

Table of Contents

1.	Rationale	2-6
2.	Goals and Objectives	5
3.	Unit Outline	8-19
4.	Appendix	20-56
	a. Photo	20
	b. Anticipation Guide	21
	c. I, Too By Langston Hughes	22
	d. Collage Directions	23
	e. The Blood Red Record	24-28
	f. InGroup/ Outgroup article	29-30
	g. Venn Diagram	31
	h. Assaying the Character Wksht.....	32
	i. Girl by Jamaica Kincaid	33
	j. Recitatif by Toni Morrison	34-51
	k. News Cast Directions & Rubric	52-56
5.	Sunshine State Standards	57
6.	Bibliography	58

To Kill a Mockingbird Unit Rationale

Some teachers go through their careers just going from one lesson to the other, ushering students from topic to topic. While this method works for many, there is an alternative. Using thematic units in the classroom helps students to, “come to better personal understanding of the topic and their related experiences, gain fluency with tools that will enable them to read and produce new texts in the future, and work within a social context in which they can develop this new knowledge to the best of their potential” (Smagorinsky 112). Thematic units really help students to develop a thorough and personal understanding of a subject, especially a controversial subject. By critically examining a text for a theme, “the point is to help adolescent readers read text and worlds more carefully as they become aware of the ideologies within which both are inscribed” (Appleman 76). For these reasons, To Kill a Mockingbird is a great book to use as part of a thematic unit.

To Kill a Mockingbird deals with many sensitive themes. One of which is the idea of prejudice. Students in the ninth and tenth grade are entering a point in their lives when they need to begin thinking about how to deal with the issue of prejudice. Many students have already encountered instances of prejudice, or have even partaken in fostering a form of discrimination. To Kill a Mockingbird allows students to examine what creates prejudices and ways to prevent discrimination. To Kill a Mockingbird really emphasizes sympathy and understanding as a way to prevent discrimination. For example, the idea of “you never really understand a person until you consider things from his point of view” is a way to prevent discrimination (Lee, 33). By studying To Kill a Mockingbird, students will develop a good sense of the culture of the South in the 1930’s. They will understand

how the atmosphere of the times influenced not only this novel, but other historical events to come, such as Dr. Martin Luther King's speech, Rosa Parks, etc. and how we are still dealing with the after math of the times today. To Kill a Mockingbird also offers students the opportunity to study how point of view affects a story. Since the reader sees the events through Scout's eyes, this is a great novel to be aware of that, and even examine events from another character's point of view to see how the story changes.

While To Kill a Mockingbird offers many great learning opportunities for students, there are also a few draw backs. Since the novel is set in the 1930's, Lee uses the language of a white female in the 1930's. As a result, she uses many derogatory terms such as nigger. These of course a words that are frowned upon today, and can potentially cause a problem in the classroom. Certain students may take offense to the language. However, if the language is discussed before reading the novel, is shown as a tool that the author uses, and the teacher has created a safe environment, the language should not be a problem. The themes within the novel themselves could also potentially be a problem. Race and discrimination are sensitive subjects. Many students may be reminded of personal or family stories by some of the events in the novel. Also, many of the events were not America's proudest moments, and may stir up unpleasant feelings. However it is important that while it is unfortunate that these events ever occurred, there is much to be learned from our mistakes in the past. If a student can absolutely not study these events, they may have the option of selecting another novel.

I wanted to begin the unit by showing a series of photos that all related to discrimination and let the students make their own theories and judgements about the photos. By letting the students decide for themselves what the photos mean, they are

bringing their own background knowledge and personal experiences to mind and can then connect to these photos and this theme (Rossenblatt). Throughout the unit, the students will be allowed to state their own interpretations of the text and discuss any experiences that the texts bring to mind. This will allow the students to form a personal connection to the text, and hopefully take what they have learned from the themes and apply them to their own lives.

I chose to use the poem *Mulatto* by Langston Hughes because the poem deals with the view of a Black man in the 1930's. The poem introduces the topic of language and shows how language can be used as a tool to set the tone and get a certain point across. This is something that Lee uses throughout her novel. The poem also allows the students to see the times from a different perspective because shows the feelings of a Black man during the 1930's.

I will be showing the PBS series on the Scottsboro Trials as a way to introduce the students to the events in the South in the 1930's. One draw back to showing the series as a way to familiarize students with the history is that the series gives away the result of the trial. However, there are many more scenes and events throughout the novel to keep it new and interesting to the students.

I am also using the poem *Girl* by Jamaica Kincaid. One of the advantages of this poem is that it shows another person's perspective of the times. To Kill a Mockingbird is told through the eyes of a young white girl. While this perspective has many advantages, it can also be limiting. The poem *Girl* shows a mature Black woman's perspective. This poem will serve as a model for the students to write their own poems from another character's point of view. The poem *My Papa's Waltz* is similar to the poem *Girl*. This

poem describes a situation from another person's perspective. This poem will help students to consider Mayella's situation. By putting themselves in Mayella's shoes, they are practicing one of the solutions to prejudice.

Toni Morrison's short story *Recitatif* deals with the idea of race is socially constructed. The characters are two different races, but the reader cannot determine which character is white and which is black. This relates to the scene where Jem and Scout are discussing how to determine if a person has any black in them.

I will also be using two articles to accompany To Kill a Mockingbird. The first article will deal with lynchings. Lynchings were an event that occurred in the South during the 1930's. This article will give students a better sense of just how dangerous it was for Blacks in the South in the 1930's. It will also help students understand the mob scene in To Kill a Mockingbird. The article will explain another reason why Tom Robinson was doomed from the beginning, why he couldn't defend himself, and explain the dangers for Atticus and his family.

The second article deals with in-groups and out-groups. If students understand the dynamics of in-groups and out-groups they will have a better understanding of how prejudices emerge and how events such as mobs and lynching can occur.

Instead of just having a test as the final assessment, the students will create a news cast covering the events of the trial. This assessment allows students to show what they know in a more meaningful way. This assessment shows what the "students believe reflect their learning during the unit" (Smagorinsky, 114). Part of the assignment will be for students to write up what they are going to say. The reporters will need to base their questions on the themes we have discussed. By having students write questions to

interview the characters, they will need to interrogate the text and develop a thorough understanding of the characters, their role in the book, and the events in the book. Those students who play the characters will have to have a very good understanding of the characters and how they are all connected in the text. The anchors will also have to understand the characters, but they will also have to understand how the theme of prejudice and racism works in the novel. This assignment will also give the students real world experience with technology and mass media.

This unit plan is designed to help students create their own sense of how to deal with prejudice. By understanding what causes prejudices and how to prevent discrimination, they will be able to use what they learned to deal with situations to come. They will also be able to make connections and comparisons between texts and develop their own interpretations. Hopefully by interpreting their own meaning from the multiple texts, students will develop strategies that will help not only themselves but others as well.

Goals and Objectives

Goals:

1. Students will develop a deep appreciation of the cultural and historical events in the South in the 1930's and how it affects us today.
2. Students will understand what creates prejudices, how they affect others, and how to prevent discrimination.
3. Students will appreciate how point of view affects the story.

Objectives:

1. Students will be able to explain the how history influenced To Kill a Mockingbird.
2. Students will be able to compare and contrast different types of prejudices/discriminations.
3. Students will be able to explain how different prejudices in To Kill a Mockingbird affect the characters and the events.
4. Students will be able to state how point of view affects the story and how the story can change when the point of view changes.

Unit Outline

Monday Day 1

Focus: Introduction to prejudices

Journal: Is there a connection between these photos? If so, what is it? What is your first reaction to these photos?

Procedure:

- When the students walk into the class, there will be multiple photos on the board depicting a prejudice in some way. For their journal, they will be asked to try to make a connection between the photos and write their reactions to the photos. (5 min).
 - Students will share their journals and responses to the photos. (10 min).
 - I will then announce that for the next six weeks we will be studying prejudices. I pass out the anticipation guide to the students. Each student will fill out the guide on their own. (5 min).
 - I will break students into groups of four by counting them off. They will then discuss their answers to the anticipation guide. (10 min).
 - We will then come together as a class and take a class tally of how many people agreed or disagreed with each statement. Students will be able to explain why they agreed or did not agree with a certain statement. (15 min).
 - Homework: I will then pass out the door passes. Each student will need to look up one thing about the South in the 1930's (Great Depression, Jim Crow laws, etc) and come with questions or points they would like to know more about. (5 min).
-

Tuesday Day 2

Focus: History of the South in the 1930's

Journal: What was the most surprising fact about the South in the 1930's that you found last night?

Procedure:

- Collect door passes. Students write and share their journals. (10 min).
- Show the PBS series The Scottsboro Trials. Students will take notes. (45 min).
- Homework: N/A

Wednesday Day 3

Focus: The use of derogatory language in To Kill a Mockingbird.

Journal: In your opinion, why do you think people use derogatory language?

Procedure:

- Each student will come in and complete their journal. (5 min).
 - I will break the students into groups of four by counting them off. Once the students are in the groups they will discuss why they think people use derogatory language, if it is ever appropriate and if so then when. (10 min).
 - Each group will then share their conclusions with the class. (10 min)
 - Be sure to point out that while derogatory language is generally bad, authors may use it occasionally to get a point across or to give the piece a certain tone.
 - I will then pass out the poem I, too by Langston Hughes to each group. The group will read the poem and give their interpretation of the poem and examine how Hughes uses language in his poem, and how it affects it. (15 min).
 - Each group will then share with the class their interpretations and how they viewed the language he used and its affect on the reader. (10 min).
 - Discuss with the class that there is a lot of derogatory language in this novel. But Lee uses it as a tool to convey the tone of the times and we will all handle it as adults. (5 min).
 - Homework: None
-

Thursday Day 4

Focus: Begin reading To Kill a Mockingbird.

Journal: When you were a kid, was there ever a time when an adult misunderstood you or did not let you explain yourself? What happened?

Procedure:

- Students will come in and write their journals. (5 min).
- We will go over the journal as a class. (5 min).
- We will begin reading To Kill a Mockingbird. To ensure the students are paying attention, I will have them take notes in their Reading Notebook. They will write down what they have questions about or a significant detail or point. I will also ask questions periodically. Students may volunteer to read. We will read all of chapter one and part of chapter two. (45 min).
- Homework: Read chapters 2-5.

Friday Day 5

Focus: Setting

Journal: Define setting. How has Harper Lee used setting to affect the tone of the story so far?

