

Skills for
Literary Analysis
Chapter Tests

Chapter 1 Test

TRUE AND FALSE (50 POINTS)

- ___ In the beginning of the novel, Buck lived in rugged Minnesota.
- ___ In Alaska, there was a great need for hardy dogs to pull sleds.
- ___ Manuel sold Buck to be mean to Judge Miller.
- ___ Buck's initial response to cruelty was surprise.
- ___ Thornton was the best master, by far, that Buck had.
- ___ The setting was critical to this book.
- ___ Buck resisted the call of the wild until his master was killed.
- ___ Mercedes, the only woman in this book, was a very skilled tomboy who lived off the land.
- ___ Native Americans killed Thornton.
- ___ Thornton won \$1,000 when Buck pulled a very heavy sled.

Chapter 1 Essay

ESSAY (50 POINTS)

Read the passage from Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* and discuss in a one-page essay how Shelley uses the setting to make her thematic points. (You can access the story at your favorite digital provider or http://www.online-literature.com/shelley_mary/frankenstein The site is free to access without subscription. <http://www.gutenberg.org/> or <http://books.google.com/> are other free options; this is often part of a collection or you can access the single work.)

It was on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun-white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion and straight black lips.

The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room and continued a long time traversing my bedchamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded to the tumult I had before endured, and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavouring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain; I slept, indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her, but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with

horror; a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed; when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon as it forced its way through the window shutters, I beheld the wretch — the miserable monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed; and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped and rushed downstairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the house which I inhabited, where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life.

Oh! No mortal could support the horror of that countenance. A mummy again endued with animation could not be so hideous as that wretch. I had gazed on him while unfinished; he was ugly then, but when those muscles and joints were rendered capable of motion, it

became a thing such as even Dante could not have conceived.

I passed the night wretchedly. Sometimes my pulse beat so quickly and hardly that I felt the palpitation of every artery; at others, I nearly sank to the ground through languor and extreme weakness. Mingled with this horror, I felt the bitterness of disappointment; dreams that had been my food and pleasant rest for so long a space were now become a hell to me; and the change was so rapid, the overthrow so complete!

Morning, dismal and wet, at length dawned and discovered to my sleepless and aching eyes the church of Ingolstadt, its white steeple and clock, which indicated the sixth hour. The porter opened the gates of the court, which had that night been my asylum, and I issued into the streets, pacing them with quick steps, as if I sought to avoid the wretch whom I feared every turning of the street would present to my view. I did not dare return to the apartment which I inhabited, but felt impelled to hurry on, although drenched by the rain which poured from a black and comfortless sky.

Chapter 2 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

Write short essays discussing the worldviews in these contemporary movies.

A. *Pocahontas*

Disney's account of the Jamestown settlement begins with the noble savage Pocahontas observing the rough, war-like English settlers approaching her unspoiled wilderness. The English are led by Governor Ratcliffe, who is looking to strike it rich — no matter what the cost in human lives or in environmental impact. Irreligious John Smith is looking for girls and adventure. Upon landing and setting up camp in Virginia, Smith sets out to look for “savages” and meets Pocahontas. After their initial awkward encounter, they become friends. Their respective communities, on the other hand, prepare for war. John Smith's community sees the Native Americans as savages who in turn see the explorers as arrogant, self-centered brutes. Pocahontas asks advice from her grandmother-tree (i. e., a tree that speaks) and enters into a serious friendship with Smith.

B. *Scooby-Doo*

Fred, Velma, Daphne, Shaggy, and his talking dog, Scooby-Doo, make up a crime-solving group. Despite the fact that they are all winsome people, they are also selfish people. So, as the movie begins, they are disbanded. The group is now reunited on Spooky Island, a macabre amusement park run by Emile and frequented by hedonistic youth on spring break. It appears that while unwary youth arrive lucid, the students leave in something of a zombie state that makes the team believe something is amiss. The team sets out to get to the bottom of the mystery.

Chapter 3 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

Read chapter 10 of *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea* by Jules Verne. In a one-to two-page essay, discuss the way Verne uses narration to develop his memorable character Captain Nemo. (You can access the story at your favorite digital provider or www.online-literature.com/verne/leaguesunder/10/ The site is free to access without subscription. <http://www.gutenberg.org/> or <http://books.google.com/> are other free options; this is often part of a collection or you can access the single work.)

Chapter 4 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

In a one-page essay, state the theme of the short story “The Diamond Necklace” by the French writer, Guy de Maupassant. (You can access the story at your favorite digital provider or <http://www.online-literature.com/maupassant/206/> The site is free to access without subscription. <http://www.gutenberg.org/> or <http://books.google.com/> are other free options; this is often part of a collection or you can access the single work.)

Chapter 5 Test

MATCHING (50 POINTS)

Match the characters with the role(s) they assume. Some characters will fulfill more than one role. Be prepared to defend your answer.

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------|
| ___ Joseph | A. Protagonist |
| ___ Jacob | B. Antagonist |
| ___ Potiphar's wife | C. Foil |
| ___ Pharaoh | |
| ___ The baker | |
| ___ Joseph's brothers | |

Match the following:

- | | |
|---|----------------------|
| ___ Judah struggles with his feelings about selling Joseph into captivity. | A. External Conflict |
| ___ Joseph physically struggles with his brothers when they put him into the pit. | B. Internal Conflict |
| ___ Jacob worries about sending Benjamin to Egypt. | |
| ___ Jacob announces that his brothers are thieves. | |

Chapter 5 Essay

ESSAY (50 POINTS)

Write a one-page essay discussing characterization in the short story "Luck of the Roaring Camp," by Bret Harte. (You can access the story at your favorite digital provider or <http://www.online-literature.com/bret-harte/1681/>. The site is free to access without subscription. <http://www.gutenberg.org/> or <http://books.google.com/> are other free options; this is often part of a collection or you can access the single work.)

Chapter 6 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

Write a one-page essay in which you discuss the plot development of a favorite movie, book, or play. In your answer refer to the rising action, climax, falling action, and resolution.

Chapter 7 Test

MULTIPLE CHOICE (25 POINTS)

- ___ The author of Tom Sawyer is (A) Bret Harte, (B) Huck Finn, (C) Samuel Clemens, (D) William Faulkner.
- ___ Tom and Huck go to the graveyard to (A) find Injun Joe (B) rid themselves of warts (C) find a dead cat (D) scare Aunt Polly.
- ___ Tom got in trouble in school for (A) lying about Becky's torn page (B) cheating on a test (C) talking too much in class (D) pretending he was lost on the Mississippi River.
- ___ Tom and Huck ultimately returned from Jackson Island because (A) Huck was bitten by a snake (B) Tom was sick (C) they were homesick (D) they were hungry.
- ___ Injun Joe was to die in the cave because (A) the sheriff caught him (B) he was lost (C) Tom shot him (D) his way out was blocked.

Chapter 7 Essay

ESSAY (75 POINTS)

Write a one-page essay in which you discuss how humor is presented in the short story "The Ransom of Red Chief," by O. Henry. (You can access the story at your favorite digital provider or www.online-literature.com/donne/1041/. The site is free to access without subscription. <http://www.gutenberg.org/> or <http://books.google.com/> are other free options; this is often part of a collection or you can access the single work.)

