High School
English IV

2019-2020
Instructional Packet
Set II

English IV

"A Cup of Tea" pg. 1001

Assignment #1 Writing: Can a person ever be truly selfless?

Assignment #2 Reading Strategy: Connect to Contemporary Issues (graphic organizer)

Assignment #3 Respond & Think Critically to Literature (answer questions about the selection)

Assignment #4 Grammar: Commas After Introductory Phrases &

Clauses and Commas to Set Off Contrasted Elements & Appositives pgs. 9 &11

"Shooting an Elephant" pg. 1031

Assignment #5 Writing: How does peer pressure affect your behavior?

Assignment #6 Reading Strategy: Analyze Cause and Effect Relationships (graphic organizer)

Assignment #7 Respond & Think Critically to Literature (answer questions about the selection)

Assignment #8 Grammar: Pronoun-Antecedent Agreement pg. 145-146

"from *A Room of One's Own*" pg. 1099

Assignment #9 Writing: How do you think society views the "ideal woman"?

Assignment #10 Reading Strategy: Rhetorical Questions (graphic organizer)

Assignment #11 Respond & Think Critically to Literature (answer questions about the selection)

Assignment #12 Grammar: Using the Right Words pg. 58-59

*Reading selections and questions are taken from Glencoe *Texas Treasures* (district adopted textbook)

*Grammar skills are taken from *Write Source* (district adopted textbook)

Assignment #1:

Connect to the Story

Can a person ever be truly selfless?

Assignments #2:

Reading Strategy: Connect to Contemporary Issues

One reason that great literature endures is that generations of readers recognize its relevance to their won times. When you connect to literature to contemporary issues, you relate events and issues in a story to those in society today. As you read, ask yourself, What contemporary issues does this story address? Use the questions at the bottom of the selection to help you get started.

Events in Story	Contemporary Issue

Marguerite Kelsey, 1928. Meredith Frampton. Oil on canvas, 120.8 x 141.2 cm. Tate Gallery, London.

View the Art The style of clothing in this painting reflects the popular 1920s "garçonne" style—a style that gave women's clothes a simpler, more masculine look. What details in this image are similar to the early details given about Rosemary Fell? Explain.

A Cup of Tea

Katherine Mansfield

Rosemary Fell was not exactly beautiful. No, you couldn't have called her beautiful. Pretty? Well, if you took her to pieces . . . But why be so cruel as to take anyone to pieces? She was young, brilliant, extremely modern, exquisitely well dressed, amazingly well read in the newest of the new books, and her parties were the most delicious mixture of the really important people and . . . artists—**quaint** creatures, discoveries of hers, some of them too terrifying for words, but others quite presentable and amusing.

Rosemary had been married two years. She had a duck[1] of a boy. No, not Peter—Michael. And her husband absolutely adored her. They were rich, really rich, not just comfortably well off, which is **odious** and stuffy and sounds like one's grandparents. But if Rosemary wanted to shop she would go to Paris as you and I would go to Bond Street.[2] If she wanted to buy flowers, the car pulled up at that perfect shop in Regent Street, and Rosemary inside the shop just gazed in her dazzled, rather **exotic** way, and said: "I want those and those and those. Give me four bunches of those. And that jar of roses. Yes, I'll have all the roses in the jar. No, no lilac. I hate lilac. It's got no shape." The attendant bowed and put the lilac out of sight, as though this was only too true; lilac was dreadfully shapeless. "Give me those stumpy little tulips. Those red and white ones." And she was followed to the car by a thin shopgirl staggering under an immense white paper armful that looked like a baby in long clothes. . . .

One winter afternoon she had been buying something in a little antique shop in Curzon Street. It was a shop she liked. For one thing, one usually had it to oneself. And then the man who kept it was ridiculously fond of serving her. He beamed whenever she came in. He clasped his hands; he was so gratified he could scarcely speak. Flattery, of course. All the same, there was something . . .

"You see, madam," he would explain in his low respectful tones, "I love my things. I would rather not part with them than sell them to someone who does not appreciate them, who has not that fine feeling which is so rare. . . ." And, breathing deeply, he unrolled a tiny square of blue velvet and pressed it on the glass counter with his pale fingertips.

Today it was a little box. He had been keeping it for her. He had shown it to nobody as yet. An exquisite little enamel box with a glaze so fine it looked as though it had been baked in cream. On the lid a minute[3] creature stood under a flowery tree, and a more minute creature still had her arms around his neck. Her hat, really no bigger than a geranium petal, hung from a branch; it had green ribbons. And there was a pink cloud like a watchful cherub floating above their heads. Rosemary took her hands out of her long gloves. She always took off her gloves to examine such things. Yes, she liked it very much. She loved it; it was a great duck. She must have it. And, turning the creamy box, opening and shutting it, she couldn't help noticing how charming her hands were against the blue velvet.

1. Here, *duck* probably means "darling" or "dear," although it could also mean "funny thing" or "odd but harmless person."
2. *Bond Street*—as well as *Regent Street* and *Curzon Street* mentioned later—was, and continues to be, an elegant London street lined with shops that sell expensive items.
3. *Minute* means "tiny."

Motivation *Why do you think Rosemary invites "really important people" to her parties?*

Vocabulary

quaint (kwānt) *adj.* pleasingly unusual or odd
odious (ō′ dē əs) *adj.* causing hate, disgust, or repugnance
exotic (ig zot′ ik) *adj.* strangely beautiful or fascinating

Class, Colonialism, and the Great War *What does Mansfield criticize about Rosemary?*

Motivation *Why does Rosemary remove her gloves to examine the enamel box?*

The shopman, in some dim cavern of his mind, may have dared to think so too. For he took a pencil, leaned over the counter, and his pale bloodless fingers crept timidly towards those rosy, flashing ones, as he murmured gently: "If I may venture to point out to madam, the flowers on the little lady's bodice."[4]

"Charming!" Rosemary admired the flowers. But what was the price? For a moment the shopman did not seem to hear. Then a murmur reached her.

"Twenty-eight guineas,[5] madame."

"Twenty-eight guineas." Rosemary gave no sign. She laid the little box down; she buttoned her gloves again.

Twenty-eight guineas. Even if one is rich . . . She looked vague.[6] She stared at a plump teakettle like a plump hen above the shopman's head, and her voice was dreamy as she answered: "Well, keep it for me—will you? I'll . . ."

But the shopman had already bowed as though keeping it for her was all any human being could ask. He would be willing, of course, to keep it for her forever.

The discreet door shut with a click. She was outside on the step, gazing at the winter afternoon. Rain was falling, and with the rain it seemed the dark came too, spinning down like ashes. There was a cold bitter taste in the air, and the new-lighted lamps looked sad. Sad were the lights in the houses opposite. Dimly they burned as if regretting something. And people hurried by, hidden under their hateful umbrellas. Rosemary felt a strange pang. She pressed her muff to her breast; she wished she had the little box, too, to cling to. Of course, the car was there. She'd only to cross the pavement. But still she waited. There are moments, horrible moments in life, when one emerges from shelter and looks out, and it's awful. One oughtn't to give way to them. One ought to go home and have an extra-special tea. But at the very instant of thinking that, a young girl, thin, dark, shadowy—where had she come from?—was standing at Rosemary's elbow and a voice like a sigh, almost like a sob, breathed: "Madame, may I speak to you a moment?"

> "...a young girl, thin, dark, shadowy—where had she come from?"

