

Objective

To be flexible, patient,
and focused on our
students.

Our Vision

Every Child Has Every
Chance To Learn

Our Mission

To graduate students
with the ability to
Read, Think and
Communicate.

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Mrs. McCollum and Ms. Thomas' English Class

Please feel free to contact either one of us with any concerns that you have during this time of distance learning. Stay safe, and know that we surely miss seeing you all!

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Date: _____

Homophones Worksheet (there, their, they're) Part 1 ELA-Literacy.L.4.1g

A homophone is a word that is pronounced the same as another word but has a different meaning.

there- towards a location

their- shows ownership

they're- they are

Directions: Write which version of (there, their, they're) that best completes each sentence.

Example A- Did they get _____ magazine yet? (there, their, they're)
Answer- their

1. Look over _____ at the condition of the house. (there, their, they're)
2. Please place the furniture over _____. (there, their, they're)
3. It was _____ opportunity but they blew it. (there, their, they're)
4. _____ going to college in a couple years. (there, their, they're)
5. _____ next available day is Monday. (there, their, they're)
6. Is spelling _____ major issue? (there, their, they're)
7. _____ one of the best baseball teams. (there, their, they're)
8. Please don't lose _____ luggage. (there, their, they're)
9. Look over _____ so you can see the president. (there, their, they're)
10. It's dangerous over _____. (there, their, they're)
11. _____ opportunity has passed them by. (there, their, they're)
12. _____ enemy is planning an attack. (there, their, they're)

Name:

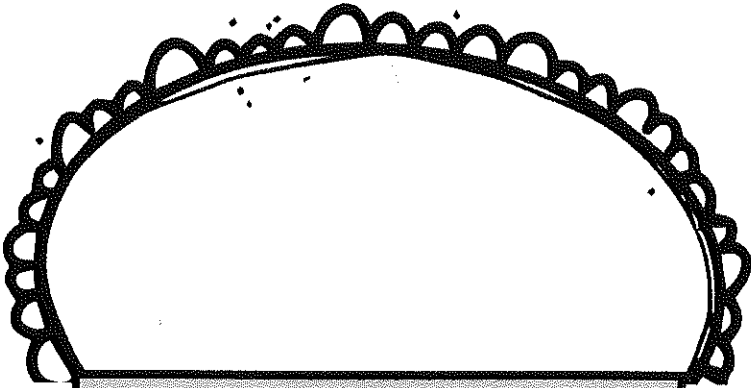
Date:

WORD OF THE DAY:

SALARY

DEFINITION

This is the fixed amount of money make every month or year



SKETCH

QUESTION

What is one example of a career that pays a SALARY?

.....

MATH TIME

If you make \$65,000 a year on a salary, how much do you make in one month?

If you make \$2,346 a month, what would your salary be for the year?

SENTENCE

Write a sentence using the word SALARY.

.....

.....

.....

ENGLISH I

9th grade

Dear parents and students,

I'm using Remind to help keep you informed about important news and updates. Remind is a **free** service that allows you to get messages directly on your phone.

Joining my class on Remind is easy. You can choose whether you prefer text messages or smartphone notifications.

Signing up for text messages

1. Text your teacher's class code (found on the front page of your packet) to the phone number 81010.
2. Reply to the text messages from the Remind team.

Signing up for smartphone notifications

1. Download the Remind app on your Android or iOS device. Click here for a link to the apps: rmd.me/a
2. Open the app and create an account (or log in if you already have one).
3. Tap the + by classes joined and enter my class code @[93ceek].

That's all you need to do to start receiving messages!

*See Your teacher's code
on page 7*

A few other things you might like to know:

- Our personal contact information (like cell phone numbers) will not be visible on Remind.
- All of our messages will be recorded in communication logs that you can access and download.
- I may choose to receive messages on Remind.

If you have any questions, please feel free to contact me. I'm looking forward to connecting with you!

Name: _____ Class: _____

I Have a Dream

By Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.
1963

Martin Luther King, Jr. (1929-1968) was an American Baptist minister and activist who was a leader in the Civil Rights Movement. He worked to end racial discrimination against African Americans throughout his life. King delivered his iconic "I Have a Dream" speech to over 250,000 people from the steps of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C., during the March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom on August 28, 1963. In this speech, King discusses racial inequality in America and his hopes for African Americans' civil rights. As you read, take note of how King uses figurative language and how it contributes to the development of the central ideas of his speech.

- [1] I am happy to join with you today in what will go down in history as the greatest demonstration for freedom in the history of our nation.

Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand today,¹ signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their captivity.



"Martin Luther King Jr. 'I Have a Dream' Speech" by National Archives is licensed under CC BY-SA 4.0.

But 100 years later, the Negro still is not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled² by the manacles³ of segregation and the chains of discrimination. One hundred years later, the Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later, the Negro is still languished⁴ in the corners of American society and finds himself an exile⁵ in his own land. And so we've come here today to dramatize a shameful condition.

In a sense we've come to our nation's capital to cash a check. When the architects of our republic wrote the magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, they were signing a promissory note⁶ to which every American was to fall heir. This note was a promise that all men, yes, black men as well as white men, would be guaranteed the "unalienable⁷ Rights" of "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note, insofar as her citizens of color are concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given the Negro people a bad check, a check which has come back marked "Insufficient funds."

1. Referring to the Lincoln Memorial
2. **Crippled** (*adjective*): severely disabled
3. a metal band, chain, or shackle
4. **Languish** (*verb*): to suffer from being forced to remain in an unpleasant place or situation
5. **Exile** (*noun*): a person who is forced to live away from their native country
6. a signed document containing a written promise to pay a stated sum to a specified person
7. unable to be taken away from or given away by the possessor

- [5] But we refuse to believe that the bank of justice is bankrupt. We refuse to believe that there are insufficient funds in the great vaults of opportunity of this nation. And so, we've come to cash this check, a check that will give us upon demand the riches of freedom and the security of justice.

We have also come to this hallowed⁸ spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of now. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing⁹ drug of gradualism.¹⁰ Now is the time to make real the promises of democracy. Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate¹¹ valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice. Now is the time to lift our nation from the quicksands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood. Now is the time to make justice a reality for all of God's children.

