A Legacy of Freedom & Virtue in Literature & Philosophy

This chapter requires a companion activity book in which students respond to questions on text content.



Chapter 2

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

PROFESSIONAL CREDITS

A Legacy of Freedom & Virtue in Literature & Philosophy

Publishers
Gene Hood and Ronald E. Johnson

Managing Editor
Ronald E. Johnson

Writers
Nina Saint
Sarah Barbee

Content Editor
Sarah Barbee
Nancy Johnson

Production Manager
Jeff Carr

Page Composition
Debbie L. Dial
Kathy L. Dial
Sarah Barbee

Graphic Artists
Debbie L. Dial
Lydia Seals

Quality Assurance
Carolyn Hood
Nancy Johnson

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

CHAPTER 2
TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

SECTION 1

1. Robinson Crusoe's Epiphany
   Fiction 1-2
   Fiction 2
   Basic Elements of Short Stories 2
   Development of Ideas and Details 2

2. Advice from a Cowdog
   Fiction 3-6
   Short Stories 3-6
   Point of View (A Review) 4-6

3. Washington Irving
   Fiction 7-12
   Short Stories (Continued) 7-12
   Plot Mapping 11-12

4. Literature for Kuntry Kids
   Fiction 13-16
   Short Stories Texas Style 13-16
   Development of Voice 16

5. Mark Twain's Contributions
   Fiction 17-20
   Voice Revisited 20

PAGE

SECTION 2

6. The Three Little Pigs
   Fiction 21-24
   Fables 22-24

7. Pandora's Box
   Fiction 25-28
   Myths 25-28
   Greek Mythology 26
   Native American Indian Mythology . .26-27
   Chinese Mythology 28

8. The Girl Without Hands
   Fiction 29-32
   Fairytales 31-32

9. Johnny Appleseed and
   Other Legends
   Fiction 33-38
   Legends 34-38
   Tall Tales, Folklore, and Urban
   Legends 35-38

10. The Laborers in the Vineyard
    Fiction 39-42
    Parables 39-42
    Symbolism in Parables 41-42

PAGE

SECTION 3

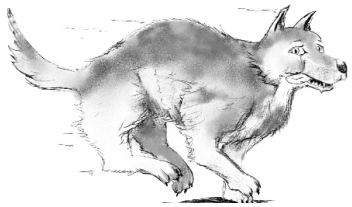
11. All the World is the Stage
    Drama 43-44
    Drama 43-44
    Forms of Theater 44

12. Shakespeare's Contributions
    Drama 45-48
    The Tragedy of Hamlet 45-48

13. The Tragedy of Hamlet (Continued)
    Drama 49-54

14. The Taming of the Shrew
    Drama 55-60

15. The Taming of the Shrew (Continued)
    Drama 61-64



©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum

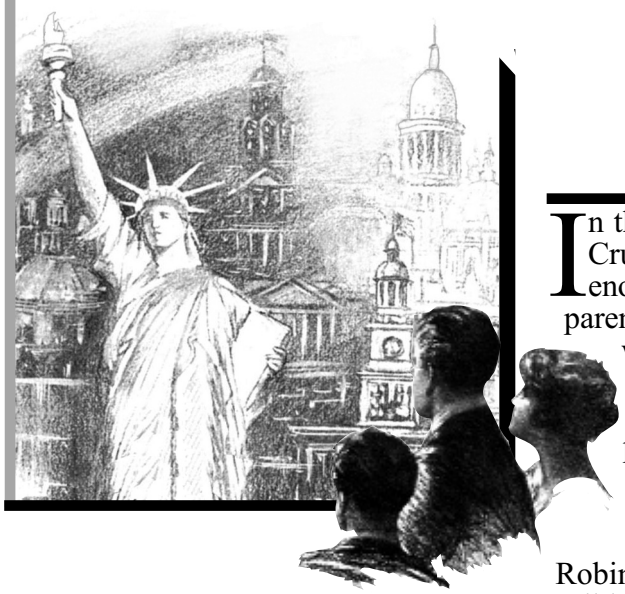
DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

—George Bulwer Lytton



©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.



Robinson Crusoe's Epiphany

Fiction

Section 1

Lesson 1 of 5

In the 1600s, a young man by the name of Robinson Crusoe lived in England. When Robinson was old enough to decide what to do with his life, he told his parents of plans to have a career at sea. His parents were against Robinson's plan, but the youth had made up his mind. Indeed, nothing anyone said would ***dissuade*** young Robinson from his purpose. ***Bidding*** his family ***farewell***, Robinson boarded a ship and sailed away in search of adventure at sea.

After several safe, successful voyages, Robinson's life took an unexpected turn. During a terrible ***tempest***, the ship was driven off course and ***grounded*** on a ***reef***. While fierce winds and waves began to pound the ship to pieces, the crew boarded a lifeboat and attempted to reach a nearby island. However, the violent waves flipped the life boat, and all but Robinson drowned. Swept far up the beach by the waves, Robinson awoke wet, hungry and deserted.

He was glad to be alive but wondered if survival was better than death. The island was far from trade routes, and Robinson had no reason to believe he would be rescued by a passing ship. Also, cannibals were common on islands of the sea. Robinson did not believe in God; therefore, Crusoe had no faith that God would rescue or ***sustain*** a stranded sailor.

An unexpected discovery soon changed Robinson's point of view. After the storm subsided, Crusoe discovered that the ship had not sunk. He began salvaging food, clothing, tools and other goods, including a Bible. When he finished, Robinson had nearly everything he needed to live well on the ***desolate*** island.

At first, Robinson could hardly believe his good fortune. However, he soon realized that more than good luck had given him a second chance at life. This change of belief helped him endure many solitary years on the island. He came to believe that Providence had kept the ship afloat, thereby providing all the things Robinson needed for survival. Over the years, he came to appreciate that Providence was working for him and not against him. Knowing this, he accepted his circumstances confidently, and he positively and patiently endured each challenge. Robinson's belief in Providence rewarded him with peace and contentment. Finally, after more than thirty years, Crusoe was rescued and returned to England a happier and much wiser man.

VOCABULARY

Dissuade: to alter the course of action; to turn from something by persuasion or advice
Bidding: old English for "telling"
Farewell: old English for "good-bye"
Tempest: a severe storm, usually with hail, sleet, or rain
Grounded: driven onto land; often a sandbar or piece of earth sticking out of the sea, usually near a reef
Reef: a row of rocks, sand, or corral at or near the surface of the water
Sustain: to hold up and keep from falling; to support
Desolate: unfit for habitation; useless; forlorn; forsaken
Synopsis: a shortened, abbreviated version of a literary work

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

FICTION

Fiction is a story created by a writer and may contain some real events but is mostly imagined. Opening a book is like going on an adventure and exploring a new place. The title of the book may be interesting, the cover may look exciting, but not until the book is opened and the contents revealed will the reader begin to enjoy the adventure. Fiction is written in either first or third person. The settings, characters and plots may vary widely. In long stories, such as novels, the setting may change as the characters move from place to place. Long pieces of fiction are often divided by scenes or episodes.

Basic Elements of Short Stories

One type of fiction is a *short story*. These narrative pieces of literature come in different shapes and sizes. A *vignette* is about 3-7 paragraphs. The vignette for this lesson is a ***synopsis*** of Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, a novel published in 1719 in England. Stories that are 1 to 3 pages are simply called *short stories*. Stories that are several pages are called *long short stories*. Like all stories, short stories have the key elements of narration: setting, characters, plot, and theme. The *setting* is *where* and *when* a story takes place. *Characters* are either *major* or *minor* and are the people or animals in the story. The *plot* is the sequence of events. A *plot* has a *climax* and a *resolution*. The climax is the most exciting or suspenseful point of the story; the resolution is how or when the conflict or danger is resolved.

The *theme* is the universal idea that links the author to the readers. The theme applies to all of us, not just the characters in the story. Common themes in works of literature are: love, hate, good and evil, innocence and experience, communication, isolation, life, death, society, and the individual. Sometimes complex works of literature, such as epic novels, have more than one theme. Some authors write their works purposely to be unclear or uncertain, allowing the reader to interpret the theme. Interpretations of the theme must always be supported with evidence from the text. Evidence of a theme may be found in the title of the work, direct statements by the author or characters in the story, indirect references, statements by the narrator, actions by the characters, personalities of the characters (morals and virtues), symbols, images, details, events and ideas.

Development of Ideas and Details

Ideas, plots, and themes in a literary work should be well developed. Errors such as failing to support and develop ideas clearly should be avoided. An author should use facts, examples and details to engage and sustain readers' attention and to show that he/she has been thoughtful and thorough in research. Facts and details in the story should be verified by research or documented sources. Examples may also be taken from the author's personal experience. Details in the story are useful in making the plot more interesting for the reader and for developing the main points. However, details should be accurate for the time frame of the story. For instance, if a story is about a family living on the western prairie in the 1800s, and their house is being described, the author would not want to state that the walls were made of sheet rock, which was not commonly used in homes for interior walls until the 1900s. Or, if the older brother in the story took a flashlight to the barn to check on the cattle, readers would know that kerosene lanterns were used back then; not flashlights! Erroneous details like that may contribute to readers not thinking that an author is credible.

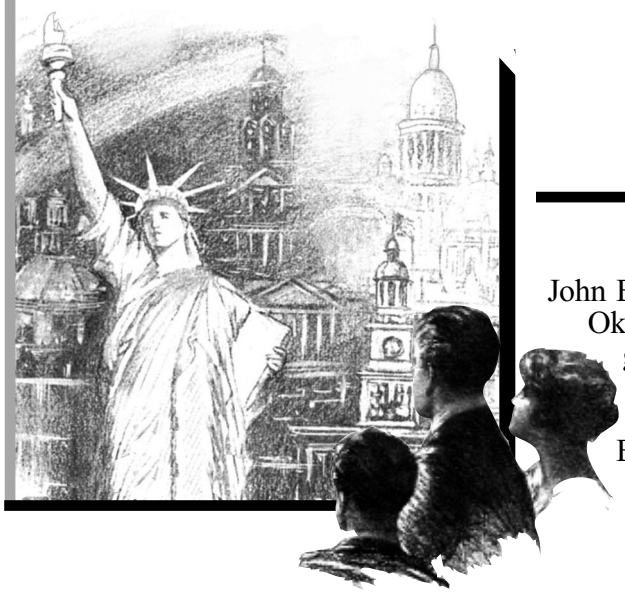
Congratulations! You have made a good start to Chapter 2. Continue to the Activities.



Life Principle

"Life can change when least expected; therefore, be consistent in character, for by it you can endure the unexpected." — Ronald E. Johnson

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.



Advice from a Cowdog

Fiction

Section 1

Lesson 2 of 5

SHORT STORIES

During the 1970s, a gentleman by the name of John Erickson was busy managing ranches in Texas and Oklahoma. Erickson grew up in Midland, Texas and graduated from the University of Texas in Austin. He spent two years at Harvard's School of Religion in the late 1960s before he became a ***cowboy***. Erickson learned to play the five-string banjo and sang in the church choir. His religious beliefs and ranch experiences provided the ***foundation*** for stories full of humor and principles.

He wanted his children to read books full of ***innocent*** fun. He did not find many such books, so he created a cartoon cowdog named Hank who served as a security guard for an imaginary ranch in West Texas.

Erickson became a full-time writer in 1982. He submitted his books to dozens of publishing houses which all ***declined*** to publish the amusing adventures of *Hank, the Cowdog*. Erickson knew that his books would be popular, so he obtained ***venture capital*** and published his own books.

Plots and episodes in *Hank, the Cowdog* were humorous, like the tall tales of a cowboy storyteller. The main character, Hank, quote funny ***sayings*** filled with simple wisdom, like "being scared of scary things is normal," and, "Being afraid is the major cause of fear. If you can get that under control, you've got it licked." Erickson said his stories were like an amusement park water slide, "Once you're on, you can't get off, and before you know it, it's over."

With humor and country values, Hank entertains readers of all ages. Within a few years, *Hank, the Cowdog* became popular in American schools and homes from coast to coast. Read an excerpt below.

Bloody Murder

It's me again, Hank, the Cowdog. I just got some terrible news. There's been a murder on the ranch. I know I shouldn't blame myself. I mean, a dog is only a dog. He can't be everywhere at once. When I took this job as head of the Ranch Security, I knew I was only flesh and blood, four legs, a tail, a couple of ears, a pretty nice kind of nose that women really go for, two bushels of hair, and another half bushel of Mexican sandburs.

You add all that up and you don't get Superman, just me, good old easy going Hank who works hard, tries to do his job, and gets very little cooperation from anyone else around here.

I'm not complaining, I knew this wouldn't be an easy

VOCABULARY

Cowboy: one who tends cattle or horses
Foundation: an underlying base or support
Innocent: harmless, not corrupted
Decline: to refuse politely
Venture capital: money obtained to start a new business
Sayings: a phrase that often represents a common observation
Matriculate: to enroll as a student
Vicar: a substitute priest in a parish
Polemics: controversies or disputes
Divan: a sofa or couch
Skiff: a type of boat small enough for sailing or rowing by one person
Cataract: a large waterfall
Palisade: a fence of stakes or posts set firmly in the ground
Homage: respect; reverence
Prodigy: something abnormal or monstrous
Chronicles: a historical record of events

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum

DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

job. It took a special kind of dog—strong, fearless, dedicated, and above all, smart. Obviously Drover didn't fit. The job fell on my shoulders. It was my destiny. I couldn't escape the broom that swept through…anyway, I took the job.

Head of Ranch Security. Gee, I was proud of that title. Just the sound of it made my tail wag. But now this, a murder, right under my nose. I know that I shouldn't blame myself, but I do.

POINT OF VIEW (A REVIEW)

The *point of view* of a story is determined by whether or not the narrator (the person telling the story) is himself a character in the story. If the narrator is in the story, the writer will use the first person pronouns *I, we, us, our, ours, my* or *mine*. If the narrator is not part of the story but is telling it about someone else, the writer will use the third person pronouns *he, she, it, they, them, their* and *theirs*. Notice the difference between the writer and the narrator. The writer (or author) is the person who wrote the story. The narrator is the person who told the story. In *Hank, the Cowdog*, John Erickson is the writer, but the narrator is Hank.

If you think you have to be a Texas cowboy to write interesting stories, think again! Writers who entertain and bring us great stories come in all shapes, sizes, cultures and backgrounds. The Reverend William H. Anderson was a writer who was as far from a cowboy as a person could get! Anderson was born in London in 1816. At about nineteen years of age, Anderson ***matriculated*** at Oxford, but soon after won a scholarship at University College, where he earned a degree in 1840. He became very accomplished in life. He received an Anglican ordination, became ***vicar*** of Withyam, and, in 1846, became vicor of St. Margaret's in Leicester. In 1850, Anderson was received into the church in Paris by Father de Ravignan. Ordained at Oscott by Bishop Ullathorne in 1853, Anderson was appointed a lecturer at Ushaw College, and afterward a preacher and confessor at University Church in Dublin, Ireland. During his stay in Ireland, Anderson was instrumental in founding the Franciscan convent of Drumshambo. In 1856, Anderson was called to London by his uncle, Cardinal Manning, whose secretary he remained until he joined the Jesuits in 1872. From 1875 to 1889 Anderson lived in Manchester, doing excellent work as preacher, spiritual guide, and writer.

Father Anderson began his literary career by writing adventure tales for children in Catholic schools. Father Anderson's tales include: *Bonneval, the Story of the Fronde* (1857); *Owen Evans, the Catholic Crusoe* (1962); *Afternoons with the Saints* (1863), and *In the Snow, Tales of Mt. St. Bernard* (1866). Most of Anderson's tales were also translated into German and French. Valuable essays by him are: *Fasti Apostolici* (1882), *Evening with the Saints* (1883) and *Britain's Early Faith* (1887). Critics of the times considered Anderson's writings to be controversial but some of the very best.

Anderson also wrote many articles for newspapers, addressing the ***polemics*** of the day. Some of the serial publications that carried his articles were, the "Weekly Register," the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart," the "Xaverian," "Merry England," the "Month," and the "Irish Monthly,". His last works were "The Old Religion of Taunton"; and "Five Minute Sermons," the latter completed only in part when he died. The following excerpt is from a tale in Anderson's *Tales of Mt. St. Bernard*.

***Tales of Mt. St. Bernard* by W.H. Anderson, S.J.**

In the latticed balcony of his summer palace at Grand Cairo, sat the Pasha of Egypt. Propped on the silken cushions of his ***divan***, fanned with ostrich feathers by attendant slaves, he enjoyed the evening breeze, which began faintly to ruffle the waters of the Nile. Rich awnings protected him from the sun's rays; and it was a pleasure to watch the light ***skiffs*** that shot like water flies across the stream, or the larger boats of traffic lazily breasting the current on their upward course toward the distant ***cataracts***. Weary at length of this listless employment, "Go," said the Pasha to one of his officers, "take soldiers and descend to the nearest gate of the city. Arrest the first travellers that enter in, and bring them hither."

"To hear is to obey," answered the officer, touching his forehead, his eyes, and his breast. He went forth, and soon returned with a merchant from Tunis.

The Pasha stroked his beard as he surveyed the newcomer. After a pause he said: "Stranger, my will is that you relate to me a tale about one of the four elements. Let your narration be wonderful, and such as I have never heard. Satisfy me in this, and I will dismiss you with a rich reward. Refuse, or tell me a tale that hath no interest, and you shall be bow-strung on the spot." The Pasha here drew his finger across his throat. The Tunis Merchant then stepped forward, and prostrating himself, forthwith commenced:

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

The Horse and His Rider

"Know, illustrious Pasha," he began, "that some twelve days' journey from hence, toward the setting sun, once lay a kingdom of civilized men. They were shut out from the rest of the world, and from the tribes of barbarous Ethiopians who surrounded them, by a range of lofty mountains encircling their land. This country consisted of one rich and wide valley, with fertile soil, watered in abundance by five copious streams which descended into it from the mountains around. It was called the kingdom of Agad-berek.

The streams united, forming a lake and pouring into a river through a cleft in the mountains. This cleft was so narrow, and the rocks so smooth and precipitous, that the men of Agad-berek were at no pains to fortify this only approach to their valley; being always persuaded that the rushing river filling the entire channel of the outlet, was defense enough. In truth, no enemy had ever attempted to penetrate this fertile region; and for many centuries all went on in quietness.

Nevertheless, a small guard house, near the river's outlet, was kept in repair, and a watch of soldiers stationed there. One night, the sentinel thought he heard the tramp of a horse coming through the cleft. He listened attentively, yet believed that his ear had deceived him, since there was no footing for the most skillful climber along the channel, far less a path for any horse. But, in a few moments, he heard the tramp of a horse more distinctly, and his snortings louder. By the light of the moon, he could see a rider mounted on a noble steed, riding at a good pace upon the surface of the river. The sentinel, astonished at such a sight, ran into the guard house to call out the guard; but before he had roused them, the horse and rider had passed up the river toward the city, still trampling upon the water as upon a hard substance.

Meanwhile, O Pasha! the horseman drew bridle in the outer court of the king's palace. Among all who were there was not one who did not admire the noble black horse. I must inform your excellency that the horses of that country were a race of poor and sorry jades; so that this strong and beautiful creature was a wonder. His curly mane and tail were black as the raven's wing. His coat shone like black satin. His limbs were sinewy. His eye glowed like a burning coal, and his nostrils seemed to breathe forth a flame.

The officers of the palace looked forth from the windows and were seized with equal admiration. Tidings of the horse and his rider soon reached the ears of the king, who, in turn, was animated with the utmost curiosity to see what his courtiers and officers reported to him. So, dismissing all other business, he commanded the stranger to lead the horse into the inner court where he surveyed him from a balcony.

The rider, begging the king's leave to exhibit what his horse was capable of, made him perform some astonishing feats of galloping, leaping, breaking shields and ***palisades*** with his hoofs, to show his strength and agility. Afterward, he commanded him to dance among a score of eggs, arranged in a pattern on the ground, without breaking them; to pick up a small piece of money; to carry his master's turban in his teeth, and lay it before the king, going down at the same time on his knees in token of ***homage***. The king, delighted with the horse's performances, demanded of his rider for what sum he would part with him; bidding him not fear to name a worthy price. The horseman, to show the king that the price could not be moderate, told him he had not yet seen the greatest wonder. Mounting, he rode the horse to a large reservoir of water in the midst of the court, and causing him to leap upon the surface of the water, spurred him round and round at different paces, while the water rang under his hoofs as if it were of hard and solid crystal. When the horse had finished, the king called the rider to him; and causing him to dismount and draw near, he thus addressed him: 'Stranger, I know not whence you come; but I remind you that your life is forfeited, at my pleasure, for having entered my kingdom. Nevertheless, I pardon you this transgression, if you will yield to me this horse at such a price as ought to content you.'

The stranger besought the king that he might still be allowed to keep his black horse; for he assured the king that the horse would allow no one but himself to mount him. The king at length assented. Only the king was not content without bestowing on Reis-Arad a princely revenue, and a palace equal to that of the general-in-chief, with a title to match. It was moreover concluded that the new prince should forthwith marry the king's eldest daughter, whose name was Silver Moonshine. The king was now urgent with Reis-Arad to relate to him the history of the black horse, but Reis-Arad excused himself under some pretext, and succeeded in putting off the question.

So the marriage of Reis-Arad and Silver Moonshine was celebrated with great rejoicings. Afterward, Reis-Arad was established as the second man in the kingdom. At the council, and in the seat of judgement, he showed much prudence and equity; and all men were content. Many improvements were made in the customs of the country.

But, every year, at the new moon of the seventh month, Reis-Arad caused his black horse to be saddled; and rode away. All the inhabitants of the country along the banks would come forth to greet him and watch him until he disappeared between the smooth rocks of red marble. This he did year after year. When after seven days, he

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

returned the same way. He spoke no word of his journey. He resumed his government, and all things went on as before.

Now, on one of the highest points of the mountains lived an old hermit. This hermit had been an officer in the armies, much valued for his warlike qualities and wisdom. One day, he heard a voice bidding him retire from all and spend his days in prayer. Reis-Arad was among the most frequent visitors to the hermit's cell. What passed between them at their long interviews none could guess.

The people of Agad-berek were a selfish race, plunged in the mere pleasures of the moment, forgetful of many of the obligations which man owes to his neighbor. The mild climate and fertile soil only increased their self-indulgence. While they professed a worship purer then the idolatry of the Ethiopians, they spent their time in neglect of the precepts of any religion. There existed an ancient prophecy that if the country went on in their evil ways, the water which rendered their valley fertile and prosperous would be turned against them. The hermit warned of this prophecy; and it was certain that some among those who climbed to his cell reformed their lives in accordance with it. For the people of the kingdom in general, they went on as if they had never heard of it: some openly mocked, others were content to pass it by in silence and forget it.

One evening, Reis-Arad had just returned from the hermit's cell. His attendants perceived his countenance to be troubled; but he spoke no other word, except to desire that Silver Moonshine and her children should be sent for. Then Reis-Arad placed them all on the black charger, which stood motionless by the fountain. His eyes glowed like coals of fire in the deep shadow, partly lit by the torches from a banqueting hall where the king and his officers were carousing with goblets of the choicest wines.

There was silence in the courtyard; hearts beat in suspense. When the moon rose, it was seen by its light that the waters in the reservoir began to heave and overflow. This ***prodigy***, which had never been seen before, nor written in the ***chronicles*** of Agad-berek, smote the bystanders with fear, so that each man fled. Nothing was heard through the palace but cries of terror.

Meanwhile, the violence of the fountain increased. Faster and faster rose the flood, till it became like the whirlpools in the northern seas. It filled the court, rose to the palace roof, poured over the roof in a rushing cataract, and began to overwhelm the city. Many of the inhabitants were drowning in the first gush of the waters; all who were able fled to the upper rooms, or crowded on the roofs. The king had already been overwhelmed, and his lords and officers around him who had all drunk to excess. The water reached their chairs of state and luxury where each one sat, unable to rise. Their corpses were soon floating to and fro.

All this while, the noble black charger, bearing Reis-Arad, Silver Moonshine, and the children, paced round and round on the surface of the flood as it rose. Higher and higher they mounted with the water. By this time all the inhabitants had been swept off their roofs and drowned in the deluge of waters; for the flood still came pouring from the palace on every side. When the horse and its burden had risen thus high, the whole country lay around them in the silent moonlight, looking like the basin of a lake. Not a sign of life was to be seen; but many corpses floated and rolled where once were the streets of the submerged city. The princess wept bitterly, and bewailed the fate of her kindred.

As Reis-Arad looked toward the mountain, he saw a fire. By its light, the form of the hermit was clearly seen, gazing down upon the mighty fountain. It was also plain that he saw Reis-Arad, for he raised his arm aloft in blessing or farewell. Then the horseman turned his bridle, and rode down the slope of the cataract, over what was once the city of Agad-berek, toward the cleft through which he had at first entered the kingdom."

The Pasha mused whether he should honor the commentary with approval or the bow-string. After stroking his beard, he signified to the Tunis merchant that he had saved his life by the tale.

THE END

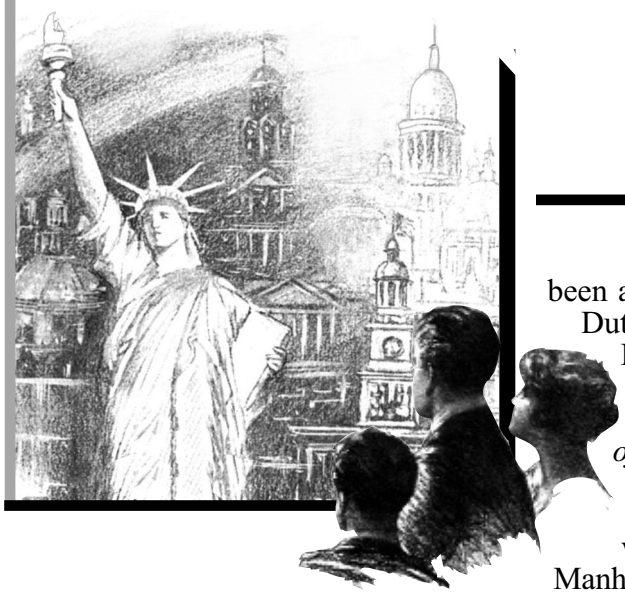
Could you come up with a tale that quickly if your life depended on it? The merchant from Tunis did! Continue to the Activities.



LIFE PRINCIPLE

"Once you make the leap of faith to live your life based on a consistent set of principles, you're empowered to do great things." —Randy Komisor

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.



Washington Irving

Fiction

Section 1

Lesson 3 of 5

Short Stories (Continued)

Dutch settlers along the Hudson River had long been a rich source of humor to the English who found Dutch customs amusing and somewhat bewildering. In 1809, Washington Irving (1783-1859), an American of English descent, produced a long series of stories about New York, titled, *History of New York* into which Irving wove entertaining stories that joked about habits of the Dutch. In one silly episode, Irving wrote that the Dutch official who traded with Indians for the island of Manhattan measured the land with his undergarments called *knickers*. Irving even named the imaginary official Diedrick Knickerbocker. Today in New York, descendants of early Dutch settlers are often called *Knickerbockers*. This humorous nickname was continued when New York named their sports team, *The Knicks*.

Washington Irving continued to bring amusement to Americans through his ***satirical*** stories of the Dutch. From their peaceful villages, Irving created outlandish and amusing characters, such as Rip Van Winkle who evaded hard work around the farm by heading for the Catskill Mountains and sleeping for twenty years. In a tale about a village named Sleepy Hollow, a headless horseman chased the local teacher, Ichabod Crane, through a dark forest.

In 1820, Irving published a collection of his silly tales titled *Sketch Book*. Irving's stories became immensely popular and were placed in classrooms of the 1800s as examples of good American writing. Washington Irving became America's first famous fiction writer who drew his characters from daily American life.

Not all of Irving's stories were satires of the Dutch. His famous short story *The Devil and Tom Walker* was about a greedy Englishman who made a deal with the devil. The story is a satire about human behavior and money.

