this country as of equal civilization. Every nation and every man bows, in spite of himself, to a higher mental and moral existence; and the sting of the late disgraces is that this royal position of Massachusetts was foully lost, that the well-known sentiment of her people was not expressed. Let us correct this error. In this one fastness let truth be spoken and right done.

http://www.bartleby.com/90/1106.html

Lesson 4: Trace Henry David Thoreau's changing views on how to respond to slavery, and consider the role of the women in his family in affecting his views along with the effect of desperate events triggered by The Fugitive Slave Act of 1850.

Overview: While Henry David Thoreau is renowned for the relative solitude of his two year experiment living in the Walden woods, scholars reveal that he lived amidst "outcasts" in these woods -- former slaves, Irish laborers and other marginalized people. In addition, Thoreau remained close to his family, dominated by women involved in Concord's Female Antislavery Society: his mother Cynthia, sisters and aunts. In addition, he was like a "big brother" to the Emerson and Alcott children. These close family and community connections enabled Thoreau to stay closely connected to Abolitionist efforts. While he never joined an organization, he transported fugitive slaves who stayed in his family's home to rail passage northward.

In addition to these domestic and community connections, Thoreau responded spiritedly in opposing the annexation of Texas (1845) and the Mexican-American War (1846-1848) to oppose American imperialism and also to oppose the expansion of slavery. The passage of the Fugitive Slave Act in 1850, the coopting of MA Senator Daniel Webster in support of this legislation, and Boston-based legal cases in which fugitive slaves were returned to the South (Thomas Sims 1850, Shadrach Minkins 1851, Anthony Burns

1854) provided fuel to fan the flames of Thoreau's antislavery rhetoric and of his advocacy for increased resistance -- including the right to revolution -- to ensure an end to the injustice of slavery in the US.

The first secondary source document advances Petrulionis' arguments for the influence of female family and community members in the process of Thoreau's radicalization, while the following secondary source outline proximate historical events that explain historical allusions in the first primary source document of Thoreau's 1849 "Civil Disobedience" essay. Note the language of "resistance" in this document. Then students will see a shift, five years later when Thoreau presented the 1854 speech "Slavery in Massachusetts" at the 1854 Framingham MA rally that the Boston Anti-Slavery Society organized to protest both the Kansas-Nebraska Act, which allowed popular sovereignty to determine whether new states entering the Union would be slave or free, and the re-enslavement of fugitive Anthony Burns. This Framingham event was held on July 4th and included abolitionists Sojourner Truth and William Lloyd Garrison, who publicly burned copies of both the 1850 Fugitive Slave Act and the US Constitution.

How did these events shift Thoreau's rhetoric and policy suggestions toward greater radicalization? How does Thoreau's transition shed light on the essential question: To what extent does deliberation or desperate circumstances drive transformative historic change?

Guiding Question: What does Sandra Petrulionis argue about the effects of family female influences of Thoreau's involvement in the Abolitionist Movement?

Secondary Source

"Through the years, scholars have extolled Thoreau for helping slaves via the Underground Railroad even as they disparaged him for remaining on the sidelines until slavery came to Massachusetts via the Fugitive Slave Law in 1850. Many of these sentiments, however, oversimplify. Thoreau was a philosopher, social critic, writer, and natural historian, but only a reluctant political reformer. He was and was not a radical abolitionist. He did, with his family, assist fugitive slaves. He denounced collective reform movements and abolitionist leaders, but on more than one occasion he also acted and spoke in concert with the local antislavery societies to which is mother, sisters, and aunts loyally belonged. Like nearly all northerners who opposed the "peculiar institution," Thoreau did respond more fervently to the slave's plight after federal laws delivered the crisis quite bodily to Massachusetts. And, when this volatile issue overran his solitude, Thoreau frequently expressed frustration...

To Set This World Right: The Antislavery Movement in Thoreau's Concord is the first book to recover the voices, events, and influence of this previously fragmented reform narrative. It frames the evolution of Thoreau's antislavery ideology as a product of his community's activism...

Henry Thoreau thus becomes an organizing rather than a main character in the broader narrative of a defining era in Concord's history. ..When and why did Concord moderates finally embrace a radical antislavery agenda? ...

Like his friend Waldo Emerson, in the late 1830s, Henry Thoreau was encircled by the antislavery fervor of the many women sharing his home. Indeed, Thoreau had been home only a few days after graduating from Harvard when the Grimkes lectured in Concord; by the time the female society formed in mid October...Similar to Emerson, the young Thoreau was critical of collective social action and favored individual conversion: "Nothing can be effective but one man...We must first succeed alone, that we may enjoy our success together...In this matter of reforming the world, we have little faith in corporations." Thoreau's mother and sists, however, were instrumental founders of the female

antislavery society...They and the outspoken Cynthia Thoreau (Henry David's mother) regularly attended antislavery conventions in Boston with Mary Brooks, Prudence Ward, and Susan Barrett; and Sophia and Helen (Henry David's older and younger sister) held various leadership posts in the county society (Middlesex)."

Petrulionis, Sandra, *To Set the World Right: The Anti-Slavery Movement in Thoreau's Concord,* 2006 (Cornell Univ Press).

Secondary Source: From Constitutional Rights Foundation

In 1846, the United States declared war against Mexico. Thoreau and other Northern critics of the war viewed it as a plot by Southerners to expand slavery into the Southwest. Thoreau had already stopped paying his taxes in protest against slavery. The local tax collector had ignored his tax evasion, but decided to act when Thoreau publicly condemned the U.S. invasion and occupation of Mexico.

In July 1846, the sheriff arrested and jailed Thoreau for his tax delinquency. Someone (Petronius confirms his aunt Moria) anonymously paid Thoreau's taxes after he had spent one night in jail. This incident prompted Thoreau to write his famous essay, "Civil Disobedience" (originally published in 1849 as "Resistance to Civil Government").

Thoreau's minor act of defiance caused him to conclude that it was not enough to be simply against slavery and the war. A person of conscience had to act. In "Civil Disobedience," he proclaimed an activist manifesto: "In other words, when a sixth of the population of a nation, which has undertaken to be the refuge of liberty, are slaves, and a whole country [Mexico] is unjustly overrun and conquered by a foreign army, and subjected to military law, I think that it is not too soon for honest men to rebel and revolutionize."

Thoreau argued that the government must end its unjust actions to earn the right to collect taxes from its citizens. As long as the government commits unjust actions, he continued, conscientious individuals must choose whether to pay their taxes or to refuse to pay them and defy the government.

http://www.crf-usa.org/black-history-month/thoreau-and-civil-disobedience

Primary Source: Excerpts from Henry David Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience" (1849)

Guiding Questions:

- What does Thoreau suggest are the true principles of liberty?
- What phrases illustrate lack of freedom in America? (Note that he speaks of more than the institution of slavery.)
- What does Thoreau consider man's primary duty? How does he address the responsibility of citizens?
- What words and phrases indicate tone, and what rhetorical strategies does he employ to persuade his audience?
- What methods does he advocate to address injustice?

Excerpts From "Civil Disobedience" - Henry David Thoreau (1849) (originally entitled: Resistance to Civil Government)

I heartily accept the motto, "That government is best which governs least"; and I should like to see it acted up to more rapidly and systematically. Carried out, it finally amounts to this, which also I believe— "That government is best which governs not at all"; and when men are prepared for it, that will be the kind of government which they will have. Government is at best but an expedient; but most governments are usually, and all governments are sometimes, inexpedient. This American government— what is it but a tradition, though a recent one, endeavoring to transmit itself unimpaired to posterity, but each instant losing some of its integrity? It has not the vitality and force of a single living man; for a single man can bend it to his will. It is a sort of wooden gun to the people themselves. But it is not the less necessary for this; for the people must have some complicated machinery or other, and hear its din, to satisfy that idea of government which they have. Governments show thus how successfully men can be imposed on, even impose on themselves, for their own advantage. It is excellent, we must all allow. Yet this government never of itself furthered any enterprise, but by the alacrity with which it got out of its way. It does not keep the country free. It does not settle the West. It does not educate.

