Discuss It  How should we respond to those who hold different political views or values than we do? Write your response before sharing your ideas.

The Hollywood Blacklist
## UNIT 5

### UNIT INTRODUCTION

**Essential Question:** How do we respond when challenged by fear?

### LAUNCH TEXT

**Argument Model:** Is It Foolish to Fear?

### WHOLE-CLASS LEARNING

**Historical Perspectives**  
Focus Period: 1920–1960  
Times of Trouble

**Anchor Text: Drama**  
*The Crucible*  
Arthur Miller  
Act I  
Act II  
Act III  
Act IV

**Media: Audio Performance**  
*The Crucible*  
L.A. Theatre Works

### SMALL-GROUP LEARNING

**Autobiography**  
From *Farewell to Manzanar*  
Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston and James D. Houston

**Media: Video**  
Interview With George Takei  
Archive of American Television

**Short Story**  
Antojos  
Julia Alvarez

### INDEPENDENT LEARNING

**Magazine Article**  
What You Don’t Know Can Kill You  
Jason Daley

**Poetry**  
Runagate Runagate  
Robert Hayden

**Poetry Collection**  
1-800-FEAR  
Jody Gladding

**Essay**  
What Are You So Afraid Of?  
Akiko Busch

### Performance Task

**Writing Focus:** Write an Argument

**Speaking and Listening Focus:** Present an Argument

### Performance-Based Assessment Prep

Review Evidence for an Argument

### Performance-Based Assessment

**Argument:** Essay and Speech

**Prompt:** Is fear always a harmful emotion?
Unit Goals

Throughout this unit, you will deepen your perspective on the concept of fear by reading, writing, speaking, listening, and presenting. These goals will help you succeed on the Unit Performance-Based Assessment.

Rate how well you meet these goals right now. You will revisit your ratings later when you reflect on your growth during this unit.

**READING GOALS**

- Read a variety of texts to gain the knowledge and insight needed to write about fear.

- Expand your knowledge and use of academic and concept vocabulary.

**WRITING AND RESEARCH GOALS**

- Write an argumentative essay that has a clear structure and that draws evidence from texts and background knowledge to support a claim.

- Conduct research projects of various lengths to explore a topic and clarify meaning.

**LANGUAGE GOALS**

- Correctly use pronouns to add variety to your writing and presentations.

- Use irony to add a level of meaning to your writing and presentations.

**SPEAKING AND LISTENING GOALS**

- Collaborate with your team to build on the ideas of others, develop consensus, and communicate.

- Integrate audio, visuals, and text to present information.

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**STANDARDS**

L.11–12.6 Acquire and use accurately general academic and domain-specific words and phrases, sufficient for reading, writing, speaking, and listening at the college and career readiness level; demonstrate independence in gathering vocabulary knowledge when considering a word or phrase important to comprehension or expression.
## Academic Vocabulary: Argument

Understanding and using academic terms can help you read, write, and speak with precision and clarity. Here are five academic words that will be useful to you in this unit as you analyze and write arguments.

**Complete the chart.**
- Review each word, its root, and the mentor sentences.
- Use the information and your own knowledge to predict the meaning of each word.
- For each word, list at least two related words.
- Refer to a dictionary or other resources if needed.

### Chart

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WORD</th>
<th>MENTOR SENTENCES</th>
<th>PREDICT MEANING</th>
<th>RELATED WORDS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| assert | 1. You cannot simply assert a position; you must support it with convincing evidence.  
2. In the debate, my opponent was too timid and did not assert his ideas clearly. |                 | assertion; assertively |
| relevant | 1. That old-fashioned show is not relevant to most young viewers.  
2. Chapter three may be relevant to your fascination with architecture. |                 |                |
| certify | 1. After an election, an outside party may be brought in to certify the results.  
2. Before you quote an expert, you should certify her credentials. |                 |                |
| immutable | 1. Some ideas are simply immutable and unchanging.  
2. Shakespeare's characters are not immutable, because they can be interpreted in so many different ways. |                 |                |
| definitive | 1. In my opinion, that is the definitive biography of Arthur Miller.  
2. It is too early to reach any definitive conclusions about the issue. |                 |                |
Fear of falling, fear of flying, fear of snakes and spiders—sometimes it seems that we humans are controlled by our fears. Some of us may seek professional help to rid ourselves of fears. However, fear plays an important role in life. It is not foolish to fear—it is a matter of survival.

Fear may feel negative, because it is an emotion that can be painful. The physical responses we have to objects or situations that we fear are often grouped together and characterized as a “fight or flight” instinct. Something alarms you, and instantly your brain causes a number of chemicals to be released into your bloodstream. Those chemicals race through the body, causing your heart to race, your muscles to tense, and your breathing to quicken. Your pupils dilate, so bright light hurts, but you can see more clearly. Your surface veins constrict, making your skin feel cold.

Long ago, such responses made it easier for early humans to escape from predators. Dilated pupils meant that they could see better in dim light. Quick breathing and tense muscles allowed them to run faster or leap higher than they normally could. Their skin grew cold as blood flowed to the major muscles, letting arms and legs move more rapidly. The entire body became an instrument focused
on surviving danger. If flight was possible, the person would run. If it was not, he or she would fight. Either way, fear stimulated the brain and primed the body for a response.

4 This response to fear was good for everyone who displayed it. The humans who felt and responded to fear most strongly were likely to be the ones who survived, whether the fear stimulus was a tiger, an earthquake, or a violent storm.

5 Today, our fear stimulus might be a dark alley, a swaying rope bridge, or a barking dog. We sense danger, and our bodies react. We may feel foolish when the alley proves to be empty, the bridge safe, and the dog friendly. Nevertheless, that initial rush of fear serves as our protector and should never be ignored.

6 Today, modern psychotherapies may include conditioning—a stimulus-response learning process—that helps people rid themselves of fears. After just a few sessions, nearly anyone can stop being afraid of speaking in public or driving through a tunnel. So why shouldn’t we all condition ourselves to become braver?

7 First, there is a difference between fear and phobia. A phobia is an unnecessary fear of something that is unlikely to cause harm. For example, some people are afraid of clowns, but the odds of a clown’s being harmful are small. Second, without fear, one would be in constant danger. It is important to be afraid of an oncoming car, a flying brick, or the rattling tail at the end of an unfamiliar snake. In such cases, fear is a matter of self-preservation.

8 Few of us enjoy being afraid. It is physically and mentally uncomfortable, and once any danger has passed, we may feel that our fears were unwarranted. It is worth remembering, however, that ever since you were a small child perched at the top of a staircase or toddling near a hot stove, a logical, sensible, inbred fear has protected you from harm.
Launch Activity

Record “Popular” Fears  As a class, brainstorm for a list of fears that you have read about or seen portrayed in movies or television shows. Have a volunteer write each fear along the bottom of the chalkboard, another display area in your classroom, or a large piece of paper. Try to develop a row of ten to twelve fears.

• Now, work together to construct a bar graph. Take three sticky notes, and write your name on each one.

• Take turns going to the board (or other display location). Place one note each above a fear that you think actually afflicts many people. Make sure to place your notes above any that are already there so that you build columns.

• When you have all finished placing your notes, stand back and look at the graph you have constructed.

• Based on the graph, draw a conclusion about the fears that are commonly portrayed in books and entertainment media. Do these fears accurately represent those of regular people in real life? Discuss these questions, and come to a consensus. Write your consensus at the top of your bar graph.

Summary

Write a summary of “Is It Foolish to Fear?” A summary is a concise, complete, and accurate overview of a text. It should not include a statement of your opinion or an analysis.
**QuickWrite**

Consider class discussions, the video, and the Launch Text as you think about the prompt. Record your first thoughts here.

**PROMPT:** Is fear always a harmful emotion?

---

**EVIDENCE LOG FOR FACING OUR FEARS**

Review your QuickWrite. Summarize your thoughts in one sentence to record in your Evidence Log. Then, record textual details or evidence from “Is It Foolish to Fear?” that supports your initial position.

Prepare for the Performance-Based Assessment at the end of the unit by completing the Evidence Log after each selection.

**Tool Kit**

Evidence Log Model

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CONNECTION TO PROMPT</th>
<th>TEXT EVIDENCE/DETAILS</th>
<th>ADDITIONAL NOTES/IDEAS</th>
</tr>
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</table>

How does this text change or add to my thinking?  

Date: ____________
ESSENTIAL QUESTION:
How do we respond when challenged by fear?

As you read these selections, work with your whole class to explore the meaning and power of fear.

From Text to Topic  One person’s unreasonable fears can make his or her life very difficult. What might happen, then, when a shared fear afflicts a family, a whole town, or an entire country? Arthur Miller explores this prospect in *The Crucible*, one of his most famous plays. Using a carefully researched case of mass hysteria from America’s colonial past, Miller draws attention to fears haunting American culture in the 1950s. The story that he presents is powerful in its own right, but it also encourages audiences to consider how unrestrained, unreasonable fear can damage a society. As you read *The Crucible*, consider what the narrative shows about the far-reaching influence of fear.

Whole-Class Learning Strategies
Throughout your life, in school, in your community, and in your career, you will continue to learn and work in large-group environments.

Review these strategies and the actions you can take to practice them as you work with your whole class. Add ideas of your own for each step. Get ready to use these strategies during Whole-Class Learning.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STRATEGY</th>
<th>ACTION PLAN</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Listen actively</td>
<td>• Eliminate distractions. For example, put your cellphone away.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Record brief notes on main ideas and points of confusion.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>•</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarify by asking questions</td>
<td>• If you’re confused, other people probably are, too. Ask a question to help your whole class.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Ask follow-up questions as needed—for example, if you do not understand the clarification, or if you want to make an additional connection.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>•</td>
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<tr>
<td>Monitor understanding</td>
<td>• Notice what information you already know and be ready to build on it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Ask for help if you are struggling.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>•</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interact and share ideas</td>
<td>• Share your ideas and answer questions, even if you are unsure.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Build on the ideas of others by adding details or making a connection.</td>
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</table>
HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVES

Focus Period: 1920–1960

Times of Trouble

As Americans moved into the middle of the twentieth century, they faced new difficulties. The Jazz Age quickly gave way to fears over the economic hardships that the Great Depression imposed. World War II brought a new set of fears, but it also inspired a new determination among Americans. After the war, however, anxiety over the spread of Communism kept many Americans in the grip of fear.

ANCHOR TEXT: DRAMA

The Crucible  Arthur Miller

Act I  A town in colonial Massachusetts is gripped by fears of witchcraft—but is the fear justified?

Act II

Act III

Act IV

MEDIA: AUDIO PERFORMANCE

The Crucible  
L.A. Theatre Works

A cast of some of Hollywood’s best-known actors brings Arthur Miller’s play to life.

PERFORMANCE TASK

WRITING FOCUS

Write an Argument

The Whole-Class reading dramatizes an actual case of mass hysteria in an American community. After reading, you will write an argument about the ways in which specific characters might have stopped the spread of fear rather than stand by and let it run wild.
Times of Trouble

Voices of the Period

“The only thing we have to fear is fear itself.”
—Franklin Delano Roosevelt, 32nd president of the United States

“I have learned over the years that when one’s mind is made up, this diminishes fear; knowing what must be done does away with fear.”
—Rosa Parks, political activist sometimes referred to as “the first lady of civil rights”

“If you’re not frightened that you might fail, you’ll never do the job. If you’re frightened, you’ll work like crazy.”
—César Chávez, political activist and co-founder of the National Farm Workers Association

“Neither a wise man nor a brave man lies down on the tracks of history to wait for the train of the future to run over him.”
—Dwight D. Eisenhower, 34th president of the United States

History of the Period

The Roaring Twenties World War I ended in 1918, and in the decade that followed, the nation seemed to go on a binge of building, consumption, and speculation. The economy boomed, and skyscrapers rose. Prohibition made the sale of liquor illegal, which led to bootlegging and the rise of organized crime. Radio, jazz, and movies helped shape American culture. As people let go of prewar values, they let the “roar” of the Roaring Twenties drown out the sounds of war and the horror of death.

The Great Depression The boom, of course, could not last, and in October 1929 the stock market crashed, spurring what is known as the Great Depression. By mid-1932, about 12 million Americans—one-quarter of the country’s workforce—were unemployed. Hungry and panicked people waited for food in bread lines and at soup kitchens. The government seemed unable to turn the economy around. Depression became more than an economic fact—it became a national state of mind.

The New Deal When elected president in 1932, Franklin Delano Roosevelt took action immediately, initiating a package of major economic reforms that came to be known as the New Deal. Many Americans soon found work on huge public projects, including building dams and bridges; conserving land; and recording the past and present in photographs, artwork, and writing. Roosevelt’s leadership and policies helped end the Depression.
Integration of Knowledge and Ideas

Notebook  What does the information in the graphs help you understand about the differences between World War I and World War II in terms of military deaths? What factors likely affected the increase of military deaths in World War II?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Military Deaths in World War I</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CENTRAL POWERS</td>
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<tr>
<td>Austria-Hungary</td>
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<tr>
<td>Germany</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALLIES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>United States</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British Empire</td>
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<tr>
<td>France</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Russia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>equals 250,000 military deaths</td>
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</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Military Deaths in World War II</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>AXIS POWERS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Germany</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Italy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Japan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALLIES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>United States</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USSR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British Empire</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>equals 500,000 military deaths</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

and earned him an unprecedented three reelections: in 1936, 1940, and 1944.

World War II  Just twenty years after the end of World War I, Germany, under the rule of Adolf Hitler, ignited the Second World War with its invasion of neighboring countries. The dominant mood in the United States, however, was one of isolationism, with most Americans preferring to stay out of the conflict. This attitude changed dramatically when Japanese forces attacked the naval base at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, on December 7, 1941. With more than 3,000 American casualties and the destruction of much of the American battleship fleet, neutrality and isolationism came to a swift end. The United States quickly declared war on the Axis Powers: Germany, Japan, and Italy. It took years of bitter fighting in Europe, North Africa, and the Pacific before the Allies—the United States, Great Britain, France, and the Soviet Union—defeated Italy, Germany, and then Japan. Japan surrendered only after the United States dropped an atomic bomb on the cities of Hiroshima and then Nagasaki. Peace—and the Atomic Age—had arrived.

Face-Off With Communism  The threat of Communist infiltration and influence became a fixation in the United States after World War II.
The United States battled against Communist China in Korea from 1950 to 1953. With the rise of the Soviet Union, the Cold War—competition between Eastern Bloc countries and the West—became intense. Fear of unchecked Soviet aggression marked the period. Espionage, economic sanctions, treaties, defense measures, and diplomatic conflicts were constantly in the news. By the mid-1950s, the country faced another Communist threat as conflict began in Vietnam.

Meanwhile, a “Red Scare,” led by Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin, spread fear of Communist infiltration at home. Cold War anxiety was intensified by the existence of the atomic bomb, which created global fears as well as a new urgency surrounding the management of international conflict. In some ways, the postwar period could be characterized as an Age of Anxiety, as Americans seemed unable to stop thinking about terrible things that could or might happen. Schools regularly held air-raid drills, and Communists were hunted everywhere.

**Postwar Boom** The United States emerged from World War II as the most powerful nation on Earth. In the 1950s, despite the pressures of the Cold War, the nation enjoyed widespread prosperity, its suburbs expanded, and its consumer society flourished. Americans’ incomes almost doubled in the 1950s, transforming American lives. By the mid-1950s, sixty percent of Americans were defined as being in the “middle class.”

The **Television Age** The influence of television became especially powerful in the postwar era.

In 1946, the nation had six TV stations; ten years later, there were more than 400 stations; by 1960, there was a television in almost every American home.

Television spearheaded revolutions in consumerism and mass communication. Millions of Americans saw the same advertisements and the same entertainment. Many watched television news broadcasts to learn about the Soviet Union’s launch of the first artificial satellite to orbit the Earth, which initiated the space race. Some 70 million Americans watched Richard Nixon lose the 1960 election debates to John F. Kennedy, forever changing the structure of political campaigns.

**The American Dilemma** Deep conflicts between American ideals and the reality of the treatment of African Americans continued into the postwar decades. However, the 1950s saw the foundations of significant change in desegregating American society, beginning with the 1954 landmark Supreme Court decision in *Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka, Kansas*, which overturned the earlier decision that “separate but equal” facilities were legal. From that moment on, a Civil Rights movement began to build force under the leadership of people such as Martin Luther King, Jr., and the participation of a growing number of protestors, from students in Arkansas to bus riders in Alabama.
ESSENTIAL QUESTION: How do we respond when challenged by fear?

Literature Selections

Literature of the Focus Period A key selection in this unit was written during the Focus Period and pertains to fear and its effects:

*The Crucible*, Arthur Miller

Connections Across Time A consideration of fear preceded and followed the Focus Period. Indeed, the theme has shaped the work of writers and commentators in various time periods and locations.

from *Farewell to Manzanar*, Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston and James D. Houston

“Antojos,” Julia Alvarez

“What You Don’t Know Can Kill You,” Jason Daley

“Runagate Runagate,” Robert Hayden

“1-800-FEAR,” Jody Gladding

“Bears at Raspberry Time,” Hayden Carruth

“For Black Women Who Are Afraid,” Toi Derricotte

“What Are You So Afraid Of?” Akiko Busch

ADDITIONAL FOCUS PERIOD LITERATURE

### Student Edition

**UNIT 1**

“The Pedestrian,” Ray Bradbury

**UNIT 3**

*Brown v. Board of Education*: Opinion of the Court, Earl Warren

The Poetry of Langston Hughes

**UNIT 4**

“The Rockpile,” James Baldwin

**UNIT 6**

“The Jilting of Granny Weatherall,” Katherine Anne Porter

### Historical Perspectives

1950: Thousands are falsely accused of treason following Senator McCarthy’s claims of Communist infiltration in the government.


1955: Rosa Parks is arrested, triggering the Montgomery Bus Boycott.

1957: USSR The Soviet Union launches *Sputnik I*, the first space satellite.

1959: Alaska and Hawaii are admitted to the Union as the 49th and 50th states.

1960

1959: Lorraine Hansberry’s *A Raisin in the Sun* is produced.
For much of the twentieth century, the theater was the center of American intellectual life. Great plays offered thrilling stories, crackling dialogue, and philosophical truth. As Arthur Miller wrote:

“Great drama is great questions or it is nothing but technique. I could not imagine a theater worth my time that did not want to change the world.”

Dramatic literature shares many elements with prose, fiction, and poetry, but is written to be acted out on a stage before an audience rather than read quietly on your own. In a sense, when you read a play, you are not experiencing the work as it was meant to be experienced. You are reading a script, which is only part of the piece. However, you can help bring the drama to life and create the performance in your own imagination by applying the following strategies.

**Picture the Action**  Reading a play without envisioning the action is like watching a movie with your eyes shut. Use the stage directions and other details to create the scene in your mind. Consider the situation, characters’ motivations and feelings, and how staging or performance choices might convey those elements.

**Refer to the Cast of Characters**  The details of characters’ relationships are usually conveyed through dialogue, gestures, body language, and action rather than through direct statements. In addition, some plays feature numerous characters whose relationships to one another are complex. One way to keep things clear is to refer to the Cast of Characters list whenever a character joins—or re-joins—the action.

**Summarize the Action**  Most plays are broken into smaller units called acts. Some plays are then broken into even smaller sections called scenes. These breaks give you an opportunity to review the action. Take the opportunities afforded by these separations to consider various questions: What conflicts are developing or intensifying? What decisions are characters making? Toward what outcome does the story seem to be heading?

**Be an Actor**  Consider studying with a group and acting out scenes that you find difficult. When you inject appropriate emotion into the text, the meaning and nuances will often become clearer. You may also make connections among language, imagery, and character that you otherwise might not have noticed.
Close Read the Text

Annotating the text as you read can help you tackle the challenges of reading a play rather than watching it in performance. Here are two sample annotations of an excerpt from *The Crucible*, Act I. The setting is home of Reverend Samuel Parris, the minister of the church in the Puritan colony of Salem, Massachusetts, in 1692. Betty, Parris’s young daughter, is suffering a mysterious ailment. Parris and Abigail Williams, Betty’s cousin, are in the sick room when Susanna Walcott arrives with a message from the doctor.

---

**ANNOTATE:** This stage direction is very specific.

**QUESTION:** What does this stage direction suggest about the situation?

**CONCLUDE:** Susanna seems to regard Betty as an object of curiosity. Parris seems to be trying to protect Betty by physically blocking Susanna’s view.

---

**Susanna Walcott, a little younger than Abigail, a nervous, hurried girl enters.**

**Parris, eagerly:** What does the doctor say, child?

**Susanna, craning around Parris to get a look at Betty:** He bid me come and tell you, reverend sir, that he cannot discover no medicine for it in his books.

**Parris:** Then he must search on.

**Susanna:** Aye, sir. He have been searchin’ his books since he left you, sir. But he bid me tell you, that you might look to unnatural things for the cause of it.

**Parris, his eyes going wide:** No—no. There be no unnatural cause here. Tell him I have sent for Reverend Hale of Beverly, and Mr. Hale will surely confirm that. Let him look to medicine and put out all thought of unnatural causes here. There be none.

**Susanna:** Aye, sir. He bid me tell you. *She turns to go.*

**Abigail:** Speak nothin’ of it in the village, Susanna.

**Parris:** Go directly home and speak nothing of unnatural causes.

**Susanna:** Aye, sir. I pray for her. *She goes out.*

**ANNOTATE:** When Susanna mentions “unnatural things,” Parris reacts physically and then repeats the phrase “unnatural causes” three times.

**QUESTION:** Why does the playwright present Parris’s reaction in this way?

**CONCLUDE:** To the Puritans of Salem, “unnatural causes” means the presence of dark, supernatural forces. Parris is terrified for his daughter’s health, but he may be even more afraid of gossip and accusations.
The Crucible, Act I

Concept Vocabulary

You will encounter the following words as you read Act I of *The Crucible*. Before reading, note how familiar you are with each word. Then, rank the words in order from most familiar (1) to least familiar (3).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WORD</th>
<th>YOUR RANKING</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>vindictive</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>calumny</td>
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<tr>
<td>defamation</td>
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</table>

After completing the first read, come back to the concept vocabulary and review your rankings. Mark changes to your original rankings as needed.

First Read DRAMA

Apply these strategies as you conduct your first read. You will have an opportunity to complete the close-read notes after your first read.

**NOTICE** whom the story is about, what happens, where and when it happens, and why those involved react as they do.

**ANNOTATE** by marking vocabulary and key passages you want to revisit.

**CONNECT** ideas within the selection to what you already know and what you have already read.

**RESPOND** by completing the Comprehension Check.

**STANDARDS**

RL.11–12.10 By the end of grade 11, read and comprehend literature, including stories, dramas, and poems, in the grades 11–CCR text complexity band proficiently, with scaffolding as needed at the high end of the range.
About the Playwright

Arthur Miller (1915–2005)

Arthur Miller was born in New York City and grew up during the Great Depression. By the time he graduated from high school in 1932, his father’s family business had gone bankrupt, and Miller was forced to take odd jobs to raise money for college tuition.