The Devil and Tom Walker (excerpt)
by Washington Irving

A few miles from Boston, in Massachusetts, there is a deep ***inlet*** winding several miles into the interior of the country from Charles Bay, and terminating in a thickly wooded swamp, or ***morass***. On one side of this inlet is a beautiful dark grove; on the opposite side the land rises abruptly from the water's edge, into a high ridge on which grow a few scattered oaks of great age and immense

VOCABULARY

Satire: the use of irony, sarcasm, or ridicule in exposing vice or folly in human behavior
Inlet: an indentation of a shoreline; small, narrow bay
Morass: a piece of low, soft, ground; a marsh or bog
Buccaneering: pirating
Propitiated: having met favorable conditions; indicative of favor
Usurer: a person who lends money and charges interest, usually at an exorbitant or unlawful rate
Exorbitant: exceeding the bounds of custom, propriety, or reason

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

size. Under one of these gigantic trees, according to old stories, there was a great amount of treasure buried by Kidd the pirate. The inlet allowed a facility to bring the money in a boat secretly and at night to the very foot of the hill. The elevation of the place permitted a good look out to be kept that no one was at hand, while the remarkable trees formed good landmarks by which the place might easily be found again. The old stories add, moreover, that the devil presided at the hiding of the money, and took it under his guardianship; but this, it is well known, he always does with buried treasure, particularly when it has been ill gotten. Be that as it may, Kidd never returned to recover his wealth; being shortly after seized at Boston, sent out to England, and there hanged for a pirate.

About the year 1727, just at the time when earthquakes were prevalent in New England, and shook many tall sinners down upon their knees, there lived near this place a meagre miserly fellow of the name of Tom Walker. He had a wife as miserly as himself; they were so miserly that they even conspired to cheat each other. Whatever the woman could lay hands on she hid away: a hen could not cackle but she was on the alert to secure the new-laid egg. Her husband was continually prying about to detect her secret hoards, and many and fierce were the conflicts that took place about what ought to have been common property. They lived in a forlorn looking house, that stood alone and had an air of starvation. A few straggling savin trees, emblems of sterility, grew near it; no smoke ever curled from its chimney; no traveller stopped at its door. A miserable horse, whose ribs were as articulate as the bars of a gridiron, stalked about a field where a thin carpet of moss, scarcely covering the ragged beds of pudding stone, tantalized and balked his hunger; and sometimes he would lean his head over the fence, look piteously at the passer by, and seem to petition deliverance from this land of famine. The house and its inmates had altogether a bad name. Tom's wife was a tall termagant, fierce of temper, loud of tongue, and strong of arm. Her voice was often heard in wordy warfare with her husband; and his face sometimes showed signs that their conflicts were not confined to words. No one ventured, however, to interfere between them; the lonely wayfarer shrunk within himself at the horrid clamour and clapper clawing; eyed the den of discord askance, and hurried on his way, rejoicing, if a bachelor, in his celibacy.

One day that Tom Walker had been to a distant part of the neighbourhood, he took what he considered a short cut homewards through the swamp. Like most short cuts, it was an ill chosen route. The swamp was thickly grown with great gloomy pines and hemlocks, some of them ninety feet high; which made it dark at noonday, and a retreat for all the owls of the neighbourhood. It was full of pits and quagmires, partly covered with weeds and mosses; where the green surface often betrayed the traveller into a gulf of black smothering mud; there were also dark and stagnant pools, the abodes of the tadpole, the bull-frog, and the water snake, and where trunks of pines and hemlocks lay half drowned, half rotting, looking like alligators, sleeping in the mire.

Tom had long been picking his way cautiously through this treacherous forest; stepping from tuft to tuft of rushes and roots which afforded precarious footholds among deep sloughs; or pacing carefully, like a cat, along the prostrate trunks of trees; startled now and then by the sudden screaming of the bittern, or the quacking of a wild duck, rising on the wing from some solitary pool. At length he arrived at a piece of firm ground, which ran out like a peninsula into the deep bosom of the swamp. It had been one of the strong holds of the Indians during their wars with the first colonists. Here they had thrown up a kind of fort which they had looked upon as almost impregnable, and had used as a place of refuge for their squaws and children. Nothing remained of the Indian fort but a few embankments gradually sinking to the level of the surrounding earth, and already overgrown in part by oaks and other forest trees, the foliage of which formed a contrast to the dark pines and hemlocks of the swamp.

It was late in the dusk of evening that Tom Walker reached the old fort, and he paused there for a while to rest himself. Any one but he would have felt unwilling to linger in this lonely melancholy place, for the common people had a bad opinion of it from the stories handed down from the time of the Indian wars; when it was asserted that the savages held incantations here and made sacrifices to the evil spirit. Tom Walker, however, was not a man to be troubled with any fears of the kind.

He reposed himself for some time on the trunk of a fallen hemlock, listening to the boding cry of the tree toad, and delving with his walking staff into a mound of black mould at his feet. As he turned up the soil unconsciously, his staff struck against something hard. He raked it out of the vegetable mould, and lo! a cloven skull with an Indian tomahawk buried deep in it, lay before him. The rust on the weapon showed the time that had elapsed since this death blow had been given. It was a dreary memento of the fierce struggle that had taken

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

place in this last foothold of the Indian warriors.

"Humph!" said Tom Walker, as he gave the skull a kick to shake the dirt from it.

"Let that skull alone!" said a gruff voice.

Tom lifted up his eyes and beheld a great black man, seated directly opposite him on the stump of a tree. He was exceedingly surprised, having neither seen nor heard any one approach, and he was still more perplexed on observing, as well as the gathering gloom would permit, that the stranger was neither Negro nor Indian. It is true, he was dressed in a rude, half Indian garb, and had a red belt or sash swathed round his body, but his face was neither black nor copper colour, but swarthy and dingy and begrimed with soot, as if he had been accustomed to toil among fires and forges. He had a shock of coarse black hair, that stood out from his head in all directions; and bore an axe on his shoulder.

He scowled for a moment at Tom with a pair of great red eyes.

"And pray, who are you, if I may be so bold?" said Tom.

"Oh, I go by various names. I am the Wild Huntsman in some countries; the Black Miner in others. In this neighbourhood I am known by the name of the Black Woodsman. I am he to whom the red men devoted this spot, and now and then roasted a white man by way of sweet smelling sacrifice. Since the red men have been exterminated by you white savages, I amuse myself by presiding at the persecutions of quakers and anabaptists; I am the great patron and prompter of slave dealers, and the grand master of the Salem witches."

"The upshot of all which is, that, if I mistake not," said Tom, sturdily, "you are he commonly called Old Scratch."

"The same at your service!" replied the black man, with a half civil nod.

Such was the opening of this interview, according to the old story. One would think that to meet with such a singular personage in this wild lonely place, would have shaken any man's nerves: but Tom was a hard-minded fellow, not easily daunted, and he had lived so long with a termagant wife, that he did not even fear the devil.

It is said that after this commencement, they had a long and earnest conversation together, as Tom returned homewards. The black man told him of great sums of money which had been buried by Kidd the pirate, under the oak trees on the high ridge not far from the morass. All these were under his command and protected by his power, so that none could find them but such as ***propitiated*** his favour. These he offered to place within Tom Walker's reach, having conceived an especial kindness for him: but they were to be had only on certain conditions. What these conditions were, may easily be surmised, though Tom never disclosed them publicly. They must have been very hard, for he required time to think of them, and he was not a man to stick at trifles where money was in view. When they had reached the edge of the swamp the stranger paused.

"What proof have I that all you have been telling me is true?" said Tom.

"There is my signature," said the black man, pressing his finger on Tom's forehead. So saying, he turned off among the thickets of the swamp, and seemed, as Tom said, to go down, down, down, into the earth, until nothing but his head and shoulders could be seen, and so on until he totally disappeared.

When Tom reached home he found the black print of a finger burnt, as it were, into his forehead, which nothing could obliterate.

He was not prone to let his wife into his confidence; but as this was an uneasy secret, he willingly shared it with her. All her avarice was awakened at the mention of hidden gold, and she urged her husband to comply with the black man's terms and secure what would make them wealthy for life.

He sought, therefore, to cultivate a further acquaintance with him, but for some time without success; the old black legs played shy, for whatever people may think, he is not always to be had for calling for; he knows how to play his cards when pretty sure of his game.

At length, it is said, when delay had whetted Tom's eagerness to the quick, and prepared him to agree to any thing rather than not gain the promised treasure, he met the black man one evening in his usual woodman dress, with his axe on his shoulder, sauntering along the edge of the swamp, and humming a tune. He affected to receive Tom's advance with great indifference, made brief replies, and went on humming his tune.

By degrees, however, Tom brought him to business, and they began to haggle about the terms on which the former was to have the pirate's treasure. There was one condition which need not be mentioned, being generally understood in all cases where the devil grants favours; but there were others about which, though of less importance, he

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

was inflexibly obstinate. He insisted that the money found through his means should be employed in his service. He proposed, therefore, that Tom should employ it in the black traffick; that is to say, that he should fit out a slave ship. This, however, Tom resolutely refused; he was bad enough in all conscience; but the devil himself could not tempt him to turn slave dealer.

Finding Tom so squeamish on this point, he did not insist upon it, but proposed instead that he should turn ***usurer***; the devil being extremely anxious for the increase of usurers, looking upon them as his peculiar people.

To this no objections were made, for it was just to Tom's taste.

"You shall open a broker's shop in Boston next month," said the black man.

"I'll do it to-morrow, if you wish," said Tom Walker.

"You shall lend money at two per cent a month."

"Egad, I'll charge four!" replied Tom Walker.

"You shall extort bonds, foreclose mortgages, drive the merchant to bankruptcy—"

"I'll drive him to the d——l," cried Tom Walker, eagerly.

"Done!" said the devil.

"Done!" said Tom Walker. —So they shook hands, and struck a bargain.

A few days' time saw Tom Walker seated behind his desk in a counting house in Boston. His reputation for a ready moneyed man, who would lend money out for a good consideration, soon spread abroad. His door was soon thronged by customers. The needy and the adventurous; the gambling speculator; the dreaming land jobber; the thriftless tradesman; the merchant with cracked credit; in short, every one driven to raise money by desperate means and desperate sacrifices, hurried to Tom Walker.

Thus Tom was the universal friend of the needy, and he acted like a "friend in need;" that is to say, he always exacted good pay and good security. In proportion to the distress of the applicant was the hardness of his terms. He accumulated bonds and mortgages; gradually squeezed his customers closer and closer; and sent them at length, dry as a sponge from his door.

In this way he made money hand over hand; became a rich and mighty man, and exalted his cocked hat upon change. He built himself, as usual, a vast house, out of ostentation; but left the greater part of it unfinished and unfurnished out of parsimony. He even set up a carriage in the fullness of his vain glory, though he nearly starved the horses which drew it; and as the ungreased wheels groaned and screeched on the axle trees, you would have thought you heard the souls of the poor debtors he was squeezing.

As Tom waxed old, however, he grew thoughtful. Having secured the good things of this world, he began to feel anxious about those of the next. He thought with regret on the bargain he had made with his black friend, and set his wits to work to cheat him out of the conditions. He became, therefore, all of a sudden, a violent church goer. He prayed loudly and strenuously as if heaven were to be taken by force of lungs. Indeed, one might always tell when he had sinned most during the week, by the clamour of his Sunday devotion.

In a word, Tom's zeal became as notorious as his riches. Still, in spite of all this strenuous attention to forms, Tom had a lurking dread that the devil, after all, would have his due. That he might not be taken unawares, therefore, it is said he always carried a small bible in his coat pocket. He had also a great folio bible on his counting house desk, and would frequently be found reading it when people called on business; on such occasions he would lay his green spectacles on the book, to mark the place, while he turned round to drive some usurious bargain.

Some say that Tom grew a little crack brained in his old days, and that fancying his end approaching, he had his horse new shod, saddled and bridled, and buried with his feet uppermost; because he supposed that at the last day the world would be turned upside down; in which case he should find his horse standing ready for mounting, and he was determined at the worst to give his old friend a run for it. This, however, is probably a mere old wives fable. If he really did take such a precaution it was totally superfluous; at least so says the authentic old legend which closes his story in the following manner.

On one hot afternoon in the dog days, just as a terrible black thundergust was coming up, Tom sat in his counting house in his white linen cap and India silk morning gown. He was on the point of foreclosing a

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

mortgage, by which he would complete the ruin of an unlucky land speculator for whom he had professed the greatest friendship. The poor land jobber begged him to grant a few months indulgence. Tom had grown testy and irritated and refused another day.

"My family will be ruined and brought upon the parish," said the land jobber.

"Charity begins at home," replied Tom, "I must take care of myself in these hard times."

"You have made so much money out of me," said the speculator.

Tom lost his patience and his piety—"The devil take me," said he, "if I have made a farthing!"

Just then there were three loud knocks at the street door. He stepped out to see who was there. A black man was holding a black horse which neighed and stamped with impatience.

"Tom, you're come for!" said the black fellow, gruffly. Tom shrunk back, but too late. He had left his little bible at the bottom of his coat pocket, and his big bible on the desk buried under the mortgage he was about to foreclose: never was sinner taken more unawares. The black man whisked him like a child astride the horse and away he galloped in the midst of a thunder storm. The clerks stuck their pens behind their ears and stared after him from the windows. Away went Tom Walker, dashing down the streets; his white cap bobbing up and down; his morning gown fluttering in the wind, and his steed striking fire out of the pavement at every bound. When the clerks turned to look for the black man he had disappeared.

Tom Walker never returned to foreclose the mortgage. A countryman, who lived on the borders of the swamp, reported that in the height of the thunder gust he had heard a great clattering of hoofs and a howling along the road, and that when he ran to the window he just caught sight of a figure, such as I have described, on a horse that galloped like mad across the fields, over the hills and down into the black hemlock swamp towards the old Indian fort; and that shortly after a thunderbolt fell in that direction which seemed to set the whole forest in a blaze.

The good people of Boston shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders, but had been so much accustomed to witches and goblins and tricks of the devil in all kinds of shapes from the first settlement of the colony, that they were not so much horror struck as might have been expected. Trustees were appointed to take charge of Tom's effects. There was nothing, however, to administer upon. On searching his coffers all his bonds and mortgages were found reduced to cinders. In place of gold and silver, his iron chest was filled with chips and shavings; two skeletons lay in his stable instead of his half starved horses, and the very next day his great house took fire and was burnt to the ground.

Such was the end of Tom Walker and his ill gotten wealth. In fact, the story has resolved itself into a proverb, and is the origin of that popular saying, prevalent throughout New-England, of "The Devil and Tom Walker."

THE END

Plot Mapping

If you were traveling to an unfamiliar place, you would want to consult a road map or download directions from the Internet. For example, if you were driving from Denver, Colorado to Miami, Florida, you would want to map your journey in order to travel the best route.

In literature, mapping a story may help you gain a better understanding of the direction of the plot. Plot mapping is a simple and helpful tool for analyzing and evaluating a story. The way to plot map is to read the story in its entirety; then, on a separate sheet of paper, write the beginning of the story and place a dot next to it, just like you would mark your starting point of your long drive (Denver). This marks the beginning of your journey or “road” through the story.

Your next step is to write the resolution to the story, just like you would mark your destination (Miami). This is the ending of your journey or “road” through the story.

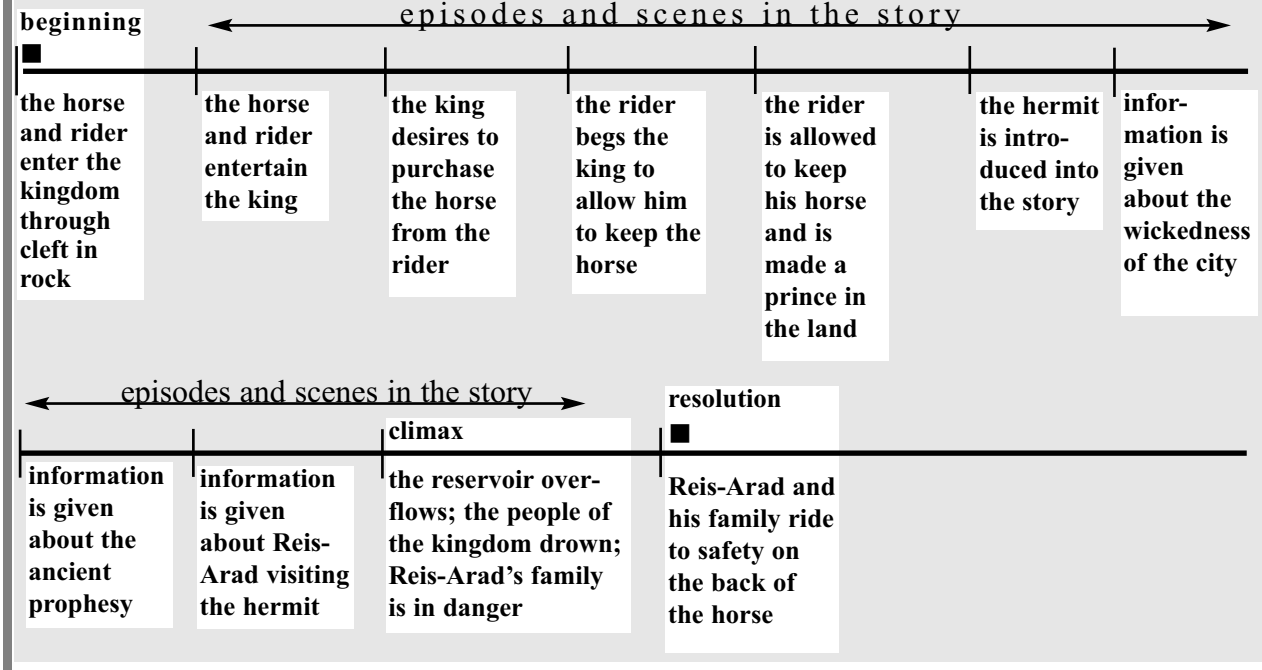
The space between the two points indicates the important scenes, episodes, and events that create the plot of the story. This would be equivalent to the important cities and sites you would pass between Denver and Miami. In a plot map, the road may be a single line, such as a “time-line” approach, or it may be an angled line, showing different “heights” of action or the “rise” and “fall” of the plot.

On the next page, for an example, we will plot the tale told by the Tunis merchant (the story of the horse and rider) from the previous lesson.

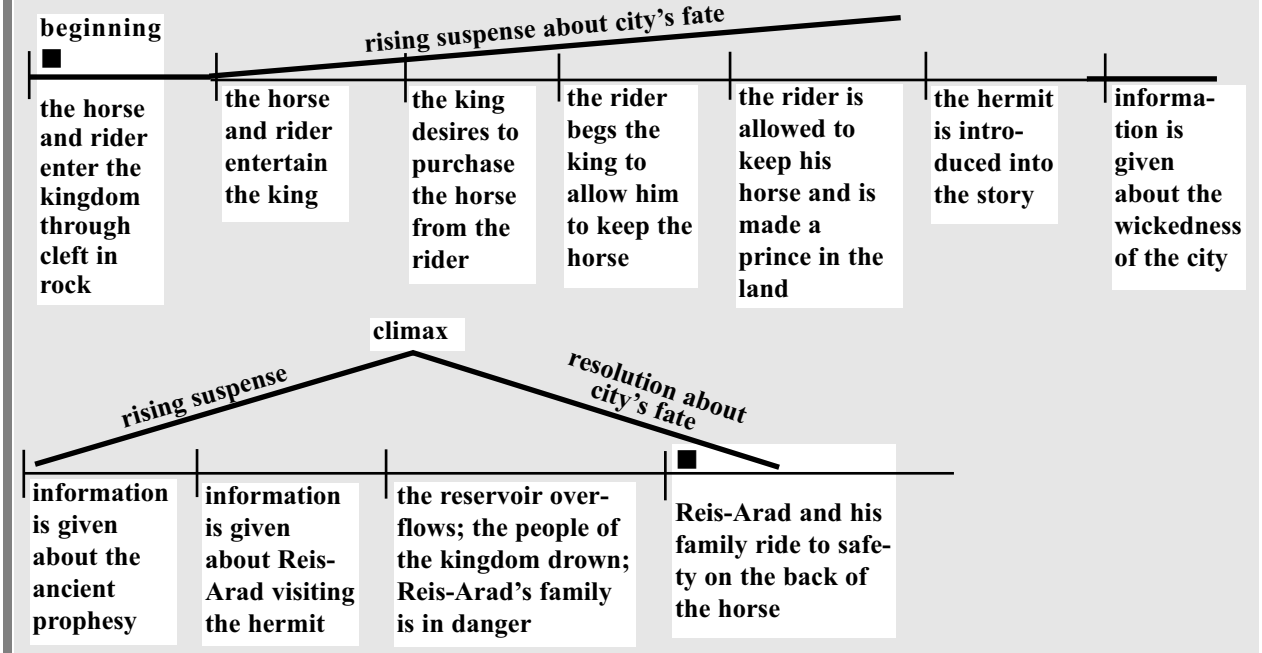
©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

Washington Irving

Time Line Style (flat line)



Angled Style (showing the rise and fall of the action)



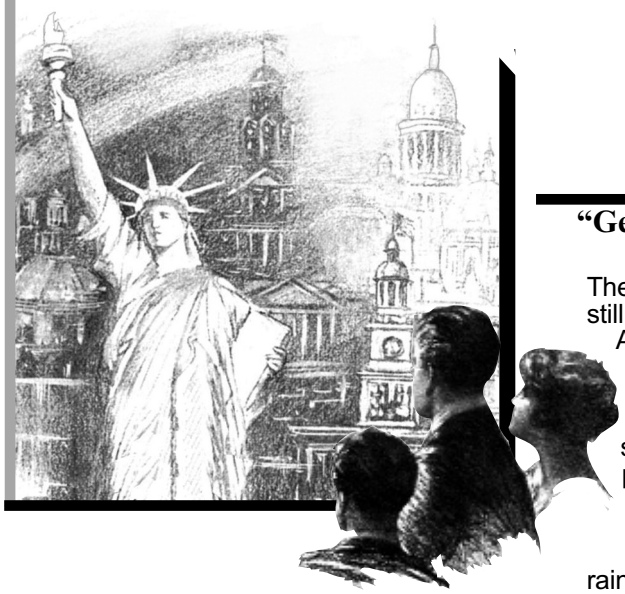


Life Principle

"To reach your dreams, you must choose to be who you want to be." —Dr. F. K. Price

Continue to the Activities. Be prepared to plot map *The Devil and Tom Walker*.

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.



Literature for Kuntry Kids

Fiction

Section 1

Lesson 4 of 5

"Gentle Breezes and Growling Thunderstorms"
(excerpt)

The deep rumble of thunder awakened me. I lay very still listening to the storm growling off in the distance. At first, I didn't pay attention to the sound. I was still sleepy; besides, storms are not strangers in the hill country. They come and go every Spring. When they do, I like to stay in bed listenin' to the soft splatter of gentle drops hittin' my loft roof. The patter-patter-patter kind of makes me lazy down deep inside. It gives me a cozy feeling—like God is trying to be really special by giving the ground a soft bath. The best time is when wind makes the rain tinkle against my window pane. What's really neat is for a soft shower to drift over the farm while the sun is still shining' off on the horizon. Boy, is that ever a pretty sight. Rain drops sparkle like a thousand diamonds and the clouds have silver linings. The thing that tops it off is for a Mockingbird to be singing in chorus with rain clouds in front of a rainbow backdrop. I betcha city kids never see anything like that! (*Literature for Kuntry Kids*)

SHORT STORIES TEXAS STYLE

Ronald E. Johnson used his talents as a writer to capture the beauty of the Texas hills in *Literature for Kuntry Kids*. Each episode focuses on aspects of rural life in contemporary Texas: geography, wild life, weather, chores, pets, family relationships, etc. The stories are told from the perspective of a rural Texas child and give flight to vivid imaginations by providing a combination of adventure, good advice, values, and ***nostalgia***.

"Rattlesnakes, Skunks, and Ol' Magnum"

A loft bed is a nice place to read. The other afternoon just before dark, I had just finished my school home work and was reading a Ralph Conner's adventure story by my loft window. I was sort of day dreaming between paragraphs. That's the way I read a good book. I like to soak it up a section at a time. That way I can put myself into the story. I suppose that's what the author intends for a reader.

Anyway, my window was open and while I was day dreaming, I heard my little sister playing outside by the kitchen door. Some where off in the distance a donkey brayed. The neighbor has a couple of donkeys in his sheep pasture to keep coyotes away. For some strange reason donkeys are natural enemies to coyotes; most sheep and goat ranchers have several around for that reason. The hill country has lots of coyotes. They can do a heap of damage to calves every spring, too. But we don't have cattle, so coyotes aren't a problem for us.

VOCABULARY

Nostalgia: longing, yearning for times past or the "good old days"
Hill Country: a region in south-central Texas characterized by rolling hills, cedar trees and rocky canyons
Kid: Texas slang for a child or youth
Outhouse: an outdoor toilet dug out of the ground and surrounded by an enclosure of wood or tin for privacy; commonly used in rural Texas until the 1990s
Treble hook: a three-barbed fishing hook often attached to a lure
Omnipotent: all powerful; all wise; all knowing

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

Other things are, though—like rattlesnakes and skunks. Those varmints can be pretty pesky at times. That's why we keep Ol' Magnum around. He's our dog. He isn't afraid of anything.

The first cold spell of fall passed through the other day. Winter must not be too far away. I know that's so because a small flock of wild ducks skittered off the stock tank last week when I went down to turn on the windmill. We have to check the water level ever so often to make sure the cattle have enough to drink. If we don't get rain (which we usually don't in the hill country), then my job is to make sure the windmill keeps the stock tank full of water.

Another reason I know winter is edging up on us is because of all the dead skunks along the highway. Every year just before really cold weather sets in, skunks and snakes start looking for places to den up for winter. In the process of trying to get fat enough to make it through hibernation, they roam around trying to stuff themselves with whatever food they can find. I don't know why varmints cotton to highways, but a lot of them sure get killed that way. Boy, does the car ever stink when we hit one!

I keep getting side tracked from what I want to tell you. Like I was trying to say; my little sister was making mud pies just before dark by the back door. All of a sudden I heard Ol' Magnum growl way down in his throat. He does that only when he's on alert about some danger. I knew he sensed something wrong so I peeked out the window. At first I didn't see anything unusual. Then I looked at Magnum. His hair was standing straight up all along his back and he was stiff as a board with his nose pointing behind my little sister. Then I saw it. A huge rattlesnake was getting into a coiled position just a couple of feet from my sister. She glanced up at Magnum and saw him inching toward her. Slowly she looked behind her. I could tell she was half scared to death and about to scream, but just then I heard Dad say real softly, "Don't move honey. Sit real still."

I couldn't see him, but I supposed Dad was reaching for the hoe we keep by the back door. We've killed a dozen snakes with it in the past couple of years. I wanted to see what was about to happen so I stayed in my loft and watched out the window. Ol' Magnum had worked his way around my sister to draw the rattler's attention off her. That old dog is pretty smart. He knew he had to get the snake focused on him in order for Dad to get my sister out of the way. Sure enough, that snake's eyes followed Ol' Magnum as he circled behind. I saw Dad reach out real slow and lift my sister into his arms. He handed her to mom and eased up behind the snake. In a flash the hoe came down and cut off the snake's head! Whew-ey! Another bad critter was gone!

He measured over five feet long. Sure as shootin', he would have bit my sister. He wasn't the longest rattler I've heard of in the ***hill country***, but one bite from a critter that big will take the life right out of a ***kid***. My uncle tells me of a couple of seven-footers caught on his ranch near Energy, Texas. The longest one I've ever seen stretched across the back of a pickup truck and was as big around as my leg. One of the deacons had killed it by his front gate one morning last spring.

My older brother skinned out the snake and nailed the hide to the barn wall. It's a beauty, as far as snake skins are concerned. Every time Ol' Magnum walks by it he growls and gives it one of his "keep out of my way" looks. He's sure a good dog. I'm sure my sister is glad we have him around. I know I am.