"Speak to me?" Rosemary turned. She saw a little battered creature with enormous eyes, someone quite young, no older than herself, who clutched at her coat collar with reddened hands, and shivered as though she had just come out of the water.

"M-madame," stammered the voice. "Would you let me have the price of a cup of tea?"

"A cup of tea?" There was something simple, sincere in that voice; it wasn't in the least the voice of a beggar. "Then have you no money at all?" asked Rosemary.

"None, madam," came the answer.

"How extraordinary!" Rosemary peered through the dusk, and the girl gazed back at her. How more than extraordinary! And suddenly it seemed to Rosemary such an adventure. It was like something out of a novel by Dostoevsky,[7]

4. A *bodice* is the fitted part of a dress from the waist to the shoulder.
5. A *guinea* was a unit of money (one pound and one shilling) often used to express prices of luxury goods.
6. Here, *vague* means "uncertain."
7. Fyodor *Dostoevsky,* a Russian writer who is considered one of the world's greatest novelists, often dramatized moral and psychological issues and wrote of the poor.

Connect to Contemporary Issues *How might a wealthy person today respond to a poor person's request for pocket change?*

Firelight. Norman Hepple (1908–1994). Oil on canvas. Private collection.

View the Art Hepple was well-known for his paintings documenting World War II. How would you describe the woman's expression? Why might Rosemary have a similar expression?

this meeting in the dusk. Supposing she took the girl home? Supposing she did do one of those things she was always reading about or seeing on the stage, what would happen? It would be thrilling. And she heard herself saying afterwards to the amazement of her friends: "I simply took her home with me," as she stepped forward and said to that dim person beside her: "Come home to tea with me."

The girl drew back startled. She even stopped shivering for a moment. Rosemary put out a hand and touched her arm. "I mean it," she said, smiling. And she felt how simple and kind her smile was. "Why won't you? Do. Come home with me now in my car and have tea."

"You—you don't mean it, madam," said the girl, and there was pain in her voice.

"But I do," cried Rosemary. "I want you to. To please me. Come along."

The girl put her fingers to her lips and her eyes devoured Rosemary. "You're—you're not taking me to the police station?" she stammered.

"The police station!" Rosemary laughed out. "Why should I be so cruel? No, I only want to make you warm and to hear—anything you care to tell me."

Motivation *Why does Rosemary invite the young woman home?*

Hungry people are easily led. The footman held the door of the car open, and a moment later they were skimming through the dusk.

"There!" said Rosemary. She had a feeling of triumph as she slipped her hand through the velvet strap. She could have said, "Now I've got you," as she gazed at the little captive she had netted. But of course she meant it kindly. Oh, more than kindly. She was going to prove to this girl that—wonderful things did happen in life, that—fairy godmothers were real, that—rich people had hearts, and that women *were* sisters. She turned impulsively, saying: "Don't be frightened. After all, why shouldn't you come back with me? We're both women. If I'm the more fortunate, you ought to expect . . ."

But happily at that moment, for she didn't know how the sentence was going to end, the car stopped. The bell was rung, the door opened, and with a charming, protecting, almost embracing movement, Rosemary drew the other into the hall. Warmth, softness, light, a sweet scent, all those things so familiar to her she never even thought about them, she watched that other receive. It was fascinating. She was like the little rich girl in her nursery with all the cupboards to open, all the boxes to unpack.

"Come, come upstairs," said Rosemary, longing to begin to be generous. "Come up to my room." And, besides, she wanted to spare this poor little thing from being stared at by the servants; she decided as they mounted the stairs she would not even ring for Jeanne, but take off her things by herself. The great thing was to be natural!

And "There!" cried Rosemary again, as they reached her beautiful big bedroom with the curtains drawn, the fire leaping on her wonderful lacquer furniture, her gold cushions and the primrose and blue rugs.

The girl stood just inside the door; she seemed dazed. But Rosemary didn't mind that.

"Come and sit down," she cried, dragging her big chair up to the fire, "in this comfy chair. Come and get warm. You look so dreadfully cold."

"I daren't, madam," said the girl, and she edged backwards.

"Oh, please,"—Rosemary ran forward—"you mustn't be frightened, you mustn't, really. Sit down, and when I've taken off my things we shall go into the next room and have tea and be cosy. Why are you afraid?" And gently she half pushed the thin figure into its deep cradle.

But there was no answer. The girl stayed just as she had been put, with her hands by her sides and her mouth slightly open. To be quite sincere, she looked rather stupid. But Rosemary wouldn't acknowledge it. She leaned over her, saying: "Won't you take off your hat? Your pretty hair is all wet. And one is so much more comfortable without a hat, isn't one?"

There was a whisper that sounded like "Very good, madam," and the crushed hat was taken off.

"Let me help you off with your coat, too," said Rosemary.

The girl stood up. But she held on to the chair with one hand and let Rosemary pull. It was quite an effort. The other scarcely helped her at all. She seemed to stagger like a child, and the thought came and went through Rosemary's mind, that if people wanted helping they must respond a little, just a little, otherwise it became very difficult indeed. And what was she to do with the coat now? She left it on the floor, and the hat too. She was just going to take a cigarette off the mantelpiece when the girl said quickly, but so lightly and strangely: "I'm very sorry, madam, but I'm going to faint. I shall go off, madam, if I don't have something."

Class, Colonialism, and the Great War *What does the third paragraph on this page suggest about the disparity between Rosemary's world and her guest's?*

Class, Colonialism, and the Great War *What can you conclude about Rosemary's attitude toward her guest?*

Motivation *Whose needs are uppermost in Rosemary's mind?*

"Good heavens, how thoughtless I am!" Rosemary rushed to the bell.

"Tea! Tea at once! And some brandy immediately!"

The maid was gone again, but the girl almost cried out. "No, I don't want no brandy. I never drink brandy. It's a cup of tea I want, madam." And she burst into tears.

It was a terrible and fascinating moment. Rosemary knelt beside her chair.

"Don't cry, poor little thing," she said. "Don't cry." And she gave the other her lace handkerchief. She really was touched beyond words. She put her arm round those thin, birdlike shoulders.

Now at last the other forgot to be shy, forgot everything except that they were both women, and gasped out: "I can't go on no longer like this. I can't bear it. I shall do away with myself. I can't bear no more."

"You shan't have to. I'll look after you. Don't cry any more. Don't you see what a good thing it was that you met me? We'll have tea and you'll tell me everything. And I shall arrange something. I promise. *Do* stop crying. It's so exhausting. Please!"

The other did stop just in time for Rosemary to get up before the tea came. She had the table placed between them. She plied the poor little creature with everything, all the sandwiches, all the bread and butter, and every time her cup was empty she filled it with tea, cream and sugar. People always said sugar was so nourishing. As for herself she didn't eat; she smoked and looked away tactfully so that the other should not be shy.

And really the effect of that slight meal was marvelous. When the tea table was carried away a new being, a light, frail creature with tangled hair, dark lips, deep, lighted eyes, lay back in the big chair in a kind of sweet languor,[8] looking at the blaze. Rosemary lit a fresh cigarette; it was time to begin.

"And when did you have your last meal?" she asked softly.

But at that moment the door handle turned.

"Rosemary, may I come in?" It was Philip.

"Of course."

He came in. "Oh, I'm so sorry," he said, and stopped and stared.

"It's quite all right," said Rosemary smiling. "This is my friend, Miss—"

"Smith, madam," said the languid[9] figure, who was strangely still and unafraid.

"Smith," said Rosemary. "We are going to have a little talk."

