
Literary Reading: An Author Study on the Reliability of the Narrators in Edgar Allan Poe Middle School, 8th Grade

Project READI Technical Report CM #6

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WestEd The WestEd logo features the word "WestEd" in a blue serif font next to a green circular graphic divided into four quadrants.

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Project READI operated as a multi-institution collaboration among the Learning Sciences Research Institute, University of Illinois at Chicago; Northern Illinois University; Northwestern University; WestEd's Strategic Literacy Initiative; and Inquirium, LLC. Project READI developed and researched interventions in collaboration with classroom teachers that were designed to improve reading comprehension through argumentation from multiple sources in literature, history, and the sciences appropriate for adolescent learners. Curriculum materials such as those in this module were developed based on enacted instruction and are intended as case examples of the READI approach to deep and meaningful disciplinary literacy and learning.

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Objective of Module: Using Criteria to Establish & Advance Claims Regarding Narrator Reliability

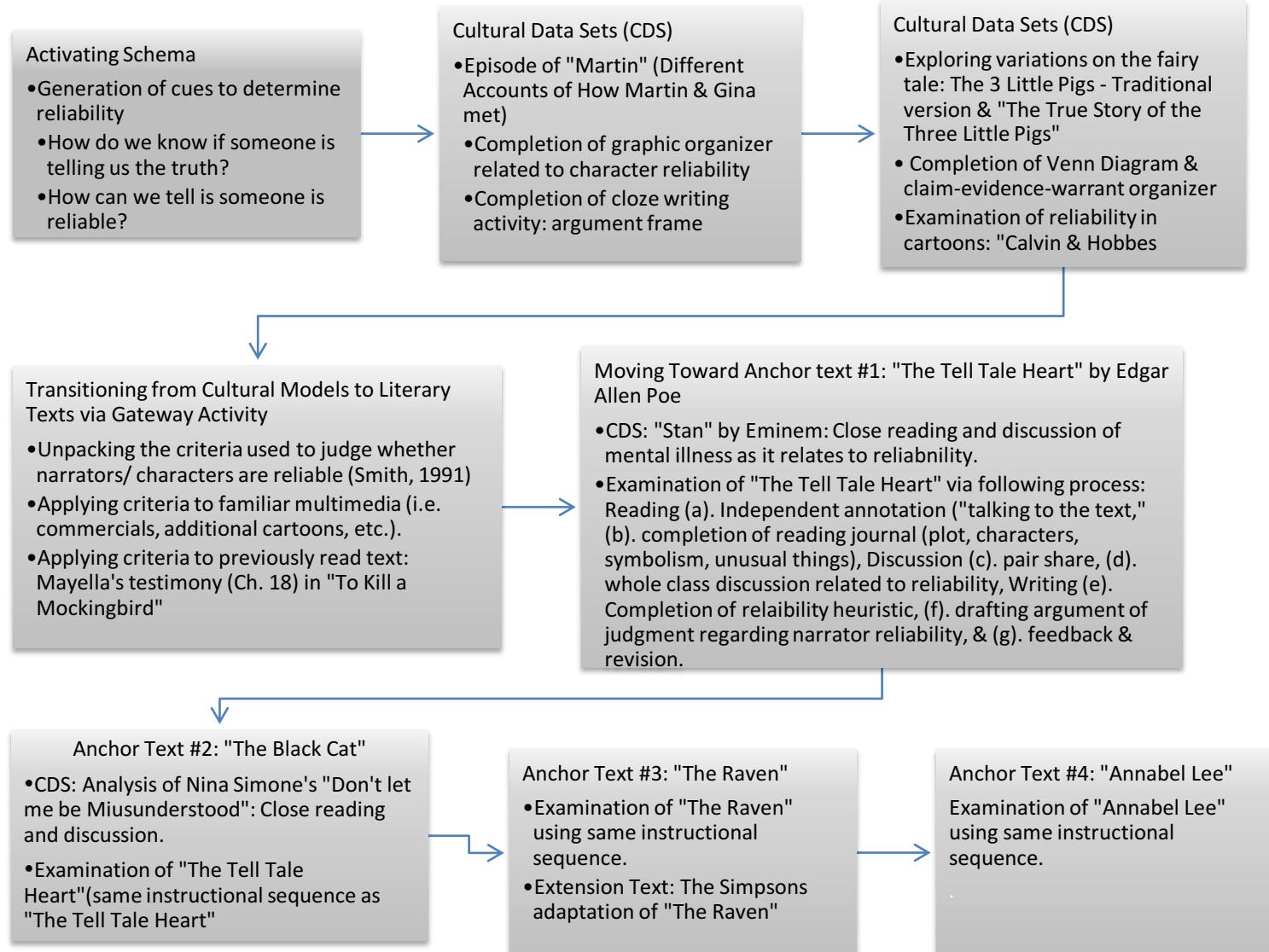
Setting the Stage	Interpretive Practices	Argument
<ul style="list-style-type: none">•Activating Schema: Cues to Recognize Another's Reliability (Trustworthiness)•Cultural Data Sets:•Is the narrator/character reliable?•How do you know?	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Applying Criteria Associated with Narrator Reliability (Smith, 1991)• Instructional Routines: Making Thinking Visible and Reading Through the Lens of Reliability• Dialogic Interaction: Pair-Share• Interpretation as Dynamic Interaction Between Reader and Text	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Sentence and Paragraph Frames to Support Composition of Argument• Argument of Judgment (Oral and Written)• Role of Warrants in Elevating Argument• Inclusion of Multiple Pieces of Evidence to Support Claim• Acknowledgment of Counterclaim

*This is the overarching module objective. All designed modules are guided by the six interrelated learning objective below.

Literature Learning Objectives

- 1 Engage in close reading of literary texts to construct interpretations
- 2 Synthesize within and across literary texts to construct generalizations about theme, characterization, structure, and language
- 3 Construct claim-evidence relations based on evidence from texts, reader's experiences, other texts, and literary constructs
- 4 Establish criteria for judging interpretations of theme
- 5 Develop structural and thematic interpretations derived from general knowledge of literary conventions and genre structures
- 6 Demonstrate understanding that literary interpretation is based on an open dialogue between texts and readers

Sequence for Reliability of Narrators in Edgar Allen Poe's Work



Unreliable Narrator Unit

An Author Study on the Reliability of the Narrators in Edgar Allan Poe

Rationale: The rationale for this unit of study is to deepen and strengthen students' meta-cognitive abilities when examining and analyzing complex texts. In order to become meta-cognitive readers, Baker and Brown (1984) recognize students to build: "an awareness of what skills, strategies & resources are needed to perform a task efficiently; and the ability to use self-regulatory mechanisms to ensure successful completion of the task (22). Students have already been instructed on explicit strategies that "good" readers employ when making meaning with regards to complex texts. These strategies include, but are not limited to: summarizing, questioning, clarifying, predicting/inferring, as well as a variety of clean up strategies when comprehension breaks down (i.e. re-reading, identifying and defining unfamiliar vocabulary, sourcing the struggle, isolating subject and verb of a complex sentence frame, etc). Research has shown the explicit instruction of specific routines and skills are requisite in order to facilitate optimal performance in terms of students' reading comprehension.

As a practical application, this unit has been designed to help students recognize the rule of the interpretive game as it relates to a determination of whether or not a narrator (or character for that matter) can be considered reliable. Students will be introduced to the notion of unreliability via artifacts that are intended to activate students' background knowledge and schema. Drawing on the work of Carol Lee, "the aim of cultural modeling is to facilitate students' learning generative concepts in academic subject matters by helping them to make connections between the target knowledge and forms of knowledge they have constructed from their home and community experiences" (4). Within this construct, the alignment of academic task and everyday practices of students are integral. In order to give voice for students to disclose their own experiences, cultural models were developed as a result of an inquiry-based approach, where students informed the selection of materials used for the opening sequence of activities to launch the unit (i.e. an episode of "Martin," the "Boondocks" cartoon, and the "True Story of the Three Pigs").

In the selection of materials for the transition to academic texts, it was felt an author study of Edgar Allan Poe would afford students multiple opportunities to apply the construct of unreliable narrator in such a way as to promote intertextuality. Given the complexity of reading level, using texts by Poe also lent themselves to similarity in language structure, theme, and literary devices, as well as a dramatized first person narrative perspective. Given that reality, applying the criteria of unreliability seems to be a medium by which the texts can be organized. Narrators are considered unreliable (or reliable, for that matter) by the appropriation of six criteria as cited by Michael Smith* (1991): Self-Interest, Experience, Knowledge, Morality, Emotionality, and Inconsistency.

Essential Question: How important is recognizing the reliability of a narrator or character in a narrative text? What does an evaluation of one's reliability tell us about the world? How can we apply the cues of reliability to make more informed decisions as 'consumers' in the world?

* Smith, M.W. (1991). Understanding unreliable narrators: Reading between the lines in the literature classroom. *Theory and Research into Practice*. NCTE.

Strategies for Differentiation

In order to promote access to these goals, thoughtful differentiation of instruction must take place in order to ensure all students are gaining access to the content with an ability to deliver on the instructional and curricular goals. To that end, the following strategies will be employed across this unit as a measure to insure all students are met, in terms of their varied learning needs.

- The use of cultural data sets will activate students' prior knowledge and present various media forms, intended to support visual learners. These multi media exemplars include: television show clips, picture books of familiar fairy tales, and cartoons. Nothing motivates like success, and as a result of these suite of activities, students will feel a sense of empowerment, which will be used as the foundation to generate the criteria for unreliability, as well as to persist when the text complexity increases.
- Scaffolded instruction, including the chunking of texts, the ability to use dictionaries and assistive technology (i.e. smart phone dictionaries) while reading. Additionally, a gradual release of responsibility will be employed to empower students to take more control of the unit as it progresses, including the maintenance of shared inquiry discussions and control of the annotative processes.
- Pair-share as a measure to promote 'accountable talk', grouping students heterogeneously to how they've progressed within a given chunk of the text. [Students will be spot-graded on the annotations they've created, with a score ranging from 1: novice, 2: apprentice, and 3: expert. This will create opportunities for more direct instruction and facilitated small group work with struggling readers. Other students will be audio taped so their conversations can be analyzed, affording timely and formative feedback on areas of strength and opportunity.
- The use of graphic organizers to document thinking according to the criteria of reliability mentioned above.
- The use of interactive technology, in the form of iPoe, an interactive iPad application, which supports comprehension of the text through embodied cognition (i.e. students ability to manipulate the text and visual features to implicate themselves in the story) as well as strong visuals.
- Flexible, small groups to provide an opportunity to "test out" their hypotheses regarding the narrator's reliability, before transitioning to a written draft.
- Individualized feedback designed to strengthen students' written argumentative essays.
- The delivery of biographical information of Edgar Allan Poe, in both written and media form, as a way to support auditory and visual learners.

DAY 1:

Overview:

- Introduce the cues we as readers use in determining whether or not to trust the narrator/characters in a text, using cultural data sets (various media).

Common Core Standards Alignment:

Reading Literature 8.1: Cite the textual evidence that most strongly supports an analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text.

Reading Literature 8.3: Analyze how particular lines of dialogue or incidents in a story or drama propel the action, reveal aspects of a character, or provoke a decision.

Reading Literature 8.6: Analyze how differences in point of view of the characters and the audience or reader create such effects as suspense or humor.

Writing 8.1: Write arguments to support claims with clear reasons and relevant evidence.

- a. Introduce claim(s), acknowledge and distinguish the claim(s) from alternate or opposing claims, and organize the reasons and evidence logically.
- b. Support claim(s) with logical reasoning and relevant evidence, using accurate, credible sources and demonstrating an understanding of the topic or text.
- c. Use words, phrases, and clauses to create cohesion and clarify the relationships among claim(s), counterclaims, reasons, and evidence.
- d. Establish and maintain a formal style.
- e. Provide a concluding statement or section that follows from and supports the argument presented.

Speaking and Listening: 8.1; Speaking and Listening: 8.3; Speaking and Listening: 8.4

Objectives:

- Students will generate the cues that help them determine whether or not a character is reliable.
- Students will complete the closed writing activity regarding character reliability, in order to see how an argument should be constructed (claim, evidence, reasoning, and backing/warrant).

Assessment:

- Students' generated list about cues that the characters in the Martin episode:
(Do You Remember the Time, Season 2, episode 1) may not be telling the entire truth.
- Students' completion of argument frame

Guiding Questions:

- How do you know when someone is lying?
- How important is "truth"?

Texts/Materials

- Video of Martin episode via you tube (2 parts)
- <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IHVgYnjpRz4> and <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vgi5uyf8jNY&feature=relmfu>
- Student-generated list of cues for unreliability (chart paper)
- Paragraph Frame (See attached Activity D1.a)

Sequence of activities

Unit Design and Reflection Template

WHAT WE DESIGNED		RATIONALE (Why we designed it this way? Includes text(s), sequence, tasks)	INTENDED OUTCOMES (What will students learn? what will they do?)	REFLECTION: (<i>What happened? Expected? Unexpected? What worked as anticipated and how do you know? What did not work as anticipated and how do you know? What would you change and why?</i>)
Teacher Activities	Student Activities			
LAUNCH: In life, we have way a variety of strategies/ways to determine if someone is telling us the truth...can anyone tell me what some of those cues are?	Students will volunteer cues, which will be charted on the paper, How do we know if someone is telling us the truth? How can we tell if someone is reliable?	Intended to activate prior knowledge and provide a launching point for exploration of unreliable narrator.	Students may volunteer a limited amount of criteria, including body language, if they are caught lying, and exaggeration, but I do not anticipate them bringing up any of the criteria by Smith (1991)	

<p>Set up Martin episode. Explain we are not watching this program the same way we do when at home, but rather to analyze to see which characters we can trust. Provide multiple examples of how to complete template, using example provided, and any additional as needed.</p>	<p>As they watch the Martin episode, students will find specific examples that deal with issues of reliability, and try to categorize them, based on their self-generated list. They will record them on a template that has been provided. Upon completion, students will have the opportunity to work in pairs, sharing their thinking.</p>	<p>This is a cultural data set, intended for them to reveal the processes they are adept at using in determining whom to trust. Additionally, the characters each provide their own version, or narration of events, which makes a powerful exemplar to tease out the difference between narrator and character.</p>	<p>Students will begin to organize their thinking around reliability in terms of categories, which will enable them to construct more sound/logical arguments.</p>	
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<p>Now that you have collected a list of examples related to the reliability of these characters, choose one (from Martin, Gina, or Tommy) and we are going to use this paragraph frame to organize our thinking.</p> <p>We have all been writing arguments for time, and at this point, I am really interested in your ability to construct sound and logical arguments. This activity is intended for me to see which components of argument you have mastered, and which components require additional instruction. Using this argument frame will allow me to see how strong your argumentation has become, while not being so concerned with how you craft sentences.</p>	<p>Students will fill in the blanks, according to the requested criteria. Students will complete the activity in class, so that I can circulate and address any questions/uncertainty that arises, since this type of template is unfamiliar.</p>	<p>I have opted to use a paragraph frame in order to inform my instruction. Sometimes, the task of teasing out the elements of the argument can be challenging as the teacher, due to the students' inability to construct grammatically correct sentences, as well as the misplacement of argument components (placing reasoning before evidence). I am thinking this will really allow me to see who has internalized the structure of an argument, independent of their proficiency as a writer, in terms of craft.</p>	<p>I hope students begin to clearly see the anatomy of an argument, with writing that reflects the aforementioned. [For example, Martin is exaggerating when he remembers himself as a the type of man whom women gravitate towards (i.e. the character archetype better known as the “mac daddy”). In the clip, Pam passes out when Martin touches her chin, and Gina literally glides across the floor, as if Martin is a lady magnet, etc...]. I am hoping this will assist students in developing warrants to generalize their thinking to the larger world.</p>	
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<p>Today, I am going to select some students to share their argument frame with the class. As you listen to the arguments, please provide students with strengths and areas of opportunity for revision. Everyone will revise his or her arguments to provide a final draft. I expect everyone to think about the feedback and see if it applies to their own writing as well.</p>	<p>Students will go to document camera, read argument, and document feedback on post-it notes, from both peers and teachers. In addition, students will share their opinion regarding the use of the template and its utility.</p>	<p>Peer-to-peer conferencing will transfer the ownership of delivering feedback regarding writing to the students. Also, I know that since writing is a focus of this unit, that multiple opportunities must be created for the students to improve their writing, within the context of a single task, as well as across tasks.</p>	<p>I have done numerous one-to-one conferences and this provides an opportunity to see what they have learned about what makes for high-quality writing. I expect them to demonstrate that they have ownership of the structure of a persuasive argument.</p>	
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DAY 2:

Overview:

- Continue to examine the cues we as readers use in determining whether or not to trust the narrator/characters in a text, using cultural data sets (various media).