The character inherent in the American people has done all that has been accomplished; and it would have done somewhat more, if the government had not sometimes got in its way. But, to speak practically and as a citizen, unlike those who call themselves no-government men, I ask for, not at once no government, but at once a better government. Let every man make known what kind of government would command his respect, and that will be one step toward obtaining it. Can there not be a government in which majorities do not virtually decide right and wrong, but conscience?— in which majorities decide only those questions to which the rule of expediency is applicable? Must the citizen ever for a moment, or in the least degree, resign his conscience to the legislation? Why has every man a conscience, then? I think that we should be men first, and subjects afterward. It is not desirable to cultivate a respect for the law, so much as for the right. The only obligation which I have a right to assume is to do at any time what I think right. The mass of men serve the state thus, not as men mainly, but as machines, with their bodies. They are the standing army, and the militia, jailers, constables, posse comitatus, etc. In most cases there is no free exercise whatever of the judgment or of the moral sense; but they put themselves on a level with wood and earth and stones; and wooden men can perhaps be manufactured that will serve the purpose as well. Such command no more respect than men of straw or a lump of dirt. They have the same sort of worth only as horses and dogs. Yet such as these even are commonly esteemed good citizens. Others— as most legislators, politicians, lawyers, ministers, and office-holders— serve the state chiefly with their heads; and, as they rarely make any moral distinctions, they are as likely to serve the devil, without intending it, as God. A very few— as heroes, patriots, martyrs, reformers in the great sense, and men— serve the state with their consciences also, and so necessarily resist it for the most part; and they are commonly treated as enemies by it.

...How does it become a man to behave toward this American government today? I answer, that he cannot without disgrace be associated with it. I cannot for an instant recognize that political organization as my government which is the slave's government also. All men recognize the right of revolution; that is, the right to refuse allegiance to, and to resist, the government, when its tyranny or its inefficiency are great and unendurable. But almost all say that such is not the case now. But such was the case, they think, in the Revolution Of '75. If one were to tell me that this was a bad government because it taxed certain foreign commodities brought to its ports, it is most probable that I should not make an ado about it, for I can do without them.

All machines have their friction; and possibly this does enough good to counterbalance the evil. At any rate, it is a great evil to make a stir about it. But when the friction comes to have its machine, and oppression and robbery are organized, I say, let us not have such a machine any longer. In other

words, when a sixth of the population of a nation which has undertaken to be the refuge of liberty are slaves, and a whole country is unjustly overrun and conquered by a foreign army, and subjected to military law, I think that it is not too soon for honest men to rebel and revolutionize. What makes this duty the more urgent is the fact that the country so overrun is not our own, but ours is the invading army.

All voting is a sort of gaming, like checkers or backgammon, with a slight moral tinge to it, a playing with right and wrong, with moral questions; and betting naturally accompanies it. The character of the voters is not staked. I cast my vote, perchance, as I think right; but I am not vitally concerned that that right should prevail...A wise man will not leave the right to the mercy of chance, nor wish it to prevail through the power of the majority. There is but little virtue in the action of masses of men. Unjust laws exist: shall we be content to obey them, or shall we endeavor to amend them, and obey them until we have succeeded, or shall we transgress them at once?

Men generally, under such a government as this, think that they ought to wait until they have persuaded the majority to alter them. They think that, if they should resist, the remedy would be worse than the evil. But it is the fault of the government itself that the remedy is worse than the evil. It makes it worse. Why is it not more apt to anticipate and provide for reform? Why does it not cherish its wise minority? Why does it cry and resist before it is hurt? Why does it not encourage its citizens to be on the alert to point out its faults, and do better than it would have them? Why does it always crucify Christ, and excommunicate Copernicus and Luther, and pronounce Washington and Franklin rebels?

As for adopting the ways which the State has provided for remedying the evil. I know not of such ways. They take too much time, and a man's life will be gone. I have other affairs to attend to. I came into this world, not chiefly to make this a good place to live in, but to live in it, be it good or bad. A man has not everything to do, but something; and because he cannot do everything, it is not necessary that he should do something wrong. It is not my business to be petitioning the Governor or the Legislature any more than it is theirs to petition me; and if they should not bear my petition, what should I do then? But in this case the State has provided no way: its very Constitution is the evil. I meet this American government, or its representative, the State government, directly, and face to face, once a year- no more— in the person of its tax-gatherer; this is the only mode in which a man situated as I am necessarily meets it; and it then says distinctly, Recognize me; and the simplest, the most effectual, and, in the present posture of affairs, the indispensablest mode of treating with it on this head, of expressing your little satisfaction with and love for it, is to deny it then. I know this well, that if one thousand, if one hundred, if ten men whom I could name— if ten honest men only— ay, if one HONEST man, in this State of Massachusetts, ceasing to hold slaves, were actually to withdraw from this copartnership, and be locked up in the county jail therefor, it would be the abolition of slavery in America.

For it matters not how small the beginning may seem to be: what is once well done is done forever. If the alternative is to keep all just men in prison, or give up war and slavery, the State will not hesitate which to choose. If a thousand men were not to pay their tax-bills this year, that would not be a violent and bloody measure, as it would be to pay them, and enable the State to commit violence and shed innocent blood. This is, in fact, the definition of a peaceable revolution, if any such is possible. If the tax-gatherer, or any other public officer, asks me, as one has done, "But what shall I do?" my answer is, "If you really wish to do anything, resign your office." I have paid no poll-tax for six years. I was put into a jail once on this account, for one night; and, as I stood considering the walls of solid stone, two or three feet thick, the door of wood and iron, a foot thick, and the iron grating which strained the light, I could not help being struck with the foolishness of that institution which treated me as if I were mere flesh and blood and bones, to be locked up. I wondered that it should have concluded at length that this was the best use it could put me to, and had never thought to avail itself of my services in some way. I saw that, if there was a wall of stone between me and my townsmen, there was a still more difficult one to climb or break through before they could get to be as free as I was. I did not for a moment feel

confined, and the walls seemed a great waste of stone and mortar. I felt as if I alone of all my townsmen had paid my tax.

http://teacherweb.com/CA/WestlakeHighSchool/Schlehner/Civil-Disobediance.pdf

Secondary & Primary Source Analysis: Thoreau's "Slavery in Massachusetts"

Historical Context to Thoreau's "Slavery in Massachusetts"

"On May 24, 1854, fugitive slave Anthony Burns was arrested and jailed in Boston while Massachusetts officials arranged for his return to his master in Virginia. The Burns case, which closely resembles that of Thomas Sims, a fugitive slave who had been returned to bondage from Massachusetts three years earlier, fueled the ire of abolitionists as it underscored the Commonwealth's continuing complicity in slavery despite its legal termination in the state during the 1780's. For the anti-slavery forces, Burns' capture was tantamount to kidnapping, a charge that became increasingly hard to deny after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law put all blacks in danger of being apprehended and sent into servitude in the South even if they had been born free in states where slavery no longer legally prevailed.

"Some of the most prominent abolitionists of the period shared the stage that day, including Wendell Phillips, whose right to speak at the Concord Lyceum had been vigorously defended by Thoreau and others in 1845, and Sojourner Truth, a former slave who started her career as a circuit speaker for progressive causes while living in an anti-slavery spiritual community in Florence, Massachusetts from 1843 to 1857.

"Having prepared his remarks over the previous two months, Thoreau clearly designed his turn at the podium to provoke a spirited response from a crowd that was variously estimated in newspaper accounts as numbering from 500 to as many as 2,000. In "Resistance to Civil Government," published in 1849, he had denounced the evils of slavery and imperial expansion, but suggested that it might yet be possible to withdraw from the political scene and still live a self-respecting life. In his speech in Framingham, in contrast, he called on his sympathetic listeners to recognize that the Fugitive Slave Law had ended any hope that the people of Massachusetts could persist in their usual pursuits..."

http://www.mappingthoreaucountry.org/itineraries/framingham/

Note some historic references:

- Thoreau's reference to "the destiny of Nebraska" is a reference to the Kansas-Nebraska Act of May 1854 which established that new states entering the Union would determine if they would allow or ban slavery based on popular vote.
- Thoreau also notes the "war with Mexico." The Mexican-American War (1846-1848) followed the 1845 annexation of Texas.. The war ended with the US adding 525,000 miles of territory that became the states of Colorado, Arizona, California, Utah, Nevada, Wyoming and New Mexico. Thoreau decried American imperialism and also the expansion of slavery.
- The reference to Mr Loring was the Boston judge who decided the case of Anthony Burns in favor of his southern master's "property rights" and the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850.
- Reference to Webster is MA Senator Daniel Webster who provided the pivotal vote that enabled the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 to pass.

