



Norfolk Public Schools
The cornerstone of a proudly diverse community

English 10th



Phase III
April 27 to May 15, 2020

Name:

School:

Teacher:

NPS Curriculum & Instruction

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Theme	Diversity and Me: How do I respond to people and experiences that are diverse?
Daily Reading	READ 14.2: Each day read for 15 minutes, something of choice, and complete the reading log including the title of the book/text, the number of pages read, and a hashtag summary of what was read. The reading log is on the back of this sheet. A sample entry is included.
Daily Writing	Three times a week , reflect on how our theme of diversity and self relates to you personally by journaling your thoughts and feelings about the ideas and questions here: What are your personal experiences with diversity—interacting with people who are not like you? How did you respond to these people or experiences? What does your response suggest about you? How can you be more open to diverse experiences? How can the challenges of diversity become benefits? Feel free to add drawings, cartoons, and sketches of your own to express how you are feeling.
Making Thinking Visible	For all texts, annotate by doing each of the following tasks for each paragraph or stanza (if a poem is not written in stanzas, annotate for every five lines) : <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • underline or list key words, phrases, or sentences that are important to understanding the work • create a question that requires the reader to infer (consider specific words, phrases, sentences, or ideas) • make a comment about the author’s style (reflect on how the author uses diction, figurative language, or sentence structure to develop the meaning or present his/her point of view)

April 27-May 1

Weekly Reading	Additional Tasks	Response to Text Question (Write 1-2 pages)
“On Disability Rights” by Ed Roberts “Making College Matter” by Lambert and Felten	For “On Disability Rights” Take notes on Roberts’ tone, use of humor, connections that you can make and central ideas. For “Making College Matter” Respond to the Discussion Questions	Analyze two to three ideas on which the authors of both texts would agree.

May 4-8

Weekly Reading	Additional Tasks	Response to Text Question (Write 2 pages)
“Human Family” by Maya Angelou “Teenage Summer, the Fasting Kind” by Susan Dominus	For “Human Family” Underline sensory details. Draw pictures in the space to the right to illustrate main ideas and themes. Circle five words that seem to be most carefully chosen by the author. Draw lines between words and phrases to identify the contrasts explored in the poem. Respond to the Discussion Questions at the end of the poem. For “Teenage Summer” Complete the CSI Matrix	Reflect on the four texts from the last two weeks, which explore notions of diversity and feelings of inclusion and exclusion. Use these texts, prior knowledge, observations, and personal experiences to respond to the following questions: How do I respond to people and experiences that are diverse? What does my response suggest about me? How can I embrace others? How can the challenges of diversity become benefits? <i>Be sure to include specific references to at least two of the texts.</i>

May 11-15

Weekly Reading	Additional Tasks	Response to Text Question (Write a 1-2 page response)
“Desiree’s Baby” by Kate Chopin “A Matter of Prejudice” by Kate Chopin	Answer the attached Discussion Questions at the end of each text with paragraph responses.	Using details from both stories, analyze the effects of prejudice and discrimination.

Name: _____ Class: _____

On Disability Rights: Highlights from Speeches by Ed Roberts

By Ed Roberts
1977

Ed Roberts (1939-1995) was an American activist and a pioneering leader in the disability rights movement. He was the first student with severe disabilities to attend the University of Berkeley, California. In 1976, newly elected Governor Jerry Brown appointed Roberts Director of the California Department of Vocational Rehabilitation — the same agency that had once labelled him too severely disabled to work. Later, he helped found the World Institute on Disability. The following is a compilation of several of Roberts' most famous speeches. As you read, take notes on Roberts' tone, use of humor, and central ideas.

[1] I contracted polio when I was fourteen. I had a serious fever, and within 24 hours, I was paralyzed and in an iron lung.¹ Within earshot, my mother asked the doctor whether I would live or die. "You should hope he dies, because if he lives, he'll be no more than a vegetable for the rest of his life. How would you like to live in an iron lung 24 hours a day?" So I decided to be an artichoke... a little prickly on the outside but with a big heart. You know, the vegetables of the world are uniting, and we're not going away!

The transition was hard. I was on oxygen for a while. I had terrible acne and nobody could understand why it was so bad; when they stopped the oxygen my acne went away. I was so young... I had to deal with heavy-duty issues at a young age. I remember one night, it was a war going on in my body. I was making all kinds of noises, guns, explosions, planes, tanks... a nurse came in and asked me what was wrong. "It's a war," I told her. I was fighting for my own life. At that time, portable ventilators had not been invented. Everyone made the outlook bleak.



"Ed Roberts" by World Institute on Disability has no known restrictions on copyright.

I decided that I wanted to die. I was fourteen years old. Now, it's very hard to kill yourself in a hospital with everything set up to save your life. But the mind is a powerful thing. I stopped eating. They started to force feed me. It was really demeaning. I dropped to 54 pounds.

1. An "iron lung" is a form of medical ventilator that enables a person to breathe when normal muscle control has been lost or the work of breathing exceeds the person's ability.

My last special duty nurse left, and the next day I decided I wanted to live. You see, that was a big turning point. Up until then, these nurses were available and doing things for me around the clock — I didn't have to make any decisions for myself because they were always there. When they all finally left, that's when I realized that I could have a life, despite what everyone was saying. I could make choices, and that is freedom. I started to eat again.

- [5] Before I had polio, I was an athlete. I really didn't like school. I thought I would be a professional baseball player. But after contracting polio, school became my thing. I used to go to high school by telephone. After about a year in the hospital, I moved back home to Burlingame. We had a phone that was connected to the classroom, and that's how I went to school for three years.

During my senior year, my social worker and my mother got together and kicked me in the [expletive]. They told me that if I didn't get out of the house now, I would never get out. So I went to school for the first time. I had taught myself glossopharangeal breathing (frog breathing), where you swallow air into your lungs, so I had been spending time out of the iron lung before. But I was scared to go out and be seen by people.

I remember that day very clearly. I arrived during lunchtime. My brother lowered me out of the back of the station wagon, and it was like a tennis match — everyone turned to look at me. I looked at someone, right in the eyes, and they turned and looked away. That was when I realized that maybe it wasn't my problem; maybe it was their problem. I checked myself out, and I realized two things. First, their looking at me didn't hurt, physically, and secondly I realized, hey, this is kind of like being a star... and I've been a star ever since.

It was the end of my senior year when they told me that I couldn't graduate — because I hadn't taken P.E. and driver training. My mother was so pissed off. "He can sit on my lap and I'll hold the [expletive] wheel for heaven's sake!" she told them. The Vice Principal came over to my house and told me, "Now Eddie, you wouldn't want a cheap diploma now, would you?" We kicked him out of our house. My mother took it to the school board. This was my first real fight, and she was the one who showed me the ropes. We told the board, and they thought it was absurd. They threw it out and told the board to give me my diploma.

I was going to community college and I had a wonderful advisor. Her name was Jean Wirth. She was six feet nine. Her father was a doctor, and her whole upbringing she had been treated by him and his colleagues as a medical anomaly. She had even had an operation where they cut and removed part of her leg bones to shorten her, so she understood what disability was about first hand. When I told her that I wanted to study political science, she told me I should go to Berkeley. This was in 1962.

- [10] I went to the Department of Rehabilitation and tried to get some help. The counselor, who had a disability himself (he couldn't use one arm), gave me a test to take. Later, he told me, "Well. This test shows that... you're very aggressive." He said it as if it were some kind of negative thing. "Well, if you were paralyzed from the neck down, don't you think that aggressiveness would be an asset?" He told me that I was infeasible² to ever work. We jumped all over him, we got it out to the papers and they helped me. But I remember, that evening, I had a dream. I dreamt that some day I would be the head of the Department of Rehabilitation, and the policies would be changed so that people with the most severe disabilities would be served first.