Chapter 8 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

In a one-page essay, describe the use of symbolism in the following powerful scene from Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*. (You can access the story at your favorite digital provider or http://www.online-literature.com/victor_hugo/les_miserables/. The site is free to access without subscription. <http://www.gutenberg.org/> or <http://books.google.com/> are other free options; this is often part of a collection or you can access the single work.)

Jean Valjean, an escaped criminal, has been apprehended for stealing silver from a priest. His captors bring him to the priest. . . .

"Monseigneur, Monseigneur!" she exclaimed, "does your Grace know where the basket of silver is?"

"Yes," replied the Bishop.

"Jesus the Lord be blessed!" she resumed; "I did not know what had become of it."

The Bishop had just picked up the basket in a flower-bed. He presented it to Madame Magloire.

"Here it is."

"Well!" said she. "Nothing in it! And the silver?"

"Ah," returned the Bishop, "so it is the silver which troubles you? I don't know where it is."

"Great, good God! It is stolen! That man who was here last night has stolen it."

In a twinkling, with all the vivacity of an alert old woman, Madame Magloire had rushed to the oratory, entered the alcove, and returned to the Bishop. The Bishop had just bent down, and was sighing as he examined a plant of cochlearia des Guillons, which the basket had broken as it fell across the bed. He rose up at Madame Magloire's cry.

"Monseigneur, the man is gone! The silver has been stolen!"

As she uttered this exclamation, her eyes fell upon a corner of the garden, where traces of the wall having been scaled were visible. The coping of the wall had been torn away.

"Stay! yonder is the way he went. He jumped over into Cocheffet Lane. Ah, the abomination! He has stolen our silver!"

The Bishop remained silent for a moment; then he raised his grave eyes, and said gently to Madame Magloire:

"And, in the first place, was that silver ours?"

Madame Magloire was speechless. Another silence ensued; then the Bishop went on:

"Madame Magloire, I have for a long time detained that silver wrongfully. It belonged to the poor. Who was that man? A poor man, evidently."

"Alas! Jesus!" returned Madame Magloire. "It is not for my sake, nor for Mademoiselle's. It makes no difference to us. But it is for the sake of Monseigneur. What is Monseigneur to eat with now?"

The Bishop gazed at her with an air of amazement.

"Ah, come! Are there no such things as pewter forks and spoons?"

Madame Magloire shrugged her shoulders.

"Pewter has an odor."

"Iron forks and spoons, then."

Madame Magloire made an expressive grimace.

"Iron has a taste."

"Very well," said the Bishop; "wooden ones then."

A few moments later he was breakfasting at the very table at which Jean Valjean had sat on the previous evening. As he ate his breakfast, Monseigneur Welcome remarked gayly to his sister, who said nothing, and to Madame Magloire, who was grumbling under her breath, that one really does not need either fork or spoon, even of wood, in order to dip a bit of bread in a cup of milk.

"A pretty idea, truly," said Madame Magloire to herself, as she went and came, "to take in a man like that! and to lodge him close to one's self! And how fortunate that he did nothing but steal! Ah, mon Dieu! it makes one shudder to think of it!"

As the brother and sister were about to rise from the table, there came a knock at the door.

"Come in," said the Bishop.

The door opened. A singular and violent group made its appearance on the threshold.

Three men were holding a fourth man by the collar. The three men were gendarmes; the other was Jean Valjean.

A brigadier of gendarmes, who seemed to be in command of the group, was standing near the door. He entered and advanced to the Bishop, making a military salute.

“Monseigneur” said he.

At this word, Jean Valjean, who was dejected and seemed overwhelmed, raised his head with an air of stupefaction.

“Monseigneur!” he murmured. “So he is not the cure?”

“Silence!” said the gendarme. “He is Monseigneur the Bishop.”

In the meantime, Monseigneur Bienvenu had advanced as quickly as his great age permitted.

“Ah! here you are!” he exclaimed, looking at Jean Valjean. “I am glad to see you. Well, but how is this? I gave you the candlesticks too, which are of silver like the rest, and for which you can certainly get two hundred francs. Why did you not carry them away with your forks and spoons?”

Jean Valjean opened his eyes wide, and stared at the venerable Bishop with an expression which no human tongue can render any account of.

“Monseigneur,” said the brigadier of gendarmes, “so what this man said is true, then? We came across him. He was walking like a man who is running away. We stopped him to look into the matter. He had this silver —”

“And he told you,” interposed the Bishop with a smile, “that it had been given to him by a kind old fellow of a priest with whom he had passed the night? I see how the matter stands. And you have brought him back here? It is a mistake.”

“In that case,” replied the brigadier, “we can let him go?”

“Certainly,” replied the Bishop.

The gendarmes released Jean Valjean, who recoiled.

“Is it true that I am to be released?” he said, in an almost inarticulate voice, and as though he were talking in his sleep.

“Yes, thou art released; dost thou not understand?” said one of the gendarmes.

“My friend,” resumed the Bishop, “before you go, here are your candlesticks. Take them.”

He stepped to the chimney-piece, took the two silver candlesticks, and brought them to Jean Valjean. The two women looked on without uttering a word, without a gesture, without a look which could disconcert the Bishop.

Jean Valjean was trembling in every limb. He took the two candlesticks mechanically, and with a bewildered air.

“Now,” said the Bishop, “go in peace. By the way, when you return, my friend, it is not necessary to pass through the garden. You can always enter and depart through the street door. It is never fastened with anything but a latch, either by day or by night.”

Then, turning to the gendarmes: “You may retire, gentlemen.”

The gendarmes retired.

Jean Valjean was like a man on the point of fainting.

The Bishop drew near to him, and said in a low voice:

“Do not forget, never forget, that you have promised to use this money in becoming an honest man.”

Jean Valjean, who had no recollection of ever having promised anything, remained speechless. The Bishop had emphasized the words when he uttered them. He resumed with solemnity:

“Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. It is your soul that I buy from you; I withdraw it from black thoughts and the spirit of perdition, and I give it to God.”

Chapter 9 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

In a one-page essay, discuss the way the author creates memorable characters in the following passage.

Chapter 10 Test

MULTIPLE CHOICE (50 POINTS)

- ___ While at the Admiral Benbow, Billy Bones fears (A) a one-legged man (B) the police (C) a tax-collector (D) pneumonia.
- ___ The protagonist of this novel is (A) Jim (B) Long John Silver (C) Billy Bones (D) Blackbeard.
- ___ The black spot means that the bearer (A) has won the lottery (B) has been drafted (C) is marked to die (D) will soon assume his place on board a ship.
- ___ Israel Hands is killed by (A) Long John (B) Jim (C) Mary Sue (D) Dr. Livesey.
- ___ At the end, Long John (A) returns to England to stand trial (B) dies (C) marries a young lady (D) deserts.