It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the moment. This sweltering¹² summer of the Negro's legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating¹³ autumn of freedom and equality. 1963 is not an end, but a beginning. And those who hope that the Negro needed to blow off steam and will now be content will have a rude awakening if the nation returns to business as usual. And there will be neither rest nor tranquility in America until the Negro is granted his citizenship rights. The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges.

But there is something that I must say to my people, who stand on the warm threshold which leads into the palace of justice: In the process of gaining our rightful place, we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds. Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred. We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline. We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate¹⁴ into physical violence. Again and again, we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force.

The marvelous new militancy¹⁵ which has engulfed¹⁶ the Negro community must not lead us to a distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny. And they have come to realize that their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom.

- [10] We cannot walk alone.

And as we walk, we must make the pledge that we shall always march ahead.

We cannot turn back.

8. **Hallowed** (*adjective*): holy
9. **Tranquillize** (*verb*): to make calm
10. **Gradualism** (*noun*): the policy of approaching a desired end by gradual steps
11. **Desolate** (*adjective*): deserted or empty
12. **Sweltering** (*adjective*): oppressively hot
13. **Invigorate** (*verb*): to give life and energy to
14. **Degenerate** (*verb*): to sink into a low intellectual or moral state
15. **Militancy** (*noun*): the state of being aggressively active in a cause
16. **Engulf** (*verb*): to sweep over

There are those who are asking the devotees¹⁷ of civil rights, "When will you be satisfied?" We can never be satisfied as long as the Negro is the victim of the unspeakable horrors of police brutality. We can never be satisfied as long as our bodies, heavy with the fatigue of travel, cannot gain lodging in the motels of the highways and the hotels of the cities. We cannot be satisfied as long as the negro's basic mobility is from a smaller ghetto¹⁸ to a larger one. We can never be satisfied as long as our children are stripped of their self-hood and robbed of their dignity by signs stating: "For Whites Only." We cannot be satisfied as long as a Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and a Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote. No, no, we are not satisfied, and we will not be satisfied until "justice rolls down like waters, and righteousness like a mighty stream."¹⁹

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations. Some of you have come fresh from narrow jail cells. And some of you have come from areas where your quest — quest for freedom left you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the winds of police brutality. You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive.²⁰ Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to South Carolina, go back to Georgia, go back to Louisiana, go back to the slums and ghettos of our northern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed.

[15] Let us not wallow in the valley of despair, I say to you today, my friends.

And so even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream.

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed:²¹ "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal."²²

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia, the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis²³ of freedom and justice.

[20] I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.

I have a *dream* today!

I have a dream that one day, down in Alabama, with its vicious racists, with its governor having his lips dripping with the words of "interposition"²⁴ and "nullification"²⁵ — one day right there in Alabama little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers.

17. **Devotee** (*noun*): a person who is enthusiastically committed to a cause

18. a part of a city in which members of a minority group live, especially because of social, legal, or economic pressure

19. This is a Bible verse from Amos 5:24.

20. **Redemptive** (*adjective*): acting to save someone from error or evil

21. a set of beliefs or aims that guide someone's actions

22. This quote comes from the Declaration of Independence.

23. An oasis is a fertile location in a desert with water and plants.

24. **Interposition** (*noun*): the act of intervening

25. **Nullification** (*noun*): the act of making something of no value or consequence

I have a *dream* today!

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted,²⁶ and every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight; "and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together."²⁷

[25] This is our hope, and this is the faith that I go back to the South with.

With this faith, we will be able to hew²⁸ out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith, we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith, we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

And this will be the day — this will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with new meaning:

My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing.

Land where my fathers died, land of the Pilgrim's pride,

*From every mountainside, let freedom ring!*²⁹

And if America is to be a great nation, this must become true.

[30] And so let freedom ring from the prodigious³⁰ hilltops of New Hampshire.

Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York.

Let freedom ring from the heichtening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania.

Let freedom ring from the snow-capped Rockies of Colorado.

Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of California.

[35]

But not only that:

Let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia.

Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee.

Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill of Mississippi.

26. **Exalted** (*adjective*): placed at a high or powerful level

27. This paragraph contains language and quotes from Bible verses Isaiah 40:4-5.

28. to chop or cut something

29. These lines are verses from "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," a patriotic song written in 1831 by Samuel Francis Smith.

30. **Prodigious** (*adjective*): remarkably or impressively great

[40] From every mountainside, let freedom ring.

And when this happens, and when we allow freedom ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet,³¹ from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when *all* of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual:

Free at last! Free at last!

Thank God Almighty, we are free at last!

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31. a small settlement, generally one smaller than a village

Name:
Date:
Period:

English I
9th

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MPHS: 903-575-2020

Martin Luther King's "I Have a Dream" (speech attached)

After reading the attached speech, answer the questions below and make sure to provide evidence for each of your answers. Also, please keep in mind that the speech is on youtube, so you can listen to it, and follow along in the text, if you are able to do so.

1. Who is the 'audience' in this speech? Provide evidence.
2. What is MLK's purpose for writing/ speaking to this audience? Provide evidence
3. Give the definition for 'momentous' then provide a 'momentous' time in your life.

Define these words:

- Demonstration:
- Symbolic:
- Discrimination:
- Pursuit:
- Insufficient:

Name:
Date:
Period:

4. Did King use ethos, pathos, or logos in his speech. You MUST support your answer.

Look at lines 45-58

5. What does this passage mean? What is King trying to persuade the people to do?
6. Do you believe this is how today's society delegates their protest? (calmly and with dignity) Why or why not? You MUST be able to support yourself reasonably.
7. What does King mean by the term "soul force"? (line 52)
8. How do you personally react to King's speech about violence?
9. What is the message King is sending to both black and white citizens?

ENGLISH II

10th grade

English II

Lesson Materials for March 30 - April 3, 2020

Literary Fiction Text

This is uncharted territory for us all. Ideally, we would love to be teaching you in person, but for the sake of all of our health, it is best that we do it this way. We miss you!