"Gentle Breezes and Growling Thunderstorms"

A loft bed is an awfully nice place to sleep. It's high up off the ground and gives a grand view of the hills. The mornings are sort of special to me. On clear days the sun gently nudges me awake with sparkling rays that slowly inch their way through the Mesquite branches in front of my window. But this morning the sky was dark. The sun must have been too scared even to peak around the black clouds that stretched clear over to the edge of Brown County. They were ferocious looking.

The deep rumble of thunder awakened me. I lay very still listening to the storm growling off in the distance. At first, I didn't pay attention to the sound. I was still sleepy; besides, storms are not strangers in the hill country. They come and go every Spring. When they do, I like to stay in bed listenin' to the soft splatter of gentle drops hittin' my loft roof. The patter-patter-patter kind of makes me lazy down deep inside. It gives me a cozy feeling—like God is trying to be really special by giving the ground a soft bath. The best time is when wind makes the rain tinkle against my window pane. What's really neat is for a soft shower to drift over the farm while the sun is still shining' off on the horizon. Boy, is that ever a pretty

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

sight. Rain drops sparkle like a thousand diamonds and the clouds have silver linings. The thing that tops it off is for a Mockingbird to be singing in chorus with rain clouds in front of a rainbow backdrop. I betcha city kids never see anything like that!

But back to that storm I was describing. Everything about it seemed to be upset at something. In fact, it was actin' just plain angry. It wasn't even pretending to sneak over the hills. Great billowing thunderheads arched clear over past the tree tops and up to Heaven. Somewhere from deep inside its belly hideous yellow streaks of lightning struck out to spear the ground. Terrible gusts of wind started to blow across the pasture. All of a sudden a crash of thunder jarred me half out of bed. I knew it was time to go find Dad. There's times when Moms and Dads need little people to comfort. I could tell this was one of those times.

Before I could yank on my boots, Dad was hollerin' for every body to head for the cellar. I felt his big fist grab my collar and shove me out the door. Rain drops the size of half dollars plopped all around us as we dashed across the back yard. We were all soaked to the bone before we crowded down the cellar steps. I counted heads. Everyone was present except Dad. Pretty soon he came in with a torrent of rain chasing him half way into the little underground room.

We huddled down there for what seemed like hours. Mom lit a kerosene lantern so Dad could read the Bible. Dad always said God's Word was a comfort in times of trouble. It must be true, because before long we were all breathing normal. After a while Dad looked up at the ceiling as if to see if the storm was still raging. He closed the Book and walked over to open the door. Of course, all of us watched as he eased outside. The driving rain had died way down to a sprinkle. Dad turned around with a big grin and said, "Come on out; the weather's fine."

We spread out to make a quick check around the place. The only damage was the half-finished shed we had been building. The tin roof was missing. We found it dumped upside down against an ***outhouse*** in the pasture. Dad did what he always does after praying for God's protection: Dad bowed his head right there in the yard and thanked Jesus for taking care of us again.

About that time the sun splashed across the yard and a covey of quail winged into the Oak trees down by the stock tank. Mom headed for the back door but turned and said, "Better wash up; breakfast will be ready in a few minutes." Thunder rumbled off toward Goldthwaite. I looked up to see the back end of the storm shaking and wagging like a saucy fat lady. I knew our neighboring town was about to get a real gully washer.

A Boy Becomes a Man

The rowboat glided to a stop. I climbed out, leaving my fishing rod draped across the seat. I thought nothing of the ***treble hooks*** dangling in the twilight as I walked up the path to our lakeside home.

From habit I arose early the next morning to read Scripture and meditate. Dawn was breaking fresh and cool, so I decided to sit on the back porch. Before long, my six-year-old daughter, Hannah, eased onto my lap. Words were not spoken, but her warm snuggle said, “I love you, Daddy.” Our family of two boys and five girls is close. We do things together: eat meals, read, walk, play, attend church—and fish.

But, as probably all parents do, my wife and I wondered at times if we were doing the right things to help our children get along in life. My two sons, ages seventeen and twenty-one, were struggling toward manhood, often providing challenging opportunities for guidance. At times, God seems to step in where parents strike out.

Such were my thoughts when a “meow” sounded behind me. “Look, Daddy!” exclaimed Hannah. “A kitten!” We had noticed various cats slinking around the place, but they were so wild we did not see them often. The little kitten’s “meow” sounded distressed. Then I saw the cause—treble fish hooks were fastened through the kitten’s jaw and front paw. It hobbled pitifully. Glancing toward the boat, I saw an empty fishing line dangling in the breeze. My heart sank. Attempts to coax the wild kitten to me only terrified the poor animal. Each hop resulted in a painful cry and anguished look of fear.

Hannah pleaded, “Oh, Daddy, help him; he’s hurt!” Using my fish net, I trapped the frightened creature and surveyed its condition. So imbedded were the hooks, I did not think they could be removed successfully. I concluded I’d have to *put the kitten down to relieve its misery.

I called for Nathan, our 17-year-old, to bring my pistol. Sleepily, he asked, “What’s wrong?” and handed me the gun. He looked at the kitten in my hand. To my astonishment he said, “Don’t do it yet, Dad; let me work on it.”

I searched his face for a motive. He was physical: distance runner, weight lifter, horseman and a hard worker. He aspired to be a Marine. But, like other teenage boys,

*a slang saying meaning to put to death in a humane manner

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum
DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

he sometimes thought toughness and maturity could be proven by "roughing up" or eliminating pests like unwanted cats. A year ago he had callously bragged about killing a cat that had been rearranging our garbage at night. Sympathy and tenderness toward stray animals certainly seemed out of character.

In recent months, however, he had demonstrated a growing consideration toward people and pets. Perhaps it was initiated by his trips to a clinic for treatment of a bone tumor twice a week. Maybe years in a private school were finally paying off. Perhaps our church attendance had stirred latent character qualities. Whatever the reason, I saw something new and wonderful in my teenage son: compassion.

But, the impaled kitten was in bad shape. I handed it to my son. I dressed and went to the office. Throughout the morning my thoughts turned toward the kitten and Nathan. What could the boy do? I grieved over my careless action of placing that fishing lure within reach of a curious kitten. Death of the poor animal seemed the inevitable consequence of my negligence. Down deep in my soul, however, I had a strange feeling. Was an ***omnipotent*** God using a stray kitten to perform in my teenage son what I was not able to accomplish?

"Your son is on the phone," the secretary's voice startled me.

Attempting to sound casual, I asked, "How's the vet?"

Tears welled at my son's tender voice: "I saved him, Dad. It took two hours to cut out the hooks, but I fixed him up. The crazy thing follows me around everywhere."

The rest of the afternoon, I was on cloud nine. Nothing could shadow the joy of my heart. I knew my son had passed a threshold toward manhood: he had found the balance between strength and tenderness. I thanked God for a stray kitten.

Development of Voice

Short stories vary in length and style. Writing style is as unique as handwriting. If your friend writes you a message, you can identify the handwriting. You may not even need him or her to sign the note—because you know the handwriting. Writing styles can be identified the same way. Unique writing style is called *voice*. In addition to developing ideas in your short story, you will want to develop your unique voice, or "signature". The writers you have read so far have unique voices. You can tell when reading a story whether John Erickson, Washington Irving, Ronald Johnson, or W.H. Anderson wrote it—because of their unique styles. Personality and voice come through in word choice, such as certain verbs, adjectives, sentence structure, slang, idioms, etc. You will use these things to develop your own writing "voice".

Notice the differences in style and voice in the following two excerpts side by side.

It's me again. I just got some terrible news. There's been a murder. . . I know I shouldn't blame myself. I mean, a dog is only a dog. He can't be everywhere at once. . . . I'm not complaining, I knew this wouldn't be an easy job. It took a special kind of dog—strong, fearless, dedicated, and above all, smart. . . . The job fell on my shoulders. It was my destiny. I couldn't escape the broom that swept through…anyway, I took the job.

In the latticed balcony of his summer palace at Grand Cairo, sat the Pasha of Egypt. Propped on the silken cushions of his divan, fanned with ostrich feathers by attendant slaves, he enjoyed the evening breeze, which began faintly to ruffle the waters of the Nile. . . . Weary at length of this listless employment, "Go," said the Pasha to one of his officers, ". . . Arrest the first travellers that enter, and bring them hither."

The excerpt on the left uses language that is casual and "hokey." It has a lazy, comical tone. The narrator uses language such as, "It's me again." He blames himself and talks in circles. By the tone and language, you know that the same person did not author the excerpt in the second column. The tone of that excerpt is fanciful, describing a beautiful kingdom on the Nile River and sets the stage for a complex plot.

You are doing well. Continue to the Activities.



Life Principle

"Start each day with gratitude for life, and your day will be surprisingly pleasant."
—Ronald Johnson

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.



Mark Twain's Contributions

Fiction

Section 1

Lesson 5 of 5

Mark Twain's name at birth was Samuel Langhorne Clemens. According to *Mark Twain's Letters* by Mark Twain, he was born in Florida, Missouri in 1835, one of six children. He was named for a friend of his father and survived two of his siblings. When Samuel was four, his father moved the family to Hannibal, Missouri, a little town on the west bank of the Mississippi River. After his father died, Samuel stopped attending school and became ***apprenticed*** as a printer, at age twelve, to help support the family. As an older teen, however, he decided that he wanted to travel. He made several trips up the east coast to New York, Pennsylvania, and Washington, D.C. After some travels, Samuel concluded that what he really wanted to do was to become a river pilot, and he set about "the ***stupendous*** task of learning the twelve hundred miles of the Mississippi River between St. Louis and New Orleans." He quickly learned the trade, and "...within eighteen months, he had become not only a pilot, but one of the best and most careful pilots on the river, intrusted with some of the largest and valuable steamers." He followed this career for only a brief period (1857 to 1861), and "...during that time met with no disaster that cost his owners a single dollar for damage."

His ***pseudonym*** "Mark Twain" was taken from riverboat terminology. The term "Mark Twain" was called out by the boat's "leadsman" when a depth of two ***fathoms*** had been sounded. "Twain" means "two", and when two fathoms had been "marked", the captain knew how deep the waters were.

Many of Twain's childhood and river boat experiences provided material for his literary works later on. He began writing while still a teenager for the local paper run by his older brother. His talent and sense of humor was soon recognized and embraced by the public and literary critics around the country. The piece that first made him famous was a short story titled, "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." He went on, however, to much more substantial writings, including his ***novellas*** *Huckleberry Finn*, *Tom Sawyer, The Prince and the Pauper*, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, and *The Tragedy of Pudd'n Head Wilson*. He quickly became the most well known and best loved authors of the day. He was perhaps, considered a modern day Benjamin Franklin, with his wit and satire, his frank look at human nature, his cryptic remarks and personal contradictions.

VOCABULARY

Apprenticed: employed as a student; a person who is in training in a particular field, area, or career
Stupendous: immense; amazingly large or great
Pseudonym: a pen name; a fictitious name used by an author
Fathom: a nautical unit of length equal to six feet
Novella: a short novel
Nemesis: a source of harm or failure
Abstemious: sparing or moderate in eating and drinking; temperate; characterized by abstinence

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

Mark Twain's Contributions

One biographer, Justin Kaplan, in his book, *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain*, stated that Mark Twain "had probably the most richly endowed natural talent in American literature." Kaplan quotes Henry James as saying: "It takes a great deal of history to produce a little literature." Certainly this is applicable to Mark Twain. Biographer Thomas S. Vernon, in his article, "Samuel Clemens" commented that Mark Twain was often crude, crusty, and "unpolished", but that there was no question of his brilliance or his literary genius. "In this respect, he is world class," Vernon wrote. Clemens is said, however, to have "lacked a disciplined intellectual training." Although Mark Twain never finished school, he was self-educated and widely read in literature and history. He was also keenly interested in science and technology. One of his ***nemeses*** was however, that he was moody, frequently despondent, and experienced periods of irrational elation. In Vernon's words, "he [Twain] would doubtless be considered manic-depressive." His depression, however, was not without cause. He certainly experienced his share of personal tragedies. Three of his four children died. His daughter, Clara, was the only survivor. He suffered frequent bouts of illness himself, and the death of his beloved wife, Olivia, in 1902, was a terrible blow. He was constantly plagued with financial problems, most of which were the result of his impulsive nature and weakness for "get-rich-quick" schemes, as well as extravagant tastes. (Vernon)

After a full life, with ups and down, and a literary legacy that would continue for years to come, Mark Twain died in 1910 at the age of 75. "That he lived as long as he did is remarkable," stated Vernon, "for he practiced anything but an ***abstemious*** life; he was a hard drinker and a furious smoker." The year before he died, he suffered a heart attack, and Kaplan reported that "he tried to cut down his cigars from forty to four a day"! Vernon summed up Twain's legacy well when he said, "A great many people have written about Twain, but those who have been able to write as well as Twain are exceedingly few."

Although Mark Twain was one of America's most celebrated authors, he had several notorious personal vices that do not serve as good examples of living. It is beneficial, however, to analyze an author's personal life in order to observe the impact on his literature. Read the following short story by Mark Twain.

The Invalid's Story (abridged)

I seem sixty, but these effects are due to my condition and sufferings, for I am only forty-one. It will be hard for you to believe that I, who am now but a shadow, was a hale, hearty man two short years ago—yet such is the simple truth. But stranger still than this fact is the way in which I lost my health. I lost it through helping to take care of a box of guns on a two-hundred-mile railway journey one winter's night. It is the actual truth, and I will tell you about it.

I belong in Cleveland, Ohio. One winter's night, I reached home just after a snow-storm, and the first thing I heard was that my dearest boyhood friend and schoolmate, John B. Hackett, had died the day before, and that his last utterance had been a desire that I would take his remains home to his old father and mother in Wisconsin. I was greatly grieved, but there was no time to waste in emotions. I took the card, marked "Deacon Levi Hackett, Bethlehem, Wisconsin," and hurried off through the storm to the railway station.

Arrived there, I found the pine box which had been described to me; I fastened the card to it with some tacks, saw it put safely aboard the express car, and then ran into the eating-room. When I returned, there was my coffin-box back again, apparently, and a young fellow examining around it, with a card in his hands, and some tacks and a hammer! I was astonished and puzzled. He began to nail on his card, and I rushed out to the express car, in a good deal of a state of mind, to ask for an explanation. But no—there was my box, all right, in the express car; it hadn't been disturbed. [The fact is that without my suspecting it a prodigious mistake had been made. I was carrying off a box of guns which that young fellow had come to the station to ship to a rifle company in Peoria, Illinois, and he had got my corpse!] Just then the conductor sang out "All aboard," and I jumped into the express car and got a comfortable seat on a bale of buckets. The expressman was there, hard at work,—a plain man of fifty, with a simple, honest, good natured face, and a breezy, practical heartiness in his general style.

As the train moved off, a stranger skipped into the car and set a package of Limburger cheese on one end of my coffin-box—I mean my box of guns. That is to say, I know now that it was Limburger cheese, but at that time I never had heard of the article in my life, and of course was wholly ignorant of its character. As we sped through the wild night, and the bitter storm

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

raged, a cheerless misery stole over me. My heart went down, down, down!

Presently I began to detect an evil odor. This depressed my spirits more, because of course I attributed it to my departed friend. There was something infinitely saddening about his calling himself to my remembrance in this dumb pathetic way, so it was hard to keep the tears back. Moreover, it distressed me on account of the expressman, who, I was afraid, might notice it. However, he went humming on, and gave no sign; and for this I was grateful, yes, but still uneasy; and soon I began to feel more uneasy every minute, for every minute that went by that odor thickened, and got to be more and more hard to stand. Presently, the expressman got some wood and made a fire in his stove.

This distressed me, for it was a mistake. I was sure that the effect would be deleterious upon my poor departed friend. Thompson—the expressman—now went poking around his car, stopping up whatever stray cracks he could find, remarking that it didn't make any difference what kind of a night it was outside, he calculated to make us comfortable. I said nothing, but I believed he was not choosing the right way. Meantime he was humming to himself just as before; and meantime, too, the stove was getting hotter and hotter. I felt myself growing pale and qualmish, but grieved in silence and said nothing. Soon I noticed there was an ominous stillness. After a few moments Thompson said, "Pfew! I reckon it ain't no cinnamon 't I've loaded up thish-yer stove with!" He gasped once or twice, then moved toward the cof-gun-box, stood over that Limburger cheese part of a moment, then came back and sat down, looking a good deal impressed. After a contemplative pause, he said, indicating the box with a gesture, "Friend of yourn?"

"Yes," I said with a sigh.

"He's pretty ripe, ain't he!" We sat some time, in meditative silence, listening to the wind; then Thompson said, with a good deal of feeling, "Well, we've all got to go, they ain't no getting around it. Man that is born of woman is few days and far between, as Scriptur' says. Yes, you look at it any way you want to: it's awful solemn: they ain't nobody can get around it; all's got to go"—here he scrambled to his feet and broke a pane and stretched his nose out at it a moment or two, then sat down again while I struggled up and thrust my nose out at the same place, and this we kept on doing every now and then— "and next day he's cut down like the grass, and the places which knowed him then knows him no more forever, as Scriptur' says. Yes'ndeedy, it's awful solemn and cur'us; but we've all got to go, one time or another; they ain't no getting around it." There was another long pause; then,—"What did he die of?" I said I didn't know. "How long has he been dead?"

I said, "Two or three days." Thompson received it with an injured look which plainly said, "Two or three years, you mean." Then, placidly ignoring my statement, gave his views upon the unwisdom of putting off burials too long. Thompson sat down and buried his face in his handkerchief, and began to sway like one doing his best to endure the almost unendurable. By this time the fragrance was just about suffocating, as near as you can come at it. Thompson's face was turning gray; I knew mine hadn't any color left in it. Pretty soon it was plain that something had to be done. I suggested cigars. Thompson thought it was a good idea. He said, "Likely it'll modify him some."

We puffed gingerly along for a while, and tried hard to imagine that things were improved. But it wasn't any use. Before very long, and without any consultation, both cigars were quietly dropped from our nerveless fingers. Thompson said, with a sigh, "No, Cap., it don't modify him worth a cent. Fact is, it makes him worse, becuz it appears to stir up his ambition. What do you reckon we better do, now?"

I was not able to suggest anything; indeed, I did not trust myself to speak. Thompson fell to maundering about the miserable night; and he got to referring to my poor friend by various titles,—sometimes military ones, sometimes civil ones. Finally he said, "I've got an idea. Suppos' n we give the Colonel a bit of a shove towards t'other end of the car?—about ten foot, say. He wouldn't have so much influence, then, don't you reckon?" I said it was a good scheme. So we took in a good fresh breath at the broken pane; then we bent over that deadly cheese and took a grip on the box. Thompson nodded "All ready," and then we threw ourselves forward with all our might; but Thompson slipped, and slumped down with his nose on the cheese, and his breath got loose. He gagged and gasped, and floundered and made a break for the door, pawing the air. Out on the cold platform, he revived. Presently he said, "Do you reckon we started the Gen'rul any?" I said no; we hadn't budged him.

"Well, then, we got to think up something else. He's suited wher' he is, I reckon; and if that's the way he feels about it, and has made up his mind that he don't wish to be disturbed, you bet he's a-going to have his

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

own way; becuz he holds the trumps." But we couldn't stay out in that mad storm; we should have frozen to death. So we went in again and shut the door, and began to suffer once more and take turns at the window. As we were starting away from a station where we had stopped a moment, Thompson pranced in cheerily and exclaimed, "We're all right, now! I reckon we've got the Commodore this time. I judge I've got the stuff here that'll take the tuck out of him."

It was carbolic acid. He drenched everything with it. We sat down, feeling hopeful. But it wasn't for long. The two perfumes began to mix, and soon we made a break for the door; and out there Thompson swabbed his face with his bandanna and said in a kind of disheartened way, "It ain't no use. Why, Cap., don't you know, it's as much as a hundred times worse in there now than it was when he first got a-going."

We went in again after we were frozen pretty stiff; but we couldn't stay. So we waltzed back and forth, freezing, and thawing by turns. In an hour, we stopped at another station. Thompson came in with a bag, and said,—"Cap, I'm a-going to chance him once more."

He had brought a lot of chicken feathers, dried apples, and leaf tobacco; rags, old shoes, and sulphur; asafoetida, and one thing or another. He, piled them on a breadth of sheet iron in the middle of the floor, and set fire to them. I couldn't see how even the corpse could stand it. All that went before was just simply poetry to that smell,—but mind you, the original smell stood out of it just as sublime as ever,—fact is, these other smells just seemed to give it a better hold; and my, how rich it was! Breaking for the platform, Thompson got suffocated and fell; and before I got him dragged out, which I did by the collar, I was mighty near gone myself. When we revived, Thompson said dejectedly,—"We got to stay out here, Cap. We got to do it. They ain't no other way. The Governor wants to travel alone, and he's fixed so he can outvote us." Presently he added, "And don't you know, we're pisoned. It's our last trip, you can make up your mind to it. Typhoid fever is what's going to come of this. I feel it acoming right now. Yes, sir, we're elected, just as sure as you're born."

We were taken from the platform an hour later, frozen and insensible, and I went into a virulent fever, and never knew anything for three weeks. I found out, then, that I had spent that awful night with a box of rifles and a lot of cheese; but the news was too late to save me; imagination had done its work, and my health was permanently shattered. This is my last trip; I am going home to die.

Voice Revisited

Voice distinguishes one author from another. One distinguishing element of Twain's writing is his narrator's voice. This particular story by Twain was told in first person. The narrator promises to tell the truth as if he were relating a true tale, "It is the actual truth, and I will tell you about it." The reader knows, however, that the narrator is not particularly credible in his relation of the events. Twain often wrote using a narrator who was ridiculous and had doubtful credibility in order to create humor for the readers.

Another characteristic of Twain's writings is his humorous, comical tone and his language (word choice, sentence structure, punctuation, and grammar). The grammar is "folksy" with a Southern dialect. For example, the expressman said: *Pfew! I reckon it ain't no cinnamon 't I've loaded up thish-yer stove with!* Twain also tended to throw in large or fancy words occasionally that didn't fit the rest of the verbage; such as "deleterious": *I was sure that the effect would be deleterious upon my poor departed friend.*

Another distinguishing characteristic of Twain's literature that gives "voice" to his style is his use of religion in a humorous way. For example, the expressman, Mr. Thompson, who was a simple-minded man quoted Scripture to try to make sense of the comical situation. *Man that is born of woman is few days and far between, as Scriptur' says. Yes, you look at it any way you want to: it's awful solemn: they ain't nobody can get around it; all's got to go—...,as Scriptur' says. Yes'ndeedy, it's awful solemn...; but we've all got to go, one time or another; they ain't no getting around it.*

Continue to the Activities where you will distinguish a piece of Mark Twain's writing from another popular author's writing.

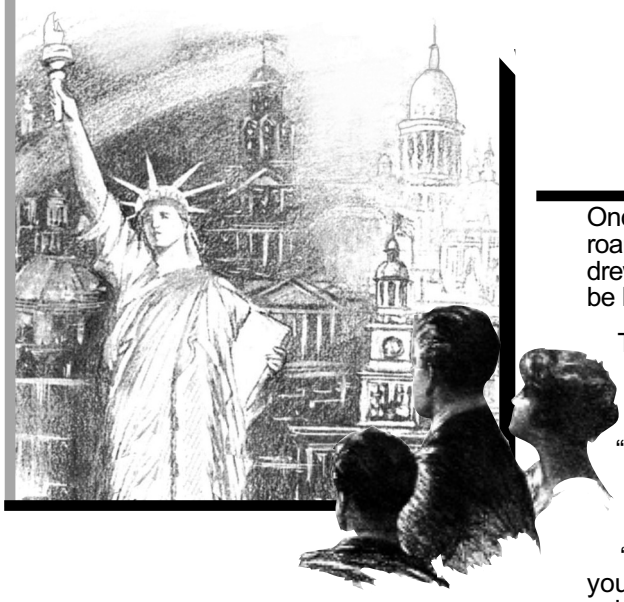


Life Principle

"Most people spend their lives mucking around in...materialism instead of reaching for the stars for which they were designed."

—Anonymous

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.



The Three Little Pigs

Fiction

Section 2

Lesson 6 of 10

Once upon a time lived three little pigs. All summer they roamed, playing games and having fun. But as autumn drew closer, they realized they needed a home, or they'd be left in the cold and rain with no roof over their heads.

The little pigs started out to build their homes. The laziest little pig said he'd build a straw hut. “It will only take a day,” he said. The others disagreed. “It's too fragile,” said his brothers disapprovingly, “It won’t last all winter, and the wolf may tear it down.” But the first little pig refused to listen. He set out to build his house. He had not gone far when he met a man with a bundle of straw. “Please, Sir,” said the pig, “May I purchase from you some straw so I can build a house?” The man sold the straw, and the pig built a cozy straw house.

Soon a hungry wolf came by. He knocked on the door and said, “Little pig, little pig, let me come in. It’s cold, and I need a warm place to stay.” The little pig knew that the wolf liked to eat little pigs, and that this was a trick! “No, no, not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin,” said the frightened little pig. “Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house in,” said the wolf. So he huffed, and he puffed, until at last he blew down the straw house and ate the first little pig.

Not quite as lazy as his brother, the second little pig went in search of ***seasoned*** wood to build his house. He had not gone far when he met a man with a bundle of twigs. “Please, Mr. Man, sell me some twigs so that I can build a house,” he said. The man sold the twigs, and the second little pig built a house in only two days. “Now my fortune is made!” said he.

“Hogwash!” said the third little pig who did not like the wooden house. “That’s not the way to build a house!” he said. "It takes time, patience and hard work to build a house strong enough to stand up to wind, rain, and snow, and, most of all, the wolf! I shall build my house of brick,” he said; and he continued down the road.

Soon the wolf came by and saw the second little pig’s house made of twigs. He called out, “Little pig, little pig, let me come in. It’s cold out here, and I need a warm place to stay.” The little pig knew that the wolf liked to eat little pigs, and that this was a trick! “No, no, not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin,” said the frightened second pig. “Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house in,” said the wolf. So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew the house in and ate the second little pig.

The third little pig had not gone far when he met a man with some bricks. “Please, Sir,” he said. “Sell me some bricks so that I can build a house.” The man did so, and the third little pig set to work building a fine, strong house. The days went by, and the wisest little pig's house took shape, brick by brick. Soon, the pig finished

VOCABULARY

Seasoned: the proper state for use
Latin: the Italian language of ancient Rome
Explicit: fully and clearly expressed or demonstrated; leaving nothing implied: clearly developed or formulated: unreserved in expression: outspoken
Menace: a threat that is evil, causing harm
Dastardly: cowardly; meanly base; sneaking
Cauldron: a large kettle or boiler for cooking
Don: to put on or dress in

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

The Three Little Pigs

his house; and not a moment too soon, for the wolf happened by that very afternoon.

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in. I'm cold, and I need a warm place for the night." The little pig knew that the wolf liked to eat little pigs, and that this was a trick! "No, no, not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin," answered the brave little pig. "Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in," said the wolf. "I don't think so," said the pig. For he was confident he had build his home securely. The wolf huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, but he could not blow down the brick house.

Next, the wolf tried to beat down the door. He beat and hammered and beat and hammered, but the door was thick and strong and had been put firmly in place. Exhausted, the wolf decided to try another trick. He left the piglet and returned wearing a sheep skin. He mimicked the sound of a lamb. "Baah, baah, baah, dear Mr. Piggy, would you please let me in? I'm so cold out here in the wind." The little pig looked out his window. But, just when he was going to let in the little sheep, he saw a long, black snout from under the sheep skin. "You don't fool me!" cried he. Realizing his trick hadn't worked, the wolf left again.

That afternoon, the wolf came again to the little pig's house. He was very angry that he could not find a way to get the little pig. Finally, he called to the pig. "Little pig, I'm coming down the chimney to eat you up." But the little pig was not afraid. He put a large kettle of water over the blazing fire. When the wolf slid down the chimney, he tumbled right into the kettle of boiling hot water. The little pig threw the lid on, and that was the end of the big, bad wolf.