Chapter 10 Essay

ESSAY (50 POINTS)

In a one-page essay, discuss the way H.G. Wells introduces his protagonist in *The Invisible Man*. (You can access the story at your favorite digital provider or <http://www.online-literature.com/wellshg/invisible/>. The site is free to access without subscription. <http://www.gutenberg.org/> or <http://books.google.com/> are other free options; this is often part of a collection or you can access the single work.)

Chapter 11 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

In a one-page essay, discuss the way H.G. Wells creates suspense in this chapter of his novel, *War of the Worlds*. (You can access the story at your favorite digital provider or www.online-literature.com/wellshg/warworlds/. The site is free to access without subscription. <http://www.gutenberg.org/> or <http://books.google.com/> are other free options; this is often part of a collection or you can access the single work.)

An alien space ship has landed in England, and the aliens are now appearing out of their space ship.

When I returned to the common the sun was setting. Scattered groups were hurrying from the direction of Woking, and one or two persons were returning. The crowd about the pit had increased, and stood out black against the lemon yellow of the sky — a couple of hundred people, perhaps. There were raised voices, and some sort of struggle appeared to be going on about the pit. Strange imaginings passed through my mind. As I drew nearer I heard Stent's voice:

“Keep back! Keep back!”

A boy came running towards me.

“It's a movin’,” he said to me as he passed; “a-screwin’ and a-screwin’ out. I don't like it. I'm a-goin’ home, I am.”

I went on to the crowd. There were really, I should think, two or three hundred people elbowing and jostling one another, the one or two ladies there being by no means the least active.

“He's fallen in the pit!” cried someone.

“Keep back!” said several.

The crowd swayed a little, and I elbowed my way through. Every one seemed greatly excited. I heard a peculiar humming sound from the pit.

“I say!” said Ogilvy; “help keep these idiots back. We don't know what's in the confounded thing, you know!”

I saw a young man, a shop assistant in Woking I believe he was, standing on the cylinder and trying to scramble out of the hole again. The crowd had pushed him in.

The end of the cylinder was being screwed but from within. Nearly two feet of shining screw projected. Somebody blundered against me, and I narrowly missed being pitched onto the top of the screw. I turned, and as I did so the screw must have come out, for the lid of the cylinder fell upon the gravel with a ringing concussion. I stuck my elbow into the person behind me, and turned my head towards the Thing again. For a

moment that circular cavity seemed perfectly black. I had the sunset in my eyes.

I think everyone expected to see a man emerge—possibly something a little unlike us terrestrial men, but in all essentials a man. I know I did. But, looking, I presently saw something stirring within the shadow: greyish billowy movements, one above another, and then two luminous disks—like eyes. Then something resembling a little grey snake, about the thickness of a walking stick, coiled up out of the writhing middle, and wriggled in the air towards me—and then another.

A sudden chill came over me. There was a loud shriek from a woman behind. I half turned, keeping my eyes fixed upon the cylinder still, from which other tentacles were now projecting, and began pushing my way back from the edge of the pit. I saw astonishment giving place to horror on the faces of the people about me. I heard inarticulate exclamations on all sides. There was a general movement backwards. I saw the shopman struggling still on the edge of the pit. I found myself alone, and saw the people on the other side of the pit running off, Stent among them. I looked again at the cylinder, and ungovernable terror gripped me. I stood petrified and staring.

A big greyish rounded bulk, the size, perhaps, of a bear, was rising slowly and painfully out of the cylinder. As it bulged up and caught the light, it glistened like wet leather.

Two large dark-coloured eyes were regarding me steadfastly. The mass that framed them, the head of the thing, was rounded, and had, one might say, a face. There was a mouth under the eyes, the lipless brim of which quivered and panted, and dropped saliva. The whole creature heaved and pulsated convulsively. A link tentacular appendage gripped the edge of the cylinder, another swayed in the air.

Those who have never seen a living Martian can scarcely imagine the strange horror of its appearance. The peculiar V-shaped mouth with its pointed upper lip, the absence of brow ridges, the absence of a chin beneath the

wedgelike lower lip, the incessant quivering of this mouth, the Gorgon groups of tentacles, the tumultuous breathing of the lungs in a strange atmosphere, the evident heaviness and painfulness of movement due to the greater gravitational energy of the earth—above all, the extraordinary intensity of the immense eye—were at once vital, intense, inhuman, crippled and monstrous. There was something fungoid in the oily brown skin, something in the clumsy deliberation of the tedious movements unspeakably nasty. Even at this first encounter, this first glimpse, I was overcome with disgust and dread.

Suddenly the monster vanished. It had toppled over the brim of the cylinder and fallen into the pit, with a thud like the fall of a great mass of leather. I heard it give a peculiar thick cry, and forthwith another of these creatures appeared darkly in the deep shadow of the aperture.

I turned and, running madly, made for the first group of trees, perhaps a hundred yards away; but I ran slantingly and stumbling, for I could not avert my face from these things.

There, among some young pine trees and furze bushes, I stopped, panting, and waited further

developments. The common round the sand pits was dotted with people, standing like myself in a half-fascinated terror, staring at these creatures, or rather at the heaped gravel at the edge of the pit in which they lay. And then, with a renewed horror, I saw a round, black object bobbing up and down on the edge of the pit. It was the head of the shopman who had fallen in, but showing as a little black object against the hot western sky. Now he got his shoulder and knee up, and again he seemed to slip back until only his head was visible. Suddenly he vanished, and I could have fancied a faint shriek had reached me. I had a momentary impulse to go back and help him that my fears overruled.

Everything was then quite invisible, hidden by the deep pit and the heap of sand that the fall of the cylinder had made. Anyone coming along the road from Choban or Woking would have been amazed at the sight—a dwindling multitude of perhaps a hundred people or more standing in a great irregular circle, in ditches, behind bushes, behind gates and hedges, saying little to one another and that in short, excited shouts, and staring, staring hard at a few heaps of sand.

Chapter 12 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

In a one-page essay, discuss how reliable the narrator is in this passage from Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*. Next, rewrite the passage from Friday's perspective. (You can access the story at your favorite digital provider or <http://www.online-literature.com/defoe/crusoe/>. The site is free to access without subscription. <http://www.gutenberg.org/> or <http://books.google.com/> are other free options; this is often part of a collection or you can access the single work.)

This passage occurs after Friday had been rescued from cannibals and Robinson Crusoe had begun to "civilize" him.

After I had been two or three days returned to my castle, I thought that, in order to bring Friday off from his horrid way of feeding, and from the relish of a cannibal's stomach, I ought to let him taste other flesh; so I took him out with me one morning to the woods. I went, indeed, intending to kill a kid out of my own flock; and bring it home and dress it; but as I was going I saw a she-goat lying down in the shade, and two young kids sitting by her. I caught hold of Friday. "Hold," said I, "stand still;" and made signs to him not to stir: immediately I presented my piece, shot, and killed one of the kids. The poor creature, who had at a distance, indeed, seen me kill the savage, his enemy, but did not know, nor could imagine how it was done, was sensibly surprised, trembled, and shook, and looked so amazed that I thought he would have sunk down. He did not see the kid I shot at, or perceive I had killed it, but ripped up his waistcoat to feel whether he was not wounded; and, as I found presently, thought I was resolved to kill him: for he came and kneeled down to me, and embracing my knees, said a great many things I did not understand; but I could easily see the meaning was to pray me not to kill him.

