

ENGLISH I

Name: _____ Class: _____

Wealthy Teen Nearly Experiences Consequences

By The Onion Staff
From The Onion, Volume 44, Issue 39 • 2008

The Onion is an American digital media company and news satire organization. Satire is a genre of literature in which vices, follies, abuses, and shortcomings are held up to ridicule, ideally with the intent of shaming individuals, corporations, government or society itself, into improvement. As you read the following article, consider how the author uses exaggeration and humor to make a point.

- [1] SOMERSET, NJ—In what local authorities are calling a "near tragedy," Charles Wentworth, a 17-year-old Rutgers Preparatory senior and member of the affluent Wentworth family, came perilously close to suffering a consequence resulting from his own wrongdoing Saturday.

Wentworth, reportedly ignoring the protests of his classmates, got behind the wheel of his turbocharged Supra 2000GT after consuming half the contents of a bottle of alcohol at a friend's party. While driving westbound on Route 27, a disoriented Wentworth drifted across two lanes of traffic and collided with a minivan carrying a family of four, bringing the teen face-to-face with a potentially life-altering lesson.

Wentworth escaped unscathed and unpunished, however, when his airbags deployed and a team of high-powered attorneys rushed to the scene and rescued him from the brink of personal responsibility.

"Amazingly, Mr. Wentworth did not experience a single repercussion for consuming alcohol under age or operating a motor vehicle while intoxicated, and is furthermore completely unaware that he did anything wrong," local police chief Marvin Taylor said. "He is a very lucky boy."



"Charles Wentworth" is licensed under .

- [5] "If he had been driving just 5 mph faster, or if his parents hadn't had the influence to keep the matter out of court and the endless financial resources to lease a car of the exact same make and model to prevent him from having to face even the relatively trivial humiliation of being taunted by his peers for driving a slightly less expensive vehicle—my God, who knows what could have happened?" Taylor added. "He could have died or, worse, been held accountable for his actions."

According to police reports that have since been shredded and stricken from Wentworth's permanent record, when briefly taken into custody, the privileged teenager began swearing, vomiting, and kicking at the windows of the squad car in which he was momentarily placed following the collision. Wentworth later said the only thing that got him through that dark time was thinking of his rich, well-connected loved ones. With them in mind, he repeatedly shouted, "Don't you know who I am?" and summoned the strength to refuse a field sobriety test.

"A lot of kids in Charles' situation would have confessed and accepted punishment for their mistake, but my son is strong," said Wentworth's father, aluminum magnate Herman Wentworth, who after arriving at the crash site told his son that "everything is taken care of," and while Charles sat in his father's BMW texting his friends, loudly threatened to call the police commissioner if any charges were pressed. "Charles would never allow himself to give up and gain valuable insight into the way things work in the real world without a fight."

District Judge and close friend of the Wentworth family Donald Lamb agreed.

"Charles is very lucky to be alive and well-off," Lamb told reporters. "The fact that he was able to walk away from this crash with no injuries, zero remorse, and his skewed priorities in one piece is a miracle."

- [10] Despite returning to the safety of his \$2.3 million home, Wentworth's harrowing brush with consequence was not over.

A week after the near ordeal, Wentworth was again put in jeopardy of learning a lesson when he was nearly sentenced to 50 hours of community service. Tragedy was averted, however, when his mother paid a consultant to testify before the judge that Wentworth had suffered emotional trauma. Further, during this time, Wentworth was forced to put his video game on pause for several seconds in order to sign affidavits stating that the Breathalyzer was administered improperly.

"To think that I was that close to seeing that there is an entire society with its own laws and standards outside my protected sphere of wealth and privilege—it's frightening," Wentworth said. "It almost makes you consider your actions and their impact on others. Almost."

"I'm just grateful I can finally get back to my life as a self-centered prick who believes the entire world revolves around him," Wentworth added. "After all, I was just admitted to Columbia despite almost failing out of high school because I rarely attended class, and it would have been a shame to have had to defer for a semester just because of some legal...unpleasantry."

At press time, Wentworth is resting comfortably on a six-figure inheritance in a chaise lounge by his backyard pool. The other four victims of the crash remain in intensive care at St. Peter's University Hospital, suffering from conditions ranging from poor to lower-class.

"Wealthy Teen Nearly Experiences Consequences" from The Onion, Volume 44, Issue 39, © 2008, The Onion Inc., Reprinted with permission, all rights reserved.

Text-Dependent Questions

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

1. What effect did the author most likely intend with Charles Wentworth's introduction in Paragraph 1 of the passage? [RL.3]
 - A. The author most likely intended with Charles Wentworth's introduction to set him up as the most sympathetic character in the story.
 - B. The author most likely intended with Charles Wentworth's introduction to mimic an inspirational story, but revealed that Charles is a horrible protagonist.
 - C. The author most likely intended with Charles Wentworth's introduction to show his disregard for expensive things (like the car) because he is rich.
 - D. The author most likely intended with Charles Wentworth's introduction to portray him as a victim of his family's greed and poor child-raising skills.

2. PART A: How does the author create irony in the text? [RL.6]
 - A. The author relies mostly on verbal irony, using unnatural dialogue to create a false, superficial type of speech, one that is dishonest to the context material.
 - B. The author blames the crash on the family of four rather than the wealthy teen, who was driving recklessly and drunk, thus creating an ironic twist.
 - C. The author relies on the reader's expectation that the wealthy teen would be the villain of the story and flips these expectations, making him the regretful protagonist, to create irony.
 - D. The author relies on the reader's expectations, such as the expectation that a near-fatal car accident would change someone for the better, and flips these expectations to create irony.

3. PART B: Which of the following best represents an example of the answer to Part A? [RL.1]
 - A. "Wentworth, reportedly ignoring the protests of his classmates, got behind the wheel of his turbocharged Supra 2000GT after consuming half the contents of a bottle of alcohol at a friend's party." (Paragraph 2)
 - B. "Wentworth later said the only thing that got him through that dark time was thinking of his rich, well-connected loved ones." (Paragraph 6)
 - C. "To think that I was that close to seeing that there is an entire society with its own laws and standards outside my protected sphere of wealth and privilege—it's frightening.... It almost makes you consider your actions and their impact on others. Almost." (Paragraph 12)
 - D. "The other four victims of the crash remain in intensive care at St. Peter's University Hospital, suffering from conditions ranging from poor to lower-class." (Paragraph 14)

4. The family of four is only mentioned twice in the text. What is the effect of this narrative choice? [RL.5]

- A. This minimizes the blame placed on the family, emphasizing the blame on the wealthy teen.
- B. This is designed to mimic a real news story, in which the victims are less likely to be discussed in depth to protect them.
- C. This reflects the family's power over the situation, as they are all in the hospital.
- D. This reflects society's ignorance of or lack of caring towards poor people, giving our attention (and favor) to the rich.

5. Overall, what message is the author conveying through humor and satire in this text? Cite evidence in your answer. [RL.6] [RL.2]

Discussion Questions

Directions: Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.

1. Although this article is humorous, the author is conveying a serious point about wealth and power. What recommendations would you make to help remedy the obvious inequitable enforcement of the law exposed in this article?
2. What makes something funny? In other words, how does comedy work? List all the reasons.
3. In the context of this article, how does power corrupt? Use evidence from this article, your own experience, and other art, literature, or history in your answer.