"Oh, yes," said Philip. "Quite," and his eye caught sight of the coat and hat on the floor. He came over to the fire and turned his back to it. "It's a beastly afternoon," he said curiously, still looking at that listless figure, looking at its hands and boots, and then at Rosemary again.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Rosemary enthusiastically. "Vile."

Philip smiled his charming smile. "As a matter of fact," said he, "I wanted you to come into the library for a moment. Would you? Will Miss Smith excuse us?"

"Her heart beat like a heavy bell. Pretty! Lovely!"

8. *Languor* means "a dreamy, lazy mood or quality."
9. *Languid* means "lacking energy or vitality."

Motivation *Why does the young woman identify herself as "Smith"?*

The big eyes were raised to him, but Rosemary answered for her. "Of course she will." And they went out of the room together.

"I say," said Philip, when they were alone. "Explain. Who is she? What does it all mean?"

Rosemary, laughing, leaned against the door and said: "I picked her up in Curzon Street. Really. She's a real pick-up. She asked me for the price of a cup of tea, and I brought her home with me."

"But what on earth are you going to do with her?" cried Philip.

"Be nice to her," said Rosemary quickly. "Be frightfully nice to her. Look after her. I don't know how. We haven't talked yet. But show her—treat her—make her feel—"

"My darling girl," said Philip, "you're quite mad, you know. It simply can't be done."

"I knew you'd say that," **retorted** Rosemary. "Why not? I want to. Isn't that a reason? And besides, one's always reading about these things. I decided—"

"But," said Philip slowly, and he cut the end of a cigar, "she's so astonishingly pretty."

"Pretty?" Rosemary was so surprised that she blushed. "Do you think so? I—I hadn't thought about it."

"Good Lord!" Philip struck a match. "She's absolutely lovely. Look again, my child. I was bowled over when I came into your room just now. However . . . I think you're making a ghastly mistake. Sorry, darling, if I'm crude and all that. But let me know if Miss Smith is going to dine with us in time for me to look up *The Milliner's Gazette*."[10]

10. A *milliner* is one who makes or sells women's hats. A *gazette* is a newspaper.

Class, Colonialism, and the Great War *How would you characterize the upper-class marriage portrayed in this story?*

Vocabulary

retort (ri tôrt′) *v.* to reply in a witty, quick, or sharp manner

"You absurd creature!" said Rosemary, and she went out of the library, but not back to her bedroom. She went to her writing room and sat down at her desk. Pretty! Absolutely lovely! Bowled over! Her heart beat like a heavy bell. Pretty! Lovely! She drew her check book towards her. But no, checks would be no use, of course. She opened a drawer and took out five pound notes, looked at them, put two back, and holding the three squeezed in her hand, she went back to her bedroom.

Half an hour later Philip was still in the library, when Rosemary came in.

"I only wanted to tell you," said she, and she leaned against the door again and looked at him with her dazzled exotic gaze, "Miss Smith won't dine with us tonight."

Philip put down the paper. "Oh, what's happened? Previous engagement?"

Rosemary came over and sat down on his knee. "She insisted on going," said she, "so I gave the poor little thing a present of money. I couldn't keep her against her will, could I?" she added softly.

Rosemary had just done her hair, darkened her eyes a little, and put on her pearls. She put up her hands and touched Philip's cheeks.

"Do you like me?" said she, and her tone, sweet, husky, troubled him.

"I like you awfully," he said, and he held her tighter. "Kiss me."

There was a pause.

Then Rosemary said dreamily, "I saw a fascinating little box today. It cost twenty-eight guineas. May I have it?"

Philip jumped her on his knee. "You may, little wasteful one," said he.

But that was not really what Rosemary wanted to say.

"Philip," she whispered, and she pressed his head against her bosom, "am I *pretty*?"

Motivation *What is the real reason why Rosemary cut Miss Smith's visit short?*

Assignment #3:

Respond and Think Critically

Please respond to the following questions over "*A Cup of Tea*" (pgs. 1001-1007) on the space provided below.

1. **Connect to Personal Experience: Would you like to have Rosemary as one of your friends? Explain.**

2. **Analyzing Setting and Character: Describe Curzon Street as it appears to Rosemary. What od Rosemary's impressions of the street suggest about her emotional state.**

3. **Analyze characters: What does Rosemary ask her husband at the end of the story? What does this reveal about their relationship? Explain your answer.**

4. **Evaluate Character: "I picked her up in Curzon Street," Rosemary explains to Philip. IN what ways is Miss Smith like the other things Rosemary picks up there? How is she different? Use text evidence to support your answer..**

5. **Analyze Story Elements: What do you think is the climax in this story? How does this event contribute to the story? Before answering, reread the conversation between Rosemary and Philip.**

6. **Draw Conclusions About Theme and Economic Ideas: What does the story suggest about economic ideas of the time? HOW are these ideas related to the story's theme?**

7. **Analyze Character: What does Rosemary believe is her reason for helping Miss Smith? What is her real motive?**

8. **Make Inferences About Characters: Why does Philip discourage his wife from helping Miss Smith? Why do you think he comments of Miss Smith's beauty?**

Commas After Introductory Phrases & Clauses

A comma separates an adverb clause (or a long modifying phrase) from the independent clause that follows it. If the independent clause comes first, the comma is usually omitted. See 646.3 in *Write Source*.

Underline the independent clauses in the sentences below and add the missing commas.

1. If you carefully watch the skies above America's mountain ranges and coastal wetlands, you might be lucky enough to spy a bald eagle.
2. Even while soaring lazily on thermal currents the eagle maintains an average speed of roughly 20 mph.
3. Our majestic national bird can reach speeds of up to 100 mph while diving for food.
4. Although it prefers fish to other types of food the bald eagle occasionally eats carrion and waterfowl.
5. While eagles have been known to live up to 40 years in captivity their average life span in the wild is only 20 years.
6. As the bald eagle's worst enemy human beings cause 80 percent of all eagle deaths (through hunting, poaching, and polluting).
7. According to a book I read Benjamin Franklin did not want the bald eagle to be our national bird; he chose the wild turkey instead.
8. Soaring high against the clouds the bald eagle is a magnificent sight even for those who are not true bird-watchers.
9. The bald eagle has been removed from the endangered species list within the last few years.

Extend: Write four sentences about a bird or an animal that interests you. Use independen and dependent clauses.

Commas to Set Off Contrasted Elements & Appositives

Commas set off appositives from the rest of the sentence. Commas may also set off contrasting expressions—phrases or clauses that begin with words such as *not, but, but not, while,* and *though*. Turn to 644.3 and 646.1 in *Write Source*.

Combine each pair of sentences below to create one simple sentence that uses a contrasting expression.

1. Bill ~~won the election.~~ *not* Sally ~~did not win~~ *won* the election.
2. The motel was inexpensive. The motel was no bargain.
3. Juan was born in Puerto Rico. Rubiel was not.
4. Rubiel was born in New York. He is proud of his Hispanic heritage.
5. He is a police officer. He doesn't work in this county.

Set off the appositives in the sentences below with commas.

1. John Riggs and Andrew Vachss two excellent mystery novelists write very different types of mysteries.
2. Garth Ryland the protagonist in Riggs' novels lives in Oakalla a small town in Wisconsin.
3. Ryland the editor of Oakalla's hometown newspaper often finds himself involved in crime-solving through his friendship with Rupert Roberts Oakalla's sheriff.
4. Burke the outlaw antihero of Vachss' books operates in the dark underbelly of New York City.
5. Burke and his "family" a band of social outcasts and misfits constantly antagonize the wrong people in the city.