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Ms. Duey - dduey@mpisd.net

Ms. Lunsford - blunsford@mpisd.net (Use current Remind account)

Mrs. McCollum - kmccollum@mpisd.net and for Remind - send text to 81010 with message @8fecd9

Mrs. Nickerson - snickerson@mpisd.net and for Remind - send text to 81010 with message @68g627

Ms. Priefert - apriefert@mpisd.net (Use current Remind & Schoology accounts)

Enrichment Assignments - Read "The Open Window" and complete the multiple choice, short answer questions, and the vocabulary assignment.

Supplemental Assignments - Subjects will be assigned in IXL. www.ixl.com/signin/mpisd

Questions - If you have any questions at all, you can contact your teacher through their **email** or **Remind** accounts.



Name: _____ Class: _____

The Open Window

By Saki
1914

A British author who wrote under the pen name Saki, Hector Hugh Munro (1870-1916) is well-known for his satires of British society in the early 20th century. In this story, a man with a nervous condition has an unexpected encounter out in the country. As you read, take notes on how Mr. Nuttel feels about his two hosts.

- [1] "My aunt will be down presently, Mr. Nuttel," said a very self-possessed¹ young lady of fifteen; "in the meantime you must try and put up with me."

Framton Nuttel endeavored² to say the correct something which should duly³ flatter the niece of the moment without unduly discounting the aunt that was to come. Privately he doubted more than ever whether these formal visits on a succession of total strangers would do much towards helping the nerve cure⁴ which he was supposed to be undergoing.



"20090222 through the window" by open-arms is licensed under CC BY-NC-ND 2.0

"I know how it will be," his sister had said when he was preparing to migrate to this rural retreat; "you will bury yourself down there and not speak to a living soul, and your nerves will be worse than ever from moping. I shall just give you letters of introduction to all the people I know there. Some of them, as far as I can remember, were quite nice."

Framton wondered whether Mrs. Sappleton, the lady to whom he was presenting one of the letters of introduction came into the nice division.

- [5] "Do you know many of the people round here?" asked the niece, when she judged that they had had sufficient silent communion.

"Hardly a soul," said Framton. "My sister was staying here, at the rectory,⁵ you know, some four years ago, and she gave me letters of introduction to some of the people here."

He made the last statement in a tone of distinct regret.

"Then you know practically nothing about my aunt?" pursued the self-possessed young lady.

1. **Self-possessed (adjective):** calm and confident
2. **Endeavor (verb):** to make an effort to do something
3. properly
4. Nervous conditions were often diagnosed in the late 1800s and early 1900s. The category included a variety of symptoms and conditions that we might refer to today as anxiety, depression, personality disorders, etc. Rest cures and camp cures (periods of enforced rest and retreats) were popular treatments for nervous conditions, though their effectiveness was questionable and often temporary.
5. A rectory is the residence, or a former residence, of priests or other ministers of religion.

"Only her name and address," admitted the caller. He was wondering whether Mrs. Sappleton was in the married or widowed state. An undefinable something about the room seemed to suggest masculine habitation.

- [10] "Her great tragedy happened just three years ago," said the child; "that would be since your sister's time."

"Her tragedy?" asked Framton; somehow in this restful country spot tragedies seemed out of place.

"You may wonder why we keep that window wide open on an October afternoon," said the niece, indicating a large French window that opened on to a lawn.

"It is quite warm for the time of the year," said Framton; "but has that window got anything to do with the tragedy?"

"Out through that window, three years ago to a day, her husband and her two young brothers went off for their day's shooting. They never came back. In crossing the moor to their favorite snipe-shooting ground they were all three engulfed in a treacherous piece of bog. It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years gave way suddenly without warning. Their bodies were never recovered. That was the dreadful part of it." Here the child's voice lost its self-possessed note and became falteringly⁶ human. "Poor aunt always thinks that they will come back someday, they and the little brown spaniel that was lost with them, and walk in at that window just as they used to do. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it is quite dusk. Poor dear aunt, she has often told me how they went out, her husband with his white waterproof coat over his arm, and Ronnie, her youngest brother, singing 'Bertie, why do you bound?' as he always did to tease her, because she said it got on her nerves. Do you know, sometimes on still, quiet evenings like this, I almost get a creepy feeling that they will all walk in through that window —"

- [15] She broke off with a little shudder. It was a relief to Framton when the aunt bustled into the room with a whirl of apologies for being late in making her appearance.

"I hope Vera has been amusing you?" she said.

"She has been very interesting," said Framton.

"I hope you don't mind the open window," said Mrs. Sappleton briskly; "my husband and brothers will be home directly from shooting, and they always come in this way. They've been out for snipe in the marshes today, so they'll make a fine mess over my poor carpets. So like you menfolk, isn't it?"

She rattled on cheerfully about the shooting and the scarcity of birds, and the prospects for duck in the winter. To Framton it was all purely horrible. He made a desperate but only partially successful effort to turn the talk on to a less ghastly topic, he was conscious that his hostess was giving him only a fragment of her attention, and her eyes were constantly straying past him to the open window and the lawn beyond. It was certainly an unfortunate coincidence that he should have paid his visit on this tragic anniversary.

6. **Falter** (*verb*): to stumble or hesitate in speech

[20] "The doctors agree in ordering me complete rest, an absence of mental excitement, and avoidance of anything in the nature of violent physical exercise," announced Framton, who labored under the tolerably widespread delusion that total strangers and chance acquaintances are hungry for the least detail of one's ailments and infirmities, their cause and cure. "On the matter of diet they are not so much in agreement," he continued.

"No?" said Mrs. Sappleton, in a voice which only replaced a yawn at the last moment. Then she suddenly brightened into alert attention — but not to what Framton was saying.

"Here they are at last!" she cried. "Just in time for tea, and don't they look as if they were muddy up to the eyes!"

Framton shivered slightly and turned towards the niece with a look intended to convey sympathetic comprehension. The child was staring out through the open window with a dazed horror in her eyes. In a chill shock of nameless fear Framton swung round in his seat and looked in the same direction.

In the deepening twilight three figures were walking across the lawn towards the window, they all carried guns under their arms, and one of them was additionally burdened with a white coat hung over his shoulders. A tired brown spaniel kept close at their heels. Noiselessly they neared the house, and then a hoarse young voice chanted out of the dusk: "I said, Bertie, why do you bound?"