FABLES

The word "fabulous" means "amazing," "incredible," "fabricated," "fantastic" and "unbelievable." "Fabulous" comes from a very old ***Latin*** word from which the English word "fable" is derived. Fables are short stories that are interesting and instructive, providing valuable lessons for living. Although fables instruct readers in wisdom, the reader must understand that the characters and the plot are greatly exaggerated and unrealistic. Fables have simple plots and are characterized by their use of personification—portraying animals and objects in nature (trees, the sun, the wind, etc.) as having the character, wit, capabilities, and failings of humans.

Fables date from the 6th century B.C. at which time Aesop's name began to surface. Aesop, a slave, was one of the great early story tellers from Ancient Greece. As a slave, Aesop saw the strengths and weaknesses of people from all walks of life. He saw that strengths led to success, and weaknesses brought troubles and sorrows. Thus, Aesop wrote about weaknesses to help people recognize and overcome them. Aesop's fables have been collected and printed by thousands of people and are available to readers around the world. Each fable teaches a moral. It is not always ***explicitly*** stated. The author expects you to use your critical thinking skills to decipher the moral.

The wolf is a well known ***menace*** in many fables. His beautiful, yet wiley appearance, vicious tendencies and cunning are often combined into stories intended to frighten and entertain. It is the fabled wolf who lawlessly huffs down the little piggies' homes. In other fables, such as Little Red Riding Hood, the wolf heartlessly swallows a little girl and her granny. The ***dastardly*** wolf is behind such popular expressions as: *Cry wolf* (to raise a false alarm); *Wolf at the door* (starvation; financial ruin); *Beware the wolf* (a person who heartlessly uses others); *To wolf one's food* (to eat ravenously); *A wolf in sheep's clothing* (a deceptive or treacherous person); *A wolf's lair* (a sinister or cunning person's home or headquarters); *To throw someone to the wolves* (to sacrifice someone to save yourself).

Aesop's tales are some of the first noted references to the wolf as a symbol of human nature. The Aesop wolf is a wild, untameable beast: sly, dishonorable, scheming, robbing, bloodthirsty; a symbol of depravity and mischief. *The Shepherd Boy and the Wolf* is among the best loved of Aesop's wolf fables. Although the wolf also appears in *The Three Little Pigs* and *Little Red Riding Hood*, Aesop is not considered the original author of those fables. Following are some condensed versions of some famous fables.

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

The Shepherd Boy and the Wolf

A shepherd boy tending his flock of sheep cried: "Wolf! Wolf! Wolf! Help me or the wolf will kill my sheep!" The villagers heard him and came running to drive away the wolf. But the boy laughed because he did not really see a wolf. He did this several times. One day a real wolf came and attacked his flock. The boy cried, "Wolf! Help me!" But the people did not come to his aid because no one believed him any more. So the wolf ate all his sheep.

Moral: if you lie, when you really need help, people will not believe you.

The Wolf In Sheep's Clothing

A wolf finds the thrown away fleece of a slaughtered sheep. He covers himself with it and saunters among the flock while the shepherd and his dogs are away. A lamb sees what she thinks is her mother and follows the wolf, who goes to one side and makes a quick and easy snack of the lamb.

Moral: appearances are deceptive.

The Three Little Pigs

Three young pigs leave home to build their own lives. Two of them build houses of simple straw and sticks. The third pig is industrious and works hard to build a sturdy house of bricks. A hungry wolf happens by and easily blows down the flimsy dwellings of straw and sticks and eats the first two pigs. But the wolf cannot blow down the tough house of brick, and thus, this pig is saved. When the wolf climbs down the chimney of the third pig, the wolf falls into a boiling ***cauldron*** and is killed.

Moral: hard work and enterprise triumph over evil forces and misfortune (the wolf).

Little Red Riding Hood

A young girl named Little Red Riding Hood sets out to visit her granny. The girl must walk through the dark and dangerous woods, so her mother warns her to keep to the path and go straight to her granny's cottage and come straight home. But Little Red Riding Hood ignores her mother's advice. She leaves the path to pick flowers and listen to birds. Suddenly a wolf appears and asks where the girl is going. She is too young to know the nature of wolves, so she tells him. The wolf plots to gobble up the tasty little girl and her old granny. He rushes off to granny's cottage, tricks his way inside and eats the old lady. Then the big bad wolf ***dons*** her cap and night-gown, jumps into her bed, and pulls the bedding around him. When Little Red Riding Hood arrives, she does not recognize the danger, and the wolf eats her too. But, a woodsman arrives, splits the wolf open with his axe and frees Little Red Riding Hood and her granny.

Moral: Obey your parents; stay on the straight and narrow path (do not stray) and beware of predatory seducers; thus, you will come to no harm.

The Lark

A Lark lived with her young ones in a wheat field. Each day, the lark left to find food. The mother knew that the wheat was ripening, but she did not know when it would be harvested. So she told the young larks to report to her all the news that they heard. One day, the farmer came to view his crop. “It is time,” he said to his son. “Go! Tell our neighbors that our grain is ripe! Tell them to come early in the morning. Tomorrow is the time when they can help us reap the wheat.” When the mother lark returned, her frightened children told her what they had heard. They begged her to move them to a place of safety. “We have plenty of time,” she said. “Whoever waits for his neighbors will not get his work done. The harvesting will not be tomorrow.” The next day, the farmer came again to his field. The day was warmer, and the wheat was now fully ripe. “We have no time to lose, son,” he said. “I cannot depend on neighbors. Go! Tell your uncles and cousins to be here tomorrow!” The young larks grew more frightened. “Do not be afraid,” their mother said. “Relatives have their own harvesting. Just keep listening carefully.” The next day, the farmer and his son came to the field again. “We cannot wait any longer,” said the farmer. “Let us go to the barn and sharpen our sickles. We begin harvesting the wheat at dawn.” The young larks told their mother what they had heard. “That means the time has come,” she said. “When a man decides to do his work himself, it will surely be done.” So, the mother lark moved her young ones to a place where they were out of harm’s way. And sure enough, the farmer and his son came early the next morning with their sickles and harvested the wheat.

The Lion and the Mouse

One day, a mischievous mouse crept into a cave where a lion was asleep. The mouse ran across the lion’s paw. The King of Beasts awakened and clapped his paw upon the terrified little mouse. “Please!” squealed the mouse, “Do not eat me, O King! Spare me, and I shall never forget it! A day will come when I will remember that you spared my life. I will surely repay your kindness.” The lion smiled at his tiny prisoner’s fright. He was amused to think that so small a creature ever could be of assistance to the King of Beasts. Nonetheless, he released the mouse.

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

The mouse did not have to wait long to repay the lion. While ranging the forest, the lion was caught in a net set by hunters. The lion let out a roar that echoed throughout the forest. The mouse recognized the voice of his benefactor. He ran to the place where the lion lay tangled in the net of ropes. "Well, Your Majesty!" exclaimed the mouse. "I have remembered what you did for me. You did not believe me when I told you I would repay your kindness, but here I am to keep my promise!" With his sharp teeth, he nibbled through the ropes that bound the lion. Soon, the King of Beasts was able to crawl from the hunters' snare and be free.

The Sun and the Wind

Once upon a time, the sun and wind disputed over which was stronger. "I am stronger," beamed the Sun with a laugh. "Ha! You are arguing with the mighty wind!" blew the Wind with fierce pride. "My force can tear down a castle." "This is the sun with whom you are speaking," replied the sun with a wink. "My power controls the earth." The issue could not be settled between them. Suddenly, the sun, who was shining brilliantly, saw a traveler on the road far below. "This is our opportunity," said the sun, "to prove who is strongest. The one who can make that man remove his coat shall be stronger. Just to show you how sure I am, I will let you go first." The sun hid behind a cloud. The wind, who was particularly cold, drew in his breath and blustered an icy blast. The traveler, who felt the freezing wind instantly, shuddered and buttoned his coat. The wind blew even harder, and the traveler wrapped his coat tightly around himself. At last, in disgust, the wind had to admit defeat. Now, the sun came from behind a cloud and began to shine with all his power upon the traveler. The man grew warmer and warmer. Soon, he was perspiring so much, he loosened his coat. Finally, he was compelled to remove his coat completely and sit in the shade of a tree. The sun was stronger after all!

The Crow and the Pitcher

Once a thirsty crow who had flown a long way was looking for water. Suddenly, seeing a pitcher, the crow flew down and saw that the pitcher held a little water, but it was so low that the crow could not reach it. But I must have that water," she cried. "I am too weary to fly farther. What shall I do?" With her wings, the crow beat the pitcher, but it was too heavy and would not move. Then the crow thought awhile. "I know now! I will break it! Then I will drink the water as it pours out." With beak and claws and wings, the crow threw herself against the pitcher. But it was too strong. The poor crow stopped to rest. "What shall I do now? I cannot die of thirst with water this close. There must be a way, if I only had wit enough." After a while the crow had a bright idea. Nearby, were some small stones. The crow picked them up one by one and dropped them into the pitcher. Slowly the water rose until at last the crow could drink.

The Fox and the Crow

A crow who had stolen a piece of cheese, was flying toward the top of a tall tree where she hoped to enjoy her prize, when a fox spied her. "If I plan this right," said the fox to himself, "I shall have cheese for supper." Sitting under the tree, the fox began to speak in polite tones: "Good day, Mistress Crow, how well you are looking today! How glossy your wings, and your breast is as the breast of an eagle. And your claws—I beg pardon—your talons are as strong as steel. I have not heard your voice, but I am certain that it must surpass that of any other bird, just as your beauty does." The vain crow was pleased by this flattery. She believed every word and waggled her tail and flapped her wings to show her pleasure. She liked especially what friend fox said about her voice, for she had sometimes been told that her caw was a bit rusty. So, chuckling to think how she was going to surprise the fox with her most beautiful caw, she opened wide her mouth. Down dropped the cheese! The wily fox snatched it before it touched the ground, and as he walked away, licking his chops, he offered these words of advice to the silly crow: "The next time someone praises your beauty, be sure to hold your tongue."

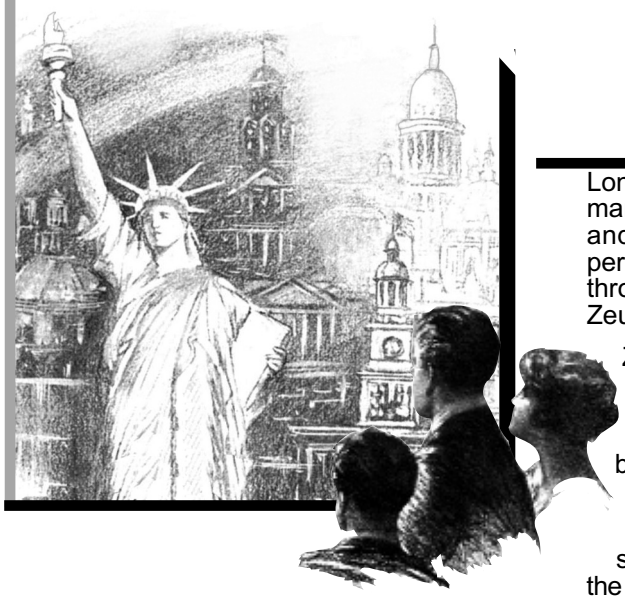
Congratulations. You have read and studied some of the most well known fables of all time. Continue now to the Activities where you will be asked to interpret some of the fables.



LIFE PRINCIPLE

"True love is based on truthfulness and rejoices in truth." —Robert Schuller

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.



Pandora's Box

Fiction

Section 2

Lesson 7 of 10

Long ago, when the world was still new, lived a young man named Epithemeus. He had no companions, and he was very lonely. This loneliness was perceived by Zeus, the king of the gods, from his throne on Mount Olympus, the home of the gods. Zeus decided to make a companion for Epithemeus.

Zeus made a woman. She was talented and kind. Zeus named the woman Pandora which means "gifted one." Zeus sent Pandora with Hermes, a messenger, to Earth. With Pandora, Zeus sent a beautifully carved box which Pandora was instructed to keep safely in her home.

Epithemeus marveled when he saw Pandora and soon married her. Epithemeus was also curious about the box. He became desperate to know what was inside.

Not long after Epithemeus and Pandora were married, Epithemeus went to the box and lifted the lid. As he did, a tumultuous wind blew forth. Out swarmed a black cloud that darkened the Sun. A fiendish growling slashed the air, a clap of thunder roared, and lightning flashed! Evil creatures winged into the air. Earthly Troubles, Evil Passions and many Cares, Sorrows, Diseases and Naughtiness flew into the air and spread across the Earth to afflict mankind!

Epithemeus began to weep! Had he not been so curious, these evils would not have escaped! Epithemeus and Pandora continued to weep until they heard a knock from inside the box. Once again, Epithemeus lifted the lid. Inside was a little creature that smiled up at them. The creature said her name was Hope. She explained that she was to comfort mankind after Trouble, Care, Sorrow and Disease had afflicted the human race. Pandora and Epithemeus pondered this one good thing from the box and gladly took comfort.

Therefore, in this manner, the world became a place beset by many woes but with hope of deliverance.

VOCABULARY

Posterity: the next generation
Alchemist: a person of an ancient culture who attempted to produce an elixir (drug) that preserved life and that turned mundane materials into gold or other precious materials; a person who experimented with drugs and chemicals
Extol: to praise highly
Eulogize: to extol; to write about and to place as important in history
Filial: having the relation of a child to a parent; befitting a son or daughter

MYTHS

Myths are fanciful stories that involve gods, goddesses, and superheroes. Myths attempt to explain cultural practices, natural objects, or phenomena. Myths are typically associated with pagan or ritualistic cultures and are not usually part of the Christian world view. A collection of myths pertaining to a particular culture is called *mythology*. A myth told repeatedly in a culture may result in a belief or set of beliefs. However, even if a culture believes a myth is true, a myth cannot be confirmed by archaeological, literary, or historical evidence. Cultures worldwide have developed myths to explain significant events, such as the beginning of the world, the creation of humans, how fire came to be, how the sun shines, why ocean tides roar, etc.

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

Greek Mythology

The best-known myths are from ancient Greece and include the stories of *The Twelve Labors of Hercules*, *Midas and the Golden Touch*, *Icarus and the Golden Wings*, *Quest for the Golden Fleece*, and *Pandora's Box*. The characters in Greek myths are typically supernatural (gods and goddesses). Some of the Greek mythological characters are Hercules (the strong man), Zeus (chief of the gods), Cupid and Mercury (messengers of the gods), Mars (god of war) and Aphrodite (goddess of love). The plot of a myth usually centers around how a god or hero relates in some way to ordinary humans. The Greek gods often act in an "ungodly" manner—they are selfish, unjust, vengeful, deceitful, and make evil plots against people. In many cases, the mythical gods cause great unhappiness on earth.

One Greek myth is about Sirens (female creatures, part human and part bird) that lived on an island. The Sirens hated men and used their seductive powers to destroy them. The Sirens sang so beautifully that sailors were seduced by the voices and couldn't resist. Following the music, the sailors would steer their boats toward the shore and shipwreck. If a sailor reached the shore, the Sirens sang and lulled the unsuspecting man to sleep and then killed him or turned him into a hideous, brutish beast.

Native American Indian Mythology

In ages past, our old ones were the storytellers. This was the way things were passed along to the generations that followed. For this reason the aged people made it a point to remember every detail so they could relate it at a later time. They were the word and picture carriers making history and spirtual values alive and important. —from *A Cherokee Feast of Days* "Daily Meditations" by Joyce Sequichie Hifler

Native Americans, like many cultures, have passed their beliefs and traditions through stories to the next generation. Many of these stories are myths that are sacred to the people of that culture. These myths tell of human experience and existence, such as where we came from, how we should live, reconciliation to the tragedies of life, and thankfulness. For some traditional, indigenous peoples, such as American Indians, myths were also a great source of entertainment before television, radio, books, and computers were readily available.

How Mosquitos Came To Be

[a myth from the Tlinget Tribe]

Long ago lived a giant who loved to kill humans, eat their flesh, and drink their blood. He was especially fond of human hearts. "Unless we can get rid of the giant," the people said, "none of us will be left," and they called a council to discuss ways and means. One man said, "I think I know how to kill the monster," and he went to the place where the giant had last been seen. There he lay down and pretended to be dead.

Soon the giant came along. Seeing the man lying there, he said: "These humans are making it easy for me. Now I don't even have to catch and kill them; they die right on my trail, probably from fear of me!" The giant touched the body. "Ah, good," he said, "this one is still warm and fresh. What a tasty meal he'll make; I can't wait to roast his heart."

The giant flung the man over his shoulder, and the man let his head hang down as if he were dead. Carrying the man home, the giant dropped him in the middle of the floor right near the fireplace. Then he saw that there was no firewood, and went to get some.

As soon as the monster had left, the man got up and grabbed the giant's huge skinning knife. Just then the giant's son came in, bending low to enter. He was still small as giants go, and the man held the big knife to his throat. "Quick, tell me, where's your father's heart? Tell me or I'll slit your throat!"

The giant's son was scared. He said: "My father's heart is in his left heel."

Just then the giant's left foot appeared in the entrance, and the man swiftly plunged the knife into the heel. The monster screamed and fell down dead. Yet, the giant still spoke. "Though I'm dead, though you killed me, I'm going to keep on eating you and all the humans in the world forever!"

"That's what you think!" said the man. "I'm about to make sure that you never eat anyone again." He cut the giant's body into pieces and burned each one in the fire. Then he took the ashes and threw them into the air for the winds to scatter. Instantly each of the particles turned into a mosquito. The cloud of ashes became a cloud of mosquitoes, and from their midst the man heard the giant's voice laughing, saying: "Yes, I'll eat you people until the end of time."

As the monster spoke, the man felt a sting, and a mosquito started sucking his blood, and then many mosquitoes stung him, and he began to scratch himself. —from "American Indian Myths and Legends," selected and edited by Richard Erdoes and Alfonso Ortiz, 1883

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

Why the North Star Stands Still

[Paiute]

Long ago, when the world was young, the People of the Sky were restless and travelled so much that they made trails in the heavens. Now, if we watch the sky through the night, we can see which way they go.

But one star does not travel. That is the North Star. He cannot travel. He cannot move. When he was on the earth long ago, he was known as Na-gah, the mountain sheep, the son of Shinoh. He was brave, daring, sure-footed, and courageous. His father was proud of him and loved him much. Every day, Na-gah was climbing, climbing, climbing. He hunted for the roughest and the highest mountains, climbed them, lived among them, and was happy.

Once, long ago, he found a very high peak. Its sides were steep and smooth, and its sharp peak reached into the clouds. Na-gah looked and said, "I wonder what is up there. I will climb to the highest point." Around and around the mountain he traveled, looking for a trail. But he could not. There was nothing but sheer cliffs all the way around. This was the first mountain Na-gah had seen that he could not climb.

He wondered and wondered what he should do. He felt sure that his father would be ashamed if he knew that there was a mountain that his son could not climb. Na-gah determined that he would find a way to its top. His father would be proud to see him standing on the top of such a peak.

Again and again he walked around the mountain, stopping to peer up the steep cliff, hoping to see a crevice to find footing. Again and again, he went up as far as he could, but always had to turn around and come down. At last he found a big crack in a rock that went down, not up. Down he went into it and soon found a hole that turned upward. His heart was made glad. Up and up he climbed.

Soon it became so dark that he could not see, and the cave was full of loose rocks that slipped under his feet and rolled down. Soon he heard a big, fearsome noise coming up through the shaft. In the darkness he slipped often and skinned his knees. His courage and determination began to fail. He had never before seen a place so dark and dangerous. He was afraid, and he was also very tired.

“I will go back and look again for a better place to climb," he said to himself. "I am not afraid out on the open cliffs, but this dark hole fills me with fear. I'm scared! I want to get out of here!” But when Na-gah turned to go down, he found that the rolling rocks had closed the cave below him. He could not get down. He saw only one thing now to do: He must go on climbing until he came out somewhere.

After a long climb, he saw a little light, and he knew that he was coming out of the hole. "Now I am happy," he said aloud. "I am glad that I really came up through that dark hole."

Looking around him, he became almost breathless, for he found that he was on the top of a very high peak! There was scarcely room for him to turn around, and looking down from this height made him dizzy. He saw great cliffs below him, in every direction, and saw only a small place in which he could move. Nowhere on the outside could he get down, and the cave was closed on the inside. “Here I must stay until I die," he said. "But I have climbed my mountain! I have climbed it at last!”

He ate a little grass and drank a little water that he found in the holes in the rocks. Then he felt better. He was higher than any mountain he could see and he could look down on the earth, far below him.

About this time, his father was out walking over the sky. He looked everywhere for his son, but could not find him. He called loudly, "Na-gah! Na-gah!" And his son answered him from the top of the highest cliffs. When Shinoh saw him there, he felt sorrowful. "My brave son can never come down. Always he must stay on the top of the highest mountain. He can travel and climb no more. I will not let my brave son die. I will turn him into a star, and he can stand there and shine where everyone can see him. He shall be a guide mark for all the living on the earth or in the sky." And so Na-gah became a star that every living thing can see. It is the only star that will always be found at the same place. Always he stands still. Directions are set by him. Travelers, looking up, can always find their way. He does not move around as the other stars do, and so he is called "the Fixed Star." And because he is in the true north all the time, our people call him Qui-am-i Wintook Poot-see. These words mean "the North Star."

Chinese Mythology

Chinese mythology began in the Wei and Jin Dynasties (220-420) when various writers, influenced by ***alchemists*** and Taoist and Buddhist superstitions, invented stories about gods and ghosts. Some of these myths were written as ballads and even had musical accompaniment.

Chinese myths have some basic themes, such as the praise of labour and creation and the ***extoling*** of perseverance and self-sacrifice. One typical example is the story of Gun and Yu trying to tame the floods. Gun steals the "growing earth" from the Heavenly God in order to stop

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

the floods, but the god orders Gun to be killed. Out of his belly, Yu is born, who continues his father's cause. Yu endures countless hardships, foregoes the joys of marriage until he is thirty, and then in a self-sacrificial move, leaves his wife only four days after their wedding to fight the floods, finally bringing them under control.

In other myths, the Chinese praise rebellion against oppression; they ***eulogize*** the yearning for true love. "The Cowherd and the Girl Weaver" is one of China's earliest mythical love stories. Chinese myths encourage good deeds and warn against sin. In contrast to Greek or Native American myths that tend to ramble or use repetition, classical Chinese myths are concise. The following myth tries to explain how the earth was formed. This myth even uses math.

Pangu Separates the Sky from the Earth

The sky and the earth were at first one blurred entity like an egg. Pangu was born into it. The separation of the sky and the earth took eighteen thousand years—the yang which was light and pure rose to become the sky, and the yin which was heavy and murky sank to form the earth. Between them was Pangu, who went through nine changes every day, his wisdom greater than that of the sky and his ability greater than that of the earth. Every day the sky rose ten feet higher, the earth became ten feet thicker, and Pangu grew ten feet taller. Another eighteen thousand years passed, and there was an extremely high sky, an extremely thick earth, and an extremely tall Pangu. Then came the *Three Emperors*(1).

So these numbers came into existence and evolve like this. The number begins with one, and becomes established at three, is completed at five, prospers at seven, and ends in nine. So the sky is ninety thousand *li*(2) from the earth. —from Yi Wen Lei Ju (Classified Anthology of Literary Works)

(1) the Three Emperors: the Emperor of the Sky, the Emperor of the Earth, and the Emperor of Men.

(2) Li: Chinese unit of length.

Dong Yong's Wife

In the Han Dynasty in Qiancheng lived a man by the name of Dong Yong. His mother died when he was a child. While living with his father, he worked hard in the fields. Each time they went out, he would put his old father on a small cart and follow it on foot. When his father died, Dong Yong was willing to sell himself into slavery for a little money for the funeral. Knowing that he was a virtuous man, his master gave Dong Yong ten thousand coins and allowed him to go home.

Dong was in mourning for three years. When it was over, he decided to return to his master to work as a slave. On his way he met a woman who said to him, "I am willing to marry you." So they went together to his master. "Thanks to your generous help," Dong said, "I was able to bury my father. I know I ought to work for you to repay your kindness." Then the master asked, "What is your wife good at?" "She can weave," Dong answered. "If you insist on doing something for me," said the master, "please ask your wife to weave a hundred bolts of fine silk for me." Dong's wife set to work in the master's house. Ten days later the hundred bolts were ready.

When she came out, she said to Dong, "I am a weaver in Heaven. The Emperor of Heaven ordered me to help you pay your debt because he was moved by your ***filial*** piety." After saying these words she flew into the sky and vanished. —from Gan Bao's Sou Shen Ji (Stories of Immortals)

You are doing well. Continue now to the Activities.

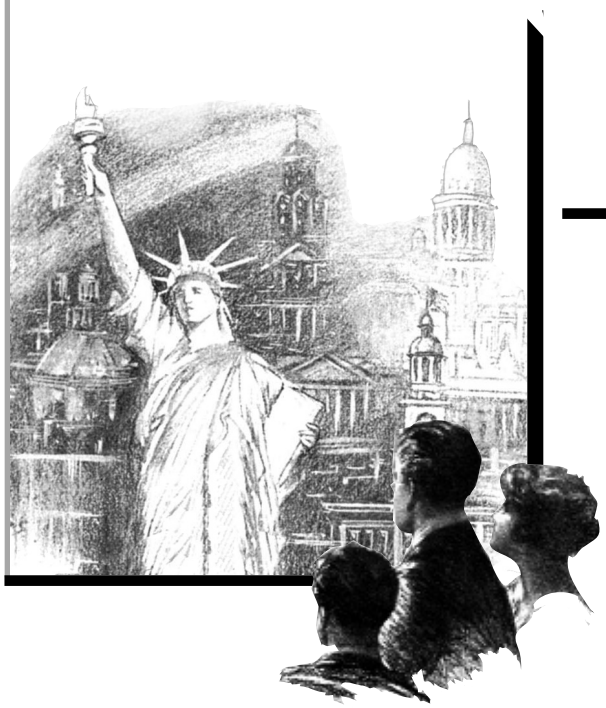


Life Principle

"You can't have faith without hope, and you can't have hope without faith."

—Joel Osteen

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.



The Girl Without Hands

Fiction

Section 2

Lesson 8 of 10

A certain miller had little by little fallen into poverty and had nothing left but his mill and a large apple tree behind it. Once when he had gone into the forest to fetch wood, an old man stepped up to him whom he had never seen before, and said, why do you plague yourself with cutting wood? I will make you rich, if you will promise me what is behind your mill. What can that be but my apple tree, thought the miller, and said, yes. The stranger laughed mockingly and said, when three years have passed, I will come and carry away what belongs to me. When the miller got home, his wife came to meet him and said, tell me, from whence comes this wealth into our house. All at once every box and chest was filled, no one brought it, and I know not how it happened. He answered, it comes from a stranger who met me in the forest, and promised me great treasure in return for what stands behind the mill—we can very well give him the apple tree. Ah, said the terrified wife, that must have been the devil. He did not mean the apple tree, but our daughter, who was standing behind the mill ***sweeping the yard***.

The daughter was a ***pious*** girl. When the day came when the evil one was to fetch her, she washed and made a circle with chalk. The devil appeared but could not come near her. Angrily, he said to the miller, take all water away from her, that she may no longer be able to wash, for otherwise I have no power over her. The miller was afraid, and did so. The next morning the devil came again, but she had wept on her hands, and they were clean. Again he could not get near her and furiously said to the miller, cut her hands off, or else I have no power over her. The miller was shocked and answered, how could I cut off my own child's hands? The evil one threatened him and said, if you do not, I will take you instead.

The father became alarmed. He went to the girl and said, my child, if I do not cut off your hands, the devil will carry me away. Help me in my need, and forgive me the harm I do you. She replied, dear father, do with me what you will, I am your child. Thereupon she laid down her hands, and let them be cut off. The devil came the third time, but she had wept on the stumps, that they were clean. Then he had to give in and had lost all right over her.