How to contact your teacher:

Ms. Duey – remind (@dueymp) or dduey@mpisd.net

Ms. McCrumby – remind (@engone2019) or mmccrumby@mpisd.net

Mrs. Stringer – remind (@e73dfh) or mstringer@mpisd.net

Ms. Merriman – remind (@93ccek), schoology, or lmerriman@mpisd.net

Ms. Robbins – remind (@fcf36c), or grobbsins@mpisd.net

MPS: 903-575-2020

Directions: After reading “Wealthy Teen Nearly Experiences Consequences”

Please look up each word and create a sentence that will help you remember its meaning. Write the sentence and the definition of the word in the designated box. If you would like to write your answers on a separate sheet of paper, instead of in the boxes, that is fine as well.

Vocabulary

Definition

Sentence

affluent		
perilously		
disoriented		
collide		
unscathed		
brink		
repercussion		
trivial		

taunted		
accountable		
summon		
remorse		
skewed		
harrowing		
averted		

ENGLISH II

English II

Lesson Materials for April 6-10, 2020

Informational Text

Week 2, already? Yep! Time flies when you're social distancing! Seriously, we hope this week finds you and your family healthy. The article this week hits a little close to home. It is not about the COVID-19, "Coronavirus" specifically, but the flu has similar components. Be safe!

Mr. Clark - dclark@mpisd.net (Use current Remind account)

Ms. Duey - dduey@mpisd.net

Ms. Lunsford - blunsford@mpisd.net (Use current Remind account/ Remind code= @abckk4)

Mrs. McCollum - kmccollum@mpisd.net and for Remind - send text to 81010 with message @8fec9

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 "What the Flu Does to Your Body, and Why It Makes You Feel so Awful" 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 - Remember if you have any questions at all, you can contact your teacher through their email or Remind accounts.



Name: _____ Class: _____

What the flu does to your body, and why it makes you feel so awful

By Laura Haynes
2018

Common symptoms of the flu are congestion, headaches, muscle aches, and other unpleasant sensations. But what exactly does the flu do to your body? And why do you feel so bad? As you read, take notes on how the flu can cause other complications in the body.

- [1] Every year, from 5 to 20 percent of the people in the United States will become infected with influenza virus. An average of 200,000 of these people will require hospitalization and up to 50,000 will die. Older folks over the age of 65 are especially susceptible¹ to influenza infection, since the immune system becomes weaker with age. In addition, older folks are also more susceptible to long-term disability following influenza infection, especially if they are hospitalized.



"influenza - flu" by Matteo Bagnoli is licensed under CC BY 2.0

We all know the symptoms of influenza infection include fever, cough, sore throat, muscle aches, headaches and fatigue. But just what causes all the havoc? What is going on in your body as you fight the flu?

I am a researcher who specializes in Immunology² at the University of Connecticut School of Medicine, and my laboratory focuses on how influenza infection affects the body and how our bodies combat the virus. It's interesting to note that many of the body's defenses that attack the virus also cause many of the symptoms associated with the flu.

How the flu works its way into your body

Influenza virus causes an infection in the respiratory tract, or nose, throat and lungs. The virus is inhaled or transmitted, usually via your fingers, to the mucous membranes of the mouth, nose or eyes. It then travels down the respiratory tract and binds to epithelial cells³ lining the lung airways via specific molecules on the cell surface. Once inside the cells, the virus hijacks the protein manufacturing machinery of the cell to generate its own viral proteins and create more viral particles. Once mature viral particles are produced, they are released from the cell and can then go on to invade adjacent cells.

1. **Susceptible (adjective):** likely to be influenced or harmed by something
2. a branch of medicine and biology that deals with the immune system
3. cells on the surfaces of your body, serving as a barrier between the inside and outside of your body

- [5] While this process causes some lung injury, most of the symptoms of the flu are actually caused by the immune response to the virus. The initial immune response involves cells of the body's innate immune system, such as macrophages and neutrophils. These cells express receptors that are able to sense the presence of the virus. They then sound the alarm by producing small hormone-like molecules called cytokines and chemokines. These alert the body that an infection has been established.

Cytokines orchestrate other components of the immune system to appropriately fight the invading virus, while chemokines direct these components to the location of infection. One of the types of cells called into action are T lymphocytes, a type of white blood cell that fights infection. Sometimes, they are even called "soldier" cells. When T cells specifically recognize influenza virus proteins, they then begin to proliferate⁴ in the lymph nodes around the lungs and throat. This causes swelling and pain in these lymph nodes.

After a few days, these T cells move to the lungs and begin to kill the virus-infected cells. This process creates a great deal of lung damage similar to bronchitis, which can worsen existing lung disease and make breathing difficult. In addition, the buildup of mucous in the lungs, as a result of this immune response to infection, induces coughing as a reflex to try to clear the airways. Normally, this damage triggered by arrival of T cells in the lungs is reversible in a healthy person, but when it advances, it is bad news and can lead to death.

The proper functioning of influenza-specific T cells is critical for efficient clearance of the virus from the lungs. When T cell function declines, such as with increasing age or during use of immunosuppressive drugs,⁵ viral clearance is delayed. This results in a prolonged infection and greater lung damage. This can also set the stage for complications including secondary bacterial pneumonia, which can often be deadly.

Why your head hurts so much

While the influenza virus is wholly contained in the lungs under normal circumstances, several symptoms of influenza are systemic,⁶ including fever, headache, fatigue and muscle aches. In order to properly combat influenza infection, the cytokines and chemokines produced by the innate immune cells in the lungs become systemic — that is, they enter the bloodstream, and contribute to these systemic symptoms. When this happens, a cascade of complicating biological events occur.

- [10] One of the things that happens is that Interleukin-1, an inflammatory type of cytokine, is activated. Interleukin-1 is important for developing the killer T cell response against the virus, but it also affects the part of the brain in the hypothalamus that regulates body temperature, resulting in fever and headaches.

Another important cytokine that fights influenza infection is something called "tumor necrosis factor alpha." This cytokine can have direct antiviral effects in the lungs, and that's good. But it can also cause fever and appetite loss, fatigue and weakness during influenza and other types of infection.

4. to increase rapidly in numbers
5. drugs that suppress an individual's immune response
6. **Systemic (adjective):** relating to a system, especially as opposed to a particular part of that system

Why your muscles ache

Our research has also uncovered another aspect of how influenza infection affects our bodies.

It is well-known that muscle aches and weakness are prominent symptoms of influenza infection. Our study in an animal model found that influenza infection leads to an increase in the expression of muscle-degrading genes and a decrease in expression of muscle-building genes in skeletal muscles in the legs.

Functionally, influenza infection also hinders walking and leg strength. Importantly, in young individuals, these effects are transient⁷ and return to normal once the infection has cleared.

- [15] In contrast, these effects can linger significantly longer in older individuals. This is important, since a decrease in leg stability and strength could result in older folks being more prone to falls during recovery from influenza infection. It could also result in long-term disability and lead to the need for a cane or walker, limiting mobility and independence.

Researchers in my lab think that this impact of influenza infection on muscles is another unintended consequence of the immune response to the virus. We are currently working to determine what specific factors produced during the immune response are responsible for this and if we can find a way to prevent it.

Thus, while you feel miserable when you have an influenza infection, you can rest assured that it is because your body is fighting hard. It's combating the spread of the virus in your lungs and killing infected cells.