2. **Infeasible (adjective):** not possible to do easily or conveniently

And thirteen years later, Jerry Brown hired me as the Director. That was during the protest against HEW (Health, Education and Welfare). The head of HEW was trying to get 504³ pared down. We staged the longest takeover of a federal building in history so far — for 45 days we held their offices in San Francisco. We had the Mayor's support, so lines of communication and food were flowing. Some people with significant health needs risked their lives to stay at the barricades and we all stuck it out I was shuttling between the protest and the place where I was to meet Jerry. When I finally met him, he asked, "Are you one of the leaders of this?" I told him that I was and he listened. Not only did he hire me, but he never cut program funding for people with disabilities while I was there. If he ever had a question, he would come to me directly. I served as the Director for nine years. I went straight from being on welfare to this state government position. People asked me if I was going to become a bureaucrat.⁴ I told them, "No. I think I'll be an advocrat." I fired a lot of people early on. Not the guy who told me I would never work though.

The system was set up all wrong, and those flaws persist. To give you an example, I met a Rehab Counselor once who had won some award; this was the guy who had made the most job placements out of everyone. He was bragging to me about how many people he had helped to get to work.

I saw him months later, and he had changed. His placement number had dropped significantly. "What happened?" I asked him. "One day, one of my clients came back to the office and told me, 'Well, I lost your job today.'"

He had realized that while pushing for a volume of placements, he wasn't helping people to develop careers. They were getting jobs and quitting or losing them, and he was marking them all down as successes. The whole system was set up this way. The counselors are good at making decisions for people instead of throwing the power back to the consumer. "What do you want? Let's see if we can make it a reality." We have to put the choices back in their lap. Service professionals who work with disabled people have to make this into an art form. People come to you and expect to be told what to do. It's your job to place that power back into their hands. You are there to help them find out what they want to do... not to decide what you think is best for them.

- [15] If you are working with someone and you really don't like or get along with them, well, you should just realize that this sort of thing happens to everyone and transfer them to someone else. Also, make sure that you are taking care of each other.

Before I was the Rehab director, I went to Berkeley. When I first began talking with the administration, they told me, "We tried cripples,⁵ and they don't work." I was adamant about going there. It was 1964 — I had to sue them to get in; the same semester James Meredith was escorted into an all-white classroom, I was rolling into a Berkeley classroom.

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3. "504" refers to Section 504 of the Rehabilitation Act of 1973, which is the American legislation that guarantees certain rights to people with disabilities. It was the first U.S. federal civil rights protection for people with disabilities.
 4. an official in a government department, in particular one perceived as being concerned with procedural correctness at the expense of people's needs
 5. "Cripple" refers to a person with a physical disability, particularly one who is unable to walk because of an injury or illness. By the 1970s, the word generally came to be regarded as pejorative or offensive when used to describe people with disabilities.

They didn't know where to put me. The dorms weren't accessible, and we had to find a place that would accommodate my 800 pound iron lung. They finally decided that I could live in a certain ward of Cowell on the edge of campus. Soon there were a bunch of us crips⁶ at Berkeley. It was an exciting time. The protests and student movements were rising all around us, and we were right there. John Hessler⁷ and I used to roll right up to the front of the demonstrations and stare down the police. What could they do? When they threatened to arrest us, we just asked them, "How are you going to get us there? Do you have an iron lung in your prison?" That's one drawback of the ADA⁸ I guess, because they didn't have accessible jails back then, which meant they didn't arrest us.

I encourage everyone to go out and get arrested. Not just for anything, but for the cause, with ADAPT⁹ for example. Getting arrested for what you believe in can really change your perspective; it can strengthen your resolve. I also encourage everyone to go out and buy Saul Alinsky's book Rules For Radicals. Although Alinsky was sexist, you should still read it.

I learned a lot from the women's movement. They used to let me go to their meetings; I guess they saw a connection between our experiences. I remember them talking about how to deal with stereotypes of weakness and passivity that society placed on them. I heard women talk about how they had manipulated men by capitalizing on these stereotypes. I realized that disability is actually a strength. If someone comes up to me and doesn't look me in the eye, if all they see is my ventilator and my chair, I can tell right away. If they don't see me as a human being, if they only see my equipment, I know that I can get whatever I want out of them. As long as this is not used pathologically, but to create beneficial change for others, it is a strength. Disability can be very powerful.

[20] I remember meeting with Leonard Peltier¹⁰ before he was arrested. I met with Stokeley Carmichael,¹¹ and others in the Black Power movement. When I told them that we were all fighting the same civil rights battle, they didn't believe me; they didn't understand our similarities. I did. Even now, many people don't realize it.

While I was at Berkeley, I was still in contact with Jean, my advisor from community college. She told me that she was trying to establish a nationally funded pilot project for minority students attending universities. Her concept was that the dropout rate for minority students in colleges wasn't because they just couldn't do the work, but because of the drastic changes involved in moving away from one's community into a setting where there weren't cultural supports. She was in Washington setting up the guidelines for the grant and invited me to help them with a program for people with disabilities as a minority. This was my first trip by airplane. When I returned to Berkeley, we submitted a grant proposal, and it was somewhat of an inside job. We got the funding, which became the Disabled Students Program (DSP) at Berkeley.

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6. shortening of the word "cripple"
 7. John Hessler (1941-1993) was another pioneer of the disability rights movement, and the second person with a disability to attend UC Berkeley.
 8. Americans with Disabilities Act
 9. ADAPT is a grassroots United States disability rights organization that stands for "Americans Disabled for Accessible Public Transit." ADAPT is known for being part of the militant wing of the disability rights movement due to its history of nonviolent direct action in order to bring attention to the lack of civil rights the disability community has.
 10. Leonard Peltier is a Native American activist. In 1977 he was convicted and sentenced to two consecutive terms of life imprisonment for first-degree murder in the shooting of two FBI agents during a 1975 conflict on an Indian Reservation.
 11. Stokeley Carmichael (1941-1998) was a Trinidadian-American revolutionary active in the 1960s Civil Rights Movement, the Black Power movement, and later, the global Pan-African movement.

The program had three main parts: a pool of attendants and emergency attendants for people, a group of engineers who would repair wheelchairs and eventually, an accessible housing list. DSP was so successful, people in the community began to use its resources. On numerous occasions, the school told us that we couldn't serve anyone who wasn't a student. But we did it anyway.

My mother Zona managed the attendant pool. I remember we sent someone to visit with a high ranking military official who was responsible for the conscientious objectors.¹² Edna Brean met with him and told him about what attendants do for people with disabilities and that conscientious objectors would be ideal for the job. This official was enthusiastic, he thought this was like a punishment for these people who refused to fight. So, we got them signed up. These were the kind of people we wanted to work with. We were very lucky.

I learned a lot about organizing while I was at Berkeley. As a teacher's assistant, a small group of us organized a student strike in order to fight for reasonable wages. We held teach-ins and thousands of students skipped their classes. I realized then that a few people could really make a big difference. It was an exciting time. So much was going on there. I remember when the police tear gassed the campus. I was teaching a class when it started to come into the room. I had to be evacuated. That was when Reagan was governor...

[25] I finished everything but my dissertation¹³ for my Ph.D. Everyone there thought I was going to get my degree and go live in a nursing home for the rest of my life. I broke out during the early 70s and decided that I didn't want to be an academic any more. I went and taught at an all-Black school up in Palo Alto for a while.