The miller said to her, I have by means of you received such great wealth that I will keep you most handsomely as long as you live. But she replied, here I cannot stay. Thereupon she set out on her way, and walked until night. Then she came to a royal garden, and by the moon she saw trees covered with fruit, but she could not enter, for it was surrounded by water. And as she had walked the whole day and not eaten, and hunger tormented her, she thought, ah, if I were but inside, that I might eat of the fruit, else must I die of hunger. Then she knelt down and prayed. And suddenly an angel came who made a dam in the water so she could walk through it. And now she went into the garden and the angel went with her. She saw a tree

VOCABULARY

Sweeping the yard: a method of keeping a neat yard before lawn mowers were invented

Pios: having a dutiful spirit of reverence for God

Epic: a long, a large scale production with complex plots involving a series of great achievements by a hero

Hew: to cut with an axe

Sexton: a caretaker of church grounds; a person whose main duty is to maintain the church building and to ring the bell

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum

DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

covered with beautiful pears. Then she went to them, and to still her hunger, ate one, but no more. The gardener was watching, but as the angel was standing by, he was afraid and thought the maiden was a spirit, and was silent, neither did he dare to cry out, or to speak to the spirit. When she had eaten the pear, she was satisfied and went and concealed herself among the bushes.

The king came the next morning and saw that one of the pears was missing, and asked the gardener what had become of it, as it was not lying beneath the tree, but was gone. Then answered the gardener, last night, a spirit came, who had no hands, and ate one of the pears. The king said, how did the spirit get over the water, and where did it go after it had eaten the pear. The gardener answered, someone came in a snow-white garment from heaven who made a dam, and kept back the water, that the spirit might walk through the moat. And as it must have been an angel, I was afraid, and asked no questions, and did not cry out. When the spirit had eaten the pear, it went back again. The king said, if it be as you say, I will watch with you to-night. When it grew dark the king came into the garden and brought a priest with him, who was to speak to the spirit. All three seated themselves beneath the tree and watched. At midnight the maiden came creeping out of the thicket, went to the tree, and again ate one pear, and beside her stood the angel in white garments. Then the priest went out to them and said, "Do you come from heaven or from earth? Are you a spirit, or a human being?" She replied, "I am no spirit, but an unhappy mortal deserted by all but God." The king said, "If you are forsaken by all the world, yet will I not forsake you." He took her with him into his royal palace, and as she was so beautiful and good, he loved her with all his heart, and took her to be his wife.

After a year the king had to go on a journey, so he commended his young queen to the care of his mother and said, if she is brought to child-bed take care of her, nurse her well, and tell me of it at once in a letter. Then she gave birth to a fine boy. So the old mother made haste to write and announce the joyful news to him. But the messenger rested by a brook on the way, and as he was fatigued by the great distance, he fell asleep. Then came the devil, who was always seeking to injure the good queen, and exchanged the letter for another, in which was written that the queen had brought a monster into the world. When the king read the letter he was shocked and much troubled, but he wrote in answer that they were to take great care of the queen and nurse her well until his arrival.

The messenger went back with the letter, but rested at the same place and again fell asleep. Then came the devil once more, and put a different letter in his pocket, in which it was written that they were to put the queen and her child to death. The old mother was terribly shocked when she received the letter, and could not believe it. She wrote back again to the king, but received the same answer, because each time the devil substituted a false letter.

But the old mother wept to think such innocent blood was to be shed. Then said she to the queen, "I cannot have you killed as the king commands, but here you may stay no longer. Go forth into the world with your child, and never come here again." The poor woman tied her child on her back, and went away with eyes full of tears. She came into a wild forest, and then she fell on her knees and prayed to God, and the angel of the Lord appeared to her and led her to a little house on which was a sign with the words, Here all dwell free. A maiden came out of the little house and said, welcome, lady queen, and conducted her inside. Then she unbound the little boy from her back, and held him to her breast that he might feed, and laid him in a little bed. Then said the poor woman, "From whence do you know that I was a queen?"

The maiden answered, "I am an angel sent by God, to watch over you and your child." The queen stayed seven years in the little house, and was well cared for, and by God's grace, because of her piety, her hands which had been cut off, grew once more.

At last the king came home, and his first wish was to see his wife and the child. Then his mother began to weep and said, "You wicked man, why did you write to me that I was to take those two innocent lives?" and she showed him the letters which the evil one had forged, and then continued, "I did as you bade me." Then the king began to weep for his poor wife and his little son so much that the mother had compassion on him and said, "Be at peace, she still lives. I bound the child to your wife's back and bade her go forth into the world, and made her promise never to come here again." Then spoke the king, "I will go as far as the sky is blue until I have found again my dear wife and child, if they have not been killed, or died of hunger."

Thereupon the king traveled about for seven years, and sought her in every cleft of the rocks and in every cave, but he found her not, and thought she had died of want. At length he came into a forest and found the little house whose sign was, Here all dwell free. Then forth came the maiden, took him by the hand, led him in, and said, "Welcome,

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

lord king," and asked him from whence he came. He answered, "Soon shall I have traveled about for the space of seven years, and I seek my wife and her child, but cannot find them." The angel offered him meat and drink. Then he lay down to sleep, and laid a handkerchief over his face.

Thereupon the angel went into where the queen sat with her son, whom she called Sorrowful, and said to her, go out with your child, your husband has come. So she went to the place where he lay, and the handkerchief fell from his face. Then said she, "Sorrowful, pick up your father's handkerchief, and cover his face again." The child picked it up, and said, "Dear mother, how can I cover my father's face when I have no father in this world. I have learnt to say the prayer—Our Father, which art in heaven—you have told me that my father was in heaven, and was the good God, and how can I know a wild man like this. He is not my father." When the king heard that, he got up, and asked who they were. Then said she, "I am your wife, and that is your son, Sorrowful". And he saw her hands, and said, "My wife had no hands." She answered, "The good God has caused my natural hands to grow again." Hereupon he knew for a certainty that it was his dear wife and his dear child, and he kissed them, and was glad, and said, "A heavy stone has fallen from off my heart." Then they went home to the king's aged mother. There were great rejoicings everywhere, and the king and queen were married again, and lived contentedly to their happy end. —The Brothers Grimm

FAIRYTALES

A fairytale includes characters that are elves, hobbits, hobgoblins, dragons, fairies, or other magical or mythical creatures. Fairytales are a subdivision of myth, mainly because the stories are fanciful and involve supernatural creatures and powers. Unlike myths, fairytales do not try to explain cultural practices, natural objects or phenomena. The plots of fairytales may be complex with twists and turns, unlike the plots of myths which tend to be simple. Two unique characteristics of fairytales are that they usually include a good versus bad power (such as a fairy, angel, devil, or witch); and end in some manner of "happily ever after." Not all fairy tales teach a moral, but many of them do. A modern day ***epic*** fairy tale would be the trilogy, *Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring, The Two Towers, The Return of the King.*

German brothers, Jacob (1785-1863) and Wilhelm Grimm (1786-1859), were famous for their fairy tales, folk lore, fables, and myths which they published between the years of 1812-1822. Their works were collectively called *Grimm's Fairy Tales*. Educated as lawyers and professors, the brothers made major contributions to literature in many fields, most notably in myth and ancient religion and law. To compile their collection of tales, the brothers drew on books and other sources dating back to the 16th century and on oral narrations mainly by peasants and common folks. The first edition of their tales was in 10 dialects. The first complete translation into English was published in 1884. Many of their fairytales emphasize human value and worth. Some of the Grimm Brothers fairytales will be familiar to you, including, *Cinderella*, *Beauty and the Beast*, *Sleeping Beauty*, and *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*.

The Golden Goose

There was a man who had three sons, the youngest was called Dummling and was mocked at every occasion. The eldest wanted to go ***hew*** wood. His mother gave him a sweet cake and a bottle of drink. When he entered the forest he met an old man who said, give me a piece of cake and a drink. But the son answered, I shall have none for myself, be off with you, and he left the man. But when he began to hew a tree, he made a false stroke and cut his arm. And this was the old man's doing. After this the second son went into the forest, and his mother gave him a cake and drink. The old man met him likewise, and asked for a piece of cake and drink. But the second son, too, said, what I give you will be taken from myself, be off, and he left the man standing. His punishment, however, was not delayed, when he had made a few blows at the tree he struck himself in the leg, so that he had to be carried home. Then Dummling said, father, let me go and cut wood. The father answered, your brothers have hurt themselves with it, leave it alone, you do not understand anything about it. But Dummling begged so long that at last he said, just go then, you will get wiser by hurting yourself. His mother gave him a cake made with water and baked in the cinders, and with it a bottle of stale water. When he came to the forest the old man met him likewise, and said, give me a piece of your cake and a drink out of your bottle, I am so hungry and thirsty. Dummling answered, I have only cinder-cake and sour water, if that pleases you, we will eat. So they sat, and when Dummling pulled out his cinder-cake, it was a fine sweet cake, and the sour water had become good. So they ate and drank, and after that the little man said, since you have a good heart and are willing to divide what you have, I will give you good luck. There

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

stands an old tree, cut it down, and you will find something at the roots. Dummling cut down the tree, and there was a goose sitting in the roots with feathers of gold. Taking her with him, he went to an inn where he thought he would stay the night. Now the host had three daughters, who saw the goose and would have liked to have its golden feathers. The eldest seized the goose by the wing, but her hand stuck fast to it. The second came afterwards, thinking only of how she might get a feather for herself, but she had scarcely touched her sister than she was held fast. The third also came with the like intent, and the others screamed, for goodness, sake keep away. But she did not understand why she was to keep away. The others are there, she thought, I may as well be there too, and ran to them, but as soon as she had touched her sister, she remained sticking fast to her. So they had to spend the night stuck to the goose.

The next morning Dummling took the goose and set out. The three girls who were hanging on to it were obliged to run after him. The parson met them, and when he saw the procession he said, for shame, you good-for-nothing girls, why are you running after this young man. Is that seemly? He seized the youngest by the hand in order to pull her away, but as soon as he touched her he likewise stuck fast. The ***sexton*** came by and saw the parson running behind three girls. He was astonished and called out, Do not forget that we have a christening to-day, and he took him by the sleeve, but was also held fast. Two laborers came from the fields; the parson called out and begged that they would set him and the sexton free. But they had scarcely touched the sexton when they were held fast, and now there were seven of them running behind Dummling and the goose.

Soon he came to a city, where a king ruled who had a daughter who was so serious that no one could make her laugh. So he had put forth a decree that whosoever should be able to make her laugh should marry her. When Dummling heard this, he went with his goose and train before the king's daughter, and she began to laugh as if she would never stop. Thereupon Dummling asked to have her for his wife, but the king did not like him for a son-in-law, and made all manner of excuses and said he must first produce a man who could drink a lakeful of water. Dummling thought of the little man who could certainly help him, so he went into the forest, and in the same place where he had felled the tree, he saw a man sitting, who had a very sorrowful face. Dummling asked him what he was taking to heart so sorely, and he answered, I have such a great thirst and cannot quench it, a barrel of water I have just emptied, but that to me is like a drop on a hot stone. There, I can help you, said Dummling, just come with me and you shall be satisfied. He led him into the king's lake, and the man bent over the water, and drank and drank, and before the day was out he had emptied the lake. Then Dummling asked once more for his bride, but the king was vexed that such an ugly fellow, whom everyone called Dummling, should take away his daughter, and he made a new condition, he must first find a man who could eat a whole mountain of bread. Dummling did not think long, but went straight into the forest, where in the same place sat a man making an awful face, and saying, I have eaten a whole ovenful of rolls, but what good is that when one has such a hunger as I. My stomach remains empty. At this Dummling was glad, and said, get up and come with me. He led him to the king's palace, where all the flour in the whole kingdom was collected, and from it he caused a huge mountain of bread to be baked. The man from the forest stood before it, began to eat, and by the end of one day the whole mountain had vanished. Then Dummling for the third time asked for his bride, but the king again sought a way out, and ordered a ship which could sail on land and on water. As soon as you come sailing back in it, said he, you shall have my daughter for wife. Dummling went straight into the forest, and there sat the little man to whom he had given his cake. When he heard what Dummling wanted, he said, since you have given me to eat and to drink, I will give you the ship, and I do all this because you once were kind to me. Then he gave him the ship which could sail on land and water, and when the king saw that, he could no longer prevent him from having his daughter. The wedding was celebrated, and after the king's death, Dummling inherited the kingdom and lived for a long time contentedly with his wife.

—The Brothers Grimm

Congratulations. You have finished another lesson. Continue to the Activities.

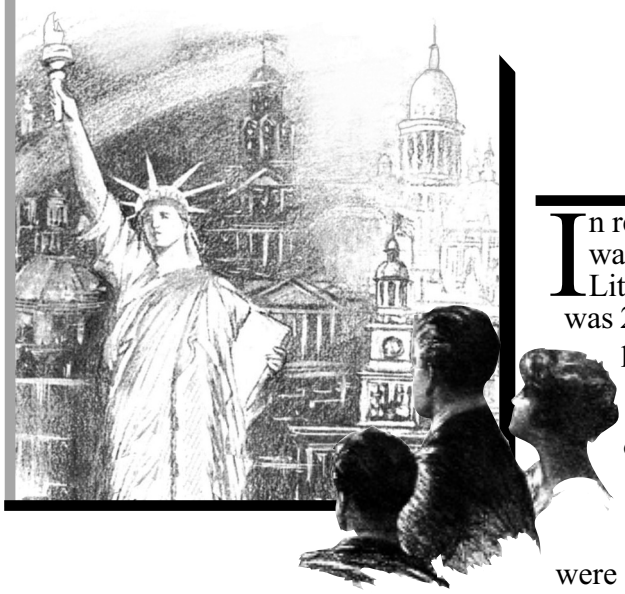
LIFE PRINCIPLE



"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

—the Golden Rule

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.



Johnny Appleseed and Other Legends

Fiction

Section 2

Lesson 9 of 10

In real life, Johnny Appleseed was John Chapman and was born on September 26, 1774 in Massachusetts. Little is known of his early life, but by the time he was 25 years old he had become a ***nursery*** man and had planted apple trees in the western portions of New York and Pennsylvania. When the lands south of the Great Lakes and west of the Ohio river were opened for settlement in the early 1800s, John Chapman was among the first to explore the new territory. This was the territory from which the states of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois were later formed. For nearly 50 years, John Chapman roamed this territory planting trees. He became known as the Apple Tree Man, or Johnny Appleseed.

His manner of operation was simple. He scouted the wilderness until he found a likely spot for planting. There, he would clear the land of weeds and brush and plant his apple seeds in neat rows. Typically, he built a brush fence to keep out animals. His nurseries varied in size—some were an acre; others covered miles.

He did all of the work himself and lived alone. He never married but often visited friends. He was a welcomed guest of native Americans. He did not carry a gun or weapon of any kind. He was deeply religious and lived by the Golden Rule. He had no fear of man or beast. Once, reportedly, he was caught in a snow storm and crept into a hollow log for shelter. It was occupied by a hibernating bear and her cubs, but Johnny spent the night there nonetheless.

Chapman was a practical businessman, as well as a sincere Christian. Somehow, he had envisioned the wilderness blooming with apple trees. He endured the hardships of a wilderness life to make his dream come true. He sold his trees for a few pennies each, accepting any of the coins current on the frontier. Some travelers had no cash, and from those he accepted a promise to pay later. He sometimes accepted payment in used clothing. As he was a small man in stature, his bartered clothing usually fit him poorly. This led to some humorous descriptions of his appearance. Like many of the settlers, he went barefooted because shoes were hard to find and seldom fit his gnarled feet. He ate no meat and carried a stewpot or kettle with him. In this he could gather nuts or berries, carry water, get milk from a settler's cow, boil potatoes, or drop a handful of coarsely ground meal to make a nourishing meal. He has been pictured wearing such a pot on his head, but more likely he kept it tied to his pack. He preferred to walk, carrying his precious apple seeds and the simplest of camping gear.

VOCABULARY

Nursery: a controlled habitat for growing and selling trees and other plants
Didactic: intended for instruction, inclined to teach or lecture
Patronizing: disrespectful or condescending
Pejorative: disparaging, derogatory, belittling
Amiably: in a friendly manner

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

John Chapman loved people, and especially children. As the settlers moved into the wilderness, he was a welcomed guest at every cabin. Many a night after a simple meal, he would enthrall his hosts with stories or read to them from the Bible or from some of the religious material he carried. It was with such friends that he spent his last night. He had been living near Fort Wayne, Indiana, when word came one March day that cattle had broken through the brush fence around one of his nurseries twenty miles away. Although the weather was very cold, he set forth immediately to repair the damage. On his return trip he was stricken with an illness known as the winter plague. He found shelter with friendly settlers but failed to survive. A newspaper account recorded the date of John Chapman's death as March 18, 1845. The legend of Johnny Appleseed lived well beyond his temporal life. Undoubtedly, his young apple seedlings crossed the plains in covered wagons. Roaming herds of livestock and flocks of birds undoubtedly transplanted his seeds. Certainly, his fame was carried from state to state and territory to territory, for the name of Johnny Appleseed is known throughout all of the United States and elsewhere in much of the world.

LEGENDS

A legend is a story about a person who actually lived and who commited a good deed or act of daring. However, specific incidents mentioned in a legend are either not true or are greatly exaggerated to the point that they are not credible. You have probably heard or read some famous American legends such as Davey Crockett, Johnny Appleseed, and John Henry. Davey Crockett was the Congressman and frontiersman from Tennessee who died at the Alamo fighting for Texas' independence. Although many of the elements in those stories are true, they have become "legend" and "bigger than life" due to exaggerations. One of the many legends surrounding Davey Crockett was his alleged fight at age three with a bear. Johnny Appleseed was a minister who rode across the American frontier preaching the Gospel and planting apple trees, but did he really wear a pot on his head? Or did he really sleep with a bear in a hollow tree? John Henry was a railroad worker whose ability to drive spikes faster than any machine earned him a legendary name. While these details are fascinating, no evidence can be found to support them. The English legend of Robin Hood is another such tale. Of the many legends about Robin Hood is how he won an archery contest by shooting one arrow, then shooting a second arrow, splitting the first arrow right down the middle. The modern television program, "Mythbusters" discredited this accomplishment as a verifiable feat. Other legends tell about King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table. Leading the legends about Arthur is the account of how he obtained his amazing sword by pulling it from a stone. Another English legend is Saint George, the national saint of England, who rescued a young maiden from death by slaying a dragon. Next, read the legend of William Tell. He was a real person who actually helped Switzerland obtain freedom; however, history offers no real evidence that William ever shot an apple off his son's head.

The Legend of William Tell

Centuries ago, a cruel tyrant named Gessler controlled the Swiss mountains. One day he placed a pole in the city square. On the pole he placed his hat. He commanded every man to bow to the hat. Every man obeyed except for one—William Tell. Instead, he looked at the cap, threw back his head and laughed! Gessler became enraged and feared that Tell's defiance would lead others to rebel; so, Gessler determined to punish Tell.

William Tell was a hunter and expert marksman. No man in all of Switzerland could use a bow and arrow as expertly. Gessler devised a plan by which Tell's expertise would bring him grief. Gessler commanded his soldiers to seize Tell's son, tie him to the pole, and place an apple on his head. Gessler then bade Tell shoot the apple off his son's head. Tell was aghast! He pleaded with the tyrant to withdraw his command. Tell worried that his son might move or his own hand might tremble. What if the arrow did not go straight? Gessler ignored Tell's pleas: "I give you one arrow to strike the apple," he said. "Should you not obey this order, the lad will be killed." With grim determination, the great bowman fitted an arrow to his bow. Taking aim, he let the arrow fly. The boy stood motionless and fearless. He believed that his father would not fail. Indeed, the arrow flew true. Silently, the arrow plucked the apple from the boy's head! Tell wept for joy and hugged his son. As he did, a second arrow fell from his cloak. Gessler asked why Tell had another arrow. Tell replied, "Well, you should ask, tyrant! Should I have harmed my son, this arrow would be in your heart!"

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

Tall Tales, Folklore, and Urban Legends

A tall tale, folklore, or urban legend is a "spoof" legend and claims to be based on a true story, but in actuality, has no truth in it. American culture has many such stories. One of the most popular is Pecos Bill, a cowboy legend who invented calf roping, cattle branding, and the six-shooter. He could ride any horse, panther, or tornado. Paul Bunyan was another folk legend who embodied frontier vitality. He and his companion, Babe the Blue Ox, could fell a forest of timber in half the time required by an army of lumberjacks. One popular American folklorist was Joel Chandler Harris. In 1881, he published "The Uncle Remus Stories." The tales are ***didactic***, like Aesop's fables. The narrator, Uncle Remus, is a kindly, old Negro slave who spends his time weaving tales of African lore to white children gathered around him. The stories are told in Harris' version of a deep south Afro-dialect and center around the trickster tale, a type of story that has roots in West Africa. At the time of Harris' publication, his work was praised and tremendously popular; however, recent public opinion deems the term "uncle" as a ***patronizing*** title for elderly black men in the South and is considered ***pejorative*** and offensive.

In the Uncle Remus tales, Brer Rabbit ("Brother Rabbit") is the main character. He is a trickster character common in folktales of African cultures. Brer Rabbit typically matches wits with Brer Fox and Brer Bear. In one tale, Brer Fox and Brer Bear construct a lump of tar into a figure and put clothing on it. Brer Rabbit happens along and addresses the "tar baby" ***amiably***, but receives no response. Rabbit becomes offended by what he perceives as a lack of manners, and kicks the "tar baby". Rabbit becomes stuck, and Fox ponders how to dispose of him. The helpless, but cunning, Rabbit pleads, "Please don't throw me in the briar patch." Thinking this would upset the Rabbit, Fox does exactly that. However, rabbits are at home in thickets, and the resourceful Rabbit escapes the clutches of the wiley Fox, making the Fox the loser.

Another popular folklorist was Washington Irving who delighted in making fun of the Dutch. In his popular tale, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," Irving's characters are all members of a Dutch community. Although this story claims to be a true legend, it is a "spoof" tall tale with no truth to it.

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow (abridged)

In the bosom of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, lies a small sequestered glen known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW. A drowsy, dreamy influence hang over the land. Some say that the place was bewitched. Certain it is, the place continues under the sway of some power that holds a spell over the minds of the good people. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions; and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the revolutionary war; and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Historians allege that the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head; and the spectre is known by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

In this place, abodes a worthy wight by the name of Ichabod Crane; who sojourned in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children. He was a native of Connecticut. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weather-cock, perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield. His school-house was one room and stood at the foot of a hill. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of importance in the female circle. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir. How he would figure among them in the churchyard on Sundays!

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

gathering grapes; reciting epitaphs; or sauntering along the banks of the mill-pond. Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts and goblins. He would delight them equally by anecdotes of witchcraft . . . . but if there was a pleasure in all this, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his walks home. What fearful shapes and shadows!—How often was he appalled by a shrub covered with snow, like a sheeted spectre!—How often did he shrink and dread to look over his shoulder!

Among [those] who assembled . . . each week, to receive his instructions, was Katrina Van Tassel, the only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of eighteen; plump and rosy cheeked. She was a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, and a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart; and it is not to be wondered that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes; especially after he had visited her paternal mansion. From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had difficulties; and had to make his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were for ever presenting new impediments; and he had to encounter a host of adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who, keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, were ready to fly in common cause against any new competitor. Among these was Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered with short curly black hair, and a bluff countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of BROM BONES. He was foremost at all races and fights; and was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone admitting of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; but had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and, with all his roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good humor. This hero had singled out the blooming Katrina, and it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gente manner.

It left Brom no alternative but to play boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang. They harried his hitherto peaceful domain; smoked out his school; broke into the school-house and turned every thing topsy-turvy: so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress.

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any effect. On a fine autumn afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat. Suddenly a negro came clattering up with an invitation to attend a merry-making that evening at Van Tassel's. The gallant Ichabod spent at least an extra half hour, brushing and furbishing up his suit, and arranging his looks by a bit of broken looking-glass, that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse, that had outlived almost every thing but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged; his rusty mane and tail were tangled with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil. Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms flapped like wings.

Toward evening, Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Van Tassel. Brom Bones was the hero of the scene, having come on his favorite steed Daredevil. Old Baltus Van Tassel moved among his guests with a face dilated with content and good humor. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and an invitation to help themselves. The

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

music from the hall summoned to the dance. The musician was an old grayheaded negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head; bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing. Not a limb, not a fibre was idle. The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner. When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who sat smoking, gossiping, and drawing out long stories about the war, but all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman. All these tales sank deep in the mind of Ichabod.

The revel now gradually broke up. The farmers gathered their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the roads. Ichabod lingered behind, according to the custom, to have a tête-à-tête with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview, I do not know. Something, however, must have gone wrong, for he sallied forth with an air quite desolate. Without looking to the right or left, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters.

It was the witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills. All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard, now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tree, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled, and fantastic. As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle: he thought his whistle was answered—it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the branches. As he approached nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree—he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a glen, known by the name of Wiley's swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge. On that side of the road, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grapevines, threw a cavernous gloom. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. This [was] considered a haunted stream. As he approached, his heart began to thump; he summoned up all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily: it was all in vain; his steed plunged to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that nearly sent his rider sprawling. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, which could ride upon the wind? Summoning a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents—"Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a more agitated voice. Still, no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed.

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up—the other did the same. His heart began to sink; there was something in the moody and dogged silence that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. The figure was headless!—but Ichabod's horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on the figure's shoulders, was carried on the pommel; Ichabod's terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder; but the spectre started full jump with him. Away they dashed, stones flying at every bound. They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way. He had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. The goblin was hard on his haunches; and he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder. An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the planks; gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see his pursuer. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no school-master. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of the brook, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin. The brook was searched, but the body of the school-master was not discovered. The mysterious event caused much speculation. The stories were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the galloping Hessian.

An old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin, and partly in mortification at having been dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time. Brom Bones too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

Continue to the Activities.

Life Principle



"Courage is the mark of bravery under fearful conditions."

—Ronald Johnson

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.



The Laborers in the Vineyard

Fiction

Section 2

Lesson 10 of 10

1. "The kingdom of heaven is like a householder who went out early in the morning to hire laborers for his vineyard. 2. After agreeing with the laborers for a ***denarius*** a day, he sent them into his vineyard. 3. And going out about the third hour he saw others standing idle in the market place; 4. and to them he said, 'You go into the vineyard too, and whatever is right I will give you.' So they went. 5. Going out again about the sixth hour and the ninth hour, he did the same. 6. And about the eleventh hour he went out and found others standing; and he said to them, 'Why do you stand here idle all day?' 7. They said to him, 'Because no one has hired us.' He said to them, 'You go into the vineyard too.' 8. And when evening came, the owner of the vineyard said to his steward, 'Call the laborers and pay them their wages, beginning with the last, up to the first.' 9. And when those hired about the eleventh hour came, each of them received a denarius. 10. Now when the first came, they thought they would receive more; but each of them also received a denarius. 11. And on receiving it they grumbled at the householder, 12. saying, 'These last worked only one hour, and you have made them equal to us who have borne the burden of the day and the scorching heat.' 13. But he replied to one of them, 'Friend, I am doing you no wrong; did you not agree with me for a denarius? 14. Take what belongs to you, and go; I choose to give to this last as I give to you. 15. Am I not allowed to do what I choose with what belongs to me? Or do you begrudge my generosity?' 16. So the last will be first, and the first last. (Jesus)

VOCABULARY

Denarius: a silver coin in Roman currency; difficult to compare to U.S. wages, but possibly about $20

Rhetorician: a person skilled in oratory (verbal delivery of speeches, sermons, etc.)

Fictive: fiction; a made up narrative (story)

Prerogative: an exclusive right or privelege exercised by virtue or rank

Husbandman: a person who cultivates crops

Bridegroom: an older term that has since been shortened to "groom", meaning the man who is to marry the bride

Talent: a unit of currency (money)

PARABLES

A parable is a story that reveals a religious, moral, or spiritual idea. The word *parable* was given by Greek ***rhetoricians*** to any ***fictive*** narrative by which moral or spiritual matters are conveyed. A parable is a probable and realistic story that in very simple terms sketchs a setting and describes an action and its result(s). A parable is brief and succinct like a fable; it differs by excluding animals that assume speech and other human powers, as in Aesop's Fables and by being more realistic than a fable. The best known specific source of parables is by Jesus as recorded in the New Testament of the Bible. Although other people have told parables throughout history, the parables told by Jesus are by far the best known, and so form the prototype for the term "parable".

