

Honors English 10 Summer Homework 2018-2019

In order to be successful in English 10 Honors, it's important to stay intellectually engaged (especially during the summer months) so that you continue to grow as a student. In addition, the following assignment will help to prepare you for some of the work you will encounter in the course. You will be expected to do all reading at home, and you should be able to comprehend and analyze a text on your own before sharing ideas with your classmates and teacher. Active reading activities, such as annotating, will be an essential part of each reading assignment.

Part 1 – Read a Fictional Novel

Choose one (1) of the following books to read over the summer:

- *The Kite Runner* by Khaled Hosseini
- *In the Time of the Butterflies* by Julia Alvarez

The novels are available new and used from Amazon and Barnes and Noble, or you can check them out from the public library (*In the Time of the Butterflies* is also available in the CCHS library after Friday, June 15). You should read your book within FOUR weeks. This will help prepare you for reading schedules within the school year. During the first two weeks of school in August, you will also be completing an in-class essay as well as a reader response assignment for your novel.

Part 2 – Read and Annotate Related Texts

Attached to this assignment is a packet of texts. Read and annotate each text according to the rubric that is provided.

- "The Lottery" by Shirley Jackson (short story)
- "Speech to the Virginia Convention" by Patrick Henry (speech)
- "Empathy is Actually a Choice" by Daryl Cameron (article)
- "Primary Sources: Brown v. Board of Education (legal decision)
- "Does Reading Fiction Make You a Better Person?" by Sarah Kaplan (article)
- "Those Winter Sundays" by Robert Hayden (poem)

Part 3—Write Paragraph Responses

In addition to your annotations, you will choose **two** of these related texts and for each, **write a Jane Schaffer style paragraph** that answers the following question: ***What is the author's purpose in writing this text, and how does he or she achieve this purpose?*** Please note—All paragraphs should be written in the EXTENDED (two-quote) format.

Other Important Information

Both your **annotations and your paragraphs** (novels DO NOT need to be turned in) will be due at registration on August 16th. **You will be dropped from the course if your work is not handed in on this date.** When turning in the assignment, please be sure that your packet is ORGANIZED, that everything is attached together (staple, binder clip, folder), and that your name is clearly on it. In addition to these assignments, you must be prepared to complete a timed essay about your novel and an exam on the additional texts during the first week of the class. Make sure you read everything carefully and show up to class prepared. This is your first opportunity to demonstrate your skills ☺

The smartest thing to do is to make a photocopy of your work before you turn it in. If you are away during registration, you may drop your assignment off either prior to June 30, or after August 1 in the Guidance Office. If you have any questions about this assignment, please see Ms. Herrera (Rm. 51), Ms. Rowley (Rm. 45) or Dr. Balatayo (Rm. 54) **before the school year ends.**

Annotation Rubric

	Exceeds Expectations A	Meets Expectations B	Approaching Expectations C	Below Expectations D/F
Margin Notes	All texts have extensive margin notes that match highlighted or underlined passages. Each paragraph has one or more margin notes.	All texts have margin notes that match highlighted or underlined passages. Each page has several margin notes.	All texts have some margin notes, OR highlighted/underlined passages. Each page has 1-2 margin notes.	Significant portions of the texts lack margin notes, or some texts have not been annotated.
Depth	Annotations demonstrate that the student has carefully read and considered the texts' meanings on a deep, profound level. Student makes thematic connections between texts.	Annotations demonstrate that the student has carefully read and considered each text's meaning by using: -Questions -Comments -Connections to other texts or real life.	Annotations show that the reader understands the texts on a superficial, basic level.	It seems as though the reader largely misunderstood the text, or there are not enough annotations to determine if the reader understood.
Language	Student boxes and defines unknown words. Student circles words they find especially powerful or meaningful.	Student boxes and defines unknown words.	Student boxes, but does not define unknown words.	Student does not identify new words.
Connections and written responses	Student makes specific and detailed connections between the text and themselves, or between the text and other texts.	Student makes clear connections between the text and themselves, or the text and other texts.	Student attempts to make connections, but the connections are vague or unclear.	Student summarizes instead of making connections. OR Sentences are incomplete.