Soon after that, a few of us decided to try and replicate our vision of what the DSP was for the community. We had a shoestring budget and a hole in the wall office, but it was enough. My friend John Hessler from DSP was in France, and I wrote to him to invite him back to help us get the Berkeley Center for Independent Living (CIL) started, and he did. The title was a revolutionary concept at the time. Most people never thought of independence as a possibility when they thought of us. But we knew what we wanted, and we set up CIL to provide the vision and resources to get people out into the community. The Berkeley CIL was also revolutionary as a model for advocacy-based organizations: no longer would we tolerate being spoken for. Our laws said that at least 51% of the staff and Board had to be people with disabilities, or it would be the same old oppression. We also saw CIL as a model for joining all the splintered factions of different disability organizations. All types of people used and worked in our Center. This was the vision we had for the future of the Movement.

We secured the first curb cut¹⁴ in the country, it was at the corner of Bancroft and Telegraph Avenue. When we first talked to legislators about the issue, they told us, "Curb cuts, why do you need curb cuts? We never see people with disabilities out on the streets. Who is going to use them?" They didn't understand that their reasoning was circular. When curb cuts were put in, they discovered that access for disabled people benefit many others as well. For instance, people pushing strollers use curb cuts, as do people on bikes and elderly people who can't lift their legs so high. So many people benefit from this accommodation. This is what the concept of Universal Design¹⁵ is all about.

12. Here, "conscientious objectors" refers to the individuals who refused to serve in the Vietnam on the grounds of freedom of thought, conscience, disability, and/or religion.

13. a long essay on a particular subject, especially one written as a requirement for the Doctor of Philosophy degree

14. A "curb cut" is a ramp graded down from the top surface of a sidewalk to the surface of an adjoining street.

15. "Universal design" (or "inclusive design") refers to broad-spectrum ideas meant to produce buildings, products and environments that are inherently accessible to older people, people without disabilities, and people with disabilities.

Now, Berkeley is a very accessible city. We are visible in the community, because we can get around everywhere fairly easily. I remember meeting a disabled woman who came to Berkeley from England. I asked her how things were going for her, and she told me that there was something strange about it that she couldn't put her finger on. I saw her a little later, and asked her if she had figured it out. She had figured it out it was that people weren't staring at her. There are so many of us in Berkeley, she just wasn't feeling stigmatized.

We're all getting older. We can't avoid it, can we? I look around, and I notice that a lot of us are getting gray. As we get older, we realize that disability is just a part of life. Anyone can join our group at any point in life. In this way, the Disability Rights Movement doesn't discriminate. So as those of us who are temporarily able-bodied and working for access and accommodations now get older, the changes they make will benefit them as well.

[30] We are a very diverse group of people. There are all kinds. I knew a guy who was paraplegic¹⁶ — he was a second story man. He used to rob people's houses by rolling up to their home, parking his chair and climbing up the wall to get in. He would take all their jewelry and climb back down. He must have stolen over a million dollars worth of jewelry before he was caught. The police took a long time to catch on. They had seen the tracks but they just didn't make the connection; they just couldn't believe it was a guy in a chair. They sent him to an accessible prison. Like I said before, that's the ADA for you.

I hate it when people come up to me. Most of the time when this happens, I'm really level headed and I just tell them, "I'm already healed. Just because I can't walk doesn't mean I'm not whole." But this one time when I was in the Philadelphia train station this guy came up to me and put his hand on my head and said, "Friend, I can heal you." First of all, nobody pats me on the head. I just looked up at him and said, "And you can [expletive] off too!" Sometimes drastic situations call for drastic measures.

I want to talk about anger. Most psychiatrists and service professionals who work with us tell us that anger is a bad thing... a stage to get over or something that we need to overcome. But anger is a powerful energy. We don't need to suppress or get over our anger, we need to channel it into making change for the greater good. We need to make sure that we don't turn our anger in on ourselves or our loved ones, but focus it on removing obstacles, and making things happen. I've seen friends turn their anger in on themselves, and it killed them. And why do we turn our anger on our loved ones? It's safe, but they don't deserve it, and our relationships suffer from it. I get angry all of the time. I'm angry that people with disabilities are still second-class citizens in this country. I get angry at all how 97% of the billions of federal dollars spent either perpetuate our dependency on the system or increase it.

We can only really be free and take our place in this society if we have economic freedom, which means careers. I remember we used to talk to employers about hiring people with disabilities as a moral issue: it was a charitable thing to do. Now, we have the ADA and there are companies like McDonald's who are hiring many people with disabilities. I once met the president of McDonald's and asked him why he hired disabled people. "Because it's good for my bottom line." he said. "We have found that people with disabilities are loyal workers." This is how it is today. People with disabilities want to work. We have converted our approach from asking to be hired out of sympathy to marketing ourselves as a significant employee pool, and a consumer pool as well. This is the legacy of the disability civil rights movement.

16. a person with complete paralysis of the lower half of the body including both legs, usually caused by damage to the spinal cord

Name: _____ Class: _____

Making college matter

By Leo M. Lambert and Peter Felten
2016

How do you plan to spend your time in college? Maybe you plan to spend every waking minute in the library or join every club you can. In this informational text, Leo M. Lambert and Peter Felten discuss how students can make their time in college matter. As you read, take notes on what students can do to get the most out of their time in college.

- [1] Over the next several weeks 18.4 million students will be headed to colleges and universities in the United States. They, their families and taxpayers are making a monumental investment in the futures of these students, believing, correctly, that an undergraduate education is foundational to success in a global and knowledge-based economy.



"SOAS Campus" by poeloq is licensed under CC BY 2.0

Many students arrive in college without a clear sense of purpose or direction. That is to be expected. A significant part of the undergraduate experience, after all, involves grappling with big questions about professional, personal and civic identity. Who am I? What do I want to do with my life? How can I contribute to my community and the world? The best students pursue these questions with vigor.

But many others come to college with too little appreciation for the vast opportunities before them, gloss over foundational curricular requirements as merely hurdles to be cleared, show far too little drive in developing a plan to make the most of their educations and focus too heavily on the party scene.

Analyzing data from a study of more than two dozen institutions, sociologists Richard Arum and Josipa Roksa conclude that many students “enter college with attitudes, norms, values, and behaviors that are often at odds with academic commitment.” And many universities reinforce these beliefs by building lavish¹ amenities and marketing themselves as something akin to a resort with a curriculum.

- [5] An undergraduate education is simply too precious an opportunity to squander or to approach halfheartedly. And while college should ultimately prepare graduates to make a living, it can be – it must be – far more than that.

The good news is that there are simple yet powerful things students can do to ensure that they have a transformative undergraduate experience, no matter where they go to college.

1. **Lavish** (*adjective*): elaborate or luxurious

In our book “The Undergraduate Experience,” drawing on decades of work and scholarship in higher education and also interviews with leaders and students from many institutions, we identified what matters most for students.

Two factors are most important.

Take responsibility for learning

Too often students (and others) think learning is a simple process of taking knowledge from the professor during class and then returning it, unharmed, on the test.

- [10] When sociologist Mary Grigsby interviewed scores of undergraduates at a large midwestern university, many students echoed the words of one who told her:

“I hate classes with a lot of reading that is tested on. Any class where a teacher is just gonna give us notes and a worksheet or something like that is better. Something that I can study and just learn from in five [minutes] I’ll usually do pretty good in.”

Real learning – that is, learning that makes a significant and lasting change in what a person knows or can do – emerges from what the student, not the professor, does. Of course, professors are critical actors in the process, but students are the ones doing the learning.

To take responsibility for their own learning, students need to move past what psychologist David Perkins has called possessive and performative understandings of knowledge, where learning is about acquiring new facts or demonstrating expertise in classroom settings.

Instead, meaningful learning emerges from a proactive² conception of knowledge, where the student’s goal is to experiment with new and unexpected ways of using what he or she is learning in different settings. This requires students to see themselves as the central actors in the drama of learning.