Primary Source Analysis of Thoreau's 1854 Framingham MA address: "Slavery in Massachusetts"

Guiding Questions:

- What phrases note a shift in Thoreau's tone toward his fellow citizens of Concord, toward key leaders in Boston, and toward the federal government?
- What methods does Thoreau seem to advocate to promote justice?
- What does Thoreau say about how historical developments have affected his personal life?

Slavery in Massachusetts [Thoreau] delivered in Framingham, MA

1854 SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS by Henry David Thoreau

I LATELY ATTENDED a meeting of the citizens of Concord, expecting, as one among many, to speak on the subject of slavery in Massachusetts; but I was surprised and disappointed to find that what had called my townsmen together was the destiny of Nebraska, and not of Massachusetts, and that what I had to say would be entirely out of order. I had thought that the house was on fire, and not the prairie; but though several of the citizens of Massachusetts are now in prison for attempting to rescue a slave from her own clutches, not one of the speakers at that meeting expressed regret for it, not one even referred to it. It was only the disposition of some wild lands a thousand miles off which appeared to concern them. The inhabitants of Concord are not prepared to stand by one of their own bridges, but talk only of taking up a position on the highlands beyond the Yellowstone River. Our Buttricks and Davises and Hosmers are retreating thither, and I fear that they will leave no Lexington Common between them and the enemy. There is not one slave in Nebraska; there are perhaps a million slaves in Massachusetts.

... As I had no opportunity to express my thoughts at that meeting, will you allow me to do so here? Again it happens that the Boston Court-House is full of armed men, holding prisoner and trying a MAN, to find out if he is not really a SLAVE. Does any one think that justice or God awaits Mr. Loring's decision? For him to sit there deciding still, when this question is already decided from eternity to eternity, and the unlettered slave himself and the multitude around have long since heard and assented to the decision, is simply to make himself ridiculous. We may be tempted to ask from whom he received his commission, and who he is that received it; what novel statutes he obeys, and what precedents are to him of authority. Such an arbiter's very existence is an impertinence. We do not ask him to make up his mind, but to make up his pack.

I listen to hear the voice of a Governor, Commander-in-Chief of the forces of Massachusetts. I hear only the creaking of crickets and the hum of insects which now fill the summer air. The Governor's exploit is to review the troops on muster days. I have seen him on horseback, with his hat off, listening to a chaplain's prayer. It chances that that is all I have ever seen of a Governor. I think that I could manage to get along without one. If he is not of the least use to prevent my being kidnapped, pray of what important use is he likely to be to me? When freedom is most endangered, he dwells in the deepest obscurity. A distinguished clergyman told me that he chose the profession of a clergyman because it afforded the most leisure for literary pursuits. I would recommend to him the profession of a Governor.

Three years ago, also, when the Sims tragedy was acted, I said to myself, There is such an officer, if not such a man, as the Governor of Massachusetts- what has he been about the last fortnight? Has he had as much as he could do to keep on the fence during this moral earthquake? ...Yet no doubt he was

endeavoring to fill the gubernatorial chair all the while. He was no Governor of mine. He did not govern me.

But at last, in the present case, the Governor was heard from. After he and the United States government had perfectly succeeded in robbing a poor innocent black man of his liberty for life, and, as far as they could, of his Creator's likeness in his breast, he made a speech to his accomplices, at a congratulatory supper!

I have read a recent law of this State, making it penal for any officer of the "Commonwealth" to "detain or aid in the... detention," anywhere within its limits, "of any person, for the reason that he is claimed as a fugitive slave." ... I had thought that the Governor was, in some sense, the executive officer of the State: that it was his business, as a Governor, to see that the laws of the State were executed: while. as a man, he took care that he did not, by so doing, break the laws of humanity; but when there is any special important use for him, he is useless, or worse than useless, and permits the laws of the State to go unexecuted. Perhaps I do not know what are the duties of a Governor; but if to be a Governor requires to subject one's self to so much ignominy without remedy, if it is to put a restraint upon my manhood, I shall take care never to be Governor of Massachusetts. I have not read far in the statutes of this Commonwealth. It is not profitable reading. They do not always say what is true; and they do not always mean what they say. What I am concerned to know is, that that man's influence and authority were on the side of the slaveholder, and not of the slave- of the guilty, and not of the innocent- of injustice, and not of justice. I never saw him of whom I speak; indeed, I did not know that he was Governor until this event occurred. I heard of him and Anthony Burns at the same time, and thus, undoubtedly, most will hear of him. So far am I from being governed by him. I do not mean that it was anything to his discredit that I had not heard of him, only that I heard what I did. The worst I shall say of him is, that he proved no better than the majority of his constituents would be likely to prove. In my opinion, be was not equal to the occasion.

The whole military force of the State is at the service of a Mr. Suttle, a slaveholder from Virginia, to enable him to catch a man whom he calls his property; but not a soldier is offered to save a citizen of Massachusetts from being kidnapped! Is this what all these soldiers, all this training, have been for these seventy-nine years past? Have they been trained merely to rob Mexico and carry back fugitive slaves to their masters?

These very nights I heard the sound of a drum in our streets. There were men training still; and for what? I could with an effort pardon the cockerels of Concord for crowing still, for they, perchance, had not been beaten that morning; but I could not excuse this rub-a-dub of the "trainers." The slave was carried back by exactly such as these; i.e., by the soldier, of whom the best you can say in this connection is that he is a fool made conspicuous by a painted coat.

Three years ago, also, just a week after the authorities of Boston assembled to carry back a perfectly innocent man, and one whom they knew to be innocent, into slavery, the inhabitants of Concord caused the bells to be rung and the cannons to be fired, to celebrate their liberty- and the courage and love of liberty of their ancestors who fought at the bridge. As if those three millions had fought for the right to be free themselves, but to hold in slavery three million others. Nowadays, men wear a fool's-cap, and call it a liberty-cap. I do not know but there are some who, if they were tied to a whipping-post, and could but get one hand free, would use it to ring the bells and fire the cannons to celebrate their liberty. So some of my townsmen took the liberty to ring and fire. That was the extent of their freedom; and when the sound of the bells died away, their liberty died away also; when the powder was all expended, their liberty went off with the smoke.

This is what I thought about my neighbors.

Every humane and intelligent inhabitant of Concord, when he or she heard those bells and those cannons, thought not with pride of the events of the 19th of April, 1775, but with shame of the events of the 12th of April, 1851. But now we have half buried that old shame under a new one.

...I wish my countrymen to consider, that whatever the human law may be, neither an individual nor a nation can ever commit the least act of injustice against the obscurest individual without having to pay the penalty for it. A government which deliberately enacts injustice, and persists in it, will at length even become the laughing-stock of the world.

Much has been said about American slavery, but I think that we do not even yet realize what slavery is. If I were seriously to propose to Congress to make mankind into sausages, I have no doubt that most of the members would smile at my proposition, and if any believed me to be in earnest, they would think that I proposed something much worse than Congress had ever done. But if any of them will tell me that to make a man into a sausage would be much worse- would be any worse- than to make him into a slave- than it was to enact the Fugitive Slave Law- I will accuse him of foolishness, of intellectual incapacity, of making a distinction without a difference. The one is just as sensible a proposition as the other.