Extended Schaffer Paragraph Criteria		Score
(4 points)	Thesis/topic Sentence (TS) clearly states the writer's position on the topic covered in the paragraph below and follows the guidelines you learned in class.	
(4 points)	Concrete Detail (CD) is clear evidence of the position being discussed. CDs must include at least one direct quote from the text, and ALL CDs must be cited in proper MLA format (even paraphrased ones).	
(8 points)	Commentary (CM) thoroughly analyzes the concrete details and goes beyond simply paraphrasing the author's words . The CM offers depth of insight regarding WHY the author's words are significant and HOW the evidence answers the question being asked.	
(4 points)	Concluding Sentence (CS) clearly sums up, or emphasizes the writer's position. CS employs different word choices and expands upon the TS.	
(5 points)	Grammar —Paragraph is written in THIRD person. All sentences are complete and grammatically sound. There are no errors that distract the reader.	
TOTAL POINTS		/25

"The Lottery" (1948)

by Shirley Jackson

The morning of June 27th was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full-summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green. The people of the village began to gather in the square, between the post office and the bank, around ten o'clock; in some towns there were so many people that the lottery took two days and had to be started on June 2th. but in this village, where there were only about three hundred people, the whole lottery took less than two hours, so it could begin at ten o'clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner.

The children assembled first, of course. School was recently over for the summer, and the feeling of liberty sat uneasily on most of them; they tended to gather together quietly for a while before they broke into boisterous play. and their talk was still of the classroom and the teacher, of books and reprimands. Bobby Martin had already stuffed his pockets full of stones, and the other boys soon followed his example, selecting the smoothest and roundest stones; Bobby and Harry Jones and Dickie Delacroix-- the villagers pronounced this name "Dellacroy"--eventually made a great pile of stones in one corner of the square and guarded it against the raids of the other boys. The girls stood aside, talking among themselves, looking over their shoulders at rolled in the dust or clung to the hands of their older brothers or sisters.

Soon the men began to gather. surveying their own children, speaking of planting and rain, tractors and taxes. They stood together, away from the pile of stones in the corner, and their jokes were quiet and they smiled rather than laughed. The women, wearing faded house dresses and sweaters, came shortly after their menfolk. They greeted one another and exchanged bits of gossip as they went to join their husbands. Soon the women, standing by their husbands, began to call to their children, and the children came reluctantly, having to be called four or five times. Bobby Martin ducked under his mother's grasping hand and ran, laughing, back to the pile of stones. His father spoke up sharply, and Bobby came quickly and took his place between his father and his oldest brother.

The lottery was conducted--as were the square dances, the teen club, the Halloween program--by Mr. Summers. who had time and energy to devote to civic activities. He was a round-faced, jovial man and he ran the coal business, and people were sorry for him. because he had no children and his wife was a scold. When he arrived in the square, carrying the black wooden box, there was a murmur of conversation among the villagers, and he waved and called. "Little late today, folks." The postmaster, Mr. Graves, followed him, carrying a three- legged stool, and the stool was put in the center of the square and Mr. Summers set the black box down on it. The villagers kept their distance, leaving a space between themselves and the stool. and when Mr. Summers said, "Some of you fellows want to give me a hand?" there was a hesitation before two men. Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter. came forward to hold the box steady on the stool while Mr. Summers stirred up the papers inside it.

The original paraphernalia for the lottery had been lost long ago, and the black box now resting on the stool had been put into use even before Old Man Warner, the oldest man in town, was born. Mr. Summers spoke frequently to the villagers about making a new box, but no one liked to upset even as much tradition as was represented by the black box. There was a story that the present box had been made with some pieces of the box that had preceded it, the one that had been constructed when the first people settled down to make a village here. Every year, after the lottery, Mr. Summers began talking again about a new box, but every year the subject was allowed to fade off without anything's being done.

The black box grew shabbier each year: by now it was no longer completely black but splintered badly along one side to show the original wood color, and in some places faded or stained.

Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, held the black box securely on the stool until Mr. Summers had stirred the papers thoroughly with his hand. Because so much of the ritual had been forgotten or discarded, Mr. Summers had been successful in having slips of paper substituted for the chips of wood that had been used for generations. Chips of wood, Mr. Summers had argued, had been all very well when the village was tiny, but now that the population was more than three hundred and likely to keep on growing, it was necessary to use something that would fit more easily into the black box. The night before the lottery, Mr. Summers and Mr. Graves made up the slips of paper and put them in the box, and it was then taken to the safe of Mr. Summers' coal company and locked up until Mr. Summers was ready to take it to the square next morning. The rest of the year, the box was put away, sometimes one place, sometimes another; it had spent one year in Mr. Graves's barn and another year underfoot in the post office, and sometimes it was set on a shelf in the Martin grocery and left there.