Common Core Standards Alignment:

Reading Literature 8.1: Cite the textual evidence that most strongly supports an analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text.

Reading Literature 8.3: Analyze how particular lines of dialogue or incidents in a story or drama propel the action, reveal aspects of a character, or provoke a decision.

Reading Literature 8.5: Compare and contrast the structure of two or more texts and analyze how the differing structure of each text contributes to its meaning and style.

Reading Literature 8.6: Analyze how differences in point of view of the characters and the audience or reader create such effects as suspense or humor.

Writing 8.1: Write arguments to support claims with clear reasons and relevant evidence.

- Introduce claim(s), acknowledge and distinguish the claim(s) from alternate or opposing claims, and organize the reasons and evidence logically.
- Support claim(s) with logical reasoning and relevant evidence, using accurate, credible sources and demonstrating an understanding of the topic or text.
- Use words, phrases, and clauses to create cohesion and clarify the relationships among claim(s), counterclaims, reasons, and evidence.
- Establish and maintain a formal style.
- Provide a concluding statement or section that follows from and supports the argument presented.

Speaking and Listening: 8.1; Speaking and Listening: 8.3; Speaking and Listening: 8.4

Objectives:

- Students will use the generated cues of reliability in order to help them determine the truth with examining differing texts on the same issue (the story of the three little pigs)
- Students will generate basic claims regarding narrator/character reliability, backing them up with textual evidence and warrants.

Assessment:

- Students' generated list about cues that the wolf may have not been honest in his retelling of events in the story, *The Three Little Pigs*.
- Students' writing of basic argument.

Guiding Questions:

- How do you know when someone is lying?
- How important is "truth"?
- Do we believe the wolf's version of the story?

Texts/Materials

- Copy of the text, *The True Story of the Three Little Pigs* - Jon Scieszka, 1989. (See attached Activity D2.a)
- Student-generated list of cues for unreliability
- Venn Diagram: Who's Got the truth: The Wolf or the Pigs? (student generated)
- C-E-W template Is the Wolf telling the Truth? (See attached Activity D2.b)

Sequence of activities

Unit Design and Reflection Template

WHAT WE DESIGNED		RATIONALE (Why we designed it this way? Includes text(s), sequence, tasks)	INTENDED OUTCOMES (What will students learn? what will they do?)	REFLECTION: (What happened? Expected? Unexpected? What worked as anticipated and how do you know? What did not work as anticipated and how do you know? What would you change and why?)
Teacher Activities	Student Activities			

<p>Today as we continue to examine how we know when someone is telling the truth, or being reliable, we will transition to texts. I am going to read the Three Little Pigs, a story I am sure we are all familiar with. {At some point during the read aloud, ask the students: Who is telling the story here? [Important as a distinction between narrator and character].</p>	<p>Upon completion of the read-aloud of the traditional telling of the story, students will fill out the Venn Diagram documenting the events, according to the narrator's perspective of the events.</p>	<p>This activity is part of the cultural data set intended for students to reveal what they know about different people giving their version of a common story. There is an inherent compare/contrast that comes with stories told from multiple perspectives. Determining reliability will really be an issue of weighing each side against the other, and making judgments based on who presents as more reliable. This is a process they have much experience with in their everyday lives.</p>	<p>I want students to begin to see their perceived reliability of the pigs is based on the fact that its narrated (no self-interest at play), and that they are more familiar with this version of events (familiarity breeds reliability).</p>	
<p>Now read the wolf's version of the events. As you read, please annotate, documenting your thinking about the reliability of this narrator [the wolf] based on the criteria you have generated from thus far. When you finish, complete the Venn diagram, documenting the truth, from the wolf's side.</p>	<p>Students will be given the text and independently annotate, according to the directions provided. I will circulate to address questions/concerns that arise.</p>	<p>Navigating the activity in this manner gives students ownership of meaning-making process, as it relates to reliability, with an accessible text. In other words, it provides practice with the new lens of annotation with a text they can read independently.</p>	<p>Students should begin to notice the inconsistencies in the wolf's story, his self-interest, which I hope will help them in developing warrants which prove the wolf's perspective is unreliable.</p>	

<p>Now that you have completed both sides of the Venn diagram, find places where both versions of the story are corroborated (i.e. the sequence is the same, in that first the wolf visits the pig's house made of straw, then sticks, then finally bricks). When you finish, move on to the page entitled: "Is the Wolf Telling the Truth?" and complete the template. You will develop claims regarding the wolf's reliability, and look for textual evidence to support your thinking. Your reasoning will come in the way of warrants. Remember, warrants are commonsense rules you accept to be true. Approaching the reasoning in this way will help you in determining whether or not the wolf can be trusted.</p>	<p>Students will find commonalities between the two versions of the story, and brainstorm how to assemble an argument to determine reliability.</p>	<p>Thinking about how the aspects of the story that corroborate one another will help the students isolate the differences. Additionally, the C-E-W template is more akin to what students have worked with in the construction of arguments in the past.</p>	<p>My hope is that students will be able to develop arguments that are more sound and valid, based on the work in the previous day's lesson. Taking additional time to isolate the components of the argument should help students as they transition to more independent writing of argument.</p>	
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DAY 3: THIS LESSON WAS NOT ORIGINALLY A PART OF THE SEQUENCE. IT WAS INSERTED/CREATED IN RESPONSE TO STUDENTS SHARING THEIR DIFFICULTY IN COMPLETING THE C-E-W CHAIN, REGARDING THE WOLF'S RELIABILITY.

Overview:

- Explore how warranting can help the reader determine reliability, and the role of backing in order to substantiate the warrant, and strengthen the quality of the argument.

Objectives:

- Students will examine various methods to develop warrants regarding the wolf's reliability.
- Students will draft an essay [in class] regarding the wolf's reliability, using the C-E-W template they created, as well as the feedback from our class discussion.

Common Core Standards Alignment:

Reading Literature 8.1: Cite the textual evidence that most strongly supports an analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text.

Reading Literature 8.3: Analyze how particular lines of dialogue or incidents in a story or drama propel the action, reveal aspects of a character, or provoke a decision.

Reading Literature 8.5: Compare and contrast the structure of two or more texts and analyze how the differing structure of each text contributes to its meaning and style.

Reading Literature 8.6: Analyze how differences in point of view of the characters and the audience or reader create such effects as suspense or humor.

Writing 8.1: Write arguments to support claims with clear reasons and relevant evidence.

- a. Introduce claim(s), acknowledge and distinguish the claim(s) from alternate or opposing claims, and organize the reasons and evidence logically.
- b. Support claim(s) with logical reasoning and relevant evidence, using accurate, credible sources and demonstrating an understanding of the topic or text.
- c. Use words, phrases, and clauses to create cohesion and clarify the relationships among claim(s), counterclaims, reasons, and evidence.
- d. Establish and maintain a formal style.
- e. Provide a concluding statement or section that follows from and supports the argument presented.

Speaking and Listening: 8.1; Speaking and Listening: 8.3; Speaking and Listening: 8.4

Assessment:

- Students will produce an on-demand essay addressing the following: Is the Wolf Telling the Truth?

Guiding Questions:

- Do we believe the wolf's version of the story: why or why not?
- How do commonsense rules and things we generally accept to be true help us in determining truth?

Texts/Materials

- Copy of the text, *The True Story of the Three Little Pigs* (Activity D2.a)
- Student-generated list of cues for unreliability
- Venn Diagram: Who's Got the truth: The Wolf or the Pigs? (student generated)
- C-E-W template Is the Wolf telling the Truth? (Activity D2.b)

Sequence of activities

Unit Design and Reflection Template

WHAT WE DESIGNED		RATIONALE (Why we designed it this way? Includes text(s), sequence, tasks)	INTENDED OUTCOMES (What will students learn? what will they do?)	REFLECTION: (<i>What happened? Expected? Unexpected? What worked as anticipated and how do you know? What did not work as anticipated and how do you know? What would you change and why?</i>)
Teacher Activities	Student Activities			
Through some conversations, I have discovered many of you are struggling with completing the C-E-W template. Specifically, you are having some trouble with coming up with the warrants. How about we take a look at some of the warrants you are making regarding the wolf's reliability. First, tell me the claim you are making, so we can think about the warrants you are using.	Students will provide warrants, prefaced by claims, and as a class we will work through the C-E-W process.	Student feedback suggested the pacing was too quick, and more time was needed to flesh out the following question: Do we believe the wolf's version of story? Additionally, students have not developed mastery (from previous instruction) in generating warrants.	Students will understand that warranting can be related to a literal interpretation of the text (i.e. When someone is telling the story from a 1 st person perspective, they usually are biased, making themselves appear to be more honest than they usually are or generally speaking even strong sneezes cannot knock down a house made of sticks) as well as warrants that relate to students' knowledge of wolves (i.e. wolves are carnivorous, predatory animals. It is highly unlikely that a wolf would not actively hunt a smaller animal, such as a pig.)	

<p>Now that we've really dived deep into this idea of warranting, I'd like you to write an essay, using your C-E-W template, as well as what you've gathered from our discussion, in order to write an essay where you address the question: Is the Wolf Telling the Truth?</p>	<p>Students will have 35-40 minutes to independently write an essay addressing the topic.</p>	<p>In class, on-demand writing is the best indication of what students can do independently. Since writing is a focus of the unit, I know there needs to be multiple opportunities to write and developing their thinking. Also, I chose to have the assignment due by the end of class in order to see how their argument writing has progressed, and what elements of instruction they're incorporating into their writing. Finally, I wanted to limit the potential for outside assistance and an excessive amount of time to draft the essay.</p>	<p>I hope to see a marked difference in the caliber of warrants, and the backings associated with the construction of those warrants.</p>	
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DAY 4:

Overview:

- Introduce the process (evaluate reliability, check facts of the situation, and apply knowledge of the world) and criteria (self-interest, experience, knowledge, morality, emotionality, & consistency) in order to determine narrator/character reliability.

Objectives:

- Students will understand the process they used to determine reliability could be applied to texts, and begin to negotiate the cues that help readers inform their notion of reliability.

Common Core Standards Alignment:

Reading Literature 8.1: Cite the textual evidence that most strongly supports an analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text.

Reading Literature 8.3: Analyze how particular lines of dialogue or incidents in a story or drama propel the action, reveal aspects of a character, or provoke a decision.

Reading Literature 8.4: Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in a text, including figurative and connotative meanings; analyze the impact of specific word choices on meaning and tone, including analogies or illusions to other texts.

Reading Literature 8.6: Analyze how differences in point of view of the characters and the audience or reader create such effects as suspense or humor.

Writing 8.10: Write routinely over extended time frames and shorter time frames for a range of discipline-specific tasks, purposes and audiences.

Speaking and Listening: 8.1; Speaking and Listening: 8.3; Speaking and Listening: 8.4

Assessment:

- Students' completed annotations of the Calvin & Hobbes cartoon, complete with responses to the two questions: Does Calvin like Susie Derkins? And how do we know that Calvin doesn't really want Susie to suffer a 'debilitating brain aneurysm'?
- Students' exit slip with appropriation of criteria used to determine reliability, in regards to Mac vs. PC commercial.
- Students' completed annotations of the Boondocks comic strip, and appropriation of criterion to determine reliability.

Guiding Questions:

- What makes a character unreliable?
- How do you know when someone is telling the truth?
- What does the truth telling of the character say about him/her (in terms of an individual, his/her world-view and human-nature)?

Texts/Materials

- *Calvin and Hobbes* cartoon (Bill Waterson, 1985). (See attached Activity D4.a)
- Template*: Hints From the Text: Ways to Judge Whether a Narrator/Character is Reliable? (See attached Activity D4.b)
(*Adapted from Smith, M.W. (1991). Understanding unreliable narrators: Reading between the lines in the literature classroom. *Theory and Research into Practice*. NCTE)
- Various Mac vs. PC commercials from youtube: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=siSHJfPWxs8>
(Power cord clip, iPhoto photo book [devil vs. angel], & iMovie maker)
- *Boondocks* cartoon (Aaron McGruder, 2004).

Sequence of activities

Unit Design and Reflection Template

WHAT WE DESIGNED		RATIONALE (Why we designed it this way? Includes text(s), sequence, tasks)	INTENDED OUTCOMES (What will students learn? what will they do?)	REFLECTION: (<i>What happened? Expected? Unexpected? What worked as anticipated and how do you know? What did not work as anticipated and how do you know? What would you change and why?</i>)
Teacher Activities	Student Activities			

<p>Today, we are going to taking a look at a Calvin and Hobbes comic strip. I would like you to annotate and be ready to share your thoughts about the cartoon.</p>	<p>Students will annotate cartoon and upon completion will pair-share in order to negotiate meaning. Afterwards, I will ask them what they thought of the cartoon.</p>	<p>As Smith says, students make judgments about people's feelings and character with limited cues to guide them. This cultural data set should reveal the normative thought processes of evaluating reliability and the reconstruction of meaning once they deem a speaker to be unreliable.</p>	<p>I expect that students will make explicit thought processes that fit nicely within the process Smith describes when reconstructing meaning of an unreliable narrator. Students should come away with the feeling that this process is something that occurs daily in their lives.</p>	
<p>Now, working in pairs, answer the following questions: Does Calvin like Susie Derkins? And How do we know that Calvin doesn't really want Susie to suffer a 'debilitating brain aneurysm?' While you're doing this, I want you think about the warrants that you could use to explain your thinking?</p>	<p>Students will have five minutes to discuss questions and document thinking on comic strip. When finished with the questions, I will remind students to begin thinking about warrants, if they have not done so already.</p>	<p>Follows Smith's design</p>	<p>I expect students will be able to figure out that Calvin likes Susie and develop warrants that explain Calvin's behavior?</p>	

<p>I'm going to introduce you to the criteria that you can use to determine narrator/ character reliability. Whenever you encounter a 1st per. narrator, you should evaluate the reliability of the narrator by asking the following:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Does the narrator's self interest make you suspicious of his/her reliability? 2. Is the narrator too emotional to be reliable? 3. Is the narrator sufficiently moral to be reliable? 4. Are the narrator's actions inconsistent with his/her words to make you suspicious of his/her reliability? 5. Is the narrator sufficiently experienced to be reliable? 6. Is the narrator sufficiently knowledgeable to be reliable? 	<p>Students will write down criteria, and we will discuss various examples that highlight or exemplify the category of reliability being discussed. Students will examine their self-generated chart from day #1 to find intersections between Smith's criteria and their own.</p>	<p>I have opted to create scenarios and not use Smith's because I wish to use them as assessment tools later in the unit. I am deferring to the delivery of instruction as dictated in the Smith article to ensure a strong foundation for the literary skillet needed to navigate through this unit.</p>	<p>I expect students will have generated several of the criteria discussed by Smith in their charts from day #1. It seems like self-interest, emotionality, and inconsistency would be most obvious.</p>	
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<p>Now, I'm going to play you a few commercials in the mac vs. pc series. As you watch these commercials, I want you to think about whether or not you find these commercials to be reliable. Use the criteria charts you have been provided with, and if you determine the commercials to be unreliable, write down which category the commercial fits within. As you watch the commercial, also consider who the narrator is, and the purpose of the commercial...in other words, who is the intended audience?</p>	<p>Students will watch the commercials, back to back, in order to get a sense of what the commercials are all about. Afterwards, they will use the post-it note to document the category that fits best. Students will discuss their judgments as a whole class.</p>	<p>These provides practice of the skill and an opportunity to negotiate meaning of Smith's criteria.</p>	<p>Most students will identify the series of commercials as potentially unreliable, due to the promotion of self-interest. I am uncertain as to whether they will find the commercials unreliable, and wonder if the fact that most are pc users will have any bearing on their determination.</p> <p>I anticipate potential mis-appropriation, especially if they are unable to determine who the narrator is of these commercials. Is this obvious...again, I think it may be obvious to mac users, but not necessarily pc users.</p>	
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<p>Here's another cartoon...this example is from the Boondocks. Determine whether or not the narrator is reliable, check your facts, and then apply your knowledge of the world, in order to help you make judgments/develop warrants about this comic. Be sure to use the criteria you have been given in class.</p>	<p>Depending on time, this activity may be completed for homework. If so, students will re-convene and have an opportunity to discuss in pairs what the comic is saying, and then engage in the process of determining reliability.</p>	<p>I opted for this cartoon, because the comic series is a part of the students' cultural data set. It's a bit more challenging, in the sense that students have to recognize that the republican party is the narrator, and with that knowledge the comic can be seen as unreliable due to inconsistency, self-interest and perhaps even lack of knowledge. Also, I believe we will be coming to a crossroads, in terms of how we determine something to be unreliable. There's a tension with how many criteria are evident, and the strength of the evidence within a single criterion. I want this debate to occur within the cultural modeling, as opposed to the 'meat' of the instructional unit (Poe's work).</p>	<p>I hope this activity will generate some critical insight as to the narrator, as well as the motive for the message. I'm anticipating teasing this out may be difficult, but vital as we move forward with the unit, especially in examining the testimony of Mayella Ewell in To Kill a Mockingbird [Mayella is the unreliable character; Scout may/may not be a reliable narrator of the events of the trial]. Some difficulty may be necessary in order for them to understand the issue is not clear-cut.</p>	
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DAY 5-6:

Overview:

- Students will practice applying the criteria of unreliability to a cultural data set.