I hear a good deal said about trampling this law under foot. Why, one need not go out of his way to do that. This law rises not to the level of the head or the reason; its natural habitat is in the dirt. It was born and bred, and has its life, only in the dust and mire, on a level with the feet; and he who walks with freedom, and does not with Hindoo mercy avoid treading on every venomous reptile, will inevitably tread on it, and so trample it under foot- and Webster, its maker, with it, like the dirt- bug and its ball. Recent events will be valuable as a criticism on the administration of justice in our midst, or, rather, as showing what are the true resources of justice in any community. It has come to this, that the friends of liberty, the friends of the slave, have shuddered when they have understood that his fate was left to the legal tribunals of the country to be decided. Free men have no faith that justice will be awarded in such a case. The judge may decide this way or that; it is a kind of accident, at best. It is evident that he is not a competent authority in so important a case. It is no time, then, to be judging according to his precedents, but to establish a precedent for the future. I would much rather trust to the sentiment of the people. ...

Among human beings, the judge whose words seal the fate of a man furthest into eternity is not he who merely pronounces the verdict of the law, but he, whoever he may be, who, from a love of truth, and unprejudiced by any custom or enactment of men, utters a true opinion or sentence concerning him. He it is that sentences him. Whoever can discern truth has received his commission from a higher source than the chiefest justice in the world who can discern only law. He finds himself constituted judge of the judge. Strange that it should be necessary to state such simple truths!

It is evident that there are, in this Commonwealth at least, two parties, becoming more and more distinct- the party of the city, and the party of the country. I know that the country is mean enough, but I am glad to believe that there is a slight difference in her favor. But as yet she has few, if any organs, through which to express herself. The editorials which she reads, like the news, come from the seaboard. Let us, the inhabitants of the country, cultivate self-respect. Let us not send to the city for aught more essential than our broadcloths and groceries; or, if we read the opinions of the city, let us entertain opinions of our own.

Among measures to be adopted, I would suggest to make as earnest and vigorous an assault on the press as has already been made, and with effect, on the church. The church has much improved within a few years; but the press is, almost without exception, corrupt. I believe that in this country the press exerts a greater and a more pernicious influence than the church did in its worst period. We are not a religious people, but we are a nation of politicians. We do not care for the Bible, but we do care for the newspaper. At any meeting of politicians- like that at Concord the other evening, for instance- how

impertinent it would be to quote from the Bible! how pertinent to quote from a newspaper or from the Constitution! The newspaper is a Bible which we read every morning and every afternoon, standing and sitting, riding and walking. It is a Bible which every man carries in his pocket, which lies on every table and counter, and which the mail, and thousands of missionaries, are continually dispersing. It is, in short, the only book which America has printed and which America reads. So wide is its influence. The editor is a preacher whom you voluntarily support. Your tax is commonly one cent daily, and it costs nothing for pew hire. But how many of these preachers preach the truth? I repeat the testimony of many an intelligent foreigner, as well as my own convictions, when I say, that probably no country was ever rubled by so mean a class of tyrants as, with a few noble exceptions, are the editors of the periodical press in this country. And as they live and rule only by their servility, and appealing to the worse, and not the better, nature of man, the people who read them are in the condition of the dog that returns to his vomit....

Are they Americans? are they New Englanders? are they inhabitants of Lexington and Concord and Framingham, who read and support the Boston Post, Mail, Journal, Advertiser, Courier, and Times? Are these the Flags of our Union? I am not a newspaper reader, and may omit to name the worst. Could slavery suggest a more complete servility than some of these journals exhibit? Is there any dust which their conduct does not lick, and make fouler still with its slime?...

The majority of the men of the North, and of the South and East and West, are not men of principle. If they vote, they do not send men to Congress on errands of humanity; but while their brothers and sisters are being scourged and hung for loving liberty, while- I might here insert all that slavery implies and is- it is the mismanagement of wood and iron and stone and gold which concerns them. Do what you will, O Government, with my wife and children, my mother and brother, my father and sister, I will obey your commands to the letter. It will indeed grieve me if you hurt them, if you deliver them to overseers to be hunted by bounds or to be whipped to death; but, nevertheless, I will peaceably pursue my chosen calling on this fair earth, until perchance, one day, when I have put on mourning for them dead, I shall have persuaded you to relent. Such is the attitude, such are the words of Massachusetts. Rather than do thus, I need not say what match I would touch, what system endeavor to blow up; but as I love my life, I would side with the light, and let the dark earth roll from under me, calling my mother and my brother to follow.

I would remind my countrymen that they are to be men first, and Americans only at a late and convenient hour. No matter how valuable law may be to protect your property, even to keep soul and body together, if it do not keep you and humanity together.

I am sorry to say that I doubt if there is a judge in Massachusetts who is prepared to resign his office, and get his living innocently, whenever it is required of him to pass sentence under a law which is merely contrary to the law of God. I am compelled to see that they put themselves, or rather are by character, in this respect, exactly on a level with the marine who discharges his musket in any direction he is ordered to. They are just as much tools, and as little men. Certainly, they are not the more to be respected, because their master enslaves their understandings and consciences, instead of their bodies.

The judges and lawyers- simply as such, I mean- and all men of expediency, try this case by a very low and incompetent standard. They consider, not whether the Fugitive Slave Law is right, but whether it is what they call constitutional. Is virtue constitutional, or vice? Is equity constitutional, or iniquity? In important moral and vital questions, like this, it is just as impertinent to ask whether a law is constitutional or not, as to ask whether it is profitable or not. They persist in being the servants of the worst of men, and not the servants of humanity. The question is, not whether you or your grandfather, seventy years ago, did not enter into an agreement to serve the Devil, and that service is not accordingly now due; but whether you will not now, for once and at last, serve God- in spite of your own

past recreancy, or that of your ancestor- by obeying that eternal and only just CONSTITUTION, which He, and not any Jefferson or Adams, has written in your being.

The amount of it is, if the majority vote the Devil to be God, the minority will live and behave accordingly- and obey the successful candidate, trusting that, some time or other, by some Speaker's casting- vote, perhaps, they may reinstate God. This is the highest principle I can get out or invent for my neighbors. These men act as if they believed that they could safely slide down a hill a little way- or a good way- and would surely come to a place, by and by, where they could begin to slide up again. This is expediency, or choosing that course which offers the slightest obstacles to the feet, that is, a downhill one. But there is no such thing as accomplishing a righteous reform by the use of "expediency." There is no such thing as sliding up hill. In morals the only sliders are backsliders. Thus we steadily worship Mammon, both school and state and church, and on the seventh day curse

God with a tintamar from one end of the Union to the other.

Will mankind never learn that policy is not morality- that it never secures any moral right, but considers merely what is expedient? chooses the available candidate- who is invariably the Devil- and what right have his constituents to be surprised, because the Devil does not behave like an angel of light? What is wanted is men, not of policy, but of probity- who recognize a higher law than the Constitution, or the decision of the majority. The fate of the country does not depend on how you vote at the polls- the worst man is as strong as the best at that game; it does not depend on what kind of paper you drop into the ballot- box once a year, but on what kind of man you drop from your chamber into the street every morning.

What should concern Massachusetts is not the Nebraska Bill, nor the Fugitive Slave Bill, but her own slaveholding and servility. Let the State dissolve her union with the slaveholder. She may wriggle and hesitate, and ask leave to read the Constitution once more; but she can find no respectable law or precedent which sanctions the continuance of such a union for an instant.

Let each inhabitant of the State dissolve his union with her, as long as she delays to do her duty. The events of the past month teach me to distrust Fame. I see that she does not finely discriminate, but coarsely hurrahs. She considers not the simple heroism of an action, but only as it is connected with its apparent consequences. She praises till she is hoarse the easy exploit of the Boston tea party, but will be comparatively silent about the braver and more disinterestedly heroic attack on the Boston Court-House, simply because it was unsuccessful!

...

Do you suppose that that Massachusetts which is now doing these things- which hesitates to crown these men, some of whose lawyers, and even judges, perchance, may be driven to take refuge in some poor quibble, that they may not wholly outrage their instinctive sense of justice- do you suppose that she is anything but base and servile? that she is the champion of liberty?

Show me a free state, and a court truly of justice, and I will fight for them, if need be; but show me Massachusetts, and I refuse her my allegiance, and express contempt for her courts. The effect of a good government is to make life more valuable- of a bad one, to make it less valuable.