Procedure:

- Students will write and share their journals. (10 min).
 - As a class we will review chapters 2-5 and the setting. (15 min)
 - Explain collage assignment. Answer any questions. (5 min).
 - Students will work on collages for the remainder of the period. They may work together, but each student must turn in their own collage. (20 min).
 - Clean up (5 min)
 - Homework: Finish collages and read chapters 6-8.
-

Monday Day 6

Focus: Begin analyzing characters

Journal: What was your reaction to the Radley incident?

Procedure:

- Collect collages. Students will write their journals and put their collages on top of their desks. I will go around and collect their assignments. (5 min).
- Students will share their journals. (5 min).
- Break students into groups of 4 by counting them off. Once in their groups they will make a list of all the characters they have seen so far and write down five attributes of each one. (10 min).
- Come together as a class and make a class list of the characters and their attributes. Review chapters 6-8. (20 min)
- Begin reading chapter 9. (15 min)
- Homework: Read chapters 9 and 10.

Tuesday Day 7

Focus: In Groups and Out Groups

Journal: Has there ever been a time when you felt left out of a group because you were different? Write about that time.

Procedure:

- Students will write and share their journals. (10 min).
 - I will pass out a clipping from Brewer's article about ingroups and outgroups. We will read the clipping together as a class and discuss what it means. We will try to come up with examples of ingroups and outgroups that we see today, and why these groups form. We will also discuss the effects of those groups on society. (25 min)
 - Students will then break into pairs and try to identify the ingroups and outgroups in To Kill a Mockingbird from what we've read so far. (5 min).
 - Discuss what each pair came up with, and how they think these groups affect what happens in the story. Does this occur in real life now? (10 min).
 - Review today's lesson.
 - Homework: Read chapters 11 and 12.
-

Wednesday Day 8

Focus: Compare and contrast Mrs. Dubose's and Lula's prejudice.

Journal: Describe the importance of the quote, "It's the same God, ain't it?"

Procedure:

- Students will complete their journals and share with the class. (10 min).
- Review the events of chapters 11 and 12. Students will give their opinions of the events. (10 min).
- Break students up into pairs. Pass out Venn-Diagram worksheets. Students will compare and contrast Mrs. Dubose and Francis's prejudice to that of Lula's. (15 min).
- Bring class back together, and create class diagram. (15 min).
- Homework: Read chapters 13 and 14

Thursday Day 9

Focus: Assaying the Character

Journal: What would a family therapy session look like for the Finches?

Procedure:

- Students will write and share their journals. (10 min)
 - As a class, begin to answer some of the questions in assaying the characters. (15 min).
 - What seems to drive Scout to action?
 - What incidents tell us most about Scout?
 - What is the greatest strength/weakness of Scout?
 - How does Scout relate to others?
 - Break students into groups of four by counting them off. Students will answer the rest of the questions on the worksheet. (25 min).
 - Homework: Complete Assaying the Characters
-

Friday Day 10

Focus: Point of View

Journal: What is point of view? How does it affect the story?

Procedure:

- Students will write and share their journals. (15 min).
- As a class, we will read the poem Girl by Jamaica Kincaid. (10 min).
 - Students will be given three post-it notes. They will write down three questions or thoughts on the poem.
- Break students into groups of four by counting them off. They will compare notes and write down notes on their discussions. (15 min).
- Discuss poem as a class. Each group will share what they discussed. (10 min).
- Assign Town Poem and discuss what is expected. (5 min).
- Homework: Write Town Poem and read chapter 15

Monday Day 11

Focus: Lynchings & mob in relation to in-groups and out-groups

Journal: Why do you think Mr. Cunningham called the mob off?

Procedure:

- Students will write and discuss their journals. (10 min).
 - Review Chapter 15. (5 min).
 - As a class, discuss mobs in relation to in-groups and out-groups. List on the board the qualities of a mob. Refer to notes from last week. (10 min).
 - Read ARTICLE. (15 min).
 - Discuss article and student responses to article. (15 min.)
 - Homework: Read chapter 16.
 - [http://dtserv2.compsy.unijena.de/ss2009/sozpsy_uj/86956663/content.nsf/Pages/115A277FF345972EC125759B003C3690/\\$FILE/Brewer%201999.pdf](http://dtserv2.compsy.unijena.de/ss2009/sozpsy_uj/86956663/content.nsf/Pages/115A277FF345972EC125759B003C3690/$FILE/Brewer%201999.pdf)
-

Tuesday Day 12

Focus: How to determine race.

Journal: According to Jem, how can you identify a Mulatto?

Procedure:

- Students will write and discuss their journals. (10 min).
- Review Chapter 16. Discuss what a Mulatto is. (10 min).
- Read Toni Morrison's story *Recitatif* as a class. (15 min).
- Use Marah's Lesson: Students get into groups of 4 and decide which character is black and which is white. (15 min).
- Relate this back to how the people of Maycomb identify race. (5 min).
- Homework: Finish predictions and read chapter 17.

Wednesday Day 13

Focus: Power of Language

Journal: How did Atticus manipulate Mr. Ewell?

Procedure:

- Students will write and share their journals. (10 min).
 - Discuss Mr. Ewell's testimony as a class. (15 min).
 - What does Scout mean by, "All the little man on the witness stand had that made him any better than his neighbors was, that if scrubbed with lye soap in very hot water, his skin was white."
 - How does Mr. Ewell treat Atticus? How does Atticus respond? What does Mr. Ewell's language tell us about him?
 - Close read Mr. Ewell's testimony. (10 min).
 - Focus on the language. (15 min)
 - Homework: Read chapter 18.
-

Thursday Day 14

Focus: Mayella Ewell's point of view.

Journal: Why do you think Mayella was offended when Atticus called her Ma'am?

Procedure:

- Students will write and share their journals. (10 min).
- Discuss Mayella's testimony. (15 min)
 - What are some of the holes in Mayella's story?
 - What kind of life does Mayella have?
 - Why did Mayella lie?
- Read the poem, *My Papa's Waltz*. What is this poem about? How does it relate to Mayella? (25 min).
- Homework Read chapters 19 and 20.

Friday Day 15

Focus: Atticus' closing argument.

Journal: Why didn't Tom Robinson just push Mayella away?

Procedure:

- Students will write and share their journals. (10 min).
 - Discuss Chapters 19 and 20 as a class. (15 min).
 - "Golden Lines" Each student will underline the most important sentence in Chapter 20. (5 min).
 - Get into groups and discuss what they selected and why. (10 min.)
 - Do class survey of what was selected and why. (15 min).
 - Assign Literature Circles for Monday.
 - Homework: Read chapters 21 and 22.
-

Monday Day 16

Focus: Why Tom Robinson was convicted.

Journal: Were your predictions correct? Were you surprised that the jury found Tom Robinson guilty? Why or why not?

Procedure:

- Students will write and share their journals. (10 min).
- Students will split into their Literature Circle groups and discuss chapters (10 min).
- Come back together as a class and discuss the chapters. (15 min).
- Refer back to predictions. Discuss why they predicted what they did. (10 min).
- Homework: Read chapters 23 and 24

Tuesday Day 17

Focus: What made the jury convict Tom Robinson?

Journal: “Those are twelve reasonable men in everyday life, Tom’s jury, but you saw something come between them and reason.” Explain the significance of this quote.

Procedure:

- Housekeeping and students will write and share their journals. (10 min).
 - I will break students into groups of four by counting off. Each group will receive a statement or question that they must answer and explain. (15 min).
 - Murder and rape should be a capital offense.
 - You can convict someone on circumstantial evidence.
 - Men can never be fair.
 - Only children are innocent.
 - Racism, classism, and Sexism are extremely different.
 - Those who take advantage of the ignorant are the worst kind of people
 - Discuss questions as a class. (15 min).
 - Discuss how Mrs. Merriweather can feel pity for the Africans but disgust for the African-Americans down the road. (15 min).
 - Homework: Read chapters 25 and 26.
-

Wednesday Day 18

Focus: Maycomb’s reaction to Tom Robinson’s death.

Journal: How did the class react to Hitler? Was their reaction ironic to you?

Procedure:

- Housekeeping and students will write and share their journals. (10 min)
- Review key scenes from chapters. (15 min).
 - Maycomb’s view of Tom’s death p. 275
 - Class discussion of Hitler p. 280.
- As a class, map out/ list the different types of prejudices we have scene in the book so far. (15 min). Refer to reading notes.
- Begin writing mini- essay. (10 min)
- Homework: Finish essay on the different types of prejudices in To Kill a Mockingbird.

Thursday Day 19

Focus: Predictions

Journal: N/A

Procedure:

- Housekeeping and collect essays from previous night. (5 min).
 - Begin reading chapter 27 and 28 as a class. (40 min).
 - Make predictions. (10 min).
 - Homework: Read chapters 28 to 31.
-

Friday Day 20

Focus: End of the novel.

Journal: Do you believe that Mr. Ewell fell on his knife? Why or why not.

Procedure:

- Students will write and share journals. (10 min).
- Review ending (15 min).
- Go back to Moral Decisions worksheet from the very beginning. Decide if anything has changed. (15 min).
- Introduce Final Assessment and assign roles. (15 min).

Monday Day 21

Focus: Elements of a News Cast

Journal: What elements do you believe should make up a good news cast?

Procedure:

- Housekeeping, write, and discuss journals. (10 min).
 - Watch an example of a news cast. Students will take notes on the news cast. (10 min).
 - Talk about writing scripts. (10 min)
 - Begin drafting scripts. (20 min).
 - Homework: Finish writing scripts.
-

Tuesday Day 22

Focus: Peer Review of Scripts

Journal: What is the main point of your role?

Procedure:

- Housekeeping, write, and discuss journals. (10 min)
- Break students up into pairs. Read each other's script. Peer review. (20 min).
- Begin final draft of script. (20 min).
- Homework: Practice script and begin thinking of costume.

Wednesday Day 23

Focus: Practice scripts and begin filming

Journal: N/A

Procedure:

- Begin filming news cast in groups. There will be three cameras. (50 min).
 - If not filming or acting, work on project write up.
 - Homework: Practice scripts, bring costume, work on project write up.
-

Thursday Day 24

Focus: Finish filming and editing.

Journal: N/A

Procedure:

- Finish filming news cast.
 - Begin editing.
 - Those who are not filming or editing will work on project write up.
-

Friday Day 25

Focus:

Journal: What was the most difficult part of this project? What was the most enjoyable?
Would you make any changes?

Procedure:

- Housekeeping, students will write and share journals. (10 min).
- Watch the News cast (20 min).