Common Core Standards Alignment:

Reading Literature 8.1: Cite the textual evidence that most strongly supports an analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text.

Reading Literature 8.3: Analyze how particular lines of dialogue or incidents in a story or drama propel the action, reveal aspects of a character, or provoke a decision.

Writing 8.10: Write routinely over extended time frames and shorter time frames for a range of discipline-specific tasks, purposes and audiences.

Speaking and Listening: 8.1; Speaking and Listening: 8.3; Speaking and Listening: 8.4

Objectives:

- Students will practice annotation related to cues for unreliability and close reading.
- Students will compare character's (Mayella) reliability and worldview with the narrator's (Scout), using the text, To Kill a Mockingbird.
- Determine why authors use unreliable characters and its relation to thematic issues.
- Students will construct an argument, negotiating Mayella Ewell's reliability in the text To Kill a Mockingbird.

Assessment:

- Text annotation
- Completion of "Hint's from the Text: Ways to Judge Whether a Character is Unreliable" Packet [Each category will have its own page].
- Completion of argument determining character reliability.

Guiding Questions:

- What makes a character unreliable? What makes a narrator unreliable?
- How do you know when someone (character as well as narrator) is telling the truth?
- What does the truth telling of the character say about him/her (in terms of an individual, his/her world-view and human-nature)?

Texts/Materials

- Chapter 18: Mayella's Testimony in To Kill a Mockingbird by Harper Lee, 1960. (See attached Activity D5-6.a)
- "Hint's from the Text: Ways to Judge Whether a Character is Unreliable" Packet [Each category has its own page]. (See attached Activity D5-6.b)

Sequence of activities

Unit Design and Reflection Template

WHAT WE DESIGNED	RATIONALE (Why we designed it this way? Includes text(s), sequence, tasks)	INTENDED OUTCOMES (What will students learn? what will they do?)	REFLECTION: (<i>What happened? Expected? Unexpected? What worked as anticipated and how do you know? What did not work as anticipated and how do you know? What would you change and why?</i>)
Teacher Activities	Student Activities		

<p>Instruct students to answer the following question (5 minute quick write): Is it ever okay to lie? If so, in what situations.</p>	<p>Students will draft responses to question on loose-leaf.</p>	<p>This is a gateway activity, intended to have them think more deeply about the nature of lying and why people do it. In the story, “<u>To Kill a Mockingbird</u>, Mayella lies on the stand for a couple of reasons. Although never explicitly stated, she suffers some type of abuse at the hands of her father. Physical abuse seems highly probable. This is not something she wishes to disclose, despite the fact that she almost does. Atticus asks, “I mean, is he good to you, is he easy to get along with?” to which she replies, “He does tollable, ‘cept when—” After looking at her father who straightened himself up in his chair, she retreats. Also, she wishes to conceal the feelings for Tom that she has developed, unacceptable during the 1930’s in the South.</p>	<p>I believe many of my students will justify lying as something that is okay, especially if it protects a friend, or if keeps your personal business from being made public.</p> <p>I am curious to see how many will justify lying, and if they will begin to understand why Mayella lied on the stand, understanding the world Mayella lives in does not recognize domestic violence, or interracial relations. In essence, she is protecting her father and herself from a world that will ridicule, judge, and further ostracize her. Will this make it into the essay...not convinced, but perhaps this activity will assist in that endeavor.</p>	
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<p>Now that we have criteria to determine whether or not a character is unreliable, I would like you to practice applying that criteria to a longer piece of text. Recently, we finished reading <u>To Kill a Mockingbird</u>. While most of our work focused on working through the various themes, understanding how the work balanced aspects of real life and imagined events, and examining how gender is a construction of identity, today we will be looking again at Mayella's testimony and determining her reliability using the criteria we have.</p>	<p>After modeling the first two pages, and documenting the fact that the narrator is really driving our initial impression of Mayella, who quickly becomes overly emotional soon after she begins to speak students will work independently to determine other areas where her reliability comes into question. Students will read the text first, and then complete the graphic organizers. Finally, they will draft an essay answering the following question: Is Mayella Ewell a reliable character? Defend your answer with textual evidence and be sure to explain why Mayella acts the way she does.</p>	<p>This is a cultural data set. I think its important for the students to annotate what parts of the text are narrator driven and which parts are character driven, as it relates to the readers evolving understanding of Mayella. Then transferring to the graphic organizer will give students some type of pre-writing assistance as they craft an argument related to Mayella's reliability and her world view.</p>	<p>Students will experience a fair degree of challenge as they navigate the essay, particularly in determining what Mayella's reliability suggests about her worldview. Direct linkage to the work of warrants and backing will be essential. Effective modeling will be important in the transition from annotating the text to filling out the organizer to highlight this since my students have struggled with the "so what" types of questions in the past. Perhaps this will be more accessible.</p>	
<p>Finally, let's begin to think about the 'so what' of this instruction...in other words, how does an understanding whether or not Mayella is reliable or not help us better understand the world? Said another way, what does what we discovered about Mayella say about the larger world?</p>	<p>Students will participate in a whole class discussion to flesh this idea out a bit. The conversation should be a closing activity, consuming no more than 5-7 minutes of instructional time.</p>	<p>This particular population of students tends to be very practical in their orientation towards learning. They are constantly wondering how the instructional lessons reflect real world applications. This line of questioning will lay the foundation for the types of conclusions I wish to see in the concluding paragraphs of their argumentative essays.</p>	<p>Since this question is iterative, I expect that students will be more emergent in how understanding issues of reliability can assist them in better understanding humanity. Perhaps with this first pass through, they will uncover that Mayella's lack of reliability makes the conviction of Tom Robinson so frustrating and hard to comprehend.</p>	

NOTE: DUE TO AN INABILITY TO SECURE THE iPAD APPS (iPOE), STUDENTS WILL VIEW A SCREENING OF THE BIOGRAPHY OF EDGAR ALLEN POE, VIA <http://www.biography.com/people/edgar-allan-poe-9443160>

Students will take notes, an engage in a shared inquiry discussion comparing and contrasting the text and media versions of the biography.

*Text of “Poe’s Life. Who is Edgar Allen Poe” <https://www.poemuseum> is included with the activities for day 7-10 (see attached Biography_Poe).

DAY 7-10:

Overview:

- Students will engage with “The Tell Tale Heart” by Edgar Allen Poe (1843) in order to determine narrator reliability, and use alternate texts to begin to differentiate between reliable texts and unreliable texts.

Common Core Standards Alignment:

Reading Literature 8.1: Cite the textual evidence that most strongly supports an analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text.

Reading Literature 8.3: Analyze how particular lines of dialogue or incidents in a story or drama propel the action, reveal aspects of a character, or provoke a decision.

Reading Literature 8.4: Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in a text, including figurative and connotative meanings; analyze the impact of specific word choices on meaning and tone, including analogies or illusions to other texts.

Reading Literature 8.6: Analyze how differences in point of view of the characters and the audience or reader create such effects as suspense or humor.

Reading 8.7: Analyze the extent to which a filmed or live production of a story or drama stays faithful to or departs from the text or script, evaluating the choices made by the director or actors.

Writing 8.1: Write arguments to support claims with clear reasons and relevant evidence.

- a. Introduce claim(s), acknowledge and distinguish the claim(s) from alternate or opposing claims, and organize the reasons and evidence logically.
- b. Support claim(s) with logical reasoning and relevant evidence, using accurate, credible sources and demonstrating an understanding of the topic or text.
- c. Use words, phrases, and clauses to create cohesion and clarify the relationships among claim(s), counterclaims, reasons, and evidence.
- d. Establish and maintain a formal style.
- e. Provide a concluding statement or section that follows from and supports the argument presented.

Writing 8.4: Produce clear and coherent writing in which the development, organization, and style are appropriate to task, purpose, and audience.

Writing 8.5: With some guidance and support from peers and adults, develop and strengthen writing as needed by planning, revising, editing, rewriting, or trying a new approach, focusing on how well purpose and audience have been addressed.

Objectives:

- Students will annotate the text, isolating literary cues and tropes for unreliability in more complex literary texts.
- Students will complete the heuristics (following plot, characters, symbolism, unusual things, character map, and unreliability) in order to promote comprehension of the text.
- Students will develop an argument of judgment regarding the reliability of the narrator in “The Tell Tale Heart.”

Assessment:

- Completion of quick write/annotation of “Stan” by Eminem
- Annotation of “The Tell Tale Heart”
- Completion of Heuristics for comprehension
- Completion of argument of judgment regarding reliability of narrator

Guiding Questions:

- What makes a character unreliable? What makes a narrator unreliable?
- How do you know when someone (character as well as narrator) is telling the truth?
- What does the truth telling of the character say about him/her (in terms of an individual, his/her world-view and human-nature)?

Texts/Materials

- Copy of “Stan” lyrics (2000) by Eminem [clean version] (See attached Activity D7-10.a)
- “The Tell Tale Heart” (1843) by Edgar Allen Poe [1 photocopy per student] (See attached Activity 7-10.b)
- “Hint’s from the Text: Ways to Judge Whether a Character is Unreliable” as well as other heuristics (plot, character, symbolism, unusual things, character map) (See Activity D5-6.b for Hints from the Text Chart) (See Activity D7-10.c for heuristics)
- iPoe Volume 1 & 2 [1 iPad per student]

Sequence of activities

Unit Design and Reflection Template

WHAT WE DESIGNED	RATIONALE (Why we designed it this way? Includes text(s), sequence, tasks)	INTENDED OUTCOMES (What will students learn? what will they do?)	REFLECTION: (What happened? Expected? Unexpected? What worked as anticipated and how do you know? What did not work as anticipated and how do you know? What would you change and why?)
Teacher Activities	Student Activities		

<p>Today I'd like you to consider the following and do a five-minute quick write: Are people that suffer from mental illness reliable? Just so we have a common definition, we will define mental illness as a medical condition that disrupts a person's thinking or feeling, mood or ability to relate to others and perform daily functioning.</p>	<p>Students will respond to question, and then discuss in small groups, 3-4 persons in each group.</p>	<p>This is a gateway activity intended to problematize mental illness. I do not wish students to read Poe and equate "mental illness = unreliability," especially that the text set I've selected deals with mental illness.</p>	<p>It is my hope that most students will recognize that mental illness does determine reliability. I am quite certain they may suggest that the severity of mental illness may influence one's reliability, which to me demonstrates some semblance of nuanced thinking.</p>	
<p>Eminem...famed and acclaimed rapper, wrote a song, "Stan." Let's take a look at the lyrics, and while we do, let's annotate, again being mindful of the difference between narrator and character.</p>	<p>Students will annotate text, and determine who is narrating and who the character is of the song. They will then discuss in pairs the reliability of both.</p>	<p>This is a cultural data set, and I'm using this text here to promote richness/complexity in the discussion regarding mental illness...this will provide a barometer and inform the method in which I handle the other Poe texts.</p>	<p>The intention is that students will determine the narrator (Eminem) is reliable and character (obsessed fan), although disturbed, can be argued as reliable.</p>	

<p>Now, we're going to take a look at one of my favorite authors, Edgar Allen Poe. Provide brief biographical information/context. The process for review will be as follows: read the text slowly...it's challenging, and there are multiple vocabulary words that may require your attention in different ways. Use the annotation process as you have in the past, to document your thinking, ask questions, react, clarify, you know, dialogue with the text. For the rest of the unit, you will be completing these familiar organizers. I know it seems like a lot of work, but trust me, it will help you unpack the text, and will be useful to all of us to better understanding your thinking.</p>	<p>Students will independently read and annotate text. No highlighters will be provided. In addition, students will have a Longman dictionary at their disposal, scattered throughout the room.</p> <p>Students will negotiate the heuristics independently, and if there appears to be struggle/difficulty, then I will pull them into smaller group/whole group briefly for a quick review/modeling session. It's important the work gets done independently within the constraint of the Lang. Arts. block.</p>	<p>This is the process we've been working up to....</p> <p>Students will negotiate the heuristics independently, and if there appears to be struggle/difficulty, then I will pull them into smaller group/whole group briefly for a quick review/modeling session. It's important the work gets done independently within the constraint of the Lang. Arts. block.</p>	<p>I'm excited about introducing my students to the work of Poe, but I'm concerned about stamina, and I question whether or not completing the heuristics from the previous intervention are even salient to this discussion. I disagree with the process, because it will be perceived by students to be redundant, excessive, and it may discourage thoughtful responses. I need to sort out how to use the tape recorders here...This could be a real serious issue, and it concerns me, given the complexity of the text. I would have students annotate on one side for clarification, and the other for reliability, completing the heuristic, "hints from the text." Seems more manageable to me.</p>	
<p>Pair share, followed by whole class discussion. Pair share will focus on discussing ideas/annotations, while the whole class discussion will center more on issues of reliability of the narrator.</p>	<p>Follow discussion in pairs or as guided by teacher.</p>	<p>Unless students have the opportunity to speak about this text multiple times, there will be no comprehension. This is intended to flesh out meaning publicly. I am also planning on using the recorders here to promote accountability and really see what students are doing to negotiate meaning.</p>	<p>I'm not sure what to expect for this part. Hopefully, the annotations have helped, and cleared up any confusion. Hopefully the text despite its challenge contains a central theme or message that is palatable to my students.</p>	

<p>Thanks to one of my students, I have come to discover that there is a wonderful app on the iPad called iPoe. Now the cool thing about this app is that it allows you to interact with the text in a way that makes you feel like you are actually in the story. So, as you examine this app, I want you to take notice of the additional features that are working to support your comprehension and enjoyment of the text. Just as you have documented the visuals that you have created in your mind as you have read, I want you to attend to noticing how the app is different than your experience reading the text. Be prepared to elaborate on affordances and limitations.</p>	<p>Students will independently examine the iPoe app via the iPad. I will facilitate around the room, asking students to share with me the ways in which the app is functioning differently than the text version of the story. I will be asking guiding questions as a means to encourage students to draw comparisons between the visuals they created as they read the text versus the visuals created by the app designer.</p>	<p>Being that I am currently studying the affordances and limitations of technology, I am most excited to have occasion to use this interactive tool. This will be highly motivating for students, and it was designed to follow the actual reading of the text, so students could be held accountable for reading challenging texts, and to facilitate attainment of the Common Core Standards related to how different outlets present adaptations of similar content.</p>	<p>I am certain students will love the experience of interfacing with the iPad, since this more closely authenticates the type of learning students do at home/outside of school. I am hopeful that a dialogue will take place as to how students were able to generate visualizations of the text on their own, and I am hoping some will take a critical stance on the way in which the app's designer's vision of the text is just that: his vision. I want students to acknowledge their own visual processing as well as speculate how Poe may have responded to such an interpretation of his literary works.</p>	
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<p>Now that you've spent such a great deal of time annotating, gathering evidence, and examining the story through multiple avenues of exploration, it's important to have the ability to transfer that thinking to a compelling piece of writing. You will draft an essay, responding to the following: Is the narrator in "The Tell Tale Heart" reliable? Defend your answer with textual evidence and be sure to explain why the narrator acts the way she does. What does this say about his world? What does this say about our world?</p>	<p>Students will complete the task within an extended class period (about 1 – 1 ½ hours). This will serve as the rough draft, and students will have an additional opportunity to complete a final draft, after I have examined the essays and provided feedback/conferences to individuals.</p>	<p>I opted for an individual essay as a means to prepare students for the types of writing that will be required in high school.</p> <p>As an alternative, a paired activity could be substituted to promote completion of the text and a shared negotiation of meaning. Many of my students are reading 1-3 years below grade level, and having this opportunity to work collaboratively could yield a higher caliber of finished product. A determination will be made as the unit unfolds as to which methodology to employ.</p>	<p>I think these essays will surprise me. Given the design of this sequence, and the accountability promoted within the course of the unit, and the class discussion, I hope to really see some thoughtful essays.</p>	
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DAY 11-14:

Overview:

- Students will continue to engage with works by Edgar Allen Poe ("The Black Cat") in order to determine narrator reliability, and use alternate texts to continue to differentiate between reliable texts and unreliable texts, related to issues of mental illness.