In the parable, The Laborers in the Vineyard, a man hires some workers and offers to pay them a certain amount, to which they agree. The man goes to the market all throughout the day and keeps hiring more workers. Even at the last hour of the day, he hires workers. When the pay time comes, the man pays each laborer the same

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

amount. This angers the workers who had been there all day and had worked longer. They think that because they were hired first, they deserve more than those who arrived later, even though they had previously agreed to a certain sum.

Various critics have interpreted this parable to mean that God is omniscient, and He can do whatever He wants to do with his rewards. If a person follows God through life, God has the ***prerogative*** to reward the person a certain way. If a person follows God only just before death (the eleventh hour), God still has the prerogative to reward the person as He wills. Jesus used the parable to teach an important two-fold lesson: 1) those who think they deserve more may not necessarily get more; 2) we are not to worry about what other people deserve or what they are rewarded, but we are to act righteously, according to our agreement with God. The parable is simple, has one setting (the vineyard), and describes the action of the workers. The result of the action is that they are reminded to mind their own business.

In addition to the familiar parables of Jesus in the New Testament, such as the Good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son, many parables are also recorded in the Old Testament, such as the parable of the lamb told by the prophet, Nathan.

Nathan's Parable to David the King

1. Then the LORD sent Nathan to David. And he came to him, and said to him: "There were two men in one city, one rich and the other poor. 2. The rich man had exceedingly many flocks and herds. 3. But the poor man had nothing, except one little ewe lamb which he had bought and nourished; and it grew up together with him and with his children. It ate of his own food and drank from his own cup and lay in his bosom; and it was like a daughter to him. 4. And a traveler came to the rich man, who refused to take from his own flock and from his own herd to prepare one for the wayfaring man who had come to him; but he took the poor man's lamb and prepared it for the man who had come to him." 5. So David's anger was greatly aroused against the man, and he said to Nathan, "As the LORD lives, the man who has done this shall surely die! 6. And he shall restore fourfold for the lamb, because he did this thing and because he had no pity." 7. Then Nathan said to David, "You are the man! Thus says the LORD God of Israel: 'I anointed you king over Israel, and I delivered you from the hand of Saul. 8. I gave you your master's house and your master's wives into your keeping, and gave you the house of Israel and Judah. And if that had been too little, I also would have given you much more! 9. Why have you despised the commandment of the LORD, to do evil in His sight? You have killed Uriah the Hittite with the sword; you have taken his wife to be your wife, and have killed him with the sword of the people of Ammon.

In this parable, a man who was wealthy did not want to use his own livestock to feed a guest; so, he took the only sheep from a poor man. The spiritual lesson was to help David see that he had more than enough blessings from the Lord. But, David had lusted for another man's wife. As the commander of the army, David sent the woman's husband into battle where David knew the man would be killed. He then was free to marry the widow. David, being king, already had wives, and could have his choice of any woman in the kingdom; instead, he took the only wife of a poor man. This angered the Lord who sent Nathan to tell David of his terrible sin. Later, the story reveals (not printed here) that David's punishment was that his first born son would die. Next, read more famous parables by Jesus.

The Wise Man and the Foolish Man

"Every one then who hears these words of mine and does them will be like a wise man who built his house upon the rock; and the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, but it did not fall, because it had been founded on the rock. And every one who hears these words of mine and does not do them will be like a foolish man who built his house upon the sand; and the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat against that house, and it fell; and great was the fall of it." (—from Matthew 7:24-27)

The Pearl of Great Price

The kingdom of heaven is like a merchant, seeking good pearls: Who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it. (—from Matthew 13:45-46)

The Wicked Husbandmen

There was a certain householder, which planted a vineyard, and hedged it, and dug a winepress, and built a tower, and lent it to

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

husbandmen, and went into a far country: And when the time of the fruit drew near, he sent his servants to the husbandmen, that they might receive the fruits of it.

And the husbandmen took his servants, and beat one, and killed another, and stoned another. Again, he sent other servants more than the first: and they did unto them likewise.

But last of all he sent unto them his son, saying, "They will reverence my son." But when the husbandmen saw the son, they said among themselves, "This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and let us seize on his inheritance." And they caught him, and cast him out of the vineyard, and slew him.

Jesus asked the crowd, 'When the lord therefore of the vineyard cometh, what will he do unto those husbandmen?' The people said unto him, 'He will miserably destroy those wicked men, and will let out his vineyard unto other husbandmen, which shall render him the fruits in their seasons.' Jesus saith unto them, . . . Therefore say I unto you, The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof. . . .

The Parable of the Faithful Servant

Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. But know this, that if the goodman of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up. Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh. Who then is a faithful and wise servant, whom his lord hath made ruler over his household, to give them meat in due season? Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing. Verily I say unto you, That he shall make him ruler over all his goods. But and if that evil servant shall say in his heart, My lord delayeth his coming; And shall begin to smite his fellowservants, and to eat and drink with the drunken; The lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Symbolism in Parables

Because parables are used to reveal or impart spiritual wisdom, they are often filled with symbols that have deeper meaning than just what they are in the story.

The parable of the Ten Virgins is found in the 25th chapter of the Gospel of Matthew. Ten young women were gathered as part of a wedding celebration. They were awaiting the arrival of the ***bridegroom*** who was delayed until long after dark. Each of the virgins carried a lamp that used oil to ignite the flame. As the midnight hour approached, the lamps of all ten virgins began to flicker and burn low. Five of the virgins had prudently prepared for this and had brought extra oil. When the announcement of the bridegroom's arrival came, the wise young women were ready. They rose from their sleep and recharged their lamps. The other five young women were lacking in wisdom and foresight and had not prepared. They tried to borrow oil from the others but were refused. There was not enough to go around. The lamps of the imprudent bridesmaids went out. The young women became lost in the darkness and missed the wedding.

The lamps and the oil are not only objects in the story, but they are symbols of a deeper spiritual meaning. The lamps represent the human spirit. The oil represents the Holy Spirit of God. When the human spirit "flickers" and goes out due to life's trials, humans can "recharge" their spirit with the "oil" of God. If humans do not plan ahead, they can be "left in the dark" without God's Spirit to relight their lives and help them find the way.

The parable of the ***Talents*** is told by Jesus in the Gospel of Matthew (Matt. 25:14-30). The parable tells of a master who was leaving his home to travel, and before going, entrusted three servants with different amounts of money. On returning from his travels, the master asked his servants for an account of the money given to them. The first servant reported that he was given five talents, and he had invested and increased five talents more. The master praised the servant as being good and faithful and gave him more responsibility because of his faithfulness. The second servant said that he had received two talents, and he had also invested and increased two talents more. The master praised this servant in the same way as being good and faithful and giving him more responsibility. The last servant who had received one talent reported that knowing his master was an intimidating man, he buried his talent in the

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

ground for safekeeping, and therefore returned the original amount to his master. The master called him a wicked and lazy servant, saying that he should have at least placed the money in the bank to generate interest. The master then ordered the servant to be thrown outside.

In the parable of the Talents, the spiritual lesson is that diligence in carrying out our responsibilities is essential for more important tasks in the future. The symbolism in this parable is that while we are on this earth, and the master (the Lord) is not with us, we are each given a "talent" or responsibility to utilize in His absence. If we put our talents to good use, He will reward us when He returns. If we waste or hide our talents, we will be punished upon His return.

Congratulations. You are nearly finished with Section 2. Continue now to the Activities.



LIFE PRINCIPLE

"Good reading is indispensable to impartation of truth."—Ravi Zacharias

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.



All the World is the Stage

Drama

Section 3

Lesson 11 of 15

"All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players: They have their exits and their entrances; And one man in his time plays many parts, his acts being seven ages. At first the infant, mewling and puking in the nurse's arms; and then the whining school-boy, with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school. And then the lover, sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier, full of strange oaths and bearded like the ***pard***, jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel, seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice, in fair round belly with good capon lined, with eyes severe and beard of formal cut, full of ***wise saws*** and modern instances; and so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts into the lean and slipper'd ***pantaloon***, with spectacles on nose and pouch on side, his youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide for his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice, turning again toward childish treble, pipes and whistles in his sound. Last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history, is second childishness and mere ***oblivion***, ***sans*** teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

—Shakespeare, "All the World is a Stage"
(*As You Like It,* Act II, Scene VII)

VOCABULARY

Pard: leopard
Wise saws: time-tested proverbs
Pantaloon: foolish figure
Oblivion: death
Sans: without
Chorus: a group of men who chant answers back to an actor
Dialogue: conversation
Muse: one of the nine goddesses of drama; a daughter of Zeus in Greek mythology
Liturgy: a ritualistic form of public worship
Secular: non religious
Playwright: a person who writes a play
Pageant: a parade or procession involving costumes and drama
Renaissance: the time in history that stretched for several centuries (1300s-1600s) in which Europe emerged from the Middle Ages and embarked upon a great appreciation for literature, music, and the arts, including drama

DRAMA

Drama is a literary form written for actors to perform. "Drama" is a Greek term meaning "action," drawn from the Greek verb "to do." Drama is verse (poetry) or prose intended to tell a story involving the portrayal of real life conflicts and emotions through action and dialogue. The origins of Western drama can be traced to 6th century B.C. to the Greek city of Athens. Although accounts of this period are difficult to verify because of antiquity, reports have emerged of a poet named Thespis who developed a musical form of drama in which he impersonated a character and engaged a ***chorus*** of singers in ***dialogue***. As the first composer and performer in this form of drama, Thespis can be considered the first actor. Later, a Greek performer named Aeschylus developed drama further by introducing a second actor.

The two main types of dramas composed in Athens were tragedies and comedies in which the actors wore masks and costumes. Two masks associated with Greek drama were the smiling and frowning faces. Both are symbols of the ***Muses*** Thalia and Melpomene. Thalia is the Muse of comedy (the smiling face), and Melpomene is the

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

Muse of tragedy (the frowning face). In general terms, a tragedy is a drama with a sad outcome; however, tragedy was defined more precisely by Aristotle to mean a form of drama characterized by seriousness and dignity, usually involving a conflict between a character and some higher power, such as the law, the gods, fate, or society. Comedy is the use of humor in the form of theater. In simple terms, a comedy is a play with a happy ending.

Greek drama gave birth to different forms of drama all over the world. Each culture seemed to have its own additions. In the Middle Ages, drama emerged from religious enactments of the ***liturgy***. Miracle plays were presented on the porches of cathedrals on feast days. These again evolved into tragic and comic forms. The first truly ***secular*** plays in Europe were historical plays, celebrating the lives of historical or legendary kings. Drama in England emerged to a great extent during the 16th and 17th centuries. Many of these plays were written as poetry. The most famous ***playwright*** to emerge in the history of drama is William Shakespeare of England (1564-1616) who compsed his dramas in verse. Other playwrights, such as Christopher Marlowe, Thomas Middleton, and Ben Jonson were also prominent during this period. (Literature network)

Forms of Theater

Theatre is the performance of a story in front of an audience using combinations of speech, gesture, music, dance, sound and spectacle (costumes, props, lighting, special effects). The stories in most dramas are told through the narrative dialogue of the actors; however, in addition to standard narrative dialogue, theatre takes alternative forms as well, such as, opera, ballet, and pantomime.

In an *opera*, the parts by the actors are sung to orchestral accompaniment. Opera developed from the ***pageants*** and musical entertainments that were popular in Europe in the 16th Century. The first true opera is thought to be Dafne (1598), composed by Peri for the court of the Medici in Florence, Italy. Various styles of opera were henceforth developed: Opera Seria had serious plots taken from myth and history; Opera Comique and Opera Buffa had comic themes with plots involving disguises and impersonations; Ballad Opera was spoken dialogue and songs set to tunes of old ballads.

In a *ballet*, the actors tell the story through dancing, music and scenery, but no voice. Ballet dancing is a form of theatrical dance characterized by graceful, balanced movements with limbs extending from restricted body positions. The beginnings of ballet can be traced to Italy during the 1400's (the ***Renaissance*** era). Early ballets were performed with extravagant costumes, wigs, and masks that helped the audience to follow the storyline. In 1760, Frenchman Noverre developed a ballet that told the story only through movement (no masks, wigs, or costumes). Later, ballet evolved again to include more Romantic themes in which the performers wore mythical, fairy-like costumes.

In a *pantomime*, the performers, often masked, express the actions, thoughts, and emotions of the story line by gestures and facial expressions alone (no speech or dance). Pantomime is often performed to the accompaniment of music but has limited props and "extras". Pantomime dates back to the middle ages and can be comical, serious, or romantic. These story lines often follow a fable or folktale. Usually a lesson is taught, and the hero/heroine saves the day. These plays usually have an emphasis on moral dilemmas, and good always triumphs over evil.

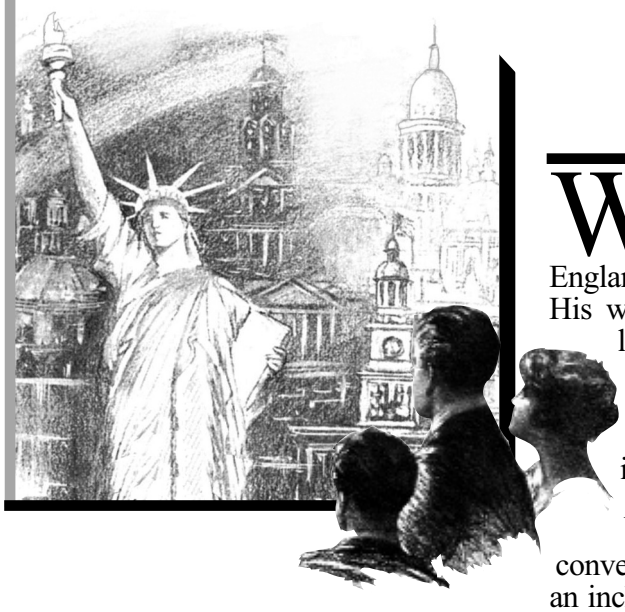
Continue to the Activities. For the remainder of this chapter, you will study Shakespeare's tragedy of Prince Hamlet and comedy about a shrewish woman.



Life Principle

"This above all: to thine own self be true." —Shakespeare

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.



Shakespeare's Contributions

Drama

Section 3

Lesson 12 of 15

William Shakespeare (1564-1616) is considered the greatest playwright and poet ever to produce literature. He was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, England. Later, he became know as the "***Bard*** of Avon." His works are considered great because of his skill for language and imagery, and his witty, creative adaptation of myth and history. Shakespeare's works have influenced language more than any other writer. He ***coined*** over 2,000 words and phrases, including *football, shooting star, puppy-dog, bandit, partner, downstairs, upstairs,* and *leapfrog*. Lines from Shakespeare's plays are used in everyday conversation such as "To be, or not to be", "I'll not budge an inch", "We have seen better days", and "Greek to me." In his usual witty tone, Shakespeare wrote his own ***epitaph***, in poetry, of course: *Good friend, for Jesus' sake* ***forbear****; To dig the dust enclosed here. Blessed be the man that spares these stones, And cursed be he that moves my bones.*

In this lesson, you will begin the study Shakespeare's famous play, "The Tragedy of Hamlet." Hamlet was a fictional prince of Denmark. His father, the king, was murdered by his uncle, and his mother married the uncle, unaware that he had played foul. Hamlet discovers the crime through the ghost of his father who pleads with Hamlet to avenge the deed, but Hamlet is too cowardly to confront his uncle and becomes so stressed over the situation that he falls into deep depression, causing his family and friends to believe he is mad (insane). In the end, he finds a unique way to avenge his father's murder.

The Tragedy of Hamlet (abridged)

SCENE I. Elsinore. A platform before the castle.

FRANCISCO at his post. Enter BERNARDO

FRANCISCO: Bernardo?

BERNARDO: Have you had quiet guard?

FRANCISCO: Not a mouse stirring. *hears footsteps*

FRANCISCO: Who's there?

ENTER HORATIO AND MARCELLUS

HORATIO: Friends to this ground.

EXIT FRANCISCO

MARCELLUS: Holla! Bernardo!

BERNARDO: Welcome, Horatio: welcome Marcellus.

MARCELLUS: Has this thing appear'd again to-night?

BERNARDO: I have seen nothing.

MARCELLUS: Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy; therefore I have entreated him to watch.

VOCABULARY

Bard: poet
Coined: came up with his own
Epitaph: a commemorative inscription on a tomb or monument
Forbear: to refrain or abstain from
Late: deceased; dead

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

HORATIO: Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

BERNARDO: Last night, Marcellus and myself, the bell then beating one,—

ENTER GHOST

MARCELLUS: Peace, it comes again!

BERNARDO: Like the king that's dead.

MARCELLUS: Speak to it, Horatio.

HORATIO: What art thou? I charge thee, speak!

MARCELLUS: It is offended.

BERNARDO: See, it stalks away!

HORATIO: Stay! speak! I charge thee, speak!

EXIT GHOST

MARCELLUS: 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

BERN: Horatio! you tremble and look pale.

HORATIO: I might not this believe without the sensible and true avouch of mine own eyes.

MARCELLUS: Is it not like the king?

BERNARDO: I think it be no other.

HORATIO: Let us impart what we have seen to Hamlet; this spirit will speak to him.

MARCELLUS: Let's do it.

EXEUNT

SCENE II. A room of state in the castle.

ENTER KING CLAUDIUS, QUEEN GERTRUDE AND HAMLET

KING CLAUDIUS: But now, Hamlet, my son— How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Good Hamlet, do not for ever seek for thy noble father in the dust: Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die.

KING CLAUDIUS: tis commendable, Hamlet, to give these mourning duties to your father: but, you must know, your father lost a father; that father lost his: to persevere in obstinate condolement is a course of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly; it shows a heart unfortified, a mind impatient, an understanding simple and unschool'd.

EXEUNT ALL BUT HAMLET

HAMLET: O, that this flesh would melt and resolve itself into a dew! or that the Everlasting had not fix'd his canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable, seem to me all the uses of this world! That it should come to this! But two months dead: So excellent a king; that was so loving to my mother. Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him: and yet, within a month—a little month—why she, even she—O, God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason, would have mourn'd longer—married with my uncle, my father's brother, but no more like my father than I to Hercules: within a month: O, most wicked speed, to post with such dexterity to incestuous sheets! It is not nor it cannot come to good.

ENTER HORATIO, MARCELLUS, AND BERNARDO

HORATIO: Hail to your lordship!

HAMLET: I am glad to see you my good friend; what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?

HORATIO: A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAMLET: I know you are no truant. But what is your affair in Elsinore?

HORATIO: My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

HAMLET: I pray thee, do not mock me; I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

HORATIO: Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

HAMLET: Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven or ever I had seen that day!— methinks I see my father in my mind's eye.

HORATIO: My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAMLET: Saw who?

HORATIO: The king your father.

HAMLET: My father! For love! let me hear.

HORATIO: Two nights together had these gentlemen, Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch, been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father, appears before them, and with solemn march goes slow and stately by them. This to me in dreadful secrecy impart they did; and I with them the third night kept the watch: I knew your father; these hands are not more like.

HAMLET: Did you not speak to it?

HORATIO: I did; But answer made it none.

HAMLET: 'Tis very strange. This troubles me. I will watch tonight; perchance 'twill walk again.

HORATIO: I warrant it will.

HAMLET: If it assume my noble father's person, I'll speak to it. I pray you all, whatsoever else shall hap to-night, give it an understanding, but no tongue.

EXEUNT ALL BUT HAMLET

My father's spirit! all is not well; some foul play!

EXIT

SCENE IV. The platform.

ENTER HAMLET, HORATIO, AND MARC

HAMLET: The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

HORATIO: Look, my lord, it comes!

ENTER GHOST

HAMLET: Angels defend us! Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd, bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell, be thy intents wicked or charitable, thou comest in such a questionable shape that I will speak to thee: O, answer me! What may this mean, that thou, dead corpse, again revisit'st? Wherefore?

GHOST BECKONS HAMLET

HORATIO: It beckons you to go away with it.

MARCELLUS: But do not go with it.

HORATIO: No, by no means.

HAMLET: It will not speak; then I will follow it.

HORATIO: Do not, my lord.

HAMLET: What should be the fear? I'll follow.

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

HORATIO: What if it tempt you toward the summit of the cliff, or draw you into madness?

HAMLET: It waves me still. Go on; I'll follow thee.

MARCELLUS: You shall not go, my lord.

HAMLET: Hold off your hands.

HORATIO: Be ruled; you shall not go.

HAMLET: My fate cries out. Unhand me, gentlemen. I say, away! Go on; I'll follow thee.

EXEUNT GHOST AND HAMLET

MARCELLUS: Let's follow. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

HORATIO: Heaven will direct it.

MARCELLUS: Let's follow him.

EXEUNT

SCENE V. Another part of the platform.

ENTER GHOST AND HAMLET

HAMLET: Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.

GHOST: My hour is almost come, when I must render up myself.

HAMLET: Alas, poor ghost!

GHOST: Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing to what I shall unfold.

HAMLET: Speak; I am bound to hear.

GHOST: So art thou to revenge.

HAMLET: What?

GHOST: I am thy father's spirit, Doom'd to walk the night, till the foul crimes are purged. O, list! if thou didst ever thy dear father love—

HAMLET: O God!

GHOST: Revenge his foul murder.

HAMLET: Murder! Haste me to know't, that I, with wings swift may sweep to my revenge.

GHOST: Now, Hamlet, hear: Sleeping in my orchard, a serpent stung me; But know, thou noble youth, the serpent that did sting thy father's life now wears his crown.

HAMLET: My uncle!

GHOST: Ay, that adulterate beast, with traitorous gifts,—O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power so to seduce!—won to his shameful lust the will of my most seeming-virtuous queen: O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there! From me, whose love was of that dignity that it went hand in hand even with the vow I made to her in marriage, and to decline upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor to those of mine! But virtue, as it never will be moved, though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven, so lust, though to a radiant angel link'd, will sate itself in a celestial bed, and prey on garbage. But, brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard, my custom always of the afternoon, upon my secure hour thy uncle stole, with a vial, and in the porches of my ears did pour; whose effect holds such an enmity with blood of man that swift as quicksilver it courses through the natural gates and alleys of the body, and with a sudden vigour doth posset and curd: so did it mine. Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand, of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd: Cut off. O, most horrible! If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not; let not the royal bed of Denmark be a couch for luxury and damned incest. But, howsoever thou pursuest this act, taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive against thy mother: leave her to heaven. Adieu, Hamlet, remember me.

EXIT GHOST

HAMLET: Hold, hold, my heart; And you, my sinews, grow not instant old, But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee! Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe. Remember thee! Yea, from the table of my memory I'll wipe away all trivial fond records, all saws of books, all forms, all pressures past; and thy commandment all alone shall live within the book and volume of my brain, unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!

ENTER HORATIO AND MARCELLUS

MARCELLUS: How is't, my noble lord?

HORATIO: My lord, tell it.

HAMLET: There is offence touching this vision here, it is an honest ghost, that let me tell you: And now, good friends, give me one request.

HORATIO: What is't, my lord? We will.

HAMLET: Never make known what you have seen tonight. Swear by my sword.

THEY SWEAR

EXEUNT

SCENE II. A room in the castle.

ENTER KING CLAUDIUS, QUEEN GERTRUDE, AND TWO CHILDHOOD FRIENDS OF HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN,

KING CLAUDIUS: Welcome, dear Rosen-crantz and Guildenstern! We much did long to see you. The need we have to use you did provoke our hasty sending. Something have you heard of Hamlet's transformation. What it should be, more than his father's death, I cannot dream of: I entreat you both, that, being of so young days brought up with him, and sith so neighbour'd to his youth and havior, that you vouchsafe your rest here in our court some little time: so by your companies to gather, so much as from occasion you may glean, what afflicts him thus.

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you; and sure I am two men there are not living to whom he more adheres. If it will please you to show us so much gentry and good will as to expend your time with us awhile, for the supply and profit of our hope, your visitation shall receive such thanks as fits a king's remembrance.

ROSENCRANTZ: Your majesties: might, by the sovereign power you have of us, put your dread pleasures into command.

GUILDENSTERN: We obey, and here give up ourselves, in the full bent to lay our service freely at your feet, to be commanded.

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz: And I beseech you instantly to visit my too much changed son.

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

GUILDENSTERN: Heavens make our presence and our practises pleasant and helpful to him!

EXEUNT ALL BUT ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN

ENTER HAMLET

ROSENCRANTZ: My most dear lord!

HAMLET: My excellent good friends! How dost thou both? Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

GUILDENSTERN: Prison, my lord!

HAMLET: Denmark's a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ: We think not so, my lord.

HAMLET: Why, then, 'tis none to you; to me. It is a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ: Why then, your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

HAMLET: No such matter: But, what make you at Elsinore?

ROSENCRANTZ: To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

HAMLET: Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me.

GUILDENSTERN: What should we say, my lord?

HAMLET: Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

GUILDENSTERN: My lord, we were sent for.

HAMLET: I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me: no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

ROSENCRANTZ: My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

HAMLET: Why did you laugh then, when I said 'man delights not me'?

ROSENCRANTZ: To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

HAMLET: What players are they?

ROSENCRANTZ: Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

ENTER PLAYERS

HAMLET: You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. We'll hear a play to-morrow.

EXIT ALL THE PLAYERS BUT THE FIRST

Can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

FIRST PLAYER: Ay, my lord.

HAMLET: We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could study a speech which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

FIRST PLAYER: Ay, my lord.

HAMLET: Very well.

EXIT ALL BUT HAMLET: O, vengeance! I'll have these players play something like the murder of my father before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks; I'll tent him to the quick. I know my course. The play's the thing wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

EXIT

END OF FIRST HALF

At this point, most of the characters of the play have been introduced: Francisco, Bernardo, Marcellus and Horatio (the four watchmen who first discovered the ghost and who told Hamlet about it); the king's ghost (who tells Hamlet about the murder and asks him to avenge it); King Claudius and Queen Gertrude (the ***late*** king's brother and wife); Hamlet (the prince of Denmark and main character in the play); Rosencrantz and Guildenstern (the two childhood friends of Hamlet who try to cheer him by hiring a group of actors to entertain him).

Continue to the Activities.



LIFE PRINCIPLE

"...put meekness in thy mind...charity...and true duty!"

—William Shakespeare

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.



The Tragedy of Hamlet

(Continued)

Drama

Section 3

Lesson 13 of 15

Act III, SCENE I. A room in the castle.

ENTER KING CLAUDIUS, QUEEN GERTRUDE, POLONIUS AND OPHELIA (A FRIEND OF THE KING AND HIS DAUGHTER), ROSENCRANTZ, AND GUILDENSTERN

KING CLAUDIUS: And can you get from him why he puts on this dangerous lunacy?

ROSENCRANTZ: He does confess he feels distracted; but from what cause he will by no means speak.

GUILDENSTERN: Nor do we find him forward, but, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof, when we would bring him on to some confession of his true state.

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Did he receive you well?

ROSENCRANTZ: Most like a gentleman.

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Did you ***assay*** him?

ROSENCRANTZ: Madam, it so fell out, that certain players are about the court, and, as I think, they have already order this night to play before him.

LORD POLONIUS: 'Tis most true: and he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties to hear and see the matter.

KING CLAUDIUS: It doth much content me to hear him so inclined. Gentlemen, drive his purpose on to these delights.

EXEUNT ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN

CLAUDIUS: Gertrude, leave us too; for we have closely sent for Hamlet hither, that he, as 'twere by accident, may affront Ophelia: Her father and myself, unseen, may gather, if 't be the affliction of his love that thus he suffers.

QUEEN GERTRUDE: I shall obey you. And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish that your good beauties be the cause of Hamlet's wildness.

EXIT QUEEN GERTRUDE

LORD POLONIUS: Ophelia, walk you here. I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.

KING CLAUDIUS AND POLONIUS HIDE

ENTER HAMLET

OPHELIA: My lord, How does your honour this day?

HAMLET: I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

OPHELIA: My lord, I have remembrances of yours.

HAMLET: No, not I; I never gave you aught.

OPHELIA: My honour'd lord, you know right well you did; Words of so sweet breath composed.

HAMLET: You should not have believed me; I loved you not.

OPHELIA: I was the more deceived.