Appendix A

http://www.psychologytoday.com/files/u41/stop_discrimination_0.jpg



Appendix B

Name:

Date:

Period:

Anticipation Guide

Read through the following statements and decide whether you agree or disagree. State why or why not. Keep this sheet out as you read. If you find a quote that supports your statement, then right it down in the after column. If you decide to change your stance, write down the quote and/or reason in the after column.

Before	Statement	After
	1. People are naturally good or evil.	
	2. Economic inequalities cause prejudices.	
	3. Education can prevent prejudice.	
	4. Everyone always has a fair trial.	
	5. You should always stand up for what you believe, no matter what.	
	6. Looking at something from another's view can help prevent discrimination.	
	7. Everyone should try to remain innocent like children.	

Appendix C

I, too
By: Langston Hughes

I, too, sing America.
I am the darker brother.
They send me to eat in the kitchen
When company comes,
 But I laugh,
 And eat well,
 And grow strong.

 Tomorrow,
 I'll be at the table
When company comes.
 Nobody'll dare
 Say to me,
 "Eat in the kitchen,"
 Then.

 Besides,
They'll see how beautiful I am
 And be ashamed-

I, too, am America.

Appendix D

Collage Assignment

Directions:

You are to create a collage that you think represents Maybomb county. You may use clippings from a magazine, pictures off line, etc. Refer to the book to give you ideas. Pay particular attention to the imagery Lee uses. The collage must be neat and turned in on time. In addition to the collage, you are to write a one page essay explaining how you see Maycomb in your mind and how some of the images you used connect to the book. You will be graded on the following.

Rubric:

Turned in on Time:	1	2	3	4	5
Neat:	1	2	3	4	5
Connection To book:	1	2	3	4	5
Explanation:	1	2	3	4	5

Total: _____

Appendix E

Lynching Article

Procedure

To Kill a Mockingbird:
An Historical Perspective

The Blood Red Record

NOTE: This is an excerpt. The full text of [The blood red record : review of the horrible lynchings and burning of Negroes by civilized white men in the United States : as taken from the records : with comments by John Edward Bruce ...](#) can be found in [African American Perspectives: Pamphlets from the Daniel A.P.Murray Collection, 1818-1907](#)

Excerpt begins ...

{Begin page no. 7}

According to the Chicago Tribune, which kept a daily record of lynchings for the year 1900, 117 persons were lynched, of whom only eighteen were charged with rape--the only crime which white men at the South say for which Negroes are lynched. The Chicago Conservator, another influential newspaper, has rearranged the record given by the Tribune in the following order:

Charge of Murder.

January 9, Henry Giveney, Ripley, Tenn.

January 9, Roger Giveney, Ripley, Tenn.

March 11, Unknown Negro, Jennings, Neb.

March 24, Walter Cotton Emporia, Va.

March 27, William Edward, Deer Creek Bridge, Miss.

April 16, Moses York, near Tunica, Miss.

April 28, Mindee Chowgee, Marshall, Mo.

May 4, Marshall Jones, Douglas, Ga.

May 13, Alexander Whitney, Harlem, Ga.

May 14, William Willis, Grovetown, Ga.

May 14, Unknown Negro, Brooksville, Fla.

May 14, Unknown Negro, Brooksville, Fla.

May 22, Calvin Hilburn, Pueblo, Colorado.

June 10, Unknown Negro, Snead, Fla.

June 17, Nat Mullins, Earl, Ark.

June 21, Robert Davis, Mulberry, Fla.
 July 12, John Jennings, Creswell, Ga.
 July 26, Robert Charles, New Orleans, La.
 September 11, Unknown Negro, Forest City, N.C.

{Begin page no. 8}

September 11, Thomas J. Amos, Cheneyville, La.
 September 7, Frank Brown, Tunica, Miss.
 September 14, David Moore, Tunica, Miss.
 September 14, William Brown, Tunica, Miss.
 October 9, Wiley Johnson, Baton Rouge, La.
 October 23, Gloster Barnes, near Vicksburg, Miss.
 November 16, Preston Porter, Lymon, Col.
 December 16, Bud Rowland, Rockford, Ind.
 December 16, Thomas Henderson, Rockford, Ind.
 December 19, Unknown Negro, Arcadia, Miss.
 December 20,--Lewis, Gulf Port, Miss.
 Plot to Kill Whites.
 April 22, John Hughley, Allentown, Fla.
 Suspected Robbery.
 June 17, S.A. Jenkins, Searcy, Ark.
 Rape.
 June 5, W.W. Watts, Newport News, Va.
 March 4, George Ratliffe, Clyde, N.C.
 March 10, Thomas Clayton, Hernando, Miss.
 March 26, Lewis Harris, Belair, Md.
 April 3, Allen Brooks, Berryville, Ga.
 April 20, John Peters, Tazewell, W. Va.
 May 4, Henry Darley, Liberty, Md.
 May 7, Unknown Negro, Geneva, Ala.
 June 3, Dago Pete, Tutwiler, Miss.
 June 23, Frank Gilmore, Livingstone Parish, La.
 July 23, Elijah Clark, Huntsville, Ala.
 July 24, Jack Hillsman, Knoxville, Ga.
 August 13, Jack Betts, Corinth, Miss.
 August 19, Unknown Negro, Arrington, Va.
 August 26, Unknown Negro, S. Pittsburg, Tenn.
 October 19, Frank Hardeneman, Wellaston, Ga.

{Begin page no. 9}

December 8, Daniel Long, Wythe county, Va.
 December 21, Unknown Negro, Arkadelphia, Ark.
 Attempted Assault.

March 18, John Bailey, Marietta, Ga.
 March 18, Charles Humphries, Lee county, Ala.
 April 19, Henry McAfee, Brownsville, Miss.
 May 11, William Lee, Hinton, W. Va.
 May 15, Henry Harris, Lena, La.
 June 9, Simon Adams, near Columbia, Ga.
 June 11, Senny Jefferson, Metcalf, Ga.
 June 27, Jock Thomas, Live Oak, Fla.
 July 6, John Roe, Columbia, Ala.
 September 10, Logan Reoms, Duplex, Tenn.
 September 12, Zed Floyd, Wetumpka, Kan.
 October 2, Winfield Thomas, Eclectic, Ala.
 October 18, Fratur Warfield, Elkton, Ky.
 Race Prejudice.
 July 25, Unknown Negro, New Orleans, La.
 July 25, August Thomas, New Orleans, La.
 July 25, Baptiste Fileau, New Orleans, La.
 July 25, Louis Taylor, New Orleans, La.
 July 25, Anna Mabry, New Orleans, La.
 July 25, Unknown Negro, New Orleans, La.
 July 25, Silas Jackson, New Orleans, La.
 October 24, James Suer, Liberty Hill, Ga.
 October 24, James Calaway, Liberty Hill, Ga.
 Giving Testimony.
 March 23, Luis Rice, Ripley, Tenn.
 Attacking a White Man.
 May 1, Henry Ratcliff, Gloucester, Miss.
 May 1, George Gordon, Albin, Miss.
 September 8, Grant Weley, Thomasville, Ga.

{Begin page no. 10}

Suspicion of Murder.

June 10, Askew, Mississippi City, Miss.

June 10, Reese, Mississippi City, Miss.

Complicity of Murder.

June 10, John Sanders, Snead, Fla.

December 17, John Rolla, Booneville, Ind.

Unknown Offenses.

June 27, Jordan Hines, Molina, Ga.

June 20, James Barco, Panasoffkee, Fla.

No Offense.

May 7, Unknown Negro, Amite, Miss.

Arson.

April 5, Unknown Negro, Southampton county, Va.

December 28, George Faller, Marion, Ga.

Suspicion of Arson.
 January 11, Rufus Salter, West Spring, S.C.
 Aiding Escape of Murderers.
 January 16, Anderson Gause, Henning, Tenn.
 Unpopularity.
 July 9, Jefferson Henry, Greene's Bayou, La.
 Making Threats.
 March 4, James Crosby, Selo Hatchel, Ala.
 June 12, Seth Cobb Deyall's Bluffs, La.
 Informer.
 March 22, George Ritter, Canhaft, N.C.

{Begin page no. 11}

Robbing.
 May 26, Unknown Negro, West Point, Ark.
 October 8,--Williams, Tiponville, Tenn.
 Burglary.
 September 21, George Bickham, Ponchatoula, La.
 September 21, Charles Elliott, Ponchatoula, La.
 September 21, Nathaniel Bowman, Ponchatoula, La.
 September 11, Charles Elliot, Ponchatoula, La.
 September 21, Isaiah Rollins, Ponchatoula, La.
 Attempt to Murder.
 June 12, John Brodie, Lee county, Ark.
 November 15, Unknown Negro, Jefferson, Texas.
 November 15, Unknown Negro, Jefferson, Texas.
 November 15, Unknown Negro, Jefferson, Texas.
 Threats to Kill.
 February 17, William Burts, Basket Mills, S.C.
 Assault.
 May 16, Samuel Hinson, Cushtusha, Miss.
 October 30,--Abernathy, Duke, Ala.

It should be borne in mind that this list represents the number of Negroes *killed* by mobs of white men for *alleged* crimes, *and not by any legal process of law*, which a white man charged with crime would demand as his right under the Constitution. Trial by jury is never denied any white criminal, even though he should *assassinate* the President of the United States. The disposition to be fair to white men who go wrong, even when they steal \$620,000, or when, like brute beasts, three or four of them unite in outraging a helpless mill girl, and after violating her person murder her--is an American characteristic. The Alvord defalcation and the Paterson scandal are cases in point. Has any Negro, living or dead, committed

{Begin page no. 12}

a greater robbery than Alvord, or a more fiendish, brutal or cowardly murder, combined with rape, than the young white men at Paterson, N.J., who have recently been convicted by a jury of their peers for the outrage upon and murder of Jennie Bosschietter? Have any of the Negroes who have been lynched and roasted by white mobs in various parts of the country, North and South, had the advantages of social culture and refinement--of educating themselves and improving their opportunities that were possessed by either Alvord or the four highly-respectable young white men who have just been convicted of the brutal crimes charged against them? We do not offer in extenuation of crime the ignorance of Negroes who commit crime. Nor do we seek to palliate or condone their offenses against society and against the law of the land. We have merely referred to these cases to show that crimes of the character described are not confined to a particular race or class that the educated and refined criminal can be more brutal and vicious than the ignorant criminal, or, at least, equally so. He has the advantage of the ignorant man in mental resources and low cunning, and when once the sleeping devil within him is aroused he is just as human, just as fiendish and blood-thirsty as the most depraved criminal that ever expiated his crime on the gallows or suffered martyrdom at the hands of a civilized and christianized mob of the best citizens.