Common Core Standards Alignment:

Reading Literature 8.1: Cite the textual evidence that most strongly supports an analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text.

Reading Literature 8.3: Analyze how particular lines of dialogue or incidents in a story or drama propel the action, reveal aspects of a character, or provoke a decision.

Reading Literature 8.4: Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in a text, including figurative and connotative meanings; analyze the impact of specific word choices on meaning and tone, including analogies or illusions to other texts.

Reading Literature 8.6: Analyze how differences in point of view of the characters and the audience or reader create such effects as suspense or humor.

Reading 8.7: Analyze the extent to which a filmed or live production of a story or drama stays faithful to or departs from the text or script, evaluating the choices made by the director or actors.

Writing 8.10: Write routinely over extended time frames and shorter time frames for a range of discipline-specific tasks, purposes and audiences.

Speaking and Listening: 8.1; Speaking and Listening: 8.3; Speaking and Listening: 8.4

Objectives:

- Students will annotate the texts (song and text), isolating literary cues and tropes for unreliability in more complex literary texts.
- Students will complete the heuristics (following plot, characters, symbolism, unusual things, character map, and unreliability) in order to promote comprehension of the text.
- Students will develop an argument of judgment regarding the reliability of the narrator in “The Tell Tale Heart.”

Assessment:

- Completion of “Hints From the Text” heuristic of “Don’t Let Me Be Misunderstood,” sung by Nina Simone
- Annotation of “Black Cat”
- Completion of Heuristics for comprehension of text
- Completion of argument of judgment regarding reliability of narrator

Guiding Questions:

- What makes a character unreliable? What makes a narrator unreliable?
- How do you know when someone (character as well as narrator) is telling the truth?
- What does the truth telling of the character say about him/her (in terms of an individual, his/her world-view and human-nature)?

Texts/Materials

- Copy of song lyrics, “Don’t Let Me Be Misunderstood”, Benjamin, Caldwell & Marcus (1964). Sung by Nina Simone (1964). (See attached Activity D11-14.a)
- “The Black Cat” by Edgar Allan Poe, (1845). [1 photocopy copy per student] (See attached Activity D11-14.b)
- Completion of Heuristics regarding reliability of narrator (see Activity D5-6.b)
- iPoe volume 2 [1 iPad per student]

Sequence of activities

Unit Design and Reflection Template

WHAT WE DESIGNED		RATIONALE (Why we designed it this way? Includes text(s), sequence, tasks)	INTENDED OUTCOMES (What will students learn? what will they do?)	REFLECTION: (What happened? Expected? Unexpected? What worked as anticipated and how do you know? What did not work as anticipated and how do you know? What would you change and why?)
Teacher Activities	Student Activities			“Don’t Let Me Be Misunderstood” and “Stan” will be used as extension activities.
Famed Jazz singer, Nina Simone sang the Animals classic, “Don’t Let me Be Misunderstood.” Again, this song deals with mental illness, and I’d like you to annotate the song, and then fill out the heuristic to determine narrator reliability. Afterwards, we will listen to the song, and I want you to pay close attention to how Simone’s singing style contributes to the tone and mood of the song, and how it embodies the theme of depression.	Students will annotate song, complete heuristic, and then discuss their findings through pair share. They will be recorded as they do so. A class discussion will ensue after the song is played in class in order to	This is a cultural data set, intended to further compound the issue of mental illness, in this case depression.	I am hoping by using the lyrics of both “Stan” and “Don’t Let Me Be Misunderstood” that the unreliability of the narrator in Poe’s work will really be illuminated as extreme.	

<p>The process for review will be as follows: read the text slowly...again, you're still working through Poe's style as a writer, so read slowly and carefully. Use the annotation process as you have in the past, to document your thinking, ask questions, react, clarify, you know, dialogue with the text. For the rest of the unit, you will be completing these familiar organizers. Be diligent in documenting your thinking.</p>	<p>Students will independently read and annotate text. No highlighters will be provided. In addition, students will have a Longman dictionary at their disposal, scattered throughout the room. Students will negotiate the heuristics independently.</p>	<p>Having had the experience of reading a selection by Poe, they should be more familiar with how he constructs language, and the tone and mood of his work, which often complicates understanding.</p>	<p>I expect students to demonstrate a marked ability to unpack the characteristics, which make the narrator unreliable. I expect this to be of high interest to the students.</p>	
<p>Pair share, followed by whole class discussion. Pair share will focus on discussing ideas/annotations, while the whole class discussion will center more on issues of reliability of the narrator.</p>	<p>Follow discussion in pairs or as guided by teacher.</p>	<p>This is intended to flesh out meaning publicly and for students to begin to generalize across the texts of Poe. I am also planning on using the recorders here to promote accountability and really see what students are doing to negotiate meaning.</p>	<p>I presume that given the prior experience with Poe, that students will have more success in unpacking this text, and drawing parallels between the two texts.</p>	
<p>Again, let's take a look at the iPad app and see how the author's vision of the story differs from your own interpretation.</p>	<p>Students will examine the story via iPoe, adding to their annotations and/or heuristics as they interact with the app.</p>	<p>Again, viewing the app will allow students to draw comparisons between multiple versions of the text.</p>	<p>Given this text is more challenging, I am hopeful the app will really fill in the blanks for students, with regards to their comprehension, and propel them forward in the completion of the heuristic for unreliable narrator.</p>	

<p>You will draft an essay, responding to the following: Is the narrator in “The Black Cat” reliable? Defend your answer with textual evidence and be sure to explain why the narrator acts the way she does. What does this say about his world? What does this say about our world?</p>	<p>Students will complete the task independently, within an extended class period (about 1 – 1 ½ hours) and complete the task for homework. This will provide students with an opportunity to really dive in to this piece, given there is no final draft required.</p>	<p>I opted to design the activity in this manner to see how far they’ve come with on-demand writing that provides an additional evening of work. The rationale is to promote independence.</p>	<p>Curious to see if the line between the writers that excel and those that struggle lessons. There seems to be two divisions in my room...those that get it completely, and those that are completely lost. Hopefully, I will document growth, especially for my struggling writers.</p>	<p>Note: Students will engage in a shared-inquiry discussion of “the Black Cat” as the formative assessment, with students being awarded points that will be used to formally assess Speaking and Listening. Students will engage in a meta-cognitive conversation to highlight strengths and areas for further growth.</p>
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DAY 15 -17:

Overview:

- Students will continue to engage with works by Edgar Allen Poe (“The Raven” and “Annabel Lee”) in order to determine narrator reliability.

Common Core Standards Alignment:

Reading Literature 8.1: Cite the textual evidence that most strongly supports an analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text.

Reading Literature 8.3: Analyze how particular lines of dialogue or incidents in a story or drama propel the action, reveal aspects of a character, or provoke a decision.

Reading Literature 8.4: Determine the meaning of words and phrases as they are used in a text, including figurative and connotative meanings; analyze the impact of specific word choices on meaning and tone, including analogies or illusions to other texts.

Reading Literature 8.6: Analyze how differences in point of view of the characters and the audience or reader create such effects as suspense or humor.

Reading 8.7: Analyze the extent to which a filmed or live production of a story or drama stays faithful to or departs from the text or script, evaluating the choices made by the director or actors.

Writing 8.1: Write arguments to support claims with clear reasons and relevant evidence.

- Introduce claim(s), acknowledge and distinguish the claim(s) from alternate or opposing claims, and organize the reasons and evidence logically.
- Support claim(s) with logical reasoning and relevant evidence, using accurate, credible sources and demonstrating an understanding of the topic or text.
- Use words, phrases, and clauses to create cohesion and clarify the relationships among claim(s), counterclaims, reasons, and evidence.
- Establish and maintain a formal style.
- Provide a concluding statement or section that follows from and supports the argument presented.

Writing 8.4: Produce clear and coherent writing in which the development, organization, and style are appropriate to task, purpose, and audience.

Writing 8.5: With some guidance and support from peers and adults, develop and strengthen writing as needed by planning, revising, editing, rewriting, or trying a new approach, focusing on how well purpose and audience have been addressed.

Objectives:

- Students will annotate the poems, isolating literary cues and tropes for unreliability in more complex literary texts.
- Students will complete the heuristics (unreliable narrator) in order to promote comprehension within this dimension of the text.
- Students will develop an argument of judgment regarding the reliability of the narrator in “The Raven.”

Assessment:

- Annotation of “The Raven” and “Annabel Lee”
- Completion of Heuristics for comprehension of text
- Completion of argument of judgment regarding reliability of narrator for “The Raven” and “Annabel Lee”
- Documentation of visuals as a reader of the text.

Guiding Questions:

- What makes a character unreliable? What makes a narrator unreliable?
- How do you know when someone (character as well as narrator) is telling the truth?
- What does the truth telling of the character say about him/her (in terms of an individual, his/her world-view and human-nature)?

Texts/Materials

- “The Raven” (1845) and “Annabel Lee” (1849) by Edgar Allen Poe [1 photocopy copy per student] (See attached Activity D15-17.a; D15-17.b)
- Heuristic for Reliability (See Activity D5-6.b)
- iPoe volume 2 [1 iPad per student]

If time permits, I would like to include poems by Poe, including “The Raven” or “Annabel Lee,” following the same process students have used with the two previous Poe texts. These poems would be incorporated into instruction, as time permits. If time runs short, I am thinking of using it as a final assessment piece, where students are to draw references across Poe’s texts to promote synthesis in this author study.

Provided there is time, the final assessment task would be to produce a synthesized essay regarding the reliability of narrators in Poe’s fiction. This would have to be supplemented with the incorporation of biographical content from Poe’s life and cause the unit to continue 2-3 days longer than described here.

**Include a clip of the Simpsons, which shows an adaptation of “The Raven” by Edgar Allen Poe, via
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LlgQQgDhH7U>**

Activity D1.a

PARAGRAPH FRAME ARGUING ABOUT CUES FOR UNRELIABILITY/RELIABILITY:

One way we can tell that this character is unreliable/reliable is that _____

For example, in the video we see that

Another related detail that reveals the character's unreliability/reliability is _____

Generally speaking, anyone who _____

can be considered unreliable/reliable, because _____

Name: _____

General Rules of Notice	Specific Examples from Martin
Ex: If students are paying attention, then they are looking at the teacher and not talking to each other.	Ex: Naomi and Precious have their books opened to the passage I am talking about and are looking at me and also referring to the passage as needed.

The True Story of the
Three Little Pigs

By:
Jon Scieszka and
Lane Smith



“Everybody knows the story of the Three Little Pigs. Or at least they think they do. But I'll let you in on a little secret. Nobody knows the real story, because nobody has ever heard my side of the story. I'm Alexander T. Wolf. You can call me Al. I don't know how this whole Big Bad Wolf thing got started, but it's all wrong. Maybe it's because of our diet. Hey, it's not my fault wolves eat cute little animals like bunnies and sheep and pigs. That's just the way we are. If cheeseburgers were cute, folks would probably think you were Big and Bad too. But like I was saying, the whole big bad wolf thing is all wrong.”

The real story is about a sneeze and a cup of sugar.

THIS IS THE REAL STORY.

Way back in Once Upon a Time time, I was making a birthday cake for my dear old granny. I had a terrible sneezing cold. I ran out of sugar. So I walked down the street to ask my neighbor for a cup of sugar. Now this neighbor was a pig. And he wasn't too bright either. He had built his whole house out of straw. Can you believe it? I mean who in his right mind would build a house of straw? So of course the minute I knocked on the door, it fell right in. I didn't want to just walk into someone else's house. So I called,

"Little Pig, Little Pig, Are you in?" No answer. I was just about to go home without the cup of sugar for my dear old granny's birthday cake.

That's when my nose started to itch. I felt a sneeze coming on. Well I huffed. And I snuffed. And I sneezed a great sneeze.

And you know what? The whole darn straw house fell down. And right in the middle of the pile of straw was the First Little Pig - dead as a doornail. He had been home the whole time. It seemed like a shame to leave a perfectly good ham dinner lying there in the straw. So I ate it up. Think of it as a cheeseburger just lying there. I was feeling a little better. But I still didn't have my cup of sugar . So I went to the next neighbor's house. This neighbor was the First Little Pig's brother. He was a little smarter, but not much. He has built his house of sticks. I rang the bell on the stick house. Nobody answered. I called, "Mr. Pig, Mr. Pig, are you in?" He yelled back. "Go away wolf. You can't come in. I'm shaving the hairs on my shinny chin chin."

I had just grabbed the doorknob when I felt another sneeze coming on. I huffed. And I snuffed. And I tried to cover my mouth, but I sneezed a great sneeze.

And you are not going to believe this, but the guy's house fell down just like his brother's. When the dust cleared, there was the Second Little Pig - dead as a doornail. Wolf's honor. Now you know food will spoil if you just leave it out in the open. So I did the only thing there was to do. I had dinner again. Think of it as a second helping. I was getting awfully full. But my cold was feeling a little better. And I still didn't have that cup of sugarr for my dear old granny's birthday cake. So I went to the next house. This guy was the First and Second Little Pig's brother. He must have been the brains of the family. He had built his house of bricks. I knocked on the brick house. No answer. I called, "Mr. Pig, Mr. Pig, are you in?" And do you know what that rude little porker answered? "Get out of here, Wolf. Don't bother me again."

Talk about impolite! He probably had a whole sackful of sugar. And he wouldn't give me even one little cup for my dear sweet old granny's birthday cake. What a pig!

I was just about to go home and maybe make a nice birthday card instead of a cake, when I felt my cold coming on. I huffed And I snuffed. And I sneezed once again.

Then the Third Little Pig yelled, " And your old granny can sit on a pin!" Now I'm usually a pretty calm fellow. But when somebody talks about my granny like that, I go a Little crazy. When the cops drove up, of course I was trying to break down this Pig's door. And the whole time I was huffing and puffing and sneezing and making a real scene.

The rest as they say is history.

The news reporters found out about the two pigs I had for dinner. They figured a sick guy going to borrow a cup of sugar didn't sound very exciting.

So they jazzed up the story with all of that "Huff and puff and blow your house down"

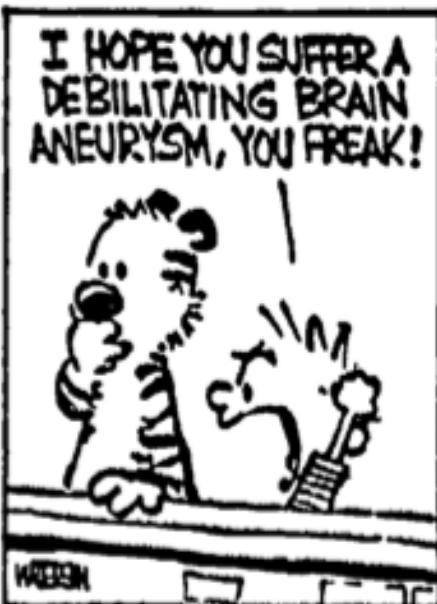
And they made me the Big Bad Wolf. That's it...the real story. I was framed. "

But maybe you could loan me a cup of sugar?

Activity D2.b

Graphic Organizer: Is the Wolf Telling the Truth?