We can afford that railroad and all merely material stock should lose some of its value, for that only compels us to live more simply and economically; but suppose that the value of life itself should be diminished! How can we make a less demand on man and nature, how live more economically in respect to virtue and all noble qualities, than we do? I have lived for the last month- and I think that every man in Massachusetts capable of the sentiment of patriotism must have had a similar experience- with the sense of having suffered a vast and indefinite loss. I did not know at first what ailed me. At last it occurred to me that what I had lost was a country. I had never respected the government near to which I lived, but I had foolishly thought that I might manage to live here, minding my private affairs, and forget it. For my part, my old and worthiest pursuits have lost I cannot say how

much of their attraction, and I feel that my investment in life here is worth many per cent less since Massachusetts last deliberately sent back an innocent man, Anthony Burns, to slavery. I dwelt before, perhaps, in the illusion that my life passed somewhere only between heaven and hell, but now I cannot persuade myself that I do not dwell wholly within hell. The site of that political organization called Massachusetts is to me morally covered with volcanic scoriae and cinders, such as Milton describes in the infernal regions. If there is any hell more unprincipled than our rulers, and we, the ruled, I feel curious to see it. Life itself being worth less, all things with it, which minister to it, are worth less. Suppose you have a small library, with pictures to adorn the walls- a garden laid out around- and contemplate scientific and literary pursuits and discover all at once that your villa, with all its contents is located in hell, and that the justice of the peace has a cloven foot and a forked tail- do not these things suddenly lose their value in your eyes?

I feel that, to some extent, the State has fatally interfered with my lawful business. It has not only interrupted me in my passage through Court Street on errands of trade, but it has interrupted me and every man on his onward and upward path, on which he had trusted soon to leave Court Street far behind. What right had it to remind me of Court Street? I have found that hollow which even I had relied on for solid.

I am surprised to see men going about their business as if nothing had happened. I say to myself, "Unfortunates! they have not heard the news." I am surprised that the man whom I just met on horseback should be so earnest to overtake his newly bought cows running away- since all property is insecure, and if they do not run away again, they may be taken away from him when he gets them. Fool! does he not know that his seed-corn is worth less this year- that all beneficent harvests fail as you approach the empire of hell? No prudent man will build a stone house under these circumstances, or engage in any peaceful enterprise which it requires a long time to accomplish. Art is as long as ever, but life is more interrupted and less available for a man's proper pursuits. It is not an era of repose. We have used up all our inherited freedom. If we would save our lives, we must fight for them.

I walk toward one of our ponds; but what signifies the beauty of nature when men are base? We walk to lakes to see our serenity reflected in them; when we are not serene, we go not to them. Who can be serene in a country where both the rulers and the ruled are without principle? The remembrance of my country spoils my walk. My thoughts are murder to the State, and involuntarily go plotting against her. But it chanced the other day that I scented a white water-lily, and a season I had waited for had arrived. It is the emblem of purity. It bursts up so pure and fair to the eye, and so sweet to the scent, as if to show us what purity and sweetness reside in, and can be extracted from, the slime and muck of earth. I think I have plucked the first one that has opened for a mile. What confirmation of our hopes is in the fragrance of this flower! I shall not so soon despair of the world for it, notwithstanding slavery, and the cowardice and want of principle of Northern men. It suggests what kind of laws have prevailed longest and widest, and still prevail, and that the time may come when man's deeds will smell as sweet. Such is the odor which the plant emits. If Nature can compound this fragrance still annually, I shall believe her still young and full of vigor, her integrity and genius unimpaired, and that there is virtue even in man, too, who is fitted to perceive and love it. It reminds me that Nature has been partner to no Missouri Compromise. I scent no compromise in the fragrance of the water-lily. It is not a Nymphaea Douglasii. In it, the sweet, and pure, and innocent are wholly sundered from the obscene and baleful. I do not scent in this the time- serving irresolution of a Massachusetts Governor, nor of a Boston Mayor. So behave that the odor of your actions may enhance the general sweetness of the atmosphere, that when we behold or scent a flower, we may not be reminded how inconsistent your deeds are with it; for all odor is but one form of advertisement of a moral guality, and if fair actions had not been performed, the lily would not smell sweet. The foul slime stands for the sloth and vice of man, the decay of humanity; the fragrant flower that springs from it, for the purity and courage which are immortal. Slavery and servility have produced no sweet-scented flower annually, to charm the senses of men, for they have no real life: they are merely a decaying and a death, offensive to all healthy nostrils. We do not complain that they live, but that they do not get buried. Let the living bury them: even they are good for manure.

Assessment: Document Based Question

Overview: John Brown was a white abolitionist who participated in deliberate discussions as well as desperately violent efforts to support the Free Soil Movement against slavery in Kansas and to support arming Southern slaves for an insurrection through his 1859 raid on Harper's Ferry (Virginia) with twenty some conspirators, most of whom were captured by Robert E Lee's troops and executed, including Brown in December of that year.

While the Harper's Ferry incident further polarized America and drove the country further toward Civil War, the Abolitionist community in Concord rallied behind Brown. The Concord Free Public Library's 200th Anniversary of Thoreau's birth exhibit explains John Brown's connections to Concord MA:

"Brown first came to Concord in March of 1857 at the request of members of the Concord Ladies' Antislavery Society, who were planning a fair on March 10th and 11th. Their invitation was extended by Frank Sanborn. On his first day in Concord, Brown dined with the Thoreaus and met Emerson, who invited him to his home the following night. On the 11th, he spoke at the Town Hall.

"Brown returned to Concord as Sanborn's guest on May 7, 8, and 9, 1859, again talked with Emerson and Thoreau, met Sarah Alden Bradford Ripley at the Old Manse, and on May 8th addressed a local audience at the Town Hall. Bronson Alcott wrote of Brown on this occasion: "He tells his story with surpassing simplicity and sense, impressing us all deeply by his courage and religious earnestness. Our best people listen to his words—Emerson, Thoreau, Judge Hoar, my wife—and some of them contribute something in aid of his plans without asking particulars, such confidence does he inspire with his integrity and abilities." Alcott found Brown "superior to legal traditions and a disciple of the right, an idealist in thought and affairs of state." Immediately following Brown's October 16, 1859 raid at Harpers Ferry, people everywhere struggled to make sense of the barrage of conflicting and sensational reports that flooded the press. Many-including abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison-were critical. When the details of what had happened in Virginia became clear, his supporters in Concord did what they could to draw sympathetic attention to Brown's situation and to counter his portrayal as a madman and a traitor. Thoreau prepared and, on October 30th, delivered his lecture "A Plea for Captain John Brown" in Concord. Later, he wrote a tribute that was read on July 4, 1860 by Richard J. Hinton at the John Brown commemoration in North Elba, New York (Brown's home). Emerson lectured on Brown and helped to raise money for his destitute family. Jointly, the two did much to promote the image of Brown as a saint and a martyr rather than a fanatic.

"Not everyone in Concord revered John Brown. Nevertheless, Brown's execution on December 2, 1859 was mourned here with solemn public ceremony. John Shepard Keyes, who took part in the memorial service in the Town Hall that day, reported in his autobiography that the hall was crowded. The participants had agreed ahead of time to offer a program of readings so as to avoid the possibility of extemporaneously saying anything "treasonous" in the emotion of the moment. Rev. Grindall Reynolds of the First Parish read from the Bible, Emerson from Milton, Bronson Alcott, Keyes, Sanborn, and Judge Hoar from other texts. According to Keyes, Thoreau alone disregarded the plan and spoke his own mind. The singing of a dirge concluded the service.

"The next day, Henry Thoreau assisted the return to Canada of Francis Jackson Meriam—one of Brown's conspirators ... to the South Acton train station.

"Louisa Alcott's poem "With a Rose That Bloomed on the Day of John Brown's Martyrdom" appeared in the Liberator for January 20, 1860. In February, Sanborn arranged to bring Anna and Sarah Brown, two of John Brown's children, to Concord to attend his school. The Brown girls stayed with the Emersons when they first arrived in Concord, later with the Clarks on Lexington Road. In April, many townspeople rallied around Sanborn when federal officers attempted to arrest him to investigate his part in Brown's raid."

https://concordlibrary.org/special-collections/antislavery/07_essay

Clearly, the town of Concord -- including its once reluctant abolitionist agitators Emerson and Thoreau -became more radicalized because of events led by Brown. These documents represent a diverse set of perspectives on John Brown. Use these to address the question:

Question: How did John Brown's raid in Harper's Ferry affect the Abolitionist Movement?