HAMLET: Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? It were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. I say, we will have no more

VOCABULARY

Assay: examine or analyze
Anon: in a short time; soon
Choler: anger; wrath; irritability
Arras: a wall hanging or tapestry; a rich, colorful curtain used for decorating
Rapier: a small sword
Foil: a flexible, four-sided rapier having a blunt point

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum

DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

marriages: those that are married already, the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

EXIT

OPHELIA: Woe is me, to have seen what I have!

RE-ENTER KING CLAUDIUS AND POLONIUS

CLAUDIUS: Love! His affections do not that way tend; Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little, was not like madness. there's something in his soul, o'er which his melancholy sits on brood.

POLONIUS: My lord, if you hold it fit, after the play let his mother alone entreat him And I'll be placed, in the ear of all their conference.

KING CLAUDIUS: It shall be so.

EXEUNT

SCENE II. A hall in the castle.

ENTER HAMLET AND PLAYERS

HAMLET: Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you. Go, make you ready.

EXEUNT PLAYERS

ENTER POLONIUS

HAMLET: Will the king hear this piece of work?

LORD POLONIUS: And the queen too.

EXIT POLONIUS

HAMLET: What ho! Horatio!

ENTER HORATIO

HAMLET: There is a play to-night before the king; One scene comes near the circumstance which I have told thee of my father's death: when thou seest that act, observe mine uncle: For I, mine eyes will rivet to his face. They are coming. Get you a place.

ENTER KING CLAUDIUS, QUEEN GERTRUDE, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, AND OTHERS

KING CLAUDIUS: How fares Hamlet?

HAMLET: Excellent, of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, you cannot feed capons so.

KING CLAUDIUS: I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

HAMLET: No, nor mine. Be the players ready?

ROSENCRANTZ: Ay, my lord.

OPHELIA: You are merry, my lord.

HAMLET: Who, I?

OPHELIA: Ay, my lord.

HAMLET: What should a man do but be merry?

THE SHOW ENTERS: *A King and Queen lovingly; embracing. He declines his head upon her neck: lays upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves.* ***Anon*** *comes a fellow, takes off the King's crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ear, and exits. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts: she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love*

OPHELIA: What means this, my lord?

HAMLET: It means mischief.

OPHELIA: 'Tis brief, my lord.

HAMLET: As woman's love.

OPHELIA: You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

HAMLET: He poisons him i' the garden for's estate. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of [his] wife.

OPHELIA whispers: The king rises.

QUEEN GERTRUDE: How fares my lord?

KING CLAUDIUS: Give me some light! Away!

ALL: Lights, lights, lights!

EXEUNT ALL BUT HAMLET AND HORATIO

HAMLET: Why, let the stricken deer go weep. O good Horatio, Didst perceive?

HORATIO: Very well, my lord.

HAMLET: Upon the talk of the poisoning?

HORATIO: I did very well note him.

RE-ENTER ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN

GUILDENSTERN: My lord, a word. The king—

HAMLET: Ay, sir, what of him?

GUILDENSTERN: Is marvellous distempered.

HAMLET: With drink, sir?

GUILDENSTERN: No, my lord, rather with ***choler***. The queen hath sent me to you. Thus she says; your behavior hath struck her into amazement. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

ENTER POLONIUS

LORD POLONIUS: My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

HAMLET: Then I will come to my mother by and by. I will come by and by.

LORD POLONIUS: I will say so.

EXIT POLONIUS TO HIDE AND EAVESDROP

EXEUNT ALL BUT HAMLET

Tis now the very witching time of night, Now to my mother. O heart, lose not thy nature; Let me be cruel: I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

EXIT

Act III, SCENE IV. The Queen's closet.

ENTER QUEEN GERTRUDE

POLONIUS hides behind the ***arras***

ENTER HAMLET

HAMLET: Now, mother, what's the matter?

GERTRUDE: Thou hast thy father offended.

HAMLET: Mother, you have my father offended.

GERTRUDE: Hamlet! Have you forgot me?

HAMLET: No, not so: You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife; And—would it were not so!—you are my mother. Sit you down; You go not till I set you up a glass where you may see the inmost part of you.

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

QUEEN GERTRUDE: What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me? Help, help, ho!

Lord Polonius moves behind the arras.

HAMLET: [Drawing his sword] How now! A rat?

Hamlet makes a pass through the arras with his sword.

LORD POLONIUS: [Behind] O, I am slain! *Falls and dies*

QUEEN GERTRUDE: O what hast thou done?

HAMLET: Nay, I know not: Is it the king?

GERTRUDE: O, what a rash and bloody deed!

HAMLET: A bloody deed! almost as bad as kill a king, and marry his brother.

QUEEN GERTRUDE: As kill a king!

HAMLET: Ay, lady, 'twas my word. *Lifts up the arras and discovers POLONIUS* Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool! Take thy fortune! (To his mother) Leave wringing of your hands! sit down, and let me wring your heart; if it be made of penetrable stuff.

GERTRUDE: What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue in noise so rude against me?

HAMLET: Such an act that blurs the grace and blush of modesty, calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose from the fair forehead of an innocent love and sets a blister there, makes marriage vows as false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed plucks the very soul, and sweet religion makes a rhapsody of words.

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Ay me, what act, that roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

HAMLET: Look here, upon this picture, and on this, of two brothers. See, what a grace was seated on this brow; This was your husband. Look you now, what follows: Here is your husband; blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes? You cannot call it love! What judgment would step from this to this?

QUEEN GERTRUDE: O Hamlet, speak no more: Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul.

HAMLET: Nay, but to live in the rank sweat of an enseamed bed, stew'd in corruption—

QUEEN GERTRUDE: O, speak to me no more; these words, like daggers, enter in mine ears; No more, sweet Hamlet! No more!

ENTER GHOST

HAMLET: Save me, You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Alas, he's mad!

HAMLET: Do you not come to chide?

GHOST: Do not forget: this visitation is but to whet thy purpose. But, look, amazement on thy mother sits: O, step between her and her fighting soul: Speak to her, Hamlet.

HAMLET: How is it with you, lady?

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Alas, how is't with you, that you do bend your eye on vacancy and with the air do hold discourse? Whereon do you look?

HAMLET: On him! Look how pale he glares!

QUEEN GERTRUDE: To whom do you speak?

HAMLET: Do you see nothing there?

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Nothing at all.

HAMLET: Nor did you nothing hear?

QUEEN GERTRUDE: No, nothing but ourselves.

HAMLET: Why, look you there! My father! Look, where he goes, out at the portal!

EXIT GHOST

QUEEN GERTRUDE: This the coinage of your brain: this bodiless creation is very cunning.

HAMLET: It is not madness that I have utter'd. Mother, lay not that mattering unction to your soul, that not your trespass, but my madness speaks: Confess yourself to heaven; repent what's past; avoid what is to come.

QUEEN GERTRUDE: O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

HAMLET: O, throw away the worser part of it, And live the purer with the other half. Go not to mine uncle's bed; assume a virtue, if you have it not. Refrain to-night. Good night: For this same lord, *Pointing to POLONIUS* I do repent: but heaven hath pleased it so, To punish me with this. I will bestow him, and will answer well the death I gave him. So, again, good night.

EXEUNT HAMLET DRAGGING POLONIUS

Act IV, SCENE I. A room in the castle.

ENTER CLAUDIUS AND GERTRUDE

KING CLAUDIUS: There's matter in these sighs: Where is your son?

GERTRUDE: Ah, what have I seen to-night!

CLAUDIUS: What? How does Hamlet?

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Mad as the sea and wind: in his lawless fit, behind the arras hearing something stir, whips out his ***rapier***, cries, 'A rat, a rat!' And, kills the unseen man.

KING CLAUDIUS: O heavy deed! His liberty is full of threats to all. Where is he gone?

QUEEN GERTRUDE: To draw apart the body he hath kill'd: He weeps for what is done.

KING CLAUDIUS: O Gertrude, come away! The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch, but we will ship him hence. Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends; and let them know, both what we mean to do, and what's untimely done. O, come away! My soul is full of discord and dismay.

EXEUNT

Act IV, SCENE III. Another room in the castle.

ENTER KING CLAUDIUS, ATTENDED

CLAUDIUS: I have sent to seek him. How dangerous is it that this man goes loose! Yet must not we put the strong law on him: He's loved of the multitude. This sudden sending him away must seem deliberate: Or not at all.

ENTER HAMLET

KING CLAUDIUS: Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—as we dearly grieve for that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence: therefore prepare thyself for England.

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

HAMLET: For England!

KING CLAUDIUS: Ay, Hamlet.

HAMLET: Good.

KING CLAUDIUS: So is it.

HAMLET: For England! Farewell.

EXIT

ENTER QUEEN GERTRUDE

GERTRUDE: Alack, what noise is this?

Noise within

ENTER LAERTES WITH SOLDIERS

LAERTES: Thou vile king, give me my father!

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Calmly, good Laertes.

CLAUDIUS: What is the cause, Laertes? Why thou art thus incensed. Speak, man.

LAERTES: Where is my father?

KING CLAUDIUS: Dead.

QUEEN GERTRUDE: But not by him.

KING CLAUDIUS: Let him demand his fill.

LAERTES: How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with. Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged most thoroughly for my father.

KING CLAUDIUS: Good Laertes, I am guiltless of your father's death, and am most sensible in grief for it. Go but apart, make choice of whom your wisest friends you will. And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me: If by direct or by collateral hand they find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give, our crown, our life, and all that we can ours, to you in satisfaction; but if not, be you content to lend your patience to us, and we shall jointly labour with your soul to give it due content. And where the offence is, let the great axe fall. I pray you, go with me.

LAERTES: Let this be so.

EXEUNT

Act IV, SCENE VI. Another room in the castle.

ENTER HORATIO AND A SERVANT

HORATIO: Who would speak with me?

SERVANT: Sailors, sir: they say they have letters.

ENTER SAILORS

FIRST SAILOR: There's a letter for you, sir; it comes from the ambassador bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I know it is.

HORATIO: [Reads] 'Horatio, when thou have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days at sea, a pirate gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow, we put on a valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldst fly. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. I have much to tell thee. Farewell. Hamlet.'

Come, I will make you way for these your letters; And do't the speedier, that you may direct me to him from whom you brought them.

EXEUNT

Act IV, SCENE VII. Another room in the castle.

ENTER KING CLAUDIUS AND LAERTES

KING CLAUDIUS: Now you must put me in your heart for friend, sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear, that he which hath your noble father slain pursued my life.

LAERTES: It well appears: but tell me why you proceeded not against these feats, so crimeful and capital in nature.

KING CLAUDIUS: O, for two special reasons; The queen his mother lives almost by his looks; and for myself—my virtue or my plague, be it either which—she's so conjunctive to my life and soul, that, as the star moves not but in his sphere, I could not but by her. The other motive, why to a public count I might not go, Is the great love the general bear him; Who, dipping all his faults in their affection, Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone, convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows, too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind, would have reverted to my bow again, and not where I had aim'd them.

LAERTES: And so have I a noble father lost; but my revenge will come.

KING CLAUDIUS: Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think that we are made of stuff so flat and dull that we can let our beard be shook with danger and think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more: I loved your father—

ENTER A MESSENGER

How now! what news?

MESSENGER: Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.

CLAUDIUS: From Hamlet! Who brought them?

MESSENGER: Sailors, my lord.

CLAUDIUS: Laertes, you shall hear them.

EXIT MESSENGER

[Reads] 'High and mighty, Tomorrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall recount the occasion of my sudden and strange return. 'Hamlet'

What should this mean?

LAERTES: I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come; It warms the very sickness in my heart, That I shall live and tell him to his teeth, 'Thus didest thou.'

CLAUDIUS: If it be so, Laertes—As how should it be otherwise?—Will you be ruled?

LAERTES: Ay, my lord; So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

CLAUDIUS: I will work him to an exploit, under which he shall not choose but fall: And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe, but even his mother shall call it accident. It falls right. You have been talk'd of, and that in Hamlet's hearing: your sum of parts did pluck envy from him. What would you undertake, to show yourself your father's son?

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

LAERTES: To cut Hamlet's throat.

CLAUDIUS: We'll praise your excellence and wager on your heads: he, being remiss, most generous and free from all contriving, will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease, or with a little shuffling, you may choose a sword unbated.

LAERTES: I will do't: And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword with an unction so mortal that, but dip a knife in it, where it draws blood no cataplasm under the moon can save the thing from death that is but scratch'd: I'll touch my point with this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly, it may be death.

KING CLAUDIUS: Let's further think; if this should fail, should have a second. Let me see: I have it! When in your motion you are hot and dry—and that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared a chalice, whereon but sipping, our purpose may hold.

ENTER QUEEN GERTRUDE

GERTRUDE: One woe doth tread upon another, so fast they follow; your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

LAERTES: Drown'd! O, where?

QUEEN GERTRUDE: There is a brook, and herself threw in. Her garments, heavy, pull'd the poor wretch to muddy death.

LAERTES: Alas, then, she is drown'd?

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Drown'd, drown'd.

LAERTES: Too much of water hast thou, Ophelia, and I forbid my tears: Adieu, my lord.

EXIT

Act V, SCENE I: A churchyard.

ENTER TWO MEN WITH SPADES

ENTER HAMLET AND HORATIO

HAMLET: What man dost thou dig it for?

GRAVE DIGGER: For none.

HAMLET: Who is to be buried in't?

GRAVE DIGGER: One that was a woman, sir.

ENTER PRIEST IN PROCESSION; THE CORPSE OF OPHELIA, LAERTES AND MOURNERS FOLLOWING; CLAUDIUS, GERTRUDE, AND ATTENDANTS

HAMLET: Who is this they follow?

LAERTES: Lay her i' the earth.

HAMLET: What, the fair Ophelia!

GERTRUDE: *Scattering flowers* I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife.

LAERTES: O, treble woe! Hold off the earth awhile, till I have caught her once more in mine arms: *Leaps into the grave*

HAMLET: [Advancing] What is he whose grief bears such an emphasis? *Leaps into the grave*

LAERTES: The devil take thy soul! *Grappling.*

HAMLET: Take thy fingers from my throat!

KING CLAUDIUS: Pluck them asunder.

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Hamlet, Hamlet!

The Attendants part them

HAMLET: I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers could not, with all their quantity of love, make up my sum. *To Laertes* Sir, what is the reason that you use me thus? I loved you ever: but it is no matter.

EXEUNT

Act V, SCENE II. A hall in the castle.

ENTER HAMLET AND HORATIO

HAMLET: You do remember the circumstance in the letter? Regarding my companions on the ship to England?

HORATIO: Remember it, my lord?

HAMLET: Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting, that would not let me sleep: Up from my cabin, in the dark groped I their packet. My fears forgetting manners, to unseal their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,—O royal knavery!—An exact command, that, my head should be struck off.

HORATIO: Is't possible?

HAMLET: Here's the commission: read it.

HORATIO: Why, what a king is this!

HORATIO: Peace! who comes here?

ENTER OSRIC

OSRIC: Your lordship is welcome back. His majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a wager on your head: Here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman.

HAMLET: I take him to be of great article. What imports the nomination of this gentleman? What's his weapon?

OSRIC: Rapier and dagger.

HAMLET: Let the ***foils*** be brought, the gentleman willing.

EXIT OSRIC

ENTER A LORD

LORD: My lord, his majesty sends to know if you will take longer time.

HAMLET: I am constant to my purpose; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever.

EXIT LORD

HORATIO: You will lose this wager, my lord.

HAMLET: I do not think so: I have been in continual practice: But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart.

HORATIO: Nay, good my lord,—

HAMLET: It is but foolery; but it is such a kind as would perhaps trouble a woman.

HORATIO: If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall, and say you are not fit.

HAMLET: Not a whit.

ENTER CLAUDIUS, GERTRUDE, LAERTES, LORDS, OSRIC, AND ATTENDANTS

CLAUDIUS: Come, Hamlet, take this hand.

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

King Claudius puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's

HAMLET: Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong; In this audience, let my disclaiming from a purposed evil free me in your thoughts.

LAERTES: I am satisfied in nature, whose motive, in this case, should stir me most to my revenge: but in my terms of honour I stand aloof; and will no reconcilement, till by some elder masters, of known honour, I have a voice and precedent of peace, To keep my name ungored. But till that time, I do receive your offer'd love like love, And will not wrong it.

HAMLET: I embrace it freely; and will this brother's wager frankly play. Give us the foils.

LAERTES: Come, one for me.

LAERTES: This is heavy, let me see another.

HAMLET: This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

They prepare to play

CLAUDIUS: Set me the stoops of wine upon that table. The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath; Give me the cups; Come, begin: And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

They play

HAMLET: One.

LAERTES: No.

HAMLET: Judgment.

OSRIC: A hit, a very palpable hit.

LAERTES: Well; again.

KING CLAUDIUS: Hamlet, this pearl is thine; Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

HAMLET: I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.

They play

Another hit; what say you?

LAERTES: A touch, a touch, I do confess.

KING CLAUDIUS: Our son shall win.

GERTRUDE: Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows; the queen carouses to thy fortune.

HAMLET: Good madam!

KING CLAUDIUS: Gertrude, do not drink.

QUEEN GERTRUDE: I will; pray, pardon me.

KING CLAUDIUS: [Aside] It is the poison'd cup: it is too late!

HAMLET: I dare not drink yet; by and by.

GERTRUDE: Come, let me wipe thy face.

LAERTES: My lord, I'll hit him now.

LAERTES: [Aside] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

HAMLET: Come, Laertes: you but dally; I pray you, pass with your best violence; I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

LAERTES: Say you so? Come on.

They play

OSRIC: Nothing, neither way.

LAERTES: Have at you now!

Laertes wounds Hamlet; scuffling, they exchange rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.

KING CLAUDIUS: Part them; they are incensed.

QUEEN GERTRUDE falls

OSRIC: Look to the queen there!

HORATIO: They both bleed. How is it, my lord?

OSRIC: How is't, Laertes?

LAERTES: Why, Osric; I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

HAMLET: How does the queen?

CLAUDIUS: She swoons to see them bleed.

QUEEN GERTRUDE: No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,—The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. *Dies*

HAMLET: O villany! Ho! let the door be lock'd: Treachery! Seek it out.

LAERTES: It is here, Hamlet: Thou art slain; No medicine can do thee good; In thee there is not half an hour of life; The treacherous instrument is in thy hand, envenom'd: the foul practise hath turn'd itself on me lo, here I lie, Never to rise again: thy mother's poison'd: The king, the king's to blame.

HAMLET: The point envenom'd! then, venom, to thy work.

Stabs King Claudius

HAMLET: Here, thou incestuous, murderous, Dane! Drink off this potion. Follow my mother.

KING CLAUDIUS dies

LAERTES: He is justly served. Exchange forgiveness with me, Hamlet: Mine and my father's deaths come not of thee, Nor thine of me. *Dies*

HAMLET: Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee. I am dead, Horatio, adieu! Thou livest; report me and my cause aright. As thou'rt a man, O good Horatio, If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart, tell my story. *Dies*

HORATIO: Now cracks a noble heart. Good night sweet prince: angels sing thee to thy rest!

THE END

"Hamlet" is a tragedy in which both innocent and guilty people die. Tragedies have serious, sad plots and tell stories of people who not only cause their own demises, but also cause the demises of others through bad choices, foolishness, selfishness, greed, and other vices. Notice that Horatio, the only truly noble person in the play did not die, and he was entrusted by Hamlet to carry on the duties of the kingdom. Continue to the Activities.



Life Principle

"Character is higher than intellect.
—Ralph Waldo Emerson

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.



The Taming of the Shrew

Drama

Section 3

Lesson 14 of 15

In contrast to a tragedy, a comedy is intended to poke fun at an element of society or is intended to bring to light in a humorous way, an aspect of human behavior that may or may not be humorous in itself. "The Taming of the Shrew" by William Shakespeare is one such comedy. It brings to light in a humorous way the aweful extremes of ***shrewishness*** and ***chauvenism***. Its main characters are a couple (man and woman) whose unseemly behavior is extreme and exaggerated.

The story centers around a chauvenist, Petruchio, who is determined to win for his wife, Katharina, a ***termagant***, who is uncooperative, rebellious, devilish, stubborn, and horribly behaved in public. The plot is of Petruchio's struggle to make his wife-to-be obedient. He finds that the most effective way to "tame the shrew" is to treat her with her own medicine. He behaves so horribly while pretending to be doing it all for her good. Thus, he shocks her into obedience.

Simultaneously, while Petruchio attempts to tame Katharina, a second plot unfolds as several suitors rival for the affection and attention of the "shrew's" sister, a nice, kind and beautiful girl (Bianca). The play opens with one of the suitors, Lucentio, and his male servant, Tranio.

VOCABULARY

Shrewishness: referring to the behavior of a woman who is known for violent temper and speech; the term came from a small, mouse-like animal with a long, sharp snout and small, beady eyes known for its ill temper
Chauvenism: referring to the arrogant, egotistical, and brutish behavior of a man toward a woman
Termagant: a violent, brawling woman
Stoic: serious; unmoved with passion; not showing of joy or grief
Importune: urge or press with excessive persistence
Bestow: to present or give
Wench: a girl or young woman
Froward: willful, contrary; not easily managed
Mew: to conceal or cage up
Mean: common, not of high social status
Lute: a stringed, musical instrument

The Taming of the Shrew (abridged)

SCENE I. Padua. A public place.

Enter LUCENTIO and his man (servant) TRANIO

LUCENTIO: Tranio, for the great desire I had to see Padua, I am arrived. Let us breathe and haply institute a course of learning and ingenious studies. Tell me thy mind.

TRANIO: Gentle master, I am glad that you thus continue your resolve. Only, let's be no ***stoics*** I pray.

LUCENTIO: Tranio, well dost thou advise. What company is this?

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand by

BAPTISTA: Gentlemen, ***importune*** me no farther. I am resolved to not ***bestow*** my youngest before I have a husband for the elder.

KATHARINA: I pray you, sir, is it your will to make a stale of me amongst these mates?

HORTENSIO: Mates! How mean you that? No mates for you, unless you were gentler. Good Lord deliver us!

TRANIO: That ***wench*** is mad or wonderful ***froward***.

LUCENTIO: But in the other do I see sobriety.

BAPTISTA: Gentlemen, that I may soon make good what I have said, Bianca, get you in.

BIANCA: To your pleasure humbly I subscribe: My books and instruments shall be my company.

HORTENSIO: Signior Baptista, sorry am I that our good will effects Bianca's grief.

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

GREMIO: Why will you ***mew*** her up, Baptista, for this fiend?

BAPTISTA: Gentlemen, I am resolved. I know she taketh delight In music and poetry. School masters will I keep within my house, fit to instruct her: If you, Hortensio, or Gremio, know any such, prefer them hither.

Exit

HORTENSIO: Signior Gremio: a word. Know now, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again be happy rivals in Bianco's love, to labour and effect one thing.

GREMIO: What's that, I pray?

HORTENSIO: To get a husband for her sister.

GREMIO: A husband! A devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

HORTENSIO: Though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, there be good fellows in the world, would take her with all faults, and money enough. But come; by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free.

GREMIO: I am agreed and would give him the best horse to begin his wooing that would woo her, wed her and rid the house of her!

Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO

TRANIO: I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible that love should of a sudden take such hold?

LUCENTIO: O Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible or likely; But see, while I stood looking on, I found the effect of love: And now in plainness do confess, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio, if I achieve not this young modest girl. Counsel me, for I know thou canst; assist me, for I know thou wilt.

TRANIO: Mark'd you not how her sister began to scold and raise such a storm that mortal ears might hardly endure the din? I pray, sir: if you love the maid, bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands: Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd that till the father rid his hands of her, your love must live a maid at home; and therefore has he closely mew'd her up, because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

LUCENTIO: Ah, but art thou not advised, he took some care to get her schoolmasters?

TRANIO: Ay, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted. You will be schoolmaster and undertake the teaching of the maid: That's your device.

LUCENTIO: It is: may it be done?

TRANIO: Not possible; for who shall bear your part, and be in Padua here Vincentio's son, keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends, visit his countrymen and banquet them?

LUCENTIO: Content thee, for I have it full. We have not yet been seen, nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces; then thus; thou shalt be master in my stead, keep house and port and servants as I should: I will some other be, some ***meaner*** man of Pisa. Tranio, at once uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak: When Biondello comes, he waits on thee; But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO (another servant)

BIONDELLO: Master, has Tranio stolen your clothes? Or you his? Pray, what's the news?

LUCENTIO: Come, 'tis no time to jest. Wait you on him, and not a jot of Tranio in your mouth: Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Exeunt

SCENE II. Padua. Before HORTENSIO'S house.

Enter PETRUCHIO and his servant GRUMIO

PETRUCHIO: I take my leave, to see my beloved , Hortensio; and this is his house.

Enter HORTENSIO

HORTENSIO: My good friend Petruchio! How do you all at Verona? And tell me, what happy gale blows you to Padua from old Verona?

PETRUCHIO: Such wind as scatters young men through the world, to seek their fortunes. But, Hortensio, thus it stands with me: my father, is deceased; and I have thrust myself into this maze, haply to wive and thrive, and am come abroad to see the world.

HORTENSIO: Shall I then wish thee to a shrewd wife? Thou'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel: And yet I'll promise thee she shall be very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend, and I'll not wish thee to her.

PETRUCHIO: 'twixt such friends as we few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know one rich enough to be Petruchio's wife, be she foul, old and curst and shrewd, or worse, I come to wive it wealthily in Padua.

HORTENSIO: I can help thee to a wife with wealth and young and beauteous, brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman: Her only fault, and that is fault enough, is that she is intolerable curst and shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure. I would not wed her for a mine of gold. Her father is Baptista Minola: Her name is Katharina Minola, renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PETRUCHIO: I will not sleep till I see her. Accompany me thither.

HORTENSIO: Baptista hath the jewel of my life in hold, his youngest, beautiful Bianca, and her withholds from suitors till Katharina the curst have got a husband. Now do me grace, and offer me disguised in sober robes to old Baptista as a schoolmaster, to instruct Bianca; that by this device, at least have leisure to court her.

GRUMIO: To beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!

Enter GREMIO and LUCENTIO disguised

GRUMIO: Who goes there?

HORTENSIO: It is the rival of my love.

GREMIO *To LUCENTIO*: Very well; What will you read to her?

LUCENTIO: Whate'er I read, I'll plead for you as for my patron, stand you so assured.

GREMIO: Hortensio, trow you whither I am

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

going? To Baptista: I promised to inquire about a schoolmaster, and I have lighted well on this young man.

HORTENSIO: 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman to help me to a fine musician to instruct our mistress; so shall I no whit be behind in duty to Bianca, so beloved by me.

GREMIO: Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall prove.

HORTENSIO: Gremio, 'tis no time to vent our love: listen, here is a gentleman will undertake to woo curst Katharina.

GREMIO: Have you told him her faults?

PETRUCHIO: I know she is an irksome brawling scold: If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

GREMIO: O sir, such a life, with such a wife! Will you woo this wild-cat?

PETRUCHIO: Why came I hither but to that intent? Think you a little din can daunt mine ears? Have I not heard lions roar? Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds like an angry boar? Tush, tush!

GREMIO: Hark: This gentleman is happily arrived, for his own good and ours.

Enter TRANIO and BIONDELLO

TRANIO: Gentlemen, tell me, which is the readiest way to the house of Baptista Minola?

BIONDELLO: He that has the fair daughters?

TRANIO: Even he, Biondello.

GREMIO: Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—

TRANIO: Perhaps, sir: what have you to do?

PETRUCHIO: Not her that chides, I pray.

TRANIO: I love no chiders, sir.

LUCENTIO: Well begun, Tranio.

HORTENSIO: Sir, are you a suitor?

TRANIO: And if I be, sir, is it any offence? Are not the streets as free for me as for you?

GREMIO: But so is not she.

TRANIO: For what reason, I beseech you?

GREMIO: She's the choice love of Gremio.

HORTENSIO: She's the chosen of Hortensio.

TRANIO: Gentlemen, hear me with patience. Baptista is a noble gentleman; and his daughter may more suitors have and me for one. And so shall; Lucentio make one.