Claim #1	Claim #2	Claim #3
Evidence #1:	Evidence #2:	Evidence #3:
Warrant #1:	Warrant #2:	Warrant #3:



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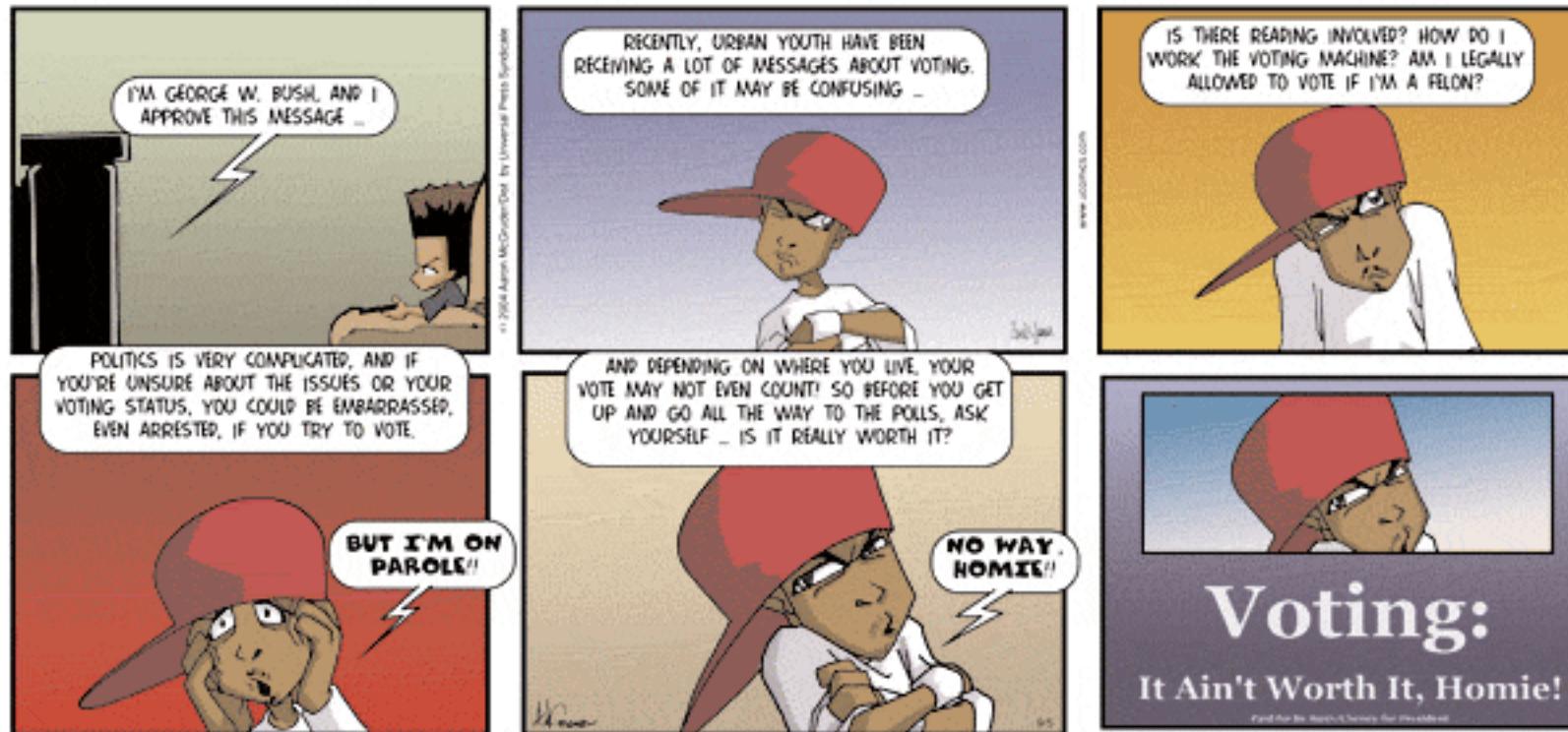
"HINTS FROM THE TEXT": WAYS TO JUDGE WHETHER A CHARACTER IS RELIABLE

	YES	NO	Evidence from text
Is there a mismatch between what a character says and what they do?			
Is the narrator or character too self-interested to be reliable?			
Is the narrator or character too naïve or innocent to be reliable?			
Is the narrator or character too ignorant to be reliable?			
Is the narrator or character too emotional to be reliable?			
Is the narrator or character too immoral to be reliable?			

Activity D4.c

THE BOONDOCKS

BY AARON McGRUDER





Chapter 18

But someone was boomerang again.

“Mayella Violet Ewell—!”

A young girl walked to the witness stand. As she raised her hand and swore that the evidence she gave would be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth so help her God, she seemed somehow fragile-looking, but when she sat facing us in the witness chair she became what she was, a thick-bodied girl accustomed to strenuous labor.

In Maycomb County, it was easy to tell when someone bathed regularly, as opposed to yearly lavations: Mr. Ewell had a scalded look; as if an overnight soaking had deprived him of protective layers of dirt, his skin appeared to be sensitive to the elements. Mayella looked as if she tried to keep clean, and I was reminded of the row of red geraniums in the Ewell yard.

Mr. Gilmer asked Mayella to tell the jury in her own words what happened on the evening of November twenty-first of last year, just in her own words, please.

Mayella sat silently.

“Where were you at dusk on that evening?” began Mr. Gilmer patiently.

“On the porch.”

“Which porch?”

“Ain’t but one, the front porch.”

“What were you doing on the porch?”

“Nothin’.”

Judge Taylor said, “Just tell us what happened. You can do that, can’t you?”

Mayella stared at him and burst into tears. She covered her mouth with her hands and sobbed. Judge Taylor let her cry for a while, then he said, “That’s enough now. Don’t be ‘fraid of anybody here, as long as you tell the truth. All this is strange to you, I know, but you’ve nothing to be ashamed of and nothing to fear.

What are you scared of?"

Mayella said something behind her hands. "What was that?" asked the judge.

"Him," she sobbed, pointing at Atticus.

"Mr. Finch?"

She nodded vigorously, saying, "Don't want him doin' me like he done Papa, tryin' to make him out lefthanded..."

Judge Taylor scratched his thick white hair. It was plain that he had never been confronted with a problem of this kind. "How old are you?" he asked.

"Nineteen-and-a-half," Mayella said.

Judge Taylor cleared his throat and tried unsuccessfully to speak in soothing tones. "Mr. Finch has no idea of scaring you," he growled, "and if he did, I'm here to stop him. That's one thing I'm sitting up here for. Now you're a big girl, so you just sit up straight and tell the—tell us what happened to you. You can do that, can't you?"

I whispered to Jem, "Has she got good sense?"

Jem was squinting down at the witness stand. "Can't tell yet," he said. "She's got enough sense to get the judge sorry for her, but she might be just—oh, I don't know."

Mollified, Mayella gave Atticus a final terrified glance and said to Mr. Gilmer, "Well sir, I was on the porch and—and he came along and, you see, there was this old chiffarobe in the yard Papa'd brought in to chop up for kindlin'—Papa told me to do it while he was off in the woods but I wadn't feelin' strong enough then, so he came by—"

"Who is 'he'?"

Mayella pointed to Tom Robinson. "I'll have to ask you to be more specific, please," said Mr. Gilmer. "The reporter can't put down gestures very well."

"That'n yonder," she said. "Robinson."

"Then what happened?"

"I said come here, nigger, and bust up this chiffarobe for me, I gotta nickel for you. He coulda done it easy enough, he could. So he come in the yard an' I went

in the house to get him the nickel and I turned around an 'fore I knew it he was on me. Just run up behind me, he did. He got me round the neck, cussin' me an' sayin' dirt—I fought'n'hollered, but he had me round the neck. He hit me agin an' agin—”

Mr. Gilmer waited for Mayella to collect herself: she had twisted her handkerchief into a sweaty rope; when she opened it to wipe her face it was a mass of creases from her hot hands. She waited for Mr. Gilmer to ask another question, but when he didn't, she said, “-he chunked me on the floor an' choked me'n took advantage of me.”

“Did you scream?” asked Mr. Gilmer. “Did you scream and fight back?”

“Reckon I did, hollered for all I was worth, kicked and hollered loud as I could.”

“Then what happened?”

“I don't remember too good, but next thing I knew Papa was in the room a'standing over me hollerin' who done it, who done it? Then I sorta fainted an' the next thing I knew Mr. Tate was pullin' me up offa the floor and leadin' me to the water bucket.”

Apparently Mayella's recital had given her confidence, but it was not her father's brash kind: there was something stealthy about hers, like a steady-eyed cat with a twitchy tail.

“You say you fought him off as hard as you could? Fought him tooth and nail?” asked Mr. Gilmer.

“I positively did,” Mayella echoed her father.

“You are positive that he took full advantage of you?”

Mayella's face contorted, and I was afraid that she would cry again. Instead, she said, “He done what he was after.”

Mr. Gilmer called attention to the hot day by wiping his head with his hand.

“That's all for the time being,” he said pleasantly, “but you stay there. I expect big bad Mr. Finch has some questions to ask you.”

“State will not prejudice the witness against counsel for the defense,” murmured Judge Taylor primly, “at least not at this time.”

Atticus got up grinning but instead of walking to the witness stand, he opened his

coat and hooked his thumbs in his vest, then he walked slowly across the room to the windows. He looked out, but didn't seem especially interested in what he saw, then he turned and strolled back to the witness stand. From long years of experience, I could tell he was trying to come to a decision about something.

"Miss Mayella," he said, smiling, "I won't try to scare you for a while, not yet. Let's just get acquainted. How old are you?"

"Said I was nineteen, said it to the judge yonder." Mayella jerked her head resentfully at the bench.

"So you did, so you did, ma'am. You'll have to bear with me, Miss Mayella, I'm getting along and can't remember as well as I used to. I might ask you things you've already said before, but you'll give me an answer, won't you? Good."

I could see nothing in Mayella's expression to justify Atticus's assumption that he had secured her wholehearted cooperation. She was looking at him furiously.

"Won't answer a word you say long as you keep on mockin' me," she said.

"Ma'am?" asked Atticus, startled.

"Long's you keep on makin' fun o'me."

Judge Taylor said, "Mr. Finch is not making fun of you. What's the matter with you?"

Mayella looked from under lowered eyelids at Atticus, but she said to the judge: "Long's he keeps on callin' me ma'am an sayin' Miss Mayella. I don't hafta take his sass, I ain't called upon to take it."

Atticus resumed his stroll to the windows and let Judge Taylor handle this one.

Judge Taylor was not the kind of figure that ever evoked pity, but I did feel a pang for him as he tried to explain. "That's just Mr. Finch's way," he told Mayella. "We've done business in this court for years and years, and Mr. Finch is always courteous to everybody. He's not trying to mock you, he's trying to be polite. That's just his way."

The judge leaned back. "Atticus, let's get on with these proceedings, and let the record show that the witness has not been sassed, her views to the contrary."

I wondered if anybody had ever called her "ma'am," or "Miss Mayella" in her life; probably not, as she took offense to routine courtesy. What on earth was her

life like? I soon found out.

"You say you're nineteen," Atticus resumed. "How many sisters and brothers have you?" He walked from the windows back to the stand.

"Seb'm," she said, and I wondered if they were all like the specimen I had seen the first day I started to school.

"You the eldest? The oldest?"

"Yes."

"How long has your mother been dead?"

"Don't know—long time."

"Did you ever go to school?"

"Read'n'write good as Papa yonder."

Mayella sounded like a Mr. Jingle in a book I had been reading.

"How long did you go to school?"

"Two year—three year—dunno."

Slowly but surely I began to see the pattern of Atticus's questions: from questions that Mr. Gilmer did not deem sufficiently irrelevant or immaterial to object to, Atticus was quietly building up before the jury a picture of the Ewells' home life. The jury learned the following things: their relief check was far from enough to feed the family, and there was strong suspicion that Papa drank it up anyway—he sometimes went off in the swamp for days and came home sick; the weather was seldom cold enough to require shoes, but when it was, you could make dandy ones from strips of old tires; the family hauled its water in buckets from a spring that ran out at one end of the dump—they kept the surrounding area clear of trash—and it was everybody for himself as far as keeping clean went: if you wanted to wash you hauled your own water; the younger children had perpetual colds and suffered from chronic ground-itch; there was a lady who came around sometimes and asked Mayella why she didn't stay in school—she wrote down the answer; with two members of the family reading and writing, there was no need for the rest of them to learn—Papa needed them at home.

"Miss Mayella," said Atticus, in spite of himself, "a nineteen-year-old girl like

you must have friends. Who are your friends?"

The witness frowned as if puzzled. "Friends?"

"Yes, don't you know anyone near your age, or older, or younger? Boys and girls? Just ordinary friends?"

Mayella's hostility, which had subsided to grudging neutrality, flared again. "You makin' fun o'me agin, Mr. Finch?"

Atticus let her question answer his

.

"Do you love your father, Miss Mayella?" was his next.

"Love him, whatcha mean?"

"I mean, is he good to you, is he easy to get along with?"

"He does tollable, 'cept when—"

"Except when?"

Mayella looked at her father, who was sitting with his chair tipped against the railing. He sat up straight and waited for her to answer.

"Except when nothin', " said Mayella. "I said he does tollable."

Mr. Ewell leaned back again.

"Except when he's drinking?" asked Atticus so gently that Mayella nodded.

"Does he ever go after you?"

"How you mean?"

"When he's—riled, has he ever beaten you?"

Mayella looked around, down at the court reporter, up at the judge. "Answer the question, Miss Mayella," said Judge Taylor.

"My paw's never touched a hair o'my head in my life," she declared firmly. "He never touched me."

Atticus's glasses had slipped a little, and he pushed them up on his nose. "We've had a good visit, Miss Mayella, and now I guess we'd better get to the case. You say you asked Tom Robinson to come chop up a—what was it?"

"A chiffarobe, a old dresser full of drawers on one side."

“Was Tom Robinson well known to you?”

“Whaddya mean?”

“I mean did you know who he was, where he lived?”

Mayella nodded. “I knowed who he was, he passed the house every day.”

“Was this the first time you asked him to come inside the fence?”

Mayella jumped slightly at the question. Atticus was making his slow pilgrimage to the windows, as he had been doing: he would ask a question, then look out, waiting for an answer. He did not see her involuntary jump, but it seemed to me that he knew she had moved. He turned around and raised his eyebrows. “Was—” he began again.

“Yes it was.”

“Didn’t you ever ask him to come inside the fence before?”

She was prepared now. “I did not, I certainly did not.”

“One did not’s enough,” said Atticus serenely. “You never asked him to do odd jobs for you before?”

“I mighta,” conceded Mayella. “There was several niggers around.”

“Can you remember any other occasions?”

“No.”

“All right, now to what happened. You said Tom Robinson was behind you in the room when you turned around, that right?”

“Yes.”

“You said he ‘got you around the neck cussing and saying dirt’—is that right?”

“‘t’s right.”

Atticus’s memory had suddenly become accurate. “You say ‘he caught me and choked me and took advantage of me’—is that right?”

“That’s what I said.”

“Do you remember him beating you about the face?”

The witness hesitated.

“You seem sure enough that he choked you. All this time you were fighting back,

remember? You ‘kicked and hollered as loud as you could.’ Do you remember him beating you about the face?”

Mayella was silent. She seemed to be trying to get something clear to herself. I thought for a moment she was doing Mr. Heck Tate’s and my trick of pretending there was a person in front of us. She glanced at Mr. Gilmer.

“It’s an easy question, Miss Mayella, so I’ll try again. Do you remember him beating you about the face?” Atticus’s voice had lost its comfortableness; he was speaking in his arid, detached professional voice. “Do you remember him beating you about the face?”

“No, I don’t recollect if he hit me. I mean yes I do, he hit me.”

“Was your last sentence your answer?”

“Huh? Yes, he hit—I just don’t remember, I just don’t remember… it all happened so quick.”

Judge Taylor looked sternly at Mayella. “Don’t you cry, young woman—” he began, but Atticus said, “Let her cry if she wants to, Judge. We’ve got all the time in the world.”

Mayella sniffed wrathfully and looked at Atticus. “I’ll answer any question you got—get me up here an’ mock me, will you? I’ll answer any question you got—”

“That’s fine,” said Atticus. “There’re only a few more. Miss Mayella, not to be tedious, you’ve testified that the defendant hit you, grabbed you around the neck, choked you, and took advantage of you. I want you to be sure you have the right man. Will you identify the man who raped you?”

“I will, that’s him right yonder.”

Atticus turned to the defendant. “Tom, stand up. Let Miss Mayella have a good long look at you. Is this the man, Miss Mayella?”

Tom Robinson’s powerful shoulders rippled under his thin shirt. He rose to his feet and stood with his right hand on the back of his chair. He looked oddly off balance, but it was not from the way he was standing. His left arm was fully twelve inches shorter than his right, and hung dead at his side. It ended in a small shriveled hand, and from as far away as the balcony I could see that it was no use to him.

“Scout,” breathed Jem. “Scout, look! Reverend, he’s crippled!”

Reverend Sykes leaned across me and whispered to Jem. “He got it caught in a cotton gin, caught it in Mr. Dolphus Raymond’s cotton gin when he was a boy... like to bled to death... tore all the muscles loose from his bones—”

Atticus said, “Is this the man who raped you?”