Major Talent
Miller began writing plays during his college years at the University of Michigan. In 1947, his play All My Sons was performed on Broadway to immediate acclaim, establishing Miller as a bright new talent. Two years later, Death of a Salesman opened on Broadway, earning Miller a Pulitzer Prize and elevating him to the status of a premier American playwright. His next play, The Crucible, opened to mixed reviews in 1953, largely because of its controversial political content. The Crucible was clearly a comment on the “witch hunts” for Communists that were being carried out at the time by Wisconsin Senator Joseph McCarthy and by the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC).

In the Shadow of McCarthyism
Miller’s experience with the HUAC hearings parallels the situation he portrayed in The Crucible. Called before the committee in 1956, Miller, like his Crucible character John Proctor, admitted to his own socialist leanings but refused to “name names” about fellow celebrities in the theater and in Hollywood.

At the time of his House testimony, Miller was firmly established as a major literary figure and celebrity, a status that soon skyrocketed when he married Marilyn Monroe, the most famous Hollywood star of the 1950s. Miller’s celebrity did not protect him from the committee, however, and the “Red Scare” period continued to haunt him for the rest of his life. “It was as though the whole country had been born anew,” he wrote, “without a memory even of certain elemental decencies which a year or two earlier no one would have imagined could be altered, let alone forgotten.” The very personal terror Miller felt as a result of his dealings with HUAC he claimed underlay “every word in The Crucible.”

Voice of Conscience
Today, Miller is regarded as one of the true giants of the American theater. His Death of a Salesman is often discussed as the greatest American play ever written. Playwright Edward Albee said of Miller, “Arthur never compromised. He never sold out.” Miller was able to use art to make enormously important social and political points that still resonate today.

Background for

The Crucible

In 1692, the British colony of Massachusetts was convulsed by a witchcraft hysteria that resulted in the execution of 20 people and the jailing of more than 100 others. The incident, though unprecedented for New England, was not unique. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, witch hunts swept through Europe, resulting in tens of thousands of executions.

For the New England colonies, the witchcraft episode was perhaps inevitable. Enduring harsh conditions and punishing hardship from day to day, many colonists attributed their misfortunes to the power of evil. In the small parish of Salem Village, many were quick to blame witchcraft when the minister’s daughter and several other girls were afflicted by seizures and lapsed into unconsciousness.

A hunt to identify witches spread until some of the colony’s most prominent citizens stood accused. Many historians have seen a pattern of social and economic animosity behind the accusations, but most scholars feel that mass hysteria—a strong, irrational fear that quickly spreads—was also a strong contributing factor.

A crucible is a heat-resistant container in which metals are melted or fused at very high temperatures. The word is used symbolically to suggest a severe trial or test.

When The Crucible was first published, Arthur Miller added a note about the play’s historical accuracy. He pointed out that he had fused many historical characters into one dramatic character, that he had raised Abigail’s age, and that the characters of Hathorne and Danforth represented a composite of several historical judges. Miller then explained, “The fate of each character is exactly that of his historical model, and there is no one in the drama who did not play a similar—and in some cases exactly the same—role in history.”
The Crucible
Act I
Arthur Miller

CHARACTERS
Reverend Parris
Betty Parris
Tituba
Abigail Williams
Susanna Walcott
Mrs. Ann Putnam
Thomas Putnam
Mercy Lewis
Mary Warren
John Proctor
Rebecca Nurse
Martha Corey
Reverend John Hale
Elizabeth Proctor
Francis Nurse
Ezekiel Cheever
Marshal Herrick
Judge Hathorne
Deputy Governor Danforth
Sarah Good
Hopkins
Giles Corey
(An Overture)

1 A small upper bedroom in the home of Reverend Samuel Parris, Salem, Massachusetts, in the spring of the year 1692.

2 There is a narrow window at the left. Through its leaded panes the morning sunlight streams. A candle still burns near the bed, which is at the right. A chest, a chair, and a small table are the other furnishings. At the back a door opens on the landing of the stairway to the ground floor. The room gives off an air of clean spareness. The roof rafters are exposed, and the wood colors are raw and unmellowed.

3 As the curtain rises, Reverend Parris is discovered kneeling beside the bed, evidently in prayer. His daughter, Betty Parris, aged ten, is lying on the bed, inert.

4 At the time of these events Parris was in his middle forties. In history he cut a villainous path, and there is very little good to be said for him. He believed he was being persecuted wherever he went, despite his best efforts to win people and God to his side. In meeting, he felt insulted if someone rose to shut the door without first asking his permission. He was a widower with no interest in children, or talent with them. He regarded them as young adults, and until this strange crisis he, like the rest of Salem, never conceived that the children were anything but thankful for being permitted to walk straight, eyes slightly lowered, arms at the sides, and mouths shut until bidden to speak.

5 His house stood in the “town”—but we today would hardly call it a village. The meeting house was nearby, and from this point outward—toward the bay or inland—there were a few small-windowed, dark houses snuggling against the raw Massachusetts winter. Salem had been established hardly forty years before. To the European world the whole province was a barbaric frontier inhabited by a sect of fanatics who, nevertheless, were shipping out products of slowly increasing quantity and value.

6 No one can really know what their lives were like. They had no novelists—and would not have permitted anyone to read a novel if one were handy. Their creed forbade anything resembling a theater or “vain enjoyment.” They did not celebrate Christmas, and a holiday from work meant only that they must concentrate even more upon prayer.
Which is not to say that nothing broke into this strict and somber way of life. When a new farmhouse was built, friends assembled to “raise the roof,” and there would be special foods cooked and probably some potent cider passed around. There was a good supply of ne’er-do-wells in Salem, who dallied at the shovelboard in Bridget Bishop’s tavern. Probably more than the creed, hard work kept the morals of the place from spoiling, for the people were forced to fight the land like heroes for every grain of corn, and no man had very much time for fooling around.

That there were some jokers, however, is indicated by the practice of appointing a two-man patrol whose duty was to “walk forth in the time of God’s worship to take notice of such as either lye about the meeting house, without attending to the word and ordinances, or that lye at home or in the fields without giving good account thereof, and to take the names of such persons, and to present them to the magistrates, whereby they may be accordingly proceeded against.” This predilection for minding other people’s business was time-honored among the people of Salem, and it undoubtedly created many of the suspicions which were to feed the coming madness. It was also, in my opinion, one of the things that a John Proctor would rebel against, for the time of the armed camp had almost passed, and since the country was reasonably—although not wholly—safe, the old disciplines were beginning to rankle. But, as in all such matters, the issue was not clear-cut, for danger was still a possibility, and in unity still lay the best promise of safety.

The edge of the wilderness was close by. The American continent stretched endlessly west, and it was full of mystery for them. It stood, dark and threatening, over their shoulders night and day, for out of it Indian tribes marauded from time to time, and Reverend Parris had parishioners who had lost relatives to these heathen.

The parochial snobbery of these people was partly responsible for their failure to convert the Indians. Probably they also preferred to take land from heathens rather than from fellow Christians. At any rate, very few Indians were converted, and the Salem folk believed that the virgin forest was the Devil’s last preserve, his home base and the citadel of his final stand. To the best of their knowledge the American forest was the last place on earth that was not paying homage to God.

For these reasons, among others, they carried about an air of innate resistance, even of persecution. Their fathers had, of course, been persecuted in England. So now they and their church found it necessary to deny any other sect its freedom, lest their New Jerusalem be defiled and corrupted by wrong ways and deceitful ideas.
They believed, in short, that they held in their steady hands the candle that would light the world. We have inherited this belief, and it has helped and hurt us. It helped them with the discipline it gave them. They were a dedicated folk, by and large, and they had to be to survive the life they had chosen or been born into in this country.

The proof of their belief's value to them may be taken from the opposite character of the first Jamestown settlement, farther south, in Virginia. The Englishmen who landed there were motivated mainly by a hunt for profit. They had thought to pick off the wealth of the new country and then return rich to England. They were a band of individualists, and a much more ingratiating group than the Massachusetts men. But Virginia destroyed them. Massachusetts tried to kill off the Puritans, but they combined; they set up a communal society which, in the beginning, was little more than an armed camp with an autocratic and very devoted leadership. It was, however, an autocracy by consent, for they were united from top to bottom by a commonly held ideology whose perpetuation was the reason and justification for all their sufferings. So their self-denial, their purposefulness, their suspicion of all vain pursuits, their hard-handed justice, were altogether perfect instruments for the conquest of this space so antagonistic to man.

But the people of Salem in 1692 were not quite the dedicated folk that arrived on the Mayflower. A vast differentiation had taken place, and in their own time a revolution had unseated the royal government and substituted a junta\(^3\) which was at this moment in power. The times, to their eyes, must have been out of joint, and to the common folk must have seemed as insoluble and complicated as do ours today. It is not hard to see how easily many could have been led to believe that the time of confusion had been brought upon them by deep and darkling forces. No hint of such speculation appears on the court record, but social disorder in any age breeds such mystical suspicions, and when, as in Salem, wonders are brought forth from below the social surface, it is too much to expect people to hold back very long from laying on the victims with all the force of their frustrations.

The Salem tragedy, which is about to begin in these pages, developed from a paradox. It is a paradox in whose grip we still live, and there is no prospect yet that we will discover its resolution. Simply, it was this: for good purposes, even high purposes, the people of Salem developed a theocracy, a combine of state and religious power whose function was to keep the community together, and to prevent any kind of disunity that might open it to destruction by material or ideological enemies. It was forged for a necessary purpose and accomplished that

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3. junta (HOON tuh) n. assembly or council.
purpose. But all organization is and must be grounded on the idea of exclusion and prohibition, just as two objects cannot occupy the same space. Evidently the time came in New England when the repressions of order were heavier than seemed warranted by the dangers against which the order was organized. The witch-hunt was a perverse manifestation of the panic which set in among all classes when the balance began to turn toward greater individual freedom.

When one rises above the individual villainy displayed, one can only pity them all, just as we shall be pitied someday. It is still impossible for man to organize his social life without repressions, and the balance has yet to be struck between order and freedom.

The witch-hunt was not, however, a mere repression. It was also, and as importantly, a long overdue opportunity for everyone so inclined to express publicly his guilt and sins, under the cover of accusations against the victims. It suddenly became possible—and patriotic and holy—for a man to say that Martha Corey had come into his bedroom at night, and that, while his wife was sleeping at his side, Martha laid herself down on his chest and “nearly suffocated him.” Of course it was her spirit only, but his satisfaction at confessing himself was no lighter than if it had been Martha herself. One could not ordinarily speak such things in public.

Long-held hatreds of neighbors could now be openly expressed, and vengeance taken, despite the Bible’s charitable injunctions. Land-lust which had been expressed before by constant bickering over boundaries and deeds, could now be elevated to the arena of morality; one could cry witch against one’s neighbor and feel perfectly justified in the bargain. Old scores could be settled on a plane of heavenly combat between Lucifer and the Lord; suspicions and the envy of the miserable toward the happy could and did burst out in the general revenge.

REVEREND PARRIS is praying now, and, though we cannot hear his words, a sense of his confusion hangs about him. He mumbles, then seems about to weep; then he weeps, then prays again; but his daughter does not stir on the bed.

The door opens, and his Negro slave enters. TITUBA is in her forties. PARRIS brought her with him from Barbados, where he spent some years as a merchant before entering the ministry. She enters as one does who can no longer bear to be barred from the sight of her beloved, but she is also very frightened because her slave sense has warned her that, as always, trouble in this house eventually lands on her back.

Tituba, already taking a step backward: My Betty be hearty soon?

Parrs: Out of here!
23 Tituba, backing to the door: My Betty not goin’ die . . .

24 Parris, scrambling to his feet in a fury: Out of my sight! She is gone. Out of my—He is overcome with sobs. He clamps his teeth against them and closes the door and leans against it, exhausted. Oh, my God! God help me! Quaking with fear, mumbling to himself through his sobs, he goes to the bed and gently takes Betty’s hand. Betty. Child. Dear child. Will you wake, will you open up your eyes! Betty, little one . . .

25 He is bending to kneel again when his niece, Abigail Williams, seventeen, enters—a strikingly beautiful girl, an orphan, with an endless capacity for dissembling. Now she is all worry and apprehension and propriety.

26 Abigail: Uncle? He looks to her. Susanna Walcott’s here from Doctor Griggs.

27 Parris: Oh? Let her come, let her come.

28 Abigail, leaning out the door to call to Susanna, who is down the hall a few steps: Come in, Susanna.

29 Susanna Walcott, a little younger than Abigail, a nervous, hurried girl enters.

30 Parris, eagerly: What does the doctor say, child?

31 Susanna, craning around Parris to get a look at Betty: He bid me come and tell you, reverend sir, that he cannot discover no medicine for it in his books.

32 Parris: Then he must search on.

33 Susanna: Aye, sir, he have been searchin’ his books since he left you, sir. But he bid me tell you, that you might look to unnatural things for the cause of it.

34 Parris, his eyes going wide: No—no. There be no unnatural cause here. Tell him I have sent for Reverend Hale of Beverly, and Mr. Hale will surely confirm that. Let him look to medicine and put out all thought of unnatural causes here. There be none.

35 Susanna: Aye, sir. He bid me tell you. She turns to go.

36 Abigail: Speak nothin’ of it in the village, Susanna.

37 Parris: Go directly home and speak nothing of unnatural causes.

38 Susanna: Aye, sir. I pray for her. She goes out.

39 Abigail: Uncle, the rumor of witchcraft is all about; I think you’d best go down and deny it yourself. The parlor’s packed with people, sir. I’ll sit with her.

40 Parris, pressed, turns on her: And what shall I say to them? That my daughter and my niece I discovered dancing like heathen in the forest?

41 Abigail: Uncle, we did dance; let you tell them I confessed it—and I’ll be whipped if I must be. But they’re speakin’ of witchcraft. Betty’s not witched.
Parris: Abigail, I cannot go before the congregation when I know you have not opened with me. What did you do with her in the forest?

Abigail: We did dance, uncle, and when you leaped out of the bush so suddenly, Betty was frightened and then she fainted. And there’s the whole of it.

Parris: Child. Sit you down.

Abigail, quavering, as she sits: I would never hurt Betty. I love her dearly.

Parris: Now look you, child, your punishment will come in its time. But if you trafficked with spirits in the forest I must know it now, for surely my enemies will, and they will ruin me with it.

Abigail: But we never conjured spirits.

Parris: Then why can she not move herself since midnight? This child is desperate! Abigail lowers her eyes. It must come out—my enemies will bring it out. Let me know what you done there. Abigail, do you understand that I have many enemies?

Abigail: I have heard of it, uncle.

Parris: There is a faction that is sworn to drive me from my pulpit. Do you understand that?

Abigail: I think so, sir.

Parris: Now then, in the midst of such disruption, my own household is discovered to be the very center of some obscene practice. Abominations are done in the forest—

Abigail: It were sport, uncle!

Parris, pointing at Betty: You call this sport? She lowers her eyes. He pleads: Abigail, if you know something that may help the doctor, for God’s sake tell it to me. She is silent. I saw Tituba waving her arms over the fire when I came on you. Why was she doing that? And I heard a screeching and gibberish coming from her mouth. She were swaying like a dumb beast over that fire!

Abigail: She always sings her Barbados songs, and we dance.

Parris: I cannot blink what I saw, Abigail, for my enemies will not blink it. I saw a dress lying on the grass.

Abigail, innocently: A dress?

Parris—it is very hard to say: Aye, a dress. And I thought I saw—someone naked running through the trees!

Abigail, in terror: No one was naked! You mistake yourself, uncle!

Parris, with anger: I saw it! He moves from her. Then, resolved: Now tell me true, Abigail. And I pray you feel the weight of truth upon you, for now my ministry’s at stake, my ministry and perhaps your cousin’s life. Whatever abomination you have
done, give me all of it now, for I dare not be taken unaware when I go before them down there.

61 Abigail: There is nothin’ more. I swear it, uncle.

62 Parris, studies her, then nods, half convinced: Abigail, I have fought here three long years to bend these stiff-necked people to me, and now, just now when some good respect is rising for me in the parish, you compromise my very character. I have given you a home, child. I have put clothes upon your back—now give me upright answer. Your name in the town—it is entirely white, is it not?

63 Abigail, with an edge of resentment: Why, I am sure it is, sir. There be no blush about my name.

64 Parris, to the point: Abigail, is there any other cause than you have told me, for your being discharged from Goody Proctor’s service? I have heard it said, and I tell you as I heard it, that she

5. Goody title used for a married woman; short for Goodwife.
comes so rarely to the church this year for she will not sit so close to something soiled. What signified that remark?

65  **Abigail:** She hates me, uncle, she must, for I would not be her slave. It’s a bitter woman, a lying, cold, sniveling woman, and I will not work for such a woman!

66  **Parris:** She may be. And yet it has troubled me that you are now seven month out of their house, and in all this time no other family has ever called for your service.

67  **Abigail:** They want slaves, not such as I. Let them send to Barbados for that. I will not black my face for any of them! *With ill-concealed resentment at him:* Do you begrudge my bed, uncle?

68  **Parris:** No—no.

69  **Abigail, in a temper:** My name is good in the village! I will not have it said my name is soiled! Goody Proctor is a gossiping liar!

70  **Enter Mrs. Ann Putnam. She is a twisted soul of forty-five, a death-ridden woman, haunted by dreams.**

71  **Parris, as soon as the door begins to open:** No—no. I cannot have anyone. *He sees her, and a certain deference springs into him, although his worry remains.* Why, Goody Putnam, come in.

72  **Mrs. Putnam, full of breath, shiny-eyed:** It is a marvel. It is surely a stroke of hell upon you.

73  **Parris:** No, Goody Putnam. It is—

74  **Mrs. Putnam, glancing at Betty:** How high did she fly, how high?

75  **Parris:** No, no, she never flew—

76  **Mrs. Putnam, very pleased with it:** Why, it’s sure she did. Mr. Collins saw her goin’ over Ingersoll’s barn, and come down light as bird, he says!

77  **Parris:** Now, look you, Goody Putnam, she never—** Enter Thomas Putnam, a well-to-do, hard-handed landowner, near fifty. Oh, good morning, Mr. Putnam.

78  **Putnam:** It is a providence the thing is out now! It is a providence. *He goes directly to the bed.*

79  **Parris:** What’s out, sir, what’s—?

80  **Mrs. Putnam goes to the bed.**

81  **Putnam, looking down at Betty:** Why, her eyes is closed! Look you, Ann.

82  **Mrs. Putnam:** Why, that’s strange. To Parris: Ours is open.

83  **Parris, shocked:** Your Ruth is sick?

84  **Mrs. Putnam, with vicious certainty:** I’d not call it sick; the Devil’s touch is heavier than sick. It’s death, y’know, it’s death drivin’ into them, forked and hoofed.

85  **Parris:** Oh, pray not! Why, how does Ruth ail?
Mrs. Putnam: She ails as she must—she never waked this morning, but her eyes open and she walks, and hears naught, sees naught, and cannot eat. Her soul is taken, surely.

Parris is struck.

Putnam, as though for further details: They say you’ve sent for Reverend Hale of Beverly?

Parris, with dwindling conviction now: A precaution only. He has much experience in all demonic arts, and I—

Mrs. Putnam: He has indeed; and found a witch in Beverly last year, and let you remember that.

Parris: Now, Goody Ann, they only thought that were a witch, and I am certain there be no element of witchcraft here.

Putnam: No witchcraft! Now look you, Mr. Parris—

Parris: Thomas, Thomas, I pray you, leap not to witchcraft. I know that you—you least of all. Thomas, would ever wish so disastrous a charge laid upon me. We cannot leap to witchcraft. They will howl me out of Salem for such corruption in my house.

A word about Thomas Putnam. He was a man with many grievances, at least one of which appears justified. Some time before, his wife’s brother-in-law, James Bayley, had been turned down as minister at Salem. Bayley had all the qualifications, and a two-thirds vote into the bargain, but a faction stopped his acceptance, for reasons that are not clear.

Thomas Putnam was the eldest son of the richest man in the village. He had fought the Indians at Narragansett, and was deeply interested in parish affairs. He undoubtedly felt it poor payment that the village should so blatantly disregard his candidate for one of its more important offices, especially since he regarded himself as the intellectual superior of most of the people around him.

His vindictive nature was demonstrated long before the witchcraft began. Another former Salem minister, George Burroughs, had had to borrow money to pay for his wife’s funeral, and, since the parish was remiss in his salary, he was soon bankrupt. Thomas and his brother John had Burroughs jailed for debts the man did not owe. The incident is important only in that Burroughs succeeded in becoming minister where Bayley, Thomas Putnam’s brother-in-law, had been rejected; the motif of resentment is clear here. Thomas Putnam felt that his own name and the honor of his family had been smirched by the village, and he meant to right matters however he could.

Another reason to believe him a deeply embittered man was his attempt to break his father’s will, which left a disproportionate amount to a stepbrother. As with every other public cause in which he tried to force his way, he failed in this.
So it is not surprising to find that so many accusations against people are in the handwriting of Thomas Putnam, or that his name is so often found as a witness corroborating the supernatural testimony, or that his daughter led the crying-out at the most opportune junctures of the trials, especially when—But we’ll speak of that when we come to it.

Putnam—at the moment he is intent upon getting Parris, for whom he has only contempt, to move toward the abyss: Mr. Parris, I have taken your part in all contention here, and I would continue; but I cannot if you hold back in this. There are hurtful, vengeful spirits layin’ hands on these children.

Parrs: But, Thomas, you cannot—

Mrs. Putnam: Reverend Parris, I have laid seven babies unbaptized in the earth. Believe me, sir, you never saw more hearty babies born. And yet, each would wither in my arms the very night of their birth. I have spoke nothin’, but my heart has clamored intimations. And now, this year, my Ruth, my only—I see her turning strange. A secret child she has become this year, and shrivels like a sucking mouth were pullin’ on her life too. And so I thought to send her to your Tituba—

Parrs: To Tituba! What may Tituba—?

Mrs. Putnam: Tituba knows how to speak to the dead, Mr. Parris.

Parrs: Goody Ann, it is a formidable sin to conjure up the dead!

Mrs. Putnam: I take it on my soul, but who else may surely tell us what person murdered my babies?

Parrs, horrified: Woman!

Mrs. Putnam: They were murdered, Mr. Parris! And mark this proof! Mark it! Last night my Ruth were ever so close to their little spirits; I know it, sir. For how else is she struck dumb now except some power of darkness would stop her mouth? It is a marvelous sign, Mr. Parris!

Putnam: Don’t you understand it, sir? There is a murdering witch among us, bound to keep herself in the dark. PARRIS TURNS TO BETTY, a frantic terror rising in him. Let your enemies make of it what they will, you cannot blink it more.

Parrs, to Abigail: Then you were conjuring spirits last night.

Abigail, whispering: Not I, sir—Tituba and Ruth.

Parrs turns now, with new fear, and goes to Betty, looks down at her, and then, gazing off: Oh, Abigail, what proper payment for my charity! Now I am undone.

Putnam: You are not undone! Let you take hold here. Wait for no one to charge you—declare it yourself. You have discovered witchcraft—
Parris: In my house? In my house, Thomas? They will topple me with this! They will make of it a—

Enter MERCY LEWIS, the Putnams' servant, a fat, sly, merciless girl of eighteen.

Mercy: Your pardons. I only thought to see how Betty is.

Putnam: Why aren’t you home? Who’s with Ruth?

Mercy: Her grandma come. She’s improved a little, I think—she give a powerful sneeze before.

Mrs. Putnam: Ah, there’s a sign of life!