I soon found a way to convince him that I would do him no harm; and taking him up by the hand, laughed at him, and pointing to the kid which I had killed, beckoned to him to run and fetch it, which he did: and while he was wondering, and looking to see how the creature was killed, I loaded my gun again. By-and-by I saw a great fowl, like a hawk, sitting upon a tree within shot; so, to let Friday understand a little what I would do, I called him to me again, pointed at the fowl, which was indeed a parrot, though I thought it had been a hawk; I say, pointing to the parrot, and to my gun, and to the ground under the parrot, to let him see I would make it fall, I made him understand that I would shoot and kill that bird; accordingly, I fired, and bade him look, and immediately he saw the parrot fall. He stood like one frightened again, notwithstanding all I had said to him; and I found he was the more amazed, because he

did not see me put anything into the gun, but thought that there must be some wonderful fund of death and destruction in that thing, able to kill man, beast, bird, or anything near or far off; and the astonishment this created in him was such as could not wear off for a long time; and I believe, if I would have let him, he would have worshipped me and my gun. As for the gun itself, he would not so much as touch it for several days after; but he would speak to it and talk to it, as if it had answered him, when he was by himself; which, as I afterwards learned of him, was to desire it not to kill him. Well, after his astonishment was a little over at this, I pointed to him to run and fetch the bird I had shot, which he did, but stayed some time; for the parrot, not being quite dead, had fluttered away a good distance from the place where she fell: however, he found her, took her up, and brought her to me; and as I had perceived his ignorance about the gun before, I took this advantage to charge the gun again, and not to let him see me do it, that I might be ready for any other mark that might present; but nothing more offered at that time: so I brought home the kid, and the same evening I took the skin off, and cut it out as well as I could; and having a pot fit for that purpose, I boiled or stewed some of the flesh, and made some very good broth. After I had begun to eat some I gave some to my man, who seemed very glad of it, and liked it very well; but that which was strangest to him was to see me eat salt with it. He made a sign to me that the salt was not good to eat; and putting a little into his own mouth, he seemed to nauseate it, and would spit and sputter at it, washing his mouth with fresh water after it: on the other hand, I took some meat into my mouth without salt, and I pretended to spit and sputter for want of salt, as much as he had done at the salt; but it would not do; he would never care for salt with meat or in his broth; at least, not for a great while, and then but a very little.

Having thus fed him with boiled meat and broth, I was resolved to feast him the next day by roasting a piece

of the kid: this I did by hanging it before the fire on a string, as I had seen many people do in England, setting two poles up, one on each side of the fire, and one across the top, and tying the string to the cross stick, letting the meat turn continually. This Friday admired very much; but when he came to taste the flesh, he took so many ways to tell me how well he liked it, that I could not but understand him: and at last he told me, as well as he could, he would never eat man's flesh any more, which I was very glad to hear.

The next day I set him to work beating some corn out, and sifting it in the manner I used to do, as I observed before; and he soon understood how to do it as well as I, especially after he had seen what the meaning of it was, and that it was to make bread of; for after that I let him see me make my bread, and bake it too; and in a little time Friday was able to do all the work for me as well as I could do it myself.

I began now to consider, that having two mouths to feed instead of one, I must provide more ground for my harvest, and plant a larger quantity of corn than I used to do; so I marked out a larger piece of land, and began the fence in the same manner as before, in which Friday

worked not only very willingly and very hard, but did it very cheerfully: and I told him what it was for; that it was for corn to make more bread, because he was now with me, and that I might have enough for him and myself too. He appeared very sensible of that part, and let me know that he thought I had much more labour upon me on his account than I had for myself; and that he would work the harder for me if I would tell him what to do.

This was the pleasantest year of all the life I led in this place. Friday began to talk pretty well, and understand the names of almost everything I had occasion to call for, and of every place I had to send him to, and talked a great deal to me; so that, in short, I began now to have some use for my tongue again, which, indeed, I had very little occasion for before. Besides the pleasure of talking to him, I had a singular satisfaction in the fellow himself: his simple, unfeigned honesty appeared to me more and more every day, and I began really to love the creature; and on his side I believe he loved me more than it was possible for him ever to love anything before.

Chapter 13 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

Behind this story about a colorful character, Roshanna, is a powerful theme. In a one-page essay, discuss what that theme is.

Roshanna was never subtle. During morning worship in my inner-city, multi-cultural but mostly white, Pittsburgh church, Roshanna had an uncanny ability to find, sit next to, and irritate the most irascible congregants. My 1985, 75-plus urban congregation had more than its share of acrimonious characters.

This particular morning, Roshanna, an interracial child from the neighborhood, was sitting next to Mrs. Musick — a vintage grouch. With adeptness unparalleled in my neighborhood, Roshanna had marked her victim. Roshanna often timed her sneak attack during the silent prayers of confession, while her victim was most contrite and vulnerable. Before the Assurance of Pardon was pronounced, poor Mrs. Musick was hanged and quartered. At the end of the doxology — in celebration of the midpoint of our service — Roshanna deposited her used Bazooka bubble gum on Mrs. Musick's open red-letter Bible. The awful mess was placed between "He" and "multitudes" in Matthew 5:1. Poor Mrs. Musick's Bible would sport Bazooka bubble gum for generations to come.

There would be no peace this Sunday morning.

Mrs. Musick, who never suffered in silence, accosted me at the back door. "Pastor, you have to do something about Roshanna. What are we going to do with these people?"

While ingesting lunch, I shamelessly transferred my frustration to my harried and volunteer lay Christian

education director (and mother of my four children), "Honey, what are we going to do about these people?"

My wife Karen responded with characteristic alacrity: "Jim, these people are the best thing that ever happened to us."

Twelve-year-old Roshanna grew up on the city streets. Her mother was a Caucasian who worked two shifts at a local restaurant during the week and turned tricks at the Horoscope Bar on Friday nights; her father was African-American and absent. Roshanna, if she lived anywhere, mostly lived with what appeared to be a wizened old grand-mother but who, I heard later, was actually younger than I was when I finished divinity school.

Every summer morning Roshanna was given a wrinkled dollar and told to disappear until bedtime. Often she stood forlornly in front of her house, as if she was hoping her grandmother would change her mind. But she never did.

Roshanna never owned a doll. She ever felt the touch of a kind adult. Her world was full of broken, glass-filled alleys and abandoned smoke-scarred brick houses. Her favorite silver slide with a paint-chipped clown on its ladder was once the final resting place of an overdosed addict. Roshanna had found him one morning while wasting time at the park. She was a tough street veteran acutely aware that she belonged to no one and to no place. (James P. Stobaugh)

Chapter 14 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

Write a one-page Summary that is a parody of Tom Sawyer. Present him as a spoiled, selfish boy who is so full of himself that he cannot see the humor of his situation. In other words, you are being asked to write a parody of a parody. This writing technique is in contrast to Twain's Tom Sawyer, who is full of insights into human characters. (You can access the story at your favorite digital provider or <http://www.online-literature.com/twain/tomsawyer/>. The site is free to access without subscription. <http://www.gutenberg.org/> or <http://books.google.com/> are other free options; this is often part of a collection or you can access the single work.)