“It most certainly is.”

Atticus’s next question was one word long. “How?”

Mayella was raging. “I don’t know how he done it, but he done it—I said it all happened so fast I—”

“Now let’s consider this calmly—” began Atticus, but Mr. Gilmer interrupted with an objection: he was not irrelevant or immaterial, but Atticus was browbeating the witness.

Judge Taylor laughed outright. “Oh sit down, Horace, he’s doing nothing of the sort. If anything, the witness’s browbeating Atticus.”

Judge Taylor was the only person in the courtroom who laughed. Even the babies were still, and I suddenly wondered if they had been smothered at their mothers’ breasts.

“Now,” said Atticus, “Miss Mayella, you’ve testified that the defendant choked and beat you—you didn’t say that he sneaked up behind you and knocked you cold, but you turned around and there he was—” Atticus was back behind his table, and he emphasized his words by tapping his knuckles on it. “—do you wish to reconsider any of your testimony?”

“You want me to say something that didn’t happen?”

“No ma’am, I want you to say something that did happen. Tell us once more, please, what happened?”

“I told’ja what happened.”

“You testified that you turned around and there he was. He choked you then?”

“Yes.”

“Then he released your throat and hit you?”

“I said he did.”

“He blacked your left eye with his right fist?”

“I ducked and it—it glanced, that’s what it did. I ducked and it glanced off.”
Mayella had finally seen the light.

“You’re becoming suddenly clear on this point. A while ago you couldn’t remember too well, could you?”

“I said he hit me.”

“All right. He choked you, he hit you, then he raped you, that right?”

“It most certainly is.”

“You’re a strong girl, what were you doing all the time, just standing there?”

“I told’ja I hollered’n’kicked’n’fought—”

Atticus reached up and took off his glasses, turned his good right eye to the witness, and rained questions on her. Judge Taylor said, “One question at a time, Atticus. Give the witness a chance to answer.”

“All right, why didn’t you run?”

“I tried...”

“Tried to? What kept you from it?”

“I—he slung me down. That’s what he did, he slung me down’n got on top of me.”

“You were screaming all this time?”

“I certainly was.”

“Then why didn’t the other children hear you? Where were they? At the dump?”

“Where were they?”

No answer.

“Why didn’t your screams make them come running? The dump’s closer than the woods, isn’t it?”

No answer.

“Or didn’t you scream until you saw your father in the window? You didn’t think to scream until then, did you?”

No answer.

“Did you scream first at your father instead of at Tom Robinson? Was that it?”

No answer.

“Who beat you up? Tom Robinson or your father?”

No answer.

“What did your father see in the window, the crime of rape or the best defense to it? Why don’t you tell the truth, child, didn’t Bob Ewell beat you up?”

When Atticus turned away from Mayella he looked like his stomach hurt, but Mayella’s face was a mixture of terror and fury. Atticus sat down wearily and polished his glasses with his handkerchief.

Suddenly Mayella became articulate. “I got somethin’ to say,” she said.

Atticus raised his head. “Do you want to tell us what happened?”

But she did not hear the compassion in his invitation. “I got somethin’ to say an’ then I ain’t gonna say no more. That nigger yonder took advantage of me an’ if you fine fancy gentlemen don’t wanna do nothin’ about it then you’re all yellow stinkin’ cowards, stinkin’ cowards, the lot of you. Your fancy airs don’t come to nothin’—your ma’amin’ and Miss Mayellerin’ don’t come to nothin’, Mr. Finch —”

Then she burst into real tears. Her shoulders shook with angry sobs. She was as good as her word. She answered no more questions, even when Mr. Gilmer tried to get her back on the track. I guess if she hadn’t been so poor and ignorant, Judge Taylor would have put her under the jail for the contempt she had shown everybody in the courtroom. Somehow, Atticus had hit her hard in a way that was not clear to me, but it gave him no pleasure to do so. He sat with his head down, and I never saw anybody glare at anyone with the hatred Mayella showed when she left the stand and walked by Atticus’s table.

When Mr. Gilmer told Judge Taylor that the state rested, Judge Taylor said, “It’s time we all did. We’ll take ten minutes.”

Atticus and Mr. Gilmer met in front of the bench and whispered, then they left the courtroom by a door behind the witness stand, which was a signal for us all to stretch. I discovered that I had been sitting on the edge of the long bench, and I was somewhat numb. Jem got up and yawned, Dill did likewise, and Reverend

Sykes wiped his face on his hat. The temperature was an easy ninety, he said.

Mr. Braxton Underwood, who had been sitting quietly in a chair reserved for the Press, soaking up testimony with his sponge of a brain, allowed his bitter eyes to rove over the colored balcony, and they met mine. He gave a snort and looked away.

“Jem,” I said, “Mr. Underwood’s seen us.”

“That’s okay. He won’t tell Atticus, he’ll just put it on the social side of the *Tribune*.” Jem turned back to Dill, explaining, I suppose, the finer points of the trial to him, but I wondered what they were. There had been no lengthy debates between Atticus and Mr. Gilmer on any points; Mr. Gilmer seemed to be prosecuting almost reluctantly; witnesses had been led by the nose as asses are, with few objections. But Atticus had once told us that in Judge Taylor’s court any lawyer who was a strict constructionist on evidence usually wound up receiving strict instructions from the bench. He distilled this for me to mean that Judge Taylor might look lazy and operate in his sleep, but he was seldom reversed, and that was the proof of the pudding. Atticus said he was a good judge.

Presently Judge Taylor returned and climbed into his swivel chair. He took a cigar from his vest pocket and examined it thoughtfully. I punched Dill. Having passed the judge’s inspection, the cigar suffered a vicious bite. “We come down sometimes to watch him,” I explained. “It’s gonna take him the rest of the afternoon, now. You watch.” Unaware of public scrutiny from above, Judge Taylor disposed of the severed end by propelling it expertly to his lips and saying, “Fhluck!” He hit a spittoon so squarely we could hear it slosh. “Bet he was hell with a spitball,” murmured Dill.

As a rule, a recess meant a general exodus, but today people weren’t moving. Even the Idlers who had failed to shame younger men from their seats had remained standing along the walls. I guess Mr. Heck Tate had reserved the county toilet for court officials.

Atticus and Mr. Gilmer returned, and Judge Taylor looked at his watch. “It’s gettin’ on to four,” he said, which was intriguing, as the courthouse clock must have struck the hour at least twice. I had not heard it or felt its vibrations.

“Shall we try to wind up this afternoon?” asked Judge Taylor. “How ‘bout it,

Atticus?”

“I think we can,” said Atticus.

“How many witnesses you got?”

“One.”

“Well, call him.”



"Hints from the Text" - Determining narrator reliability

Name _____

Story: _____

Date: _____

Checking reliability	Yes / No	Evidence from Text
Inconsistent <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Is there a mismatch between what the character says and what they do?		

Checking reliability	Yes / No	Evidence from Text
<p>Self interest</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Is the narrator or character too self-interested to be reliable?		

"Hints from the Text" - Determining narrator reliability

Name _____

Story: _____

Date: _____

Checking reliability	Yes / No	Evidence from Text
Lack of Experience <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Is the narrator or character too naïve or innocent to be reliable?		

Checking reliability	Yes / No	Evidence from Text
Lack of Knowledge <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Is the narrator or character too ignorant to be reliable? 		

"Hints from the Text" - Determining narrator reliability

Name _____

Story: _____

Date: _____

Checking reliability	Yes / No	Evidence from Text
Emotional <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Is the narrator or character too emotional to be reliable?		

Checking reliability	Yes / No	Evidence from Text
Immoral <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Is the narrator or character to immoral to be reliable? 		

*Adapted – Smith, M.W. (1991). Understanding unreliable narrators: Reading between the lines in the literature classroom. *Theory and Research into Practice*. NCTE.

Name: _____

"Stan" by Eminem
 (feat. Dido)

[*Chorus: Dido*]

My tea's gone cold I'm wondering why I..
 got out of bed at all
 The morning rain clouds up my window..
 and I can't see at all
 And even if I could it'll all be gray,
 but your picture on my wall
 It reminds me, that it's not so bad,
 it's not so bad..

[*1st Chorus: volume gradually grows over raindrop background*]
 [*2nd Chorus: full volume with beat right after "thunder" noise*]

[*Eminem as 'Stan'*]

Dear Slim, I wrote but you still ain't callin
 I left my cell, my pager, and my home phone at the bottom
 I sent two letters back in autumn, you must not-a got 'em
 There probably was a problem at the post office or somethin
 Sometimes I scribble addresses too sloppy when I jot 'em
 but anyways; "bump that", what's been up? Man how's your daughter?
 My girlfriend's pregnant too, I'm bout to be a father
 If I have a daughter, guess what I'ma call her?
 I'ma name her Bonnie
 I read about your Uncle Ronnie too I'm sorry
 I had a friend kill himself over some b who didn't want him
 I know you probably hear this everyday, but I'm your biggest fan
 I even got the underground s that you did with Skam
 I got a room full of your posters and your pictures man
 I like the shit you did with Rawkus too, that s was fat
 Anyways, I hope you get this man, hit me back,
 just to chat, truly yours, your biggest fan
 This is Stan

[*Chorus: Dido*]

[*Eminem as 'Stan'*]

Dear Slim, you still ain't called or wrote, I hope you have a chance
 I ain't mad - I just think it's fudged up you don't answer fans
 If you didn't wanna talk to me outside your concert
 you didn't have to, but you coulda signed an autograph for Matthew
 That's my little brother man, he's only six years old
 We waited in the blistering cold for you,
 four hours and you just said, "No."
 That's pretty awful man - you're like his flippin' idol
 He wants to be just like you man, he likes you more than I do
 I ain't that mad though, I just don't like bein lied to
 Remember when we met in Denver - you said if I'd write you
 you would write back - see I'm just like you in a way
 I never knew my father neither;
 he used to always cheat on my mom and beat her

Name: _____

I can relate to what you're saying in your songs
so when I have a "awful" day, I drift away and put 'em on
cause I don't really got stuff else so that stuff helps when I'm depressed
I even got a tattoo of your name across the chest
Sometimes I even cut myself to see how much it bleeds
It's like adrenaline, the pain is such a sudden rush for me
See everything you say is real, and I respect you cause you tell it
My girlfriend's jealous cause I talk about you 24/7
But she don't know you like I know you Slim, no one does
She don't know what it was like for people like us growin up
You gotta call me man, I'll be the biggest fan you'll ever lose
Sincerely yours, Stan -- P.S.
We should be together too

[Chorus: Dido]

[Eminem as 'Stan']
Dear Mister-I'm-Too-Good-To-Call-Or-Write-My-Fans,
this'll be the last package I ever send your butt
It's been six months and still no word - I don't deserve it?
I know you got my last two letters;
I wrote the addresses on 'em perfect
So this is my cassette I'm sending you, I hope you hear it
I'm in the car right now, I'm doing 90 on the freeway
Hey Slim, I drank a fifth of vodka, you dare me to drive?
You know the song by Phil Collins, "In the Air of the Night"
about that guy who coulda saved that other guy from drowning
but didn't, then Phil saw it all, then at a show he found him?
That's kinda how this is, you coulda rescued me from drowning
Now it's too late - I'm on a 1000 downers now, I'm drowsy
and all I wanted was a lousy letter or a call
I hope you know I ripped +ALL+ of your pictures off the wall
I love you Slim, we coulda been together, think about it
You ruined it now, I hope you can't sleep and you dream about it
And when you dream I hope you can't sleep and you SCREAM about it
I hope your conscience EATS AT YOU and you can't BREATHE without me
See Slim; /*screaming*/ Shut up! I'm tryin to talk!
Hey Slim, that's my girlfriend screamin in the trunk
but I didn't slit her throat, I just tied her up, see I ain't like you
cause if she suffocates she'll suffer more, and then she'll die too
Well, gotta go, I'm almost at the bridge now
Oh s---, I forgot, how'm I supposed to send this s--- out?
[car tires squeal] [CRASH]
.. [brief silence] .. [LOUD splash]

[Chorus: Dido]

[Eminem]
Dear Stan, I meant to write you sooner but I just been busy
You said your girlfriend's pregnant now, how far along is she?
Look, I'm really flattered you would call your daughter that
and here's an autograph for your brother,
I wrote it on the Starter cap
I'm sorry I didn't see you at the show, I musta missed you

Name: _____

Don't think I did that stuff intentionally just to diss you
But what's this s--- you said about you like to cut your wrists too?
I say that s--- just clownin dogg,
c'mon – how fudged up is you?
You got some issues Stan, I think you need some counseling
to help you're a-- from bouncing off the walls when you get down some
And what's this stuff about us meant to be together?
That type of stuff'll make me not want us to meet each other
I really think you and your girlfriend need each other
or maybe you just need to treat her better
I hope you get to read this letter, I just hope it reaches you in time
before you hurt yourself, I think that you'll be doin just fine
if you relax a little, I'm glad I inspire you but Stan
why are you so mad? Try to understand, that I do want you as a fan
I just don't want you to do some crazy stuff
I seen this one dude on the news a couple weeks ago that made me sick
Some dude was drunk and drove his car over a bridge
and had his girlfriend in the trunk, and she was pregnant with his kid
and in the car they found a tape, but they didn't say who it was to
Come to think about, his name was.. it was you
Dang!

Summary of text:

THE TELL-TALE HEART**by Edgar Allan Poe****1843**

TRUE! --nervous --very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why will you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses -- not destroyed --not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily --how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! yes, it was this! He had the eye of a vulture --a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees --very gradually --I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded --with what caution --with what foresight --with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the

latch of his door and opened it --oh so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly --very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha! would a madman have been so wise as this, And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously--oh, so cautiously --cautiously (for the hinges creaked) --I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights --every night just at midnight --but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he has passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night had I felt the extent of my own powers --of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he

heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back --but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness, (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers,) and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in bed, crying out --"Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening; --just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief --oh, no! --it was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but

could not. He had been saying to himself -- "It is nothing but the wind in the chimney --it is only a mouse crossing the floor," or "It is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp." Yes, he had been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions: but he had found all in vain. All in vain; because Death, in approaching him had stalked with his black shadow before him, and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel --although he neither saw nor heard --to feel the presence of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little --a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it --you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily --until, at length a simple dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and fell full upon the vulture eye.

It was open --wide, wide open --and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness --all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person: for I had directed the ray as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over-acuteness of the sense? --now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew

that sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eve. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment! -- do you mark me well I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me --the sound would be heard by a neighbour! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once --once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eve would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye --not even his --could have detected any thing wrong. There was nothing to wash out --no stain of any kind --no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all --ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o'clock --still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart, --for what had I now to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbour during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled, --for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search --search well. I led them, at length, to his chamber. I showed them

his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct: --It continued and became more distinct: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling: but it continued and gained definiteness --until, at length, I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale; --but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased --and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound --much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath --and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly --more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men --but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what could I do? I foamed --I raved --I swore! I swung the chair

upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder --louder --louder! And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God! --no, no! They heard! --they suspected! --they knew! --they were making a mockery of my horror!-this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! and now --again! --hark! louder! louder! louder! louder!

"Villains!" I shrieked, "dissemble no more! I admit the deed! --tear up the planks! here, here! --It is the beating of his hideous heart!"

-THE END-

Name: _____ Text: _____

Following the Plot

Action/Event	Page	Order	What does one action/event have to do with another?

Name: _____ Text: _____ Character _____

Following Characters

Page #	What the text says	Your comments

Name: _____ Date: _____ Text: _____

Interpreting Symbolism

What I think is symbolic: Image, event, character, action, object, name, places	What the text says (p. #)	Associations I can make with the image, event, character, action, object, name, or place	What do the words in the text and the associations I make lead me to think about what the symbol means?