Mercy: I’d fear no more, Goody Putnam. It were a grand sneeze; another like it will shake her wits together, I’m sure. She goes to the bed to look.

Parris: Will you leave me now, Thomas? I would pray a while alone.

Abigail: Uncle, you’ve prayed since midnight. Why do you not go down and—

Parris: No—no. To Putnam: I have no answer for that crowd. I’ll wait till Mr. Hale arrives. To get Mrs. Putnam to leave: If you will, Goody Ann . . .

Putnam: Now look you, sir. Let you strike out against the Devil, and the village will bless you for it! Come down, speak to them—pray with them. They’re thirsting for your word, Mister! Surely you’ll pray with them.

Parris, swayed: I’ll lead them in a psalm, but let you say nothing of witchcraft yet. I will not discuss it. The cause is yet unknown. I have had enough contention since I came; I want no more.

Mrs. Putnam: Mercy, you go home to Ruth, d’y’hear?

Mercy: Aye, mum.

Mrs. Putnam goes out.

Parris, to Abigail: If she starts for the window, cry for me at once.

Abigail: I will, uncle.

Parris, to Putnam: There is a terrible power in her arms today. He goes out with Putnam.

Abigail, with hushed trepidation: How is Ruth sick?

Mercy: It’s weirdish. I know not—she seems to walk like a dead one since last night.

Abigail, turns at once and goes to Betty, and now, with fear in her voice: Betty? Betty doesn’t move. She shakes her. Now stop this! Betty! Sit up now!

Betty doesn’t stir. Mercy comes over.
Mercy: Have you tried beatin’ her? I gave Ruth a good one and it waked her for a minute. Here, let me have her.

Abigail, holding Mercy back: No, he’ll be comin’ up. Listen, now: if they be questioning us, tell them we danced—I told him as much already.

Mercy: Aye. And what more?

Abigail: He knows Tituba conjured Ruth’s sisters to come out of the grave.

Mercy: And what more?

Abigail: He saw you naked.

Mercy: clapping her hands together with a frightened laugh: Oh, Jesus!

Enter Mary Warren, breathless. She is seventeen, a subservient, naive, lonely girl.

Mary Warren: What’ll we do? The village is out! I just come from the farm; the whole country’s talkin’ witchcraft! They’ll be callin’ us witches, Abby!

Mercy, pointing and looking at Mary Warren: She means to tell. I know it.

Mary Warren: Abby, we’ve got to tell. Witchery’s a hangin’ error, a hangin’ like they done in Boston two year ago! We must
tell the truth, Abby! You’ll only be whipped for dancin’, and the other things!

146 Abigail: Oh, we’ll be whipped!

147 Mary Warren: I never done none of it, Abby. I only looked!

148 Mercy, moving menacingly toward Mary: Oh, you’re a great one for lookin’, aren’t you, Mary Warren? What a grand peeping courage you have!

149 Betty, on the bed, whimpers. Abigail turns to her at once.

150 Abigail: Betty? She goes to Betty. Now, Betty, dear, wake up now. It’s Abigail. She sits Betty up and furiously shakes her. I’ll beat you, Betty! Betty whimpers. My, you seem improving. I talked to your papa and I told him everything. So there’s nothing to—

151 Betty, darts off the bed, frightened of Abigail, and flattens herself against the wall: I want my mama!

152 Abigail, with alarm, as she cautiously approaches Betty: What ails you, Betty? Your mama’s dead and buried.

153 Betty: I’ll fly to Mama. Let me fly! She raises her arms as though to fly, and streaks for the window, gets one leg out.

154 Abigail, pulling her away from the window: I told him everything, he knows now, he knows everything we—

155 Betty: You drank blood, Abby! You didn’t tell him that!

156 Abigail: Betty, you never say that again! You will never—

157 Betty: You did, you did! You drank a charm to kill John Proctor’s wife! You drank a charm to kill Goody Proctor!

158 Abigail, smashes her across the face: Shut it! Now shut it!

159 Betty: collapsing on the bed: Mama. Mama! She dissolves into sobs.

160 Abigail: Now look you. All of you. We danced. And Tituba conjured Ruth Putnam’s dead sisters. And that is all. And mark this. Let either of you breathe a word, or the edge of a word, about the other things, and I will come to you in the black of some terrible night and I will bring a pointy reckoning that will shudder you. And you know I can do it; I saw Indians smash my dear parents’ heads on the pillow next to mine, and I have seen some reddish work done at night, and I can make you wish you had never seen the sun go down! She goes to Betty and roughly sits her up. Now, you—sit up and stop this!

161 But Betty collapses in her hands and lies inert on the bed.

162 Mary Warren, with hysterical fright: What’s got her? Abigail stares in fright at Betty. Abby, she’s going to die! It’s a sin to conjure, and we—

163 Abigail, starting for Mary: I say shut it, Mary Warren!

164 Enter John Proctor. On seeing him, Mary Warren leaps in fright.
Proctor was a farmer in his middle thirties. He need not have been a partisan of any faction in the town, but there is evidence to suggest that he had a sharp and biting way with hypocrites. He was the kind of man—powerful of body, even-tempered, and not easily led—who cannot refuse support to partisans without drawing their deepest resentment. In Proctor’s presence a fool felt his foolishness instantly—and a Proctor is always marked for calumny therefore.

But as we shall see, the steady manner he displays does not spring from an untroubled soul. He is a sinner, a sinner not only against the moral fashion of the time, but against his own vision of decent conduct. These people had no ritual for the washing away of sins. It is another trait we inherited from them, and it has helped to discipline us as well as to breed hypocrisy among us. Proctor, respected and even feared in Salem, has come to regard himself as a kind of fraud. But no hint of this has yet appeared on the surface, and as he enters from the crowded parlor below it is a man in his prime we see, with a quiet confidence and an unexpressed, hidden force. Mary Warren, his servant, can barely speak for embarrassment and fear.

Mary Warren: Oh! I’m just going home, Mr. Proctor.

Proctor: Be you foolish, Mary Warren? Be you deaf? I forbid you leave the house, did I not? Why shall I pay you? I am looking for you more often than my cows!

Mary Warren: I only come to see the great doings in the world.

Proctor: I’ll show you a great doin’ on your arse one of these days. Now get you home; my wife is waitin’ with your work! Trying to retain a shred of dignity, she goes slowly out.

Mercy Lewis, both afraid of him and strangely titillated: I’d best be off. I have my Ruth to watch. Good morning, Mr. Proctor.

Mercy sidles out. Since PROCTOR’s entrance, ABIGAIL has stood as though on tiptoe, absorbing his presence, wide-eyed. He glances at her, then goes to BETTY on the bed.

Abigail: Gah! I’d almost forgot how strong you are, John Proctor!

Proctor, looking at ABIGAIL now, the faintest suggestion of a knowing smile on his face: What’s this mischief here?

Abigail, with a nervous laugh: Oh, she’s only gone silly somehow.

Proctor: The road past my house is a pilgrimage to Salem all morning. The town’s mumbling witchcraft.

Abigail: Oh, posh! Winningly she comes a little closer, with a confidential, wicked air. We were dancin’ in the woods last night, and my uncle leaped in on us. She took fright, is all.

Proctor, his smile widening: Ah, you’re wicked yet, aren’t y’! A trill of expectant laughter escapes her, and she dares come closer, feverishly
looking into his eyes. You’ll be clapped in the stocks before you’re twenty. He takes a step to go, and she springs into his path.

**Abigail:** Give me a word, John. A soft word. Her concentrated desire destroys his smile.

**Proctor:** No, no, Abby. That’s done with.

**Abigail**, tauntingly: You come five mile to see a silly girl fly? I know you better.

**Proctor, setting her firmly out of his path:** I come to see what mischief your uncle’s brewin’ now. *With final emphasis:* Put it out of mind, Abby.

**Abigail**, grasping his hand before he can release her: John—I am waitin’ for you every night.

**Proctor:** Abby, I never give you hope to wait for me.

**Abigail**, now beginning to anger—she can’t believe it: I have something better than hope, I think!

**Proctor:** Abby, you’ll put it out of mind. I’ll not be comin’ for you more.

**Abigail:** You’re surely sportin’ with me.

**Proctor:** You know me better.

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In the 1996 film version of *The Crucible*, Daniel Day-Lewis portrays John Proctor. Here, Abigail, played by Winona Ryder, pleads with Proctor.
Abigail: I know how you clutched my back behind your house and sweated like a stallion whenever I come near! Or did I dream that? It’s she put me out, you cannot pretend it were you. I saw your face when she put me out, and you loved me then and you do now!

Proctor: Abby, that’s a wild thing to say—

Abigail: A wild thing may say wild things. But not so wild, I think. I have seen you since she put me out; I have seen you nights.

Proctor: I have hardly stepped off my farm this seven month.

Abigail: I have a sense for heat, John, and yours has drawn me to my window, and I have seen you looking up, burning in your loneliness. Do you tell me you’ve never looked up at my window?

Proctor: I may have looked up.

Abigail, now softening: And you must. You are no wintry man. I know you, John. I know you. She is weeping. I cannot sleep for dreamin’; I cannot dream but I wake and walk about the house as though I’d find you comin’ through some door. She clutches him desperately.

Proctor, gently pressing her from him, with great sympathy but firmly: Child—

Abigail, with a flash of anger: How do you call me child!

Proctor: Abby, I may think of you softly from time to time. But I will cut off my hand before I’ll ever reach for you again. Wipe it out of mind. We never touched, Abby.

Abigail: Aye, but we did.

Proctor: Aye, but we did not.

Abigail, with a bitter anger: Oh, I marvel how such a strong man may let such a sickly wife be—

Proctor, angered—at himself as well: You’ll speak nothin’ of Elizabeth!

Abigail: She is blackening my name in the village! She is telling lies about me! She is a cold, sniveling woman, and you bend to her! Let her turn you like a—

Proctor, shaking her: Do you look for whippin’?

A psalm is heard being sung below.

Abigail, in tears: I look for John Proctor that took me from my sleep and put knowledge in my heart! I never knew what pretense Salem was, I never knew the lying lessons I was taught by all these Christian women and their covenanted men! And now you bid me tear the light out of my eyes? I will not, I cannot! You loved me, John Proctor, and whatever sin it is, you
love me yet! He turns abruptly to go out. She rushes to him.
John, pity me, pity me!

The words “going up to Jesus” are heard in the psalm. and Betty claps her ears suddenly and whines loudly.

Abigail: Betty? She hurries to Betty, who is now sitting up and screaming. Proctor goes to Betty as Abigail is trying to pull her hands down, calling “Betty!”

Proctor, growing unnerved: What’s she doing? Girl, what ails you? Stop that wailing!

The singing has stopped in the midst of this, and now Parris rushes in.

Parris: What happened? What are you doing to her? Betty! He rushes to the bed, crying, “Betty, Betty!” Mrs. Putnam enters, feverish with curiosity, and with her Thomas Putnam and Mercy Lewis. Parris, at the bed, keeps lightly slapping Betty’s face, while she moans and tries to get up.

Abigail: She heard you singin’ and suddenly she’s up and screamin’.

Mrs. Putnam: The psalm! The psalm! She cannot bear to hear the Lord’s name!


Mrs. Putnam: Mark it for a sign, mark it!

Rebecca Nurse, seventy-two, enters. She is white-haired, leaning upon her walking-stick.

Putnam, pointing at the whimpering Betty: That is a notorious sign of witchcraft afoot, Goody Nurse, a prodigious sign!

Mrs. Putnam: My mother told me that! When they cannot bear to hear the name of—

Parris, trembling: Rebecca, Rebecca, go to her, we’re lost. She suddenly cannot bear to hear the Lord’s—

Giles Corey, eighty-three, enters. He is knotted with muscle, canny, inquisitive, and still powerful.

Rebecca: There is hard sickness here, Giles Corey, so please to keep the quiet.

Giles: I’ve not said a word. No one here can testify I’ve said a word. Is she going to fly again? I hear she flies.

Putnam: Man, be quiet now!

Everything is quiet. Rebecca walks across the room to the bed. Gentleness exudes from her. Betty is quietly whimpering, eyes shut. Rebecca simply stands over the child, who gradually quiets.

And while they are so absorbed, we may put a word in for Rebecca. Rebecca was the wife of Francis Nurse, who, from all
accounts, was one of those men for whom both sides of the argument had to have respect. He was called upon to arbitrate disputes as though he were an unofficial judge, and Rebecca also enjoyed the high opinion most people had for him. By the time of the delusion, they had three hundred acres, and their children were settled in separate homesteads within the same estate. However, Francis had originally rented the land, and one theory has it that, as he gradually paid for it and raised his social status, there were those who resented his rise.

Another suggestion to explain the systematic campaign against Rebecca, and inferentially against Francis, is the land war he fought with his neighbors, one of whom was a Putnam. This squabble grew to the proportions of a battle in the woods between partisans of both sides, and it is said to have lasted for two days. As for Rebecca herself, the general opinion of her character was so high that to explain how anyone dared cry her out for a witch—and more, how adults could bring themselves to lay hands on her—we must look to the fields and boundaries of that time.

As we have seen. Thomas Putnam’s man for the Salem ministry was Bayley. The Nurse clan had been in the faction that prevented Bayley’s taking office. In addition, certain families allied to the Nurses by blood or friendship, and whose farms were contiguous with the Nurse farm or close to it, combined to break away from the Salem town authority and set up Topsfield, a new and independent entity whose existence was resented by old Salemites.

That the guiding hand behind the outcry was Putnam’s is indicated by the fact that, as soon as it began, this Topsfield-Nurse faction absented themselves from church in protest and disbelief. It was Edward and Jonathan Putnam who signed the first complaint against Rebecca; and Thomas Putnam’s little daughter was the one who fell into a fit at the hearing and pointed to Rebecca as her attacker. To top it all, Mrs. Putnam—who is now staring at the bewitched child on the bed—soon accused Rebecca’s spirit of “tempting her to iniquity,” a charge that had more truth in it than Mrs. Putnam could know.

Mrs. Putnam, astonished: What have you done?

Rebecca, in thought, now leaves the bedside and sits.

Parris, wondrous and relieved: What do you make of it. Rebecca?

Putnam, eagerly: Goody Nurse, will you go to my Ruth and see if you can wake her?

Rebecca, sitting: I think she’ll wake in time. Pray calm yourselves. I have eleven children, and I am twenty-six times a grandma, and I have seen them all through their silly seasons, and when it come on them they will run the Devil bowlegged
keeping up with their mischief. I think she’ll wake when she
tires of it. A child’s spirit is like a child, you can never catch it by
running after it; you must stand still, and, for love, it will soon
itself come back.

Proctor: Aye, that’s the truth of it, Rebecca.

Mrs. Putnam: This is no silly season, Rebecca. My Ruth is
bewildered, Rebecca; she cannot eat.

Rebecca: Perhaps she is not hungered yet. To Parris: I hope you
are not decided to go in search of loose spirits, Mr. Parris. I’ve
heard promise of that outside.

Parris: A wide opinion’s running in the parish that the Devil
may be among us, and I would satisfy them that they are wrong.

Proctor: Then let you come out and call them wrong. Did you
consult the wardens before you called this minister to look for
devils?

Parris: He is not coming to look for devils!

Proctor: Then what’s he coming for?

Putnam: There be children dyin’ in the village, Mister!

Proctor: I seen none dyin’. This society will not be a bag to
swing around your head, Mr. Putnam. To PARRIS: Did you call a
meeting before you—?

Putnam: I am sick of meetings; cannot the man turn his head
without he have a meeting?

Proctor: He may turn his head, but not to Hell!

Rebecca: Pray, John, be calm. Pause. He defers to her.

Mrs. Putnam, with a growing edge of sarcasm: But I must! You
think it God’s work you should never lose a child, nor
grandchild either, and I bury all but one? There are wheels
within wheels in this village, and fires within fires!

Putnam, to PARRIS: When Reverend Hale comes, you will
proceed to look for signs of witchcraft here.
Proctor, to Putnam: You cannot command Mr. Parris. We vote by name in this society, not by acreage.

Putnam: I never heard you worried so on this society, Mr. Proctor. I do not think I saw you at Sabbath meeting since snow flew.

Proctor: I have trouble enough without I come five mile to hear him preach only hellfire and bloody damnation. Take it to heart, Mr. Parris. There are many others who stay away from church these days because you hardly ever mention God any more.

Parris, now aroused: Why, that’s a drastic charge!

Rebecca: It’s somewhat true; there are many that quail to bring their children—

Parris: I do not preach for children, Rebecca. It is not the children who are unmindful of their obligations toward this ministry.

Rebecca: Are there really those unmindful?

Parris: I should say the better half of Salem village—

Putnam: And more than that!

Parris: Where is my wood? My contract provides I be supplied with all my firewood. I am waiting since November for a stick, and even in November I had to show my frostbitten hands like some London beggar!

Giles: You are allowed six pound a year to buy your wood, Mr. Parris.

Parris: I regard that six pound as part of my salary. I am paid little enough without I spend six pound on firewood.

Proctor: Sixty, plus six for firewood—

Parris: The salary is sixty-six pound, Mr. Proctor! I am not some preaching farmer with a book under my arm; I am a graduate of Harvard College.

Giles: Aye, and well instructed in arithmetic!

Parris: Mr. Corey, you will look far for a man of my kind at sixty pound a year! I am not used to this poverty; I left a thrifty business in the Barbados to serve the Lord. I do not fathom it, why am I persecuted here? I cannot offer one proposition but there be a howling riot of argument. I have often wondered if the Devil be in it somewhere; I cannot understand you people otherwise.

Proctor: Mr. Parris, you are the first minister ever did demand the deed to this house—

Parris: Man! Don’t a minister deserve a house to live in?

Proctor: To live in, yes. But to ask ownership is like you shall own the meeting house itself; the last meeting I were at you
spoke so long on deeds and mortgages I thought it were an auction.

Parris: I want a mark of confidence, is all! I am your third preacher in seven years. I do not wish to be put out like the cat whenever some majority feels the whim. You people seem not to comprehend that a minister is the Lord’s man in the parish; a minister is not to be so lightly crossed and contradicted—

Putnam: Aye!

Parris: There is either obedience or the church will burn like Hell is burning!

Proctor: Can you speak one minute without we land in Hell again? I am sick of Hell!

Parris: It is not for you to say what is good for you to hear!

Proctor: I may speak my heart, I think!

Parris, in a fury: What, are we Quakers?7 We are not Quakers here yet, Mr. Proctor. And you may tell that to your followers!

Proctor: My followers!

Parris—now he’s out with it: There is a party in this church. I am not blind; there is a faction and a party.

Proctor: Against you?

Putnam: Against him and all authority!

Proctor: Why, then I must find it and join it.

There is shock among the others.

Rebecca: He does not mean that.

Putnam: He confessed it now!

Proctor: I mean it solemnly, Rebecca; I like not the smell of this “authority.”

Rebecca: No, you cannot break charity with your minister. You are another kind, John. Clasp his hand, make your peace.

Proctor: I have a crop to sow and lumber to drag home. He goes angrily to the door and turns to Corey with a smile. What say you, Giles, let’s find the party. He says there’s a party.

Giles: I’ve changed my opinion of this man, John. Mr. Parris, I beg your pardon. I never thought you had so much iron in you.

Parris, surprised: Why, thank you, Giles!

Giles: It suggests to the mind what the trouble be among us all these years. To all: Think on it. Wherefore is everybody suing everybody else? Think on it now, it’s a deep thing, and dark as a pit. I have been six time in court this year—

Proctor, familiarly, with warmth, although he knows he is approaching the edge of Giles’s tolerance with this: Is it the Devil’s fault that a man cannot say you good morning without you clap

7. Quakers members of the Society of Friends, a Christian religious sect that was founded in the mid-seventeenth century and that has no formal creed, rites, or priesthood. Unlike the Quakers, the Puritans had a rigid code of conduct and were expected to heed to the words of their ministers.
him for **defamation**? You’re old, Giles, and you’re not hearin’ so well as you did.

293 **Giles**—*he cannot be crossed*: John Proctor, I have only last month collected four pound damages for you publicly sayin’ I burned the roof off your house, and I—

294 **Proctor, laughing**: I never said no such thing, but I’ve paid you for it, so I hope I can call you deaf without charge. Now come along, Giles, and help me drag my lumber home.

295 **Putnam**: A moment, Mr. Proctor. What lumber is that you’re draggin’, if I may ask you?

296 **Proctor**: My lumber. From out my forest by the riverside.

297 **Putnam**: Why, we are surely gone wild this year. What anarchy is this? That tract is in my bounds, it’s in my bounds, Mr. Proctor.

298 **Proctor**: In your bounds! *Indicating Rebecca*: I bought that tract from Goody Nurse’s husband five months ago.

299 **Putnam**: He had no right to sell it. It stands clear in my grandfather’s will that all the land between the river and—

300 **Proctor**: Your grandfather had a habit of willing land that never belonged to him, if I may say it plain.

301 **Giles**: That’s God’s truth; he nearly willed away my north pasture but he knew I’d break his fingers before he’d set his name to it. Let’s get your lumber home, John. I feel a sudden will to work coming on.

302 **Putnam**: You load one oak of mine and you’ll fight to drag it home!

303 **Giles**: Aye, and we’ll win too, Putnam—this fool and I. Come on! *He turns to Proctor and starts out.*

304 **Putnam**: I’ll have my men on you, Corey! I’ll clap a writ on you!

305 *Enter Reverend John Hale of Beverly.*

Mr. Hale is nearing forty, a tight-skinned, eager-eyed intellectual. This is a beloved errand for him; on being called here to ascertain witchcraft he felt the pride of the specialist whose unique knowledge has at last been publicly called for. Like almost all men of learning, he spent a good deal of time pondering the invisible world, especially since he had himself encountered a witch in his parish not long before. That woman, however, turned into a mere pest under his searching scrutiny, and the child she had allegedly been afflicting recovered her normal behavior after Hale had given her his kindness and a few days of rest in his own house. However, that experience never raised a doubt in his mind as to the reality of the underworld or the existence of Lucifer’s many-faced lieutenants. And his belief is not to his discredit. Better minds than Hale’s
were—and still are—convinced that there is a society of spirits beyond our ken. One cannot help noting that one of his lines has never yet raised a laugh in any audience that has seen this play: it is his assurance that “We cannot look to superstition in this. The Devil is precise.” Evidently we are not quite certain even now whether diabolism is holy and not to be scoffed at. And it is no accident that we should be so bemused.

Like Reverend Hale and the others on this stage, we conceive the Devil as a necessary part of a respectable view of cosmology. Ours is a divided empire in which certain ideas and emotions and actions are of God, and their opposites are of Lucifer. It is as impossible for most men to conceive of a morality without sin as of an earth without “sky.” Since 1692 a great but superficial change has wiped out God’s beard and the Devil’s horns, but the world is still gripped between two diametrically opposed absolutes. The concept of unity, in which positive and negative are attributes of the same force, in which good and evil are relative, ever-changing, and always joined to the same phenomenon—such a concept is still reserved to the physical sciences and to the few who have grasped the history of ideas. When it is recalled that until the Christian era the underworld was never regarded as a hostile area, that all gods were useful and essentially friendly to man despite occasional lapses; when we see the steady and methodical inculcation into humanity of the idea of man’s worthlessness—until redeemed—the necessity of the Devil may become evident as a weapon, a weapon designed and used time and time again in every age to whip men into a surrender to a particular church or church-state.