What the flu does to your body, and why it makes you feel so awful by Laura Haynes, University of Connecticut, February 12, 2018. Copyright (c) The Conversation 2018, CC-BY-ND.

7. lasting for only a short time

Text-Dependent Questions

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

1. PART A: Which statement best expresses the central idea of the text?
 - A. The immune system does more harm than good when it's fighting the flu because of the life-threatening symptoms it can cause.
 - B. The influenza virus brings about many uncomfortable sensations in the body as it slowly spreads to more cells.
 - C. Much of the discomfort that people feel when they're infected with influenza virus is from their immune system's attack on the infection.
 - D. While the influenza virus causes painful symptoms throughout the body, the immune system releases cells that soothe the damage that it has been done.

2. PART B: Which detail from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "Every year, from 5 to 20 percent of the people in the United States will become infected with influenza virus. An average of 200,000 of these people will require hospitalization and up to 50,000 will die." (Paragraph 1)
 - B. "When T cells specifically recognize influenza virus proteins, they then begin to proliferate in the lymph nodes around the lungs and throat. This causes swelling and pain in these lymph nodes." (Paragraph 6)
 - C. "This results in a prolonged infection and greater lung damage. This can also set the stage for complications including secondary bacterial pneumonia, which can often be deadly." (Paragraph 8)
 - D. "Functionally, influenza infection also hinders walking and leg strength. Importantly, in young individuals, these effects are transient and return to normal once the infection was cleared." (Paragraph 14)

3. What is the author's main purpose in the text?
 - A. to encourage people to get vaccinated for the influenza virus to avoid the symptoms
 - B. to show how the immune system actually does more damage than the virus itself
 - C. to explain to people that the worse they feel during the flu, the faster they're healing
 - D. to explain why people feel so horrible when they're infected with the influenza virus

4. How does paragraph 9 contribute to the development of ideas in the text?
 - A. It shows how the immune systems is responsible for symptoms beyond the parts of the body directly affected by the virus.
 - B. It provides readers with all the symptoms that they will likely experience during the flu, improving their ability to recognize it.
 - C. It emphasizes how the influenza virus is capable of spreading to more important areas of the body through the blood stream.
 - D. It shows how the immune system goes overboard when it's fighting an infection, spreading to areas of the body that are healthy.

5. What connection does the author draw between the effects of the influenza virus on the body and a person's age? Cite evidence from the text to support your response.

Discussion Questions

Directions: *Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.*

1. In the text, the author discusses the flu and the affect it has on the body. When was the last time you got the flu? How did you feel while you were sick with the flu? Before reading this article, what did you think was the cause of your symptoms?
2. In the text, the author discusses some of the dangers presented by the flu, especially to older people. What can you do to protect yourself against the flu and keep yourself from spreading it to others?

Response and Interpretive Questions

Directions: Read the following question and write a descriptive paragraph using sensory words. (Possible sentence starters are given)

1. In the text, the author discusses the flu and the effect it has on the body. When was the last time you got the flu or any sickness? How did you feel while you were sick with the flu?

The last time I was sick...

Directions: Read the following question and answer in the space provided.

2. In the text, the author discusses some of the dangers presented by the flu, especially to older people. What can you do to protect yourself against the flu and keep yourself from spreading it to others? (Which also applies to us RIGHT NOW!)

I can protect myself from getting sick by...

Vocabulary Assignment - On the next page, please complete vocabulary squares on the 7 vocabulary words that can be found at the bottom of each page of the story. The 8th vocabulary word needs to be a word that you found difficult or do not know the meaning of.

WORD	DEFINITION		
Susceptible (ADJ) 1. ANTONYM AND 1. SYNONYM OR PICTURE	2. SENTENCES USING THE WORD!!!	Immunology (Noun)	
Epithelial Cells (Noun)		Proliferate (verb)	

WORD	DEFINITION		
<p>Immunosuppressive(ADJ)</p>		<p>2 SENTENCES USING THE WORD!!!</p>	
<p>Systemic (ADJ)</p>			<p>For this 4-square, choose one word (not already used) from the text you did not know and fill in the blanks.</p>
<p>Transient (ADJ)</p>			

ENGLISH III

Martin Luther King
Letter from Birmingham Jail (1963)
[Abridged]

April 16, 1963

My Dear Fellow Clergymen,

While confined here in the Birmingham City Jail, I came across your recent statement calling our present activities "unwise and untimely." Seldom, if ever, do I pause to answer criticism of my work and ideas ... But since I feel that you are men of genuine good will and your criticisms are sincerely set forth, I would like to answer your statement in what I hope will be patient and reasonable terms.

I think I should give the reason for my being in Birmingham, since you have been influenced by the argument of "outsiders coming in." I have the honor of serving as president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, an organization operating in every Southern state with headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia. We have some 85 affiliate organizations all across the South ... Several months ago our local affiliate here in Birmingham invited us to be on call to engage in a nonviolent direct action program if such were deemed necessary. We readily consented...

But more basically, I am in Birmingham because injustice is here. Just as the prophets of the eighth century B.C. left their villages and carried their "thus saith the Lord" far beyond the boundaries of their home towns, and just as the Apostle Paul left his village of Tarsus and carried the gospel of Jesus Christ to the far corners of the Greco-Roman world, so am I compelled to carry the gospel of freedom beyond my own home town. Like Paul, I must constantly respond to the Macedonian call for aid.

Moreover, I am cognizant of the interrelatedness of all communities and states. I cannot sit idly by in Atlanta and not be concerned about what happens in Birmingham. Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly. Never again can we afford to live with the narrow, provincial "outside agitator" idea. Anyone who lives inside the United States can never be considered an outsider anywhere within its bounds...

In any nonviolent campaign there are four basic steps: 1) collection of the facts to determine whether injustices are alive; 2) negotiation; 3) self-purification; and 4) direct action. We have gone through all of these steps in Birmingham ... Birmingham is probably the most thoroughly segregated city in the United States. Its ugly record of police brutality is known in every section of the country. Its unjust treatment of Negroes in the courts is a notorious reality. There have been more unsolved bombings of Negro homes and churches in Birmingham than in any city in this nation. These are the hard, brutal, and unbelievable facts. On the basis of these conditions Negro leaders sought to negotiate with the city fathers. But the political leaders consistently refused to engage in good faith negotiation.

Then came the opportunity last September to talk with some of the leaders of the economic community. In these negotiating sessions certain promises were made by the merchants—such as the promise to remove the humiliating racial signs from the stores. On the basis of these promises Reverend Shuttlesworth and the leaders of the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights agreed to call a moratorium on any type of demonstrations. As the weeks and months unfolded we realized that we were the victims of a broken promise. The signs remained. As in so many experiences in the past, we were confronted with blasted hopes, and the dark shadow of a deep disappointment settled upon us. So we had no alternative except that of preparing for direct action, whereby we would present our very bodies as a means of laying our case before the conscience of the local and national community. We were not unmindful of the difficulties involved. So we decided to go through the process of self-purification. We started having workshops on nonviolence and repeatedly asked ourselves the questions, “are you able to accept the blows without retaliating?” “Are you able to endure the ordeals of jail?” ...