... *Excerpt ends.*

<http://memory.loc.gov/learn/lessons/98/mock/blood.html>

Appendix F

Marilynn B. Brewer [*]

Allport (1954) recognized that attachment to one's in groups does not necessarily require hostility toward outgroups. Yet the prevailing approach to the study of ethnocentrism, in group bias, and prejudice presumes that in group love and outgroup hate are reciprocally related. Findings from both cross-cultural research and laboratory experiments support the alternative view that in group identification is independent of negative attitudes toward outgroups and that much in group bias and intergroup discrimination is motivated by preferential treatment of in group members rather than direct hostility toward outgroup members. Thus to understand the roots of prejudice and discrimination requires first of all a better understanding of the functions that in group formation and identification serve for human beings. This article reviews research and theory on the motivations for maintenance of in group boundaries and the implications of ingroup boundary protection for intergroup relations, conflict, and conflict prevention. Although we could not perceive our own in-groups excepting as they contrast to out-groups, still the in-groups are psychologically primary.... Hostility toward out-groups helps strengthen our sense of belonging, but it is not required.... The familiar is preferred. What is alien is regarded as somehow inferior, less "good," but there is not necessarily hostility against it.... Thus, while a certain amount of predilection is inevitable in all in-group memberships, the reciprocal attitude toward out-groups may range widely.

Allport's (1954) chapter on "Ingroup Formation" (from which the above quotation is taken) is one of the less cited sections of his classic book *The Nature of Prejudice*, but it warrants closer attention as a precursor to later research on ingroup bias and intergroup discrimination. In this chapter, Allport postulated that ingroups are "psychologically primary," in the sense that familiarity, attachment, and preference for one's ingroups come prior to development of attitudes toward specific outgroups. Further, Allport recognized that preferential positivity toward ingroups does not necessarily imply negativity or hostility toward outgroups. Indeed, ingroup love can be compatible with a range of attitudes toward corresponding outgroups, including mild positivity, indifference, disdain, or hatred.

Allport's insights about the nature of ingroup-outgroup attitudes stand in contrast to the inherited wisdom represented in Sumner's (1906) original treatment of the concepts of ethnocentrism, ingroups, and outgroups. Like Allport, Sumner defined ethnocentrism in terms of positive sentiments toward the ingroup: pride, loyalty, and perceived superiority. However, Sumner also believed that these positive sentiments toward the ingroup were directly correlated with contempt, hatred, and hostility toward outgroups. As he put it:

The relation of comradeship and peace in the we-group and that of hostility and war towards others-groups are correlative to each other. The exigencies of war with outsiders are what make peace inside.... Loyalty to the group, sacrifice for it, hatred and contempt

for outsiders, brotherhood within, warlikeness without--all grow together, common products of the same situation. (Sumner, 1906, P. 12)

Despite Allport's critique of this view of ingroup-outgroup relations, most contemporary research on intergroup relations, prejudice, and discrimination appears to accept, at least implicitly, the idea that ingroup favoritism and outgroup negativity are reciprocally related. Common usage and textbook definitions of "prejudice" equate it with negative attitudes toward specific outgroups. Ingroup bias and outgroup prejudice are studied interchangeably, as if discrimination for ingroups and discrimination against outgroups were two sides of the same coin. In this article, I will reassess the validity of this presumption, arguing that ingroup favoritism and outgroup prejudice are separable phenomena and that the origin of identification and attachment to ingroups is independent of intergroup conflict. I will then consider the conditions under which attachment and loyalty to ingroups may become associated with outgroup hate and the implications of this relationship for prejudice reduction and prevention of conflict.

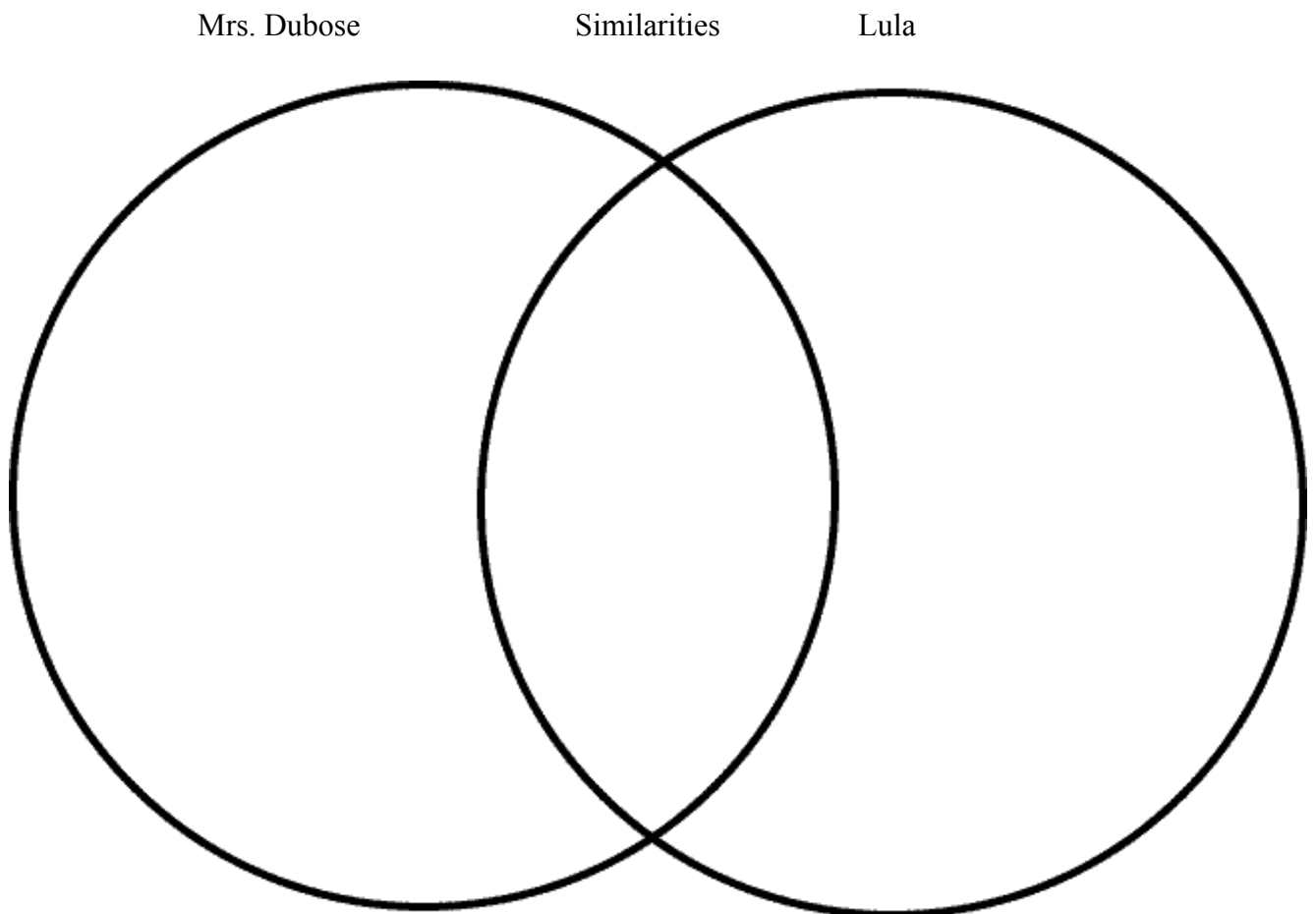
The idea that attitudes toward ingroups and corresponding outgroups are negatively reciprocally related can be derived from a number of theoretical assumptions. For Sumner (1906), the proposition derived from his structural-functional theory of the origins of groups in the context of conflict over scarce natural resources. In an environment of scarcity, individuals needed to band together in groups to compete successfully with other groups for survival. Hence, the exigencies of warfare gave rise both to institutions that maintain ingroup loyalty and cohesion and combativeness toward outgroups as "common products of the same situation." In the absence of realistic conflict and scarcity, neither strong ingroup attachment nor outgroup hostility would be expected. Similar ideas were represented later in Sherif's functional theory of intergroup behavior (Sherif, 1966; Sherif & Sherif, 1953), in which ingroups are presumed to be formed from positive interdependence in pursuit of common goals whereas intergroup relations are characterized by competition and negative interdependence.

http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_m0341/is_3_55/ai_58549254/

Appendix G

Venn-Diagram

Directions: Think back to the scenes where we see Lula's and Mrs. Dubose's prejudices. You may refer back to the text. Write down the differences and similarities between the two.



Appendix H

Assaying the Character

Go through the following questions and answer them based on Scout.

1. What incidents tell us the most about Scout?
2. How does she relate to other people?
3. How does this person change or mature?
4. Do you share any values with Scout?
5. What seems to drive Scout to action?

Read through the following questions. Answer them based on multiple characters in *To Kill a Mockingbird* such as Atticus, Jem, Miss Maudie, etc.

1. What groups or people are associated in your mind?
2. Do some of these people or groups represent values or ideas beyond themselves?
3. Which character is most mysterious and hardest to understand?
4. Do any of these characters seem to grow or change?
5. Do any characters provoke your dislike? Who and why?

Appendix I

Girl

by Jamaica Kincaid

Wash the white clothes on Monday and put them on the stone heap; wash the color clothes on Tuesday and put them on the clothesline to dry; don't walk barehead in the hot sun; cook pumpkin fritters in very hot sweet oil; soak your little cloths right after you take them off; when buying cotton to make yourself a nice blouse, be sure that it doesn't have gum on it, because that way it won't hold up well after a wash; soak salt fish overnight before you cook it; is it true that you sing benna in Sunday school?; always eat your food in such a way that it won't turn someone else's stomach; on Sundays try to walk like a lady and not like the slut you are so bent on becoming; don't sing benna in Sunday school; you mustn't speak to wharbfflies will follow you; but I don't sing benna on Sundays at all and never in Sunday school; this is how to sew on a button; this is how to make a button-hole for the button you have just sewed on; this is how to hem a dress when you see the hem coming down and so to prevent yourself from looking like the slut I know you are so bent on becoming; this is how you iron your father's khaki shirt so that it doesn't have a crease; this is how you iron your father's khaki pants so that they don't have a crease; this is how you grow okrbafar from the house, because okra tree harbors red ants; when you are growing dasheen, make sure it gets plenty of water or else it makes your throat itch when you are eating it; this is how you sweep a corner; this is how you sweep a whole house; this is how you sweep a yard; this is how you smile to someone you don't like too much; this is how you smile to someone you don't like at all; this is how you smile to someone you like completely; this is how you set a table for tea; this is how you set a table for dinner; this is how you set a table for dinner with an important guest; this is how you set a table for lunch; this is how you set a table for breakfast; this is how to behave in the presence of men who don't know you very well, and this way they won't recognize immediately the slut I have warned you against becoming; be sure to wash every day, even if it is with your own spit; don't squat down to play marblesyou are not a boy, you know; don't pick people's flowerbsyou might catch something; don't throw stones at blackbirds, because it might not be a blackbird at all; this is how to make a bread pudding; this is how to make doukona; this is how to make pepper pot; this is how to make a good medicine for a cold; this is how to make a good medicine to throw away a child before it even becomes a child; this is how to catch a fish; this is how to throw back a fish you don't like, and that way something bad won't fall on you; this is how to bully a man; this is how a man bullies you; this is how to love a man; and if this doesn't work there are other ways, and if they don't work don't feel too bad about giving up; this is how to spit up in the air if you feel like it, and this is how to move quick so that it doesn't fall on you; this is how to make ends meet; always squeeze bread to make sure it's fresh; but what if the baker won't let me feel the bread?; you mean to say that after all you are really going to be the kind of woman who the baker won't let near the bread?