[25] Framton grabbed wildly at his stick and hat; the hall door, the gravel drive, and the front gate were dimly noted stages in his headlong retreat. A cyclist coming along the road had to run into the hedge to avoid imminent⁷ collision.

"Here we are, my dear," said the bearer of the white mackintosh,⁸ coming in through the window, "fairly muddy, but most of it's dry. Who was that who bolted out as we came up?"

"A most extraordinary man, a Mr. Nuttel," said Mrs. Sappleton; "could only talk about his illnesses, and dashed off without a word of goodby or apology when you arrived. One would think he had seen a ghost."

"I expect it was the spaniel," said the niece calmly; "he told me he had a horror of dogs. He was once hunted into a cemetery somewhere on the banks of the Ganges by a pack of pariah⁹ dogs, and had to spend the night in a newly dug grave with the creatures snarling and grinning and foaming just above him. Enough to make anyone lose their nerve."

Romance at short notice was her speciality.

"The Open Window" by Saki is in the public domain.

7. **Imminent** (*adjective*): about to take place
8. A Mackintosh is a type of raincoat.
9. **Pariah** (*adjective*): rejected or outcast

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. Which of the following expresses a main theme of the text?
 - A. People often have trouble letting go of distressing past experiences.
 - B. Skillful storytellers can make others believe the tales that they spin.
 - C. Having fun at another's expense is okay as long as no one gets hurt.
 - D. Once one has started telling lies, it can become difficult to stop.

2. How does Vera's narration in paragraph 14 help build suspense?
 - A. It creates suspense by portraying the three men as wandering spirits who continue to haunt the countryside.
 - B. It creates suspense by hinting at the possibility of someone or something entering through the window later in the story.
 - C. It creates suspense by coming to an abrupt end before Vera is able to explain what supposedly happened to the three men out on the moor.
 - D. It creates suspense by exhibiting minor inconsistencies, which suggest that Vera, for some unknown reason, is lying to Mr. Nuttel.

3. What does the term "romance" most likely mean as used in paragraph 29?
 - A. a tendency to daydream
 - B. an exciting story or exaggeration
 - C. a tale about the experience of love
 - D. a mysterious or charming quality

4. Reread paragraphs 18-27 and then compare the perspectives of Mrs. Sappleton and Mr. Nuttel. How do the differences between their points of view create humor?

WORD

DEFINITION

Self-possessed (ADJ)

Endeavor (Verb)

1. ANTONYM AND 1 SYNONYM
OR PICTURE

2. SENTENCES USING THE
WORD!!!

Duly (ADV)

Rectory (Noun)

WORD

Falter (Verb)

1. ANTONYM AND 1 SYNONYM
OR PICTURE

DEFINITION

Imminent (ADJ)

2 SENTENCES USING THE
WORD!!!

For this 4-square, choose one word (not already used)
from the text you did not know and fill in the blanks.

Pariah (ADJ)

ENGLISH III

11th grade

AN OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE

by

Ambrose Bierce

THE MILLENNIUM FULCRUM EDITION, 1988

A man stood upon a railroad bridge in northern Alabama, looking down into the swift water twenty feet below. The man's hands were behind his back, the wrists bound with a cord. A rope closely encircled his neck. It was attached to a stout cross-timber above his head and the slack fell to the level of his knees. Some loose boards laid upon the ties supporting the rails of the railway supplied a footing for him and his executioners—two private soldiers of the Federal army, directed by a sergeant who in civil life may have been a deputy sheriff. At a short remove upon the same temporary platform was an officer in the uniform of his rank, armed. He was a captain. A sentinel at each end of the bridge stood with his rifle in the position known as "support," that is to say, vertical in front of the left shoulder, the hammer resting on the forearm thrown straight across the chest—a formal and unnatural position, enforcing an erect carriage of the body. It did not appear to be the duty of these two men to know what was occurring at the center of the bridge; they merely blockaded the two ends of the foot planking that traversed it.

Beyond one of the sentinels nobody was in sight; the railroad ran straight away into a forest for a hundred yards, then, curving, was lost to view. Doubtless there was an outpost farther along. The other bank of the stream was open ground—a gentle slope topped with a stockade of vertical tree trunks, loopholed for rifles, with a single embrasure through which protruded the muzzle of a brass cannon commanding the bridge. Midway up the slope between the bridge and fort were the spectators—a single company of infantry in line, at "parade rest," the butts of their rifles on the ground, the barrels inclining slightly backward against the right shoulder, the hands crossed upon the stock. A lieutenant stood at the right of the line, the point of his sword upon the ground, his left hand resting upon his right. Excepting the group of four at the center of the bridge, not a man moved. The company faced the bridge, staring stonily, motionless. The sentinels, facing the banks of the stream, might have been statues to adorn the bridge. The captain stood with folded arms, silent, observing the work of his subordinates, but making no sign. Death is a dignity who when he comes announced is to be received with formal manifestations of respect, even by those most familiar with him. In the code of military etiquette silence and fixity are forms of deference.

The man who was engaged in being hanged was apparently about thirty-five years of age. He was a civilian, if one might judge from his habit, which was that of a planter. His features were good—a straight nose, firm mouth, broad forehead, from which his long, dark hair was combed straight back, falling behind his ears to the collar of his well fitting frock coat. He wore a moustache and pointed beard, but no whiskers; his eyes were large and dark gray, and had a kindly expression which one would hardly have expected in one whose neck was in the hemp. Evidently this was no vulgar assassin. The liberal military code makes provision for hanging many kinds of persons, and gentlemen are not excluded.

The preparations being complete, the two private soldiers stepped aside and each drew away the plank upon which he had been standing. The sergeant turned to the captain, saluted and placed himself immediately behind that officer, who in turn moved apart one pace. These movements left the condemned man and the sergeant standing on the two ends of the same plank, which spanned three of the cross-ties of the bridge. The end upon which the civilian stood almost, but not quite, reached a fourth. This plank had been held in place by the weight of the captain; it was now held by that of the sergeant. At a signal from the former the latter would step aside, the plank would tilt and the condemned man go down between two ties. The arrangement commended itself to his judgement as simple and effective. His face had not been covered nor his eyes bandaged. He looked a moment at his "unsteadfast footing," then let his gaze wander to the swirling water of the stream racing madly beneath his feet. A piece of dancing driftwood caught his attention and his eyes followed it down the current. How slowly it appeared to move! What a sluggish stream!