GREMIO: This gentleman will out-talk us all!

PETRUCHIO: To what end are all these words?

HORTENSIO: Sir, did you yet ever see her?

TRANIO: No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two, the one as famous for a scolding tongue as is the other for beauteous modesty.

PETRUCHIO: The first's for me; let her go by. The youngest daughter whom you hearken for, is not free, until the elder first be wed.

HORTENSIO: Sir, since you do profess to be a suitor, You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman, To whom we all rest beholding.

TRANIO: Sir, I shall not be slack. Whereof, we may contrive this afternoon, and do as adversaries do in law, strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

HORTENSIO: Indeed. Be it so.

Exeunt

Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO as a commoner; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books

GREMIO: Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

BAPTISTA: God save you, gentlemen!

PETRUCHIO: And you, sir! Have you not a daughter call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

BAPTISTA: I have a daughter called Katharina.

PETRUCHIO: I am a gentleman of Verona, sir, that, hearing of her beauty and her wit, her affability and bashful modesty, her wondrous qualities and mild behavior, show myself a guest within your house, to witness of that report which I so oft have heard. And, I do present you with a man, *[Presenting Hortensio, disguised]* cunning in music and mathematics, to instruct her: his name is Licio.

BAPTISTA: You're welcome, sir; and he. But for my daughter Katharina, this I know, she is not for your turn, the more my grief.

PETRUCHIO: I see you do not mean to part with her, or else you like not my company.

BAPTISTA: Whence are you, sir? What may I call your name?

PETRUCHIO: Petruchio is my name.

GREMIO *To Baptista*: Neighbour, to express the like kindness, myself freely give unto you this young scholar, *Presenting LUCENTIO, dressed as a commoner* that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages. His name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

BAPTISTA: A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. *To TRANIO:* But, gentle sir, methinks you a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

TRANIO: Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own, that, being a stranger, do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Bianca, fair and virtuous. This liberty is all that I request, that, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo.

BAPTISTA: Lucentio; of whence, I pray?

TRANIO: Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

BAPTISTA: A mighty man of Pisa; by report I know him well: you are very welcome, sir, Take you the lute, and you the set of books; You shall go see your pupils presently. *Enter a Servant* Lead these gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them these are their tutors.

Exit Servant with LUCENTIO and HORTENSIO

PETRUCHIO: Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste, and every day I cannot come to woo. Tell me, if I get your daughter's love,

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

what dowry shall I have with her to wife?

BAPTISTA: After my death the one half of my lands, and twenty thousand crowns.

PETRUCHIO: And, for that dowry, let specialties be therefore drawn between us, that covenants may be kept on either hand.

BAPTISTA: Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd, that is, her love; for that is all in all. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed! But be thou arm'd for unhappy words.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broke

BAPTISTA: Why dost thou look so pale? Will my daughter prove a musician?

HORT: I think she'll sooner prove a soldier.

BAPTISTA: Thou canst break her to the ***lute***?

HORTENSIO: Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me. I did but tell her she mistook her frets; when, with a most impatient devilish spirit, "Frets, call you these?" quoth she; And, she struck me on the head, and through the instrument my pate made way; and there I stood amazed; while she did call me twenty vile terms.

PETRUCHIO: Now, by the world; I love her more: O, how I long to chat with her!

BAPTISTA: Well, proceed in practise with my younger daughter; she's apt to learn and thankful. Petruchio, will I send Kate to you?

PETRUCHIO: I pray you do.

Exeunt all but PETRUCHIO

I will attend her here, and woo her. Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain she sings as sweetly as a nightingale: Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear as roses wash'd with dew: Say she be mute and will not speak; then I'll commend her volubility, And say she uttereth piercing eloquence: If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks, as though she bid me stay a week.

Enter KATHARINA

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

KATHARINA: Well have you heard, but they call me Katharina that do talk of me.

PETRUCHIO: You lie, for you are call'd plain Kate, and Bonny Kate and sometimes Kate the Curst; But Kate, the prettiest Kate, super-dainty Kate, and therefore, Kate, take this of me, hearing thy mildness praised in every town, thy virtues and thy beauty sounded, myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

KATHARINA: Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither remove you hence.

PETRUCH: Come, you wasp; you are too angry.

KATHARINA: If I be waspish, beware my sting.

She strikes him

PETRUCH: I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again.

KATHARINA: So may you lose your arms: If you strike me, you are no gentleman.

PETRUCHIO: Nay, you must not look so sour.

KATHARINA: It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

PETRUCHIO: Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

KATHARINA: There is, there is.

PETRUCHIO: Then show it me.

KATHARINA: Had I a glass, I would.

PETRUCHIO: What, you mean my face?

KATHARINA: You are wither'd.

PETRUCHIO: 'Tis with cares.

KATHARINA: I care not.

PETRUCHIO: Nay, Kate: you scape not so.

KATHARINA: I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

PETRUCHIO: Not a whit: I find you passing gentle. 'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen, and now I find report a liar; for thou are pleasant, courteous, sweet as flowers.

KATE: Where did you study this goodly speech?

PETRUCHIO: Am I not wise? Katharina, your father hath consented that you shall be my wife; and, I will marry you. Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn; thou must be married to no man but me; for I am born to tame you, and bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate conformable. I must and will have Katharina.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO

BAPTISTA: Petruchio, how speed you?

PETRUCHIO: How but well, sir?

KATHARINA: You have show'd a tender regard, to wish me wed to one half lunatic.

PETRUCHIO: Father, all the world, that talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss: for she's not froward, but modest as the dove; we have 'greed that upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

KATHARINA: I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first!

GREMIO: Hark, she says she'll see thee hang'd.

TRANIO: Is this your speeding? Nay, then, good night!

PETRUCHIO: Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself: If she and I be pleased, what's that to you? 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us, being alone, that she shall still be curst in company. I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe how much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate! Kate: I will unto Venice, to buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day. Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests.

BAPTISTA: I know not what to say: God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

GREMIO and TRANIO: Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.

Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA

GREMIO: Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly? Now, Baptista, to your younger daughter: I was suitor first.

TRANIO: And I love Bianca more than words.

BAPTISTA: Gentlemen: 'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he that can assure my daughter greatest dower. What can you assure her?

GREMIO: First, as you know, my house in the

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

city is richly furnished; then, at my farm I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail, sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls, and all things answerable to this portion.

TRANIO: Sir, I am my father's heir and only son: If I may have your daughter to my wife, I'll leave her houses three or four as good, besides two thousand ducats by the year of fruitful land.

BAPTISTA: I must confess your offer is the best. Sunday next you know my daughter Katharina is to be married: on the Sunday following, shall Bianca be bride to you.

Exit ALL

SCENE I. Padua. BAPTISTA'S house.

Enter BIANCA followed by LUCENTIO and HORTENSIO, arguing who should teach Bianca first—the musician (Hortensio disguised as Licio) or the philosopher (Lucentio disguised as a commoner)

BIANCA: Gentlemen, you do me wrong, to strive. To cut off all strife, here sit we down: take your instrument, play you the whiles; his lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

HORTENSIO: You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

LUCENTIO: That will be never. Tune your instrument.

BIANCA *to Lucentio*: Where left we last?

LUCENTIO: Here madame: "Hic ibat," (as I told you before) "Simois," (I am Lucentio), "Hic est" (Son unto Vicentio of Pisa), "Sigeia tellus" (disguised thus to get your love); "Hic steterat" (and that Lucentio that comes a - wooing) "Priami" (is my man Tranio) "Regia" (bearing my port) "Celsa senis" (that we might beguile the old pantaloon).

HORTENSIO: Madam, my instrument's in tune.

LUCENTIO: Tune again.

HORTENSIO: [Aside] How fiery and forward our pedant is!

BIANCA: In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

LUCENTIO: Mistrust it not: for sure.

BIANCA: Now, Licio, to you: Good masters, take it not unkindly, that I have been pleasant with you both.

HORTENSIO: You may go walk, and give me leave a while: My lessons make no music in three parts.

LUCENTIO: Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must wait [Aside] and watch; for our fine musician groweth amorous.

HORTENSIO: Madam, before you touch the instrument, I must teach you gamut in a briefer sort, more pleasant and effectual, and there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

BIANCA: [Reads]

"A" to Plead Hortensio's passion;
"B" Bianca, take him for thy lord,
"C" that loves with all affection:

Call you this gamut? Tut, I like it not.

Enter a Servant

SERVANT: Mistress, your father prays you help to dress your sister.

BIANCA: Farewell, masters; I must be gone.

Exeunt

SCENE II. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and others, attendants

BAPTISTA *To TRANIO*: Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day that Katharina and Petruchio should be married, and yet we hear not of our son-in-law. What says Lucentio?

KATHARINA: No shame but mine: I must be forced to give my hand opposed against my heart unto a mad-brain rudesby; who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure. I told you, he was a frantic fool: And, to be noted for a merry man, He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage, Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banns; Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd. Now must the world point at poor Katharina, And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife, If it would please him come and marry her!'

TRANIO: Patience, Katharina, and Baptista too. Upon my life, Petruchio means well, whatever fortune stays him from his word: I know him; though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

KATHARINA: Would Katharina had never seen him though!

Exit weeping, followed by BIANCA and others

BAPTISTA: Go, girl; I cannot blame thee; for such an injury would vex a very saint, much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO

BIONDELLO: Master, news of Petruchio! He is coming in an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches, a pair of boots, one buckled, another laced, an old rusty sword with a broken hilt: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten; near-legged before and with, a half-chequed bit and a head-stall of sheeps leather which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots.

BAPT: I am glad he's come, howe'er he comes.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO

BAPTISTA: You are welcome, sir.

PETRUCHIO: And yet I come not well.

TRANIO: Not so well apparell'd.

PETRUCHIO: Where is Kate? my lovely bride? Gentles, methinks you frown: And wherefore gaze this goodly company, as if they saw some wondrous monument or unusual prodigy?

BAPTISTA: Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day: First were we sad, fearing you would not come; Now sadder, that you come so unprovided. Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate, an eye-sore to our solemn festival!

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

TRANIO: And tell us, what occasion of import hath all so long detain'd you from your wife, and sent you hither so unlike yourself?

PETRUCHIO: Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear: sufficeth I am come to keep my word. But where is Kate? 'tis time we were at church.

TRANIO: See not your bride in these unreverent robes: put on clothes of mine.

PETRUCHIO: Not I: thus I'll visit her.

BAPT: But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

PETRUCH: To me she's married, not unto my clothes: But what a fool am I to chat with you, when I should bid good morrow to my bride, and seal the title with a lovely kiss!

Exeunt PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO

TRANIO: He hath some meaning in his mad attire: We will persuade him, be it possible, to put on better ere he go to church.

BAPTISTA: I'll after him, and see the event of this.

Exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and attendants

Re-enter GREMIO

TRANIO: Gremio, came you from the church? And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

GREMIO: A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed, a grumbling groom.

TRANIO: Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

GREMIO: Why he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

TRANIO: Why, she's a devil, the devil's dam.

GREMIO: Tut, she's a lamb, a dove to him! I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest should ask, if Katharina should be his wife, 'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he; and swore so loud, that, all-amazed, the priest let fall the book; and, as he stoop'd again to take it up, the mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff that down fell priest and book and book and priest.

TRANIO: What said the wench?

GREMIO: Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore. But after many ceremonies done, he calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he, and threw the sops all in the sexton's face; having no other reason but that his beard grew thin. This done, he took the bride about the neck and kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack that at the parting all the church did echo. Such a mad marriage never was before.

ENTER PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and Train

PETRUCHIO: Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains: I know you think to dine with me to-day, and have prepared great store of wedding cheer; but so it is, my haste doth call me hence, and therefore here I mean to take my leave.

BAPTISTA: Is't possible you will away to-night?

PETRUCHIO: I must away to-day, before night come: And I thank you all, that have beheld me give away myself to this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife: Dine with my father, drink a health to me; For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

TRANIO: Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PETRUCHIO: It may not be.

GREMIO: Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO: It cannot be.

KATHARINA: Let me entreat you. Now, if you love me, stay.

PETRUCHIO: Grumio, my horse.

GRUMIO: Ay, sir, they be ready.

KATE: Nay, then, do what thou canst, I will not go to-day; no, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself. The door is open, sir; there lies your way; for me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.

PETRUCH: Kate, content thee; be not angry.

KATE: I will be angry: what hast thou to do? Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner: I see a woman may be made a fool, if she had not a spirit to resist.

PETRUCHIO: They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command. Obey the bride, you that attend her; go to the feast. Be mad and merry: But for my bonny Kate, she must with me. Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret; I will be master of what is mine: And here she stands, touch her whoever dare; I'll bring mine action on the proudest that stops my way. Grumio, draw thy weapon, we are beset with thieves; rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man. Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate: I'll buckler thee against a million.

Exit PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and GRUMIO

BAPTISTA: Let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

GREMIO: Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

TRANIO: Of all mad matches never was the like.

LUCENTIO: Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

BIANCA: That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

GREMIO: Aye, Petruchio is Kated.

Exeunt

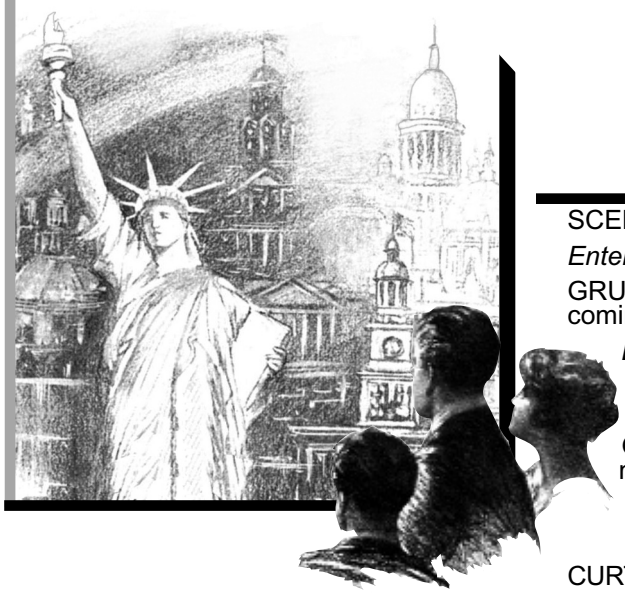
That concludes the first half of the play. Continue now to the Activities.

Life Principle



"A great soul will be strong to live as well as think."
—Ralph Waldo Emerson

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.



The Taming of the Shrew

(Continued)

Drama

Section 3

Lesson 15 of 15

SCENE I. PETRUCHIO'S country house.

Enter GRUMIO

GRUMIO: I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Holla, ho! Curtis.

Enter CURTIS (another servant)

CURTIS: Is my master and his wife coming? Is she a shrew as she's reported?

GRUMIO: Make a fire, or shall I complain to our mistress, whose hand thou shalt feel, for being slow?

CURTIS: There's fire ready.

GRUMIO: Where's the cook? Is supper ready?

CURTIS: All ready; and therefore, I pray, news.

GRUMIO: First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

CURTIS: How?

GRUMIO: Out of their saddles; and thereby hangs a tale. We came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—Her horse fell and she under in how miry a place. He left her with the horse upon her and beat me because her horse stumbled. She waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore! how she prayed! how I cried! The horses ran away, and her bridle was burst.

CURTIS: By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

GRUMIO: Ay; and that thou shall find when he comes.

Enter four or five more serving-men

GRUMIO: Is all ready, and all things neat?

NATHANIEL: All things. How near is our master?

GRUMIO: At hand—silence! I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA

PETRUCH: What, no man to hold my stirrup nor to take my horse! Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

SERVING-MEN: Here, here, sir; here, sir.

PETRUCHIO: What, no attendance? No regard? No duty? Where is the foolish ***knave*** I sent before?

GRUMIO: Here, sir.

PETRUCHIO: You peasant! Did I not bid thee meet me and bring these knaves? Go, rascals, and fetch my supper.

Exeunt Servants

Sit down, Kate, and welcome. *Re-enter Servants with supper* Sweet Kate, be merry. *To a servant* Off with my boots!—You rogue! you pluck my foot awry: *Strikes him.* Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water? *Enter servant with water.* Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily. *To a servant* You villain! will you let it fall? *Strikes him*

KATE: Patience, I pray; 'twas a fault unwilling.

PETRUCHIO: A beetle-headed knave! What's this? mutton? 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat. Where is the rascal cook? How durst you serve it thus?

VOCABULARY

Fustian: a thick fabric of cotton and flax

Knave: an unprincipled, unpolished, dishonest person

Forswear: to renounce under oath; to deny

Neat: pertaining to bovine or cattle

Cockle: a weed, a grass burr

Habliment: clothing or clothes

Swinge: to thrash and punish; to beat

Bode: to predict; to interpret the meaning

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

Throws the meat about

KATHARINA: Husband, the meat was well.

PETRUCHIO: I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried. For this night, we'll fast.

Exeunt

Re-enter Servants

NATHANIEL: Peter, didst ever see the like?

PETER: He kills her in her own humour.

GRUMIO: Where is he?

CURTIS: In her chamber, making a sermon; and rails and swears so that she knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak, and sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Exeunt

Re-enter PETRUCHIO

PETRUCH: Thus have I begun my reign. She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat; last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not; as with the meat, some fault I'll find about the making of the bed; and here I'll fling the pillow, this way the coverlet, another way the sheets: and in conclusion she shall watch all night: and if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl and with the clamour keep her awake. This is a way to curb her mad and headstrong humour. He that knows better how to tame a shrew, let him speak.

Exit

SCENE II. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.

ENTER TRANIO AND HORTENSIO

HORT: Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said, stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO

LUCENTIO: Now, mistress, profit you in what you read? That I profess, the Art to Love.

BIANCA: And may you prove master of your art!

LUCENTIO: While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!

TRANIO: O despiteful love! Unconstant womankind! I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

HORTENSIO: Mistake no more: I am not Licio, nor a musician, as I seem to be. Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.

TRANIO: I have heard of your affection to Bianca; and since mine eyes are witness of her lightness, I will ***forswear*** Bianca forever.

HORTENSIO: See, how they kiss and court! Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow to forswear her. That I may surely keep mine oath, I will be married to a wealthy widow, which hath long loved me. And so farewell, Lucentio.

Exit

TRANIO: Mistress Bianca, bless you with grace. I have foresworn you with Hortensio.

BIANCA: Have you both forsworn me?

TRANIO: Mistress, we have.

LUCENTIO: Then we are rid of Licio.

TRANIO: I' faith, he'll have a widow now.

BIANCA: God give him joy!

TRANIO: Ay, and he'll tame her. He is gone unto the taming school.

BIANCA: Taming school! Is there such a place?

TRANIO: Ay, and Petruchio is the master.

Exeunt

SCENE III. A room in PETRUCHIO'S house.

Enter PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO with meat

PETRUCHIO: How fares my Kate? Look cheerfully. Here love; see'st how diligent I am to dress thy meat myself: I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks. What, not a word? Then thou lovest it not. Take away this dish.

KATHARINA: I pray you, let it stand.

HORT: Come, Kate, I'll bear you company.

PETRUCHIO: [Aside] Eat it all, Hortensio. *To Kate,* My love, will we return unto thy father's house. What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure. *Enter Tailor* Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments. Fie! 'tis lewd and filthy: Why, 'tis a ***cockle***, A knack, a toy, a trick: Away with it!

KATHARINA: This doth fit the time, and gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

PETRUCHIO: When you are gentle, you shall have one too, and not till then.

KATHARINA: Why, sir, I am no child. My tongue will tell the anger of my heart.

PETRUCH: Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap: I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.

KATHARINA: Love me or love me not, I like the cap; And it I will have, or I will have none.

PETRUCH: Thy gown? Tailor, let us see't. O mercy! What's this? Why, what, i' devil's name?

HORTENSIO: [Aside] I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

TAILOR: You bid me make it orderly and well, According to the fashion and the time.

PETRUCHIO: But if you be remember'd, I did not bid you mar it to the time. I'll none of it.

KATHARINA: I never saw a better-fashion'd gown: you mean to make a puppet of me.

PETRUCHIO: Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

TAILOR: She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

PETRUCH: O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou flea! Away, thou rag! I tell thee, that thou hast marr'd her gown. Go; be gone, and say no more. [Aside] Hortensio, see the tailor paid.

HORTENSIO: Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown: Take no unkindness of his hasty words: Away!

Exit Tailor

PETRUCHIO: Come, Kate; we will unto your father's even in these mean ***habiliments***: Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor; for 'tis the mind that makes the body rich; Therefore we will hence forthwith, to feast and sport us at

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

thy father's house. Let us straight to him; let's see; I think 'tis now seven o'clock.

KATHARINA: I assure you, sir, 'tis almost two.

PETRUCH: It shall be seven: What I speak, or do, you are still crossing it. Sirs, let't alone: I will not go today; and ere I do, It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Exeunt

SCENE V. A public road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Servants

PETRUCH: Come, once more to our father's. How bright and goodly shines the moon!

KATE: The moon! It is not moonlight now.

PETRUCH: I say, tis the moon.

KATHARINA: I know it is the sun that shines.

PETRUCHIO: Now, It shall be moon, or star, or what I list, or ere I journey to your father's house. Fetch our horses back again. Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

HORT: Say as he says, or we shall never go.

KATHARINA: Forward, I pray, since we have come so far, and be it moon, or sun, or what you please: Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

PETRUCHIO: I say it is the moon.

KATHARINA: I know it is the moon.

PETRUCHIO: Nay, then you lie: it is the sun.

KATE: God be bless'd, tis the sun: but sun tis not, when you say tis not; and the moon changes even as your mind. What you have it named, even that it is; and so it shall be for Kate.

HORT: Petruchio, go thy way; the field is won.

PETRUCHIO: Well, forward, forward! But, soft! Company is coming here.

Enter VINCENTIO (Lucentio's father)

To VINCENTIO Good morrow, mistress: Tell me, Kate, hast thou beheld a fresher woman? Such red cheeks! What eyes! Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

HORTENSIO: A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

KATE: Young virgin, fair and fresh and sweet, happy the parents of so fair a child; happier the man, whom favourable stars allot thee!

PETRUCHIO: How now, Kate! Thou art not mad: This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd, and not a maiden, as thou say'st.

KATHARINA: Pardon, old father, my eyes, that have been so bedazzled with the sun that everything I look on seemeth green: now I perceive thou art a reverend father.

PETRUCHIO: Good grandsire, we shall be joyful of thy company.

VINCENTIO: My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa; and bound I am to Padua; there to visit a son of mine.

PETRUCHIO: What is his name?

VINCENTIO: Lucentio, gentle sir.

PETRUCHIO: Happily we met: The sister to my wife, thy son hath married. She is of good esteem, her dowery wealthy, and of worthy birth.

VINCENTIO: Is it true? Or else is it your pleasure to break a jest upon the company you overtake?

PETRUCH: Come, and see the truth hereof.

Exeunt all but HORTENSIO

SCENE I. Padua. Before LUCENTIO'S house.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, GRUMIO, with Attendants

PETRUCHIO: This is Lucentio's house: Here I leave you, sir.

VINCENTIO: Before you go, I shall command your welcome here.

PETRUCHIO: First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

KATHARINA: What, in the midst of the street?

PETRUCHIO: What, art thou ashamed of me?

KATE: No, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

PETRUCHIO: Why, then let's home again.

KATE: Nay, I will kiss: pray thee, love, stay.

PETRUCH: Is not this well? Come, Kate.

Exeunt

SCENE II. Padua. LUCENTIO'S house.

Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, and GRUMIO the Serving-men with Tranio bringing in a banquet

LUCENTIO: Brother Petruchio, sister Kate, and Hortensio, with thy loving widow, feast and welcome to my house: For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

PETRUCH: Nothing but sit and eat!

BAPTISTA: Padua affords this kindness.

PETRUCHIO: Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

HORTENSIO: I would that word were true.

PETRUCHIO: Hortensio fears his widow.

WIDOW: Then never trust me, if I be afeard. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

KATE: 'He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:' I pray you, tell me what you meant.

WIDOW: Your husband, being troubled with a shrew, measures my husband's sorrow by his woe: and now you know my meaning,

KATHARINA: A very mean meaning.

WIDOW: Right, I mean you.

PETRUCHIO: To her, Kate!

HORTENSIO: To her, widow!

PETRUCHIO: A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

VINCENTIO: Mistress, hath that awaken'd you?

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.

BIANCA: Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

PETRUCHIO: Nay, you shall not: since you have begun, have at you for a jest or two!

BIANCA: Am I your bird? You are welcome all.

Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow

PETRUCHIO: She hath prevented me. Here, Tranio. This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not; therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

TRANIO: O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound, which runs and catches for his master. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself: 'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

BAPTISTA: O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you.

LUCENTIO: I thank thee for that gird, Tranio.

PETRUCHIO: A' has a little gall'd me, I confess.

BAPT: Petruchio, I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

PETRUCH: I say no: let's each send unto his wife; and he whose wife is most obedient, shall win the wager.

HORTENSIO: What is the wager?

LUCENTIO: Twenty crowns.

PETRUCHIO: Twenty crowns! I'll venture but twenty times so much upon my wife.

LUCENTIO: A hundred then.

PETRUCHIO: A match! 'tis done.

HORTENSIO: Who shall begin?

LUCENTIO: That will I. Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Exit BIONDELLO who Re-enter shortly

BIONDELLO: Sir, my mistress sends you word that she is busy and she cannot come.

PETRUCHIO: How! Is that an answer?

GREMIO: Ay, and a kind one too: Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

PETRUCHIO: I hope better.

HORTENSIO: Biondello, entreat my wife to come to me forthwith.

Exit BIONDELLO and Re-enters again

Now, where's my wife?

BIONDELLO: She says you jest: She will not come: she bids you come to her.

PETRUCHIO: Worse and worse; Grumio, go to your mistress; Say, I command her to come.

Exit GRUMIO

BAPT: Now, by my holidame, here comes Kate!

Re-enter KATHARINA

KATHARINA: What is your will, sir?

PETRUCHIO: Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

KATHARINA: They sit by the parlor fire.

PETRUCH: Go fetch them: if they deny to come; ***swinge*** them soundly: bring them hither.

Exit KATHARINA

LUCENTIO: Here is a wonder.

HORTENSIO: So it is: I wonder what it ***bodes***.

PETRUCH: Peace it bodes, and love and quiet, and lawful rule; and what's sweet and happy.

BAPT: Petruchio! The wager thou hast won; and I will add twenty thousand crowns; Another dowry to another daughter, for she is changed.

PETRUCHIO: See where she comes and brings your froward wives.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow

BIANCA: Fie! What a foolish duty call you this?

LUCENTIO: Fair Bianca, thou hath cost me an hundred crowns.

BIANCA: The fool you, for laying on my duty.

PETRUCHIO: Kate, tell these women what duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

WIDOW: She shall not.

PETRUCHIO: I say she shall.

KATHARINA: Unknit that unkind brow, and dart not scornful glances from those eyes, to wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor: It blots thy beauty, confounds thy fame, and in no sense is amiable. A woman moved is like a fountain troubled, muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty; and none will deign to sip or touch one drop of it. Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper, thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee, and for thy maintenance commits his body to painful labour, whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe; and craves no other tribute at thy hands but love, fair looks and true obedience; too little payment for so great a debt. Such duty a woman oweth to her husband; and when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour, and not obedient to his honest will, what is she but a foul contending rebel and graceless traitor to her loving lord? I am ashamed that women are so simple to offer war where they should kneel for peace; or seek for rule, supremacy and sway, when they are bound to serve, love and obey. Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth, unapt to toil and trouble in the world, but that our hearts should well agree with our external parts? Then place your hands below your husband's foot: In token of which duty, if he please, my hand is ready; may it do him ease.

PETRUCH: 'Twas I won the wager, and, being a winner, God give you good night!

HORTENSIO: Now, go thy way; thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

LUCENTIO: 'Tis a wonder, she will be tamed.

THE END

Continue now to the Activities.



LIFE PRINCIPLE

"Your destiny is controlled in large part by what you believe about yourself." —Ronald E. Johnson

©Copyright 2007, Paradigm Accelerated Curriculum DUPLICATION BY WRITTEN PERMISSION ONLY.