- [15] Whether students choose to take the stage or sit in the balcony matters immensely.

When students jump into learning, challenging themselves to stretch and grow, college is most powerful.

Reflections from an Ohio University engineering student show what this looks like:

“[My goal for my senior] year was to try to do things that maybe I’m not good at already so that I can learn to do these things. I will have to do this once I have a job so avoiding projects that are uncomfortable for me now won’t help me NOT avoid them when I’m a part of the work force.”

Develop meaningful relationships

The relationships students form in college also have a profound influence on their experiences, shaping not only who they spend time with but how they will spend their time.

2. **Proactive (adjective):** creating or controlling a situation rather than just responding to it after it has happened

- [20] When scholars asked graduates at Hamilton College to think back on their undergraduate years, these alumni pointed to specific individuals (often professors, coaches or classmates) who shaped their paths.

Students typically think first about relationships with peers. These are essential, of course. Finding friends and cohort groups can be reassuring, but scholars have found that students who interact frequently with peers who are different in significant ways (racially, ethnically, religiously, socioeconomically and so on) show more intellectual and social growth in college than those who don't.

Again, as with learning, students need to move beyond the familiar to find meaning.

And peer relationships are not only about fun. Decades of research have demonstrated that students who study together learn more and more deeply. As the mathematician Uri Treisman reported in a classic study of undergraduate calculus courses that has been replicated in other disciplines, students from many different backgrounds are more academically successful when they

“work with their peers to create for themselves a community based on shared intellectual interests and common professional aims.”

- [25] Relationships with faculty also are highly significant.

A large 2014 survey by Gallup and Purdue University revealed that college graduates who believed they had a professor who (1) cared about them as individuals, (2) made them excited about learning and (3) encouraged them to pursue their dreams reported being far happier and more successful than their peers years after graduation.

A recent graduate of the University of North Carolina at Charlotte's Levine Scholars Program, a prestigious scholarship for academically talented students interested in civic engagement, told us how the mentoring of sociologist Diane Zablotsky transformed her view of herself:

“I arrived at UNC-C shy and uncertain. But Dr. Zablotsky taught me how to go and get what I wanted. She made me do all the work, but coached along the way and helped me develop great confidence in myself.”

What matters for all students

Critically, what we're describing here doesn't apply only to privileged, 18-22-year-olds at elite institutions.

- [30] In fact, Ashley Finley and Tia Brown McNair, scholars at the Association of American Colleges and Universities, have shown that high-impact educational experiences like internships, undergraduate research, capstone courses and study abroad have particularly positive outcomes for students who traditionally have been underserved in American higher education.

A study at the University of California, Davis reinforces this finding by demonstrating that engaging in mentored undergraduate research beyond the typical requirements for biology courses is particularly significant in preparing African-American undergraduates to successfully pursue graduate study and careers in the sciences.

Results from the National Survey of Student Engagement (NSSE) also show that institutional prestige and financial resources do not determine the quality of student opportunities:

“Institutions with lower selectivity profiles can and often do offer experiences with faculty that are at least comparable to those at more selective institutions.”

As the NSSE director notes: “Doing those things may not cost any more than not doing them.”

- [35] Powerful education, in other words, is available to all students at all institutions, if they intentionally choose experiences that are challenging and relationship-rich.

Acting on what matters most

Douglas Spencer, a 2016 Elon University graduate and now young alumnus trustee, captured what’s at stake in recent remarks to fellow students.

Doug described coming to campus without a strong sense of who he was as a black man or of what he might do with his life. Then, challenged by friends and professors to think more deeply about his own identity, “I unlocked some sort of hidden energy I did not know I possessed.” He began to read not just for class, but (even more) in his free time. Inspired by this reading and his other studies, and echoing W.E.B. Du Bois,³

“It became clear to me that the only way I would find real success was if I learned to thrive in times of uncertainty.”

Colleges and universities play an outsized⁴ role in shaping the lives of individual students like Doug.

- [40] Indeed, we, as educators, cannot recall a time when it mattered more for higher education to cultivate students capable of acting entrepreneurially, ethically, cooperatively and creatively to address complex problems in local, national and global contexts.

That starts with students beginning the academic year ready to act on what matters most for their own learning.

“Making college matter” by Leo M. Lambert, Peter Felten, Elon University, August 15, 2016. Copyright (c) The Conversation 2016, CC-BY-ND.

3. an African American sociologist, civil rights activist, and Pan-Africanist
4. exceptionally large

Discussion Questions

Respond to the following questions with paragraph responses.

1. In the text, the author discuss how students can make their time in college matter. How would you go about taking control of your education in college? Consider things such as study abroad, internships, and other outside opportunities. What meaningful experiences do you think these opportunities would provide you?
2. In the text, the author discusses the importance of having relationships with your peers and faculty. Do you have any meaningful relationships with your peers and teachers right now? How have they helped shape and inspire you?

Human Family by Maya Angelou

I note the obvious differences
in the human family.
Some of us are serious,
some thrive on comedy.

Some declare their lives are lived
as true profundity,
and others claim they really live
the real reality.

The variety of our skin tones
can confuse, bemuse, delight,
brown and pink and beige and purple,
tan and blue and white.

I've sailed upon the seven seas
and stopped in every land,
I've seen the wonders of the world
not yet one common man.

I know ten thousand women
called Jane and Mary Jane,
but I've not seen any two
who really were the same.

Mirror twins are different
although their features jibe,
and lovers think quite different thoughts
while lying side by side.

We love and lose in China,
we weep on England's moors,
and laugh and moan in Guinea,
and thrive on Spanish shores.

We seek success in Finland,
are born and die in Maine.
In minor ways we differ,
in major we're the same.

I note the obvious differences
between each sort and type,
but we are more alike, my friends,
than we are unlike.

We are more alike, my friends,
than we are unlike.

We are more alike, my friends,
than we are unlike.

Discussion Questions

1. If Maya Angelou wanted to add one more stanza to her poem, what is an additional comparison/contrast she could include to support her message?
2. What is the effect of the repetition used in the final lines?
3. Do you agree or disagree with Maya Angelou's perspective? Be sure to include specific examples from personal experience and observation to support your views.
4. Think about Maya Angelou's poem and Ed Roberts' various speeches. Identify 3 to 5 things on which these two people would probably agree.

Teenage Summer, the Fasting Version



The New York Times By [SUSAN DOMINUS](#)

Why was Jay Mustafic, 14, wearing slippers over his tube socks the other afternoon on a basketball court in his neighborhood in Ridgewood, Queens?

The slippers — technically more like slides — are to ward off temptation. For a teenage boy who is fasting during [Ramadan](#) on a hot August afternoon, temptations abound. Ice cream. Water. Basketball.

There is no prohibition against playing basketball during Ramadan, a monthlong period of fasting and self-reflection for Muslims, but it has the unfortunate side effect of dehydrating its players. “Since I get thirsty, I don’t want to play that much,” Jay explained. He has fasted from sunup to sundown each day since the holiday started Aug. 11. “So I play with socks and slippers. We all do.” He pointed to a friend, also an observant Muslim, sitting one bench down at the basketball court, in flip-flops. The slippers and flip-flops slow the boys down and send a clear signal: game not on.

The end of August can be an achingly melancholy season, tinged with regret and premature nostalgia for a summer not yet over. But for New York’s observant Muslim teenagers — most start fasting no later than puberty — summer as they knew it summarily ended when daytime fasting began curtailing their options. Out: jaunts to the beach (too thirst-inducing). Out: pizza lunch with friends. Out: playing basketball for keeps.