He closed his eyes in order to fix his last thoughts upon his wife and children. The water, touched to gold by the early sun, the brooding mists under the banks at some distance down the stream, the fort, the soldiers, the piece of drift—all had distracted him. And now he became conscious of a new disturbance. Striking through the thought of his dear ones was sound which he could neither ignore nor understand, a sharp, distinct, metallic percussion like the stroke of a blacksmith's hammer upon the anvil; it had the same ringing quality. He wondered what it was, and whether immeasurably distant or near by—it seemed both. Its recurrence was regular, but as slow as the tolling of a death knell. He awaited each new stroke with impatience and—he knew not why—apprehension. The intervals of silence grew progressively longer; the delays became maddening. With their greater infrequency the sounds increased in strength and sharpness. They hurt his ear like the thrust of a knife; he feared he would shriek. What he heard was the ticking of his watch.

He unclosed his eyes and saw again the water below him. "If I could free my hands," he thought, "I might throw off the noose and spring into the stream. By diving I could evade the bullets and, swimming vigorously, reach the bank, take to the woods and get away home. My home, thank God, is as yet outside their lines; my wife and little ones are still beyond the invader's farthest advance."

As these thoughts, which have here to be set down in words, were flashed into the doomed man's brain rather than evolved from it the captain nodded to the sergeant. The sergeant stepped aside.

II

Peyton Farquhar was a well to do planter, of an old and highly respected Alabama family. Being a slave owner and like other slave owners a politician, he was naturally an original secessionist and ardently devoted to the Southern cause. Circumstances of an imperious nature, which it is unnecessary to relate here, had prevented him from taking service with that gallant army which had fought the disastrous campaigns ending with the fall of Corinth, and he chafed under the inglorious restraint, longing for the release of his energies, the larger life of the soldier, the opportunity for distinction. That opportunity, he felt, would come, as it comes to all in wartime. Meanwhile he did what he could. No service was too humble for him to perform in the aid of the South, no adventure too perilous for him to undertake if consistent with the character of a civilian who was at heart a soldier, and who in good faith and without too much qualification assented to at least a part of the frankly villainous dictum that all is fair in love and war.

One evening while Farquhar and his wife were sitting on a rustic bench near the entrance to his grounds, a gray-clad soldier rode up to the gate and asked for a drink of water. Mrs. Farquhar was only too happy to serve him with her own white hands. While she was fetching the water her husband approached the dusty horseman and inquired eagerly for news from the front.

"The Yanks are repairing the railroads," said the man, "and are getting ready for another advance. They have reached the Owl Creek bridge, put it in order and built a stockade on the north bank. The commandant has issued an order, which is posted everywhere, declaring that any civilian caught interfering with the railroad, its bridges, tunnels, or trains will be summarily hanged. I saw the order."

"How far is it to the Owl Creek bridge?" Farquhar asked.

"About thirty miles."

"Is there no force on this side of the creek?"

"Only a picket post half a mile out, on the railroad, and a single sentinel at this end of the bridge."

"Suppose a man—a civilian and student of hanging—should elude the picket post and perhaps get the better of the sentinel," said Farquhar, smiling, "what could he accomplish?"

The soldier reflected. "I was there a month ago," he replied. "I observed that the flood of last winter had lodged a great quantity of driftwood against the wooden pier at this end of the bridge. It is now dry and would burn like tinder."

The lady had now brought the water, which the soldier drank. He thanked her ceremoniously, bowed to her husband and rode away. An hour later, after nightfall, he repassed the plantation, going northward in the direction from which he had come. He was a Federal scout.

III

As Peyton Farquhar fell straight downward through the bridge he lost consciousness and was as one already dead. From this state he was awakened—ages later, it seemed to him—by the pain of a sharp pressure upon his throat, followed by a sense of suffocation. Keen, poignant agonies seemed to shoot from his neck downward through every fiber of his body and limbs. These pains appeared to flash along well defined lines of ramification and to beat with an inconceivably rapid periodicity. They seemed like streams of pulsating fire heating him to an intolerable temperature. As to his head, he was conscious of nothing but a feeling of fullness—of congestion. These sensations were unaccompanied by thought. The intellectual part of his nature was already effaced; he had power only to feel, and feeling was torment. He was conscious of motion. Encompassed in a luminous cloud, of which he was now merely the fiery heart, without material substance, he swung through unthinkable arcs of oscillation, like a vast pendulum. Then all at once, with terrible suddenness, the light about him shot upward with the noise of a loud splash; a frightful roaring was in his ears, and all was cold and dark. The power of thought was restored; he knew that the rope had broken and he had fallen into the stream. There was no additional strangulation; the noose about his neck was already suffocating him and kept the water from his lungs. To die of hanging at the bottom of a river!—the idea seemed to him ludicrous. He opened his eyes in the darkness and saw above him a gleam of light, but how distant, how inaccessible! He was still sinking, for the light became fainter and fainter until it was a mere glimmer. Then it began to grow and brighten, and he knew that he was rising toward the surface—knew it with reluctance, for he was now very comfortable. "To be hanged and drowned," he thought, "that is not so bad; but I do not wish to be shot. No; I will not be shot; that is not fair."

He was not conscious of an effort, but a sharp pain in his wrist apprised him that he was trying to free his hands. He gave the struggle his attention, as an idler might observe the feat of a juggler, without interest in the outcome. What splendid effort!—what magnificent, what superhuman strength! Ah, that was a fine endeavor! Bravo! The cord fell away; his arms parted and floated upward, the hands dimly seen on each

side in the growing light. He watched them with a new interest as first one and then the other pounced upon the noose at his neck. They tore it away and thrust it fiercely aside, its undulations resembling those of a water snake. "Put it back, put it back!" He thought he shouted these words to his hands, for the undoing of the noose had been succeeded by the direst pang that he had yet experienced. His neck ached horribly; his brain was on fire, his heart, which had been fluttering faintly, gave a great leap, trying to force itself out at his mouth. His whole body was racked and wrenched with an insupportable anguish! But his disobedient hands gave no heed to the command. They beat the water vigorously with quick, downward strokes, forcing him to the surface. He felt his head emerge; his eyes were blinded by the sunlight; his chest expanded convulsively, and with a supreme and crowning agony his lungs engulfed a great draught of air, which instantly he expelled in a shriek!