Chapter 15 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

In *Little Women*, Louisa May Alcott is a master at describing characters through dialogue. In a one-page essay, using chapter 1, discuss how Alcott uses dialogue to describe characters. (You can access the story at your favorite digital provider or <http://www.online-literature.com/alcott/littlewomen/0/>. The site is free to access without subscription. <http://www.gutenberg.org/> or <http://books.google.com/> are other free options; this is often part of a collection or you can access the single work.)

Chapter 16 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

In Chapter One of Charles Dickens' A Christmas Carol, the reader is presented a memorable figure, Ebenezer Scrooge. In the first few pages, Scrooge comes alive as Dickens introduces him to the reader in a mock-serious tone. In a one-page essay, discuss how Dickens uses tone to present Ebenezer Scrooge. (You can access the story at your favorite digital provider or <http://www.online-literature.com/dickens/christmascarol/>. The site is free to access without subscription. <http://www.gutenberg.org/> or <http://books.google.com/> are other free options; this is often part of a collection or you can access the single work.)

Marley was dead to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to.

Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the Country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnised it with an undoubted bargain. The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is no doubt that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. If we were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's Father died before the play began, there would be nothing more remarkable in his taking a stroll at night, in an easterly wind, upon his own ramparts, than there would be in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a breezy spot — say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance — literally to astonish his son's weak mind.

Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and

Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grind-stone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dogdays; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, 'My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?' No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, 'No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!'

But what did Scrooge care! It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call 'nuts' to Scrooge.

Once upon a time — of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve — old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather foggy withal and he could hear the people in the court outside, go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already—it had not been light all day—and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without, that although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge, "Humbug!"

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again. "Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew gaily. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough."

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said "Bah!" again; and followed it up with "Humbug."

"Don't be cross, uncle!" said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew. "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round — apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that — as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the Tank involuntarily applauded. Becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark for ever.

"Let me hear another sound from you," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us tomorrow. . . ."

Chapter 17 Test

OBJECTIVE QUESTIONS (50 POINTS)

- ___ Arthur Shelby is willing to break up slave families because (A) he is a cruel man (B) he is tired of farming (C) he is heavily in debt (D) he divorces his wife.
- ___ One of the slaves sold is (A) Harry (B) Mary (C) Eliza (D) Arthur.
- ___ Eliza flees to freedom by crossing the frozen (A) Ohio River (B) Mississippi River (C) Raritan River (D) Susquehanna River.
- ___ Tom is sold to a vicious slaveholder named (A) Homer Jones (B) Arthur Shelby (C) Robert E. Lee (D) Simon Legree.
- ___ Tom Loker is a changed man after (A) being freed (B) getting married (C) being healed by Quakers (D) returning to Africa.

Chapter 17 Essay Answer

ESSAY (50 POINTS)

In a one-page essay, discuss why the following passage is propaganda. It was written by Nazi leaders during World War II (Goebbels, Unpublished, 1944 www.gutenberg.org).

It will forever be the greatest shame of the 20th century that England and the United States joined with Communism in their hate-filled battle against our venerable Fatherland. They will not gain victory; to the contrary, at most they will ruin the economic foundations of their own nations. Only shame will remain. Perhaps it must be that way to speed along the inner decay of their selfish government system. One can speak here only of perverse political and military cooperation. Despite that, it is an enormous danger for us and for Europe, and we must gather all forces to meet it. There is no point in hoping for the aid of other threatened peoples and states. They indeed see the danger, but no power in the world can make them do anything about it. They resemble the rabbit that looks hypnotized at the snake until it is devoured. We are mostly dependent on ourselves successfully to conduct this battle for our survival and the survival of Europe. And we will do it. The strength of the Reich has grown

greatly since the beginning of the war, when we faced a far greater danger, which the enemy knows. Europe is mostly in our hands. The enemy will leave no method untried in the coming year to steal important land from our Fuhrer. If he is to do this, the state of things requires that he take dangerous risks in the West, which until now he has successfully avoided. He tries to replace them by an air attack, which everyone knows is directed more against our war morale than our war potential. I speak of an air attack, which is a very polite and restrained expression for a singularly unsoldierly way of righting that has no historical parallel in its coarseness and brutality. Through the centuries, it will remain the second great shame of the English and the Americans. During the First World War they tried starvation against women and children. Now they are using phosphorus to beat down a fine and moral nation that requires nothing more than a decent and free life.

Chapter 18 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

Write a one-page allegory of your Christian life.

Chapter 19 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

Write a one-page essay discussing the development of a character in one of your favorite novels. Support your development by using specific references from the novel.

Chapter 20 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

In a one-page essay, discuss the importance of the setting to this short story by Ambrose Bierce. (You can access the story at your favorite digital provider or <http://www.online-literature.com/bierce/175/>. The site is free to access without subscription. <http://www.gutenberg.org/> or <http://books.google.com/> are other free options; this is often part of a collection or you can access the single work.)

Chapter 21 Test

OBJECTIVE TEST (50 POINTS)

- ___ Silas Marner is a (A) preacher (B) weaver (C) miller (D) policeman.
- ___ He is an outsider, the object of suspicion because (A) of his special skills and the fact that he has come to Raveloe from elsewhere (B) he is learning disabled (C) he is rich (D) he is poor.
- ___ He is driven from the town because (A) he has terminal cancer (B) someone gave him some money (C) he won the lottery (D) someone falsely accused him of theft and excommunicated him.
- ___ Eppie's biological father is (A) Dunster (B) Silas (C) Godfrey (D) George.
- ___ Eppie decides to (A) live with her biological father (B) stay with Silas (C) move to another town (D) to marry David.

Chapter 21 Essay

ESSAY (50 POINTS)

In Book III, chapter 13 of *A Tale of Two Cities*, by Charles Dickens, one of the most famous coincidences in world literature occurs. The protagonist, aristocrat Charles Darnay, is in a French prison waiting to be executed the next day. An acquaintance, who looks a lot like Darnay, enters the prison to visit Darnay.

Determine whether this coincidence is necessary to the plot of this book. Support your argument with instances from the excerpt. (You can access the story at your favorite digital provider or <http://www.online-literature.com/dickens/twocities/>. The site is free to access without subscription. <http://www.gutenberg.org/> or <http://books.google.com/> are other free options; this is often part of a collection or you can access the single work.)

Chapter 22 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

Continuing with the story of Charles Darnay and Sydney Carton, in a one-page essay, examine the final chapter of *The Tale of Two Cities* and argue for or against your opinion of whether the ending is sentimental. Support your arguments with references to the text. (You can access the story at your favorite digital provider or <http://www.online-literature.com/dickens/twocities/45/>. The site is free to access without subscription. <http://www.gutenberg.org/> or <http://books.google.com/> are other free options; this is often part of a collection or you can access the single work.)

(Another victim is speaking to Sydney Carton)

“But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed, for I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart; nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death, that we might have hope and comfort here today. I think you were sent to me by Heaven.”