Our difficulty in believing the—for want of a better word—political inspiration of the Devil is due in great part to the fact that he is called up and damned not only by our social antagonists but by our own side, whatever it may be. The Catholic Church, through its Inquisition, is famous for cultivating Lucifer as the arch-fiend, but the Church’s enemies relied no less upon the Old Boy to keep the human mind enthralled. Luther was himself accused of alliance with Hell, and he in turn accused his enemies. To complicate matters further, he believed that he had had contact with the Devil and had argued theology with him. I am not surprised at this, for at my own university a professor of history—a Lutheran, by the way—used to assemble his graduate students, draw the shades, and commune in the classroom with Erasmus. He was never, to my knowledge, officially scoffed at for this, the reason being that the university officials, like most of us, are the children of a history which still sucks at the Devil’s teats. At this writing, only England has held back before the temptations of contemporary diabolism. In the countries of the Communist ideology, all resistance of any import is linked to the totally malign capitalist

8. Luther Martin Luther (1483–1546), German theologian who led the Protestant Reformation.

9. Lutheran member of the Protestant denomination founded by Martin Luther.

10. Erasmus Desiderius Erasmus (1466?–1536), Dutch humanist, scholar, and theologian.
succubi, and in America any man who is not reactionary in his views is open to the charge of alliance with the Red hell. Political opposition, thereby, is given an inhumane overlay which then justifies the abrogation of all normally applied customs of civilized intercourse. A political policy is equated with moral right, and opposition to it with diabolical malevolence. Once such an equation is effectively made, society becomes a congerie of plots and counterplots, and the main role of government changes from that of the arbiter to that of the scourge of God.

The results of this process are no different now from what they ever were, except sometimes in the degree of cruelty inflicted, and not always even in that department. Normally, the actions and deeds of a man were all that society felt comfortable in judging. The secret intent of an action was left to the ministers, priests, and rabbis to deal with. When diabolism rises, however, actions are the least important manifests of the true nature of a man. The Devil, as Reverend Hale said, is a wily one, and, until an hour before he fell, even God thought him beautiful in Heaven.

The analogy, however, seems to falter when one considers that, while there were no witches then, there are Communists and capitalists now, and in each camp there is certain proof that spies of each side are at work undermining the other. But this is a snobbish objection and not at all warranted by the facts. I have no doubt that people were communing with, and even worshipping, the Devil in Salem, and if the whole truth could be known in this case, as it is in others, we should discover a regular and conventionalized propitiation of the dark spirit. One certain evidence of this is the confession of Tituba, the slave of Reverend Parris, and another is the behavior of the children who were known to have indulged in sorceries with her.

There are accounts of similar klatches in Europe, where the daughters of the towns would assemble at night and, sometimes with fetishes, sometimes with a selected young man, give themselves to love, with somebastardly results. The Church, sharp-eyed as it must be when gods long dead are brought to life, condemned these orgies as witchcraft and interpreted them, rightly, as a resurgence of the Dionysiac forces it had crushed long before. Sex, sin, and the Devil were early linked, and so they continued to be in Salem, and are today. From all accounts there are no more puritanical mores in the world than those enforced by the Communists in Russia, where women’s fashions, for instance, are as prudent and all-covering as any American Baptist would desire. The divorce laws lay a tremendous responsibility on the father for the care of his children. Even the laxity of divorce regulations in the early years
of the revolution was undoubtedly a revulsion from the nineteenth-century Victorian\textsuperscript{17} immobility of marriage and the consequent hypocrisy that developed from it. If for no other reasons, a state so powerful, so jealous of the uniformity of its citizens, cannot long tolerate the atomization of the family. And yet, in American eyes at least, there remains the conviction that the Russian attitude toward women is lascivious. It is the Devil working again, just as he is working within the Slav who is shocked at the very idea of a woman’s disrobing herself in a burlesque show. Our opposites are always robed in sexual sin, and it is from this unconscious conviction that demonology gains both its attractive sensuality and its capacity to infuriate and frighten.

Coming into Salem now, Reverend Hale conceives of himself much as a young doctor on his first call. His painfully acquired armory of symptoms, catchwords, and diagnostic procedures are now to be put to use at last. The road from Beverly is unusually busy this morning, and he has passed a hundred rumors that make him smile at the ignorance of the yeomanry in this most precise science. He feels himself allied with the best minds of Europe—kings, philosophers, scientists, and ecclesiasts of all churches. His goal is light, goodness and its preservation, and he knows the exaltation of the blessed whose intelligence, sharpened by minute examinations of enormous tracts, is finally called upon to face what may be a bloody fight with the Fiend himself.

\textit{He appears loaded down with half a dozen heavy books.}

312 Hale: Pray you, someone take these!

313 Parris, \textit{delighted}: Mr. Hale! Oh! it’s good to see you again! \textit{Taking some books}: My, they’re heavy!

314 Hale, \textit{setting down his books}: They must be; they are weighted with authority.

315 Parris, \textit{a little scared}: Well, you do come prepared!

316 Hale: We shall need hard study if it comes to tracking down the Old Boy. \textit{Noticing REBECCA}: You cannot be Rebecca Nurse?

317 Rebecca: I am, sir. Do you know me?

318 Hale: It’s strange how I knew you, but I suppose you look as such a good soul should. We have all heard of your great charities in Beverly.

319 Parris: Do you know this gentleman? Mr. Thomas Putnam. And his good wife Ann.

320 Hale: Putnam! I had not expected such distinguished company, sir.

321 Putnam, \textit{pleased}: It does not seem to help us today, Mr. Hale. We look to you to come to our house and save our child.

322 Hale: Your child ails too?
Mrs. Putnam: Her soul, her soul seems flown away. She sleeps and yet she walks . . .

Putnam: She cannot eat.

Hale: Cannot eat! Thinks on it. Then, to proctor and Giles Corey: Do you men have afflicted children?

Parris: No, no, these are farmers. John Proctor—

Giles Corey: He don’t believe in witches.

Proctor, to Hale: I never spoke on witches one way or the other. Will you come, Giles?

Giles: No—no, John, I think not. I have some few queer questions of my own to ask this fellow.

Proctor: I’ve heard you to be a sensible man, Mr. Hale. I hope you’ll leave some of it in Salem.

proctor goes. Hale stands embarrassed for an instant.

Parris, quickly: Will you look at my daughter, sir? Leads Hale to the bed. She has tried to leap out the window; we discovered her this morning on the highroad, waving her arms as though she’d fly.

Hale, narrowing his eyes: Tries to fly.

Putnam: She cannot bear to hear the Lord’s name, Mr. Hale; that’s a sure sign of witchcraft afloat.

Hale, holding up his hands: No, no. Now let me instruct you. We cannot look to superstition in this. The Devil is precise; the marks of his presence are definite as stone, and I must tell you all that I shall not proceed unless you are prepared to believe me if I should find no bruise of hell upon her.

Parris: It is agreed, sir—it is agreed—we will abide by your judgment.

Hale: Good then. He goes to the bed, looks down at Betty. To Parris: Now, sir, what were your first warning of this strangeness?

Parris: Why, sir—I discovered her—indicating Abigail—and my niece and ten or twelve of the other girls, dancing in the forest last night.

Hale, surprised: You permit dancing?

Parris: No, no, it were secret—

Mrs. Putnam, unable to wait: Mr. Parris’s slave has knowledge of conjurin’, sir.

Parris, to Mrs. Putnam: We cannot be sure of that, Goody Ann—

Mrs. Putnam, frightened, very softly: I know it, sir. I sent my child—she should learn from Tituba who murdered her sisters.

Rebecca, horrified: Goody Ann! You sent a child to conjure up the dead?
Mrs. Putnam: Let God blame me, not you, not you. Rebecca! I’ll not have you judging me any more! To Hale: Is it a natural work to lose seven children before they live a day?

Parris: Sssh!

Rebecca, with great pain, turns her face away. There is a pause.

Hale: Seven dead in childbirth.

Mrs. Putnam, softly: Aye. Her voice breaks: she looks up at him. Silence. Hale is impressed. Parris looks to him. He goes to his books, opens one, turns pages, then reads. All wait, avidly.

Parris, hushed: What book is that?

Mrs. Putnam: What’s there, sir?

Hale, with a tasty love of intellectual pursuit: Here is all the invisible world, caught, defined, and calculated. In these books the Devil stands stripped of all his brute disguises. Here are all your familiar spirits—your incubi and succubi, your witches that go by land, by air, and by sea; your wizards of the night and of the day. Have no fear now—we shall find him out if he has come among us, and I mean to crush him utterly if he has shown his face! He starts for the bed.

Rebecca: Will it hurt the child, sir?

Hale: I cannot tell. If she is truly in the Devil’s grip we may have to rip and tear to get her free.

Rebecca: I think I’ll go, then. I am too old for this. She rises.

Parris, striving for conviction: Why, Rebecca, we may open up the boil of all our troubles today!

Rebecca: Let us hope for that. I go to God for you, sir.

Parris, with trepidation—and resentment: I hope you do not mean we go to Satan here! Slight pause.

Rebecca: I wish I knew. She goes out; they feel resentful of her note of moral superiority.

Putnam, abruptly: Come, Mr. Hale, let’s get on. Sit you here.

Giles: Mr. Hale, I have always wanted to ask a learned man—what signifies the readin’ of strange books?

Hale: What books?

Giles: I cannot tell; she hides them.

Hale: Who does this?

Giles: Martha, my wife. I have waked at night many a time and found her in a corner, readin’ of a book. Now what do you make of that?

Hale: Why, that’s not necessarily—
Giles: It discomfits me! Last night—mark this—I tried and tried and could not say my prayers. And then she close her book and walks out of the house, and suddenly—mark this—I could pray again!

Old Giles must be spoken for, if only because his fate was to be so remarkable and so different from that of all the others. He was in his early eighties at this time, and was the most comical hero in the history. No man has ever been blamed for so much. If a cow was missed, the first thought was to look for her around Corey’s house; a fire blazing up at night brought suspicion of arson to his door. He didn’t give a hoot for public opinion, and only in his last years—after he had married Martha—did he bother much with the church. That she stopped his prayer is very probable, but he forgot to say that he’d only recently learned any prayers and it didn’t take much to make him stumble over them. He was a crank and a nuisance, but withal a deeply innocent and brave man. In court, once, he was asked if it were true that he had been frightened by the strange behavior of a hog and had then said he knew it to be the Devil in an animal’s shape. “What frighted you?” he was asked. He forgot everything but the word “frighted,” and instantly replied, “I do not know that I ever spoke that word in my life.”

Hale: Ah! The stoppage of prayer—that is strange. I’ll speak further on that with you.

Giles: I’m not sayin’ she’s touched the Devil, now, but I’d admire to know what books she reads and why she hides them. She’ll not answer me, y’ see.

Hale: Aye, we’ll discuss it. To all: Now mark me, if the Devil is in her you will witness some frightful wonders in this room, so please to keep your wits about you. Mr. Putnam, stand close in case she flies. Now, Betty, dear, will you sit up? Putnam comes in closer, ready-handed. Hale sits Betty up, but she hangs limp in his hands. Hmmm. He observes her carefully. The others watch breathlessly. Can you hear me? I am John Hale, minister of Beverly. I have come to help you, dear. Do you remember my two little girls in Beverly? She does not stir in his hands.

Parris, in fright: How can it be the Devil? Why would he choose my house to strike? We have all manner of licentious people in the village!

Hale: What victory would the Devil have to win a soul already bad? It is the best the Devil wants, and who is better than the minister?

Giles: That’s deep, Mr. Parris, deep, deep!

Parris, with resolution now: Betty! Answer Mr. Hale! Betty!

Hale: Does someone afflict you, child? It need not be a woman, mind you, or a man. Perhaps some bird invisible to others
comes to you—perhaps a pig, a mouse, or any beast at all. Is there some figure bids you fly? The child remains limp in his hands. In silence he lays her back on the pillow. Now, holding out his hands toward her, he intones: In nomine Domini Sabaoth sui filiique ite ad infernos. She does not stir. He turns to Abigail, his eyes narrowing. Abigail, what sort of dancing were you doing with her in the forest?

Abigail: Why—common dancing is all.

Parris: I think I ought to say that I—I saw a kettle in the grass where they were dancing.

Abigail: That were only soup.

Hale: What sort of soup were in this kettle, Abigail?

Abigail: Why, it were beans—and lentils, I think, and—

Hale: Mr. Parris, you did not notice, did you, any living thing in the kettle? A mouse, perhaps, a spider, a frog—?

Parris, fearfully: I—do believe there were some movement—in the soup.

Abigail: That jumped in, we never put it in!

Hale, quickly: What jumped in?

Abigail: Why, a very little frog jumped—

Parris: A frog, Abby!

Hale, grasping Abigail: Abigail, it may be your cousin is dying. Did you call the Devil last night?

Abigail: I never called him! Tituba, Tituba . . .

Parris, blanched: She called the Devil?

Hale: I should like to speak with Tituba.

Parris: Goody Ann, will you bring her up? MRS. PUTNAM exits.

Hale: How did she call him?

Abigail: I know not—she spoke Barbados.

Hale: Did you feel any strangeness when she called him? A sudden cold wind, perhaps? A trembling below the ground?

Abigail: I didn’t see no Devil! Shaking Betty: Betty, wake up. Betty! Betty!

Hale: You cannot evade me, Abigail. Did your cousin drink any of the brew in that kettle?

Abigail: She never drank it!

Hale: Did you drink it?

Abigail: No, sir!

Hale: Did Tituba ask you to drink it?

Abigail: She tried, but I refused.

Hale: Why are you concealing? Have you sold yourself to Lucifer?

19. In nomine Domini Sabaoth sui filiique ite ad infernos (ihn NOH mee nay DOH mee nee SAB ay oth SOO ee FEE lee ee kway EE tay ahd ihn FUR nohs) “In the name of the Lord of Hosts and his son, get thee to the lower world” (Latin).
Abigail: I never sold myself! I’m a good girl! I’m a proper girl!

Mrs. Putnam enters with Tituba, and instantly Abigail points at Tituba.

Abigail: She made me do it! She made Betty do it!

Tituba, shocked and angry: Abby!

Abigail: She makes me drink blood!

Parris: Blood!!

Mrs. Putnam: My baby’s blood?

Tituba: No, no, chicken blood. I give she chicken blood!

Hale: Woman, have you enlisted these children for the Devil?

Tituba: No, no, sir, I don’t truck with no Devil!

Hale: Why can she not wake? Are you silencing this child?

Tituba: I love me Betty!

Hale: You have sent your spirit out upon this child, have you not? Are you gathering souls for the Devil?

Abigail: She sends her spirit on me in church: she makes me laugh at prayer!

Parris: She have often laughed at prayer!

Abigail: She comes to me every night to go and drink blood!

Tituba: You beg me to conjure! She beg me make charm—

Abigail: Don’t lie! To Hale: She comes to me while I sleep: she’s always making me dream corruptions!

Tituba: Why you say that, Abby?

Abigail: Sometimes I wake and find myself standing in the open doorway and not a stitch on my body! I always hear her laughing in my sleep. I hear her singing her Barbados songs and tempting me with—

Tituba: Mister Reverend. I never—

Hale, resolved now: Tituba, I want you to wake this child.

Tituba: I have no power on this child, sir.

Hale: You most certainly do, and you will free her from it now! When did you compact with the Devil?

Tituba: I don’t compact with no Devil!

Parris: You will confess yourself or I will take you out and whip you to your death, Tituba!

Putnam: This woman must be hanged! She must be taken and hanged!

Tituba, terrified, falls to her knees: No, no, don’t hang Tituba! I tell him I don’t desire to work for him, sir.

Parris: The Devil?
Hale: Then you saw him! Tituba weeps. Now Tituba, I know that when we bind ourselves to Hell it is very hard to break with it. We are going to help you tear yourself free—

Tituba, frightened by the coming process: Mister Reverend, I do believe somebody else be witchin’ these children.

Hale: Who?

Tituba: I don’t know, sir, but the Devil got him numerous witches.

Hale: Does he! It is a clue. Tituba, look into my eyes. Come, look into me. She raises her eyes to his fearfully. You would be a good Christian woman, would you not, Tituba?

Tituba: Aye, sir, a good Christian woman.

Hale: And you love these little children?

Tituba: Oh, yes, sir, I don’t desire to hurt little children.

Hale: And you love God, Tituba?

Tituba: I love God with all my bein’.

Hale: Now, in God’s holy name—

Tituba: Bless Him. Bless Him. She is rocking on her knees, sobbing in terror.

Arthur Miller wrote the screenplay for the 1996 film version of *The Crucible* and was pleased at the film’s ability to “open wide enough to contain a whole society and move in close enough to see into a girl’s heart.” One way in which the film “opened wide” was to show this scene of the girls dancing in the forest, which is merely described in dialogue in the play.
Hale: And to His glory—

Tituba: Eternal glory. Bless Him—bless God . . .

Hale: Open yourself, Tituba—open yourself and let God’s holy light shine on you.

Tituba: Oh, bless the Lord.

Hale: When the Devil come to you does he ever come—with another person? She stares up into his face. Perhaps another person in the village? Someone you know.

Parris: Who came with him?

Putnam: Sarah Good? Did you ever see Sarah Good with him? Or Osburn?

Parris: Was it man or woman came with him?

Tituba: Man or woman. Was—was woman.

Parris: What woman? A woman, you said. What woman?

Tituba: It was black dark, and I—

Parris: You could see him, why could you not see her?

Tituba: Well, they was always talking; they was always runnin’ round and carryin’ on—

Parris: You mean out of Salem? Salem witches?

Tituba: I believe so, yes, sir.

Now hale takes her hand. She is surprised.

Hale: Tituba. You must have no fear to tell us who they are, do you understand? We will protect you. The Devil can never overcome a minister. You know that, do you not?

Tituba, kisses hale’s hand: Aye, sir, oh, I do.

Hale: You have confessed yourself to witchcraft, and that speaks a wish to come to Heaven’s side. And we will bless you, Tituba.

Tituba, deeply relieved: Oh, God bless you, Mr. Hale!

Hale, with rising exaltation: You are God’s instrument put in our hands to discover the Devil’s agent among us. You are selected, Tituba, you are chosen to help us cleanse our village. So speak utterly, Tituba, turn your back on him and face God—face God, Tituba, and God will protect you.

Tituba, joining with him: Oh, God, protect Tituba!

Hale, kindly: Who came to you with the Devil? Two? Three? Four? How many?

Tituba pants, and begins rocking back and forth again, staring ahead.

Tituba: There was four. There was four.

Parris, pressing in on her: Who? Who? Their names, their names!

Tituba, suddenly bursting out: Oh, how many times he bid me kill you, Mr. Parris!
Parris: Kill me!

Tituba, in a fury: He say Mr. Parris must be kill! Mr. Parris no goodly man. Mr. Parris mean man and no gentle man, and he bid me rise out of my bed and cut your throat! They gasp. But I tell him “No! I don’t hate that man. I don’t want kill that man.” But he say, “You work for me, Tituba, and I make you free! I give you pretty dress to wear, and put you way high up in the air, and you gone fly back to Barbados!” And I say, “You lie, Devil, you lie!” And then he come one stormy night to me, and he say, “Look! I have white people belong to me.” And I look—and there was Goody Good.

Parris: Sarah Good!

Tituba, rocking and weeping: Aye, sir, and Goody Osburn.

Mrs. Putnam: I knew it! Goody Osburn were midwife to me three times. I begged you, Thomas, did I not? I begged him not to call Osburn because I feared her. My babies always shriveled in her hands.

Hale: Take courage, you must give us all their names. How can you bear to see this child suffering? Look at her, Tituba. He is indicating Betty on the bed. Look at her God-given innocence; her soul is so tender; we must protect her, Tituba: the Devil is out and preying on her like a beast upon the flesh of the pure lamb. God will bless you for your help.

Abigail rises, staring as though inspired, and cries out.

Abigail: I want to open myself! They turn to her, startled. She is enraptured, as though in a pearly light. I want the sweet love of Jesus! I danced for the Devil; I saw him: I wrote in his book; I go back to Jesus; I kiss His hand. I saw Sarah Good with the Devil! I saw Goody Osburn with the Devil! I saw Bridget Bishop with the Devil!

As she is speaking, Betty is rising from the bed, a fever in her eyes, and picks up the chant.

Betty, staring too: I saw George Jacobs with the Devil! I saw Goody Howe with the Devil!

Parris: She speaks! He rushes to embrace Betty. She speaks!

Hale: Glory to God! It is broken, they are free!

Betty, calling out hysterically and with great relief: I saw Martha Bellows with the Devil!

Abigail: I saw Goody Sibber with the Devil! It is rising to a great glee.

Putnam: The marshal, I’ll call the marshal!

Parris is shouting a prayer of thanksgiving.

Betty: I saw Alice Barrow with the Devil!

The curtain begins to fall.
Comprehension Check
Complete the following items after you finish your first read.

1. Why does Parris send for Reverend Hale?

2. What does Mrs. Putnam believe happened to her babies?

3. What conflict exists between Abigail and Proctor?

4. What is a source of disagreement between Proctor and Putnam?

5. To what does Tituba confess?

6. **Notebook** Write a timeline of the key events in Act I of *The Crucible*. Include important events mentioned in the text that occur before the action of the play begins.

**RESEARCH**

**Research to Clarify** Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from the text. Briefly research that detail. In what way does the information you learned shed light on an aspect of Act I?
Close Read the Text

Reread paragraphs 165–166 in which Miller introduces readers to John Proctor. Mark details that describe Proctor’s character. How do Proctor’s actions in the following scene with Abigail reflect key points made in this description?

Analyze the Text

Notebook  Respond to these questions.

1. (a) What is Betty’s condition when the play opens? (b) What does Abigail say she and Betty were doing in the forest? (c) Make Inferences  What seems to be the main reason for Reverend Parris’s concern about the girls’ behavior in the forest? Explain.

2. (a) What do Abigail, Betty, Mercy, and Mary discuss after Parris leaves his daughter’s room? (b) Predict  What events does this scene suggest may occur later in the play?

3. (a) Who is Reverend Hale? (b) Evaluate  Do you think he is fair and impartial in his actions so far? Explain.

4. (a) Connect  What evidence suggests that sharp divisions exist among the people of Salem? (b) Apply  Name two other characters who may be accused of witchcraft by the end of the play. Explain your choices.

Concept Vocabulary

vindictive  calumny  defamation

Why These Words?  The three concept vocabulary words are all used to describe speech or actions intended to harm others, particularly their reputations. What other words in Act I relate to this concept?

Practice

Notebook  Use each concept vocabulary word in a sentence that demonstrates its meaning.

Word Study

Notebook  Latin Root:  -fama-  The Latin root  -fama-, meaning “reputation,” is found in many words that relate to the idea of public opinion. For example, defamation involves discrediting someone’s reputation through untruthful statements. That idea is at the very heart of the action of The Crucible.

1. Use library or online resources to find the legal definition of “defamation of character.” Explain how this meaning relates to the Latin root  -fama-.

2. Explain how the root  -fama- helps you determine the meanings of the words famously, infamy, and euphemism. Use a college-level dictionary to check your definitions.