He was now in full possession of his physical senses. They were, indeed, preternaturally keen and alert. Something in the awful disturbance of his organic system had so exalted and refined them that they made record of things never before perceived. He felt the ripples upon his face and heard their separate sounds as they struck. He looked at the forest on the bank of the stream, saw the individual trees, the leaves and the veining of each leaf—he saw the very insects upon them: the locusts, the brilliant bodied flies, the gray spiders stretching their webs from twig to twig. He noted the prismatic colors in all the dewdrops upon a million blades of grass. The humming of the gnats that danced above the eddies of the stream, the beating of the dragon flies' wings, the strokes of the water spiders' legs, like oars which had lifted their boat—all these made audible music. A fish slid along beneath his eyes and he heard the rush of its body parting the water.

He had come to the surface facing down the stream; in a moment the visible world seemed to wheel slowly round, himself the pivotal point, and he saw the bridge, the fort, the soldiers upon the bridge, the captain, the sergeant, the two privates, his executioners. They were in silhouette against the blue sky. They shouted and gesticulated, pointing at him. The captain had drawn his pistol, but did not fire; the others were unarmed. Their movements were grotesque and horrible, their forms gigantic.

Suddenly he heard a sharp report and something struck the water smartly within a few inches of his head, spattering his face with spray. He heard a second report, and saw one of the sentinels with his rifle at his shoulder, a light cloud of blue smoke rising from the muzzle. The man in the water saw the eye of the man on the bridge gazing into his own through the sights of the rifle. He observed that it was a gray eye and remembered having read that gray eyes were keenest, and that all famous marksmen had them. Nevertheless, this one had missed.

A counter-swirl had caught Farquhar and turned him half round; he was again looking at the forest on the bank opposite the fort. The sound of a clear, high voice in a monotonous singsong now rang out behind him and came across the water with a distinctness that pierced and subdued all other sounds, even the beating of the ripples in his ears. Although no soldier, he had frequented camps enough to know the dread significance of that deliberate, drawling, aspirated chant; the lieutenant on shore was taking a part in the morning's work. How coldly and pitilessly—with what an even, calm intonation, presaging, and enforcing tranquility in the men—with what accurately measured interval fell those cruel words:

"Company!... Attention!... Shoulder arms!... Ready!... Aim!... Fire!"

Farquhar dived—dived as deeply as he could. The water roared in his ears like the voice of Niagara, yet he heard the dull thunder of the volley and, rising again toward the surface, met shining bits of metal, singularly flattened, oscillating slowly downward. Some of them touched him on the face and hands, then fell away, continuing their descent. One lodged between his collar and neck; it was uncomfortably warm and he snatched it out.

As he rose to the surface, gasping for breath, he saw that he had been a long time under water; he was perceptibly farther downstream—nearer to safety. The soldiers had almost finished reloading; the metal ramrods flashed all at once in the sunshine as they were drawn from the barrels, turned in the air, and thrust into their sockets. The two sentinels fired again, independently and ineffectually.

The hunted man saw all this over his shoulder; he was now swimming vigorously with the current. His brain was as energetic as his arms and legs; he thought with the rapidity of lightning:

"The officer," he reasoned, "will not make that martinet's error a second time. It is as easy to dodge a volley as a single shot. He has probably already given the command to fire at will. God help me, I cannot dodge them all!"

An appalling splash within two yards of him was followed by a loud, rushing sound, DIMINUENDO, which seemed to travel back through the air to the fort and died in an explosion which stirred the very river to its depths! A rising sheet of water curved over him, fell down upon him, blinded him, strangled him! The cannon had taken an hand in the game. As he shook his head free from the commotion of the smitten water he heard the deflected shot humming through the air ahead, and in an instant it was cracking and smashing the branches in the forest beyond.

"They will not do that again," he thought; "the next time they will use a charge of grape. I must keep my eye upon the gun; the smoke will apprise me—the report arrives too late; it lags behind the missile. That is a good gun."

Suddenly he felt himself whirled round and round—spinning like a top. The water, the banks, the forests, the now distant bridge, fort and men, all were commingled and blurred. Objects were represented by their colors only; circular horizontal streaks of color—that was all he saw. He had been caught in a vortex and was being whirled on with a velocity of advance and gyration that made him giddy and sick. In few moments he was flung upon the gravel at the foot of the left bank of the stream—the southern bank—and behind a projecting point which concealed him from his enemies. The sudden arrest of his motion, the abrasion of one of his hands on the gravel, restored him, and he wept with delight. He dug his fingers into the sand, threw it over himself in handfuls and audibly blessed it. It looked like diamonds, rubies, emeralds; he could think of nothing beautiful which it did not resemble. The trees upon the bank were giant garden plants; he noted a definite order in their arrangement, inhaled the fragrance of their blooms. A strange roseate light shone through the spaces among their trunks and the wind made in their branches the music of AEolian harps. He had not wish to perfect his escape—he was content to remain in that enchanting spot until retaken.

A whiz and a rattle of grapeshot among the branches high above his head roused him from his dream. The baffled cannoneer had fired him a random farewell. He sprang to his feet, rushed up the sloping bank, and plunged into the forest.

All that day he traveled, laying his course by the rounding sun. The forest seemed interminable; nowhere did he discover a break in it, not even a woodman's road. He had not known that he lived in so wild a region. There was something uncanny in the revelation.

By nightfall he was fatigued, footsore, famished. The thought of his wife and children urged him on. At last he found a road which led him in what he knew to be the right direction. It was as wide and straight as a city street, yet it seemed untraveled. No fields bordered it, no dwelling anywhere. Not so much as the barking of a dog suggested human habitation. The black bodies of the trees formed a straight wall on both sides, terminating on the horizon in a point, like a diagram in a lesson in perspective. Overhead, as he looked

up through this rift in the wood, shone great golden stars looking unfamiliar and grouped in strange constellations. He was sure they were arranged in some order which had a secret and malign significance. The wood on either side was full of singular noises, among which—once, twice, and again—he distinctly heard whispers in an unknown tongue.