You may well ask, “Why direct action? Why sit-ins, marches, etc.? Isn’t negotiation a better path?” You are exactly right in your call for negotiation. Indeed, this is the purpose of direct action. Nonviolent direct action seeks to create such a crisis and establish such creative tension that a community that has constantly refused to negotiate is forced to confront the issue. ... Just as Socrates felt that it was necessary to create a tension in the mind so that individuals could rise from the bondage of myths and half-truths to the unfettered realm of creative analysis and objective appraisal, we must see the need for nonviolent gadflies to create the kind of tension in society that will help men rise from the dark depths of prejudice and racism to the majestic heights of understanding and brotherhood. ...

My friends, I must say to you that we have not made a single gain in civil rights without legal and nonviolent pressure. History is the long and tragic story of the fact that privileged groups seldom give up their privileges voluntarily. Individuals may see the moral light and give up their unjust posture; but as Reinhold Niebuhr has reminded us, groups are more immoral than individuals.

We know through painful experience that freedom is never voluntarily given by the oppressor; it must be demanded by the oppressed. Frankly I have never yet engaged in a direct action movement that was “well timed,” according to the timetable of those who have not suffered unduly from the disease of segregation. For years now I have heard the word “Wait!” It rings in the ear of every Negro with a piercing familiarity. This “wait” has almost always meant “never.” It has been a tranquilizing Thalidomide, relieving the emotional stress for a moment, only to give birth to an ill-formed infant of frustration. We must come to see with the distinguished jurist of yesterday that “justice too long delayed is justice denied.” We have waited for more than 340 years for our constitutional and God-given rights. The nations of Asia and Africa are moving with jetlike speed toward the goal of political independence, and we still creep at horse and buggy pace toward the gaining of a cup of coffee at a lunch counter.

Perhaps it is easy for those who have never felt the stinging darts of segregation to say wait. But when you have seen vicious mobs lynch your mothers and fathers at will and drown your sisters and brothers at whim; when you have seen hate-filled policemen curse, kick, brutalize, and even kill your black brothers and sisters with impunity; when you see the vast majority of your 20 million

Negro brothers smothering in an airtight cage of poverty in the midst of an affluent society; when you suddenly find your tongue twisted and your speech stammering as you seek to explain to your six-year-old daughter why she can't go to the public amusement park that has just been advertised on television, and see the tears welling up in her little eyes when she is told that Funtown is closed to colored children, and see the depressing clouds of inferiority begin to form in her little mental sky, and see her begin to distort her little personality by unconsciously developing a bitterness toward white people; when you have to concoct an answer for a five-year-old son who is asking in agonizing pathos: "Daddy, why do white people treat colored people so mean?" when you take a cross country drive and find it necessary to sleep night after night in the uncomfortable corners of your automobile because no motel will accept you; when you are humiliated day in and day out by nagging signs reading "white" men and "colored" when your first name becomes "nigger" and your middle name becomes "boy" (however old you are) and your last name becomes "John," and when your wife and mother are never given the respected title of "Mrs." when you are harried by day and haunted by night by the fact that you are a Negro, living constantly at tip-toe stance, never quite knowing what to expect next, and plagued with inner fears and outer resentments; when you are forever fighting a degenerating sense of "nobodiness"—then you will understand why we find it difficult to wait. There comes a time when the cup of endurance runs over, and men are no longer willing to be plunged into an abyss of injustice where they experience the bleakness of corroding despair, I hope, sirs, you can understand our legitimate and unavoidable impatience.

You express a great deal of anxiety over our willingness to break laws. This is certainly a legitimate concern. Since we so diligently urge people to obey the Supreme Court's decision of 1954 outlawing segregation in the public schools; at first glance it may seem rather paradoxical for us consciously to break laws. One may well ask: "How can you advocate breaking some laws and obeying others?" The answer lies in the fact that there are two types of laws: just and unjust. I would be the first to advocate obeying just laws. One has not only a legal but a moral responsibility to obey just laws. Conversely, one has a moral responsibility to disobey unjust laws. I would agree with St. Augustine that "an unjust law is no law at all."

Now, what is the difference between the two? How does one determine whether a law is just or unjust? A just law is a man-made code that squares with the moral law or the law of God. An unjust law is a code that is out of harmony with the moral law. To put it in the terms of St. Thomas Aquinas: An unjust law is a human law that is not rooted in eternal law and natural law. Any law that uplifts human personality is just. Any law that degrades human personality is unjust. All segregation statutes are unjust because segregation distorts the soul and damages the personality. It gives the segregator a false sense of superiority and the segregated a false sense of inferiority. Segregation, to use the terminology of the Jewish philosopher Martin Buber, substitutes an "I-it" relationship for an "I-thou" relationship and ends up relegating persons to the status of things. Hence segregation is not only politically, economically and sociologically unsound, it is morally wrong and awful...

I hope you are able to ace the distinction I am trying to point out. In no sense do I advocate evading or defying the law, as would the rabid segregationist. That would lead to anarchy. One who breaks an unjust law must do so openly, lovingly, and with a willingness to accept the penalty. I submit that

an individual who breaks a law that conscience tells him is unjust and who willingly accepts the penalty of imprisonment in order to arouse the conscience of the community over its injustice, is in reality expressing the highest respect for law.

Of course, there is nothing new about this kind of civil disobedience. It was evidenced sublimely in the refusal of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego to obey the laws of Nebuchadnezzar, on the ground that a higher moral law was at stake. It was practiced superbly by the early Christians, who were willing to face hungry lions and the excruciating pain of chopping blocks rather than submit to certain unjust laws of the Roman Empire. To a degree, academic freedom is a reality today because Socrates practiced civil disobedience. In our own nation, the Boston Tea Party represented a massive act of civil disobedience.

We should never forget that everything Adolf Hitler did in Germany was "legal" and everything the Hungarian freedom fighters did in Hungary was "illegal." It was "illegal" to aid and comfort a Jew in Hitler's Germany. Even so, I am sure that, had I lived in German at the time, I would have aided and comforted my Jewish brothers. If today I lived in a Communist country where certain principles dear to the Christian faith are suppressed, I would openly advocate disobeying that country's antireligious laws.

I must make two honest confessions to you, my Christian and Jewish brothers. First, I must confess that over the last few years I have been gravely disappointed with the white moderate. I have almost reached the regrettable conclusion that the Negro's great stumbling block in the stride toward freedom is not the White Citizens' Council or the Ku Klux Klanner, but the white moderate who is more devoted to "order" than to justice; who prefers a negative peace which is the absence of tension to a positive peace which is the presence of justice; who constantly says "I agree with you in the goal you seek, but I can't agree with your methods of direct action" who paternistically feels that he can set the timetable for another man's freedom; who lives by the myth of time and who constantly advises the Negro to wait until a "more convenient season." Shallow understanding from people of good will is more frustrating than absolute misunderstanding from people of ill will. Lukewarm acceptance is much more bewildering than outright rejection. ...

You spoke of our activity in Birmingham as extreme. At first I was rather disappointed that fellow clergymen would see my nonviolent efforts as those of an extremist. I started thinking about the fact that I stand in the middle of two opposing forces in the Negro community. One is a force of complacency made up of Negroes who, as a result of long years of oppression, have been so completely drained of self-respect and a sense of "somebodiness" that they have adjusted to segregation, and a few Negroes in the middle class who, because of a degree of academic and economic security, and at points they profit from segregation, have unconsciously become insensitive to the problems of the masses. The other force is one of bitterness and hatred and comes perilously close to advocating violence. It is expressed in the various black nationalist groups that are springing up over the nation, the largest and best known being Elijah Muhammad's Muslim movement. This movement is nourished by the contemporary frustration over the continued existence of racial discrimination. It is made up of people who have lost faith in America, who have absolutely repudiated Christianity, and who have concluded that the white man is an incurable "devil." ...