There was a great deal of fussing to be done before Mr. Summers declared the lottery open. There were the lists to make up--of heads of families, heads of households in each family, members of each household in each family. There was the proper swearing-in of Mr. Summers by the postmaster, as the official of the lottery; at one time, some people remembered, there had been a recital of some sort, performed by the official of the lottery, a perfunctory, tuneless chant that had been rattled off duly each year; some people believed that the official of the lottery used to stand just so when he said or sang it, others believed that he was supposed to walk among the people, but years and years ago this part of the ritual had been allowed to lapse. There had been, also, a ritual salute, which the official of the lottery had had to use in addressing each person who came up to draw from the box, but this also had changed with time, until now it was felt necessary only for the official to speak to each person approaching. Mr. Summers was very good at all this; in his clean white shirt and blue jeans, with one hand resting carelessly on the black box, he seemed very proper and important as he talked interminably to Mr. Graves and the Martins.

Just as Mr. Summers finally left off talking and turned to the assembled villagers, Mrs. Hutchinson came hurriedly along the path to the square, her sweater thrown over her shoulders, and slid into place in the back of the crowd. "Clean forgot what day it was," she said to Mrs. Delacroix, who stood next to her, and they both laughed softly. "Thought my old man was out back stacking wood," Mrs. Hutchinson went on. "and then I looked out the window and the kids was gone, and then I remembered it was the twenty-seventh and came a-running." She dried her hands on her apron, and Mrs. Delacroix said, "You're in time, though. They're still talking away up there."

Mrs. Hutchinson craned her neck to see through the crowd and found her husband and children standing near the front. She tapped Mrs. Delacroix on the arm as a farewell and began to make her way through the crowd. The people separated good-humoredly to let her through: two or three people said, in voices just loud enough to be heard across the crowd, "Here comes your, Missus, Hutchinson," and "Bill, she made it after all." Mrs. Hutchinson reached her husband, and Mr. Summers, who had been waiting, said cheerfully. "Thought we were going to have to get on without you, Tessie." Mrs. Hutchinson said, grinning, "Wouldn't have me leave m'dishes in the sink, now, would you, Joe?," and soft laughter ran through the crowd as the people stirred back into position after Mrs. Hutchinson's arrival.

"Well, now." Mr. Summers said soberly, "guess we better get started, get this over with, so's we can go back to work. Anybody ain't here?"

"Dunbar." several people said. "Dunbar. Dunbar."

Mr. Summers consulted his list. "Clyde Dunbar," he said. "That's right. He's broke his leg, hasn't he? Who's drawing for him?"

"Me. I guess," a woman said. and Mr. Summers turned to look at her. "Wife draws for her husband." Mr. Summers said. "Don't you have a grown boy to do it for you, Janey?" Although Mr. Summers and everyone else in the village knew the answer perfectly well, it was the business of the official of the lottery to ask such questions formally. Mr. Summers waited with an expression of polite interest while Mrs. Dunbar answered.

"Horace's not but sixteen vet." Mrs. Dunbar said regretfully. "Guess I gotta fill in for the old man this year."

"Right." Sr. Summers said. He made a note on the list he was holding. Then he asked, "Watson boy drawing this year?"

A tall boy in the crowd raised his hand. "Here," he said. "I'm drawing for my mother and me." He blinked his eyes nervously and ducked his head as several voices in the crowd said things like "Good fellow, lack." and "Glad to see your mother's got a man to do it."

"Well," Mr. Summers said, "guess that's everyone. Old Man Warner make it?"

"Here," a voice said. and Mr. Summers nodded.

A sudden hush fell on the crowd as Mr. Summers cleared his throat and looked at the list. "All ready?" he called. "Now, I'll read the names--heads of families first--and the men come up and take a paper out of the box. Keep the paper folded in your hand without looking at it until everyone has had a turn. Everything clear?"

The people had done it so many times that they only half listened to the directions: most of them were quiet, wetting their lips, not looking around. Then Mr. Summers raised one hand high and said, "Adams." A man disengaged himself from the crowd and came forward. "Hi, Steve." Mr. Summers said. and Mr. Adams said. "Hi, Joe." They grinned at one another humorlessly and nervously. Then Mr. Adams reached into the black box and took out a folded paper. He held it firmly by one corner as he turned and went hastily back to his place in the crowd, where he stood a little apart from his family, not looking down at his hand.