His neck was in pain and lifting his hand to it found it horribly swollen. He knew that it had a circle of black where the rope had bruised it. His eyes felt congested; he could no longer close them. His tongue was swollen with thirst; he relieved its fever by thrusting it forward from between his teeth into the cold air. How softly the turf had carpeted the untraveled avenue—he could no longer feel the roadway beneath his feet!

Doubtless, despite his suffering, he had fallen asleep while walking, for now he sees another scene—perhaps he has merely recovered from a delirium. He stands at the gate of his own home. All is as he left it, and all bright and beautiful in the morning sunshine. He must have traveled the entire night. As he pushes open the gate and passes up the wide white walk, he sees a flutter of female garments; his wife, looking fresh and cool and sweet, steps down from the veranda to meet him. At the bottom of the steps she stands waiting, with a smile of ineffable joy, an attitude of matchless grace and dignity. Ah, how beautiful she is! He springs forwards with extended arms. As he is about to clasp her he feels a stunning blow upon the back of the neck; a blinding white light blazes all about him with a sound like the shock of a cannon—then all is darkness and silence!

Peyton Farquhar was dead; his body, with a broken neck, swung gently from side to side beneath the timbers of the Owl Creek bridge.

Name _____

Date _____

AN OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE

COPY MASTER

Reading Check

Directions: Recall the events described in the story. Then answer each question in one or two sentences.

1. Why are all the soldiers silent and motionless as the story begins?

2. What information does the Federal scout bring to Farquhar?

3. What are three of the difficulties that Farquhar seems to overcome while he is in the stream?

4. What happens after Farquhar seems to escape from the creek?

5. What happens as he is about to embrace his wife?

AN OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK
BRIDGE

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Vocabulary Practice

ineffable	ludicrous	poignant	summarily
interminable	oscillation	presaging	

AN OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE

A. Directions: Write the word from the box that correctly completes each sentence.

- The _____ end to the tearjerker movie left half the audience in tears.
- Children may think that summer is _____, but it does end.
- The librarian _____ deals with the issue of the overdue book.
- The clown's _____ performance was utterly ridiculous.
- The rodeo performer knew how to keep the _____ of the rope at a steady, swinging rhythm.
- Martha's warning, _____ doom, was chilling.
- The thought that his family might be in danger caused him _____ anguish.

B. Directions: Circle the word in each group that is the opposite of boldface word.

- ludicrous**
absurd preposterous comical sensible
- poignant**
unemotional painful distressing upsetting
- interminable**
finite ceaseless everlasting perpetual
- ineffable**
indescribable utterable deep inexpressible
- summarily**
slowly instantly rapidly swiftly

Literary Analysis

POINT OF VIEW

The narrator's role in the story events and his range of knowledge about the characters reveals the story's point of view to the reader. Types of **point of view** include:

- **first-person:** told by a character in the work whose knowledge is limited to his or her own experiences
- **third-person omniscient:** told by a voice outside the story who reveals the thoughts and feelings of all the characters
- **third-person limited:** told by a voice outside the story who focuses on one character's thoughts and feelings

Directions: The point of view shifts in "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge." Reread each of the passages indicated and determine its point of view. Then answer the question that follows.

Lines	Point of View
1-15	
16-32	
57-70	
161-172	
278-279	

Explain how the shifts in point of view affect the level of suspense.

ENGLISH IV

12th grade

● LITERARY ANALYSIS: RHETORICAL DEVICES

Both Sir Thomas More and Elizabeth I use rhetorical devices—techniques that communicate their ideas and support and strengthen their arguments. As you read, pay attention to their use of the following techniques:

- An **analogy** is a comparison made between two dissimilar things in order to explain an unfamiliar subject in terms of a familiar one. For example, More compares a bad ruler to an incompetent physician who cannot cure a disease except by creating another.
- **Repetition** is the repeated use of a word or phrase. For example, Elizabeth I repeats the phrase “I myself” to emphasize her personal involvement in England’s defense.
- A **rhetorical question** is a question to which no answer is expected. (*Who is more eager for revolution than he who is discontented with his present state of life?*)
- **Antithesis** expresses contrasting ideas in parallel grammatical structures. (*I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a king. . . .*)

■ READING SKILL: DRAW CONCLUSIONS

When you draw conclusions about a text, you make judgments about the author’s meaning based on statements in the text. For example, if a writer consistently criticizes corruption in public officials, you might conclude that the writer values honesty and integrity. As you read the following selections, note ideas and supporting details that Thomas More and Queen Elizabeth consistently include that help you draw conclusions about their views of the proper role of a ruler.

▲ VOCABULARY IN CONTEXT

The words shown here help convey Elizabeth I’s and Sir Thomas More’s convictions about what constitutes a good ruler. Replace the boldfaced word in each of the following sentences with a word from the list.

WORD	indolence	plundering
LIST	lamentation	subjection

1. Loud **weeping** was heard at the good king’s funeral.
2. The conquerors began **looting** the village after the battle.
3. As a result of his **idleness**, the bridge was never built.



Complete the activities in your Reader/Writer Notebook.

What should we expect from our LEADERS?

During the Renaissance, a nation’s leaders did not have to run for office. However, both Sir Thomas More and Elizabeth I suggest that even kings and queens must demonstrate effective leadership to win the support of their people.

SURVEY What qualities do you think are important in a leader? Rate each quality listed below by choosing a number from 1 (least important) to 5 (most important). Discuss your ratings with a classmate.