Courtesy of: <http://www.turksheadreview.com/library/texts/kincaid-girl.html>

Appendix J

Toni Morrison

Recitatif

My mother danced all night and Roberta's was sick. That's why we were taken to St. Bonny's. People want to put their arms around you when you tell them you were in a shelter, but it really wasn't bad. No big long room with one hundred beds like Bellevue. There were four to a room, and when Roberta and me came, there was a shortage of state kids, so we were the only ones assigned to 406 and could go from bed to bed if we wanted to. And we wanted to, too. We changed beds every night and for the whole four months we were there we never picked one out as our own permanent bed.

It didn't start out that way. The minute I walked in and the Big Bozo introduced us, I got sick to my stomach. It was one thing to be taken out of your own bed early in the morning-it was something else to be stuck in a strange place with a girl from a whole other race. And Mary, that's my mother, she was right. Every now and then she would stop dancing long enough to tell me something important and one of the things she said was that they never washed their hair and they smelled funny. Roberta sure did. Smell funny, I mean. So when the Big Bozo (nobody ever called her Mrs. Itkin, just like nobody every said St. Bonaventure)-when she said, "Twyla, this is Roberta. Roberta, this is Twyla. Make each other welcome." I said, "My mother won't like you putting me in here."

"Good," said Bozo. "Maybe then she'll come and take you home."

How's that for mean? If Roberta had laughed I would have killed her, but she didn't. She just walked over to the window and stood with her back to us."

Turn around," said the Bozo. "Don't be rude. Now Twyla. Roberta. When you hear a loudbuzzer, that's the call for dinner. Come down to the first floor. Any fights and no movie." And then, just to make sure we knew what we would be missing, "The Wizard of Oz.

"Roberta must have thought I meant that my mother would be mad about my being put in the shelter. Not about rooming with her, because as soon as Bozo left she came over to me and said, "Is your mother sick too?"

"No," I said. "She just likes to dance all night."

"Oh," she nodded her head and I liked the way she understood things so fast. So for the moment it didn't matter that we looked like salt and pepper standing there and that's what the other kids called us sometimes. We were eight years old and got F's all the time. Me because I couldn't remember what I read or what the teacher said. And Roberta because she couldn't read at all and didn't even listen to the teacher. She wasn't good at anything

except jacks, at which she was a killer: pow scoop pow scoop pow scoop.

We didn't like each other all that much at first, but nobody else wanted to play with us because we weren't real orphans with beautiful dead parents in the sky. We were dumped. Even the New York City Puerto Ricans and the upstate Indians ignored us. All kinds of kids were in there, black ones, white ones, even two Koreans. The food was good, though. At least I thought so. Roberta hated it and left whole pieces of things on her plate: Spam, Salisbury steak-even jello with fruit cocktail in it, and she didn't care if I ate what she wouldn't. Mary's idea of supper was popcorn and a can of Yoo-Hoo. Hot mashed potatoes and two weenies was like Thanksgiving for me.

It really wasn't bad, St. Bonny's. The big girls on the second floor pushed us around now and then. But that was all. They wore lipstick and eyebrow pencil and wobbled their knees while they watched TV. Fifteen, sixteen, even, some of them were. They were put-out girls, scared runaways most of them. Poor little girls who fought their uncles off but looked tough to us, and mean. Goddid they look mean. The staff tried to keep them separate from the younger children, but sometimes they caught us watching them in the orchard where they played radios and danced with each other. They'd light out after us and pull our hair or twist our arms. We were scared of them, Roberta and me, but neither of us wanted the other one to know it. So we got a good list of dirty names we could shout back when we ran from them through the orchard. I used to dream a lot and almost always the orchard was there. Two acres, four maybe, of these little apple trees. Hundreds of them. Empty and crooked like beggar women when I first came to St. Bonny's but fat with flowers when I left. I don't know why I dreamt about that orchard so much. Nothing really happened there. Nothing all that important, I mean. Just the big girls dancing and playing the radio. Roberta and me watching. Maggie fell down there once. The kitchen woman with legs like parentheses. And the big girls laughed at her. We should have helped her up, I know, but we were scared of those girls with lipstick and eyebrow pencil. Maggie couldn't talk. The kids said she had her tongue cut out, but I think she was just born that way: mute. She was old and sandy-colored and she worked in the kitchen. I don't know if she was nice or not. I just remember her legs like parentheses and how she rocked when she walked. She worked from early in the morning till two o'clock, and if she was late, if she had too much cleaning and didn't get out till two-fifteen or so, she'd cut through the orchard so she wouldn't miss her bus and have to wait another hour. She wore this really stupid little hat-a kid's hat with ear flaps-and she wasn't much taller than we were. A really awful little hat. Even for a mute, it was dumb-dressing like a kid and never saying anything at all."

But what about if somebody tries to kill her?" I used to wonder about that. "Or what if she wants to cry? Can she cry?"

"Sure," Roberta said. "But just tears. No sounds come out."

"She can't scream?"

"Nope. Nothing."

"Can she hear?"

"I guess."

"Let's call her," I said. And we did.

"Dummy! Dummy!" She never turned her head

"Bow legs! Bow legs!" Nothing. She just rocked on, the chin straps of her baby-boy hat swaying from side to side. I think we were wrong. I think she could hear and didn't let on. And it shames me even now to think there was somebody in there after all who heard us call her those names and couldn't tell on us.

We got along all right, Roberta and me. Changed beds every night, got F's in civics and communication skills and gym. The Bozo was disappointed in us, she said. Out of 130 of us statecases, 90 were under twelve. Almost all were real orphans with beautiful dead parents in the sky. We were the only ones dumped and the only ones with F's in three classes including gym. So we got along-what with her leaving whole pieces of things on her plate and being nice about no tasking questions.

I think it was the day before Maggie fell down that we found out our mothers were coming to visit us on the same Sunday. We had been at the shelter twenty-eight days (Roberta twenty-eight and a half) and this was their first visit with us. Our mothers would come at ten o'clock in time for chapel, then lunch with us in the teachers' lounge. I thought if my dancing mother met her sick mother it might be good for her. And Roberta thought her sick mother would get a big bang out of a dancing one. We got excited about it and curled each other's hair. After breakfast we sat on the bed watching the road from the window. Roberta's socks were still wet. She washed them the night before and put them on the radiator to dry. They hadn't, but she put them on anyway because their tops were so pretty- scalloped in pink. Each of us had a purple construction-paper basket that we had made in craft class. Mine had a yellow crayon rabbit on it. Roberta's had eggs with wiggly lines of color. Inside were cellophane grass and just the jelly beans because I'd eaten the two marshmallow eggs they gave us. The Big Bozo came herself to get us. Smiling she told us we looked very nice and to come downstairs. We were so surprised by the smile we'd never seen before, neither of us moved.

"Don't you want to see your mommies?"

I stood up first and spilled the jelly beans all over the floor. Bozo's smile disappeared while we scrambled to get the candy up off the floor and put it back in the grass.

She escorted us downstairs to the first floor, where the other girls were lining up to file into the chapel. A bunch of grown-ups stood to one side. Viewers mostly. The old biddies who wanted servants and the fags who wanted company looking for children they might want to adopt. Once in a while a grandmother. Almost never anybody young or anybody

whose face wouldn't scare you in the night. Because if any of the real orphans had young relatives they wouldn't be real orphans. I saw Mary right away. She had on those green slacks I hated and hated even more now because didn't she know we were going to chapel? And that fur jacket with the pocket linings so ripped she had to pull to get her hands out of them. But her face was pretty-like always, and she smiled and waved like she was the little girl looking for her mother- not me.

I walked slowly, trying not to drop the jelly beans and hoping the paper handle would hold. I had to use my last Chiclet because by the time I finished cutting everything out, all the Elmer's was gone. I am left-handed and the scissors never worked for me. It didn't matter, though; I might just as well have chewed the gum. Mary dropped to her knees and grabbed me, mashing the basket, the jelly beans, and the grass into her ratty fur jacket.

"Twyla, baby. Twyla, baby!"

I could have killed her. Already I heard the big girls in the orchard the next time saying, "Twyyyyyla, baby!" But I couldn't stay mad at Mary while she was smiling and hugging me and smelling of Lady Esther dusting powder. I wanted to stay buried in her fur all day.

To tell the truth I forgot about Roberta. Mary and I got in line for the traipse into chapel and I was feeling proud because she looked so beautiful even in those ugly green slacks that made her behind stick out. A pretty mother on earth is better than a beautiful dead one in the sky even if she did leave you all alone to go dancing.

I felt a tap on my shoulder, turned, and saw Roberta smiling. I smiled back, but not too much lest somebody think this visit was the biggest thing that ever happened in my life. Then Roberta said, "Mother, I want you to meet my roommate, Twyla. And that's Twyla's mother."

I looked up it seemed for miles. She was big. Bigger than any man and on her chest was the biggest cross I'd ever seen. I swear it was six inches long each way. And in the crook of her arm was the biggest Bible ever made.