BSICS Symbolism Graphic – 8.24.11

Name: _____ Text: _____

Unusual things I notice --- description, action, event, object

I paid attention because of the following:

- Very unusual
- Repeated
- In a prominent position (title, beginning, ending, where an important action takes place)
- Pattern
- Something in tension
- Something that seems contradictory

I noticed	Pg. #	It is	I paid attention because	I think it means

Patterns I Notice:

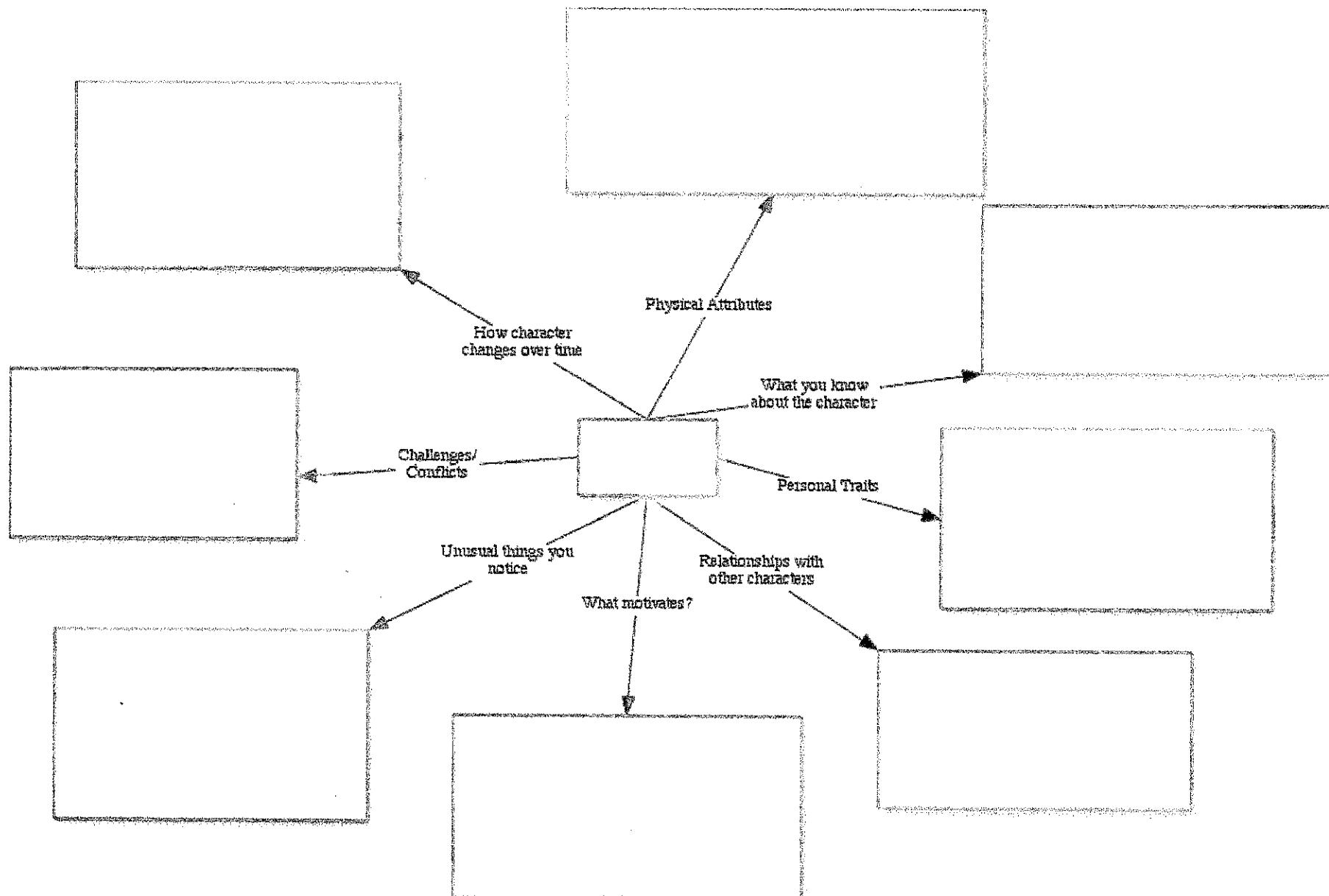
The object, event, action, character,description	Where I found it	What I think it means

Name: _____

Text: _____

Character: _____

Character Map



Poe's Life

Who is Edgar Allan Poe?

The name Poe brings to mind images of murderers and madmen, premature burials, and mysterious women who return from the dead. His works have been in print since 1827 and include such literary classics as "The Tell-Tale Heart," "The Raven," and "The Fall of the House of Usher." This versatile writer's legacy includes short stories, poetry, a novel, a textbook, a book of scientific theory, and hundreds of essays and book reviews. He is widely acknowledged as the inventor of the modern detective story and an innovator in the science fiction genre, but he made his living as America's first great literary critic and theoretician. Poe's reputation today rests primarily on his tales of terror as well as on his haunting lyric poetry.

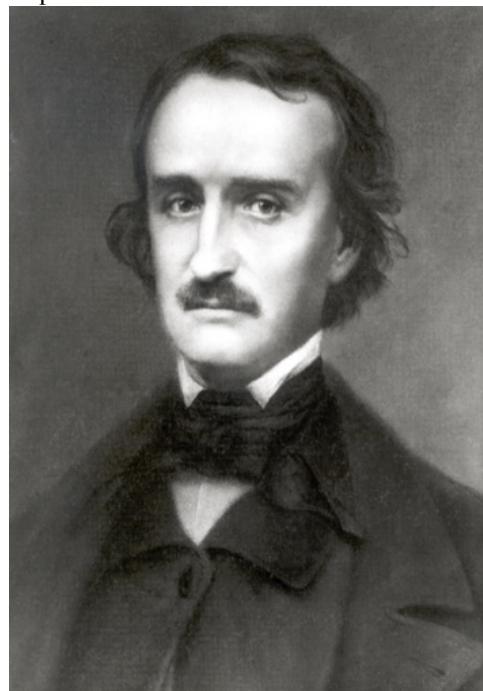
Just as the bizarre characters in Poe's stories have captured the public imagination so too has Poe himself. He is seen as a morbid, mysterious figure lurking in the shadows of moonlit cemeteries or crumbling castles. This is the Poe of legend. But much of what we know about Poe is wrong, the product of a biography written by one of his enemies in an attempt to defame the author's name.

The real Poe was born to traveling actors in Boston on January 19, 1809. Edgar was the second of three children. His other brother William Henry Leonard Poe would also become a poet before his early death, and Poe's sister Rosalie Poe would grow up to teach penmanship at a Richmond girls' school.

Within three years of Poe's birth both of his parents had died, and he was taken in by the wealthy tobacco merchant John Allan and his wife Frances Valentine Allan in Richmond, Virginia while Poe's siblings went to live with other families. Mr. Allan would rear Poe to be a businessman and a Virginia gentleman, but Poe had dreams of being a writer in emulation of his childhood hero the British poet Lord Byron. Early poetic verses found written in a young Poe's handwriting on the backs of Allan's ledger sheets reveal how little interest Poe had in the tobacco business. By the age of thirteen, Poe had compiled enough poetry to publish a book, but his headmaster advised Allan against allowing this.

In 1826 Poe left Richmond to attend the University of Virginia, where he excelled in his classes while accumulating considerable debt. The miserly Allan had sent Poe to college with less than a third of the money he needed, and Poe soon took up gambling to raise money to pay his expenses. By the end of his first term Poe was so desperately poor that he burned his furniture to keep warm.

Humiliated by his poverty and furious with Allan for not providing enough funds in the first place, Poe returned to Richmond and visited the home of his fiancée Elmira Royster, only to discover that she had become engaged to another man in Poe's absence. The heartbroken Poe's last few months in the Allan mansion were punctuated with increasing hostility towards Allan until Poe finally stormed out of the home in a quixotic quest to become a great poet and to find adventure. He accomplished the first objective by publishing his first book *Tamerlane* when he was only eighteen, and to achieve the second goal he enlisted in the United States Army. Two years later he heard that Frances Allan, the only mother he had ever known, was dying of tuberculosis and wanted to see him before she died. By the time Poe returned to



<https://www.poemuseum.org/poes-biography>

Poe Museum
Richmond, Virginia

Richmond she had already been buried. Poe and Allan briefly reconciled, and Allan helped Poe gain an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point.

Before going to West Point, Poe published another volume of poetry. While there, Poe was offended to hear that Allan had remarried without telling him or even inviting him to the ceremony. Poe wrote to Allan detailing all the wrongs Allan had committed against him and threatened to get himself expelled from the academy. After only eight months at West Point Poe was thrown out, but he soon published yet another book.

Broke and alone, Poe turned to Baltimore, his late father's home, and called upon relatives in the city. One of Poe's cousins robbed him in the night, but another relative, Poe's aunt Maria Clemm, became a new mother to him and welcomed him into her home. Clemm's daughter Virginia first acted as a courier to carry letters to Poe's lady loves but soon became the object of his desire.

While Poe was in Baltimore, Allan died, leaving Poe out of his will, which did, however, provide for an illegitimate child Allan had never seen. By then Poe was living in poverty but had started publishing his short stories, one of which won a contest sponsored by the *Saturday Visiter*. The connections Poe established through the contest allowed him to publish more stories and to eventually gain an editorial position at the *Southern Literary Messenger* in Richmond. It was at this magazine that Poe finally found his life's work as a magazine writer.

Within a year Poe helped make the *Messenger* the most popular magazine in the south with his sensational stories as well as with his scathing book reviews. Poe soon developed a reputation as a fearless critic who not only attacked an author's work but also insulted the author and the northern literary establishment. Poe targeted some of the most famous writers in the country. One of his victims was the anthologist and editor Rufus Griswold.

At the age of twenty-seven, Poe brought Maria and Virginia Clemm to Richmond and married his Virginia, who was not yet fourteen. The marriage proved a happy one, and the family is said to have enjoyed singing together at night. Virginia expressed her devotion to her husband in a Valentine poem now in the collection of the Enoch Pratt Free Library, and Poe celebrated the joys of married life in his poem "Eulalie."

Dissatisfied with his low pay and lack of editorial control at the *Messenger*, Poe moved to New York City. In the wake of the financial crisis known as the "Panic of 1837," Poe struggled to find magazine work and wrote his only novel, *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*.

After a year in New York, Poe moved to Philadelphia in 1838 and wrote for a number of different magazines. He served as editor of *Burton's* and then *Graham's* magazines while continuing to sell articles to *Alexander's Weekly Messenger* and other journals. In spite of his growing fame, Poe was still barely able to make a living. For the publication of his first book of short stories, *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, he was only paid with twenty-five free copies of his book. He would soon become a champion for the cause of higher wages for writers as well as for an international copyright law. To change the face of the magazine industry, he proposed starting his own journal, but he failed to find the necessary funding.



<https://www.poemuseum.org/poes-biography>

Poe Museum
Richmond, Virginia

In the face of poverty Poe was still able to find solace at home with his wife and mother-in-law, but tragedy struck in 1842 when Poe's wife contracted tuberculosis, the disease that had already claimed Poe's mother, brother, and foster mother.

Always in search of better opportunities, Poe moved to New York again in 1844 and introduced himself to the city by perpetrating a hoax. His "news story" of a balloon trip across the ocean caused a sensation, and the public rushed to read everything about it—until Poe revealed that he had fooled them all.

The January 1845 publication of "The Raven" made Poe a household name. He was now famous enough to draw large crowds to his lectures, and he was beginning to demand better pay for his work. He published two books that year, and briefly lived his dream of running his own magazine when he bought out the owners of the *Broadway Journal*. The failure of the venture, his wife's deteriorating health, and rumors spreading about Poe's relationship with a married woman, drove him out of the city in 1846. At this time he moved to a tiny cottage in the country. It was there, in the winter of 1847 that Virginia died at the age of twenty-four. Poe was devastated, and was unable to write for months. His critics assumed he would soon be dead. They were right. Poe only lived another two years and spent much of that time traveling from one city to the next giving lectures and finding backers for his latest proposed magazine project to be called *The Stylus*.



While on lecture tour in Lowell, Massachusetts, Poe met and befriended Nancy Richmond. His idealized and platonic love of her inspired some of his greatest poetry, including "For Annie." Since she remained married and unattainable, Poe attempted to marry the poetess Sarah Helen Whitman in Providence, but the engagement lasted only about one month. In Richmond he found his first fiancée Elmira Royster Shelton was now a widow, so began to court her again. Before he left Richmond on a trip to Philadelphia he considered himself engaged to her, and her letters from the time imply that she felt the same way. On the way to Philadelphia, Poe stopped in Baltimore and disappeared for five days. He was found in the bar room of a public house that was being used as a polling place for an election. The magazine editor Joseph Snodgrass sent Poe to Washington College Hospital, where Poe spent the last days of his life far from home and surrounded by strangers. Neither Poe's mother-in-law nor his fiancée knew what had become of him until they read about it in the newspapers. Poe died on October 7, 1849 at the age of forty. The exact cause of Poe's death remains a mystery.

Days after Poe's death, his literary rival Rufus Griswold wrote a libelous obituary of the author in a misguided attempt at revenge for some of the offensive things Poe had said and written about him. Griswold followed the obituary with a memoir in which he portrayed Poe as a drunken, womanizing madman with no morals and no friends. Griswold's attacks were meant to cause the public to dismiss Poe and his works, but the biography had exactly the opposite effect and instead drove the sales of Poe's books higher than they had ever been during the author's lifetime. Griswold's distorted image of Poe created the Poe legend that lives to this day while Griswold is only remembered (if at all) as Poe's first biographer.



Rufus Griswold

"Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood"

Song lyrics by Bennie Benjamin, Gloria Caldwell, Sol Marcus
First sung by Nina Simone, 1964

Baby you understand me now
If sometimes you see that I'm mad
Doncha know no one alive can always be an angel?
When everything goes wrong, you see some bad

But I'm just a soul whose intentions are good
Oh Lord, please don't let me be misunderstood

Ya know sometimes baby I'm so carefree
With a joy that's hard to hide
And then sometimes again it seems that all I have is worry
And then you're bound to see my other side

But I'm just a soul whose intentions are good
Oh Lord, please don't let me be misunderstood

If I seem edgy
I want you to know
I never mean to take it out on you
Life has its problems
And I get more than my share
But that's one thing I never mean to do

Cause I love you
Oh baby
I'm just human
Don't you know I have faults like anyone?

Sometimes I find myself alone regretting
Some little foolish thing
Some simple thing that I've done

Cause I'm just a soul whose intentions are good
Oh Lord, please don't let me be misunderstood

Don't let me be misunderstood
I try so hard
So please don't let me be misunderstood

“The Black Cat” by Edgar Allan Poe

For the most wild, yet most homely narrative, which I am about to pen, I neither expect nor solicit belief. Mad indeed would I be to expect it, in a case where my very senses reject their own evidence. Yet, mad am I not - and very surely do I not dream.

But to-morrow I die,
and today I would unburthen my soul.

My immediate purpose is to place before the world, plainly, succinctly, and without comment, a series of mere household events. In their consequences, these events have terrified - have tortured - have **destroyed me**. Yet I will not attempt to expound them. To me, they have presented little but Horror - to many they will seem less terrible than *baroques*. Hereafter, perhaps, some intellect may be found which will reduce my phantasm to the common-place - some intellect more calm, more logical, and far less excitable than my own, which will perceive, in the circumstances I detail with awe, nothing more than an ordinary succession of very natural causes and effects.

From my infancy I was noted for the docility and humanity of my disposition. My tenderness of heart was even so conspicuous as to make me the jest of my companions. I was especially fond of animals, and was indulged by my parents with a great variety of pets. With these I spent most of my time, and never was so happy as when feeding and caressing them. This peculiarity of character grew with my growth, and in my manhood, I derived from it one of my principal sources of pleasure. To those who have cherished an affection for a faithful and sagacious dog, I need hardly be at the trouble of explaining the nature or the intensity of the gratification thus derivable. There is something in the unselfish and self-sacrificing love of a brute, which goes directly to the heart of him who has had frequent occasion to test the paltry friendship and gossamer fidelity of mere Man.

I married early, and was happy to find in my wife a disposition not uncongenial with my own. Observing my partiality for domestic pets, she lost no opportunity of procuring those of the most agreeable kind.

We had birds, gold fish, a fine dog, rabbits, a small monkey, and a cat.

This latter was a remarkably large and beautiful animal, entirely black, and sagacious to an astonishing degree. In speaking of his intelligence, my wife, who at heart was not a little tinctured with superstition, made frequent allusion to the ancient popular notion, which regarded all black cats as witches in disguise. Not that she was ever *serious* upon this point - and I mention the matter at all for no better reason than that it happens, just now, to be remembered.

Pluto - this was the cat's name - was **my favorite pet and playmate**. I alone fed him, and he attended me wherever I went about the house. It was even with difficulty that I could prevent him from following me through the streets.