Leadership Qualities

Rate the importance of each quality by circling a number.

	least				most
Intelligence	1	2	3	4	5
Morality	1	2	3	4	5
Courage	1	2	3	4	5
Eloquence	1	2	3	4	5
Charisma	1	2	3	4	5



UTOPIA

Sir Thomas More

Suppose I should show that men choose a king for their own sake and not for his—to be plain, that by his labor and effort they may live well and safe from injustice and wrong. For this very reason, it belongs to the king to take more care for the welfare of his people than for his own, just as it is the duty of a shepherd, insofar as he is a shepherd, to feed his sheep rather than himself.¹

The blunt facts reveal that it is wrong to think that the poverty of the people is the safeguard of peace. Where will you find more quarreling than among beggars? Who is more eager for revolution than he who is discontented with his present state of life? Who is more reckless in the endeavor to upset everything, in the hope of getting profit from some source or other, than he who has nothing to lose? Now if there were any king who was either so despicable or so hateful to his subjects that he could not keep them in subjection otherwise than by ill usage, plundering, and confiscation and by reducing them to beggary, it would surely be better for him to resign his throne than to keep it by such means—means by which, though he retain the name of authority, he loses its majesty. It is not consistent with the dignity of a king to exercise authority over beggars but over prosperous and happy subjects. This was certainly the sentiment of that noble and lofty spirit, Fabricius, who replied that he would rather be a ruler of rich people than be rich himself.²

To be sure, to have a single person enjoy a life of pleasure and self-indulgence amid the groans and lamentations of all around him is to be the keeper, not of a kingdom, but of a jail. In fine,³ as he is an incompetent physician who cannot cure one disease except by creating another, so he who cannot reform the lives of citizens in any other way than by depriving them of the good things of life must admit that he does not know how to rule free men.

Yea, the king had better amend his own indolence or arrogance, for these two vices generally cause his people to either despise him or to hate him. Let him live harralously on what is his own. Let him adjust his expenses to his revenues. Let him check mischief and crime, and, by training his subjects rightly, let him prevent rather than allow the spread of activities which he will have to punish afterwards. Let him not be hasty in enforcing laws fallen into disuse, especially those which, long given up have never been missed. Let him never take in compensation for violation anything that a private person would be forbidden in court to appropriate for the reason that such would be an act of crooked craftiness.⁴

RHETORICAL DEVICES
Reread lines 1–5. What rhetorical device does More use? How does it strengthen his argument?

subjection (səb-'jɛk'shən)
n. the state of being under the authority or control of another

plundering (pɒl'ndər-ɪŋ)
n. taking property by force
plunder v.

lamentation
(læm'ən-tə'shən) n. an expression of sorrow or regret

indolence (ɪn'do-ləns)
n. the tendency to avoid work; laziness; idleness

GRAMMAR AND STYLE
Reread lines 26–33. Note that More uses a succession of **imperative sentences** to convey his ideas about how a king should behave.

1. the duty of a shepherd . . . himself: More's metaphor paraphrases the Bible (Ezekiel 34:2): "Woe be to the shepherds of Israel that do feed themselves: should not the shepherds feed the flocks?"

2. Fabricius . . . himself: Gaius Fabricius Luscinus was a Roman commander famous for his virtues. The statement attributed to him here was actually made by his associate M. Curtius Dentatus.

3. in fine: in conclusion.

4. an act of crooked craftiness: sly, dishonest behavior.



SPEECH BEFORE THE Spanish Armada Invasion

Queen Elizabeth I



Portrait of Elizabeth I, Queen of England (1504), Anonymous. National Portrait Gallery, London. © Bildarchiv Preussischer Kulturbesitz/ Art Resource, New York.

MY LOVING PEOPLE,

We have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit our selves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear, I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects; and therefore I am come amongst you, as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport,¹ but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all; to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and my people, my honor and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too, and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe,² should dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which rather than any dishonor shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms, I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already, for your forwardness you have deserved rewards and crowns; and We do assure you in the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the mean time, my lieutenant general shall be in my stead,³ than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject; not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your concord⁴ in the camp, and your valor in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdom, and of my people.

1. **disport:** entertainment.

2. **Parma or Spain . . . Europe:** the duke of Parma, the king of Spain, or any other monarch of Europe. Alessandro Farnese, duke of the Italian city of Parma, was a skillful military leader whom Philip II, king of Spain, often relied upon. Philip's plan was to send the Spanish fleet to join the army under Parma's command in the Netherlands and invade England.

3. **my lieutenant general . . . stead:** Elizabeth refers to Robert Dudley, the earl of Leicester. He was a courtier who for a time was Elizabeth's favorite at court.

4. **concord** (kŏn'kŏrd'ē) = friendly and peaceful relations; harmony; agreement



TEKS 6



PARADOX

A paradox is an apparent contradiction that is actually true. During the Renaissance, to be both female and the powerful ruler of a nation was a contradiction in terms. As the female ruler of England, Queen Elizabeth I was herself a paradox. Reread lines 10–11. How does this rhetorical device help Elizabeth present herself as a powerful female monarch? How does she expand on this paradox in the course of her speech to inspire her people?



DRAW CONCLUSIONS

Reread lines 17–21. What conclusions can you draw about the kinds of feelings a ruler should inspire in times of war?

Name _____

Date _____

from UTOPIA / SPEECH BEFORE THE SPANISH ARMADA INVASION

COPY MASTER

Reading Check

Directions: Recall the details from the excerpt from Sir Thomas More’s fictional work and from Queen Elizabeth I’s speech. Then answer the questions in phrases or sentences.

1. According to More, what is a king’s duty?

2. What does More believe to be consistent with the dignity of a king?

3. According to More, what two vices in a king will cause his people to hate him?

4. Where does Elizabeth I say she has placed her “chiefest strength and safeguard”?

5. What three qualities of the soldiers does Elizabeth I say will bring victory?

from UTOPIA / SPEECH BEFORE THE
SPANISH ARMADA INVASION

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Name _____

Date _____

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COPY MASTER

Literary Analysis

RHETORICAL DEVICES

Rhetorical devices are techniques used by writers to communicate ideas and strengthen arguments. These techniques include the following:

analogy a comparison between two dissimilar things to explain an unfamiliar subject in terms of a familiar one

antithesis the expression of contrasting ideas in parallel grammatical form

repetition the repeated use of a word or phrase for emphasis

rhetorical question a question to which no answer is expected

Directions: Identify the rhetorical device used in each passage listed in the first column of the chart. For each rhetorical device, explain what the author is emphasizing.

Lines	Rhetorical Device Used	What the Author Is Emphasizing
from <i>Utopia</i> , lines 8–9		
from <i>Utopia</i> , lines 21–24		
"Speech," lines 10–11		
"Speech," line 14		

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from UTOPIA / SPEECH BEFORE THE
SPANISH ARMADA INVASION