The Negro has many pent-up resentments and latent frustrations. He has to get them out. So let him march sometime; let him have his prayer pilgrimages to the city hall; understand why he must have sit-ins and freedom rides. If his repressed emotions do not come out in these nonviolent ways, they will come out in ominous expressions of violence. This is not a threat; it is a fact of history. So I have not said to my people, "Get rid of your discontent." But I have tried to say that this normal and healthy discontent can be channeled through the creative outlet of nonviolent direct action. ...

In spite of my shattered dreams of the past, I came to Birmingham with the hope that the white religious leadership in the community would see the justice of our cause and, with deep moral concern, serve as the channel through which our just grievances could get to the power structure. I had hoped that each of you would understand. But again I have been disappointed.

I have heard numerous religious leaders of the South call upon their worshippers to comply with a desegregation decision because it is the law, but I have longed to hear white ministers declare: "Follow this decree because integration is morally right and the Negro is your brother." In the midst of blatant injustices inflicted upon the Negro, I have watched white churchmen stand on the sideline and merely mouth pious irrelevancies and sanctimonious trivialities. In the midst of a mighty struggle to rid our nation of racial and economic injustice, I have heard so many ministers say, "Those are social issues with which the Gospel has no real concern," and I have watched so many churches commit themselves to a completely other-worldly religion which made a strange distinction between body and soul, the sacred and the secular. ...

I hope this letter finds you strong in the faith. I also hope that circumstances will soon make it possible for me to meet each of you, not as an integrationist or a civil rights leader, but as a fellow clergyman and a Christian brother. Let us all hope that the dark clouds of racial prejudice will soon pass away and the deep fog of misunderstanding will be lifted from our fear-drenched communities and in some not too distant tomorrow the radiant stars of love and brotherhood will shine over our great nation with all of their scintillating beauty.

Yours for the cause of Peace and Brotherhood,

M. L. King, Jr.

from LETTER FROM BIRMINGHAM JAIL

COPY MASTER

Vocabulary Practice

from LETTER FROM BIRMINGHAM JAIL

affiliated	moratorium	scintillating	latent	retaliating
estrangement	rabid	cognizant	paradoxical	substantive

A. Directions: Fill in each blank with the correct word from the box.

- Leaders of the civil rights movement fought to produce _____ changes in the way Blacks were treated in the United States.
- Some of the injustices they faced were obvious, while others were _____ but just as serious.
- The _____ between the races led to misunderstanding and violence.
- The civil rights movement made many more people _____ of the evils of racism.
- Many _____ organizations worked together to end segregation.
- Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. called for a _____ on violence.
- Dr. King discouraged his supporters from _____ when provoked.
- Many leaders of the movement felt that it would be _____ to use violence to fight for peaceful ends.
- Some _____ segregationists wanted to defy the rulings of the Supreme Court.
- King's writing presents a _____ dream of a nation in harmony.

B. Directions: Write the vocabulary word that best completes each of the following analogies.

- upset ; enraged :: firm ; _____
- reckless ; cautious :: unaware ; _____
- ignoring ; noticing :: accepting ; _____
- certain ; sure :: concealed ; _____
- absurd ; ridiculous :: inconsistent ; _____

from LETTER FROM BIRMINGHAM JAIL

COPY MASTER

from LETTER FROM
BIRMINGHAM JAIL

Reading Check

Directions: Read over the questions and think about the ideas presented in the letter. Then answer each question in sentences or phrases.

1. Why does King object to being called an “outsider”?

2. What are the four steps that King associates with any nonviolent campaign?

3. Why are demonstrations taking place in Birmingham?

4. When he is asked about negotiation, why does King say that direct action is necessary?

5. What does King say will happen if nonviolent demonstrations are condemned?

Copyright © Holt McDougal, a division of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt

from LETTER FROM BIRMINGHAM JAIL

COPY MASTER

Literary Analysis

ALLUSION

An **allusion** is a reference within a work to historical, literary, and cultural details from outside the work. Writers choose allusions that are familiar to their target audience. Because King is writing a letter to fellow clergymen, King uses references to the Bible and to religious scholars to make his points. King's allusions help connect current events with respected historical and religious figures.

Directions: Identify the allusions King used and record them in the first column of the chart. Then use the footnotes in the selection to help you interpret King's allusions and tell why you think he included them.

Allusion	Possible Meaning	Why Included

Copyright © Holt McDougal, a division of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt

from LETTER FROM BIRMINGHAM JAIL

ENGLISH IV

SHORT STORY AMERICA

THE DARLING

ANTON CHEKHOV

Olenka, the daughter of the retired collegiate assessor Plemyanikov, was sitting on the back-door steps of her house doing nothing. It was hot, the flies were nagging and teasing, and it was pleasant to think that it would soon be evening. Dark rain clouds were gathering from the east, wafting a breath of moisture every now and then.

Kukin, who roomed in the wing of the same house, was standing in the yard looking up at the sky. He was the manager of the Tivoli, an open-air theatre.

"Again," he said despairingly. "Rain again. Rain, rain, rain! Every day rain! As though to spite me. I might as well stick my head into a noose and be done with it. It's ruining me. Heavy losses every day!" He wrung his hands, and continued, addressing Olenka: "What a life, Olga Semyonovna! It's enough to make a man weep. He works, he does his best, his very best, he tortures himself, he passes sleepless nights, he thinks and thinks and thinks how to do everything just right. And what's the result? He gives the public the best operetta, the very best pantomime, excellent artists. But do they want it? Have they the least appreciation of it? The public is rude. The public is a great boor. The public wants a circus, a lot of nonsense, a lot of stuff. And there's the weather. Look! Rain almost every evening. It began to rain on the tenth of May, and it's kept it up through the whole of June. It's simply awful. I can't get any audiences, and don't I have to pay rent? Don't I have to pay the actors?"

The next day towards evening the clouds gathered again, and Kukin said with an hysterical laugh:

"Oh, I don't care. Let it do its worst. Let it drown the whole theatre, and me, too. All right, no luck for me in this world or the next. Let the actors bring suit against me and drag me to court. What's the court? Why not Siberia at hard labour, or even the scaffold? Ha, ha, ha!"

It was the same on the third day.

Olenka listened to Kukin seriously, in silence. Sometimes tears would rise to her eyes. At last Kukin's misfortune touched her. She fell in love with him. He was short, gaunt, with a yellow face, and curly hair combed back from his forehead, and a thin tenor voice. His features puckered all up when he spoke. Despair was ever inscribed on his face. And yet he awakened in Olenka a sincere, deep feeling.

She was always loving somebody. She couldn't get on without loving somebody. She had loved her sick father, who sat the whole time in his armchair in a darkened room, breathing heavily. She had loved her aunt, who came from Brianska once or twice a year to visit them. And before that, when a pupil at the progymnasium, she had loved her French teacher. She was a quiet, kind-hearted, compassionate girl, with a soft gentle way about her. And she made a very healthy, wholesome impression. Looking at her full, rosy cheeks, at her soft white neck with the black mole, and at the good naïve smile that always played on her face when something pleasant was said, the men would think, "Not so bad," and would smile too; and the lady visitors, in the middle of the conversation, would suddenly grasp her hand and exclaim, "You darling!" in a burst of delight.