STANDARDS

L.11–12.5  Demonstrate understanding of figurative language, word relationships, and nuances in word meanings.
Analyze Craft and Structure

Structural Elements of Drama Most plays are written to be performed, not read. When reading drama, it is important to identify the text structures that provide information about the setting, characters, and conflicts. Dramatic text structures include the following.

- **Dialogue** is the words actors speak—their lines.
- **Stage directions** are notes included in a play to indicate how the work is meant to be performed or staged. Stage directions may describe sets, costumes, lighting, sound, props, and—in some cases—the ways in which actors should move and deliver their lines. These instructions may be printed in italics, set in brackets, or otherwise visually differentiated from the dialogue. Reading stage directions can help you picture the action and imagine how characters might look and sound in performance.
- **Dramatic exposition** refers to the prose commentaries, or brief essays, inserted by the playwright to provide information about the characters or situation. Dramatic exposition is a common element in twentieth-century American drama.

Practice

**Notebook** Respond to these questions.

1. Give two examples of stage directions that are essential to understanding the action in Act I. Explain each choice.
2. Use the chart to examine how two specific events or characters described in the play’s opening dramatic exposition are carried into the action of Act I.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>EVENT/CHARACTER</th>
<th>DESCRIPTION</th>
<th>ACTION</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
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</table>

3. (a) According to the opening dramatic exposition, how did most of the members of Salem feel about the vast forest that surrounded them? (b) How might these attitudes have affected the girls’ actions in the forest as well as Parris’s reaction to what he saw there?

4. In Act I, what seeds of conflict exist between Rebecca Nurse, Reverend Parris, and the Putnams? Explain, citing details from all three text structures—dialogue, stage directions, and dramatic exposition—that support your response.
Conventions and Style

Personal Pronouns  A pronoun is a word that substitutes for a noun or noun phrase. Personal pronouns are those that reflect “person” in the grammatical sense of first person, second person, and so on. Such personal pronouns take different forms depending on gender, number, and case, or the word’s function in a sentence.

- **Nominative Case:** The pronoun is the subject of the sentence.
- **Objective Case:** The pronoun is the object of a verb or preposition.
- **Possessive Case:** The pronoun expresses ownership.

The chart provides examples of personal pronouns according to case.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First-person pronouns refer to the person speaking.</th>
<th>NOMINATIVE</th>
<th>OBJECTIVE</th>
<th>POSSESIVE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I, we</td>
<td>me, us</td>
<td>mine, ours</td>
<td></td>
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</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Second-person pronouns refer to the person spoken to.</th>
<th>NOMINATIVE</th>
<th>OBJECTIVE</th>
<th>POSSESSIVE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>you</td>
<td>you</td>
<td>your, yours</td>
<td></td>
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</table>

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<tr>
<th>Third-person pronouns refer to a person spoken about.</th>
<th>NOMINATIVE</th>
<th>OBJECTIVE</th>
<th>POSSESSIVE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>he, she, it, them</td>
<td>him, her, it, them</td>
<td>his, hers, its, theirs</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

*The Crucible* is set in 1692, when people commonly used pronoun forms such as *thee* and *thou* that are now archaic. However, Miller makes the stylistic choice to use modern personal pronouns. He also chooses to use nonstandard pronouns in Tituba’s dialogue.

**Read It**

1. Mark the pronouns in each excerpt from the play. Label the case and person of each pronoun.
   a. **Parris:** Now look you, child, your punishment will come in its time. But if you trafficked with spirits in the forest I must know it now, for surely my enemies will, and they will ruin me with it.
   b. **Putnam, pleased:** It does not seem to help us today, Mr. Hale. We look to you to come to our house and save our child.

2. **Connect to Style**  Reread the dialogue between Tituba and Hale in paragraphs 413–417. Identify and classify each pronoun. Note whether each example reflects standard usage.

**Write It**

**Notebook**  Rewrite each line of dialogue to sound more realistic by replacing repeated nouns with personal pronouns. Decide whether or not to reflect standard usage, and explain the reasons for your choices.

1. **Proctor to Abigail:** Abigail must change Abigail’s behavior if Abigail hopes to regain Proctor’s respect.
2. **Tituba:** Tituba loves Betty. Betty has always treated Tituba kindly.
3. **Hale:** The people of Salem must confess what the people of Salem have done if the people of Salem hope to receive the people of Salem’s rightful forgiveness.
The Crucible, Act II

Concept Vocabulary
You will encounter the following words as you read Act II of The Crucible. Before reading, note how familiar you are with each word. Then, rank the words in order from most familiar (1) to least familiar (3).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WORD</th>
<th>YOUR RANKING</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>condemnation</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>magistrates</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>proceedings</td>
<td></td>
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</table>

After completing the first read, come back to the concept vocabulary and review your rankings. Mark changes to your original rankings as needed.

First Read DRAMA
Apply these strategies as you conduct your first read. You will have an opportunity to complete the close-read notes after your first read.

NOTICE whom the story is about, what happens, where and when it happens, and why those involved react as they do.

CONNECT ideas within the selection to what you already know and what you have already read.

ANNOTATE by marking vocabulary and key passages you want to revisit.

RESPOND by completing the Comprehension Check and by writing a brief summary of the selection.

STANDARDS
RL.11–12.10 By the end of grade 11, read and comprehend literature, including stories, dramas, and poems, in the grades 11–CCR text complexity band proficiently, with scaffolding as needed at the high end of the range.
REVIEW AND ANTICIPATE

As Act I draws to a close, Salem is in the grip of mounting hysteria. What had begun as concern over the strange behavior of Betty—a reaction that may have stemmed from guilty feelings about her activities in the woods the night before—had swelled by the act’s end to a mass hysteria, in which accusations of witchcraft were being made and accepted against a growing number of Salem’s citizens. As you read, pay close attention to the nature of the accusations and the growing numbers of the accused.

1. The common room of Proctor’s house, eight days later.

2. At the right is a door opening on the fields outside.

3. A fireplace is at the left, and behind it a stairway leading upstairs. It is the low, dark, and rather long living room of the time. As the curtain rises, the room is empty. From above, Elizabeth is heard softly singing to the children. Presently the door opens and John Proctor enters, carrying his gun. He glances about the room as he comes toward the fireplace, then halts for an instant as he hears her singing. He continues on to the fireplace, leans the gun against the wall as he swings a pot out of the fire and smells it. Then he lifts out the ladle and tastes. He is not quite pleased. He reaches to a cupboard, takes a pinch of salt, and drops it into the pot. As he is tasting again, her footsteps
are heard on the stair. He swings the pot into the fireplace and goes to a basin and washes his hands and face. ELIZABETH enters.

4 Elizabeth: What keeps you so late? It’s almost dark.
5 Proctor: I were planting far out to the forest edge.
6 Elizabeth: Oh, you’re done then.
7 Proctor: Aye, the farm is seeded. The boys asleep?
8 Elizabeth: They will be soon. And she goes to the fireplace, proceeds to ladle up stew in a dish.
9 Proctor: Pray now for a fair summer.
10 Elizabeth: Aye.
11 Proctor: Are you well today?
12 Elizabeth: I am. She brings the plate to the table, and, indicating the food: It is a rabbit.
13 Proctor, going to the table: Oh, is it! In Jonathan’s trap?
14 Elizabeth: No, she walked into the house this afternoon; I found her sittin’ in the corner like she come to visit.
15 Proctor: Oh, that’s a good sign walkin’ in.
16 Elizabeth: Pray God. It hurt my heart to strip her, poor rabbit. She sits and watches him taste it.
17 Proctor: It’s well seasoned.
18 Elizabeth, blushing with pleasure: I took great care. She’s tender?
19 Proctor: Aye. He eats. She watches him. I think we’ll see green fields soon. It’s warm as blood beneath the clods.
20 Elizabeth: That’s well.
21 PROCTOR eats, then looks up.
22 Proctor: If the crop is good I’ll buy George Jacob’s heifer. How would that please you?
23 Elizabeth: Aye, it would.
24 Proctor, with a grin: I mean to please you, Elizabeth.
25 Elizabeth—it is hard to say: I know it, John.
26 He gets up, goes to her, kisses her. She receives it. With a certain disappointment, he returns to the table.
27 Proctor, as gently as he can: Cider?
28 Elizabeth, with a sense of reprimanding herself for having forgot: Aye! She gets up and goes and pours a glass for him. He now arches his back.
29 Proctor: This farm’s a continent when you go foot by foot droppin’ seeds in it.
30 Elizabeth, coming with the cider: It must be.
Proctor, drinks a long draught, then, putting the glass down: You ought to bring some flowers in the house.

Elizabeth: Oh! I forgot! I will tomorrow.

Proctor: It’s winter in here yet. On Sunday let you come with me, and we’ll walk the farm together; I never see such a load of flowers on the earth. With good feeling he goes and looks up at the sky through the open doorway. Lilacs have a purple smell. Lilac is the smell of nightfall, I think. Massachusetts is a beauty in the spring!

Elizabeth: Aye, it is.

There is a pause. She is watching him from the table as he stands there absorbing the night. It is as though she would speak but cannot. Instead, now, she takes up his plate and glass and fork and goes with them to the basin. Her back is turned to him. He turns to her and watches her. A sense of their separation rises.

Proctor: I think you’re sad again. Are you?

Elizabeth—she doesn’t want friction, and yet she must: You come so late I thought you’d gone to Salem this afternoon.

Proctor: Why? I have no business in Salem.

Elizabeth: You did speak of going, earlier this week.

Proctor—he knows what she means: I thought better of it since.

Elizabeth: Mary Warren’s there today.

Proctor: Why’d you let her? You heard me forbid her go to Salem any more!

Elizabeth: I couldn’t stop her.

Proctor, holding back a full condemnation of her: It is a fault, it is a fault, Elizabeth—you’re the mistress here, not Mary Warren.

Elizabeth: She frightened all my strength away.

Proctor: How may that mouse frighten you, Elizabeth? You—

Elizabeth: It is a mouse no more. I forbid her go, and she raises up her chin like the daughter of a prince and says to me, “I must go to Salem, Goody Proctor; I am an official of the court!”

Proctor: Court! What court?

Elizabeth: Aye, it is a proper court they have now. They’ve sent four judges out of Boston, she says, weighty magistrates of the General Court, and at the head sits the Deputy Governor of the Province.

Proctor, astonished: Why, she’s mad.

Elizabeth: I would to God she were. There be fourteen people in the jail now, she says. Proctor simply looks at her, unable to grasp it. And they’ll be tried, and the court have power to hang them too, she says.
Proctor, scoffing but without conviction: Ah, they’d never hang—

Elizabeth: The Deputy Governor promise hangin’ if they’ll not confess, John. The town’s gone wild, I think. She speak of Abigail, and I thought she were a saint, to hear her. Abigail brings the other girls into the court, and where she walks the crowd will part like the sea for Israel. And folks are brought before them, and if they scream and howl and fall to the floor—the person’s clapped in the jail for bewitchin’ them.

Proctor, wide-eyed: Oh, it is a black mischief.

Elizabeth: I think you must go to Salem, John. He turns to her. I think so. You must tell them it is a fraud.

Proctor, thinking beyond this: Aye, it is, it is surely.

Elizabeth: Let you go to Ezekiel Cheever—he knows you well. And tell him what she said to you last week in her uncle’s house. She said it had naught to do with witchcraft, did she not?

Proctor, in thought: Aye, she did, she did. Now, a pause.

Elizabeth, quietly, fearing to anger him by prodding: God forbid you keep that from the court, John. I think they must be told.

Proctor, quietly, struggling with his thought: Aye, they must, they must. It is a wonder they do believe her.

Elizabeth: I would go to Salem now, John—let you go tonight.

Proctor: I’ll think on it.

Elizabeth, with her courage now: You cannot keep it, John.

Proctor, angering: I know I cannot keep it. I say I will think on it!

Elizabeth, hurt, and very coldly: Good, then, let you think on it. She stands and starts to walk out of the room.

Proctor: I am only wondering how I may prove what she told me, Elizabeth. If the girl’s a saint now, I think it is not easy to prove she’s fraud, and the town gone so silly. She told it to me in a room alone—I have no proof for it.

Elizabeth: You were alone with her?

Proctor, stubbornly: For a moment alone, aye.

Elizabeth: Why, then, it is not as you told me.

Proctor, his anger rising: For a moment, I say. The others come in soon after.

Elizabeth, quietly—she has suddenly lost all faith in him: Do as you wish, then. She starts to turn.

Proctor: Woman. She turns to him. I’ll not have your suspicion any more.

Elizabeth, a little loftily: I have no—

Proctor: I’ll not have it!

1. part like . . . Israel In the Bible, God commanded Moses, the leader of the Israelites, to part the Red Sea to enable the Israelites to escape from the Egyptians into Canaan.

CLOSE READ
ANNOTATE: In paragraphs 55 through 66, mark details that relate to thought, belief, or conviction.

QUESTION: Why does Miller repeat these sorts of references?

CONCLUDE: What do these details suggest about the struggle the Proctors are experiencing?
Elizabeth: Then let you not earn it.

Proctor, with a violent undertone: You doubt me yet?

Elizabeth, with a smile, to keep her dignity: John, if it were not Abigail that you must go to hurt, would you falter now? I think not.

Proctor: Now look you—

Elizabeth: I see what I see, John.

Proctor, with solemn warning: You will not judge me more, Elizabeth. I have good reason to think before I charge fraud on Abigail, and I will think on it. Let you look to your own improvement before you go to judge your husband any more. I have forgot Abigail, and—

Elizabeth: And I.

Proctor: Spare me! You forget nothin’ and forgive nothin’. Learn charity, woman. I have gone tiptoe in this house all seven month since she is gone. I have not moved from there to there without I think to please you, and still an everlasting funeral marches round your heart. I cannot speak but I am doubted, every moment judged for lies, as though I come into a court when I come into this house!

Elizabeth: John, you are not open with me. You saw her with a crowd, you said. Now you—

Proctor: I’ll plead my honesty no more, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth—now she would justify herself: John. I am only—

Proctor: No more! I should have roared you down when first you told me your suspicion. But I wilted, and, like a Christian, I confessed. Confessed! Some dream I had must have mistaken you for God that day. But you’re not, you’re not, and let you remember it! Let you look sometimes for the goodness in me, and judge me not.

Elizabeth: I do not judge you. The magistrate sits in your heart that judges you. I never thought you but a good man, John—with a smile—only somewhat bewildered.

Proctor, laughing bitterly: Oh. Elizabeth, your justice would freeze beer! He turns suddenly toward a sound outside. He starts for the door as Mary Warren enters. As soon as he sees her, he goes directly to her and grabs her by the cloak, furious. How do you go to Salem when I forbid it? Do you mock me? Shaking her. I’ll whip you if you dare leave this house again! 

Strangely, she doesn’t resist him, but hangs limply by his grip.

Mary Warren: I am sick, I am sick, Mr. Proctor. Pray, pray, hurt me not. Her strangeness throws him off, and her evident pallor and weakness. He frees her. My insides are all shuddery; I am in the proceedings all day, sir.
Proctor, with draining anger—his curiosity is draining it: And what of these proceedings here? When will you proceed to keep this house, as you are paid nine pound a year to do—and my wife not wholly well?

As though to compensate, Mary Warren goes to Elizabeth with a small rag doll.

Mary Warren: I made a gift for you today, Goody Proctor. I had to sit long hours in a chair, and passed the time with sewing.

Elizabeth, perplexed, looking at the doll: Why, thank you, it’s a fair poppet.

Mary Warren, with a trembling, decayed voice: We must all love each other now, Goody Proctor.

Elizabeth, amazed at her strangeness: Aye, indeed we must.

Mary Warren, glancing at the room: I’ll get up early in the morning and clean the house. I must sleep now. She turns and starts off.

Proctor: Mary. She halts. Is it true? There be fourteen women arrested?

Mary Warren: No, sir. There be thirty-nine now—She suddenly breaks off and sobs and sits down, exhausted.

Elizabeth: Why, she’s weepin’! What ails you, child?

Mary Warren: Goody Osburn—will hang! There is a shocked pause, while she sobs.

Proctor: Hang! He calls into her face. Hang, y’say?

Mary Warren, through her weeping: Aye.

Proctor: The Deputy Governor will permit it?

Mary Warren: He sentenced her. He must. To ameliorate it: But not Sarah Good. For Sarah Good confessed, y’see.

Proctor: Confessed! To what?

Mary Warren: That she—in horror at the memory—she sometimes made a compact with Lucifer, and wrote her name in his black book—with her blood—and bound herself to torment Christians till God’s thrown down—and we all must worship Hell forevermore.

Pause.

Proctor: But—surely you know what a jabberer she is. Did you tell them that?

Mary Warren: Mr. Proctor, in open court she near to choked us all to death.

Proctor: How, choked you?

Mary Warren: She sent her spirit out.

Elizabeth: Oh, Mary, Mary, surely you—
Mary Warren, with an indignant edge: She tried to kill me many times, Goody Proctor!

Elizabeth: Why, I never heard you mention that before.

Mary Warren: I never knew it before. I never knew anything before. When she come into the court I say to myself, I must not accuse this woman, for she sleep in ditches, and so very old and poor. But then—then she sit there, denying and denying, and I feel a misty coldness climbin’ up my back, and the skin on my skull begin to creep, and I feel a clamp around my neck and I cannot breathe air; and then—enthralled—I hear a voice, a screamin’ voice, and it were my voice—and all at once I remembered everything she done to me!

Proctor: Why? What did she do to you?

Mary Warren, like one awakened to a marvelous secret insight: So many time, Mr. Proctor, she come to this very door, beggin’ bread and a cup of cider—and mark this: whenever I turned her away empty, she mumbled.

Elizabeth: Mumbled! She may mumble if she’s hungry.

Mary Warren: But what does she mumble? You must remember, Goody Proctor. Last month—a Monday, I think—she walked away, and I thought my guts would burst for two days after. Do you remember it?

Elizabeth: Why—I do, I think, but—

Mary Warren: And so I told that to Judge Hathorne, and he asks her so. “Goody Osburn,” says he, “what curse do you mumble that this girl must fall sick after turning you away?” And then she replies—mimicking an old crone—“Why, your excellence, no curse at all. I only say my commandments; I hope I may say my commandments,” says she!

Elizabeth: And that’s an upright answer.

Mary Warren: Aye, but then Judge Hathorne say, “Recite for us your commandments!”—leaning avidly toward them—and of all the ten she could not say a single one. She never knew no commandments, and they had her in a flat lie!

Proctor: And so condemned her?

Mary Warren, now a little strained, seeing his stubborn doubt: Why, they must when she condemned herself.
Proctor: But the proof, the proof!

Mary Warren, with greater impatience with him: I told you the proof. It’s hard proof, hard as rock, the judges said.

Proctor, pauses an instant, then: You will not go to court again, Mary Warren.

Mary Warren: I must tell you, sir, I will be gone every day now. I am amazed you do not see what weighty work we do.

Proctor: What work you do? It’s strange work for a Christian girl to hang old women!

Mary Warren: But, Mr. Proctor, they will not hang them if they confess. Sarah Good will only sit in jail some time—recalling—and here’s a wonder for you: think on this. Goody Good is pregnant!

Elizabeth: Pregnant! Are they mad? The woman’s near to sixty!

Mary Warren: They had Doctor Griggs examine her, and she’s full to the brim. And smokin’ a pipe all these years, and no husband either! But she’s safe, thank God, for they’ll not hurt the innocent child. But be that not a marvel? You must see it, sir, it’s God’s work we do. So I’ll be gone every day for some time. I’m—I am an official of the court, they say, and I—She has been edging toward offstage.

Proctor: I’ll official you! He strides to the mantel, takes down the whip hanging there.

Mary Warren, terrified, but coming erect, striving for her authority: I’ll not stand whipping any more!

Elizabeth, hurriedly, as Proctor approaches: Mary, promise now you’ll stay at home—

Mary Warren, backing from him, but keeping her erect posture, striving, striving for her way: The Devil’s loose in Salem, Mr. Proctor: we must discover where he’s hiding!

Proctor: I’ll whip the Devil out of you! With whip raised he reaches out for her, and she streaks away and yells.

Mary Warren, pointing at Elizabeth: I saved her life today!

Silence. His whip comes down.

Elizabeth, softly: I am accused?

Mary Warren, quaking: Somewhat mentioned. But I said I never see no sign you ever sent your spirit out to hurt no one, and seeing I do live so closely with you, they dismissed it.

Elizabeth: Who accused me?

Mary Warren: I am bound by law, I cannot tell it. To Proctor: I only hope you’ll not be so sarcastical no more. Four judges and
the King’s deputy sat to dinner with us but an hour ago. I—
I would have you speak civilly to me, from this out.

Proctor, in horror, muttering in disgust at her: Go to bed.

Mary Warren, with a stamp of her foot: I’ll not be ordered to bed
no more, Mr. Proctor! I am eighteen and a woman, however
single!

Proctor: Do you wish to sit up? Then sit up.

Mary Warren: I wish to go to bed!

Proctor, in anger: Good night, then!

Mary Warren: Good night. Dissatisfied, uncertain of herself, she
goes out. Wide-eyed, both Proctor and Elizabeth stand staring.

Elizabeth, quietly: Oh, the noose, the noose is up!

Proctor: There’ll be no noose.

Elizabeth: She wants me dead. I knew all week it would come
to this!

Proctor, without conviction: They dismissed it. You heard
her say—

Elizabeth: And what of tomorrow? She will cry me out until
they take me!

Proctor: Sit you down.

Elizabeth: She wants me dead, John, you know it!

Proctor: I say sit down! She sits, trembling. He speaks quietly, 
trying to keep his wits. Now we must be wise, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth, with sarcasm, and a sense of being lost: Oh, indeed, 
indeed!

Proctor: Fear nothing. I’ll find Ezekiel Cheever. I’ll tell him she
said it were all sport.

Elizabeth: John, with so many in the Jail, more than Cheever’s
help is needed now, I think. Would you favor me with this? Go
to Abigail.

Proctor, his soul hardening as he senses . . . : What have I to say to
Abigail?

Elizabeth, delicately: John—grant me this. You have a faulty
understanding of young girls. There is a promise made in any
bed—

Proctor, striving against his anger: What promise!

Elizabeth: Spoke or silent, a promise is surely made. And she
may dote on it now—I am sure she does—and thinks to kill me,
then to take my place.

Proctor’s anger is rising; he cannot speak.

NOTES

CLOSE READ

ANNOTATE: In paragraphs 146–151, mark details in both
dialogue and stage directions
that relate to childish behavior,
and others that relate to mature
behavior.

QUESTION: Why does Miller
include these details?

CONCLUDE: What is the effect
of these details, particularly in
characterizing Mary Warren and
her motivations?
Elizabeth: It is her dearest hope, John, I know it. There be a thousand names: why does she call mine? There be a certain danger in calling such a name—I am no Goody Good that sleeps in ditches, nor Osburn, drunk and half-witted. She’d dare not call out such a farmer’s wife but there be monstrous profit in it. She thinks to take my place, John.

Proctor: She cannot think it! *He knows it is true.*

Elizabeth, “reasonably”: John, have you ever shown her somewhat of contempt? She cannot pass you in the church but you will blush—

Proctor: I may blush for my sin.

Elizabeth: I think she sees another meaning in that blush.

Proctor: And what see you? What see you, Elizabeth?

Elizabeth, “conceding”: I think you be somewhat ashamed, for I am there, and she so close.

Proctor: When will you know me, woman? Were I stone I would have cracked for shame this seven month!