“Or you to me,” says Sydney Carton. “Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object.”

“I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid.”

“They will be rapid. Fear not!”

The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to repair home together, and to rest in her bosom.

“Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you one last question? I am very ignorant, and it troubles me — just a little.”

“Tell me what it is.”

“I have a cousin, an only relative and an orphan, like myself, whom I love very dearly. She is five years younger than I, and she lives in a farmer’s house in the south country. Poverty parted us, and she knows nothing of my fate — for I cannot write — and if I could, how should I tell her! It is better as it is.”

“Yes, yes: better as it is.”

“What I have been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look into your kind strong face which gives me so much support, is this: — If the Republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry, and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time: she may even live to be old.”

“What then, my gentle sister?”

“Do you think?” the uncomplaining eyes in which there is so much endurance, fill with tears, and the lips part a little more and tremble: “that it will seem long to me, while I wait for her in the better land where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered?”

“It cannot be, my child; there is no Time there, and no trouble there.”

“You comfort me so much! I am so ignorant. Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?”

“Yes.”

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him — is gone; the knitting-women count Twenty-Two.

“I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.” The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-Three.

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefulest man’s face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers by the same axe — a woman had asked at the foot of the same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her. If he had given any utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:

“I see Barsad, and Cly, Defarge, The Vengeance, the Juryman, the Judge, long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this retributive instrument, before it shall cease out of

its present use. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long years to come, I see the evil of this time and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out.

“I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous and happy, in that England which I shall see no more. I see Her with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name. I see her father, aged and bent, but otherwise restored, and faithful to all men in his healing office, and at peace. I see the good old man, so long their friend, in ten years’ time enriching them with all he has, and passing tranquilly to his reward.

“I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence. I see her, an old woman, weeping for me on the anniversary of

this day. I see her and her husband, their course done, lying side by side in their last earthly bed, and I know that each was not more honoured and held sacred in the other’s soul, than I was in the souls of both.

“I see that child who lay upon her bosom and who bore my name, a man winning his way up in that path of life which once was mine. I see him winning it so well, that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it, faded away. I see him, foremost of just judges and honoured men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know and golden hair, to this place — then fair to look upon, with not a trace of this day’s disfigurement — and I hear him tell the child my story, with a tender and a faltering voice.

“It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known.”

Chapter 23 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

Write a one-page essay in which you discuss at least two themes in this portion of the short novel *His New Mittens* by Stephen Crane. (You can access the story at your favorite digital provider or <http://www.online-literature.com/crane/his-new-mittens/>. The site is free to access without subscription. <http://www.gutenberg.org/> or <http://books.google.com/> are other free options; this is often part of a collection or you can access the single work.)

Little Horace was walking home from school, brilliantly decorated by a pair of new red mittens. A number of boys were snow-balling gleefully in a field. They hailed him. "Come on, Horace. We're having a battle."

Horace was sad. "No," he said, "I can't. I've got to go home." At noon his mother had admonished him. "Now, Horace, you come straight home as soon as school is out. Do you hear? And don't you get them nice new mittens all wet, either. Do you hear?" Also his aunt had said: "I declare, Emily, it's a shame the way you allow that child to ruin his things." She had meant mittens. To his mother, Horace had dutifully replied: "Yes'm." But he now loitered in the vicinity of the group of uproarious boys, who were yelling like hawks as the white balls flew.

Some of them immediately analyzed this extraordinary hesitancy. "Hah!" they paused to scoff, "afraid of your new mittens, ain't you?" Some smaller boys, who were not yet so wise in discerning motives, applauded this attack with unreasonable vehemence. "A-fray-ed of his mit-tens! A-fray-ed of his mit-tens." They sang these lines to cruel and monotonous music which is as old perhaps as American childhood and which it is the privilege of the emancipated adult to completely forget. "A-fray-ed of his mit-tens!" Horace cast a tortured glance toward his playmates, and then dropped his eyes to the snow at his feet. Presently, he turned to the trunk of one of the great maple trees that lined the curb. He made a pretense of closely examining the rough and virile bark. To his mind, this familiar street of Whilomville seemed to grow dark in the thick shadow of shame. The trees and the houses were now palled in purple.

"A-fray-ed of his mit-tens!" The terrible music had in it a meaning from the moonlit war-drums of chanting cannibals.

At last Horace, with supreme effort, raised his head. "Tain't them I care about," he said gruffly. "I've got to go home. That's all."

Whereupon each boy held his left forefinger as if it were a pencil and began to sharpen it derisively with his

right forefinger. They came closer, and sang like a trained chorus, "A-fray-ed of his mittens!"

When he raised his voice to deny the charge it was simply lost in the screams of the mob. He was alone fronting all the traditions of boyhood held before him by inexorable representatives. To such a low state had he fallen that one lad, a mere baby, outflanked him and then struck him in the cheek with a heavy snow-ball. The act was acclaimed with loud jeers. Horace turned to dart at his assailant, but there was an immediate demonstration on the other flank, and he found himself obliged to keep his face toward the hilarious crew of tormentors. The baby retreated in safety to the rear of the crowd, where he was received with fulsome compliments upon his daring. Horace retreated slowly up the walk. He continually tried to make them heed him, but the only sound was the chant, "A-fray-ed of his mit-tens!" In this desperate withdrawal the beset and haggard boy suffered more than is the common lot of man.

Being a boy himself, he did not understand boys at all. He had of course the dismal conviction that they were going to dog him to his grave. But near the corner of the field they suddenly seemed to forget all about it. Indeed, they possessed only the malevolence of so many flutter-headed sparrows. The interest had swung capriciously to some other matter. In a moment they were off in the field again, carousing amid the snow. Some authoritative boy had probably said,

"Aw, come on."

As the pursuit ceased, Horace ceased his retreat. He spent some time in what was evidently an attempt to adjust his self-respect, and then began to wander furtively down toward the group. He, too, had undergone an important change. Perhaps his sharp agony was only as durable as the malevolence of the others. In this boyish life obedience to some unformulated creed of manners was enforced with capricious, but merciless, rigor. However, they were, after all, his comrades, his friends.

"Aw, come on."

They did not heed his return. They were engaged in an altercation. It had evidently been planned that this battle was between Indians and soldiers. The smaller and weaker boys had been induced to appear as Indians in the initial skirmish, but they were now very sick of it, and were reluctantly, but steadfastly, affirming their desire for a change of caste. The larger boys had all won great distinction, devastating Indians materially, and they wished the war to go on as planned. They explained vociferously that it was proper for the soldiers always to thrash the Indians. The little boys did not pretend to deny the truth of this argument; they confined themselves to the simple statement that, in that case, they wished to be soldiers. Each little boy willingly appealed to the others to remain Indians, but as for himself he reiterated his desire to enlist as a soldier. The larger boys were in despair over this dearth of enthusiasm in the small Indians. They alternately wheedled and bullied, but they could not persuade the little boys, who were really suffering dreadful humiliation rather than submit to another onslaught of soldiers. They were called all the baby names that had the power of stinging deep into their pride, but they remained firm.