The house, hers by inheritance, in which she had lived from birth, was located at the outskirts of the city on the Gypsy Road, not far from the Tivoli. From early evening till late at night she could hear the music in the theatre and the bursting of the rockets; and it seemed to her that Kukin was roaring and battling with his fate and taking his chief enemy, the indifferent public, by assault. Her heart melted softly, she felt no desire to sleep, and when Kukin returned home towards morning, she tapped on her window-pane, and through the curtains he saw her face and one shoulder and the kind smile she gave him.

He proposed to her, and they were married. And when he had a good look of her neck and her full vigorous shoulders, he clapped his hands and said:

"You darling!"

He was happy. But it rained on their wedding-day, and the expression of despair never left his face.

They got along well together. She sat in the cashier's box, kept the theatre in order, wrote down the expenses, and paid out the salaries. Her rosy cheeks, her kind naïve smile, like a halo around her face, could be seen at the cashier's window, behind the scenes, and in the café. She began to tell her friends that the theatre was the greatest, the most important, the most essential thing in the world, that it was the only place to obtain true enjoyment in and become humanised and educated.

"But do you suppose the public appreciates it?" she asked. "What the public wants is the circus. Yesterday Vanichka and I gave *Faust Burlesqued*, and almost all the boxes were empty. If we had given some silly nonsense, I assure you, the theatre would have been overcrowded. To-morrow we'll put *Orpheus in Hades* on. Do come."

Whatever Kukin said about the theatre and the actors, she repeated. She spoke, as he did, with contempt of the public, of its indifference to art, of its boorishness. She meddled in the rehearsals, corrected the actors, watched the conduct of the musicians; and when an unfavourable criticism appeared in the local paper, she wept and went to the editor to argue with him.

The actors were fond of her and called her "Vanichka and I" and "the darling." She was sorry for them and lent them small sums. When they bilked her, she never complained to her husband; at the utmost she shed a few tears.

In winter, too, they got along nicely together. They leased a theatre in the town for the whole winter and sublet it for short periods to a Little Russian theatrical company, to a conjuror and to the local amateur players.

Olenka grew fuller and was always beaming with contentment; while Kukin grew thinner and yellower and complained of his terrible losses, though he did fairly well the whole winter. At night he coughed, and she gave him raspberry syrup and lime water, rubbed him with eau de Cologne, and wrapped him up in soft coverings.

"You are my precious sweet," she said with perfect sincerity, stroking his hair. "You are such a dear."

At Lent he went to Moscow to get his company together, and, while without him, Olenka was unable to sleep. She sat at the window the whole time, gazing at the stars. She likened herself to the hens that are also uneasy and unable to sleep when their rooster is out of the coop. Kukin was detained in Moscow. He wrote he would be back during Easter Week, and in his letters discussed arrangements already for

the Tivoli. But late one night, before Easter Monday, there was an ill-omened knocking at the wicket-gate. It was like a knocking on a barrel--boom, boom, boom! The sleepy cook ran barefooted, plashing through the puddles, to open the gate.

"Open the gate, please," said some one in a hollow bass voice. "I have a telegram for you."

Olenka had received telegrams from her husband before; but this time, somehow, she was numbed with terror. She opened the telegram with trembling hands and read:

"Ivan Petrovich died suddenly to-day. Awaiting propt orders for wuneral Tuesday."

That was the way the telegram was written--"wuneral"--and another unintelligible word--"propt." The telegram was signed by the manager of the opera company.

"My dearest!" Olenka burst out sobbing. "Vanichka, my dearest, my sweetheart. Why did I ever meet you? Why did I ever get to know you and love you? To whom have you abandoned your poor Olenka, your poor, unhappy Olenka?"

Kukin was buried on Tuesday in the Vagankov Cemetery in Moscow. Olenka returned home on Wednesday; and as soon as she entered her house she threw herself on her bed and broke into such loud sobbing that she could be heard in the street and in the neighbouring yards.

"The darling!" said the neighbours, crossing themselves. "How Olga Semyonovna, the poor darling, is grieving!"

Three months afterwards Olenka was returning home from mass, downhearted and in deep mourning. Beside her walked a man also returning from church, Vasily Pustovalov, the manager of the merchant Babakayev's lumber-yard. He was wearing a straw hat, a white vest with a gold chain, and looked more like a landowner than a business man.

"Everything has its ordained course, Olga Semyonovna," he said sedately, with sympathy in his voice. "And if any one near and dear to us dies, then it means it was God's will and we should remember that and bear it with submission."

He took her to the wicket-gate, said good-bye and went away. After that she heard his sedate voice the whole day; and on closing her eyes she instantly had a vision

of his dark beard. She took a great liking to him. And evidently he had been impressed by her, too; for, not long after, an elderly woman, a distant acquaintance, came in to have a cup of coffee with her. As soon as the woman was seated at table she began to speak about Pustovalov--how good he was, what a steady man, and any woman could be glad to get him as a husband. Three days later Pustovalov himself paid Olenka a visit. He stayed only about ten minutes, and spoke little, but Olenka fell in love with him, fell in love so desperately that she did not sleep the whole night and burned as with fever. In the morning she sent for the elderly woman. Soon after, Olenka and Pustovalov were engaged, and the wedding followed.

Pustovalov and Olenka lived happily together. He usually stayed in the lumber-yard until dinner, then went out on business. In his absence Olenka took his place in the office until evening, attending to the book-keeping and despatching the orders.

"Lumber rises twenty per cent every year nowadays," she told her customers and acquaintances. "Imagine, we used to buy wood from our forests here. Now Vasichka has to go every year to the government of Mogilev to get wood. And what a tax!" she exclaimed, covering her cheeks with her hands in terror. "What a tax!"

She felt as if she had been dealing in lumber for ever so long, that the most important and essential thing in life was lumber. There was something touching and endearing in the way she pronounced the words, "beam," "joist," "plank," "stave," "lath," "gun-carriage," "clamp." At night she dreamed of whole mountains of boards and planks, long, endless rows of wagons conveying the wood somewhere, far, far from the city. She dreamed that a whole regiment of beams, 36 ft. x 5 in., were advancing in an upright position to do battle against the lumber-yard; that the beams and joists and clamps were knocking against each other, emitting the sharp crackling reports of dry wood, that they were all falling and then rising again, piling on top of each other. Olenka cried out in her sleep, and Pustovalov said to her gently: "Olenka my dear, what is the matter? Cross yourself."

Her husband's opinions were all hers. If he thought the room was too hot, she thought so too. If he thought business was dull, she thought business was dull. Pustovalov was not fond of amusements and stayed home on holidays; she did the same.

"You are always either at home or in the office," said her friends. "Why don't you go to the theatre or to the circus, darling?"

"Vasichka and I never go to the theatre," she answered sedately. "We have work to do; we have no time for nonsense. What does one get out of going to theatre?"

On Saturdays she and Pustovalov went to vespers, and on holidays to early mass. On returning home they walked side by side with rapt faces, an agreeable smell emanating from both of them and her silk dress rustling pleasantly. At home they drank tea with milk-bread and various jams, and then ate pie. Every day at noontime there was an appetising odour in the yard and outside the gate of cabbage soup, roast mutton, or duck; and, on fast days, of fish. You couldn't pass the gate without being seized by an acute desire to eat. The samovar was always boiling on the office table, and customers were treated to tea and biscuits. Once a week the married couple went to the baths and returned with red faces, walking side by side.