Extend: Write five sentences describing your favorite fictional detective or another type of character. Use an appositive phrase in each sentence.

Assignment #5:

Connect to the Story

How does peer pressure affect your behavior?

Assignments #6:

Reading Strategy: Analyze Cause and Effect Relationships

You can analyze cause and effect relationships in a story or essay by looking closely at why certain events happen and then determining what effects they have on other events. Often, a writer ill signal that a cause and effect relationship exists by using specific words such as *because, therefore*, or *subsequently*. A you read, ask yourself, How does Orwell indicate causes and effects in his narrative?

Cause	Effect

Shooting an Elephant

George Orwell

An Indian elephant and his mahout with a fortress on a hill and palm trees behind, mid-nineteenth century. Elizabeth Sophia Forbes. Woolwork panel. Dreweatt Neate Fine Art Auctioneers, Newbury, England.

View the Art Tapestries and artwork depicting scenes from India, Burma, and other colonies were popular in Victorian England. What impression of colonial life might this tapestry be meant to convey?

In Moulmein, in lower Burma, I was hated by large numbers of people—the only time in my life that I have been important enough for this to happen to me. I was subdivisional police officer of the town, and in an aimless, petty[1] kind of way anti-European feeling was very bitter. No one had the guts to raise a riot, but if a European woman went through the bazaars alone somebody would probably spit betel[2] juice over her dress. As a police officer I was an obvious target and was baited whenever it seemed safe to do so. When a nimble[3] Burman tripped me up on the football field and the referee (another Burman) looked the other way, the crowd yelled with hideous laughter. This happened more than once. In the end the sneering[4] yellow faces of young men that met me everywhere, the insults hooted after me when I was at a safe distance, got badly on my nerves. The young Buddhist priests were the worst of all. There were several thousands of them in the town and none of them seemed to have anything to do except stand on street corners and jeer at Europeans.

All this was perplexing and upsetting. For at that time I had already made up my mind that imperialism[5] was an evil thing and the sooner I chucked up my job and got out of it the better. Theoretically—and secretly, of course—I was all for the Burmese and all against their oppressors, the British. As for the job I was doing, I hated it more bitterly than I can perhaps make clear. In a job like that you see the dirty work of Empire at close quarters. The wretched prisoners huddling in the stinking cages of the lockups, the gray, cowed faces of the long-term convicts, the scarred buttocks of the men who

1. *Petty* means "trivial" or "insignificant."
2. In Asia, the leaves and nuts of the *betel* palm, mixed with mineral lime, are chewed as a stimulant.
3. Here, *nimble* means "agile" or "quick-moving."
4. *Sneering* means "scornful."

Analyze Cause-and-Effect Relationships *What causes the Burmese to target Orwell, specifically?*

5. *Imperialism* is the policy of extending a nation's authority by acquisition of territory.

had been flogged with bamboos—all these oppressed me with an intolerable sense of guilt. But I could get nothing into perspective. I was young and ill-educated and I had had to think out my problems in the utter silence that is imposed on every Englishman in the East. I did not even know that the British Empire is dying, still less did I know that it is a great deal better than the younger empires that are going to **supplant** it. All I knew was that I was stuck between my hatred of the empire I served and my rage against the evil-spirited little beasts who tried to make my job impossible. With one part of my mind I thought of the British Raj[6] as an unbreakable tyranny, as something clamped down, *in saecula saeculorum*,[7] upon the will of prostrate[8] peoples; with another part I thought that the greatest joy in the world would be to drive a bayonet into a Buddhist priest's guts. Feelings like these are the normal by-products of imperialism; ask any Anglo-Indian official, if you can catch him off duty.

One day something happened which in a roundabout way was enlightening. It was a tiny incident in itself, but it gave me a better glimpse than I had had before of the real nature of imperialism—the real motives for which **despotic** governments act. Early one morning the subinspector at a police station the other end of the town rang me up on the phone and said that an elephant was ravaging the bazaar. Would I please come and do something about it? I did not know what I could do, but I wanted to see what was happening and I got on to a pony and started out. I took my rifle, an old .44 Winchester and much too small to kill an elephant, but I thought the noise might be useful *in terrorem*.[9] Various Burmans stopped me on the way and told me about the elephant's doings. It was not, of course, a wild elephant, but a tame one which had gone "must."[10] It had been chained up, as tame elephants always are when their attack of "must" is due, but on the previous night it had broken its chain and escaped. Its mahout,[11] the only person who could manage it when it was in that state, had set out in pursuit, but had taken the wrong direction and was now twelve hours' journey away, and in the morning the elephant had suddenly reappeared in the town. The Burmese population had no weapons and were quite helpless against it. It had already destroyed somebody's bamboo hut, killed a cow, and raided some fruit-stalls and devoured the stock; also it had met the municipal rubbish van and, when the driver jumped out and took to his heels, had turned the van over and inflicted violences upon it.

The Burmese subinspector and some Indian constables were waiting for me in the quarter where the elephant had been seen. It was a very poor quarter, a **labyrinth** of **squalid** bamboo huts, thatched with palm leaf, winding all over a steep hillside. I remember that it was a cloudy, stuffy morning at the beginning of the rains. We began questioning the people as to where the

6. *British Raj* (räj) refers to the British Empire in the East; *raj* is a Hindu word meaning "rule."
7. *In saecula saeculorum* (Latin) means "forever and ever."
8. Here, *prostrate* means "completely overcome; helpless."

Symbol *What do the prisoners symbolize for Orwell?*

Class, Colonialism, and the Great War *Summarize the conflicting feelings that Orwell identifies as "the normal by-products of imperialism."*

Vocabulary

supplant (sə plant′) *v.* to take the place of, often unfairly

despotic (des pot′ ik) *adj.* tyrannical; oppressive

9. *In terrorem* (Latin) means "to terrify."
10. Here, *must* refers to the state of frenzy a male animal periodically undergoes during mating season.
11. A *mahout* (mə hout′) is an elephant keeper.

Symbol *What might the elephant symbolize?*

Vocabulary

labyrinth (lab′ ə rinth′) *n.* a place containing winding, interconnected passages

squalid (skwol′ id) *adj.* dirty or broken-down from poverty or neglect

elephant had gone and, as usual, failed to get any definite information. That is invariably the case in the East; a story always sounds clear enough at a distance, but the nearer you get to the scene of events the vaguer it becomes. Some of the people said that the elephant had gone in one direction, some said that he had gone in another, some professed not even to have heard of any elephant. I had almost made up my mind that the whole story was a pack of lies, when we heard yells a little distance away. There was a loud, scandalized cry of "Go away, child! Go away this instant!" and an old woman with a switch in her hand came round the corner of a hut, violently shooing away a crowd of naked children. Some more women followed, clicking their tongues and exclaiming; evidently there was something that the children ought not to have seen. I rounded the hut and saw a man's dead body sprawling in the mud. He was an Indian, a black Dravidian coolie,[12] almost naked, and he could not have been dead many minutes. The people said that the elephant had come suddenly upon him round the corner of the hut, caught him with its trunk, put its foot on his back and ground him into the earth. This was the rainy season and the ground was soft, and his face had scored a trench a foot deep and a couple of yards long. He was lying on his belly with arms crucified and head sharply twisted to one side. His face was coated with mud, the eyes wide open, the teeth bared and grinning with an expression of unendurable agony. (Never tell me, by the way, that the dead look peaceful. Most of the corpses I have seen looked devilish.) The friction of the great beast's foot had stripped the skin from his back as neatly as one skins a rabbit. As soon as I saw the dead man I sent an orderly to a friend's house nearby to borrow an elephant rifle. I had already sent back the pony, not wanting it to go mad with fright and throw me if it smelt the elephant.