Source A: Lincoln Source B: Brown Source C: Emerson Source D: Thoreau Source E: Douglas Source F: Whitman Source G: Harper's Weekly

Source A

Abraham Lincoln on John Brown, February 27, 1860

Abraham Lincoln's address at the Cooper Institute in February of 1860, a speech which many believe helped secure Lincoln's nomination for the presidency.

I would address a few words to the Southern people. I would say to them: You consider yourselves a reasonable and a just people; and I consider that in the general qualities of reason and justice you are not inferior to any other people. Still, when you speak of us Republicans, you do so only to denounce us as reptiles, or, at the best, as no better than outlaws. You will grant a hearing to pirates or murderers, but nothing like it to "Black Republicans." In all your contentions with one another, each of you deems an unconditional condemnation of "Black Republicanism" as the first thing to be attended to. Indeed, such condemnation of us seems to be an indispensable prerequisite—license, so to speak—among you to be admitted or permitted to speak at all. Now, can you, or not, be prevailed upon to pause and to consider whether this is quite just to us, or even to yourselves. . . .

You charge that we stir up insurrections among your slaves. We deny it; and what is your proof? Harper's Ferry! John Brown!! John Brown was no Republican; and you have failed to implicate a single Republican in his Harper's Ferry enterprise. If any member of our party is guilty in that matter, you know it or you do not know it. If you do know it, you are inexcusable for not designating the man and proving the fact. If you do not know it, you are inexcusable for asserting it, and especially for persisting in the assertion after you have tried and failed to make the proof. You need not be told that persisting in a charge which one does not know to be true, is simply malicious slander.

Some of you admit that no Republican designedly aided or encouraged the Harper's Ferry affair; but still insist that our doctrines and declarations necessarily lead to such results. We do not believe it. We know we hold to no doctrine, and make no declaration, which were not held to and made by "our fathers who framed the Government under which we live." You never dealt fairly by us in relation to this affair. When it occurred, some important State elections were near at hand, and you were in evident glee with the belief that, by charging the blame upon us, you could get an advantage of us in those elections. The elections came, and your expectations were not quite fulfilled. Every Republican man knew that, as to himself at least, your charge was a slander, and he was not much inclined by it to cast his vote in your favor. Republican doctrines and declarations are accompanied with a continual protest against any interference whatever with your slaves, or with you about your slaves. Surely, this does not encourage them to revolt. True, we do, in common with "our fathers, who framed the Government under which we live," declare our belief that slavery is wrong; but the slaves do not hear us declare even this. For anything we say or do, the slaves would scarcely know there is a Republican party. I believe they would not, in fact, generally know it but for your misrepresentations of us, in their hearing. In your political contests among yourselves, each faction charges the other with sympathy with Black Republicanism; and then, to give point to the charge, defines Black Republicanism to simply be insurrection, blood and thunder among the slaves.

http://harvardpress.typepad.com/hup_publicity/2012/12/abraham-lincoln-on-john-brown-february-27-18 60.html

Source B John Brown's Last Speech, November 2, 1859 One month before his execution, John Brown addressed a courtroom in Charlestown, West Virginia, defending his role in the action at Harper's Ferry.

I have, may it please the Court, a few words to say.

In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted, the design on my part to free the slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter, when I went into Missouri and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moved them through the country, and finally left them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again, on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder, or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection.

I have another objection; and that is, it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved (for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case), had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right; and every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment.

This court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed here which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament. That teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them. It teaches me, further, to "remember them that are in bonds, as

bound with them." I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say, I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done as I have always freely admitted I have done in behalf of His despised poor, was not wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I submit; so let it be done!

Let me say one word further.

I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial. Considering all the circumstances. it has been more generous than I expected. But I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first what was my intention and what was not. I never had any design against the life of any person, nor any disposition to commit treason, or excite slaves to rebel, or make any general insurrection. I never encouraged any man to do so, but always discouraged any idea of that kind.

Let me say, also, a word in regard to the statements made by some of those connected with me. I hear it has been stated by some of them that I have induced them to join me. But the contrary is true. I do not say this to injure them, but as regretting their weakness. There is not one of them but joined me of his own accord, and the greater part of them at their own expense. A number of them I never saw, and never had a word of conversation with, till the day they came to me; and that was for the purpose I have stated.

Now I have done.

http://www.historyisaweapon.com/defcon1/johnbrown.html

Document C

Remarks by Ralph Waldo Emerson At a Meeting for the Relief of the Family of John Brown, at Tremont Temple, Boston November 18, 1859

"JOHN BROWN in Kansas settled, like a steadfast Yankee farmer,

Brave and godly, with four sons—all stalwart men of might.

There he spoke aloud for Freedom, and the Border strife grew warmer

Till the Rangers fired his dwelling, in his absence, in the night;

And Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

Came homeward in the morning to find his house burned down.

Then he grasped his trusty rifle, and boldly fought for Freedom;

Smote from border unto border the fierce invading band:

And he and his brave boys vowed—so might Heaven help and speed 'em—

They would save those grand old prairies from the curse that blights the land;

And Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

Said, 'Boys, the Lord will aid us!' and he shoved his ramrod down."

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, John Brown.

MR. CHAIRMAN, AND FELLOW CITIZENS: 1 I share the sympathy and sorrow which have brought us together. Gentlemen who have preceded me have well said that no wall of separation could here exist. This commanding event which has brought us together, eclipses all others which have occurred for a long time in our history, and I am very glad to see that this sudden interest in the hero of Harper's Ferry has provoked an extreme curiosity in all parts of the Republic, in regard to the details of his history. Every anecdote is eagerly sought, and I do not wonder that gentlemen find traits of relation readily between him and themselves. One finds a relation in the church, another in the profession, another in the place of his birth. He was happily a representative of the American Republic. Captain John Brown is a farmer, the fifth in descent from Peter Brown, who came to Plymouth in the Mayflower, in 1620. All the six have been farmers. His grandfather, of Simsbury, in Connecticut, was a captain in the Revolution. His father, largely interested as a raiser of stock, became a contractor to supply the army with beef, in the war of 1812, and our Captain John Brown, then a boy, with his father was present and witnessed the surrender of General Hull. He cherishes a great respect for his father, as a man of strong character, and his respect is probably just. For himself, he is so transparent that all men see him through. He is a man to make friends wherever on earth courage and integrity are esteemed, the rarest of heroes, a pure idealist, with no by-ends of his own. Many of you have seen him, and every one who has heard him speak has been impressed alike by his simple, artless goodness, joined with his sublime courage. He joins that perfect Puritan faith which brought his fifth ancestor to Plymouth Rock with his grandfather's ardor in the Revolution. He believes in two articles,-two instruments, shall I say?-the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence; and he used this expression in conversation here concerning them, "Better that a whole generation of men, women and children should pass away by a violent death than that one word of either should be violated in this country." There is a Unionist,--there is a strict constructionist for you. He believes in the Union of the States, and he conceives that the only obstruction to the Union is Slavery, and for that reason, as a patriot, he works for its abolition. The governor of Virginia has pronounced his eulogy in a manner that discredits the moderation of our timid parties. His own speeches to the court have interested the nation in him. What magnanimity, and what innocent pleading, as of childhood! You remember his words: "If I had interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or any of their friends, parents, wives or children, it would all have been right. But I believe that to have interfered as I have done, for the despised poor. was not wrong, but right." 2

It is easy to see what a favorite he will be with history, which plays such pranks with temporary reputations. Nothing can resist the sympathy which all elevated minds must feel with Brown, and

through them the whole civilized world; and if he must suffer, he must drag official gentlemen into an immortality most undesirable, of which they have already some disagreeable forebodings. Indeed, it is the *reductio ad absurdum* of Slavery, when the governor of Virginia is forced to hang a man whom he declares to be a man of the most integrity, truthfulness and courage he has ever met. Is that the kind of man the gallows is built for? It were bold to affirm that there is within that broad commonwealth, at this moment, another citizen as worthy to live, and as deserving of all public and private honor, as this poor prisoner. <u>3</u>

But we are here to think of relief for the family of John Brown. To my eyes, that family looks very large and very needy of relief. It comprises his brave fellow sufferers in the Charlestown Jail; the fugitives still hunted in the mountains of Virginia and Pennsylvania; the sympathizers with him in all the states; and, I may say, almost every man who loves the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence, like him, and who sees what a tiger's thirst threatens him in the malignity of public sentiment in the slave states. It seems to me that a common feeling joins the people of Massachusetts with him.