"We are getting along very well, thank God," said Olenka to her friends. "God grant that all should live as well as Vasichka and I."

When Pustovalov went to the government of Mogilev to buy wood, she was dreadfully homesick for him, did not sleep nights, and cried. Sometimes the veterinary surgeon of the regiment, Smirnov, a young man who lodged in the wing of her house, came to see her evenings. He related incidents, or they played cards together. This distracted her. The most interesting of his stories were those of his own life. He was married and had a son; but he had separated from his wife because she had deceived him, and now he hated her and sent her forty rubles a month for his son's support. Olenka sighed, shook her head, and was sorry for him.

"Well, the Lord keep you," she said, as she saw him off to the door by candlelight. "Thank you for coming to kill time with me. May God give you health. Mother in Heaven!" She spoke very sedately, very judiciously, imitating her husband. The veterinary surgeon had disappeared behind the door when she called out after him: "Do you know, Vladimir Platonych, you ought to make up with your wife. Forgive her, if only for the sake of your son. The child understands everything, you may be sure."

When Pustovalov returned, she told him in a low voice about the veterinary surgeon and his unhappy family life; and they sighed and shook their heads, and talked about the boy who must be homesick for his father. Then, by a strange association of ideas, they both stopped before the sacred images, made genuflections, and prayed to God to send them children.

And so the Pustovalovs lived for full six years, quietly and peaceably, in perfect love and harmony. But once in the winter Vasily Andreyich, after drinking some hot tea, went out into the lumber-yard without a hat on his head, caught a cold and took sick. He was treated by the best physicians, but the malady progressed, and he died after an illness of four months. Olenka was again left a widow.

"To whom have you left me, my darling?" she wailed after the funeral. "How shall I live now without you, wretched creature that I am. Pity me, good people, pity me, fatherless and motherless, all alone in the world!"

She went about dressed in black and weepers, and she gave up wearing hats and gloves for good. She hardly left the house except to go to church and to visit her husband's grave. She almost led the life of a nun.

It was not until six months had passed that she took off the weepers and opened her shutters. She began to go out occasionally in the morning to market with her cook. But how she lived at home and what went on there, could only be surmised. It could be surmised from the fact that she was seen in her little garden drinking tea with the veterinarian while he read the paper out loud to her, and also from the fact that once on meeting an acquaintance at the post-office, she said to her:

"There is no proper veterinary inspection in our town. That is why there is so much disease. You constantly hear of people getting sick from the milk and becoming infected by the horses and cows. The health of domestic animals ought really to be looked after as much as that of human beings."

She repeated the veterinarian's words and held the same opinions as he about everything. It was plain that she could not exist a single year without an attachment, and she found her new happiness in the wing of her house. In any one else this would have been condemned; but no one could think ill of Olenka. Everything in her life was so transparent. She and the veterinary surgeon never spoke about the change in their relations. They tried, in fact, to conceal it, but unsuccessfully; for Olenka could have no secrets. When the surgeon's colleagues from the regiment came to see him, she poured tea, and served the supper, and talked to them about the cattle plague, the foot and mouth disease, and the municipal slaughter houses. The surgeon was dreadfully embarrassed, and after the visitors had left, he caught her hand and hissed angrily:

"Didn't I ask you not to talk about what you don't understand? When we doctors discuss things, please don't mix in. It's getting to be a nuisance."

She looked at him in astonishment and alarm, and asked:

"But, Volodichka, what *am* I to talk about?"

And she threw her arms round his neck, with tears in her eyes, and begged him not to be angry. And they were both happy.

But their happiness was of short duration. The veterinary surgeon went away with his regiment to be gone for good, when it was transferred to some distant place almost as far as Siberia, and Olenka was left alone.

Now she was completely alone. Her father had long been dead, and his armchair lay in the attic covered with dust and minus one leg. She got thin and homely, and the people who met her on the street no longer looked at her as they had used to, nor smiled at her. Evidently her best years were over, past and gone, and a new, dubious life was to begin which it were better not to think about.

In the evening Olenka sat on the steps and heard the music playing and the rockets bursting in the Tivoli; but it no longer aroused any response in her. She looked listlessly into the yard, thought of nothing, wanted nothing, and when night came on, she went to bed and dreamed of nothing but the empty yard. She ate and drank as though by compulsion.

And what was worst of all, she no longer held any opinions. She saw and understood everything that went on around her, but she could not form an opinion about it. She knew of nothing to talk about. And how dreadful not to have opinions! For instance, you see a bottle, or you see that it is raining, or you see a muzhik riding by in a wagon. But what the bottle or the rain or the muzhik are for, or what the sense of them all is, you cannot tell--you cannot tell, not for a thousand rubles. In the days of Kukin and Pustovalov and then of the veterinary surgeon, Olenka had had an explanation for everything, and would have given her opinion freely no matter about what. But now there was the same emptiness in her heart and brain as in her yard. It was as galling and bitter as a taste of wormwood.

Gradually the town grew up all around. The Gypsy Road had become a street, and where the Tivoli and the lumber-yard had been, there were now houses and a row of side streets. How quickly time flies! Olenka's house turned gloomy, the roof rusty, the shed slanting. Dock and thistles overgrew the yard. Olenka herself had aged and grown homely. In the summer she sat on the steps, and her soul was empty and dreary and bitter. When she caught the breath of spring, or when the wind wafted the chime of the cathedral bells, a sudden flood of memories would

pour over her, her heart would expand with a tender warmth, and the tears would stream down her cheeks. But that lasted only a moment. Then would come emptiness again, and the feeling, What is the use of living? The black kitten Bryska rubbed up against her and purred softly, but the little creature's caresses left Olenka untouched. That was not what she needed. What she needed was a love that would absorb her whole being, her reason, her whole soul, that would give her ideas, an object in life, that would warm her aging blood. And she shook the black kitten off her skirt angrily, saying:

"Go away! What are you doing here?"

And so day after day, year after year not a single joy, not a single opinion. Whatever Marva, the cook, said was all right.

One hot day in July, towards evening, as the town cattle were being driven by, and the whole yard was filled with clouds of dust, there was suddenly a knocking at the gate. Olenka herself went to open it, and was dumbfounded to behold the veterinarian Smirnov. He had turned grey and was dressed as a civilian. All the old memories flooded into her soul, she could not restrain herself, she burst out crying, and laid her head on Smirnov's breast without saying a word. So overcome was she that she was totally unconscious of how they walked into the house and seated themselves to drink tea.

"My darling!" she murmured, trembling with joy. "Vladimir Platonych, from where has God sent you?"

"I want to settle here for good," he told her. "I have resigned my position and have come here to try my fortune as a free man and lead a settled life. Besides, it's time to send my boy to the gymnasium. He is grown up now. You know, my wife and I have become reconciled."

"Where is she?" asked Olenka.

"At the hotel with the boy. I am looking for lodgings."

"Good gracious, bless you, take my house. Why won't my house do? Oh, dear! Why, I won't ask any rent of you," Olenka burst out in the greatest excitement, and began to cry again. "You live here, and the wing will be enough for me. Oh, Heavens, what a joy!"