> "It had already destroyed somebody's bamboo hut, killed a cow, and raided some fruitstalls and devoured the stock . . ."

The orderly came back in a few minutes with a rifle and five cartridges, and meanwhile some Burmans had arrived and told us that the elephant was in the paddy fields[13] below, only a few hundred yards away. As I started forward practically the whole population of the quarter flocked out of the houses and followed me. They had seen the rifle and were all shouting excitedly that I was going to shoot the elephant. They had not shown much interest in the elephant when he was merely ravaging their homes, but it was different now that he was going to be shot. It was a bit of fun to them, as it would be to an English crowd; besides they wanted the meat. It made me vaguely uneasy. I had no intention of shooting the elephant—I had merely sent for the rifle to defend myself if necessary—and it is always unnerving to have a crowd following you. I marched down the hill, looking and feeling a fool, with the rifle over my shoulder and an ever-growing army of people jostling at my heels. At the bottom, when you got away from the huts, there was a metaled road and beyond that a miry[14] waste of paddy fields a thousand yards across, not yet ploughed but soggy from the first rains and dotted with coarse grass. The elephant was standing eight yards from the road, his left side towards us. He took not the slightest notice of the crowd's approach. He was tearing up bunches of grass, beating them against his knees to clean them and stuffing them into his mouth.

12. A *Dravidian coolie* is an unskilled laborer from southern India, where Dravidian languages are spoken.

Symbol *What might the Dravidian coolie symbolize?*

13. *Paddy fields* are rice fields.
14. *Miry* means "swampy."

I had halted on the road. As soon as I saw the elephant I knew with perfect certainty that I ought not to shoot him. It is a serious matter to shoot a working elephant—it is comparable to destroying a huge and costly piece of machinery—and obviously one ought not to do it if it can possibly be avoided. And at that distance, peacefully eating, the elephant looked no more dangerous than a cow. I thought then and I think now that his attack of "must" was already passing off; in which case he would merely wander harmlessly about until the mahout came back and caught him. Moreover, I did not in the least want to shoot him. I decided that I would watch him for a little while to make sure that he did not turn savage again, and then go home.

But at that moment I glanced round at the crowd that had followed me. It was an immense crowd, two thousand at the least and growing every minute. It blocked the road for a long distance on either side. I looked at the sea of yellow faces above the **garish** clothes—faces all happy and excited over this bit of fun, all certain that the elephant was going to be shot. They were watching me as they would watch a conjurer[15] about to perform a trick. They did not like me, but with the magical rifle in my hands I was momentarily worth watching. And suddenly I realized that I should have to shoot the elephant after all. The people expected it of me and I had got to do it; I could feel their two thousand wills pressing me forward, irresistibly. And it was at this moment, as I stood there with the rifle in my hands, that I first grasped the hollowness, the futility[16] of the white man's dominion in the East. Here was I, the white man with his gun, standing in front of the

unarmed native crowd—seemingly the leading actor of the piece; but in reality I was only an absurd puppet pushed to and fro by the will of those yellow faces behind. I perceived in this moment that when the white man turns tyrant it is his own freedom that he destroys. He becomes a sort of hollow, posing dummy, the conventionalized figure of a sahib.[17] For it is the condition of his rule that he shall spend his life in trying to impress the "natives," and so in every crisis he has got to do what the "natives" expect of him. He wears a mask, and his face grows to fit it. I had got to shoot the elephant. I had committed myself to doing it when I sent for the rifle. A sahib has got to act like a sahib; he has got to appear resolute, to know his own mind and do definite things. To come all that way, rifle in hand, with two thousand people marching at my heels, and then to trail feebly away, having done nothing—no, that was impossible. The crowd would laugh at me. And my whole life, every white man's life in the East, was one long struggle not to be laughed at.

15. A *conjurer* is a magician.
16. *Futility* means "ineffectiveness" or "uselessness."

Analyze Cause-and-Effect Relationships *What effect does the crowd's attention have on Orwell?*

Vocabulary

garish (gâr′ ish) *adj.* excessively bright; flashy; gaudy

17. *Sahib* is a title, similar to *sir*, that Indian people once used when speaking to or of a European.

Class, Colonialism, and the Great War *How does this statement epitomize Orwell's perception of the absurdity of British colonialism?*

But I did not want to shoot the elephant. I watched him beating his bunch of grass against his knees, with that preoccupied grandmotherly air that elephants have. It seemed to me that it would be murder to shoot him. At that age I was not squeamish about killing animals, but I had never shot an elephant and never wanted to. (Somehow it always seems worse to kill a *large* animal.) Besides, there was the beast's owner to be considered. Alive, the elephant was worth at least a hundred pounds; dead, he would only be worth the value of his tusks, five pounds, possibly. But I had got to act quickly. I turned to some experienced-looking Burmans who had been there when we arrived, and asked them how the elephant had been behaving. They all said the same thing: he took no notice of you if you left him alone, but he might charge if you went too close to him.

It was perfectly clear to me what I ought to do. I ought to walk up to within, say, twenty-five yards of the elephant and test his behavior. If he charged, I could shoot; if he took no notice of me, it would be safe to leave him until the mahout came back. But also I knew that I was going to do no such thing. I was a poor shot with a rifle and the ground was soft mud into which one would sink at every step. If the elephant charged and I missed him, I should have about as much chance as a toad under a steamroller. But even then I was not thinking particularly of my own skin, only of the watchful yellow faces behind. For at that moment, with the crowd watching me, I was not afraid in the ordinary sense, as I would have been if I had been alone. A white man mustn't be frightened in front of "natives"; and so, in general, he isn't frightened. The sole thought in my mind was that if anything went wrong those two thousand Burmans would see me pursued, caught, trampled on, and reduced to a grinning corpse like that Indian up the hill. And if that happened it was quite probable that some of them would laugh. That would never do. There was only one alternative. I shoved the cartridges into the magazine and lay down on the road to get a better aim.

Analyze Cause-and-Effect Relationships *What thought finally convinces Orwell to load his gun and take aim?*

The crowd grew very still, and a deep, low, happy sigh, as of people who see the theater curtain go up at last, breathed from innumerable throats. They were going to have their bit of fun after all. The rifle was a beautiful German thing with cross-hair sights. I did not then know that in shooting an elephant one would shoot to cut an imaginary bar running from ear-hole to ear-hole. I ought, therefore, as the elephant was sideways on, to have aimed straight at his ear-hole; actually I aimed several inches in front of this, thinking the brain would be further forward.

When I pulled the trigger I did not hear the bang or feel the kick—one never does when a shot goes home—but I heard the devilish roar of glee that went up from the crowd. In that instant, in too short a time, one would have thought, even for the bullet to get there, a mysterious, terrible change had come over the elephant. He neither stirred nor fell, but every line of his body had altered. He looked suddenly stricken, shrunken, immensely old, as though the frightful impact of the bullet had paralyzed him without knocking him down. At last, after what seemed a long time—it might have been five seconds, I dare say—he sagged flabbily to his knees. His mouth slobbered. An enormous senility seemed to have settled upon him. One could have imagined him thousands of years old. I fired again into the same spot. At the second shot he did not collapse but climbed with desperate slowness to his feet and stood weakly upright, with legs sagging and head drooping. I fired a third time. That was the shot that did for him. You could see the agony of it jolt his whole body and knock the last remnant of strength from his legs. But in falling he seemed for a moment to rise, for as his hind legs collapsed beneath him he seemed to tower upward like a huge rock toppling, his trunk reaching skywards like a tree. He trumpeted, for the first and only time. And then down he came, his belly towards me, with a crash that seemed to shake the ground even where I lay.