Our friendship lasted, in this manner, for several years, during which my general temperament and character - through the instrumentality of the Fiend Intemperance - had (I blush to confess it) experienced a radical alteration for the worse. I grew, day by day, **more moody, more irritable, more regardless of the feelings of others**. I suffered myself to use intemperate language to my wife. At length, I even offered her personal violence. My pets, of course, were made to feel the change in my disposition. I not only neglected, but ill-used them. For Pluto, however, I still retained sufficient regard to restrain me from maltreating him, as I made no scruple of maltreating the rabbits, the monkey, or even the dog, when by accident, or through affection, they came in my way.

But my disease grew upon me - **for what disease is like Alcohol!** - and at length even Pluto, who was now becoming old, and consequently somewhat peevish - even Pluto began to experience the effects of my ill temper.

One night, returning home, **much intoxicated**, from one of my haunts about town, I fancied that the cat avoided my presence. I seized him; when, in his fright at my violence,

**he inflicted a slight wound
upon my hand with his teeth.**

The fury of a demon instantly possessed me. I knew myself no longer. My original soul seemed, at once, to take its flight from my body and a more than **fiendish malevolence, gin-nurtured, thrilled every fibre of my frame.** I took from my waistcoat-pocket a pen-knife, opened it, grasped the poor beast by the throat, and

deliberately
cut one of its eyes from the socket!

I blush, I burn, I shudder, while I pen the damnable atrocity.

When reason returned with the morning - when I had slept off the fumes of the night's debauch - I experienced a sentiment half of horror, half of remorse, for the crime of which I had been guilty; but it was, at best, a feeble and equivocal feeling, and the soul remained untouched. I again plunged into excess, and soon drowned in wine all memory of the deed.

In the meantime the cat slowly recovered. The socket of the lost eye presented, it is true, a frightful appearance, but he no longer appeared to suffer any pain. He went about the house as usual, but, as might be expected, fled in **extreme terror at my approach.** I had so much of my old heart left, as to be at first grieved by this evident dislike on the part of a creature which had once so loved me.

**But this feeling soon gave place to
irritation.**

And then came, as if to my final and irrevocable overthrow,
the SPIRIT OF PERVERSENESS.

Of this spirit philosophy takes no account. Yet I am not more sure that my soul lives, than I am that perverseness is one of the primitive impulses of the human heart - one of the indivisible primary faculties, or sentiments, which give direction to the character of Man.

Who has not, a hundred times, found himself committing a vile or a silly action, for no other reason than because he knows he should not? Have we not a perpetual inclination, in the teeth of our best judgment, to violate that which is Law, merely because we understand it to be such?

This spirit of perverseness, I say, came to my final overthrow. It was this unfathomable longing of the soul to vex itself - to offer violence to its own nature - **to do wrong for the wrong's sake only** - that urged me to continue and finally to consummate the injury I had inflicted upon the unoffending brute.

One morning, in cool blood,
I slipped a noose about its neck
and hung it to the limb of a tree

--hung it with the tears streaming from my eyes, and with the bitterest remorse at my heart; - hung it because I knew that it had loved me, and because I felt it had given me no reason of offence; - hung it because I knew that in so doing I was committing a sin - a deadly sin that would so jeopardize my immortal soul as to place it - if such a thing were possible - even beyond the reach of the infinite mercy of the Most Merciful and Most Terrible God.

On the night of the day on which this cruel deed was done, I was aroused from sleep
by the cry of fire.

The curtains of my bed were in flames. The whole house was blazing. It was with great difficulty that my wife, a servant, and myself, made our escape from the conflagration.

The destruction was complete.

My entire worldly wealth was swallowed up, and I resigned myself thenceforward to despair.

I am above the weakness of seeking to establish a sequence of cause and effect, between the disaster and the atrocity. But I am detailing a chain of facts - and wish not to leave even a possible link imperfect.

On the day succeeding the fire, I visited the ruins. The walls, with one exception, had fallen in. This exception was found in a compartment wall, not very thick, which stood about the middle of the house, and against which had rested the head of my bed. The plastering had here, in great measure, resisted the action of the fire - a fact which I attributed to its having been recently spread. About this wall a dense crowd were collected, and many persons seemed to be examining a particular portion of it with very minute and eager attention. The words "strange!" "singular!" and other similar expressions, excited my curiosity.

I approached and saw, as if graven in bas relief upon the white surface, the figure of **a gigantic cat**. The impression was given with an accuracy truly marvellous.

There was a rope about the animal's neck.

When I first beheld this apparition - for I could scarcely regard it as less - my wonder and my terror were extreme. But at length reflection came to my aid. The cat, I remembered, had been hung in a garden adjacent to the house. Upon the alarm of fire, this garden had been immediately filled by the crowd—by some one of whom the animal must have been cut from the tree and thrown, through an open window, into my chamber. This had probably been done with the view of arousing me from sleep. The falling of other walls had compressed the victim of my cruelty into the substance of the freshly-spread plaster; the lime of which, with the flames, and the ammonia from the carcass, had then accomplished the portraiture as I saw it.

Although I thus readily accounted to my reason, if not altogether to my conscience, for the startling fact just detailed, it did not the less fail to make a deep impression upon my fancy. For months **I could not rid myself of the phantasm of the cat**; and, during this period, there came back into my spirit a half-sentiment that seemed, but was not, remorse. **I went so far as to regret the loss of the animal**, and to look about me, among the vile haunts which I now

habitually frequented, for another pet of the same species, and of somewhat similar appearance, with which to supply its place.

One night as I sat, half stupefied, in a den of more than infamy, my attention was suddenly drawn to some black object, reposing upon the head of one of the immense hogsheads of Gin, or of Rum, which constituted the chief furniture of the apartment.

I had been looking steadily at the top of this hogshead for some minutes, and what now caused me surprise was the fact that I had not sooner perceived the object thereupon. I approached it, and touched it with my hand. **It was a black cat - a very large one - fully as large as Pluto**, and closely resembling him in every respect but one. Pluto had not a white hair upon any portion of his body; but this cat had a large, although indefinite splotch of white, covering nearly the whole region of the breast.

Upon my touching him, he immediately arose, purred loudly, rubbed against my hand, and appeared delighted with my notice. This, then, was the very creature of which I was in search. I at once offered to purchase it of the landlord; but this person made no claim to it - knew nothing of it - had never seen it before.

I continued my caresses, and, when I prepared to go home, the animal evinced a disposition to accompany me. I permitted it to do so; occasionally stooping and patting it as I proceeded. When it reached the house it domesticated itself at once, and became immediately a great favorite with my wife.

For my own part, I soon found a dislike to it arising within me. This was just the reverse of what I had anticipated; but - I know not how or why it was - its evident fondness for myself rather disgusted and annoyed. By slow degrees, these feelings of disgust and annoyance rose into the **bitterness of hatred**.

I avoided the creature; a certain sense of shame, and the remembrance of my former deed of cruelty, preventing me from physically abusing it. I did not, for some weeks, strike, or otherwise

violently ill use it; but gradually - very gradually - I came to look upon it with unutterable loathing, and to flee silently from its odious presence, as from the breath of a pestilence.

What added, no doubt, to my hatred of the beast, was the discovery, on the morning after I brought it home, that, like **Pluto**, it also had been deprived of one of its eyes. This circumstance, however, only endeared it to my wife, who, as I have already said, possessed, in a high degree, that humanity of feeling which had once been my distinguishing trait, and the source of many of my simplest and purest pleasures.

**With my aversion to this cat, however,
its partiality for myself seemed to increase.**

It followed my footsteps with a pertinacity which it would be difficult to make the reader comprehend. Whenever I sat, it would crouch beneath my chair, or spring upon my knees, covering me with its loathsome caresses. If I arose to walk it would get between my feet and thus nearly throw me down, or, fastening its long and sharp claws in my dress, clamber, in this manner, to my breast. At such times, although I longed to destroy it with a blow, **I was yet withheld** from so doing, partly by a memory of my former crime, but chiefly - let me confess it at once - **by absolute dread of the beast.**

This dread was not exactly a dread of physical evil - and yet I should be at a loss how otherwise to define it. I am almost ashamed to own - yes, even in this felon's cell, I am almost ashamed to own - that the terror and horror with which the animal inspired me, had been heightened by one of the merest chimaeras it would be possible to conceive. My wife had called my attention, more than once, to the character of the mark of white hair, of which I have spoken, and which constituted the sole visible difference between the strange beast and the one I had destroyed. The reader will remember that this mark, although large, had been originally very indefinite; but, by slow degrees - degrees nearly imperceptible, and which for a long time my Reason struggled to reject as fanciful - **it had, at length, assumed a rigorous distinctness of outline.**

It was now the representation of an object that I shudder to name - and for this, above all, I loathed, and dreaded, and would have rid myself of the monster *had I dared* - it was now, I say, the image of a hideous - of a ghastly thing

-of the GALLows!-

**oh, mournful and terrible engine of horror
and of crime—of Agony and of Death !**

And now was I indeed wretched beyond the wretchedness of mere Humanity. And *a brute beast* - whose fellow I had contemptuously destroyed - *a brute beast* to work out for me - for me a man, fashioned in the image of the High God - so much of insufferable wo! Alas! neither by day nor by night knew I the blessing of Rest any more! During the former the creature left me no moment alone; and, in the latter, I started, hourly, from dreams of unutterable fear, to find the hot breath of *the thing* upon my face, and its vast weight - an incarnate Night-Mare that I had no power to shake off - incumbent eternally upon my *heart*!

Beneath the pressure of torments such as these, the feeble remnant of the good within me succumbed. Evil thoughts became my sole intimates - the darkest and most evil of thoughts. The moodiness of my usual temper increased **to hatred of all things and of all mankind**; while, from the sudden, frequent, and ungovernable outbursts of a fury to which I now blindly abandoned myself, my uncomplaining wife, alas! was the most usual and the most patient of sufferers.

One day she accompanied me, upon some household errand, into the cellar of the old building which our poverty compelled us to inhabit. The cat followed me down the steep stairs, and, nearly throwing me headlong, **exasperated me to madness**.

Uplifting an axe, and forgetting, in my wrath, the childish dread which had hitherto stayed my hand, I aimed a blow at the animal which, of course, would have proved instantly **fatal** had it descended as I wished. But this blow was arrested by the hand of my wife.

Goaded, by the interference, into a rage more than demoniacal, I withdrew my arm from her
grasp

and buried the axe in her brain.

She fell dead upon the spot, without a groan.

This hideous murder accomplished, I set myself forthwith, and with entire deliberation, to the task of **concealing the body**.

I knew that I could not remove it from the house, either by day or by night, without the risk of being observed by the neighbors. Many projects entered my mind. At one period I thought of cutting the corpse into minute fragments, and destroying them by fire. At another, I resolved to dig a grave for it in the floor of the cellar. Again, I deliberated about casting it in the well in the yard - about packing it in a box, as if merchandize, with the usual arrangements, and so getting a porter to take it from the house. Finally I hit upon what I considered a far better expedient than either of these. **I determined to wall it up in the cellar** - as the monks of the middle ages are recorded to have walled up their victims.

For a purpose such as this the cellar was well adapted. Its walls were loosely constructed, and had lately been plastered throughout with a rough plaster, which the dampness of the atmosphere had prevented from hardening. Moreover, in one of the walls was a projection, caused by a false chimney, or fireplace, that had been filled up, and made to resemble the red of the cellar. I made no doubt that I could readily displace the bricks at this point, insert the corpse, and wall the whole up as before, so that no eye could detect any thing suspicious.

And in this calculation I was not deceived. By means of a crow-bar I easily dislodged the bricks, and, having carefully deposited the body against the inner wall, I propped it in that position, while, with little trouble, I re-laid the whole structure as it originally stood. Having procured mortar, sand, and hair, with every possible precaution, I prepared a plaster which could not be distinguished from the old, and with this I very carefully went over the new brickwork. When I had finished, I felt satisfied that all was right.

**The wall did not present
the slightest appearance
of having been disturbed.**

The rubbish on the floor was picked up with the minutest care. I looked around triumphantly, and said to myself - "Here at least, then, my labor has not been in vain."

My next step was to look for the beast which had been the cause of so much wretchedness; for I had, at length, firmly resolved to put it to death. Had I been able to meet with it, at the moment, there could have been no doubt of its fate; but it appeared that the crafty animal had been alarmed at the violence of my previous anger, and forebore to present itself in my present mood. It is impossible to describe, or to imagine, the deep, the blissful sense of relief which the absence of the detested creature occasioned in my bosom. It did not make its appearance during the night - and thus for one night at least, since its introduction into the house, I soundly and tranquilly slept; aye, slept even with the burden of murder upon my soul!

The second and the third day passed, and still my tormentor came not. **Once again I breathed as a freeman.** The monster, in terror, had fled the premises forever! I should behold it no more! My happiness was supreme! The guilt of my dark deed disturbed me but little. Some few inquiries had been made, but these had been readily answered. Even a search had been instituted - but of course nothing was to be discovered. I looked upon my future felicity as secured.

Upon the fourth day of the assassination, a party of the police came, very unexpectedly, into the house, and proceeded again to make rigorous investigation of the premises. Secure, however, in the inscrutability of my place of concealment, **I felt no embarrassment whatever.**

The officers bade me accompany them in their search. **They left no nook or corner unexplored.** At length, for the third or fourth time, they descended into the cellar. I quivered not in a muscle. My heart beat calmly as that of one who slumbers in innocence. I walked the cellar from end to end. I folded my arms upon my bosom, and roamed easily to and fro. The police

were thoroughly satisfied and prepared to depart. The glee at my heart was too strong to be restrained. I burned to say if but **one word, by way of triumph**, and to render doubly sure their assurance of **my guiltlessness**.

"Gentlemen," I said at last, as the party ascended the steps, "I delight to have allayed your suspicions. I wish you all health, and a little more courtesy. By the bye, gentlemen, this - this is a very well constructed house." (In the rabid desire to say something easily, I scarcely knew what I uttered at all.)

"I may say an excellently well constructed house. These walls are you going, gentlemen? - these walls are solidly put together;" and here, through the mere phrenzy of bravado, **I rapped heavily, with a cane** which I held in my hand, **upon that very portion of the brick-work** behind which stood the corpse of the wife of my bosom.

But may God shield and deliver me from the fangs of the Arch-Fiend! No sooner had the reverberation of my blows sunk into silence, **than I was answered
by a voice from within the tomb!**

—by a cry, at first muffled and broken, like the sobbing of a child, and then quickly swelling into one long, loud, and continuous scream, utterly **anomalous** and **inhuman**—a howl—a wailing shriek, half of horror and half of triumph, such as might have arisen only out of hell, conjointly **from the throats of the damned** in their agony and of the demons that exult in the damnation.

Of my own thoughts it is folly to speak. Swooning, I staggered to the opposite wall. For one instant the party upon the stairs remained motionless, through extremity of terror and of awe.

**In the next, a dozen stout arms were toiling at the wall.
It fell bodily.**

The corpse, already greatly decayed and
clotted with gore,
stood erect before the eyes of the spectators.

Upon its head, with red extended mouth
and **solitary eye of fire**, sat the hideous beast
whose craft had seduced me into murder, and whose informing voice
had consigned me to the hangman.

**I HAD WALLED THE MONSTER UP WITHIN
THE TOMB!**

The Raven by Edgar Alan Poe

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door -
Only this, and nothing more.'

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; - vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow - sorrow for the lost Lenore -
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore -
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me - filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door -
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door; -
This it is, and nothing more.'

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
'Sir,' said I, 'or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you' - here I opened wide the door; -
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, 'Lenore!'
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, 'Lenore!'
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
'Surely,' said I, 'surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore -
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; -
'Tis the wind and nothing more!'

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door -
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door -
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven.
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the nightly shore -
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning - little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door -
Bird or beast above the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as 'Nevermore.'

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only,
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered - not a feather then he fluttered -
Till I scarcely more than muttered 'Other friends have flown before -
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.'
Then the bird said, 'Nevermore.'

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore -
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of "Never-nevermore."'

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore -
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking 'Nevermore.'

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,

She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee - by these angels he has sent thee
Respite - respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird or devil! -
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted -
On this home by horror haunted - tell me truly, I implore -
Is there - *is* there balm in Gilead? - tell me - tell me, I implore!'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us - by that God we both adore -
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels named Lenore -
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels named Lenore?'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!' I shrieked upstarting -
'Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! - quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted - nevermore!

Activity D15-17.b

Annabel Lee

Edgar Allan Poe

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love--
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me--
Yes!--that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we--
Of many far wiser than we--
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

Activity D15-17.b

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling--my darling--my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.