Mary, simple-minded as ever, grinned and tried to yank her hand out of the pocket with the raggedy lining-to shake hands, I guess. Roberta's mother looked down at me and then looked down at Mary too. She didn't say anything, just grabbed Roberta with her Bible-free hand and stepped tout of line, walking quickly to the rear of it. Mary was still grinning because she's not too swift when it comes to what's really going on. Then this light bulb goes off in her head and she says "That bitch!" really loud and us almost in the chapel now. Organ music whining; the Bonny Angels singing sweetly. Everybody in the world turned around to look. And Mary would have kept it up-kept calling names if I hadn't squeezed her hand as hard as I could. That helped a little, but she still twitched and crossed and uncrossed her legs all through service. Even groaned a couple of times. Why did I think she would come there and act right? Slacks. No hat like the grandmothers and viewers, and groaning all the while. When we stood for hymns she kept her mouth shut.

Wouldn't even look at the words on the page. She actually reached in her purse for a mirror to check her lipstick. All I could think of was that she really needed to be killed. The sermon lasted a year, and I knew the real orphans were looking smug again.

We were supposed to have lunch in the teachers' lounge, but Mary didn't bring anything, so we picked fur and cellophane grass off the mashed jelly beans and ate them. I could have killed her. I sneaked a look at Roberta. Her mother had brought chicken legs and ham sandwiches and oranges and a whole box of chocolate-covered grahams. Roberta drank milk from a thermos while her mother read the Bible to her.

Things are not right. The wrong food is always with the wrong people. Maybe that's why I got into waitress work later-to match up the right people with the right food. Roberta just let those chicken legs sit there, but she did bring a stack of grahams up to me later when the visit was over. I think she was sorry that her mother would not shake my mother's hand. And I liked that and I liked the fact that she didn't say a word about Mary groaning all the way through the service and not bringing any lunch.

Roberta left in May when the apple trees were heavy and white. On her last day we went to the orchard to watch the big girls smoke and dance by the radio. It didn't matter that they said, "Twyyyyyla, baby." We sat on the ground and breathed. Lady Esther. Apple blossoms. I still go soft when I smell one or the other. Roberta was going home. The big cross and the big Bible was coming to get her and she seemed sort of glad and sort of not. I thought I would die in that room of four beds without her and I knew Bozo had plans to move some other dumped kid in there with me. Roberta promised to write every day, which was really sweet of her because she couldn't read a lick so how could she write anybody. I would have drawn pictures and sent them to her but she never gave me her address. Little by little she faded. Her wet socks with the pink scalloped tops and her big serious-looking eyes-that's all I could catch when I tried to bring her to mind.

I was working behind the counter at the Howard Johnson's on the Thruway just before the Kingston exit. Not a bad job. Kind of a long ride from Newburgh, but okay once I got there. Mine was the second night shift-eleven to seven. Very light until a Greyhound checked in for breakfast around six-thirty. At that hour the sun was all the way clear of the hills behind the restaurant. The place looked better at night-more like shelter- but I loved it when the sun broke in, even if it did show all the cracks in the vinyl and the speckled floor looked dirty no matter what the mop boy did.

It was August and a bus crowd was just unloading. They would stand around a long while: going to the john, and looking at gifts and junk-for-sale machines, reluctant to sit down so soon. Even to eat. I was trying to fill the coffee pots and get them all situated on the electric burners when I saw her. She was sitting in a booth smoking a cigarette with two guys smothered in head and facial hair. Her own hair was so big and wild I could hardly see her face. But the eyes. I would know them anywhere. She had on a powder-blue halter and shorts outfit and earrings the size of bracelets. Talk about lipstick and eyebrow pencil. She made the big girls look like nuns. I couldn't get off the counter until seven o'clock, but I kept watching the booth in case they got up to leave before that. My

replacement was on time for a change, so I counted and stacked my receipts as fast as I could and signed off. I walked over to the booths, smiling and wondering if she would remember me. Or even if she wanted to remember me. Maybe she didn't want to be reminded of St. Bonny's or to have anybody know she was ever there. I know I never talked about it to anybody.

I put my hands in my apron pockets and leaned against the back of the booth facing them.

"Roberta? Roberta Fisk?"

She looked up. "Yeah?"

"Twyla."

She squinted for a second and then said, "Wow."

"Remember me?"

"Sure. Hey. Wow."

"It's been a while," I said, and gave a smile to the two hairy guys.

"Yeah. Wow. You work here?"

"Yeah," I said. "I live in Newburgh."

"Newburgh? No kidding?" She laughed then a private laugh that included the guys but only the guys, and they laughed with her. What could I do but laugh too and wonder why I was standing there with my knees showing out from under that uniform. Without looking I could see the blue and white triangle on my head, my hair shapeless in a net, my ankles thick in white oxfords. Nothing could have been less sheer than my stockings. There was this silence that came downright after I laughed. A silence it was her turn to fill up. With introductions, maybe, to her boyfriends or an invitation to sit down and have a Coke. Instead she lit a cigarette off the one she'd just finished and said, "We're on our way to the Coast. He's got an appointment with Hendrix."

She gestured casually toward the boy next to her.

"Hendrix Fantastic," I said. "Really fantastic. What's she doing now?"

Roberta coughed on her cigarette and the two guys rolled their eyes up at the ceiling.

Hendrix. Jimi Hendrix, asshole. He's only the biggest-Oh, wow. Forget it."

I was dismissed without anyone saying goodbye, so I thought I would do it for her.

"How's your mother?" I asked. Her grin cracked her whole face. She swallowed. "Fine," she said. "How's yours?"

"Pretty as a picture," I said and turned away. The backs of my knees were damp. Howard Johnson's really was a dump in the sunlight.

James is as comfortable as a house slipper. He liked my cooking and I liked his big loud family. They have lived in Newburgh all of their lives and talk about it the way people do who have always known a home. His grandmother is a porch swing older than his father and when they talk about streets and avenues and buildings they call them names they no longer have. They still call the A & P Rico's because it stands on property once a mom and pop store owned by Mr. Rico. And they call the new community college Town Hall because it once was. My mother-in-law puts up jelly and cucumbers and buys butter wrapped in cloth from a dairy. James and his father talk about fishing and baseball and I can see them all together on the Hudson in a raggedy skiff. Half the population of Newburgh is on welfare now, but to my husband's family it was still some upstate paradise of a time long past. A time of ice houses and vegetable wagons, coal furnaces and children weeding gardens. When our son was born my mother-in-law gave me the crib blanket that had been hers.

But the town they remembered had changed. Something quick was in the air. Magnificent old houses, so ruined they had become shelter for squatters and rent risks, were bought and renovated. Smart IBM people moved out of their suburbs back into the city and put shutters up and herb gardens in their backyards. A brochure came in the mail announcing the opening of a Food Emporium. Gourmet food it said-and listed items the rich IBM crowd would want. It was located in a new mall at the edge of town and I drove out to shop there one day-just to see. It was late in June. After the tulips were gone and the Queen Elizabeth roses were open everywhere. It railed my cart along the aisle tossing in smoked oysters and Robert's sauce and things I knew would sit in my cupboard for years. Only when I found some Klondike ice cream bars did I feel less guilty about spending James's fireman's salary so foolishly. My father-in-law ate them with the same gusto little Joseph did.

Waiting in the check-out line I heard a voice say, "Twyla!"

The classical music piped over the aisles had affected me and the woman leaning toward me was dressed to kill. Diamonds on her hand, a smart white summer dress. "I'm Mrs. Benson," I said.

"Ho. Ho. The Big Bozo," she sang.

For a split second I didn't know what she was talking about. She had a bunch of asparagus and two cartons of fancy water.

"Roberta!"

"Right."

"For heaven's sake. Roberta."

"You look great," she said.

"So do you. Where are you? Here? In Newburgh?"

"Yes. Over in Annandale."

I was opening my mouth to say more when the cashier called my attention to her empty counter.

"Meet you outside." Roberta pointed her finger and went into the express line.

I placed the groceries and kept myself from glancing around to check Roberta's progress. I remembered Howard Johnson's and looking for a chance to speak only to be greeted with a stingy "wow." But she was waiting for me and her huge hair was sleek now, smooth around a small, nicely shaped head. Shoes, dress, everything lovely and summery and rich. I was dying to know what happened to her, how she got from Jimi Hendrix to Annandale, a neighborhood full of doctors and IBM executives. Easy, I thought. Everything is so easy for them. They think they own the world.

"How long," I asked her. "How long have you been here?"

"A year. I got married to a man who lives here. And you, you're married too, right? Benson, you said."

"Yeah. James Benson."

"And is he nice?"

"Oh, is he nice?"

"Well, is he?" Roberta's eyes were steady as though she really meant the question and wanted an answer."

He's wonderful, Roberta. Wonderful."

"So you're happy."

"Very."

"That's good," she said and nodded her head. "I always hoped you'd be happy. Any

kids? I know you have kids."

"One. A boy. How about you?"

"Four."

"Four?"

She laughed. "Step kids. He's a widower."

"Oh."

"Got a minute? Let's have a coffee."

I thought about the Klondikes melting and the inconvenience of going all the way to my car and putting the bags in the trunk. Served me right for buying all that stuff I didn't need. Roberta was ahead of me."

Put them in my car. It's right here."

And then I saw the dark blue limousine.

"You married a Chinaman?"

"No," she laughed. "He's the driver."

"Oh, my. If the Big Bozo could see you now."

We both giggled. Really giggled. Suddenly, in just a pulse beat, twenty years disappeared and all of it came rushing back. The big girls (whom we called gar girls- Roberta's misheard word for the evil stone faces described in a civics class) there dancing in the orchard, the ploppy mashed potatoes, the double weenies, the Spam with pineapple. We went into the coffee shop holding onto one another and I tried to think why we were glad to see each other this time and not before. Once, twelve years ago, we passed like strangers. A black girl and a white girl meeting in a Howard Johnson's on the road and having nothing to say. One in a blue and white triangle waitress hat- the other on her way to see, Hendrix. Now we were behaving like sisters separated for much too long. Those four short months were nothing in time. Maybe it was the thing itself. Just being there, together. Two little girls who knew what nobody else in the world knew- how not to ask questions. How to believe what had to be believed. There was politeness in that reluctance and generosity as well. Is your mother sick too? No, she dances all night. Oh-- and an understanding nod.

We sat in a booth by the window and fell into recollection like veterans."

Did you ever learn to read?"

"Watch." She picked up the menu. "Special of the day. Cream of corn soup. Entrees. Two dots and a wriggly line. Quiche. Chef salad, scallops . . .

I was laughing and applauding when the waitress came up.

"Remember the Easter baskets?"

"And how we tried to introduce them?"

"Your mother with that cross like two telephone poles."

"And yours with those tight slacks."

We laughed so loudly heads turned and made the laughter harder to suppress."

What happened to the Jimi Hendrix date?"

Roberta made a blow-out sound with her lips."

When he died I thought about you."