Summertime Ramadan has its profound pleasures, many Muslims say — what better time for a holiday of socializing and staying up late? In daylight, the usual tradeoffs might be more painful. Its observance seals off so many rites of youth, leaving behind the heat and days so long that even the sun seems too hot to hurry. Maybe the sun is fasting, too.

Not that you would catch anyone at the park in Fresh Pond, a Ridgewood neighborhood with a sizable population of Albanian Muslims, complaining. “I can handle it,” said Jay, a narrow line of a teenager. “I feel like God is liking me even more since I started fasting.”

Ramadan, in some ways, seems perfectly designed for teenagers’ summer sleeping habits. Since the fast began, both Jay and his friend from the court, Sandin Hoxha, who is also 14, have stayed up until the early hours of the morning so they could sleep through many of the hours of want. Jay is still awake when his family rises to eat before sunrise. He plays video games and watches “Three’s Company” reruns until about 6 a.m., then sleeps until 3 p.m., by which time the evening break-fast banquet is in sight.

Even when it is not Ramadan, many teenagers here would not emerge from their homes until the late afternoon, anyway. At that time the young men congregate at the park and the young women walk up and down Fresh Pond Road, some in shorts, some in long sleeves and jeans, in deference to the holiday or year-round family policy about Muslim modesty.

Around the corner from the park, Amela Ukosata and Dafina Ukosata, 17-year-old cousins, left their air-conditioned apartments at around 5 p.m. on Thursday to sit on a neighbor’s front stoop. Unlike Sandin and Jay, Amela and Dafina said they keep regular hours during Ramadan. “The point is not to sleep all day,” Amela said. “It’s to do it for God — to have to resist.” Also, she added, to foster empathy for those who go without.

“But” — and here Amela smiled at Jay and Sandin, who had left the basketball court and were now hovering nearby — “boys are different.” It was not clear whether she was vindicating their strategy, or suggesting that, as boys, they could hardly be expected to handle it.

The young women said they spent their fasting days inside. “With the long hair, and we can’t wear shorts — it’s just too hot,” explained Amela. They pass the hours with family, playing Albanian card games and watching movies. “It’s all about being mad mellow,” Amela said. “It’s cool, too — it lets you find out who you are, too. You have more time to look at yourself.”

As much as they all appreciate the holiday, Dafina acknowledged that around 3 or 4 in the afternoon, time starts to crawl: “I’m just waiting on the hours.”

So what would she say is the most profound way that Ramadan is different for teenagers than it is for their parents?

“Basically, we complain more about it,” she said. “We’re young. There’s a lot of things we want to do.”

SOAPS	CLAIM	SUPPORT	INSIGHT
<p>Speaker: Who is the voice telling the story? What assumptions can be made about him/her? Assess the character of the speaker.</p>	<p><i>List some traits of the speaker.</i></p>	<p><i>Provide quotations from the text that prove how you know.</i></p>	<p><i>Explain <u>how</u> those quotations support your claim.</i></p>
<p>Occasion: Where and when does it take place? In what context? What is the broader issue behind the immediate emotions?</p>	<p><i>List what was going on in the world that prompted this piece.</i></p>	<p><i>Provide quotations from the text that prove how you know.</i></p>	<p><i>Explain <u>how</u> those quotations support your claim.</i></p>
<p>Audience: Towards whom is the message directed? What assumptions can you make about the intended audience?</p>	<p><i>List some traits of the intended audience.</i></p>	<p><i>Provide quotations from the text that prove how you know.</i></p>	<p><i>Explain <u>how</u> those quotations support your claim.</i></p>
<p>Purpose: What is the reason for the text? In what ways does it convey the message? How is the text supposed to make the audience feel?</p>	<p><i>List the purpose of this text. Go beyond simply stating "to persuade" or "to inform".</i></p>	<p><i>Provide quotations from the text that prove how you know.</i></p>	<p><i>Explain <u>how</u> those quotations support your claim.</i></p>
<p>Subject—the general topic, the ideas</p>	<p><i>State what this piece is about.</i></p>	<p><i>Provide quotations from the text that prove how you know.</i></p>	<p><i>Explain <u>how</u> those quotations support your claim.</i></p>

Name: _____ Class: _____

Désirée's Baby

By Kate Chopin
1893

Kate Chopin (1850-1904) was an American author and a forerunner of twentieth-century feminist writers. In the following short story, Chopin addresses lineage and class in antebellum Louisiana. As you read, take notes on why the characters react as they do and the author's message.

[1] As the day was pleasant, Madame Valmonde drove over to L'Abri to see Désirée and the baby.

It made her laugh to think of Désirée with a baby. Why, it seemed but yesterday that Désirée was little more than a baby herself; when Monsieur in riding through the gateway of Valmonde had found her lying asleep in the shadow of the big stone pillar.



"Vintage Antique Style Baby Bassinet - Natural Wicker - with padding" by Wicker Paradise is licensed under CC BY 2.0.

The little one awoke in his arms and began to cry for "Dada." That was as much as she could do or say. Some people thought she might have strayed there of her own accord, for she was of the toddling age. The prevailing belief was that she had been purposely left by a party of Texans, whose canvas-covered wagon, late in the day, had crossed the ferry that Coton Mais kept, just below the plantation. In time Madame Valmonde abandoned every speculation but the one that Désirée had been sent to her by a beneficent Providence¹ to be the child of her affection, seeing that she was without child of the flesh. For the girl grew to be beautiful and gentle, affectionate and sincere,—the idol of Valmonde.

It was no wonder, when she stood one day against the stone pillar in whose shadow she had lain asleep, eighteen years before, that Armand Aubigny riding by and seeing her there, had fallen in love with her. That was the way all the Aubignys fell in love, as if struck by a pistol shot. The wonder was that he had not loved her before; for he had known her since his father brought him home from Paris, a boy of eight, after his mother died there. The passion that awoke in him that day, when he saw her at the gate, swept along like an avalanche, or like a prairie fire, or like anything that drives headlong over all obstacles.

[5] Monsieur Valmonde grew practical and wanted things well considered: that is, the girl's obscure origin. Armand looked into her eyes and did not care. He was reminded that she was nameless. What did it matter about a name when he could give her one of the oldest and proudest in Louisiana? He ordered the corbeille² from Paris, and contained himself with what patience he could until it arrived; then they were married.

1. **Providence (noun):** a guiding force, often spiritual or religious
 2. a trunk of clothing and accessories given by a groom to his bride after a wedding contract was signed as part of a dowry

Madame Valmonde had not seen Désirée and the baby for four weeks. When she reached L'Abri she shuddered at the first sight of it, as she always did. It was a sad looking place, which for many years had not known the gentle presence of a mistress, old Monsieur Aubigny having married and buried his wife in France, and she having loved her own land too well ever to leave it. The roof came down steep and black like a cowl, reaching out beyond the wide galleries that encircled the yellow stuccoed house. Big, solemn oaks grew close to it, and their thick-leaved, far-reaching branches shadowed it like a pall.³ Young Aubigny's rule was a strict one, too, and under it his negroes⁴ had forgotten how to be gay, as they had been during the old master's easy-going and indulgent lifetime.

The young mother was recovering slowly, and lay full length, in her soft white muslins and laces, upon a couch. The baby was beside her, upon her arm, where he had fallen asleep, at her breast. The yellow nurse woman sat beside a window fanning herself.

Madame Valmonde bent her portly figure over Désirée and kissed her, holding her an instant tenderly in her arms. Then she turned to the child.

"This is not the baby!" she exclaimed, in startled tones. French was the language spoken at Valmonde in those days.

- [10] "I knew you would be astonished," laughed Désirée, "at the way he has grown. The little cochon de lait!⁵ Look at his legs, mamma, and his hands and fingernails,—real finger-nails. Zandrine had to cut them this morning. Isn't it true, Zandrine?"

The woman bowed her turbaned head majestically, "Mais si,⁶ Madame."

"And the way he cries," went on Désirée, "is deafening. Armand heard him the other day as far away as La Blanche's cabin."

Madame Valmonde had never removed her eyes from the child. She lifted it and walked with it over to the window that was lightest. She scanned the baby narrowly, then looked as searchingly at Zandrine, whose face was turned to gaze across the fields.

"Yes, the child has grown, has changed," said Madame Valmonde, slowly, as she replaced it beside its mother. "What does Armand say?"

- [15] Désirée's face became suffused with a glow that was happiness itself.

"Oh, Armand is the proudest father in the parish, I believe, chiefly because it is a boy, to bear his name; though he says not,—that he would have loved a girl as well. But I know it isn't true. I know he says that to please me. And mamma," she added, drawing Madame Valmonde's head down to her, and speaking in a whisper, "he hasn't punished one of them—not one of them—since baby is born. Even Negrillon, who pretended to have burnt his leg that he might rest from work—he only laughed, and said Negrillon was a great scamp. Oh, mamma, I'm so happy; it frightens me."

3. **Pall (noun):** a dark cloud or covering of smoke, dust, or similar matter; also refers to a funeral cloth or coffin covering
4. Because this story takes place in the antebellum period, which expands from about the early 1800s to the civil war, the African-Americans to whom this outdated term refers were, most likely, slaves.
5. "a suckling piglet"
6. "But of course"

What Désirée said was true. Marriage, and later the birth of his son had softened Armand Aubigny's imperious and exacting nature greatly. This was what made the gentle Désirée so happy, for she loved him desperately. When he frowned she trembled, but loved him. When he smiled, she asked no greater blessing of God. But Armand's dark, handsome face had not often been disfigured by frowns since the day he fell in love with her.

When the baby was about three months old, Désirée awoke one day to the conviction that there was something in the air menacing her peace. It was at first too subtle to grasp. It had only been a disquieting suggestion; an air of mystery among the blacks; unexpected visits from far-off neighbors who could hardly account for their coming. Then a strange, an awful change in her husband's manner, which she dared not ask him to explain. When he spoke to her, it was with averted eyes, from which the old love-light seemed to have gone out. He absented himself from home; and when there, avoided her presence and that of her child, without excuse. And the very spirit of Satan seemed suddenly to take hold of him in his dealings with the slaves. Désirée was miserable enough to die.

She sat in her room, one hot afternoon, in her peignoir,⁷ listlessly drawing through her fingers the strands of her long, silky brown hair that hung about her shoulders. The baby, half naked, lay asleep upon her own great mahogany bed, that was like a sumptuous⁸ throne, with its satin-lined half-canopy. One of La Blanche's little quadroon⁹ boys—half naked too—stood fanning the child slowly with a fan of peacock feathers. Désirée's eyes had been fixed absently and sadly upon the baby, while she was striving to penetrate the threatening mist that she felt closing about her. She looked from her child to the boy who stood beside him, and back again; over and over. "Ah!" It was a cry that she could not help; which she was not conscious of having uttered. The blood turned like ice in her veins, and a clammy moisture gathered upon her face.

- [20] She tried to speak to the little quadroon boy; but no sound would come, at first. When he heard his name uttered, he looked up, and his mistress was pointing to the door. He laid aside the great, soft fan, and obediently stole away, over the polished floor, on his bare tiptoes.

She stayed motionless, with gaze riveted upon her child, and her face the picture of fright.

Presently her husband entered the room, and without noticing her, went to a table and began to search among some papers which covered it.

"Armand," she called to him, in a voice which must have stabbed him, if he was human. But he did not notice. "Armand," she said again. Then she rose and tottered towards him. "Armand," she panted once more, clutching his arm, "look at our child. What does it mean? tell me."

He coldly but gently loosened her fingers from about his arm and thrust the hand away from him. "Tell me what it means!" she cried despairingly.

- [25] "It means," he answered lightly, "that the child is not white; it means that you are not white."

7. a woman's loose dressing gown

8. **Sumptuous** (*adjective*): extremely rich, luxurious, or magnificent

9. An outdated term, today considered offensive, used to designate someone as having one-quarter black ancestry

A quick conception of all that this accusation meant for her nerved her with unwonted courage to deny it. "It is a lie; it is not true, I am white! Look at my hair, it is brown; and my eyes are gray, Armand, you know they are gray. And my skin is fair," seizing his wrist. "Look at my hand; whiter than yours, Armand," she laughed hysterically.

"As white as La Blanche's," he returned cruelly; and went away leaving her alone with their child.

When she could hold a pen in her hand, she sent a despairing letter to Madame Valmonde.

"My mother, they tell me I am not white. Armand has told me I am not white. For God's sake tell them it is not true. You must know it is not true. I shall die. I must die. I cannot be so unhappy, and live."

[30] The answer that came was brief:

"My own Désirée: Come home to Valmonde; back to your mother who loves you. Come with your child."

When the letter reached Désirée she went with it to her husband's study, and laid it open upon the desk before which he sat. She was like a stone image: silent, white, motionless after she placed it there.

In silence he ran his cold eyes over the written words.

He said nothing. "Shall I go, Armand?" she asked in tones sharp with agonized suspense.

[35] "Yes, go."

"Do you want me to go?"

"Yes, I want you to go."

He thought Almighty God had dealt cruelly and unjustly with him; and felt, somehow, that he was paying Him back in kind when he stabbed thus into his wife's soul. Moreover he no longer loved her, because of the unconscious injury she had brought upon his home and his name.

She turned away like one stunned by a blow, and walked slowly towards the door, hoping he would call her back.

[40] "Good-by, Armand," she moaned.

He did not answer her. That was his last blow at fate.

Désirée went in search of her child. Zandrine was pacing the sombre¹⁰ gallery with it. She took the little one from the nurse's arms with no word of explanation, and descending the steps, walked away, under the live-oak branches.

It was an October afternoon; the sun was just sinking. Out in the still fields the negroes were picking cotton.

10. **Somber** (*adjective*): dark and gloomy

Désirée had not changed the thin white garment nor the slippers which she wore. Her hair was uncovered and the sun's rays brought a golden gleam from its brown meshes. She did not take the broad, beaten road which led to the far-off plantation of Valmonde. She walked across a deserted field, where the stubble bruised her tender feet, so delicately shod, and tore her thin gown to shreds.

[45] She disappeared among the reeds and willows that grew thick along the banks of the deep, sluggish bayou; and she did not come back again.

Some weeks later there was a curious scene enacted at L'Abri. In the centre of the smoothly swept back yard was a great bonfire. Armand Aubigny sat in the wide hallway that commanded a view of the spectacle; and it was he who dealt out to a half dozen negroes the material which kept this fire ablaze.

A graceful cradle of willow, with all its dainty furbishings, was laid upon the pyre, which had already been fed with the richness of a priceless layette. Then there were silk gowns, and velvet and satin ones added to these; laces, too, and embroideries; bonnets and gloves; for the corbeille had been of rare quality.

The last thing to go was a tiny bundle of letters; innocent little scribblings that Désirée had sent to him during the days of their espousal. There was the remnant of one back in the drawer from which he took them. But it was not Désirée's; it was part of an old letter from his mother to his father. He read it. She was thanking God for the blessing of her husband's love:—

“But above all,” she wrote, “night and day, I thank the good God for having so arranged our lives that our dear Armand will never know that his mother, who adores him, belongs to the race that is cursed with the brand of slavery.”

“Désirée’s Baby” by Kate Chopin (1893) is in the public domain.

Name: _____ Class: _____

A Matter of Prejudice

By Kate Chopin
1894

Kate Chopin (1850-1904) was an American author and a forerunner of many twentieth-century feminist writers. "A Matter of Prejudice," takes place in an upper class neighborhood of the French Quarter of New Orleans, Louisiana. As you read, take notes on how Madame Carambeau is described, and what drives her opinions. Who is prejudiced in this story, and why?

- [1] Madame Carambeau wanted it strictly understood that she was not to be disturbed by Gustave's birthday party. They carried her big rocking-chair from the back gallery, that looked out upon the garden where the children were going to play, around to the front gallery, which closely faced the green levee¹ bank and the Mississippi² coursing almost flush with the top of it.



"Garden District Home" by Danielle Bauer is licensed under CC BY-NC 2.0

The house — an old Spanish one, broad, low and completely encircled by a wide gallery — was far down in the French quarter of New Orleans. It stood upon a square of ground that was covered thick with a semi-tropical growth of plants and flowers. An impenetrable³ board fence, edged with a formidable⁴ row of iron spikes, shielded the garden from the prying glances of the occasional passer-by.

Madame Carambeau's widowed daughter, Madame Cécile Lalonde, lived with her. This annual party, given to her little son, Gustave, was the one defiant act of Madame Lalonde's existence. She persisted in it, to her own astonishment and the wonder of those who knew her and her mother.

For old Madame Carambeau was a woman of many prejudices — so many, in fact, that it would be difficult to name them all. She detested dogs, cats, organ-grinders,⁵ white servants and children's noises. She despised Americans, Germans and all people of a different faith from her own. Anything not French had, in her opinion, little right to existence.

- [5] She had not spoken to her son Henri for ten years because he had married an American girl from Prytania street. She would not permit green tea to be introduced into her house, and those who could not or would not drink coffee might drink tisane of *fleur de Laurier*⁶ for all she cared.

1. Here, a "levee" refers to a riverbank that has been raised in order to prevent flooding.
 2. The Mississippi River stretches over 2,000 miles from Minnesota all the way to the Gulf of Mexico.
 3. Here, "impenetrable" means impossible to pass through with the eyes, i.e. impossible to see beyond.
 4. **Formidable (adjective):** causing fear or awe, often due to great size, power, or difficulty to overcome
 5. An organ-grinder is a street musician who plays a barrel organ.
 6. an herbal tea, consumed especially for its medicinal properties

Nevertheless, the children seemed to be having it all their own way that day, and the organ-grinders were let loose. Old madame, in her retired corner, could hear the screams, the laughter and the music far more distinctly than she liked. She rocked herself noisily, and hummed "Partant pour la Syrie."⁷

She was straight and slender. Her hair was white, and she wore it in puffs on the temples. Her skin was fair and her eyes blue and cold.

Suddenly she became aware that footsteps were approaching, and threatening to invade her privacy — not only footsteps, but screams! Then two little children, one in hot pursuit of the other, darted wildly around the corner near which she sat.

The child in advance, a pretty little girl, sprang excitedly into Madame Carambeau's lap, and threw her arms convulsively⁸ around the old lady's neck. Her companion lightly struck her a "last tag," and ran laughing gleefully away.

- [10] The most natural thing for the child to do then would have been to wriggle down from madame's lap, without a "thank you" or a "by your leave," after the manner of small and thoughtless children. But she did not do this. She stayed there, panting and fluttering, like a frightened bird.

Madame was greatly annoyed. She moved as if to put the child away from her, and scolded her sharply for being boisterous⁹ and rude. The little one, who did not understand French, was not disturbed by the reprimand,¹⁰ and stayed on in madame's lap. She rested her plump little cheek, that was hot and flushed, against the soft white linen of the old lady's gown.

Her cheek was very hot and very flushed. It was dry, too, and so were her hands. The child's breathing was quick and irregular. Madame was not long in detecting these signs of disturbance.

Though she was a creature of prejudice, she was nevertheless a skillful and accomplished nurse, and a connoisseur¹¹ in all matters pertaining to health. She prided herself upon this talent, and never lost an opportunity of exercising it. She would have treated an organ-grinder with tender consideration if one had presented himself in the character of an invalid.¹²

Madame's manner toward the little one changed immediately. Her arms and her lap were at once adjusted so as to become the most comfortable of resting places. She rocked very gently to and fro. She fanned the child softly with her palm leaf fan, and sang "Partant pour la Syrie" in a low and agreeable tone.

- [15] The child was perfectly content to lie still and prattle a little in that language which madame thought hideous. But the brown eyes were soon swimming in drowsiness, and the little body grew heavy with sleep in madame's clasp.

7. French for "Departing for Syria" — a French song inspired by Napoleon's Egyptian campaign
8. moving in an irregular way, often with sudden spasms
9. **Boisterous (adjective):** noisy, energetic, or wild
10. **Reprimand (noun):** a scolding
11. **Connoisseur (noun):** an expert in a particular subject
12. someone who is sick with a disease or a serious medical condition

When the little girl slept Madame Carambeau arose, and treading carefully and deliberately, entered her room, that opened near at hand upon the gallery. The room was large, airy and inviting, with its cool matting upon the floor, and its heavy, old, polished mahogany¹³ furniture. Madame, with the child still in her arms, pulled a bell-cord;¹⁴ then she stood waiting, swaying gently back and forth. Presently an old black woman answered the summons. She wore gold hoops in her ears, and a bright bandanna knotted fantastically on her head.

"Louise, turn down the bed," commanded madame. "Place that small, soft pillow below the bolster. Here is a poor little unfortunate creature whom Providence¹⁵ must have driven into my arms." She laid the child carefully down.

"Ah, those Americans! Do they deserve to have children? Understanding as little as they do how to take care of them!" said madame, while Louise was mumbling an accompanying assent that would have been unintelligible to any one unacquainted with the negro patois.¹⁶

"There, you see, Louise, she is burning up," remarked madame; "she is consumed. Unfasten the little bodice¹⁷ while I lift her. Ah, talk to me of such parents! So stupid as not to perceive a fever like that coming on, but they must dress their child up like a monkey to go play and dance to the music of organ-grinders.

[20] "Haven't you better sense, Louise, than to take off a child's shoe as if you were removing the boot from the leg of a cavalry¹⁸ officer?" Madame would have required fairy fingers to minister to the sick. "Now go to Mamzelle Cécile, and tell her to send me one of those old, soft, thin nightgowns that Gustave wore two summers ago."

When the woman retired, madame busied herself with concocting¹⁹ a cooling pitcher of orange-flower water, and mixing a fresh supply of *eau sédative*²⁰ with which agreeably to sponge the little invalid.

Madame Lalonde came herself with the old, soft nightgown. She was a pretty, blonde, plump little woman, with the deprecatory²¹ air of one whose will has become flaccid²² from want of use. She was mildly distressed at what her mother had done.

"But, mamma! But, mamma, the child's parents will be sending the carriage for her in a little while. Really, there was no use. Oh dear! oh dear!"

If the bedpost had spoken to Madame Carambeau, she would have paid more attention, for speech from such a source would have been at least surprising if not convincing. Madame Lalonde did not possess the faculty²³ of either surprising or convincing her mother.

13. a reddish-brown wood

14. a cord that rings a bell when pulled (often for summoning a servant)

15. "Providence" is a term that can refer to God or to the guidance believed to be provided by God.

16. a regional dialect or jargon

17. the upper part of a dress

18. troops mounted on horseback

19. **Concoct (verb):** to make a food or drink by combining various ingredients

20. a medicinal balm or lotion, used for curing migraines, rheumatisms, etc.

21. **Deprecatory (adjective):** seeking to avoid disapproval, often by apologizing frequently

22. lacking strength or force

23. the ability or power to do something

[25] "Yes, the little one will be quite comfortable in this," said the old lady, taking the garment from her daughter's irresolute²⁴ hands.

"But, mamma! What shall I say, what shall I do when they send? Oh, dear; oh, dear!"

"That is your business," replied madame, with lofty indifference.²⁵ "My concern is solely with a sick child that happens to be under my roof. I think I know my duty at this time of life, Cécile."

As Madame Lalonde predicted, the carriage soon came, with a stiff English coachman driving it, and a red-checked Irish nurse-maid seated inside. Madame would not even permit the maid to see her little charge. She had an original theory that the Irish voice is distressing to the sick.

Madame Lalonde sent the girl away with a long letter of explanation that must have satisfied the parents; for the child was left undisturbed in Madame Carambeau's care. She was a sweet child, gentle and affectionate. And, though she cried and fretted a little throughout the night for her mother, she seemed, after all, to take kindly to madame's gentle nursing. It was not much of a fever that afflicted²⁶ her, and after two days she was well enough to be sent back to her parents.

[30] Madame, in all her varied experience with the sick, had never before nursed so objectionable a character as an American child. But the trouble was that after the little one went away, she could think of nothing really objectionable against her except the accident of her birth, which was, after all, her misfortune; and her ignorance of the French language, which was not her fault.

But the touch of the caressing baby arms; the pressure of the soft little body in the night; the tones of the voice, and the feeling of the hot lips when the child kissed her, believing herself to be with her mother, were impressions that had sunk through the crust of madame's prejudice and reached her heart.

She often walked the length of the gallery, looking out across the wide, majestic river. Sometimes she trod the mazes of her garden where the solitude was almost that of a tropical jungle. It was during such moments that the seed began to work in her soul — the seed planted by the innocent and undesigning²⁷ hands of a little child.

The first shoot that it sent forth was Doubt. Madame plucked it away once or twice. But it sprouted again, and with it Mistrust and Dissatisfaction. Then from the heart of the seed, and amid the shoots of Doubt and Misgiving, came the flower of Truth. It was a very beautiful flower, and it bloomed on Christmas morning.

As Madame Carambeau and her daughter were about to enter her carriage on that Christmas morning, to be driven to church, the old lady stopped to give an order to her black coachman, François. François had been driving these ladies every Sunday morning to the French Cathedral for so many years — he had forgotten exactly how many, but ever since he had entered their service, when Madame Lalonde was a little girl. His astonishment may therefore be imagined when Madame Carambeau said to him:

24. **Irresolute** (*adjective*): uncertain how to act or proceed

25. **Indifference** (*noun*): a lack of interest, concern, or sympathy

26. **Afflict** (*verb*): to cause pain or suffering

27. without hidden or selfish motives

[35] "François, to-day you will drive us to one of the American churches."

"Plait-il, madame?"²⁸ the negro stammered, doubting the evidence of his hearing.

"I say, you will drive us to one of the American churches. Any one of them," she added, with a sweep of her hand. "I suppose they are all alike," and she followed her daughter into the carriage.

Madame Lalonde's surprise and agitation were painful to see, and they deprived her of the ability to question, even if she had possessed the courage to do so.

François, left to his fancy, drove them to St. Patrick's Church on Camp street. Madame Lalonde looked and felt like the proverbial²⁹ fish out of its element as they entered the edifice.³⁰ Madame Carambeau, on the contrary, looked as if she had been attending St. Patrick's church all her life. She sat with unruffled calm through the long service and through a lengthy English sermon, of which she did not understand a word.

[40] When the mass was ended and they were about to enter the carriage again, Madame Carambeau turned, as she had done before, to the coachman.

"François," she said, coolly, "you will now drive us to the residence of my son, M. Henri Carambeau. No doubt Mamzelle Cécile can inform you where it is," she added, with a sharply penetrating glance that caused Madame Lalonde to wince.

Yes, her daughter Cécile knew, and so did François, for that matter. They drove out St. Charles avenue — very far out. It was like a strange city to old madame, who had not been in the American quarter since the town had taken on this new and splendid growth.

The morning was a delicious one, soft and mild; and the roses were all in bloom. They were not hidden behind spiked fences. Madame appeared not to notice them, or the beautiful and striking residences that lined the avenue along which they drove. She held a bottle of smelling-salts to her nostrils, as though she were passing through the most unsavory³¹ instead of the most beautiful quarter of New Orleans.

Henri's house was a very modern and very handsome one, standing a little distance away from the street. A well-kept lawn, studded with rare and charming plants, surrounded it. The ladies, dismounting, rang the bell, and stood out upon the banquette,³² waiting for the iron gate to be opened.

[45] A white maid-servant admitted them. Madame did not seem to mind. She handed her a card with all proper ceremony, and followed with her daughter to the house.

28. a French phrase that means roughly "I beg your pardon, Madame?"

29. from a well-known saying or expression (here, the expression is most likely "a fish out of water")

30. a building, especially a large and imposing one

31. **Unsavory (adjective):** unpleasant or morally offensive

32. a footbridge or foot path

Not once did she show a sign of weakness; not even when her son, Henri, came and took her in his arms and sobbed and wept upon her neck as only a warm-hearted Creole³³ could. He was a big, good-looking, honest-faced man, with tender brown eyes like his dead father's and a firm mouth like his mother's.

Young Mrs. Carambeau came, too, her sweet, fresh face transfigured with happiness. She led by the hand her little daughter, the "American child" whom madame had nursed so tenderly a month before, never suspecting the little one to be other than an alien to her.

"What a lucky chance was that fever! What a happy accident!" gurgled Madame Lalonde.

"Cécile, it was no accident, I tell you; it was Providence," spoke madame, reprovingly,³⁴ and no one contradicted her.

- [50] They all drove back together to eat Christmas dinner in the old house by the river. Madame held her little granddaughter upon her lap; her son Henri sat facing her, and beside her was her daughter-in-law.

Henri sat back in the carriage and could not speak. His soul was possessed by a pathetic joy that would not admit of speech. He was going back again to the home where he was born, after a banishment of ten long years.

He would hear again the water beat against the green levee-bank with a sound that was not quite like any other that he could remember. He would sit within the sweet and solemn shadow of the deep and overhanging roof; and roam through the wild, rich solitude of the old garden, where he had played his pranks of boyhood and dreamed his dreams of youth. He would listen to his mother's voice calling him, "mon fils,"³⁵ as it had always done before that day he had had to choose between mother and wife. No; he could not speak.

But his wife chatted much and pleasantly — in a French, however, that must have been trying to old madame to listen to.

"I am so sorry, ma mère,"³⁶ she said, "that our little one does not speak French. It is not my fault, I assure you," and she flushed and hesitated a little. "It — it was Henri who would not permit it."

- [55] "That is nothing," replied madame, amiably,³⁷ drawing the child close to her. "Her grandmother will teach her French; and she will teach her grandmother English. You see, I have no prejudices. I am not like my son. Henri was always a stubborn boy. Heaven only knows how he came by such a character!"

"A Matter of Prejudice" by Kate Chopin (1894) is in the public domain.

33. Here, "Creole" refers to people of French ancestry who are born in Louisiana.

34. **Reprove (verb):** to scold gently or with kindly intent

35. French for "my son"

36. French for "my mother"

37. **Amiable (adjective):** having or displaying a friendly and pleasant manner

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, respond in complete sentences.

1. How is Madame Carambeau characterized in the beginning of the story?
2. Why does the little girl make such an impression on Madame Carambeau?
3. How does the “flower of Truth” metaphor in paragraph 33 change the tone of the story?
4. What is the theme of the story and how does irony help develop that theme.