"Allen." Mr. Summers said. "Anderson.... Bentham."

"Seems like there's no time at all between lotteries any more." Mrs. Delacroix said to Mrs. Graves in the back row.

"Seems like we got through with the last one only last week."

"Time sure goes fast.-- Mrs. Graves said.

"Clark.... Delacroix"

"There goes my old man." Mrs. Delacroix said. She held her breath while her husband went forward.

"Dunbar," Mr. Summers said, and Mrs. Dunbar went steadily to the box while one of the women said, "Go on. Janey," and another said, "There she goes."

"We're next." Mrs. Graves said. She watched while Mr. Graves came around from the side of the box, greeted Mr. Summers gravely and selected a slip of paper from the box. By now, all through the crowd there were men holding the small folded papers in their large hand, turning them over and over nervously. Mrs. Dunbar and her two sons stood together, Mrs. Dunbar holding the slip of paper.

"Harburt.... Hutchinson."

"Get up there, Bill," Mrs. Hutchinson said, and the people near her laughed.

"Jones."

"They do say," Mr. Adams said to Old Man Warner, who stood next to him, "that over in the north village they're talking of giving up the lottery."

Old Man Warner snorted. "Pack of crazy fools," he said. "Listening to the young folks, nothing's good enough for them. Next thing you know, they'll be wanting to go back to living in caves, nobody work any more, live that way for a while. Used to be a saying about 'Lottery in June, corn be heavy soon.' First thing you know, we'd all be eating stewed chickweed and acorns. There's always been a lottery," he added petulantly. "Bad enough to see young Joe Summers up there joking with everybody."

"Some places have already quit lotteries." Mrs. Adams said.

"Nothing but trouble in that," Old Man Warner said stoutly. "Pack of young fools."

"Martin." And Bobby Martin watched his father go forward. "Overdyke.... Percy."

"I wish they'd hurry," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son. "I wish they'd hurry."

"They're almost through," her son said.

"You get ready to run tell Dad," Mrs. Dunbar said.

Mr. Summers called his own name and then stepped forward precisely and selected a slip from the box. Then he called, "Warner."

"Seventy-seventh year I been in the lottery," Old Man Warner said as he went through the crowd. "Seventy-seventh time."

"Watson" The tall boy came awkwardly through the crowd. Someone said, "Don't be nervous, Jack," and Mr. Summers said, "Take your time, son."

"Zanini."

After that, there was a long pause, a breathless pause, until Mr. Summers, holding his slip of paper in the air, said, "All right, fellows." For a minute, no one moved, and then all the slips of paper were opened. Suddenly, all the women began to speak at once, saying, "Who is it?", "Who's got it?", "Is it the Dunbars?", "Is it the Watsons?" Then the voices began to say, "It's Hutchinson. It's Bill," "Bill Hutchinson's got it."

"Go tell your father," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son.

People began to look around to see the Hutchinsons. Bill Hutchinson was standing quiet, staring down at the paper in his hand. Suddenly, Tessie Hutchinson shouted to Mr. Summers. "You didn't give him time enough to take any paper he wanted. I saw you. It wasn't fair!"

"Be a good sport, Tessie." Mrs. Delacroix called, and Mrs. Graves said, "All of us took the same chance."

"Shut up, Tessie," Bill Hutchinson said.

"Well, everyone," Mr. Summers said, "that was done pretty fast, and now we've got to be hurrying a little more to get done in time." He consulted his next list. "Bill," he said, "you draw for the Hutchinson family. You got any other households in the Hutchinsons?"

"There's Don and Eva," Mrs. Hutchinson yelled. "Make them take their chance!"

"Daughters draw with their husbands' families, Tessie," Mr. Summers said gently. "You know that as well as anyone else."

"It wasn't fair," Tessie said.

"I guess not, Joe." Bill Hutchinson said regretfully. "My daughter draws with her husband's family; that's only fair. And I've got no other family except the kids."

"Then, as far as drawing for families is concerned, it's you," Mr. Summers said in explanation, "and as far as drawing for households is concerned, that's you, too. Right?"

"Right," Bill Hutchinson said.

"How many kids, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked formally.