"Oh, you heard about him finally?"

"Finally. Come on, I was a small-town country waitress."

"And I was a small-town country dropout. God, were we wild. I still don't know how I got out of there alive."

"But you did."

"I did. I really did. Now I'm Mrs. Kenneth Norton."

"Sounds like a mouthful."

"It is."

"Servants and all?"

Roberta held up two fingers.

"Ow! What does he do?"

"Computers and stuff. What do I know?"

"I don't remember a hell of a lot from those days, but Lord, St. Bonny's is as clear as

daylight. Remember Maggie? The day she fell down and those gar girls laughed at her?"

Roberta looked up from her salad and stared at me. "Maggie didn't fall," she said."

Yes, she did. You remember."

"No, Twyla. They knocked her down. Those girls pushed her down and tore her clothes. In the orchard."

"I don't--that's not what happened."

"Sure it is. In the orchard. Remember how scared we were?"

"Wait a minute. I don't remember any of that."

"And Bozo was fired."

"You're crazy. She was there when I left. You left before me."

"I went back. You weren't there when they fired Bozo."

"What?"

"Twice. Once for a year when I was about ten, another for two months when I was fourteen. That's when I ran away."

"You ran away from St. Bonny's?"

"I had to. What do you want? Me dancing in that orchard?"

"Are you sure about Maggie?"

"Of course I'm sure. You've blocked it, Twyla. It happened. Those girls had behavior problems, you know."

"Didn't they, though. But why can't I remember the Maggie thing?"

"Believe me. It happened. And we were there."

"Who did you room with when you went back?" I asked her as if I would know her. The Maggie thing was troubling me."

Creeps. They tickled themselves in the night."

My ears were itching and I wanted to go home suddenly. This was all very well but she couldn't just comb her hair, wash her face and pretend everything was hunky-dory. After

the Howard Johnson's snub. And no apology. Nothing.

"Were you on dope or what that time at Howard Johnson's?" I tried to make my voice sound friendlier than I felt."

Maybe, a little. I never did drugs much. Why?"

"I don't know; you acted sort of like you didn't want to know me then."

"Oh, Twyla, you know how it was in those days: black-white. You know how everything was."

But I didn't know. I thought it was just the opposite. Busloads of blacks and whites came into Howard Johnson's together. They roamed together then: students, musicians, lovers, protesters. You got to see everything at Howard Johnson's and blacks were very friendly with whites in those days. But sitting there with nothing on my plate but two hard tomato wedges wondering about the melting Klondikes it seemed childish remembering the slight. We went to her car, and with the help of the driver, got my stuff into my station wagon.

"We'll keep in touch this time," she said.

"Sure," I said. "Sure. Give me a call."

"I will," she said, and then just as I was sliding behind the wheel, she leaned into the window. "By the way. Your mother. Did she ever stop dancing?"

I shook my head. "No. Never."

Roberta nodded.

"And yours? Did she ever get well?"

She smiled a tiny sad smile. "No. She never did. Look, call me, okay?"

"Okay," I said, but I knew I wouldn't. Roberta had messed up my past somehow with that business about Maggie. I wouldn't forget a thing like that. Would I?

Strife came to us that fall. At least that's what the paper called it. Strife. Racial strife. The word made me think of a bird—a big shrieking bird out of 1,000,000,000 B.C. Flapping its wings and cawing. Its eye with no lid always bearing down on you. All day it screeched and at night it slept on the rooftops. It woke you in the morning and from the Today show to the eleven o'clock news it kept you an awful company. I couldn't figure it out from one day to the next. I knew I was supposed to feel something strong, but I didn't know what, and James wasn't any help. Joseph was on the list of kids to be transferred

from the junior high school to another one at some far-out-of-the-way place and I thought it was a good thing until I heard it was a bad thing. I mean I didn't know. All the schools seemed dumps to me, and the fact that one was nicer looking didn't hold much weight. But the papers were full of it and then the kids began to get jumpy. In August, mind you. Schools weren't even open yet. I thought Joseph might be frightened to go over there, but he didn't seem scared so I forgot about it, until I found myself driving along Hudson Street out there by the school they were trying to integrate and saw a line of women marching. And who do you suppose was in line, big as life, holding a sign in front of her bigger than her mother's cross? MOTHERS HAVE RIGHTS TOO! it said.

I drove on, and then changed my mind. I circled the block, slowed down, and honked my horn.

Roberta looked over and when she saw me she waved. I didn't wave back, but I didn't move either. She handed her sign to another woman and came over to where I was parked."

"Hi."

"What are you doing?"

"Picketing. What's it look like?"

"What for?"

"What do you mean, 'What for?' They want to take my kids and send them out of the neighborhood. They don't want to go."

"So what if they go to another school? My boy's being bussed too, and I don't mind. Why should you?"

"It's not about us, Twyla. Me and you. It's about our kids."

"What's more us than that?"

"Well, it is a free country."

"Not yet, but it will be."

"What the hell does that mean? I'm not doing anything to you."

"You really think that?"

"I know it."

"I wonder what made me think you were different."

"I wonder what made me think you were different."

"Look at them," I said. "Just look. Who do they think they are? Swarming all over the place like they own it. And now they think they can decide where my child goes to school. Look at them, Roberta. They're Bozos."

Roberta turned around and looked at the women. Almost all of them were standing still now, waiting. Some were even edging toward us. Roberta looked at me out of some refrigerator behind her eyes. "No, they're not. They're just mothers."

"And what am I? Swiss cheese?"

"I used to curl your hair."

"I hated your hands in my hair."

The women were moving. Our faces looked mean to them of course and they looked as though they could not wait to throw themselves in front of a police car, or better yet, into my car and drag me away by my ankles. Now they surrounded my car and gently, gently began to rock it. I swayed back and forth like a sideways yo-yo. Automatically I reached for Roberta, like the old days in the orchard when they saw us watching them and we had to get out of there, and if one of us fell the other pulled her up and if one of us was caught the other stayed to kick and scratch, and neither would leave the other behind. My arm shot out of the car window but no receiving hand was there. Roberta was looking at me sway from side to side in the car and her face was still. My purse slid from the car seat down under the dashboard. The four policemen who had been drinking Tab in their car finally got the message and strolled over, forcing their way through the women. Quietly, firmly they spoke. "Okay, ladies. Back in line or off the streets."

Some of them went away willingly; others had to be urged away from the car doors and the hood. Roberta didn't move. She was looking steadily at me. I was fumbling to turn on the ignition, which wouldn't catch because the gearshift was still in drive. The seats of the car were a mess because the swaying had thrown my grocery coupons all over it and my purse was sprawled on the floor."

Maybe I am different now, Twyla. But you're not. You're the same little state kid who kicked a poor old black lady when she was down on the ground. You kicked a black lady and you have the nerve to call me a bigot."

The coupons were everywhere and the guts of my purse were bunched under the dashboard. What was she saying? Black? Maggie wasn't black.

"She wasn't black," I said.

"Like hell she wasn't, and you kicked her. We both did. You kicked a black lady who

couldn't even scream."

"Liar!"

"You're the liar! Why don't you just go on home and leave us alone, huh?"

She turned away and I skidded away from the curb.

The next morning I went into the garage and cut the side out of the carton our portable TV had come in. It wasn't nearly big enough, but after a while I had a decent sign: red spray-painted letters on a white background-AND SO DO CHILDREN****. I meant just to go down to the school and tack it up somewhere so those cows on the picket line across the street could see it, but when I got there, some ten or so others had already assembled- protesting the cows across the street. Police permits and everything. I got in line and we strutted in time on our side while Roberta's group strutted on theirs. That first day we were all dignified, pretending the other side didn't exist. The second day there was name calling and finger gestures. But that was about all. People changed signs from time to time, but Roberta never did and neither did I. Actually my sign didn't make sense without Roberta's. "And so do children what?" one of the women on my side asked me. Have rights, I said, as though it was obvious.

Roberta didn't acknowledge my presence in any way and I got to thinking maybe she didn't know I was there. I began to pace myself in the line, jostling people one minute and lagging behind the next, so Roberta and I could reach the end of our respective lines at the same time and there would be a moment in our tum when we would face each other. Still, I couldn't tell whether she saw me and knew my sign was for her. The next day I went early before we were scheduled to assemble. I waited until she got there before I exposed my new creation. As soon as she hoisted her MOTHERS HAVE RIGHTS TOO I began to wave my new one, which said, HOW WOULD YOU KNOW? I know she saw that one, but I had gotten addicted now. My signs got crazier each day, and the women on my side decided that I was a kook. They couldn't make heads or tails out of my brilliant screaming posters.

I brought a painted sign in queenly red with huge black letters that said, IS YOUR MOTHER WELL? Roberta took her lunch break and didn't come back for the rest of the day or any day after. Two days later I stopped going too and couldn't have been missed because nobody understood my signs anyway.

It was a nasty six weeks. Classes were suspended and Joseph didn't go to anybody's school until October. The children- everybody's children-soon got bored with that extended vacation they thought was going to be so great. They looked at TV until their eyes flattened. I spent a couple of mornings tutoring my son, as the other mothers said we should. Twice I opened a text from last year that he had never turned in. Twice he yawned in my face. Other mothers organized living room sessions so the kids would keep up. None of the kids could concentrate so they drifted back to The Price Is Right and The Brady Bunch. When the school finally opened there were fights once or twice and some

sirens roared through the streets every once in a while. There were a lot of photographers from Albany. And just when ABC was about to send up a news crew, the kids settled down like nothing in the world had happened. Joseph hung my HOW WOULD YOU KNOW? sign in his bedroom. I don't know what became of AND SO DO CHILDREN****. I think my father-in-law cleaned some fish on it. He was always puttering around in our garage. Each of his five children lived in Newburgh and he acted as though he had five extra homes.

I couldn't help looking for Roberta when Joseph graduated from high school, but I didn't see her. It didn't trouble me much what she had said to me in the car. I mean the kicking part. I know I didn't do that, I couldn't do that. But I was puzzled by her telling me Maggie was black. When I thought about it I actually couldn't be certain. She wasn't pitch-black, I knew, or I would have remembered that. What I remember was the kiddie hat, and the semicircle legs. I tried to reassure myself about the race thing for a long time until it dawned on me that the truth was already there, and Roberta knew it. I didn't kick her; I didn't join in with the gar girls and kick that lady, but I sure did want to. We watched and never tried to help her and never called for help. Maggie was my dancing mother. Deaf, I thought, and dumb. Nobody inside. Nobody who would hear you if you cried in the night. Nobody who could tell you anything important that you could use. Rocking, dancing, swaying as she walked. And when the gar girls pushed her down, and started roughhousing, I knew she wouldn't scream, couldn't-just like me and I was glad about that.