I said John Brown was an idealist. He believed in his ideas to that extent that he existed to put them all into action; he said 'he did not believe in moral suasion, he believed in putting the thing through.' He saw how deceptive the forms are. We fancy, in Massachusetts, that we are free; yet it seems the government is quite unreliable... The state judges fear collision between their two allegiances; but there are worse evils than collision; namely, the doing substantial injustice. A good man will see that the use of a judge is to secure good government, and where the citizen's weal is imperilled by abuse of the federal power, to use that arm which can secure it, viz., the local government. Had that been done on certain calamitous occasions, we should not have seen the honor of Massachusetts trailed in the dust, stained to all ages, once and again, by the ill-timed formalism of a venerable bench. If judges cannot find law enough to maintain the sovereignty of the state, and to protect the life and freedom of every inhabitant not a criminal, it is idle to compliment them as learned and venerable. What avails their learning or veneration? At a pinch, they are no more use than idiots. After the mischance they wring their hands, but they had better never have been born. 5

But I am detaining the meeting on matters which others understand better. I hope, then, that, in administering relief to John Brown's family, we shall remember all those whom his fate concerns, all who are in sympathy with him, and not forget to aid him in the best way, by securing freedom and independence in Massachusetts.

http://www.bartleby.com/90/1110.html

Document D

Henry David Thoreau, "A Plea for Captain John Brown" (1853)

Our foes are in our midst and all about us. There is hardly a house but is divided against itself, for our foe is the all but universal woodenness of both head and heart, the want of vitality in man, which is the effect of our vice; and hence are begotten fear, superstition, bigotry, persecution, and slavery of all kinds. We are mere figure-heads upon a bulk, with livers in the place of hearts. The curse is the worship of idols, which at length changes the worshipper into a stone image himself; and the New Englander is just as much an idolater as the Hindoo. This man was an exception, for he did not set up even a political graven image between him and his God.

A church that can never have done with excommunicating Christ while it exists! Away with your broad and flat churches, and your narrow and tall churches! Take a step forward, and invent a new style of out-houses. Invent a salt that will save you, and defend our nostrils.

The modern Christian is a man who has consented to say all the prayers in the liturgy, provided you will let him go straight to bed and sleep quietly afterward. All his prayers begin with "Now I lay me down to sleep," and he is forever looking forward to the time when he shall go to his "long rest." He has consented to perform certain old-established charities, too, after a fashion, but he does not wish to hear of any new-fangled ones; he doesn't wish to have any supplementary articles added to the contract, to fit it to the present time. He shows the whites of his eyes on the Sabbath, and the blacks all the rest of the week. The evil is not merely a stagnation of blood, but a stagnation of spirit. Many, no doubt, are well disposed, but sluggish by constitution and by habit, and they cannot conceive of a man who is actuated by higher motives than they are. Accordingly they pronounce this man insane, for they know that they could never act as he does, as long as they are themselves.

Source E SPEECH OF SENATOR S. A. DOUGLAS ON THE INVASION OF STATES; AND HIS REPLY TO MR. FESSENDEN. DELIVERED IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, JANUARY 28, 1860.

Can any man say to us that although this outrage has been perpetrated at Harper's Ferry, there is no danger of its recurrence? Sir, is not the Republican party still embodied, organized, confident of success, and defiant in its pretensions? Does it not now hold and proclaim the same creed that it did before this invasion? It is true that most of its representatives here disavow the acts of John Brown at Harper's Ferry. I am glad that they do so; I am rejoiced that they have gone thus far; but I must be permitted to say to them that it is not sufficient that they disavow the act, unless they also repudiate and denounce the doctrines and teachings which produced the act. Those doctrines remain the same; those teachings are being poured into the minds of men throughout the country by means of speeches and pamphlets and books and through partisan presses. The causes that produced the Harper's Ferry invasion are now in active operation. It is true that the people of all the border States are required by the Constitution to have their bands tied, without the power of self-defence, and remain patient under a threatened invasion in the day or in the night? Can you expect people to be patient, when they dare not lie down to sleep at night without first stationing sentinels around their houses to see if a band of marauders and murderers are not approaching with torch and pistol? Sir, it requires more patience than freemen ever should cultivate, to submit to constant annoyance, irritation and apprehension.

If we expect to preserve this Union, we must remedy, within the Union and in obedience to the Constitution, every evil for which disunion would furnish a remedy. If the federal Government fails to act, either from choice or from an apprehension of the want of power, it cannot be expected that the States will be content to remain unprotected. Then, sir, I see no hope of peace, of fraternity, of good feeling, between the different portions of the United States, except by bringing to bear the power of the Federal Government to the extent authorized by the Constitution - to protect the people of all the States against any external violence or aggression. I repeat, that if the theory of the Constitution shall be carried out by conceding the right of the people of every State to have just such institutions as they choose, there cannot be a conflict, much less an "irrepressible conflict," between the free and the slaveholding States.

http://www.wvculture.org/history/jbexhibit/bbspr02-0012.html

Source F

Re-evaluating John Brown's Raid at Harpers Ferry By Karen Whitman West Virginia Archives and History, Volume 34, Number 1 (October 1972), pp. 46-84

Many abolitionist had abandoned their commitments to peaceful means, and some seemed almost to look forward to a confrontation which appeared more and more unavoidable. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote in his journal on December 2, 1859: "This will be a great day in our history; the date of a new Revolution, - quite as much needed as the old one. Even now as I write, they are leading Old John Brown to execution in Virginia for attempting to rescue slaves! This is sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind, which will come soon."¹¹⁹

Even Moncure Conway, an abolitionist who had left his Southern home because of his convictions, finally, after much agonizing, joined in praising Brown as a martyr, even though he realized that the South's firm commitment to slavery could well lead to fratricidal war.¹²⁰ Charles H. Langston, a black abolitionist, issued a statement denying that he had a hand in the Harpers Ferry raid. But he went on to express his solidarity with the attempt at slave liberation: "But what shall I deny? I cannot deny that I feel the very deepest sympathy with the immortal John Brown in his heroic and daring effort to free the slaves." This sentiment, according to Benjamin Quarles, in Black Abolitionists, "mirrored the reaction of the overwhelming majority of black Americans."¹²¹

Few abolitionists had any enthusiasm about arguing for non-resistance and moral suasion after John Brown was hanged. They seemed to agree with "Old Ossawatomie" himself, and the statement he handed to a guard on his way to the gallows: "I, John Brown am now quite certain that the crimes of this guilty land: will never be purged away; but with Blood. I had as I now think: vainly flattered myself that without much bloodshed; it might be done."¹²²

http://www.wvculture.org/history/journal_wvh/wvh34-1.html

Source G

Porte Crayon, illustrator for Harper's Weekly November 19, 1859

On October 16, 1859, Brown and a group of followers attacked and captured the federal arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Virginia (today, West Virginia), from which they planned to supply slaves with arms for an insurrection. Brown and his cohorts were captured on October 18, tried for murder and treason on October 27-30, and executed on December 2, 1859. John Brown's raid was a polarizing event in a nation already suffering from increasing sectional tensions centering on the issue of slavery. This cartoon of a slaveowner arming his slaves to fight against Brown reflects the artist's view that outside attacks on the South united whites and blacks in defense of the region.