I got up. The Burmans were already racing past me across the mud. It was obvious that the elephant would never rise again, but he was not

Leg Rowing Race, 1922. A canoe is propelled by leg power in a boat race event on a river in Burma.

View the Art Orwell lived in Burma at about the time this photograph was taken. Does the photograph portray a similar sense of life in the colonies to the image on page 1033? Explain why or why not.

dead. He was breathing very rhythmically with long rattling gasps, his great mound of a side painfully rising and falling. His mouth was wide open—I could see far down into caverns of pale pink throat. I waited a long time for him to die, but his breathing did not weaken. Finally I fired my two remaining shots into the spot where I thought his heart must be. The thick blood welled out of him like red velvet, but still he did not die. His body did not even jerk when the shots hit him, the tortured breathing continued without a pause. He was dying, very slowly and in great agony, but in some world remote from me where not even a bullet could damage him further. I felt that I had got to put an end to that dreadful noise. It seemed dreadful to see the great beast lying there, powerless to move and yet powerless to die, and not even to be able to finish him. I sent back for my small rifle and poured shot after shot into his heart and down his throat. They seemed to make no impression. The tortured gasps continued as steadily as the ticking of a clock.

Symbol *What might the elephant symbolize in this passage?*

In the end I could not stand it any longer and went away. I heard later that it took him half an hour to die. Burmans were bringing dahs[18] and baskets even before I left, and I was told they had stripped his body almost to the bones by the afternoon.

Afterwards, of course, there were endless discussions about the shooting of the elephant. The owner was furious, but he was only an Indian and could do nothing. Besides, legally I had done the right thing, for a mad elephant has to be killed, like a mad dog, if its owner fails to control it. Among the Europeans opinion was divided. The older men said I was right, the younger men said it was a damn shame to shoot an elephant for killing a coolie, because an elephant was worth more than any damn Coringhee[19] coolie. And afterwards I was very glad that the coolie had been killed; it put me legally in the right and it gave me a sufficient pretext for shooting the elephant. I often wondered whether any of the others grasped that I had done it solely to avoid looking a fool.

18. *Dahs* are heavy Burmese knives.
19. *Coringhee* is a port in southeastern India.

Class, Colonialism, and the Great War *How does this paragraph reflect the distorted values of British colonialism?*

Assignment #7:

Respond and Think Critically

Please respond to the following questions over "*Shooting an Elephant*" (pgs. 1033-1038) on the space provided below.

1. **Connect to Personal Experience: Which scene in the essay made the strongest impression on you. Explain.**

2. **Draw Conclusions About Author's Viewpoint: According to Orwell, what attitude did the Burmese have toward him and the other Europeans? What do you think accounts for this attitude?**

3. **Conclusions About Theme: How do the reactions of both older and younger Europeans to the shooting of the elephant compare with Orwell's realization at the end of the essay? Looking back, what judgements does Orwell seem to be making about himself and about British imperialism?**

4. **Analyze Motivation: Analyze Orwell's reasons for changing his mind about shooting the elephant. Use text Evidence to explain what his change of mind suggests about his character at the time of the incident.**

5. **Analyze Rhetorical Devices: What effects are created by Orwell's lengthy, detailed description of the elephant's fate? Use passages from the essay to support your answer.**

6. **Analyze Point of View: How does Orwell's perspective on the incident differ from that of the crowd of Burmese natives?**

Pronoun-Antecedent Agreement 1

A pronoun must agree in number, person, and gender with its antecedent. Turn to page 780 in *Write Source*.

Underline any pronoun that does not agree with its antecedent and write the correction above it. Circle the antecedent. If the verb that follows no longer agrees with the pronoun, correct it as well. (Do not circle conjunctions joining compound nouns.)

1. (Dorothy) wanted to entertain ~~its~~ *her* listeners.
2. Carla wanted to go with her friends, so she asked if they could join them.
3. He failed miserably in their leg of the relay race.
4. If you want to understand the reasoning behind my decision, one must review the evidence as I did.
5. His friends asked if he could borrow his car.
6. The car's battery failed on the cold morning because they needed to be recharged.
7. We enjoy summer festivals—it is so much fun!
8. Many competitors invited his or her friends to the chili cook-off.
9. The crowd rose to its feet when he hit the home run.
10. Is either Scott or Kendra taking their dogs to the park? *(Each person has two dogs.)*
11. Each of the girls selected their favorite music.
12. You must learn all the driving rules or one will inevitably get stopped by the highway patrol.
13. One of the trinkets has lost their sheen.
14. Both of the boys are bringing photographs that he took last year.
15. Neither of our dads enjoyed their fishing trip.

Extend: Write three sentences in which the pronouns fail to agree with their antecedents in number, person, or gender. Exchange papers with a classmate and correct each other's errors.

ELPS 5D

Pronoun-Antecedent Agreement 2

A pronoun must agree in number and person with its antecedent. Turn to page 780 in *Write Source*.

Underline any pronoun that does not agree with its antecedent and write the correction above it. Circle the antecedent. If the verb that follows no longer agrees with the pronoun, correct it as well. (Do not circle conjunctions joining compound subjects.)

1. (Terri) and (Denzel) used *their* her heads to win the game.
2. If anyone wants to go with me, you have to be ready in five minutes.
3. One of those girls could have lost their earring.
4. Everybody should make sure they have a ticket.
5. Each of the boys is going to submit their essay to the school paper.
6. Neither Fernando nor Robert knows how to wash their own clothes.
7. The lawn is covered with leaves; soon it will have to be removed.
8. Neither the cats nor the dogs travel well in its cages.
9. When you take homework seriously, you will get more out of one's classes.
10. Rebecca and Tina must clean her rooms.
11. One of the cars parked on campus had their antenna ripped off.
12. Your red hair looks great, as do one's freckles.
13. Each of those girls has created their own Web site.
14. Everyone in the writing workshop must describe their most frightening experience.
15. No one enjoys admitting they made an error.
16. Many students are allowed to choose his or her mentors.
17. My friend and I are practicing tact and courtesy because they want to become personal agents for famous sports stars.
18. The amusement park and the zoo are hiring its summertime help now.