Then a formidable lad, a leader of reputation, one who could whip many boys that wore long trousers, suddenly blew out his cheeks and shouted, "Well, all right then. I'll be an Indian myself. Now." The little boys greeted with cheers this addition to their wearied ranks, and seemed then content. But matters were not mended in the least, because all of the personal following of the

formidable lad, with the addition of every outsider, spontaneously forsook the flag and declared themselves Indians. There were now no soldiers. The Indians had carried everything unanimously. The formidable lad used his influence, but his influence could not shake the loyalty of his friends, who refused to fight under any colors but his colors.

Plainly there was nothing for it but to coerce the little ones. The formidable lad again became a soldier, and then graciously permitted to join him all the real fighting strength of the crowd, leaving behind a most forlorn band of little Indians. Then the soldiers attacked the Indians, exhorting them to opposition at the same time.

The Indians at first adopted a policy of hurried surrender, but this had no success, as none of the surrenders were accepted. They then turned to flee, bawling out protests. The ferocious soldiers pursued them amid shouts. The battle widened, developing all manner of marvelous detail.

Horace had turned toward home several times, but, as a matter of fact, this scene held him in a spell. It was fascinating beyond anything which the grown man understands. He had always in the back of his head a sense of guilt, even a sense of impending punishment for disobedience, but they could not weigh with the delirium of this snow battle.

Chapter 24 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

Write a précis (75–150 words) of the following essay.

At the beginning of the 21st century there truly is an exciting phenomenon occurring in American society: homeschooling. As sociologist Peter Berger accurately observes, evangelicals (and Christian homeschoolers) generally subscribe to two strongly held propositions: that a return to Christian values is necessary if the moral confusion of our time is to be overcome and that the Enlightenment is to be blamed for much of the confusion of our time.

In fact, I believe that Christian homeschooling, along with other strains of evangelicalism, is one of the most potent anti-Enlightenment movements in world history. I most assuredly did not say “anti-intellectual.” Christian homeschoolers argue that the excesses of Enlightenment rationalism have sabotaged the certitude of classicism and Christian theism that so strongly influenced Western culture long before the formidable onslaught of the likes of David Hume.

Additionally, Christian homeschoolers are quickly filling the ranks of Evangelical Christianity. Higher test scores and functional family units are only two reasons that homeschoolers are capturing the elite culture of America.

The *Washington Post* in 1993 coyly observed that evangelicals are “largely poor, uneducated and easy to command.” And, among our own, evangelical professor Mark Noll unkindly observed, “The scandal of the evangelical mind is that there is not much of an evangelical mind.”¹ Indeed. Not anymore. Today, more than ever, in the garb of Christian homeschooling, Evangelicalism has gained new life.

By sidestepping the Enlightenment, Christian homeschooling has opened up a whole new arena for debate. While conceding that faith is not a makeshift

bridge to overcome some Kierkegaardian gap between beliefs and evidence, homeschooling posits that it still is important that we look beyond our experience for reality. Human needs and aspirations are greater than the world can satisfy, so it is reasonable to look elsewhere for that satisfaction. Worth is the highest and best reality (a decidedly anti-Enlightenment notion) and its genesis and maintenance come exclusively from relationship with God. Homeschooling families, with their sacrificial love of one another and their extravagant gift of time to one another, offer a radical path into this new way of looking at reality.

Christian homeschooling, then, reaches far back in time when intellectualism was not separate from religion. It knocks against the claims of the Enlightenment. Homeschooling has brought stability back into the lives of countless millions of Americans when the majority of Americans are living in a context of clashing reactivities where the very ground of meaning, the foundations and structures of thought, language, and social discourse are up for grabs — where the very concepts of personhood, spirituality, truth, integrity, and objectivity are all being demolished, breaking up, giving way.

Homeschooling. Millions strong. This new cultural revolution is inviting Americans back to those traditional truths that have been with us always and to others that need to be rediscovered. Homeschooling has invited Americans to a comfortable marriage of intellectualism and transcendentalism that fares our culture and our nation well in the years ahead. In that sense, then, perhaps homeschooling families are the new patriots, the hope for our weary nation and our dysfunctional culture. We shall see. . . . (James P. Stobaugh)

¹ Mark Noll, *The Scandal of the Evangelical Mind* (Grand Rapids, MI: Wm. B. Eerdmans Publ. Co., 1995), p. 3.

Chapter 25 Test

OBJECTIVE TEST (50 POINTS)

- ___ Anne is (A) an orphan girl (B) a wealthy heiress (C) an accomplished circus rider (D) a relative to Matthew.
- ___ Matthew arrives at the train station to pick up (A) a package (B) a girl (C) a boy (D) a horse.
- ___ Anne's favorite childhood friend is (A) Marilla (B) Matthew (C) Deanna (D) Diana.
- ___ Initially, Anne did not like a boy whose name is (A) Gilbert (B) Martin (C) Matthew (D) David.
- ___ After Matthew dies, Anne decides to stay at Green Gables to help Marilla because (A) Marilla is poor (B) Marilla is going blind (C) Marilla is lonely (D) Anne is homesick.

Chapter 25 Essay

ESSAY (50 POINTS)

In 75–150 words, discuss how the author creates his character in the following essay.

A father smiles when he hears that one son will soon graduate from Harvard Business School; another son is busily pursuing a successful career in education; and a final son will soon enter Princeton Theological Seminary. His life in Christ is growing, but he stills feels empty, so this budding saint prays that God will turn his life around.

Later, we see this same 49-year-old husband/father lying in a modern hospital. For four years, he has fought the inhumane ravages of cancer. As the doctors frantically practice their incantations and magic formulas, this broken, gentle man looks up from among the tubes, bandages, and IV bottles, and whispers, "I am not enjoying this, to be sure."

A chuckle breaks from his lips.

"In fact, this is a horrible way to die. But, you know, in spite of all the pain, I would not change a thing. Oh, I don't want to die. But if I were healed, and it meant that I lost all that I've learned about the Lord, well . . . I'd rather die just the way I am now."

"Everything," he said with quiet power, "everything I've experienced is worth what I've gained in the knowledge and love in Jesus Christ!"

He died two hours later. This unpretentious, unlikely hero was my father, who died one cloudy, miserable Sunday afternoon — on Father's Day 1982. (James P. Stobaugh)

Chapter 26

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

Write a 75–150 word essay discussing the theme in the following essay.

September 11, 1975, was a particularly warm, promising day even in the South where fall sometimes is lost between tepid, late summer afternoons and frosty winter mornings. My heart was beaming, too, for on this day I was to begin a two-day trip to Boston, where within the month I would begin my seminary studies. My trip began on Rt. 1 North, a rather boring road that wound through white, unharvested cotton fields, and one-grocery-store towns. However, I was not bored. I was euphoric! Finally, finally, I was to begin a new chapter of my life that I had anticipated for almost half a decade. I was to begin my formal training to be an ordained minister. As I stopped at MacArthur and bought a moon pie and RC Cola, I could not know that within an hour I was to enter what the English author Joseph Conrad called “the heart of darkness.”