Strother was a native Virginian known for his colorful tales and sketches of rural life in the South and West, published primarily in Harper's Monthly. Although a firm opponent of secession (and a Unionist during the Civil War), his family included many slaveowners and he adamantly opposed abolitionism. Strother was also related to the special prosecutor at John Brown's trial, Andrew Hunter, and was therefore allowed to accompany Hunter and Governor Henry Wise as they interviewed Brown. Aware of the importance of language in influencing readers' impressions, Strother labeled Brown and his men "outlaws" and the incident an "invasion," rather than "insurgents" and "insurrection" as many reporters had done. He understood that the term "insurrection" still resonated with the legitimacy of the American Revolution and implied a local (slave) rebellion against unjust rule.

http://www.harpweek.com/09Cartoon/RelatedCartoon.asp?Month=November&Date=19





Extension Activities: Use the thematic thread of Examining Desperate and Deliberate Lives to compare many pivotal "rights" struggles in the US:

Civil Rights:

- Martin Luther King, Jr and Malcolm X's responses to Civil Rights Era (1954-1968).
- Compare contemporary movements such as Black Lives Matter (<u>http://blacklivesmatter.com/guiding-principles/</u>), Moveon.org (<u>https://front.moveon.org/about/#.WXYx2oTyvIU</u>) and Eric Foner's Dec 2014 article in *The Nation:* <u>https://www.thenation.com/article/teaching-the-history-of-radicalism-in-the-age-of-obama/</u>

Rights of Labor:

• AFL vs Wobblies and CIO (eventual merger of AFL-CIO: http://www.socialstudieshelp.com/eco_unionization.htm

Women's Rights

- US Suffragette Movement
 <u>http://nvdatabase.swarthmore.edu/content/us-national-womans-party-campaigns-suffrage-1914
 -1920
 </u>
- Women's Rights Movement
 <u>http://serious-science.org/feminism-in-the-us-from-sojourner-truth-to-ruth-bader-ginzburg-6992</u>

Agatha Wozniak

Being awake, aware, and alive

Intro Unit - Who Am I?

Objectives

- Explain what it means to "be awake" and what parts of society might hinder this.
- Describe how a person can live deliberately.
- Explain how we can stop to notice the "right now".
- Explain how family, society, and culture influence who you are.
- Explain what your community is and how it impacts who you are.
- Describe who you are to the best of your ability.

Essential Questions

- Who are we and what do we want out of life?
- What influences determine who you are?
- What people and influences that cross your path do you notice? Why?
- What is your community?
- What does it mean to to "be awake"? How does this relate to society? To nature?
- What elements of society make you feel sleepy? Awake?
- What distracts you from being awake?
- How can we stop to notice what's around us right now?
- How can we "live deliberately"?

Materials Needed

Walden, "Economy" *Walden*, "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For"

Lesson 1 - Who are you, influences, community

- 1) Start by having students reflect on the question "Who are you" by asking them to think of and write down their earliest memory.
 - a) Have them consider their place in the world at that time -- who were they at that moment? Who was with them? What were they doing? Are those people still with them? Are they still doing the same thing?
 - b) Have students volunteer to share their memories and reflections on who they were then.
- 2) Then have the students draw who they believe they are now using any symbols or images they feel is appropriate. Have them write a reflection on why they believe these images represent them. Are most of the symbols material objects? Who or what has influenced them to become what they are today? Why do they feel they were influenced by this? Could they have resisted if they wanted to? Did they?

- a) Have students volunteer to share their drawings and reflections. Discuss how might their drawings of themselves change if they knew they had to share their image? Or if they knew it was 100% private? Why is this?
- 3) As a class, create a list of influences the students have on their lives. Ask students to consider what impact those people who they might encounter in their daily lives, but are "invisible" to them.
 - a) After, group them into categories, such as family, society, and culture. Are we all really just a collection of ideas and experiences? Can we really even define ourselves?
 - b) Have students reflect on the question "how can you discover who you really are?".With a partner, have them brainstorm answers. Then, have the pairs also define who their community is.
 - c) Share answers as a class and create a definition for community -- each student may have a different response. How much are they reliant on their individual community?
- 4) Have each student draw their community -- people, places, etc -- and arranged them on a wall to create a collage.
- 5) Finish with the students writing a reflection on the collage -- how does their community fit into the larger class community? Where are there overlaps? How much does their community impact others in the classroom? Do they feel like they are an authority on their community?

Lesson 2 - Awake, Society, sleepiness vs. wakefulness

- 1) "To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake...We must learn to reawaken and to keep ourselves awake, not by mechanical aids, but by an infinite expectation of the dawn, which does not forsake us in our soundest sleep. I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by conscious endeavor." (*Walden*, "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For")
 - a) Ask students to explain what they believe it means to be "awake" remind them to consider what influences they experience on a daily basis.
- 2) Now, ask them to explain what they believe it means to "live deliberately"?
 - a) Create a working definition for both using student responses being sure to emphasize the need to live in every moment, in the present moment, the right now.
- 3) To emphasize living in the present moment and being aware, have the students again take a few minutes to think about who they are by having them "account for their lives". Use Thoreau's accounting of his life in *Walden*, "Economy" as an example for the students. Using the day before, have each student create a list of everything they used or did the day before that required money. This can include a cell phone bill, lunch, gas for the car, shampoo, clothing, etc. Have the students tally up the total amount and reflect on the below questions in their notes. Share in class.

- a) Does the amount surprise you? Does everything you spent money on have value to you? Where did you choose to stop accounting for spending - ie: is saying you used \$.5 of shampoo going too far? Does it matter how much you spend?
- 6) Have students consider in pairs the Thoreau quotes: "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation" (*Walden*) and "There is no more fatal blunderer than he who consumes the greater part of his life getting his living." ("Life Without Principle")
 - a) What do these mean?
 - b) How would these quotes relate to the previous activity?
 - c) Does everything we spend money on add value and awaken us or does it only serve to distract us from from people, nature, the world?
- 7) Take the students outside for a walk to a quiet, forested area (or just a quiet place somewhere other than the classroom). Have them sit quietly and just listen for a minute or a two, then write down what they notice see, hear, touch.
 - a) Have the students share what they observed, without the distractions of modernity.
 - b) Then, have them sit and reflect on their day. Where do you usually go when you have to reflect? What new thing did they notice? What was the effect?
- 8) Have the students consider what distracts them from being awake. Is it only items from the previous list or is there more than that? What role does society/family/culture/community have on either helping awaken or distract them?
- 9) Finally, have the students discuss in groups what they could do that would lessen the distractions. Have them consider the following quotes as part of their reflection process. Students could create short "how to" guides or a pamphlet on how to be more awake and alive on a daily basis.
 - a) "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived." (*Walden*)
 - b) "A man sees only what concerns him. A botanist absorbed in the study of grasses does not distinguish the grandest pasture of oaks. He, as it were, tramples down oaks unwittingly in his walk or at most sees only their shadows." ("Autumnal Ties")

Thoreau as Engineer

Grades 5 and 6

Understanding: Students will understand how Thoreau used inquiry, data collection, and engineering ideas. Students will understand the engineering process of inquiry, design, test, and revise.

Objective: Students will be able to use the inquiry process. Students will be able to revise their work based on feedback.

Lesson 1 – Mapping Walden

Materials: Photos and maps of Walden Pond, paper, pencils, rulers, other tools as needed by students.

-Begin by showing photos of Walden Pond and telling the story of Thoreau and how he lived there.

-Tell that Thoreau wanted to know the shape of the pond under the water. How could he figure it out?

-Divide students into groups. Each group should come up with a plan for how they will measure the shape of the pond under the water.

-Have each group present their plan. Other groups should ask them questions.

-Help students look for flaws in their plans. How will they fix these problems?

-Students revise plans.

-Students present revised plans.

Lesson 2 – Improving the Pencil

-Tell students about how Thoreau's family owned a pencil factory and Thoreau helped make a better pencil.

-Challenge students to work in teams and think of a way to improve a plain pencil. They should create a plan.

-Students present plans. Other students ask them questions about the plan.

-Help students look for flaws in their plans. How will they solve these problems?

-Students revise plans.

-After they have revised their plans, students use any materials available to them to create their improved pencil.

-Students devise a way to test their pencils compared with a plain pencil. How successful were they?

-Students present their improved pencils, show how it fared in their tests, and suggest what they would do differently if they continued to improve the pencil.