Elizabeth: Then go and tell her she’s a whore. Whatever promise she may sense—break it. John, break it.

Proctor, between his teeth: Good, then. *He starts for his rifle.*

Elizabeth, trembling, fearfully: Oh, unwillingly!

Proctor, turning on her, rifle in hand: I will curse her hotter than the oldest cinder in hell. But pray, begrudge me not my anger!

Elizabeth: Your anger! I only ask you—

Proctor: Woman, am I so base? Do you truly think me base?

Elizabeth: I never called you base.

Proctor: Then how do you charge me with such a promise? The promise that a stallion gives a mare I gave that girl!

Elizabeth: Then why do you anger with me when I bid you break it?

Proctor: Because it speaks deceit, and I am honest! But I’ll plead no more! I see now your spirit twists around the single error of my life, and I will never tear it free!

Elizabeth, crying out: You’ll tear it free—when you come to know that I will be your only wife, or no wife at all! She has an arrow in you yet, John Proctor, and you know it well!

Quite suddenly, as though from the air, a figure appears in the doorway. They start slightly. It is Mr. Hale. He is different now—drawn a little, and there is a quality of deference, even of guilt, about his manner now.

Hale: Good evening.
Proctor, still in his shock: Why, Mr. Hale! Good evening to you, sir. Come in, come in.

Hale, to Elizabeth: I hope I do not startle you.

Elizabeth: No, no, it’s only that I heard no horse—

Hale: You are Goodwife Proctor.

Proctor: Aye, Elizabeth.

Hale, nods, then: I hope you’re not off to bed yet.

Proctor, setting down his gun: No, no. Hale comes further into the room. And Proctor, to explain his nervousness: We are not used to visitors after dark, but you’re welcome here. Will you sit you down, sir?

Hale: I will. He sits. Let you sit, Goodwife Proctor.

She does, never letting him out of her sight. There is a pause as Hale looks about the room.

Proctor, to break the silence: Will you drink cider, Mr. Hale?

In the 1996 film version of The Crucible, actor Rob Campbell portrays Reverend Hale.
Hale: No, it rebels my stomach; I have some further traveling yet tonight. Sit you down, sir. Proctor sits. I will not keep you long, but I have some business with you.

Proctor: Business of the court?

Hale: No—no, I come of my own, without the court’s authority. Hear me. He wets his lips. I know not if you are aware, but your wife’s name is—mentioned in the court.

Proctor: We know it, sir. Our Mary Warren told us. We are entirely amazed.

Hale: I am a stranger here, as you know. And in my ignorance I find it hard to draw a clear opinion of them that come accused before the court. And so this afternoon, and now tonight, I go from house to house—I come now from Rebecca Nurse’s house and—

Elizabeth, shocked: Rebecca’s charged!

Hale: God forbid such a one be charged. She is, however—mentioned somewhat.

Elizabeth, with an attempt at a laugh: You will never believe, I hope, that Rebecca trafficked with the Devil.

Hale: Woman, it is possible.

Proctor, taken aback: Surely you cannot think so.

Hale: This is a strange time, Mister. No man may longer doubt the powers of the dark are gathered in monstrous attack upon this village. There is too much evidence now to deny it. You will agree, sir?

Proctor, evading: I—have no knowledge in that line. But it’s hard to think so pious a woman be secretly a Devil’s bitch after seventy year of such good prayer.

Hale: Aye. But the Devil is a wily one, you cannot deny it. However, she is far from accused, and I know she will not be. Pause. I thought, sir, to put some questions as to the Christian character of this house, if you’ll permit me.

Proctor, coldly, resentful: Why, we—have no fear of questions, sir.

Hale: Good, then. He makes himself more comfortable. In the book of record that Mr. Parris keeps, I note that you are rarely in the church on Sabbath Day.

Proctor: No, sir, you are mistaken.

Hale: Twenty-six time in seventeen month, sir. I must call that rare. Will you tell me why you are so absent?

Proctor: Mr. Hale, I never knew I must account to that man for I come to church or stay at home. My wife were sick this winter.

Hale: So I am told. But you, Mister, why could you not come alone?
218 **Proctor:** I surely did come when I could, and when I could not I prayed in this house.

219 **Hale:** Mr. Proctor, your house is not a church: your theology must tell you that.

220 **Proctor:** It does, sir, it does; and it tells me that a minister may pray to God without he have golden candlesticks upon the altar.

221 **Hale:** What golden candlesticks?

222 **Proctor:** Since we built the church there were pewter candlesticks upon the altar; Francis Nurse made them y’know, and a sweeter hand never touched the metal. But Parris came, and for twenty week he preach nothin’ but golden candlesticks until he had them. I labor the earth from dawn of day to blink of night, and I tell you true, when I look to heaven and see my money glaring at his elbows—it hurt my prayer, sir, it hurt my prayer. I think, sometimes, the man dreams cathedrals, not clapboard meetin’ houses.

223 **Hale, thinks, then:** And yet, Mister, a Christian on Sabbath Day must be in church. *Pause.* Tell me—you have three children?

224 **Proctor:** Aye. Boys.

225 **Hale:** How comes it that only two are baptized?

226 **Proctor, starts to speak, then stops, then, as though unable to restrain this:** I like it not that Mr. Parris should lay his hand upon my baby. I see no light of God in that man. I’ll not conceal it.

227 **Hale:** I must say it, Mr. Proctor; that is not for you to decide. The man’s ordained, therefore the light of God is in him.

228 **Proctor, flushed with resentment but trying to smile:** What’s your suspicion, Mr. Hale?

229 **Hale:** No, no, I have no—

230 **Proctor:** I nailed the roof upon the church, I hung the door—

231 **Hale:** Oh, did you! That’s a good sign, then.

232 **Proctor:** It may be I have been too quick to bring the man to book, but you cannot think we ever desired the destruction of religion. I think that’s in your mind, is it not?

233 **Hale, not altogether giving way:** I—have—there is a softness in your record, sir, a softness.

234 **Elizabeth:** I think, maybe, we have been too hard with Mr. Parris. I think so. But sure we never loved the Devil here.

235 **Hale, nods, deliberating this. Then, with the voice of one administering a secret test:** Do you know your Commandments, Elizabeth?

236 **Elizabeth, without hesitation, even eagerly:** I surely do. There be no mark of blame upon my life, Mr. Hale. I am a covenanted Christian woman.
Hale: And you, Mister?

Proctor, a trifle unsteadily: I—am sure I do, sir.

Hale, glances at her open face, then at John, then: Let you repeat them, if you will.

Proctor: The Commandments.

Hale: Aye.

Proctor, looking off, beginning to sweat: Thou shalt not kill.

Hale: Aye.

Proctor, counting on his fingers: Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor’s goods, nor make unto thee any graven image. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord in vain; thou shalt have no other gods before me. With some hesitation: Thou shalt remember the Sabbath Day and keep it holy. Pause. Then: Thou shalt honor thy father and mother. Thou shalt not bear false witness. He is stuck. He counts back on his fingers, knowing one is missing. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image.

Hale: You have said that twice, sir.

Proctor, lost: Aye. He is flailing for it.

Elizabeth, delicately: Adultery, John.

Proctor, as though a secret arrow had pained his heart: Aye. Trying to grin it away—to Hale: You see, sir, between the two of us we do know them all. Hale only looks at Proctor, deep in his attempt to define this man. Proctor grows more uneasy. I think it be a small fault.

Hale: Theology, sir, is a fortress; no crack in a fortress may be accounted small. He rises; he seems worried now. He paces a little, in deep thought.

Proctor: There be no love for Satan in this house, Mister.

Hale: I pray it, I pray it dearly. He looks to both of them, an attempt at a smile on his face, but his misgivings are clear. Well, then—I’ll bid you good night.

Elizabeth, unable to restrain herself: Mr. Hale. He turns. I do think you are suspecting me somewhat? Are you not?

Hale, obviously disturbed—and evasive: Goody Proctor, I do not judge you. My duty is to add what I may to the godly wisdom of the court. I pray you both good health and good fortune. To John: Good night, sir. He starts out.

Elizabeth, with a note of desperation: I think you must tell him, John.

Hale: What’s that?

Elizabeth, restraining a call: Will you tell him?

Slight pause. Hale looks questioningly at John.
Proctor, with difficulty: I—I have no witness and cannot prove it, except my word be taken. But I know the children’s sickness had naught to do with witchcraft.

Hale, stopped, struck: Naught to do—?

Proctor: Mr. Parris discovered them sportin’ in the woods. They were startled and took sick.

Pause.

Hale: Who told you this?

Proctor, hesitates, then: Abigail Williams.

Hale: Abigail.

Proctor: Aye.

Hale, his eyes wide: Abigail Williams told you it had naught to do with witchcraft!

Proctor: She told me the day you came, sir.

Hale, suspiciously: Why—why did you keep this?

Proctor: I never knew until tonight that the world is gone daft with this nonsense.

Hale: Nonsense! Mister, I have myself examined Tituba, Sarah Good, and numerous others that have confessed to dealing with the Devil. They have confessed it.

Proctor: And why not, if they must hang for denyin’ it? There are them that will swear to anything before they’ll hang; have you never thought of that?

Hale: I have. I—I have indeed. It is his own suspicion, but he resists it. He glances at Elizabeth, then at John. And you—would you testify to this in court?

Proctor: I—had not reckoned with goin’ into court. But if I must I will.

Hale: Do you falter here?

Proctor: I falter nothing, but I may wonder if my story will be credited in such a court. I do wonder on it, when such a steady-minded minister as you will suspicion such a woman that never lied, and cannot, and the world knows she cannot! I may falter somewhat, Mister; I am no fool.

Hale, quietly—it has impressed him: Proctor, let you open with me now, for I have a rumor that troubles me. It’s said you hold no belief that there may even be witches in the world. Is that true, sir?

Proctor—he knows this is critical, and is striving against his disgust with Hale and with himself for even answering: I know not what I have said, I may have said it. I have wondered if there be witches in the world—although I cannot believe they come among us now.
Hale: Then you do not believe—

Proctor: I have no knowledge of it; the Bible speaks of witches, and I will not deny them.

Hale: And you, woman?

Elizabeth: I—I cannot believe it.

Hale, shocked: You cannot!

Proctor: Elizabeth, you bewilder him!

Elizabeth, to Hale: I cannot think the Devil may own a woman’s soul, Mr. Hale, when she keeps an upright way, as I have. I am a good woman, I know it; and if you believe I may do only good work in the world, and yet be secretly bound to Satan, then I must tell you, sir, I do not believe it.

Hale: But, woman, you do believe there are witches in—

Elizabeth: If you think that I am one, then I say there are none.

Hale: You surely do not fly against the Gospel, the Gospel—

Proctor: She believe in the Gospel, every word!

Elizabeth: Question Abigail Williams about the Gospel, not myself!

In the 1996 film adaptation of The Crucible, Joan Allen portrays Elizabeth Proctor.
HALE stares at her.

Proctor: She do not mean to doubt the Gospel, sir, you cannot think it. This be a Christian house, sir, a Christian house.

Hale: God keep you both; let the third child be quickly baptized, and go you without fail each Sunday to Sabbath prayer; and keep a solemn, quiet way among you. I think—

GILES COREY appears in doorway.

Giles: John!

Proctor: Giles! What’s the matter?

Giles: They take my wife.

FRANCIS NURSE enters.

Giles: And his Rebecca!

Proctor, to FRANCIS: Rebecca’s in the jail!

Francis: Aye, Cheever come and take her in his wagon. We’ve only now come from the jail, and they’ll not even let us in to see them.

Elizabeth: They’ve surely gone wild now, Mr. Hale!

Francis, going to HALE: Reverend Hale! Can you not speak to the Deputy Governor? I’m sure he mistakes these people—

Hale: Pray calm yourself, Mr. Nurse.

Francis: My wife is the very brick and mortar of the church. Mr. Hale—indicating GILES—and Martha Corey, there cannot be a woman closer yet to God than Martha.

Hale: How is Rebecca charged, Mr. Nurse?

Francis, with a mocking, half-hearted laugh: For murder, she’s charged! Mockingly quoting the warrant: “For the marvelous and supernatural murder of Goody Putnam’s babies.” What am I to do, Mr. Hale?

Hale, turns from FRANCIS, deeply troubled, then: Believe me, Mr. Nurse, if Rebecca Nurse be tainted, then nothing’s left to stop the whole green world from burning. Let you rest upon the justice of the court; the court will send her home. I know it.

Francis: You cannot mean she will be tried in court!

Hale, pleading: Nurse, though our hearts break, we cannot flinch: these are new times, sir. There is a misty plot afoot so subtle we should be criminal to cling to old respects and ancient friendships. I have seen too many frightful proofs in court—the Devil is alive in Salem, and we dare not quail to follow wherever the accusing finger points!

Proctor, angered: How may such a woman murder children?

Hale, in great pain: Man, remember, until an hour before the Devil fell, God thought him beautiful in Heaven.
Giles: I never said my wife were a witch, Mr. Hale: I only said she were reading books!

Hale: Mr. Corey, exactly what complaint were made on your wife?

Giles: That bloody mongrel Walcott charge her. Y’see, he buy a pig of my wife four or five year ago, and the pig died soon after. So he come dancin’ in for his money back. So my Martha, she says to him. “Walcott, if you haven’t the wit to feed a pig properly, you’ll not live to own many,” she says. Now he goes to court and claims that from that day to this he cannot keep a pig alive for more than four weeks because my Martha bewitch them with her books!

Enter ezekiel cheever. A shocked silence.

Cheever: Good evening to you, Proctor.

Proctor: Why, Mr. Cheever. Good evening.

Cheever: Good evening, all. Good evening, Mr. Hale.

Proctor: I hope you come not on business of the court.

Cheever: I do, Proctor, aye. I am clerk of the court now, y’know.

Enter marshal herrick, a man in his early thirties, who is somewhat shamefaced at the moment.

Giles: It’s a pity, Ezekiel, that an honest tailor might have gone to Heaven must burn in Hell. You’ll burn for this, do you know it?

Cheever: You know yourself I must do as I’m told. You surely know that, Giles. And I’d as lief you’d not be sending me to Hell. I like not the sound of it, I tell you: I like not the sound of it. He fears proctor, but starts to reach inside his coat. Now believe me, Proctor, how heavy be the law, all its tonnage I do carry on my back tonight. He takes out a warrant. I have a warrant for your wife.

Proctor, to Hale: You said she were not charged!

Hale: I know nothin’ of it. To cheever: When were she charged?

Cheever: I am given sixteen warrant tonight, sir, and she is one.

Proctor: Who charged her?

Cheever: Why, Abigail Williams charge her.

Proctor: On what proof, what proof?

Cheever, looking about the room: Mr. Proctor, I have little time. The court bid me search your house, but I like not to search a house. So will you hand me any poppets that your wife may keep here?

Proctor: Poppets?

Elizabeth: I never kept no poppets, not since I were a girl.
Cheever, embarrassed, glancing toward the mantel where sits Mary Warren’s poppet: I spy a poppet, Goody Proctor.

Elizabeth: Oh! Going for it: Why, this is Mary’s.

Cheever, shyly: Would you please to give it to me?

Elizabeth, handing it to him, asks Hale: Has the court discovered a text in poppets now?

Cheever, carefully holding the poppet: Do you keep any others in this house?

Proctor: No, nor this one either till tonight. What signifies a poppet?

Cheever: Why, a poppet—he gingerly turns the poppet over—a poppet may signify—Now, woman, will you please to come with me?

Proctor: She will not! To Elizabeth: Fetch Mary here.

Cheever, ineptly reaching toward Elizabeth: No, no, I am forbid to leave her from my sight.

Proctor, pushing his arm away: You’ll leave her out of sight and out of mind, Mister. Fetch Mary, Elizabeth. Elizabeth goes upstairs.

Hale: What signifies a poppet, Mr. Cheever?

Cheever, turning the poppet over in his hands: Why, they say it may signify that she—he has lifted the poppet’s skirt, and his eyes widen in astonished fear. Why, this, this—

Proctor, reaching for the poppet: What’s there?

Cheever: Why—He draws out a long needle from the poppet—it is a needle! Herrick, Herrick, it is a needle!

Herrick comes toward him.

Proctor, angrily, bewildered: And what signifies a needle!

Cheever, his hands shaking: Why, this go hard with her, Proctor, this—I had my doubts, Proctor. I had my doubts, but here’s calamity.

To Hale, showing the needle: You see it, sir, it is a needle!

Hale: Why? What meanin’ has it?

Cheever, wide-eyed, trembling: The girl, the Williams girl, Abigail Williams, sir. She sat to dinner in Reverend Parris’s house tonight, and without word nor warnin’ she falls to the floor. Like a struck beast, he says, and screamed a scream that a bull would weep to hear. And he goes to save her, and, stuck two inches in the flesh of her belly, he draw a needle out. And demandin’ of her how she come to be so stabbed, she—to Proctor now—testify it were your wife’s familiar spirit pushed it in.

Proctor: Why, she done it herself! To Hale: I hope you’re not takin’ this for proof, Mister!
Hale, struck by the proof, is silent.

Cheever: 'Tis hard proof! To Hale: I find here a poppet Goody Proctor keeps. I have found it, sir. And in the belly of the poppet a needle's stuck. I tell you true, Proctor, I never warranted to see such proof of Hell, and I bid you obstruct me not, for I—

Enter Elizabeth with Mary Warren. Proctor, seeing Mary Warren, draws her by the arm to Hale.

Proctor: Here now! Mary, how did this poppet come into my house?

Mary Warren, frightened for herself, her voice very small: What poppet's that, sir?

Proctor, impatiently, points at the doll in Cheever's hand: This poppet, this poppet.

Mary Warren, evasively, looking at it: Why, I—I think it is mine.

Proctor: It is your poppet, is it not?

Mary Warren, not understanding the direction of this: It—is, sir.

Proctor: And how did it come into this house?

Mary Warren, glancing about at the avid faces: Why—I made it in the court, sir, and—give it to Goody Proctor tonight.

Proctor, to Hale: Now, sir—do you have it?

Hale: Mary Warren, a needle have been found inside this poppet.

Mary Warren, bewildered: Why, I meant no harm by it, sir.

Proctor, quickly: You stuck that needle in yourself?

Mary Warren: I—I believe I did, sir, I—

Proctor, to Hale: What say you now?

Hale, watching Mary Warren closely: Child, you are certain this be your natural memory? May it be, perhaps that someone conjures you even now to say this?

Mary Warren: Conjures me? Why, no, sir, I am entirely myself, I think. Let you ask Susanna Walcott—she saw me sewin' it in court. Or better still: Ask Abby. Abby sat beside me when I made it.

Proctor, to Hale, of Cheever: Bid him begone. Your mind is surely settled now. Bid him out, Mr. Hale.

Elizabeth: What signifies a needle?

Hale: Mary—you charge a cold and cruel murder on Abigail.

Mary Warren: Murder! I charge no—

Hale: Abigail were stabbed tonight; a needle were found stuck into her belly—

Elizabeth: And she charges me?

Hale: Aye.

Elizabeth, her breath knocked out: Why—! The girl is murder! She must be ripped out of the world!
Cheever, pointing at Elizabeth: You’ve heard that, sir! Ripped out of the world! Herrick, you heard it!

Proctor, suddenly snatching the warrant out of Cheever’s hands: Out with you.

Cheever: Proctor, you dare not touch the warrant.

Proctor, ripping the warrant: Out with you!

Cheever: You’ve ripped the Deputy Governor’s warrant, man!

Proctor: Damn the Deputy Governor! Out of my house!

Hale: Now, Proctor, Proctor!

Proctor: Get y’gone with them! You are a broken minister.

Hale: Proctor, if she is innocent, the court—

Proctor: If she is innocent! Why do you never wonder if Parris be innocent, or Abigail? Is the accuser always holy now? Were they born this morning as clean as God’s fingers? I’ll tell you what’s walking Salem—vengeance is walking Salem. We are what we always were in Salem, but now the little crazy children are jangling the keys of the kingdom, and common vengeance writes the law! This warrant’s vengeance! I’ll not give my wife to vengeance!

Elizabeth: I’ll go, John—

Proctor: You will not go!

Herrick: I have nine men outside. You cannot keep her. The law binds me, John. I cannot budge.

Proctor, to Hale, ready to break him: Will you see her taken?

Hale: Proctor, the court is just—

Proctor: Pontius Pilate! God will not let you wash your hands of this!

Elizabeth: John—I think I must go with them. He cannot bear to look at her. Mary, there is bread enough for the morning; you will bake, in the afternoon. Help Mr. Proctor as you were his daughter—you owe me that, and much more. She is fighting her weeping. To Proctor: When the children wake, speak nothing of witchcraft—it will frighten them.

She cannot go on.

Proctor: I will bring you home. I will bring you soon.

Elizabeth: Oh, John, bring me soon!

Proctor: I will fall like an ocean on that court! Fear nothing, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth, with great fear: I will fear nothing. She looks about the room, as though to fix it in her mind. Tell the children I have gone to visit someone sick.

4. Pontius Pilate Roman governor who condemned Jesus to be crucified. Pilate washed his hands before the crowd to show that he refused to take responsibility for Jesus’ death.
She walks out the door. Herrick and Cheever behind her. For a moment, Proctor watches from the doorway. The clank of chain is heard.

Proctor: Herrick! Herrick, don’t chain her! He rushes out the door.
From outside: Damn you, man, you will not chain her! Off with them! I’ll not have it! I will not have her chained!

There are other men’s voices against his. Hale, in a fever of guilt and uncertainty, turns from the door to avoid the sight: Mary Warren bursts into tears and sits weeping. Giles Corey calls to Hale.

Giles: And yet silent, minister? It is fraud, you know it is fraud! What keeps you, man?

Proctor is half braced, half pushed into the room by two deputies and Herrick.

Proctor: I’ll pay you, Herrick. I will surely pay you!

Herrick, panting: In God’s name, John, I cannot help myself. I must chain them all. Now let you keep inside this house till I am gone! He goes out with his deputies.
Proctor stands there, gulping air. Horses and a wagon creaking are heard.

Hale, in great uncertainty: Mr. Proctor—

Proctor: Out of my sight!

Hale: Charity, Proctor, charity. What I have heard in her favor, I will not fear to testify in court. God help me. I cannot judge her guilty or innocent—I know not. Only this consider: the world goes mad, and it profit nothing you should lay the cause to the vengeance of a little girl.

Proctor: You are a coward! Though you be ordained in God’s own tears, you are a coward now!

Hale: Proctor, I cannot think God be provoked so grandly by such a petty cause. The jails are packed—our greatest judges sit in Salem now—and hangin’s promised. Man, we must look to cause proportionate. Were there murder done, perhaps, and never brought to light? Abomination? Some secret blasphemy that stinks to Heaven? Think on cause, man, and let you help me to discover it. For there’s your way, believe it, there is your only way, when such confusion strikes upon the world. He goes to Giles and Francis. Let you counsel among yourselves; think on your village and what may have drawn from heaven such thundering wrath upon you all. I shall pray God open up our eyes.

Giles goes out.

Francis, struck by Hale’s mood: I never heard no murder done in Salem.

Proctor—he has been reached by Hale’s words: Leave me, Francis, leave me.

Giles, shaken: John—tell me, are we lost?

Proctor: Go home now, Giles. We’ll speak on it tomorrow.