"Three," Bill Hutchinson said.

"There's Bill, Jr., and Nancy, and little Dave. And Tessie and me."

"All right, then," Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you got their tickets back?"

Mr. Graves nodded and held up the slips of paper. "Put them in the box, then," Mr. Summers directed. "Take Bill's and put it in."

"I think we ought to start over," Mrs. Hutchinson said, as quietly as she could. "I tell you it wasn't fair. You didn't give him time enough to choose. Everybody saw that."

Mr. Graves had selected the five slips and put them in the box. and he dropped all the papers but those onto the ground. where the breeze caught them and lifted them off.

"Listen, everybody," Mrs. Hutchinson was saying to the people around her.

"Ready, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked. and Bill Hutchinson, with one quick glance around at his wife and children. nodded.

"Remember," Mr. Summers said. "take the slips and keep them folded until each person has taken one. Harry, you help little Dave." Mr. Graves took the hand of the little boy, who came willingly with him up to the box. "Take a paper out of the box, Davy." Mr. Summers said. Davy put his hand into the box and laughed. "Take just one paper." Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you hold it for him." Mr. Graves took the child's hand and removed the folded paper from the tight fist and held it while little Dave stood next to him and looked up at him wonderingly.

"Nancy next," Mr. Summers said. Nancy was twelve, and her school friends breathed heavily as she went forward switching her skirt, and took a slip daintily from the box "Bill, Jr.," Mr. Summers said, and Billy, his face red and his feet overlarge, near knocked the box over as he got a paper out. "Tessie," Mr. Summers said. She hesitated for a minute, looking around defiantly. and then set her lips and went up to the box. She snatched a paper out and held it behind her.

"Bill," Mr. Summers said, and Bill Hutchinson reached into the box and felt around, bringing his hand out at last with the slip of paper in it.

The crowd was quiet. A girl whispered, "I hope it's not Nancy," and the sound of the whisper reached the edges of the crowd.

"It's not the way it used to be." Old Man Warner said clearly. "People ain't the way they used to be."

"All right," Mr. Summers said. "Open the papers. Harry, you open little Dave's."

Mr. Graves opened the slip of paper and there was a general sigh through the crowd as he held it up and everyone could see that it was blank. Nancy and Bill. Jr.. opened theirs at the same time. and both beamed and laughed. turning around to the crowd and holding their slips of paper above their heads.

"Tessie," Mr. Summers said. There was a pause, and then Mr. Summers looked at Bill Hutchinson, and Bill unfolded his paper and showed it. It was blank.

"It's Tessie," Mr. Summers said, and his voice was hushed. "Show us her paper. Bill."

Bill Hutchinson went over to his wife and forced the slip of paper out of her hand. It had a black spot on it, the black spot Mr. Summers had made the night before with the heavy pencil in the coal company office. Bill Hutchinson held it up, and there was a stir in the crowd.

"All right, folks." Mr. Summers said. "Let's finish quickly."

Although the villagers had forgotten the ritual and lost the original black box, they still remembered to use stones. The pile of stones the boys had made earlier was ready; there were stones on the ground with the blowing scraps of paper that had come out of the box. Delacroix selected a stone so large she had to pick it up with both hands and turned to Mrs. Dunbar. "Come on," she said. "Hurry up."

Mr. Dunbar had small stones in both hands, and she said, gasping for breath. "I can't run at all. You'll have to go ahead and I'll catch up with you."

The children had stones already. And someone gave little Davy Hutchinson a few pebbles.

Tessie Hutchinson was in the center of a cleared space by now, and she held her hands out desperately as the villagers moved in on her. "It isn't fair," she said. A stone hit her on the side of the head. Old Man Warner was saying, "Come on, come on, everyone." Steve Adams was in the front of the crowd of villagers, with Mrs. Graves beside him.

"It isn't fair, it isn't right," Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her.

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Discussion Questions:

**ignore these questions ☺*

1. Were you surprised by the ending of the story? If not, at what point did you know what was going to happen? How does Jackson start to foreshadow the ending in paragraphs 2 and 3? Conversely, how does Jackson lull us into thinking that this is just an ordinary story with an ordinary town?

2. Where does the story take place? In what way does the setting affect the story? Does it make you more or less likely to anticipate the ending?

3. In what ways are the characters differentiated from one another? Looking back at the story, can you see why Tessie Hutchinson is singled out as the "winner"?

4. What are some examples of irony in this story? For example, why might the title, "The Lottery," or the opening description in paragraph one, be considered ironic?

5. Jackson gives interesting names to a number of her characters. Explain the possible allusions, irony or symbolism of some of these:

- Delacroix
- Graves
- Summers
- Bentham
- Hutchinson

Patrick Henry Speaks to the Second Virginia Convention

Patrick Henry



OVERVIEW

Patrick Henry, a member of the Virginia legislature and of the Continental Congresses, was a leading advocate of American independence. Known for his oratory, Henry gave the following famous speech in 1775, in support of arming the Virginia militia to fight the British.

GUIDED READING As you read, consider the following questions:

- What types of imagery does Henry use to incite his fellow colonists to take up arms?
 - Does Henry feel all possible nonviolent measures have been taken to address the colonists' complaints?
-

It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with these warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motives for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for

us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer on the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of the means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that

gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

The New York Times

GRAY MATTER

Empathy Is Actually a Choice

By Daryl Cameron, Michael Inzlicht and William A. Cunningham

July 10, 2015

ONE death is a tragedy. One million is a statistic.

You've probably heard this saying before. It is thought to capture an unfortunate truth about empathy: While a single crying child or injured puppy tugs at our heartstrings, large numbers of suffering people, as in epidemics, earthquakes and genocides, do not inspire a comparable reaction.

Studies have repeatedly confirmed this. It's a troubling finding because, as recent research has demonstrated, many of us believe that if more lives are at stake, we will — and should — feel more empathy (i.e., vicariously share others' experiences) and do more to help.

Not only does empathy seem to fail when it is needed most, but it also appears to play favorites. Recent studies have shown that our empathy is dampened or constrained when it comes to people of different races, nationalities or creeds. These results suggest that empathy is a limited resource, like a fossil fuel, which we cannot extend indefinitely or to everyone.

What, then, is the relationship between empathy and morality? Traditionally, empathy has been seen as a force for moral good, motivating virtuous deeds. Yet a growing chorus of critics, inspired by findings like those above, depict empathy as a source of moral failure. In the words of the psychologist Paul Bloom, empathy is a "parochial, narrow-minded" emotion — one that "will have to yield to reason if humanity is to survive."

We disagree.

While we concede that the exercise of empathy is, in practice, often far too limited in scope, we dispute the idea that this shortcoming is inherent, a permanent flaw in the emotion itself. Inspired by a competing body of recent research, we believe that empathy is a *choice* that we make whether to extend ourselves to others. The "limits" to our empathy are merely apparent, and can change, sometimes drastically, depending on what we want to feel.

Two decades ago, the psychologist Daniel Batson and colleagues conducted a study that showed that if people expected their empathy to cost them significant money or time, they would avoid situations that they believed would trigger it. More recently, one of us, Daryl Cameron, along with the psychologist Keith Payne, conducted an experiment to see if similar motivational factors could explain why we seem more empathetic to single victims than to large numbers of them.

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Participants in this study read about either one or eight child refugees from the Darfur region of Sudan. Half of the participants were led to expect that they would be asked to make a donation to the refugee or refugees, whereas the other half were not. When there was no financial cost involved in feeling empathy, people felt more empathy for the eight children than for the one child, reversing the usual bias. If insensitivity to mass suffering stemmed from an intrinsic limit to empathy, such financial factors shouldn't have made a difference.

Likewise, in another recent study, the psychologists Karina Schumann, Jamil Zaki and Carol S. Dweck found that when people learned that empathy was a skill that could be improved — as opposed to a fixed personality trait — they engaged in more effort to experience empathy for racial groups other than their own. Empathy for people unlike us can be expanded, it seems, just by modifying our views about empathy.

Some kinds of people seem generally less likely to feel empathy for others — for instance, powerful people. An experiment conducted by one of us, Michael Inzlicht, along with the researchers Jeremy Hogeveen and Sukhvinder Obhi, found that even people temporarily assigned to high-power roles showed brain activity consistent with lower empathy.

But such experimental manipulations surely cannot change a person's underlying empathic capacity; something else must be to blame. And other research suggests that the blame lies with a simple change in motivation: People with a higher sense of power exhibit less empathy because they have less incentive to interact with others.

Even those suffering from so-called empathy deficit disorders like psychopathy and narcissism appear to be capable of empathy when they want to feel it. Research conducted by one of us, William A. Cunningham, along with the psychologist Nathan Arbuckle, found that when dividing money between themselves and others, people with psychopathic tendencies were more charitable when they believed that the others were part of their in-group. Psychopaths and narcissists are able to feel empathy; it's just that they don't typically want to.

Arguments against empathy rely on an outdated view of emotion as a capricious beast that needs to yield to sober reason. Yes, there are many situations in which empathy appears to be limited in its scope, but this is not a deficiency in the emotion itself. In our view, empathy is only as limited as we choose it to be.

Daryl Cameron is an assistant professor of psychological and brain sciences at the University of Iowa. Michael Inzlicht is a professor of psychology, and William A. Cunningham is an associate professor of psychology, both at the University of Toronto.

A version of this article appears in print on July 11, 2015, on Page SR12 of the New York edition with the headline: Empathy Is Actually a Choice

Primary Sources: Brown v. Board of Education

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Word Count **910**



A rally at the Arkansas Capitol in 1959 protests the admission of the "Little Rock Nine" to Central High School. Even after the Brown v. Board of Education ruling, nine black students were initially prevented from entering the racially segregated school by the governor of Arkansas. Library of Congress

Editor's Note: Slavery ended in 1865, but racial segregation laws quickly followed. Segregation had been allowed in 1896 by the United States Supreme Court case of Plessy v. Ferguson. In that case, the court said segregation did not violate the 14th Amendment if the separate offerings for different races were equal. In Brown v. Board of Education, the court overruled this "separate but equal" principle. The court ruled that separating children in public schools on the basis of race was unconstitutional. This ruling signaled the end of legalized racial segregation in schools in the United States. On May 17, 1954, Chief Justice Earl Warren wrote the decision, on which all members of the Court agreed. Below are key parts of the ruling.

APPEAL FROM THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT FOR THE DISTRICT OF KANSAS

Syllabus

Some State laws allow or require segregation of white and Negro children in public schools. These laws deny Negro children the equal protection of the laws guaranteed by the 14th Amendment. This is true even if all measurable factors of white and Negro schools are equal.

(c) Where a State has undertaken to provide an opportunity for an education in its public schools, such an opportunity is a right. This right must be made available to all on equal terms.

(d) Segregation of children in public schools on the basis of race deprives minority children of equal educational opportunities. This is true even if all measurable factors are equal.

(e) The "separate but equal" rule adopted in *Plessy v. Ferguson*, has no place in public education.

Opinion

MR. CHIEF JUSTICE WARREN delivered the opinion of the Court.

In these cases, minors of the Negro race asked the courts to aid in obtaining admission to their local public schools on a nonsegregated basis. Each minor had been denied admission to schools attended by white children. Admission was denied under laws requiring or allowing racial segregation. The plaintiffs said that this segregation deprived them of the equal protection of the laws under the 14th Amendment.

The plaintiffs argue that segregated public schools are not "equal" and cannot be made "equal." Therefore, they argue that they are deprived of the equal protection of the laws. Because of the obvious importance of the question, the Court took the issue under consideration.

We have heard discussion about how Congress debated the 14th Amendment before it was adopted in 1868. We heard about then-existing racial segregation practices. We are convinced that these sources are not enough to resolve the problem with which we are faced.

The 14th Amendment's history is inconclusive with respect to segregated schools because of the state of public education at that time. In the South, most education of white children was private. Education of Negroes was rare and even illegal in some states, and most of the race could not read. Today, many Negroes have achieved outstanding success in the arts and sciences, and in the business and professional world. Public education at the time of the Amendment was more advanced in the North, but it still did not approximate what exists today. Therefore, it is not surprising that the history of the 14th Amendment does not reveal its intended effect on public education.

"Education Is Necessary To Our Democratic Society"

In these cases, the Negro and white schools involved have been equalized in terms of measurable factors. Such factors include buildings, subjects taught, and qualifications and salaries of teachers. Our decision, therefore, cannot be based on a mere comparison of these factors in the schools. We must examine the effect of segregation on public education.

Today, education is perhaps the most important responsibility of state and local governments. Education is necessary to our democratic society. Laws requiring school attendance and heavy government spending on education show our recognition of this fact. Education is required to perform our most basic public responsibilities, and is the very foundation of good citizenship. It is doubtful that any child may be expected to succeed in life if denied the opportunity of an education. Such an opportunity, where the state provides it, is a right which must be made available to all on equal terms.

We come then to the question presented. Does segregation of children in public schools solely on the basis of race rob the children of the minority group of equal educational opportunities, even if the buildings and other measurable factors are equal? We believe that it does.

"It Deprives Them Of The Benefits"

To separate children from others of similar age and qualifications solely because of their race creates a feeling of inferiority. This feeling may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone. The effect of segregation on educational opportunities was well stated by another court:

Segregation of white and colored children in public schools makes the colored children feel inferior. This affects a child's motivation to learn. Segregation, therefore, slows the educational and mental development of Negro children. It deprives them of the benefits they would receive in a racially integrated school.

We conclude that the idea of "separate but equal" has no place in public education. Separate educational places of learning are inherently unequal. Therefore, we hold that the plaintiffs and other Negro children denied admission to public schools on a nonsegregated basis have been deprived of the equal protection of the laws. Because of the segregation complained of, the 14th Amendment has been violated.

It is so ordered.

Speaking of Science

Does reading fiction make you a better person?

By Sarah Kaplan July 22, 2016

I have been a nerd my whole life. I was always "that kid," the one who read in a corner at recess and talked about Jo March and Ponyboy as though they were real people. I have a vivid memory of myself at 8 or 9, staying up far past my bedtime to read Katherine Paterson's "Bridge to Terabithia" by flashlight. When I reached the gut-wrenching ending, I began sobbing loudly enough to summon my mother from down the hallway.

As soon as she saw the book in my hand, she knew nothing was actually wrong. "I think I comforted you," my mom told me recently. "I hope I didn't say, 'Stop crying, it's not real.'" (She claims not to remember any details of this incident.)

When I told this story to Keith Oatley, a perfect stranger, he told me I didn't need to feel silly for getting so worked up over the fates of fictional characters.

"You were just being a human being," he said.

Oatley would know — he is a cognitive psychologist at the University of Toronto, a novelist and the author of a new review in the journal Trends in Cognitive Sciences looking at the psychological effects of fiction. In his review of the past decade of research on the subject, he concludes that engaging with stories about other people can improve empathy and theory of mind.

"When we read about other people, we can imagine ourselves into their position and we can imagine it's like being that person," Oatley said. "That enables us to better understand people, better cooperate with them."

In 2006, Oatley helped conduct a study that linked reading fiction to better performance on empathy and social acumen tests. Participants were first tested on their ability to recognize author names — a decent proxy for figuring out how many books they read and what kinds.

"We are all familiar with the stereotype of the bookworm," he and his co-authors wrote. "An image leaps automatically to mind: that of a nebbish and unfashionable individual, wearing spectacles, whose demeanor is largely characterized by the social awkwardness one might expect from someone who has chosen the company of print over peers." (Note: As a bespectacled book reader, I find that this this description hits uncomfortably close to home.)

He believes that this is helping to make us better at being human. Oatley noted that the earliest cave art emerged around the same time as the first burials. Both are forms of storytelling, a way of linking a physical truth — marks on a wall, a dead body in a shroud — with an imagined one — "these marks are a horse," he said "this person is alive in our memory or another world." And both phenomena, for the most part, are unique to humans, one of the world's most cooperative species.

"Because we're extremely social we have to understand other people, and the whole of culture is based on this," he said. Funerals, art, literature, prestige TV — all of these things are evolutionary adaptations that give us insight into one another's minds.

"Without doing that you can't cooperate," Oatley said. "And this is pretty much the center of what it means to be human."

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 **8 Comments**

Sarah Kaplan is a science reporter covering news from around the nation and across the universe. She previously worked overnights on The Washington Post's Morning Mix team. [!\[\]\(47734e4656765d20df4fdbd5b7aff048_img.jpg\) Follow @sarahkaplan48](#)

Those Winter Sundays

by Robert Hayden

Sundays too my father got up early
and put his clothes on in the blueblack cold,
then with cracked hands that ached
from labor in the weekday weather made
banked fires blaze. No one ever thanked him.

I'd wake and hear the cold splintering, breaking.
When the rooms were warm, he'd call,
and slowly I would rise and dress,
fearing the chronic angers of that house,

speaking indifferently to him,
who had driven out the cold
and polished my good shoes as well.
What did I know, what did I know
of love's austere and lonely offices?