Assignment #9:

Connect to the Story

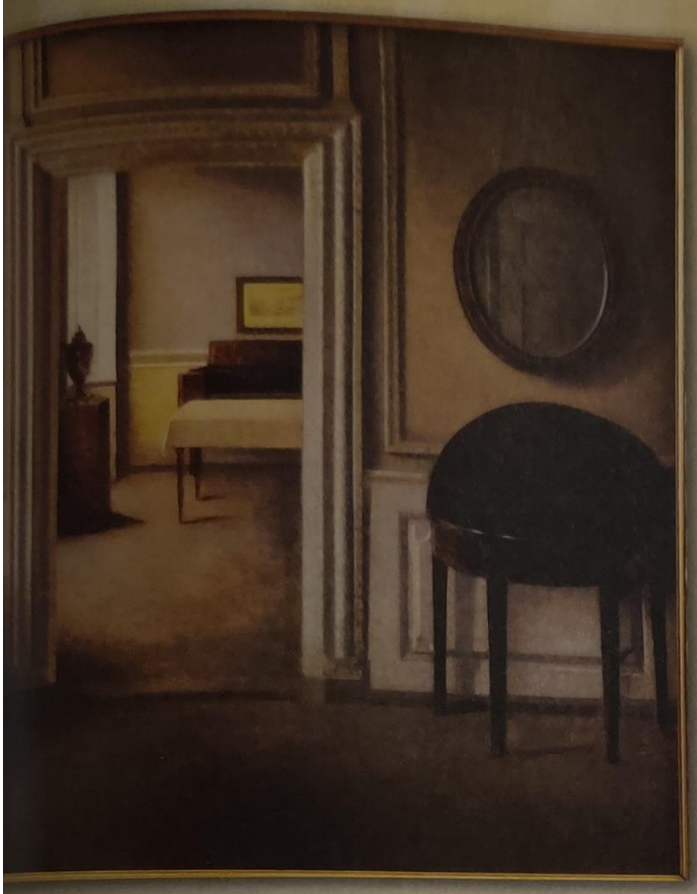
How do you think society views the "ideal woman"?

Assignments #10:

Reading Strategy: Rhetorical Questions

A rhetorical question is a question whose answer is so obvious, they need not be stated. Fill in the chart tracking rhetorical questions Woolf poses throughout the essay. In the right-hand column of the chart, note how Woolf expect her readers to answer each question.

Rhetorical Question	Expected Answer



The Music Room, 30 Strandgade, 1907. Vilhelm Hammershoi. Oil on canvas. Private collection.

View the Art Solitude is a recurring theme in Hammershoi's paintings. What details create a sense of solitude or stillness in this image?

from A Room of One's Own

Virginia Woolf

Here am I asking why women did not write poetry in the Elizabethan age, and I am not sure how they were educated; whether they were taught to write; whether they had sitting-rooms to themselves; how many women had children before they were twenty-one; what, in short, they did from eight in the morning till eight at night. They had no money evidently; according to Professor Trevelyan[1] they were married whether they liked it or not before they were out of the nursery, at fifteen or sixteen very likely. It would have been extremely odd, even upon this showing, had one of them suddenly written the plays of Shakespeare, I concluded, and I thought of that old gentleman, who is dead now, but was a bishop, I think, who declared that it was impossible for any woman, past, present, or to come, to have the genius of Shakespeare. He wrote to the papers about it. He also told a lady who applied to him for information that cats do not as a matter of fact go to heaven, though they have, he added, souls of a sort. How much thinking those old gentlemen used to save one! How the borders of ignorance shrank back at their approach! Cats do not go to heaven. Women cannot write the plays of Shakespeare.

Be that as it may, I could not help thinking, as I looked at the works of Shakespeare on the

1. *Professor Trevelyan* was a British historian and author who often wrote about the history of England.

Analyze Tone *How would you characterize Woolf's tone in the last four sentences of the first paragraph?*

shelf, that the bishop was right at least in this; it would have been impossible, completely and entirely, for any woman to have written the plays of Shakespeare in the age of Shakespeare. Let me imagine, since facts are so hard to come by, what would have happened had Shakespeare had a wonderfully gifted sister, called Judith, let us say. Shakespeare himself went, very probably—his mother was an heiress—to the grammar school, where he may have learnt Latin—Ovid, Virgil, and Horace[2]—and the elements of grammar and logic. He was, it is well known, a wild boy who poached[3] rabbits, perhaps shot a deer, and had, rather sooner than he should have done, to marry a woman in the neighborhood, who bore him a child rather quicker than was right. That escapade[4] sent him to seek his fortune in London. He had, it seemed, a taste for the theater; he began by holding horses at the stage door. Very soon he got work in the theater, became a successful actor, and lived at the hub of the universe, meeting everybody, knowing everybody, practicing his art on the boards,[5] exercising his wits[6] in the streets, and even getting access to the palace of the queen. Meanwhile his extraordinarily gifted sister, let us suppose, remained at home. She was as adventurous, as imaginative, as agog[7] to see the world as he was. But she was not sent to school. She had no chance of learning grammar and logic, let alone of reading Horace and Virgil. She picked up a book now and then, one of her brother's perhaps, and read a few pages. But then her parents came in and told her to mend the stockings or mind the stew and not moon[8] about with books and papers. They would have spoken sharply but kindly, for they were substantial people who knew the conditions of life for a woman and loved their daughter—indeed, more likely than not she was the apple of her father's eye. Perhaps she scribbled some pages up in an apple loft on the sly, but was careful to hide them or set fire to them. Soon, however, before she was out of her teens, she was to be betrothed[9] to the son of a neighboring wool stapler. She cried out that marriage was hateful to her, and for that she was severely beaten by her father. Then he ceased to scold her. He begged her instead not to hurt him, not to shame him in this matter of her marriage. He would give her a chain of beads or a fine petticoat, he said; and there were tears in his eyes. How could she disobey him? How could she break his heart? The force of her own gift alone drove her to it. She made up a small parcel of her belongings, let herself down by a rope one summer's night and took the road to London. She was not seventeen. The birds that sang in the hedge were not more musical than she was. She had the quickest fancy, a gift like her brother's, for the tune of words. Like him, she had a taste for the theater. She stood at the stage door; she wanted to act, she said. Men laughed in her face. The manager—a fat, loose-lipped man—**guffawed.** He bellowed something about poodles dancing and women acting—no woman, he said, could possibly be an actress. He hinted—you can imagine what. She could get no training in her craft. Could she even seek her dinner in a tavern or roam the streets at midnight? Yet her genius was for fiction and lusted to feed abundantly upon the lives of men and women and the study of their ways. At last—for she was very young, oddly like Shakespeare the poet in her face, with the same gray eyes and rounded brows—at last

2. *Ovid, Virgil,* and *Horace* were famous poets from ancient Rome who were commonly studied by students.
3. Here, *poached* means "hunted illegally."
4. An *escapade* is an unconventional adventure.
5. Here, *on the boards* means "onstage."
6. As it is used here, *wits* means "intelligence."
7. *Agog* means "full of interest or anticipation."
8. Here, *moon* means "to wander or pass time aimlessly."
9. *Betrothed* means "engaged to be married."

Argument *Why does Woolf tell the story of the bishop? Why does she imagine that Shakespeare had a sister?*

Argument *What contrast does she use the sister to draw?*

Analyze Tone *What is the tone of the questions in this column? How do they demonstrate Woolf's attitude?*

Vocabulary

guffaw (gu fô′) *v.* to laugh loudly and boisterously

A Maid with a Pail in the Backyard, c. 1660–1661. Pieter de Hooch. Oil on canvas, 48.2 x 42.9 cm. Private collection.

View the Art Pieter de Hooch depicted the domestic, middle class world in which he lived. How does this scene compare to the life Woolf describes for Judith Shakespeare?

Nick Greene the actor-manager took pity on her; she found herself with child by that gentleman and so—who shall measure the heat and violence of the poet's heart when caught and tangled in a woman's body?—killed herself one winter's night and lies buried at some crossroads where the omnibuses[10] now stop outside the Elephant and Castle.