Giles: Let you think on it. We’ll come early, eh?

Proctor: Aye. Go now, Giles.

Giles: Good night, then.

Giles Corey goes out. After a moment:

Mary Warren, in a fearful squeak of a voice: Mr. Proctor, very likely they’ll let her come home once they’re given proper evidence.

Proctor: You’re coming to the court with me, Mary. You will tell it in the court.

Mary Warren: I cannot charge murder on Abigail.

Proctor, moving menacingly toward her: You will tell the court how that poppet come here and who stuck the needle in.

Mary Warren: She’ll kill me for sayin’ that! Proctor continues toward her. Abby’ll charge lechery on you, Mr. Proctor!

Proctor, halting: She’s told you!

5. lechery (LEHCH uhr ee) n. lust; adultery—a charge almost as serious as witchcraft in this Puritan community.
Comprehension Check

Complete the following items after you finish your first read.

1. Why does Hale visit the Proctors’ home?

2. What do some of the accused, such as Sarah Good, do to save themselves from hanging?

3. What evidence of Elizabeth’s guilt does Cheever find?

4. **Notebook** Write a summary of Act II of *The Crucible*.

**RESEARCH**

**Research to Explore** Conduct research on an aspect of the text you find interesting. For example, you may want to learn about the Court of Oyer and Terminer, established to try and convict Salem witches.
Close Read the Text

Reread paragraphs 334–339. Mark Cheever's answers to the question “What signifies a poppet?” What do his replies indicate about his knowledge of the significance of the poppet?

Analyze the Text

**Notebook** Respond to these questions.

1. (a) **Interpret** How does news of the arrest of Rebecca Nurse affect the Proctors? (b) **Connect** What does this news suggest about Abigail Williams's changing status in Salem? Explain.

2. **Evaluate** Is Hale a good person? Why, or why not?

3. **Infer** Did Mary Warren know how the poppet she gave Elizabeth would be used? Explain.

4. **Predict** What does the dialogue of Cheever and Herrick suggest will happen to Elizabeth? What chance does she have to prove her innocence?

**Concept Vocabulary**

| condemnation | magistrates | proceedings |

**Why These Words?** The three concept vocabulary words are all related to courts of law. What other words in Act II relate to this concept?

**Practice**

**Notebook** Write a paragraph about a court case, real or imaginary, that uses all three concept vocabulary words. Make sure the context of the paragraph demonstrates each word’s meaning.

**Word Study**

**Notebook** **Technical Words** Most professions have specialized vocabulary—words that are particular to the field, or that have specific meanings when used in that context. In *The Crucible*, Arthur Miller uses legal terminology, such as *magistrates* and *proceedings*. *Magistrates* applies only to the field of law. However, *proceedings*, when used without the final *s*, has a general meaning in everyday speech. It is a form of the verb *proceed*, meaning “continue a course of action.”

1. Find two more words in Act II that are examples of legal terminology. Write those words and their definitions.

2. Use a legal dictionary to locate three other words used in the field of law. Write those definitions. If any of the terms also have meanings in general speech, write those definitions as well.
Analyze Craft and Structure

Literary Elements in Drama  All narrative writing is driven by conflict, or a struggle between opposing forces. The conflict is introduced, developed, and resolved through the plot, or the story's sequence of related events. The plot unfolds over a series of stages, often referred to as the “dramatic arc.” These stages include the rising action, climax, falling action, and resolution. There are two broad categories of conflict that are explored in literature. In a complex narrative like this play, there are often numerous conflicts, and most characters experience both types:

- **External conflict** occurs between a character and an outside force, such as another person, society as a whole, nature, or even fate.
- **Internal conflict** occurs within the mind of a character who is torn between conflicting values or desires.

In the rising action of a play, the central conflicts are introduced and begin to build. These conflicts then intensify, and they often lead to other conflicts. It is important to note that characters’ internal conflicts can be just as crucial to the plot as the external conflicts.

**Practice**

Answer these questions.

1. (a) What external conflict confronts the people who are charged with witchcraft? (b) Describe the internal conflict that the accused face.

2. (a) What conflicts do Elizabeth and John Proctor struggle with in their marriage? (b) Which of these conflicts are internal and which are external? Explain.

3. Proctor knows that Abigail Williams is a fraud. What conflicts cause him to hesitate about revealing this knowledge?

4. What profound conflict does Proctor note when he confronts Hale with these words?
   “I’ll tell you what’s walking Salem—vengeance is walking Salem. We are what we always were …but now the little crazy children are jangling the keys of the kingdom …”
Speaking and Listening

Assignment
Participate in a whole-class discussion about whether Mary Warren will defend or condemn Elizabeth Proctor in court. Refresh your memory by reviewing Act II. Then, follow these steps to prepare for the discussion.

1. Consider the Situation Review your notes from Act II. Jot down your thoughts about the situation in Salem on the evening of Elizabeth’s arrest. Think about how these circumstances might affect Mary.

2. Analyze Mary Warren’s Character Scan Acts I and II to find details about Mary’s character. Use the chart to note reasons she may lie in court and reasons she may tell the truth. For each reason you list, jot down reminders of textual evidence you might refer to during the discussion.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>REASONS MARY MAY LIE IN COURT</th>
<th>REASONS MARY MAY TELL THE TRUTH</th>
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3. Prepare for the Discussion Review your notes. Decide which is stronger—the evidence that suggests Mary will tell the truth or the evidence that suggests she will lie. Make a prediction as to what she will do and why.

4. Participate in the Discussion During the discussion, listen carefully to your classmates. Remember you can change your viewpoint of Mary when presented with evidence you had not previously considered. Use the evaluation guide to consider the quality of the discussion.

EVALUATION GUIDE
Rate each statement on a scale of 1 (not demonstrated) to 5 (demonstrated).

☐ Students presented a clear prediction about Mary Warren.

☐ Students supported predictions with evidence from Acts I and II.

☐ Students spoke clearly and expressively.

☐ Students who were not speaking listened respectfully and responded with relevant information.

STANDARDS
SL.11-12.1.a Come to discussions prepared, having read and researched material under study; explicitly draw on that preparation by referring to evidence from texts and other research on the topic or issue to stimulate a thoughtful, well-reasoned exchange of ideas.
The Crucible, Act III

Concept Vocabulary

You will encounter the following words as you read Act III of *The Crucible*. Before reading, note how familiar you are with each word. Then, rank the words in order from most familiar (1) to least familiar (3).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WORD</th>
<th>YOUR RANKING</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>remorseless</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>effrontery</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>callously</td>
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After completing the first read, come back to the concept vocabulary and review your rankings. Mark changes to your original rankings as needed.

First Read DRAMA

Apply these strategies as you conduct your first read. You will have an opportunity to complete the close-read notes after your first read.

- **NOTICE** whom the story is about, what happens, where and when it happens, and why those involved react as they do.
- **ANNOTATE** by marking vocabulary and key passages you want to revisit.
- **CONNECT** ideas within the selection to what you already know and what you have already read.
- **RESPOND** by completing the Comprehension Check and by writing a brief summary of the selection.

**STANDARDS**

RL.11–12.10 By the end of grade 11, read and comprehend literature, including stories, dramas, and poems, in the grades 11–CCR text complexity band proficiently, with scaffolding as needed at the high end of the range.
REVIEW AND ANTICIPATE

Act II ends as Elizabeth Proctor is accused of witchcraft and carted off to jail as a result of the scheming of Abigail Williams. John Proctor demands that Mary Warren tell the court the truth; Mary, though aware of Abigail’s ploys, is terrified of exposing her. Find out how Mary handles this tricky and dangerous situation as you continue reading.

1. The vestry room of the Salem meeting house, now serving as the anteroom of the General Court.

2. As the curtain rises, the room is empty, but for sunlight pouring through two high windows in the back wall. The room is solemn, even forbidding. Heavy beams jut out, boards of random widths make up the walls. At the right are two doors leading into the meeting house proper, where the court is being held. At the left another door leads outside.

3. There is a plain bench at the left, and another at the right. In the center a rather long meeting table, with stools and a considerable armchair snugged up to it.

4. Through the partitioning wall at the right we hear a prosecutor’s voice, Judge Hathorne’s, asking a question; then a woman’s voice, Martha Corey’s, replying.
Hathorne’s Voice: Now, Martha Corey, there is abundant evidence in our hands to show that you have given yourself to the reading of fortunes. Do you deny it?

Martha Corey’s Voice: I am innocent to a witch. I know not what a witch is.

Hathorne’s Voice: How do you know, then, that you are not a witch?

Martha Corey’s Voice: If I were, I would know it.

Hathorne’s Voice: Why do you hurt these children?

Martha Corey’s Voice: I do not hurt them. I scorn it!

Giles’s Voice, roaring: I have evidence for the court!

Voices of townspeople rise in excitement.

Danforth’s Voice: You will keep your seat!

Giles’s Voice: Thomas Putnam is reaching out for land!

Danforth’s Voice: Remove that man, Marshal!

Giles’s Voice: You’re hearing lies, lies!

A roaring goes up from the people.

Hathorne’s Voice: Arrest him, excellency!

Giles’s Voice: I have evidence. Why will you not hear my evidence?

The door opens and Giles is half carried into the vestry room by Herrick.

Herrick: Giles, Giles!

Giles: Hands off, damn you, let me go!

Herrick: You cannot go in there, Giles; it’s a court!

Enter Hale from the court.

Hale: Pray be calm a moment.

Giles: You, Mr. Hale, go in there and demand I speak.

Hale: A moment, sir, a moment.

Giles: They’ll be hangin’ my wife!

Judge Hathorne enters. He is in his sixties, a bitter, remorseless Salem judge.

Hathorne: How do you dare come roarin’ into this court! Are you gone daft, Corey?

Giles: You’re not a Boston judge yet, Hathorne. You’ll not call me daft!

Enter Deputy Governor Danforth and, behind him, Ezekiel Cheever and Parris. On his appearance, silence falls. Danforth is a grave man in his sixties, of some humor and sophistication that does not, however,
interfere with an exact loyalty to his position and his cause. He comes down to Giles, who awaits his wrath.

Danforth, looking directly at Giles: Who is this man?

Parris: Giles Corey, sir, and a more contentious—

Giles, to Parris: I am asked the question, and I am old enough to answer it! To Danforth, who impresses him and to whom he smiles through his strain: My name is Corey, sir, Giles Corey. I have six hundred acres, and timber in addition. It is my wife you be condemning now. He indicates the courtroom.

Danforth: And how do you imagine to help her cause with such contemptuous riot? Now be gone. Your old age alone keeps you out of jail for this.

Giles, beginning to plead: They be tellin’ lies about my wife, sir, I—

Danforth: Do you take it upon yourself to determine what this court shall believe and what it shall set aside?

Giles: Your Excellency, we mean no disrespect for—

Danforth: Disrespect indeed! It is disruption, Mister. This is the highest court of the supreme government of this province, do you know it?

Giles, beginning to weep: Your Excellency, I only said she were readin’ books, sir, and they come and take her out of my house for—

Danforth, mystified: Books! What books?

Giles, through helpless sobs: It is my third wife, sir: I never had no wife that be so taken with books, and I thought to find the cause of it, d’y’see, but it were no witch I blamed her for. He is openly weeping. I have broke charity with the woman, I have broke charity with her. He covers his face, ashamed. Danforth is respectfully silent.

Hale: Excellency, he claims hard evidence for his wife’s defense. I think that in all justice you must—

Danforth: Then let him submit his evidence in proper affidavit.¹ You are certainly aware of our procedure here, Mr. Hale. To Herrick: Clear this room.

Herrick: Come now, Giles. He gently pushes Corey out.

Francis: We are desperate, sir; we come here three days now and cannot be heard.

Danforth: Who is this man?

Francis: Francis Nurse, Your Excellency.

Hale: His wife’s Rebecca that were condemned this morning.

CLOSE READ
ANNOTATE: In paragraphs 42–46, mark examples of nonstandard English.

QUESTION: Why does Miller use this type of language here?

CONCLUDE: What is the effect of this language, particularly on the audience’s understanding of Giles Corey?

¹ affidavit (af uh DAY viht) n. written statement made under oath.
Danforth: Indeed! I am amazed to find you in such uproar. I have only good report of your character, Mr. Nurse.

Hathorne: I think they must both be arrested in contempt, sir.

Danforth, to Francis: Let you write your plea, and in due time I will—

Francis: Excellency, we have proof for your eyes: God forbid you shut them to it. The girls, sir, the girls are frauds.

Danforth: What’s that?

Francis: We have proof of it, sir. They are all deceiving you.

Danforth is shocked, but studying Francis.

Hathorne: This is contempt, sir, contempt!

Danforth: Peace, Judge Hathorne. Do you know who I am, Mr. Nurse?

Francis: I surely do, sir, and I think you must be a wise judge to be what you are.

Danforth: And do you know that near to four hundred are in the jails from Marblehead to Lynn, and upon my signature?

Francis: I—

Danforth: And seventy-two condemned to hang by that signature?

Francis: Excellency, I never thought to say it to such a weighty judge, but you are deceived.

Enter Giles Corey from left. All turn to see as he beckons in Mary Warren with Proctor. Mary is keeping her eyes to the ground; Proctor has her elbow as though she were near collapse.

Parris, on seeing her, in shock: Mary Warren! He goes directly to bend close to her face. What are you about here?

Proctor, pressing Parris away from her with a gentle but firm motion of protectiveness: She would speak with the Deputy Governor.

Danforth, shocked by this, turns to Herrick: Did you not tell me Mary Warren were sick in bed?

Herrick: She were, Your Honor. When I go to fetch her to the court last week, she said she were sick.

Giles: She has been strivin’ with her soul all week. Your Honor; she comes now to tell the truth of this to you.

Danforth: Who is this?

Proctor: John Proctor, sir. Elizabeth Proctor is my wife.

Parris: Beware this man, Your Excellency, this man is mischief.

Hale, excitedly: I think you must hear the girl, sir, she—
Danforth, who has become very interested in Mary Warren and only raises a hand toward Hale: Peace. What would you tell us, Mary Warren?

Proctor looks at her, but she cannot speak.

Proctor: She never saw no spirits, sir.

Danforth, with great alarm and surprise, to Mary: Never saw no spirits!

Giles, eagerly: Never.

Proctor, reaching into his jacket: She has signed a deposition, sir—

Danforth, instantly: No, no. I accept no depositions. He is rapidly calculating this; he turns from her to Proctor. Tell me, Mr. Proctor, have you given out this story in the village?

Proctor: We have not.

Parris: They’ve come to overthrow the court, sir! This man is—

Danforth: I pray you, Mr. Parris. Do you know, Mr. Proctor, that the entire contention of the state in these trials is that the voice of Heaven is speaking through the children?

Proctor: I know that, sir.

Danforth, thinks, staring at Proctor, then turns to Mary Warren:

And you, Mary Warren, how come you to cry out people for sending their spirits, against you?

Mary Warren: It were pretense, sir.

Danforth: I cannot hear you.

Proctor: It were pretense, she says.

Danforth: Ah? And the other girls? Susanna Walcott, and—the others? They are also pretending?

Mary Warren: Aye, sir.

Danforth, wide-eyed: Indeed. Pause. He is baffled by this. He turns to study Proctor’s face.

Parris, in a sweat: Excellency, you surely cannot think to let so vile a lie be spread in open court!

Danforth: Indeed not, but it strike hard upon me that she will dare come here with such a tale. Now, Mr. Proctor, before I decide whether I shall hear you or not, it is my duty to tell you this. We burn a hot fire here; it melts down all concealment.

Proctor: I know that, sir.

Danforth: Let me continue. I understand well, a husband’s tenderness may drive him to extravagance in defense of a wife. Are you certain in your conscience, Mister, that your evidence is the truth?

Proctor: It is. And you will surely know it.
Danforth: And you thought to declare this revelation in the open court before the public?

Proctor: I thought I would, aye—with your permission.

Danforth, his eyes narrowing: Now, sir, what is your purpose in so doing?

Proctor: Why, I—I would free my wife, sir.

Danforth: There lurks nowhere in your heart, nor hidden in your spirit, any desire to undermine this court?

Proctor, with the faintest faltering: Why, no, sir.

Cheever, clears his throat, awakening: I—Your Excellency.

Danforth: Mr. Cheever.

Cheever: I think it be my duty, sir—Kindly, to Proctor: You’ll not deny it, John. To Danforth: When we come to take his wife, he damned the court and ripped your warrant.

Parris: Now you have it!

Danforth: He did that, Mr. Hale?

Hale, takes a breath: Aye, he did.

Proctor: It were a temper, sir. I knew not what I did.

Danforth, studying him: Mr. Proctor.

Proctor: Aye, sir.

Danforth, straight into his eyes: Have you ever seen the Devil?

Proctor: No, sir.

Danforth: You are in all respects a Gospel Christian?

Proctor: I am, sir.

Parris: Such a Christian that will not come to church but once in a month!

Danforth, restrained—he is curious: Not come to church?

Proctor: I—I have no love for Mr. Parris. It is no secret. But God I surely love.

Cheever: He plow on Sunday, sir.

Danforth: Plow on Sunday!

Cheever, apologetically: I think it be evidence, John. I am an official of the court, I cannot keep it.

Proctor: I—I have once or twice plowed on Sunday. I have three children, sir, and until last year my land give little.

Giles: You’ll find other Christians that do plow on Sunday if the truth be known.

Hale: Your Honor, I cannot think you may judge the man on such evidence.
Danforth: I judge nothing. Pause. He keeps watching Proctor, who tries to meet his gaze. I tell you straight, Mister—I have seen marvels in this court. I have seen people choked before my eyes by spirits; I have seen them stuck by pins and slashed by daggers. I have until this moment not the slightest reason to suspect that the children may be deceiving me. Do you understand my meaning?

Proctor: Excellency, does it not strike upon you that so many of these women have lived so long with such upright reputation, and—

Parris: Do you read the Gospel, Mr. Proctor?

Proctor: I read the Gospel.

Parris: I think not, or you should surely know that Cain were an upright man, and yet he did kill Abel.²

Proctor: Aye, God tells us that. To Danforth: But who tells us Rebecca Nurse murdered seven babies by sending out her spirit on them? It is the children only, and this one will swear she lied to you.

2. Cain . . . Abel In the Bible, Cain, the oldest son of Adam and Eve, killed his brother Abel.

Danforth considers, then beckons Hathorne to him. Hathorne leans in, and he speaks in his ear. Hathorne nods.

Hathorne: Aye, she’s the one.

Danforth: Mr. Proctor, this morning, your wife send me a claim in which she states that she is pregnant now.

Proctor: My wife pregnant!

Danforth: There be no sign of it—we have examined her body.

Proctor: But if she say she is pregnant, then she must be! That woman will never lie, Mr. Danforth.

Danforth: She will not?

Proctor: Never, sir, never.

Danforth: We have thought it too convenient to be credited. However, if I should tell you now that I will let her be kept another month; and if she begin to show her natural signs, you shall have her living yet another year until she is delivered—what say you to that? John Proctor is struck silent. Come now. You say your only purpose is to save your wife. Good, then, she is saved at least this year, and a year is long. What say you, sir? It is done now. In conflict, Proctor glances at Francis and Giles. Will you drop this charge?

Proctor: I—I think I cannot.

Proctor, now an almost imperceptible hardness in his voice: Then your purpose is somewhat larger.

Parris: He’s come to overthrow this court, Your Honor!

Proctor: These are my friends. Their wives are also accused—

CLOSE READ
ANNOTATE: In the stage directions in paragraph 143, mark the adverb and the adjective in the description of Danforth’s voice.

QUESTION: Why does Miller use these modifiers?

CONCLUDE: How do these modifiers add to the portrayal of Danforth’s character?
Danforth, with a sudden briskness of manner: I judge you not, sir. I am ready to hear your evidence.

Proctor: I come not to hurt the court: I only—

Danforth, cutting him off: Marshal, go into the court and bid Judge Stoughton and Judge Sewall declare recess for one hour. And let them go to the tavern, if they will. All witnesses and prisoners are to be kept in the building.

Herrick: Aye, sir. Very deferentially: If I may say it, sir. I know this man all my life. It is a good man, sir.

Danforth—it is the reflection on himself he resents: I am sure of it, Marshal. Herrick nods, then goes out. Now, what deposition do you have for us, Mr. Proctor? And I beg you be clear, open as the sky, and honest.

Proctor, as he takes out several papers: I am no lawyer, so I'll—

Danforth: The pure in heart need no lawyers. Proceed as you will.

Proctor, handing Danforth a paper: Will you read this first, sir? It's a sort of testament. The people signing it declare their good opinion of Rebecca, and my wife, and Martha Corey.

Danforth looks down at the paper.

Parris, to enlist Danforth's sarcasm: Their good opinion! But Danforth goes on reading, and Proctor is heartened.

Proctor: These are all landholding farmers, members of the church. Delicately, trying to point out a paragraph: If you'll notice, sir—they've known the women many years and never saw no sign they had dealings with the Devil.

Parris nervously moves over and reads over Danforth's shoulder.

Danforth, glancing down a long list: How many names are here?

Francis: Ninety-one, Your Excellency.

Parris, sweating: These people should be summoned. Danforth looks up at him questioningly. For questioning.

Francis, trembling with anger: Mr. Danforth, I gave them all my word no harm would come to them for signing this.

Parris: This is a clear attack upon the court!

Hale, to Parris, trying to contain himself: Is every defense an attack upon the court? Can no one—?

Parris: All innocent and Christian people are happy for the courts in Salem! These people are gloomy for it. To Danforth directly: And I think you will want to know, from each and every one of them, what discontents them with you!

Hathorne: I think they ought to be examined, sir.

Danforth: It is not necessarily an attack, I think. Yet—
Francis: These are all covenanted Christians, sir.

Danforth: Then I am sure they may have nothing to fear. Hands Cheever the paper. Mr. Cheever, have warrants drawn for all of these—arrest for examination. To proctor: Now, Mister, what other information do you have for us? Francis is still standing, horrified. You may sit, Mr. Nurse.

Francis: I have brought trouble on these people; I have—

Danforth: No, old man, you have not hurt these people if they are of good conscience. But you must understand, sir, that a person is either with this court or he must be counted against it, there be no road between. This is a sharp time, now, a precise time—we live no longer in the dusky afternoon when evil mixed itself with good and befuddled the world. Now, by God’s grace, the shining sun is up, and them that fear not light will surely praise it. I hope you will be one of those. Mary Warren suddenly sobs. She’s not hearty, I see.

Proctor: No, she’s not, sir. To Mary, bending to her, holding her hand, quietly: Now remember what the angel Raphael said to the boy Tobias. Remember it.

Mary Warren, hardly audible: Aye.

Proctor: “Do that which is good, and no harm shall come to thee.”

Mary Warren: Aye.

Danforth: Come, man, we wait you.

Marshal Herrick returns, and takes his post at the door.

Giles: John, my deposition, give him mine.

Proctor: Aye. He hands Danforth another paper. This is Mr. Corey’s deposition.

Danforth: Oh? He looks down at it. Now Hathorne comes behind him and reads with him.

Hathorne, suspiciously: What lawyer drew this, Corey?

Giles: You know I never hired a lawyer in my life, Hathorne.

Danforth, finishing the reading: It is very well phrased. My compliments. Mr. Parris, if Mr. Putnam is in the court, will you bring him in? Hathorne takes the deposition, and walks to the window with it. Parris goes into the court. You have no legal training, Mr. Corey?