The very next day the roof was being painted and the walls whitewashed, and Olenka, arms akimbo, was going about the yard superintending. Her face brightened with her old smile. Her whole being revived and freshened, as though she had awakened from a long sleep. The veterinarian's wife and child arrived. She was a thin, plain woman, with a crabbed expression. The boy Sasha, small for his ten years of age, was a chubby child, with clear blue eyes and dimples in his cheeks. He made for the kitten the instant he entered the yard, and the place rang with his happy laughter.

"Is that your cat, auntie?" he asked Olenka. "When she has little kitties, please give me one. Mamma is awfully afraid of mice."

Olenka chatted with him, gave him tea, and there was a sudden warmth in her bosom and a soft gripping at her heart, as though the boy were her own son.

In the evening, when he sat in the dining-room studying his lessons, she looked at him tenderly and whispered to herself:

"My darling, my pretty. You are such a clever child, so good to look at."

"An island is a tract of land entirely surrounded by water," he recited.

"An island is a tract of land," she repeated--the first idea asseverated with conviction after so many years of silence and mental emptiness.

She now had her opinions, and at supper discussed with Sasha's parents how difficult the studies had become for the children at the gymnasium, but how, after all, a classical education was better than a commercial course, because when you graduated from the gymnasium then the road was open to you for any career at all. If you chose to, you could become a doctor, or, if you wanted to, you could become an engineer.

Sasha began to go to the gymnasium. His mother left on a visit to her sister in Kharkov and never came back. The father was away every day inspecting cattle, and sometimes was gone three whole days at a time, so that Sasha, it seemed to Olenka, was utterly abandoned, was treated as if he were quite superfluous, and must be dying of hunger. So she transferred him into the wing along with herself and fixed up a little room for him there.

Every morning Olenka would come into his room and find him sound asleep with his hand tucked under his cheek, so quiet that he seemed not to be breathing. What a shame to have to wake him, she thought.

"Sashenka," she said sorrowingly, "get up, darling. It's time to go to the gymnasium."

He got up, dressed, said his prayers, then sat down to drink tea. He drank three glasses of tea, ate two large cracknels and half a buttered roll. The sleep was not yet out of him, so he was a little cross.

"You don't know your fable as you should, Sashenka," said Olenka, looking at him as though he were departing on a long journey. "What a lot of trouble you are. You must try hard and learn, dear, and mind your teachers."

"Oh, let me alone, please," said Sasha.

Then he went down the street to the gymnasium, a little fellow wearing a large cap and carrying a satchel on his back. Olenka followed him noiselessly.

"Sashenka," she called.

He looked round and she shoved a date or a caramel into his hand. When he reached the street of the gymnasium, he turned around and said, ashamed of being followed by a tall, stout woman:

"You had better go home, aunt. I can go the rest of the way myself."

She stopped and stared after him until he had disappeared into the school entrance.

Oh, how she loved him! Not one of her other ties had been so deep. Never before had she given herself so completely, so disinterestedly, so cheerfully as now that her maternal instincts were all aroused. For this boy, who was not hers, for the dimples in his cheeks and for his big cap, she would have given her life, given it with joy and with tears of rapture. Why? Ah, indeed, why?

When she had seen Sasha off to the gymnasium, she returned home quietly, content, serene, overflowing with love. Her face, which had grown younger in the last half year, smiled and beamed. People who met her were pleased as they looked at her.

"How are you, Olga Semyonovna, darling? How are you getting on, darling?"

"The gymnasium course is very hard nowadays," she told at the market. "It's no joke. Yesterday the first class had a fable to learn by heart, a Latin translation, and a problem. How is a little fellow to do all that?"

And she spoke of the teacher and the lessons and the text-books, repeating exactly what Sasha said about them.

At three o'clock they had dinner. In the evening they prepared the lessons together, and Olenka wept with Sasha over the difficulties. When she put him to bed, she lingered a long time making the sign of the cross over him and muttering a prayer. And when she lay in bed, she dreamed of the far-away, misty future when Sasha would finish his studies and become a doctor or an engineer, have a large house of his own, with horses and a carriage, marry and have children. She would fall asleep still thinking of the same things, and tears would roll down her cheeks from her closed eyes. And the black cat would lie at her side purring: "Mrr, mrr, mrr."

Suddenly there was a loud knocking at the gate. Olenka woke up breathless with fright, her heart beating violently. Half a minute later there was another knock.

"A telegram from Kharkov," she thought, her whole body in a tremble. "His mother wants Sasha to come to her in Kharkov. Oh, great God!"

She was in despair. Her head, her feet, her hands turned cold. There was no unhappier creature in the world, she felt. But another minute passed, she heard voices. It was the veterinarian coming home from the club.

"Thank God," she thought. The load gradually fell from her heart, she was at ease again. And she went back to bed, thinking of Sasha who lay fast asleep in the next room and sometimes cried out in his sleep:

"I'll give it to you! Get away! Quit your scrapping!"

Name _____

Date _____

THE DARLING

COPY MASTER

Vocabulary Strategy

CONTRASTS AS CONTEXT CLUES

A **contrast**, or opposite, is a type of context clue. Terms like *but*, *however*, *unlike*, and *while* are clue words that point to a contrast. Other context clues may suggest the word's **nuance**, or shades of meaning. Notice the context clues in this sentence:

Some students learned classical subjects, studying literature, history, and Latin, **while** others received technical training.

The clue word *while* points to a contrast. The underlined word, *technical*, is an **antonym**, or opposite, of *classical*. The double-underlined text supplies the nuance of *classical*, suggesting topics that would be part of a classical education.

A. Directions: Use context clues to determine the antonym of each boldfaced word below.

1. Unlike most people on a fixed budget, the high cost of the luxury car was **inconsequential** to the wealthy man.

2. Julia finished the first draft of her essay, but she felt it was **prosaic**, so she revised it to add interesting and imaginative details.

3. While we had umbrellas, the rains began to **abate**, so we could run home without getting wet.

B. Directions: List the clues that tell you the word's nuance.

4. The audience reacted to the speech with **indifference**, barely listening to the speaker and leaving as soon as it was over.

5. The announcement sputtered **inaudibly** from the train's speaker, a thin voice lost in a noisy sea of static.

6. The fair was filled with countless **diversions**, from challenging games to remarkable displays and performances.

Name _____

Date _____

COPY MASTER

THE DARLING

Reading Check

THE DARLING

Directions: Recall the events in Anton Chekhov's short story. Then answer the questions in phrases or sentences.

1. What causes Olga to fall in love with Kukin?

2. How is life different for Olga with her second husband than with her first?

3. Who keeps Olga company when her second husband travels?

4. How does Olga change after the veterinarian leaves her?

5. To whom does Olga feel the deepest attachment?

Copyright © Holt McDougal, a division of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt

Name _____

Date _____

THE DARLING

COPY MASTER

Literary Analysis

NATURALISM

Naturalism is fiction that depicts ordinary life. It emerged as a form of realism, although naturalism often has a more pessimistic viewpoint. Naturalist writing often includes these elements:

- **Narration** that does not give moral judgments. The point of view is detached and objective.
- **Characters** who do not control their destinies. They are controlled by forces such as personality and environment.
- **Plots** that do not follow standard conventions.
- **Themes** that reflect skepticism about traditional ideas and values, such as faith, love, and progress.

Directions: Complete this chart to analyze elements of naturalism in the story. Describe each element in the story and tell how it reflects the naturalist style.

Naturalism in "The Darling"

Narration	Characters	Plot	Theme

Copyright © Holt McDougal, a division of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt