Task 1a: Read the short story carefully. Pay special attention to the bolded Think About questions throughout the text. Annotate the short story with questions of your own.

The Man in the Well By Ira Sher 1995

Ira Sher is a contemporary author who writes short fiction. In this chilling short story, a group of children discovers a man trapped in a well.

1 I was nine when I discovered the man in the well in an abandoned farm-lot near my home. I was with a group of friends, playing hide and go seek or something when I found the well, and then I heard the voice of the man in the well calling out for help.

2 I think it's important that we decided not to help him. Everyone, like myself, was probably on the verge of fetching a rope, or asking where we could find a ladder, but then we looked around at each other and it was decided. I don’t remember if we told ourselves a reason why we couldn’t help him, but we had decided then. Because of this, I never went very close to the lip of the well, or I only came up on my hands and knees, so that he couldn’t see me; and just as we wouldn’t allow him to see us, I know that none of us ever saw the man in the well — the well was too dark for that, too deep, even when the sun was high up, angling light down the stone sides like golden hair. (Think about: Why is it significant that the narrator tells us that he and his friends decided not to help the man?)

3 I remember that we were still full of games and laughter when we called down to him. He had heard us shouting while we were playing, and he had been hollering for us to come; he was so relieved at that moment.

4 “God, get me out. I’ve been here for days.” He must have known we were children, because he immediately instructed us to “go get a ladder, get help.”

5 At first afraid to disobey the voice from the man in the well, we turned around and actually began to walk toward the nearest house, which was Arthur’s. But along the way we slowed down, and then we stopped, and after waiting what seemed like a good while, we quietly came back to the well. (Think about why the children chose not to go get help)

6 We stood or lay around the lip, listening for maybe half an hour, and then Arthur, after some hesitation, called down, “What’s your name?” This, after all, seemed like the most natural question.

7 The man answered back immediately, “Do you have the ladder?”

8 We all looked at Arthur, and he called back down, “No, we couldn’t find one.”

9 Now that we had established some sort of a dialogue, everyone had questions he or she wanted to ask the man in the well, but the man wouldn’t stop speaking.
“Go tell your parents there’s someone in this well. If they have a rope or a ladder...” he trailed off. His voice was raw and sometimes he would cough. “Just tell your parents.”

We were quiet, but this time no one stood up or moved. Someone, I think little Jason, called down, “Hello. Is it dark?” and then, after a moment, “Can you see the sky?”

He didn’t answer but instead told us to go again. When we were quiet for a bit, he called to see if we had gone. After a pause, Wendy crawled right to the edge so that her hair lifted slightly in the updraft. “Is there any water down there?”

“Have they gone for help?” he asked.

She looked around at us, and then she called down, “Yes, they’re all gone now. Isn’t there any water down there?” I don’t think anyone smiled at how easy it was to deceive him — this was too important. “Isn’t there?” she said again. (Think about: Why do you think the children lied to the man?)

“No,” he said. “It’s very dry.” He cleared his throat. “Do you think it will rain?”

She stood up and took in the whole sky with her blue eyes, making sure. “No, I don’t think so.” We heard him coughing in the well, and we waited for a while, thinking about him waiting in the well.

Resting on the grass and cement by the well, I tried to picture him. I tried to imagine the gesture of his hand reaching to cover his mouth, each time he coughed. Or perhaps he was too tired to make that gesture, each time. After an hour, he began calling again, but for some reason we didn’t want to answer. We got up and began running, filling up with panic as we moved, until we were racing across the ruts of the old field. I kept turning, stumbling as I looked behind. Perhaps he had heard us getting up and running away from the well. Only Wendy stayed by the well for a while, watching us run as his calling grew louder and wilder, until finally she ran, too, and then we were all far away.

The next morning we came back, most of us carrying bread or fruit or something to eat in our pockets. Arthur brought a canvas bag from his house and a plastic jug of water.

When we got to the well we stood around quietly for a moment listening for him. “Maybe he’s asleep,” Wendy said.

We sat down around the mouth of the well on the old concrete slab, warming in the sun and coursing with ants and tiny insects. Aaron called down then, when everyone was comfortable, and the man answered right away, as if he had been listening to us the whole time. “Did your parents get help?”
Arthur kneeled at the edge of the well and called “Watch out,” and then he let the bag fall after holding it out for a moment, maybe for the man to see. It hit the ground more quickly than I had expected; that, combined with a feeling that he could hear everything we said, made him suddenly closer, as if he might be able to see us. I wanted to be very quiet, so that if he heard or saw anyone, he would not notice me. The man in the well started coughing, and Arthur volunteered, “There’s some water in the bag. We all brought something.” *(Think about why the children may have brought him food and water but haven’t gotten actual help for the man)*

We could hear him moving around down there. After a few minutes, he asked us, “When are they coming? What did your parents say?”

We all looked at each other, aware that he couldn’t address anyone in particular. He must have understood this, because he called out in his thin, groping voice, “What are your names?”

No one answered until Aaron, who was the oldest, said, “My father said he’s coming, with the police. And he knows what to do.” We admired Aaron very much for coming up with this, on the spot.

“Aren’t they on their way?” the man in the well asked. We could hear that he was eating.

“My father said don’t worry, because he’s coming with the police.”

Little Jason came up next to Aaron, and asked, “What’s your name?” because we still didn’t know what to call him. When we talked among ourselves, he had simply become “the man.” He didn’t answer, so Jason asked him how old he was, and then Grace came up too and asked him something, I don’t remember. We all asked such stupid questions, and he wouldn’t answer anyone. Finally, we all stopped talking, and we lay down on the cement. It was a hot day, so after a while, Grace got up, and then Little Jason and another young boy, Robert I think, and went to town to sit in the cool movie theater. That was what we did most afternoons back then. After an hour everyone had left except Wendy and myself, and I was beginning to think I would go, too.

He called up to us all of a sudden. “Are they coming now?”

“Yes,” Wendy said, looking at me, and I nodded my head. She sounded certain: “I think they’re almost here. Aaron said his dad is almost here.”

As soon as she said it she was sorry, because she’d broken one of the rules. I could see it on her face, eyes filling with space as she moved back from the well. Now he had one of our names. She said “They’re going to cover up the mistake, but there it was, and there was nothing to do about it.” *(Think about why might the children not want the man to know their names)*

The man in the well didn’t say anything for a few minutes. Then he surprised us again by asking, “Is it going to rain?”

Wendy stood up and turned around like she had done the other day, but the sky was clear. “No,” she said.
Then he asked again, “They’re coming, you said. Aaron’s dad,” and he shouted, “Right?” so that we jumped, and stood up, and began running away, just as we had the day before. We could hear him shouting for a while, and we were afraid someone might hear. I thought that toward the end maybe he had said he was sorry. But I never asked Wendy what she thought he’d said.

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Everyone was there again on the following morning. It was all I could think about during supper the night before, and then the anticipation in the morning over breakfast. My mother was very upset with something at the time. I could hear her weeping at night in her room downstairs, and the stubborn murmur of my father. There was a feeling to those days, months actually, that I can’t describe without resorting to the man in the well, as if through a great whispering, like a gathering of clouds, or the long sound, the turbulent wreck of the ocean.

At the well we put together the things to eat we had smuggled out, but we hadn’t even gotten them all in the bag when the voice of the man in the well soared out sharply, “They’re on their way, now?”

We stood very still, so that he couldn’t hear us, but I knew what was coming and I couldn’t do anything to soften or blur the words of the voice.

“Aaron,” he pronounced, and I had imagined him practicing that voice all night long, and holding it in his mouth so that he wouldn’t let it slip away in his sleep. Aaron lost all the color in his face, and he looked at us with suspicion, as if we had somehow taken on a part of the man in the well. I didn’t even glance at Wendy. We were both too embarrassed — neither of us said anything; we were all quiet then.

Arthur finished assembling the bag, and we could see his hands shaking as he dropped it into the well. We heard the man in the well moving around.

After ten minutes or so, Grace called down to him, “What’s your name?” but someone pulled her back from the well, and we became silent again. Today the question humiliated us with its simplicity.

There was no sound for a while from the well, except for the cloth noises and the scraping the man in the well made as he moved around. Then he called out, in a pleasant voice, “Aaron, what do you think my name is?”

Aaron, who had been very still this whole time, looked around at all of us again. We knew he was afraid; his fingers were pulling with a separate life at the collar of his shirt, and maybe because she felt badly for him, Wendy answered instead: “Is your name Charles?” It sounded inane, but the man in the well answered.

“No,” the man said.

She thought for a moment. “Edgar.”

“No, no.”
Little Jason called out, “David?”

“No,” the man in the well said.

Then Aaron, who had been absolutely quiet, said “Arthur” in a small, clear voice, and we all started. I could see Arthur was furious, but Aaron was older and bigger than he was, and nothing could be said or done without giving himself, his name, away; we knew the man in the well was listening for the changes in our breath, anything. Aaron didn’t look at Arthur, or anyone, and then he began giving all of our names, one at a time. We all watched him, trembling, our faces the faces I had seen pasted on the spectators in the freak tent when the circus had come to town. We were watching such a deformity take place before our eyes; and I remember the spasm of anger when he said my name, and felt the man in the well soak it up — because the man in the well understood. The man in the well didn’t say anything, now.

When Aaron was done, we all waited for the man in the well to speak up. I stood on one leg, then the other, and eventually I sat down. We had to wait for an hour, and today no one wanted to leave to lie in the shade or hide in the velvet movie seats.

At last, the man in the well said, “All right, then. Arthur. What do you think I look like?” We heard him cough a couple of times, and then a sound like the smacking of lips. Arthur, who was sitting on the ground with his chin propped on his fists, didn’t say anything. How could he — I knew I couldn’t answer, myself, if the man in the well called me by name. He called a few of us, and I watched the shudder move from face to face.

Then he was quiet for a while. It was afternoon now, and the light was changing, withdrawing from the well. It was as if the well was filling up with earth. The man in the well moved around a bit, and then he called Jason. He asked, “How old do you think I am, Jason?” He didn’t seem to care that no one would answer, or he seemed to expect that no one would. He said, “Wendy. Are they coming now? Is Aaron’s dad coming now?” He walked around a bit, we heard him rummage in the bag of food, and he said, “All right. What’s my name?” He used everyone’s name; he asked every one. When he said my name, I felt the water clouding my eyes, and I wanted to throw stones, dirt down the well to crush out his voice. But we couldn’t do anything, none of us did because then he would know.

In the evening we could tell he was getting tired. He wasn’t saying much, and seemed to have lost interest in us. Before we left that day, as we were rising quietly and looking at the dark shadows of the trees we had to move through to reach our homes, he said, “Why didn’t you tell anyone?” He coughed. “Didn’t you want to tell anyone?” Perhaps he heard the hesitation in our breaths, but he wasn’t going to help us now. It was almost night then, and we were spared the detail of having to see and read each other’s faces.

That night it rained, and I listened to the rain on the roof and my mother sobbing, downstairs, until I fell asleep. After that we didn’t play by the well anymore; even when we were much older, we didn’t go back. I will never go back. (Think about how the rain would have affected the man in the well and why the narrator said he “will never go back”)}
Task 1B: Answer the following questions.

1. **Which of the following best describes a main theme of the text?**
   
   A. Children help others only when they feel fear or embarrassment
   B. People can act in cruel ways when they hold power over others.
   C. Anyone can be a hero, but it is a choice people have to make.
   D. Distrust of strangers has caused modern society to become less caring.

2. **How does the narrator’s point of view influence how the events are described in the passage?**
   
   A. The narrator is ashamed of what happened and portrays the others as more deserving of blame.
   B. The narrator is no longer ashamed of what happened and recounts the events with confidence.
   C. The narrator feels shame about what happened but still tries to tell the story in a truthful way.
   D. The narrator is an adult now and does not remember all of the details of what happened years ago.

3. **How do the children’s interactions with the man in the well reveal the theme of the text? Use at least three pieces of evidence in your response.**

   
   
   
   
   
   
   
   
   
   
   

Task 2a: Read the excerpt below. As you read annotate for the main idea.

**Excerpted “Why Boys Become Vicious” by William Golding**

1. It was nearly 40 years ago when I wrote about the cruelty boys can inflict on each other in my novels. (*Lord of the Flies* being his most famous) It was, of course, not the first time that I had
thought about human cruelty and its various manifestations (ways it is shown). Since then, too, I have had plenty of reason and opportunity to think about it more.

2. Are men and women born with cruelty as a deep component of their nature? Is civilization largely a heroic struggle to build layer upon layer of varnish (think like a paint or nail polish: varnish is used to cover up something or make it pretty) upon the rough and splintered raw material of humankind?

3. Or does it make a truer picture if we imagine the newborn child as a blank slate upon which the harshness of experience soon prints its indelible (something that can't be removed) and frightening patterns?

4. I believe all attempts to answer these great questions are doomed to end in doubt and confusion. I leave them to psychologists and prophets. I can only speak as a man who has lived long.

5. There are, for instance, conditions in which cruelty seems to flourish, which is different from saying that it has clear causes. What are these conditions? Chaos is one, fear is another.

6. In Russia after the First World War, there were, I believe, gangs of children who had lost their parents. Dispossessed, without anywhere to live or anything to live on, they roamed the country attacking and killing out of sheer cruelty.

7. There was, at that time, social chaos in many countries, and, left to themselves, these children found a kind of elemental cohesion (something that bonded them together) in their viciousness.

8. We are told that in some parts of Britain today there are new gangs of children – offspring of an underclass that seems to reject conventional parenting (children of irresponsible parents). Without the support of mothers and fathers such children have nothing but the fruits of what they can beg and steal.

9. It would not surprise me if in these conditions, where the orders and patterns of society cease to matter, gangs begin to find cohesion merely in the joint fulfillment of their darkest instincts (they get along because they all have the need for violence and danger in common).

10. Add to this heady cocktail the other element – fear – and you get a mixture that is more than doubly terrifying. When people are afraid they discover the violence within them and when they are afraid together they discover that the violence within them can be almost bottomless.

11. I do not think it is too unlikely to suppose that children living without adult protection are often frightened. Add to that the sudden fear or capture or prosecution – or simple fear of what they had unthinkingly done – and one can see how horrors come about.

12. Is it also true that the capacity of the young male to maim and torture is somehow connected to his long-forgotten beginning as a hunter and killer – a beginning that is very different from the female's hearth?

13. The truth must be that both components are of equal importance. We are born with evil in us and cruelty is part of this. (Though there is also a capacity for selflessness and love: otherwise we are denying part of our human nature.)

14. But what must be true is that we can be twisted and distorted beyond recognition by the guidance – or lack of it – that we absorb directly from our families.
15. If there is no one around to guide children, then they go wrong. The people who guide children are their fathers and mothers. Children need both and in the later part of this century they often have neither.

16. And when children go wrong they can often go wrong with a vengeance. There is such energy in children; they are more powerful than any bomb.

17. If parents are absent, if fathers do not provide strength and mothers do not provide love, then children will plumb (to explore or experience fully) the depths of their nature.

Task 2b: In the above article Golding argues that there are two conditions in which evil will develop and grow: Chaos and fear. Explain how each condition occurs and what Golding thinks is the solution.
2. Put Golding’s thesis (or main idea), *in your own words*, as clearly as you can to reflect your understanding of it.

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**Task 3: Comparing texts. Use both texts to answer the following questions:**

1. Consider the actions and motivations of the children in the story and the excerpt from Golding’s article. Why do people do bad things? Cite evidence from both texts, your own experience, and other literature, art, or history in your answer.
2. Are the children’s actions in this story cruel? Explain your answer with at least two details from both texts.