We decided not to have a tree, because Christmas would be at my mother-in-law's house, so why have a tree at both places? Joseph was at SUNY New Paltz and we had to economize, we said. But at the last minute, I changed my mind. Nothing could be that bad. So I rushed around town looking for a tree, something small but wide. By the time I found a place, it was snowing and very late. I dawdled like it was the most important purchase in the world and the tree man was fed up with me. Finally I chose one and had it tied onto the trunk of the car. I drove away slowly because the sand trucks were not out yet and the streets could be murder at the beginning of a snowfall. Downtown the streets were wide and rather empty except for a cluster of people coming out of the Newburgh Hotel. The one hotel in town that wasn't built out of cardboard and Plexiglas. A party, probably. The men huddled in the snow were dressed in tails and the women had on furs. Shiny things glittered from underneath their coats. It made me tired to look at them. Tired, tired, tired. On the next corner was a small diner with loops and loops of paper bells in the window. I stopped the car and went in. Just for a cup of coffee and twenty minutes of peace before I went home and tried to finish everything before Christmas Eve.

"Twyla?"

There she was. In a silvery evening gown and dark fur coat. A man and another woman were with her, the man fumbling for change to put in the cigarette machine. The woman was humming and tapping on the counter with her fingernails. They all looked a little bit drunk.

"Well. It's you."

"How are you?"

I shrugged. "Pretty good. Frazzled. Christmas and all."

"Regular?" called the woman from the counter.

"Fine," Roberta called back and then, "Wait for me in the car."

She slipped into the booth beside me. "I have to tell you something, Twyla. I made up my mind if I ever saw you again, I'd tell you."

"I'd just as soon not hear anything, Roberta. It doesn't matter now, anyway."

"No," she said. "Not about that."

"Don't be long," said the woman. She carried two regulars to go and the man peeled his cigarette pack as they left.

"It's about St. Bonny's and Maggie."

"Oh, please."

"Listen to me. I really did think she was black. I didn't make that up. I really thought so. But now I can't be sure. I just remember her as old, so old. And because she couldn't talk- well, you know, I thought she was crazy. She'd been brought up in an institution like my mother was and like I thought I would be too. And you were right. We didn't kick her. It was the gar girls. Only them. But, well, I wanted to. I really wanted them to hurt her. I said we did it, too. You and me, but that's not true. And I don't want you to carry that around. It was just that I wanted to do it so bad that day-wanting to is doing it."

Her eyes were watery from the drinks she'd had, I guess. I know it's that way with me. One glass of wine and I start bawling over the littlest thing.

"We were kids, Roberta."

"Yeah. Yeah. I know, just kids."

"Eight."

"Eight."

"And lonely."

"Scared, too."

She wiped her cheeks with the heel of her hand and smiled. "Well that's all I wanted to say."

I nodded and couldn't think of any way to fill the silence that went from the diner past the paperbells on out into the snow. It was heavy now. I thought I'd better wait for the sand trucks before starting home.

"Thanks, Roberta."

"Sure."

"Did I tell you My mother, she never did stop dancing."

"Yes. You told me. And mine, she never got well." Roberta lifted her hands from the tabletop and covered her face with her palms. When she took them away she really was crying. "Oh shit, Twyla. Shit, shit, shit. What the hell happened to Maggie?"

1983

Appendix K

My Papa's Waltz

The whiskey on your breath
Could make a small boy dizzy;
But I hung on like death:
Such waltzing was not easy.

We romped until the pans
Slid from the kitchen shelf;
My mother's countenance
Could not unfrown itself.

The hand that held my wrist
Was battered on one knuckle;
At every step you missed
My right ear scraped a buckle.

You beat time on my head
With a palm caked hard by dirt,
Then waltzed me off to bed
Still clinging to your shirt.

Appendix L

Creating a News Cast!

For your final assessment you will be creating a news cast covering the events of the trial based on the novel. Parts will be assigned on a first come first serve basis. You will be required to base your questions and responses on the events and characters of the novel. You may also use any additional texts we have used during this unit. This project is worth 100 points. This is due next Friday.

Reporters:

Your job as the reporter is to make sure you get the whole story. You will want to pick an angle and stick with it. Make sure you base your interview off the events in the novel. Your questions must answer the six W's: who, what, when, why, where, and who cares. Your questions must also relate to the themes we have covered in this unit; how prejudices occur, their effects on others, how to prevent discrimination, etc.

Characters:

Your job as a character is to answer the Reporter's questions as your character would. Try to think from your character's point of view. You may use the character analysis and assaying the character activities to help. You will have to explain your answers in the write up, so have a good reason for what you say.

Anchors:

Your job as the anchor is to be able to tie all the stories together. You must also be able to stress the importance and significance of the stories to the audience. In your write up, you will have to explain how the stories deal with the themes we have discussed so far.

Parts

Sign your name next to the part you want. Parts will be assigned on a first come first serve basis.

Reporter 1: _____

Reporter 2: _____

Reporter 3: _____

Reporter 4: _____

Anchor 1: _____

Anchor 2: _____

Atticus: _____

Scout: _____

Jem: _____

Dill: _____

Mayella: _____

Mr. Ewell: _____

Tom Robinson: _____

Mr. Tate: _____

Judge Taylor: _____

Mr. Gilmer: _____

Mr. Cunningham: _____

Mr. Raymond: _____

Jury 1: _____

Jury 2: _____

Calpurnia: _____

Miss Maudie: _____

Miss Rachel: _____

Mr. Deas: _____

Mrs. Robinson: _____

Student Name: _____

News Cast Rubric

CATEGORY	4	3	2	1	Score
Script (X5)	Script is complete and it is clear what each actor will say and do. Information clearly comes from events/characters in the novel.	Script is mostly complete. It is clear what each actor will say and do. Script shows planning. Most of the ideas come from the novel.	Script has a few major flaws. It is not always clear what the actors are to say and do. Script shows an attempt at planning, but seems incomplete.	There is no script. Actors are expected to invent what they say and do as they go along.	
Six W's (X5)	Answers all of the Six W's thoroughly so that audience's questions are answered and still keeps their interest.	4 of the 6 W's are answered. Some information seems to be missing.	3 out of the 6 W's are missing. Essential parts of the story are left out.	None of the questions are answered and none of the information came from the novel.	
Use of Theme (X5)	The story is based on or mainly deals with either what causes prejudices, the effects of discrimination, or how to prevent prejudices.	Discusses theme for but is the story is not based on it.	Touches on the theme but does not discuss it thoroughly	Does not touch on the theme at all.	
Write Up (X5)	Thoroughly explains how the script/actions relate to the theme, character, and events of the novel and discussions.	Makes connections to theme, characters, and events but does not go into extensive detail.	Makes a connection to the theme or the characters and events, but not both.	Makes no connection to the theme, characters, or events of the novel.	

Total: _____

- On time is worth 20 points.

To Kill a Mockingbird Unit

Sunshine State Standards:

- LA.910.1.5.1: The student will adjust reading rate based on purpose, text difficulty, form, and style.
- LA.910.1.6.2: The student will listen to, read, and discuss familiar and conceptually challenging text.
- LA.910.1.6.3: The student will use context clues to determine meanings of unfamiliar words.
- LA.910.2.1.1: The student will analyze and compare historically and culturally significant works of literature, identifying the relationships among the major genres (e.g., poetry, fiction, nonfiction, short story, dramatic literature, essay) and the literary devices unique to each, and analyze how they support and enhance the theme and main ideas of the text.
- LA.910.2.1.2 The student will analyze and compare a variety of traditional, classical, and contemporary literary works, and identify the literary elements of each (e.g., setting, plot, characterization, conflict).
- LA.910.2.1.5 The student will analyze and develop an interpretation of a literary work by describing an authors use of literary elements (e.g., theme, point of view, characterization, setting, plot), and explain and analyze different elements of figurative language (e.g., simile, metaphor, personification, hyperbole, symbolism, allusion, imagery).
- LA.910.3.1.1: The student will prewrite by generating ideas from multiple sources (e.g., brainstorming, notes, journals, discussion, research materials or other reliable sources) based upon teacher-directed topics and personal interests.
- LA.910.3.2.2: The student will draft writing by establishing a logical organizational pattern with supporting details that are substantial, specific, and relevant.
- LA.910.3.3.1: The student will revise by evaluating the draft for development of ideas and content, logical organization, voice, point of view, word choice, and sentence variation.
- LA.910.3.3.4 The student will revise by applying appropriate tools or strategies to evaluate and refine the draft (e.g., peer review, checklists, rubrics).
- LA.910.3.5.3: The student will share with others, or submit for publication.
- LA.910.4.3.1: The student will write essays that state a position or claim, present detailed evidence, examples, and reasoning to support effective arguments and emotional appeals, and acknowledge and refute opposing arguments.
- LA.910.5.2.2 The student will research and organize information for oral communication appropriate for the occasion, audience, and purpose (e.g., class discussions, entertaining, informative, persuasive, or technical presentations).

Bibliography

1. Appleman, D. (2000). *Critical Encounters in High School English*. New York: Teacher's College Press.
2. Beers, K. (2003). *When Kids Can't Read What Teachers Can Do*. Portsmouth: Heinemann.
3. Brewer, M. (1999). The Psychology of Prejudice: Ingroup Love or Outgroup Hate? *Journal of Social Issues*. Retrieved from http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_m0341/is_3_55/ai_58549254/
4. Kincaid, J. *Girl*. <http://www.turksheadreview.com/library/texts/kincaid-girl.html>
5. Langston, H. I, too. (1925). *The Norton Anthology of African American Literature*. New York: Norton and Company.
6. Lee, H. (2002). *To Kill a Mockingbird*. New York: HarperCollins.
7. Milner, J. Milner, L. (2008). *Bridging English*. Columbus: Pearson.
8. Morrison, T. Recitatif.
<http://facultyfiles.deanza.edu/gems/quigleyjill/recitatifessay.doc>
9. Murray, D. *The Red Blood Record*. The Library of Congress.
<http://memory.loc.gov/learn/lessons/98/mock/blood.html>
10. Roethke, T. *My Papa's Waltz*. <http://gawow.com/roethke/poems/43.html>
11. http://www.psychologytoday.com/files/u41/stop_discrimination_0.jpg
12. <http://rubistar.4teachers.org/>
13. Smagorinsky, P. (2008). *Teaching English By Design*. Portsmouth: Heinemann.