Before I finished my moon pie and RC, I fell asleep, and my little red Fiat curved to the right, made a 45-degree turn, and hit a concrete bridge. It was a dull bridge; besides having an occasional thoughtless Dairy Queen cup thrown over its side, this little 14-foot structure, built in 1962, had never known any excitement.

However, I will never forget this bridge, because against its rain-washed side, my poor compact car crumbled like a cheap, flimsy pop can. At the same time, my dreams were similarly shattered as they were thrust against the vicissitudes of life. The joyful lights in my life were going out.

Before that day was to end I was to experience horror as I had never known it. Besides breaking my

hand in two places, I had a severed right foot, compound multiple fractures in my right femur, and a painful fracture in my right hip.

For three months I recovered in my windowless hospital room. I encountered an aspect of life that I innocently had never known. My 22 years on this earth and four years of walking with Christ had scarcely prepared me for the valley I entered. The same God who had saved me and called me to the ministry now seemed to be destroying me. Surely I was in darkness in spite of knowing only light for more than five years! Where was the God of my salvation?

I learned a lesson all Christians will learn at one time or another: inevitably, we must be broken. Steve Brown often says it is hard to hug a muddy kid or a sticky kid, but a stiff, rebellious kid is the hardest kid of all to hug. God is in the business of breaking down our pride so that we will really love Him and so that He can really bless us. It is easier to love a limp, broken saint than to struggle with a stiff one.

I once grew an oak tree from an acorn. I lovingly watered and fertilized it, until it was ready to be transplanted in our front yard. Unfortunately, my loving care had scarcely prepared the little oak tree for the violence of rain storms and the back legs of neighborhood dogs. The oak tree did not survive a week. Without brokenness, we are ill-prepared to face the world we see around us. (James P. Stobaugh)

Chapter 27 Test

OBJECTIVE TEST (50 POINTS)

- D* Ivanhoe has recently returned from (A) wars in France (B) exploring China (C) conquering Spain (D) participating in the Crusades.
- A* He is disguised as (A) a religious pilgrim (B) a black knight (C) an old man (D) as an army captain.
- C* King Richard is (A) dead (B) in England (C) in an Austrian prison (D) fighting in Palestine.
- B* King John is (A) Richard's father (B) Richard's brother (C) Richard's cousin (D) no relation of Richard's.
- C* The black knight is really (A) Ivanhoe (B) King John (C) King Richard (D) Rowena.

Chapter 27 Essay

ESSAY (50 POINTS)

Write a two-page story exhibiting all the elements of a sound plot (rising action, climax, falling action, resolution).

Chapter 28 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

Read the following poem by T.S. Eliot, and in a one-page essay, discuss its worldview.

The Hippopotamus

The broad-backed hippopotamus
Rests on his belly in the mud;
Although he seems so firm to us
He is merely flesh and blood.

Flesh-and-blood is weak and frail,
Susceptible to nervous shock;
While the True Church can never fail
For it is based upon a rock.

The hippo's feeble steps may err
In compassing material ends,
While the True Church need never stir
To gather in its dividends.

The 'potamus can never reach
The mango on the mango-tree;
But fruits of pomegranate and peach
Refresh the Church from over sea.
At mating time the hippo's voice
Betrays inliexions hoarse and odd,
But every week we hear rejoice
The Church, at being one with God.

The hippopotamus's day
Is passed in sleep; at night he hunts;
God works in a mysterious way-
The Church can sleep and feed at once.

I saw the 'potamus take wing
Ascending from the damp savannas,
And quiring angels round him sing
The praise of God, in loud hosannas.

Blood of the Lamb shall wash him clean
And him shall heavenly arms enfold,
Among the saints he shall be seen
Performing on a harp of gold.

He shall be washed as white as snow,
By all the martyr'd virgins kiss,
While the True Church remains below
Wrapt in the old miasmal mist.¹

1 www.poetry-archive.com/e/the_hippopotamus.html

Chapter 29 Test

OBJECTIVE TEST (50 POINTS)

- ___ Shane is (A) a former gunfighter (B) captain in the army (C) an army scout (D) farmer.
- ___ Shane avoids (A) all physical labor (B) all physical confrontations (C) cattle drives (D) opportunities to marry.
- ___ Marian is married to (A) Shane (B) Bob (C) Joe (D) David.
- ___ Marian loves both Shane and Joe but chooses to (A) leave both (B) stay with Joe (C) leave with Shane (D) stay but asks both to leave.
- ___ At the end of the novel, the boy realizes (A) that Shane is a coward (B) that his mom is a coward (C) that his dad is deaf (D) that his dad is braver than Shane in many ways.

Chapter 29 Essay

ESSAY (50 POINTS)

If your parents will allow you to do so, watch the 1953 movie *Shane*, starring Alan Ladd, and in a one-page essay compare the way the director of the movie develops suspense with the way Schaefer develops suspense. Does the movie closely follow the book?

Chapter 30 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

Read Matthew 26:31–75 about Peter’s betrayal of Jesus. Discuss the internal conflict he must have faced in this darkest hour.

Chapter 31 Test

OBJECTIVE TEST (50 POINTS)

- ___ Theseus, Duke of Athens, is preparing for his marriage to (A) Matilda, (B) Hippolyta, (C) Maria, (D) Rosemary, Queen of the Amazons, with a four-day festival of pomp and entertainment.
- ___ Egeus wishes Hermia to marry Demetrius, who loves (A) Lysander (B) Hermia (C) Puck (D) Demetrius.
- ___ Egeus asks for (A) Hermia to be forgiven (B) Hermia to be killed (C) the full penalty of law to fall on Hermia if she disobeys her father (D) Hermia to be sent away.
- ___ Hermia and Lysander plan to (A) commit suicide (B) escape Athens the following night and go to Sparta (C) elope (D) buy a house.
- ___ The last character the audience sees is (A) Lysander (B) Hermia (C) Puck (D) Demetrius.

Chapter 31 Essay

ESSAY (50 POINTS)

With your parents' permission, attend a live performance of a play, or watch a movie and write a one-page review.

In your essay, answer these questions:

1. Were the lighting and scenery appropriate?
2. Was the play/movie too long? Too short? Just right?
3. Were the actors and actresses appropriately cast?
4. Did the plot unfold appropriately and in an interesting way?
5. Was there a theme? What was it?
6. Who were the characters? Did they come alive? Were they well developed?
7. Who was the narrator? Was he believable?
8. What was the worldview? Was it ably presented?
9. What was the tone? Was it appropriate for the subject matter?
10. Overall, was it a great play? Why or why not?

Chapter 32 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

Write a two-page letter to your four-year-old nephew explaining what the Christian life is all about. In your discussion, remember to discuss grace, salvation, righteousness, redemption, sanctification, eternal security (or not), and predestination. Remember your audience, and choose your words and phrases carefully.

Chapter 33 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

Write a one-page analysis of “Holy Sonnet X” by the 17th-century poet John Donne.

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee Mighty and dreadful,
for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.¹

¹ <http://www.poets.org/viewmedia.php/prmMID/15836>

Chapter 34 Test

ESSAY (100 POINTS)

Write a two-page short story (500–1,000 word limitation) with all the elements of a good short story: setting, plot, theme, characterization.