That, more or less, is how the story would run, I think, if a woman in Shakespeare's day had had Shakespeare's genius. But for my part, I agree with the deceased bishop, if such he was—it is unthinkable that any woman in Shakespeare's day should have had Shakespeare's genius. For genius like Shakespeare's is not born among laboring, uneducated, servile people. It was not born in England among the Saxons and the Britons. It is not born today among the working classes. How, then, could it have been born among women whose work began, according to Professor Trevelyan, almost before they were out of the nursery, who were forced to it by their parents and held to it by all the power of law and custom? Yet genius of a sort must have existed among women as it must have existed among the working classes. Now and again an Emily Brontë or a Robert Burns[11] blazes out and proves its presence. But certainly it never got itself on to paper. When, however, one reads of a witch being ducked, of a woman possessed by devils, of a wise woman selling herbs, or even of a very remarkable man who had a mother, then I think we are on the track of a lost novelist, a suppressed poet, of some mute and inglorious Jane Austen,[12] some Emily Brontë who dashed her brains out on the moor

10. *Omnibuses* is another term for "buses."

11. *Brontë* overcame the obstacle of being a woman, and *Burns* overcame the obstacle of being from the working class; both became famous writers.

12. *Some . . . Austen* alludes to a line from Thomas Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," which reads, "Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest."

Modernism *How does the statement "Yet genius of a sort . . ." represent a break with traditional beliefs?*

Interior with Sewing Woman, early nineteenth century. Ascribed to Fedor Petrovich Tolstoi. Oil on canvas, 42 x 46.8 cm. Tretjakov Gallery, Moscow.

View the Art Like the image on page 1103, this painting depicts the life of a middle-class woman. What is the mood of this image? What might Woolf read into it?

or mopped and mowed about the highways crazed with the torture that her gift had put her to. Indeed, I would venture to guess that Anon,[13] who wrote so many poems without signing them, was often a woman. It was a woman Edward FitzGerald,[14] I think, suggested who made the ballads and the folk songs, crooning them to her children, beguiling her spinning with them, or the length of the winter's night.

This may be true or it may be false—who can say?—but what is true in it, so it seemed to me, reviewing the story of Shakespeare's sister as I had made it, is that any woman born with a great gift in the sixteenth century would certainly have gone crazed, shot herself, or ended her days in some lonely cottage outside the village, half witch, half wizard, feared and mocked at. For it needs little skill in psychology to be sure that a highly gifted girl who had tried to use her gift for poetry would have been so **thwarted** and **hindered** by other people, so tortured and pulled asunder by her own contrary instincts, that she must have lost her health and sanity to a certainty. No girl could have walked to London and stood at a stage door and forced her way into the presence of actor-managers without doing herself a violence and suffering an anguish which may have been irrational—for chastity[15] may be a fetish invented by certain societies for unknown reasons—but were none the less inevitable. Chastity had then, it has even now, a religious importance in a woman's life, and has so wrapped itself round with nerves and instincts that to cut it free and bring it to the light of day demands courage of the rarest. To have lived a free life in London in the sixteenth century would have meant for a woman who was poet and playwright a nervous stress and **dilemma** which might well have killed her. Had she survived, whatever she had written would have been twisted and deformed, issuing from a strained and **morbid** imagination. And undoubtedly, I thought, looking at the shelf where there are no plays by women, her work would have gone unsigned.

13. *Anon* is the abbreviation for "Anonymous."
14. *Edward FitzGerald* was an English poet and translator.

Vocabulary

thwart (thwôrt) *v.* to prevent from doing or achieving something

hinder (hin′ dər) *v.* to make difficult the progress of; to hold back

15. *Chastity* is the quality or state of being morally pure.

Argument *How does Woolf's argument support her concluding statement?*

Vocabulary

dilemma (di lem′ ə) *n.* a situation requiring a choice between equally undesirable alternatives

morbid (môr′ bid) *adj.* overly sensitive to death and decay; not cheerful or wholesome

Assignment #11:

Respond and Think Critically

Please respond to the following questions over "from *A Room of One's Own*" (pgs. 1101-1104) on the space provided below.

1. **Connect to Personal Experience: What was your response to Woolf's argument?**

2. **Analyze Analogy: How does Woolf feel about the bishop's comments about women? Summarize and explain the extended analogy in the second paragraph, which Woolf uses to support her view.**

3. **Draw Conclusions About Diction: In the third paragraph, who is "Anon"? What point does Woolf make through the use of this name?**

4. **Draw Conclusions About Theme: What is the main message of Woolf's essay? Cite specific passages from the essay to support your claim.**

5. **Analyze Historical Context: How do you think a sixteenth-century Englishman might describe the "ideal woman"? IN your opinion are Woolf's views still relevant today?**

6. **Analyze Motivation: Analyze Orwell's reasons for changing his mind about shooting the elephant. Use text Evidence to explain what his change of mind suggests about his character at the time of the incident.**

7. **Analyze Rhetorical Devices: What effects are created by Orwell's lengthy, detailed description of the elephant's fate? Use passages from the essay to support your answer.**

8. **Analyze Point of View: How does Orwell's perspective on the incident differ from that of the crowd of Burmese natives?**

Using the Right Word 1

For help with this exercise, turn to the list of commonly misused words on pages 708 and 710 in *Write Source*.

Underline the correct word in each set of choices in the following sentences.

1. Most theaters use small safety lights to light the *(aisles, isles)*.
2. Labor Day is one of many *(annual, biannual)* events in the United States.
3. Antoine's careless use of the table saw resulted in a *(bad, badly)* injured hand.
4. The members of the Central High School band were extremely pleased with the *(amount, number)* of students from area schools who attended the concert.
5. After the destructive storm had passed, volunteers searched *(among, between)* the shattered houses looking for injured people.
6. Passengers anxiously glanced at their watches, knowing that the train was *(already, all ready)* half an hour late.
7. After removing the starter motor from the truck's engine, the mechanic set the motor *(beside, besides)* his ohmmeter.
8. Ice buildup on the wings of an airplane can have an adverse *(affect, effect)* on the plane's ability to fly.
9. A good leader is willing to *(accept, except)* responsibility for mistakes that he or she has made.
10. *(Among, Between)* the foothills and the majestic mountain range, a river full of glacial silt continuously cuts its way through the wide plateau.
11. As the driver set the truck's plow down, he could tell that although this was not a record *(amount, number)* of snow, there was still a lot of work to do.

Using the Right Word 2

Turn to pages 712 and 714 in *Write Source* for help with this exercise.

Choose the correct word from the list below to fill the blanks.

brake, break; cereal, serial; chord, cord; chose, choose; complement, compliment; continual, continuous; desert, dessert; different from, different than; fewer, less

1. After two hours of piano practice before her concert, Camille took a _break_.
2. Camille decided to play _____ pieces than she had first planned.
3. She didn't want to eat a big meal, so she poured herself a bowl of _____.
4. She knew there would be a _____ reception after the concert.
5. After her snack, Camille started practicing a difficult _____ sequence.
6. Previously, one critic had written a _____ about her obvious hard work.
7. For this evening's concert, Camille _____ an elegant black dress.
8. Around her neck, Camille wore a gold pendant on a blue-black _____.
9. She wanted this concert to be _____ all her other concerts.
10. Her practices had been _____ for the last month—an hour each day.
11. Camille's practice paid off as her playing now took _____ effort.
12. Before driving to the concert hall, she took a moment to _____ a CD.
13. She released the parking _____ and began the 20-minute trip.
14. At the concert, Camille placed a rose on the piano to _____ her performance.
15. When she finished, the audience rewarded her with a long minute of _____ applause.

Extend: Write a sentence for each one of the following words: *complement, desert, different than, serial.*