Giles, very pleased: I have the best, sir—I am thirty-three time in court in my life. And always plaintiff, too.

Danforth: Oh, then you’re much put-upon.

Giles: I am never put-upon: I know my rights, sir, and I will have them. You know, your father tried a case of mine—might be thirty-five year ago, I think.
Danforth: Indeed.

Giles: He never spoke to you of it?

Danforth: No. I cannot recall it.

Giles: That’s strange, he gave me nine pound damages. He were a fair judge, your father. Y’see, I had a white mare that time, and this fellow come to borrow the mare—*Enter Parris with Thomas Putnam. When he sees Putnam, Giles’s ease goes; he is hard. Aye, there he is.*

Danforth: Mr. Putnam, I have here an accusation by Mr. Corey against you. He states that you coldly prompted your daughter to cry witchery upon George Jacobs that is now in jail.

Putnam: It is a lie.

Danforth, *turning to Giles*: Mr. Putnam states your charge is a lie. What say you to that?

Giles, furious, *his fists clenched*: A fart on Thomas Putnam, that is what I say to that!

Danforth: What proof do you submit for your charge, sir?

Giles: My proof is there! *Pointing to the paper.* If Jacobs hangs for a witch he forfeit up his property—that’s law! And there is none but Putnam with the coin to buy so great a piece. This man is killing his neighbors for their land!

Danforth: But proof, sir, proof.

Giles, *pointing at his deposition*: The proof is there! I have it from an honest man who heard Putnam say it! The day his daughter cried out on Jacobs, he said she’d given him a fair gift of land.

Hathorne: And the name of this man?

Giles, *taken aback*: What name?

Hathorne: The man that give you this information.

Giles, *hesitates, then*: Why, I—I cannot give you his name.

Hathorne: And why not?

Giles, *hesitates, then bursts out*: You know well why not! He’ll lay in jail if I give his name!

Hathorne: This is contempt of the court, Mr. Danforth!

Danforth, *to avoid that*: You will surely tell us the name.

Giles: I will not give you no name. I mentioned my wife’s name once and I’ll burn in hell long enough for that. I stand mute.

Danforth: In that case, I have no choice but to arrest you for contempt of this court, do you know that?

Giles: This is a hearing; you cannot clap me for contempt of a hearing.
Danforth: Oh, it is a proper lawyer! Do you wish me to declare the court in full session here? Or will you give me good reply?

Giles, faltering: I cannot give you no name, sir, I cannot.

Danforth: You are a foolish old man. Mr. Cheever, begin the record. The court is now in session. I ask you, Mr. Corey—

Proctor, breaking in: Your Honor—he has the story in confidence, sir, and he—

Parris: The Devil lives on such confidences! To DANFORTH: Without confidences there could be no conspiracy, Your Honor!

Hathorne: I think it must be broken, sir.

Danforth, to Giles: Old man, if your informant tells the truth let him come here openly like a decent man. But if he hide in anonymity I must know why. Now sir, the government and central church demand of you the name of him who reported Mr. Thomas Putnam a common murderer.

Hale: Excellency—

Danforth: Mr. Hale.

Hale: We cannot blink it more. There is a prodigious fear of this court in the country—

Danforth: Then there is a prodigious guilt in the country. Are you afraid to be questioned here?

Hale: I may only fear the Lord, sir, but there is fear in the country nevertheless.

Danforth, angered now: Reproach me not with the fear in the country; there is fear in the country because there is a moving plot to topple Christ in the country!

Hale: But it does not follow that everyone accused is part of it.

Danforth: No uncorrupted man may fear this court. Mr. Hale! None! To Giles: You are under arrest in contempt of this court. Now sit you down and take counsel with yourself, or you will be set in the jail until you decide to answer all questions.

GILES COREY makes a rush for PUTNAM. PROCTOR lunges and holds him.

Proctor: No, Giles!

Giles, over PROCTOR’s shoulder at PUTNAM: I’ll cut your throat, Putnam. I’ll kill you yet!

Proctor, forcing him into a chair: Peace, Giles, peace. Releasing him. We’ll prove ourselves. Now we will. He starts to turn to DANFORTH.

Giles: Say nothin’ more, John. Pointing at DANFORTH: He’s only playin’ you! He means to hang us all!

MARY WARREN bursts into sobs.
Danforth: This is a court of law, Mister. I’ll have no effrontery here!

Proctor: Forgive him, sir, for his old age. Peace, Giles, we’ll prove it all now. He lifts up Mary’s chin. You cannot weep, Mary. Remember the angel, what he say to the boy. Hold to it, now; there is your rock. Mary quiets. He takes out a paper, and turns to Danforth. This is Mary Warren’s deposition. I—I would ask you remember, sir, while you read it, that until two week ago she were no different than the other children are today. He is speaking reasonably, restraining all his fears, his anger, his anxiety. You saw her scream, she howled, she swore familiar spirits choked her; she even testified that Satan, in the form of women now in jail, tried to win her soul away, and then when she refused—

Danforth: We know all this.

Proctor: Aye, sir. She swears now that she never saw Satan; nor any spirit, vague or clear, that Satan may have sent to hurt her. And she declares her friends are lying now.

Proctor starts to hand Danforth the deposition, and Hale comes up to Danforth in a trembling state.

Hale: Excellency, a moment. I think this goes to the heart of the matter.

Danforth, with deep misgivings: It surely does.

Hale: I cannot say he is an honest man; I know him little. But in all justice, sir, a claim so weighty cannot be argued by a farmer. In God’s name, sir, stop here; send him home and let him come again with a lawyer—

Danforth, patiently: Now look you, Mr. Hale—

Hale: Excellency, I have signed seventy-two death warrants; I am a minister of the Lord, and I dare not take a life without there be a proof so immaculate no slightest qualm of conscience may doubt it.

Danforth: Mr. Hale, you surely do not doubt my justice.

Hale: I have this morning signed away the soul of Rebecca Nurse, Your Honor. I’ll not conceal it, my hand shakes yet as with a wound! I pray you, sir, this argument let lawyers present to you.

Danforth: Mr. Hale, believe me: for a man of such terrible learning you are most bewildered—I hope you will forgive me. I have been thirty-two year at the bar, sir, and I should be confounded were I called upon to defend these people. Let you consider, now—To Proctor and the others: And I bid you all do likewise. In an ordinary crime, how does one defend the accused? One calls up witnesses to prove his innocence. But
witchcraft is *ipsa facto*, on its face and by its nature, an invisible crime, is it not? Therefore, who may possibly be witness to it? The witch and the victim. None other. Now we cannot hope the witch will accuse herself: granted? Therefore, we must rely upon her victims—and they do testify, the children certainly do testify. As for the witches, none will deny that we are most eager for all their confessions. Therefore, what is left for a lawyer to bring out? I think I have made my point. Have I not?

243 **Hale:** But this child claims the girls are not truthful, and if they are not—

244 **Danforth:** That is precisely what I am about to consider, sir. What more may you ask of me? Unless you doubt my probity?\(^5\)

245 **Hale, defeated:** I surely do not, sir. Let you consider it, then.

246 **Danforth:** And let you put your heart to rest. Her deposition, Mr. Proctor.

247 *Proctor hands it to him.* HATHORNE rises, goes beside DANFORTH and starts reading. PARRIS comes to his other side. DANFORTH looks at JOHN PROCTOR, then proceeds to read. HALE gets up, finds position near the judge, reads too. PROCTOR glances at GILES. FRANCIS prays silently, hands pressed together. CHEEVER waits placidly, the sublime official, dutiful. MARY WARREN sobs once. JOHN PROCTOR touches her head reassuringly. Presently DANFORTH lifts his eyes, stands up, takes out a kerchief and blows his nose. The others stand aside as he moves in thought toward the window.

248 **Parris, hardly able to contain his anger and fear:** I should like to question—

249 **Danforth**—*his first real outburst, in which his contempt for PARRIS is clear:* Mr. Parris, I bid you be silent! He stands in silence, looking out the window. Now, having established that he will set the gait: Mr. Cheever, will you go into the court and bring the children here? CHEEVER gets up and goes out upstage. DANFORTH now turns to MARY. Mary Warren, how came you to this turnabout? Has Mr. Proctor threatened you for this deposition?

250 **Mary Warren:** No, sir.

251 **Danforth:** Has he ever threatened you?

252 **Mary Warren, weaker:** No, sir.

253 **Danforth, sensing a weakening:** Has he threatened you?

254 **Mary Warren:** No, sir.

255 **Danforth:** Then you tell me that you sat in my court, *callously* lying, when you knew that people would hang by your evidence? *She does not answer.* Answer me!

256 **Mary Warren, almost inaudibly:** I did, sir.

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**NOTES**

4. *ipsa facto* (ihp soh FAK toh) *“by that very fact”; “therefore” (Latin).*

5. *probity* (PROH buh tee) *n.* complete honesty; integrity.
257  **Danforth:** How were you instructed in your life? Do you not know that God damns all liars? She cannot speak. Or is it now that you lie?

258  **Mary Warren:** No, sir—I am with God now.

259  **Danforth:** You are with God now.

260  **Mary Warren:** Aye, sir.

261  **Danforth,** containing himself: I will tell you this—you are either lying now, or you were lying in the court, and in either case you have committed perjury and you will go to jail for it. You cannot lightly say you lied, Mary. Do you know that?

262  **Mary Warren:** I cannot lie no more. I am with God. I am with God.

263  *But she breaks into sobs at the thought of it, and the right door opens, and enter SUSANNA WALCOTT, MERCY LEWIS, BETTY PARRIS, and finally ABIGAIL. CHEEVER COMES TO DANFORTH.*

264  **Cheever:** Ruth Putnam’s not in the court, sir, nor the other children.

265  **Danforth:** These will be sufficient. Sit you down, children. *Silently they sit.* Your friend, Mary Warren, has given us a deposition. In which she swears that she never saw familiar spirits, apparitions, nor any manifest of the Devil. She claims as well that none of you have seen these things either. *Slight pause.* Now, children, this is a court of law. The law, based upon the Bible, and the Bible, writ by Almighty God, forbid the practice of witchcraft, and describe death as the penalty thereof. But likewise, children, the law and Bible damn all bearers of false witness. *Slight pause.* Now then. It does not escape me that this deposition may be devised to blind us; it may well be that Mary Warren has been conquered by Satan, who sends her here to distract our sacred purpose. If so, her neck will break for it. But if she speak true, I bid you now drop your guile and confess your pretense, for a quick confession will go easier with you. *Pause.* Abigail Williams, rise. **Abigail slowly rises.** Is there any truth in this?

266  **Abigail:** No, sir.

267  **Danforth,** thinks, glances at **MARY then back to **ABIGAIL: Children, a very augur bit’ will now be turned into your souls until your honesty is proved. Will either of you change your positions now, or do you force me to hard questioning?

268  **Abigail:** I have naught to change, sir. She lies.

269  **Danforth,** to **MARY:** You would still go on with this?

270  **Mary Warren,** faintly: Aye, sir.
Danforth, turning to Abigail: A poppet were discovered in Mr. Proctor’s house, stabbed by a needle. Mary Warren claims that you sat beside her in the court when she made it, and that you saw her make it and witnessed how she herself stuck her needle into it for safe-keeping. What say you to that?

Abigail, with a slight note of indignation: It is a lie, sir.

Danforth, after a slight pause: While you worked for Mr. Proctor, did you see poppets in that house?

Abigail: Goody Proctor always kept poppets.

Proctor: Your Honor, my wife never kept no poppets. Mary Warren confesses it was her poppet.

Cheever: Your Excellency.

Danforth: Mr. Cheever.

Cheever: When I spoke with Goody Proctor in that house, she said she never kept no poppets. But she said she did keep poppets when she were a girl.

Proctor: She has not been a girl these fifteen years, Your Honor.

Hathorne: But a poppet will keep fifteen years, will it not?

Proctor: It will keep if it is kept, but Mary Warren swears she never saw no poppets in my house, nor anyone else.

Parris: Why could there not have been poppets hid where no one ever saw them?

Proctor, furious: There might also be a dragon with five legs in my house, but no one has ever seen it.

Parris: We are here, Your Honor, precisely to discover what no one has ever seen.

Proctor: Mr. Danforth, what profit this girl to tum herself about? What may Mary Warren gain but hard questioning and worse?

Danforth: You are charging Abigail Williams with a marvelous cool plot to murder, do you understand that?

Proctor: I do, sir. I believe she means to murder.

Danforth, pointing at Abigail, incredulously: This child would murder your wife?

Proctor: It is not a child. Now hear me, sir. In the sight of the congregation she were twice this year put out of this meetin’ house for laughter during prayer.

Danforth, shocked, turning to Abigail: What’s this? Laughter during—!

Parris: Excellency, she were under Tituba’s power at that time, but she is solemn now.

Giles: Aye, now she is solemn and goes to hang people!
Danforth: Quiet, man.

Hathorne: Surely it have no bearing on the question, sir. He charges contemplation of murder.

Danforth: Aye. He studies ABIGAIL for a moment, then: Continue, Mr. Proctor.

Proctor: Mary. Now tell the Governor how you danced in the woods.

Parris, instantly: Excellency, since I come to Salem this man is blackening my name. He—

Danforth: In a moment, sir. To MARY WARREN, sternly, and surprised. What is this dancing?

Mary Warren: I—She glances at ABIGAIL, who is staring down at her remorselessly. Then, appealing to PROCTOR: Mr. Proctor—

Proctor, taking it right up: Abigail leads the girls to the woods. Your Honor, and they have danced there naked—

Parris: Your Honor, this—

Proctor, at once: Mr. Parris discovered them himself in the dead of night! There’s the “child” she is!

Danforth—it is growing into a nightmare, and he turns, astonished, to PARRIS: Mr. Parris—

Parris: I can only say, sir, that I never found any of them naked, and this man is—

Danforth: But you discovered them dancing in the woods? EYES ON PARRIS, he points at ABIGAIL. Abigail?

Hale: Excellency, when I first arrived from Beverly, Mr. Parris told me that.

Danforth: Do you deny it, Mr. Parris?

Parris: I do not, sir, but I never saw any of them naked.

Danforth: But she have danced?

Parris, unwillingly: Aye, sir.

Danforth, as though with new eyes, looks at ABIGAIL.

Hathorne: Excellency, will you permit me? He points at MARY WARREN.

Danforth, with great worry: Pray, proceed.

Hathorne: You say you never saw no spirits, Mary, were never threatened or afflicted by any manifest of the Devil or the Devil’s agents.

Mary Warren, very faintly: No, sir.

Hathorne, with a gleam of victory: And yet, when people accused of witchery confronted you in court, you would faint, saying their spirits came out of their bodies and choked you—
Mary Warren: That were pretense, sir.

Danforth: I cannot hear you.

Mary Warren: Pretense, sir.

Parris: But you did turn cold, did you not? I myself picked you up many times, and your skin were icy. Mr. Danforth, you—

Danforth: I saw that many times.

Proctor: She only pretended to faint, Your Excellency. They’re all marvelous pretenders.

Hathorne: Then can she pretend to faint now?

Proctor: Now?

Parris: Why not? Now there are no spirits attacking her, for none in this room is accused of witchcraft. So let her turn herself cold now, let her pretend she is attacked now, let her faint. He turns to MARY WARREN. Faint!

Mary Warren: Faint?

Parris: Aye, faint. Prove to us how you pretended in the court so many times.

Mary Warren, looking to PROCTOR: I—cannot faint now, sir.

Proctor, alarmed, quietly: Can you not pretend it?

Mary Warren: I—She looks about as though searching for the passion to faint. I—have no sense of it now, I—

Danforth: Why? What is lacking now?

Mary Warren: I—cannot tell, sir, I—

Danforth: Might it be that here we have no afflicting spirit loose, but in the court there were some?

Mary Warren: I never saw no spirits.

Parris: Then see no spirits now, and prove to us that you can faint by your own will, as you claim.

Mary Warren, stares, searching for the emotion of it, and then shakes her head: I—cannot do it.

Parris: Then you will confess, will you not? It were attacking spirits made you faint!

Mary Warren: No, sir. I—

Parris: Your Excellency, this is a trick to blind the court!

Mary Warren: It’s not a trick! She stands. I—I used to faint because I—I thought I saw spirits.

Danforth: Thought you saw them!

Mary Warren: But I did not, Your Honor.

Hathorne: How could you think you saw them unless you saw them?
Mary Warren: I—I cannot tell how, but I did. I—I heard the other girls screaming, and you, Your Honor, you seemed to believe them, and I—It were only sport in the beginning, sir, but then the whole world cried spirits, spirits, and I—I promise you, Mr. Danforth, I only thought I saw them but I did not.

Danforth peers at her.

Parris, smiling, but nervous because Danforth seems to be struck by Mary Warren’s story: Surely Your Excellency is not taken by this simple lie.

Danforth, turning worryingly to Abigail: Abigail. I bid you now search your heart and tell me this—and beware of it, child, to God every soul is precious and His vengeance is terrible on them that take life without cause. Is it possible, child, that the spirits you have seen are illusion only, some deception that may cross your mind when—

Abigail: Why, this—this—is a base question, sir.

Danforth: Child, I would have you consider it—

Abigail: I have been hurt, Mr. Danforth; I have seen my blood runnin’ out! I have been near to murdered every day because I done my duty pointing out the Devil’s people—and this is my reward? To be mistrusted, denied, questioned like a—

Danforth, weakening: Child, I do not mistrust you—

Abigail, in an open threat: Let you beware, Mr. Danforth. Think you to be so mighty that the power of Hell may not turn your wits? Beware of it! There is—Suddenly from an accusatory attitude, her face turns, looking into the air above—it is truly frightened.

Danforth, apprehensively: What is it, child?

Abigail, looking about in the air, clasping her arms about her as though cold: I—I know not. A wind, a cold wind, has come. Her eyes fall on Mary Warren.

Mary Warren, terrified, pleading: Abby!

Mercy Lewis, shivering: Your Honor, I freeze!

Proctor: They’re pretending!

Hathorne, touching Abigail’s hand: She is cold, Your Honor, touch her!

Mercy Lewis, through chattering teeth: Mary, do you send this shadow on me?

Mary Warren: Lord, save me!

Susanna Walcott: I freeze, I freeze!

Abigail, shivering, visibly: It is a wind, a wind!

Mary Warren: Abby, don’t do that!
Danforth, himself engaged and entered by Abigail: Mary Warren, do you witch her? I say to you, do you send your spirit out?

With a hysterical cry Mary Warren starts to run. Proctor catches her.

Mary Warren, almost collapsing: Let me go, Mr. Proctor, I cannot, I cannot—

Abigail, crying to Heaven: Oh, Heavenly Father, take away this shadow!

Without warning or hesitation, Proctor leaps at Abigail and, grabbing her by the hair, pulls her to her feet. She screams in pain. Danforth, astonished, cries, “What are you about?” and Hathorne and Parris call. “Take your hands off her!” and out of it all comes Proctor’s roaring voice.

Proctor: How do you call Heaven! Whore! Whore!

Herrick breaks Proctor from her.

Herrick: John!

The girls react to a possible “bewitchment” by Mary Warren.
Danforth: Man! Man, what do you—

Proctor, breathless and in agony: It is a whore!

Danforth, dumfounded: You charge—?

Abigail: Mr. Danforth, he is lying!

Proctor: Mark her! Now she’ll suck a scream to stab me with, but—

Danforth: You will prove this! This will not pass!

Proctor, trembling, his life collapsing about him: I have known her, sir. I have known her.

Danforth: You—you are a lecher?

Francis, horrified: John, you cannot say such a—

Proctor: Oh. Francis, I wish you had some evil in you that you might know me! To Danforth: A man will not cast away his good name. You surely know that.

Danforth, dumfounded: In—in what time? In what place?

Proctor, his voice about to break, and his shame great: In the proper place—where my beasts are bedded. On the last night of my joy, some eight months past. She used to serve me in my house, sir. He has to clamp his jaw to keep from weeping. A man may think God sleeps, but God sees everything, I know it now. I beg you, sir, I beg you—see her what she is. My wife, my dear good wife, took this girl soon after, sir, and put her out on the highroad. And being what she is, a lump of vanity, sir—He is being overcome. Excellency, forgive me, forgive me. Angrily against himself, he turns away from the GOVERNOR for a moment. Then, as though to cry out is his only means of speech left: She thinks to dance with me on my wife’s grave! And well she might, for I thought of her softly. God help me, I lusted, and there is a promise in such sweat. But it is a whore’s vengeance, and you must see it; I set myself entirely in your hands. I know you must see it now.

Danforth, blanched, in horror, turning to Abigail: You deny every scrap and tittle of this?

Abigail: If I must answer that, I will leave and I will not come back again!

DANFORTH seems unsteady.

Proctor: I have made a bell of my honor! I have rung the doom of my good name—you will believe me, Mr. Danforth! My wife is innocent, except she knew a whore when she saw one!

Abigail, stepping up to Danforth: What look do you give me? DANFORTH cannot speak. I’ll not have such looks! She turns and starts for the door.
Danforth: You will remain where you are! Herrick steps into her path. She comes up short, fire in her eyes. Mr. Parris, go into the court and bring Goodwife Proctor out.

Parris, objecting: Your Honor, this is all a—

Danforth, sharply to Parris: Bring her out! And tell her not one word of what's been spoken here. And let you knock before you enter. Parris goes out. Now we shall touch the bottom of this swamp. To Proctor: Your wife, you say, is an honest woman.

Proctor: In her life, sir, she have never lied. There are them that cannot sing, and them that cannot weep—my wife cannot lie. I have paid much to learn it, sir.

Danforth: And when she put this girl out of your house, she put her out for a harlot?

Proctor: Aye, sir.

Danforth: And knew her for a harlot?

Proctor: Aye, sir, she knew her for a harlot.

Danforth: Good then. To Abigail: And if she tell me, child, it were for harlotry, may God spread His mercy on you! There is a knock. He calls to the door. Hold! To Abigail: Turn your back. Turn your back. To Proctor: Do likewise. Both turn their backs—Abigail with indignant slowness. Now let neither of you turn to face Goody Proctor. No one in this room is to speak one word, or raise a gesture aye or nay. He turns toward the door, calls: Enter! The door opens. Elizabeth enters with Parris. Parris leaves her. She stands alone, her eyes looking for Proctor. Mr. Cheever, report this testimony in all exactness. Are you ready?

Cheever: Ready, sir.

Danforth: Come here, woman. Elizabeth comes to him, glancing at Proctor's back. Look at me only, not at your husband. In my eyes only.

Elizabeth, faintly: Good, sir.

Danforth: We are given to understand that at one time you dismissed your servant, Abigail Williams.

Elizabeth: That is true, sir.

Danforth: For what cause did you dismiss her? Slight pause. Then Elizabeth tries to glance at Proctor. You will look in my eyes only and not at your husband. The answer is in your memory and you need no help to give it to me. Why did you dismiss Abigail Williams?

Elizabeth, not knowing what to say, sensing a situation, wetting her lips to stall for time: She—dissatisfied me. Pause. And my husband.
Danforth: In what way dissatisfied you?

Elizabeth: She were—She glances at Proctor for a cue.

Danforth: Woman, look at me? Elizabeth does. Were she slovenly? Lazy? What disturbance did she cause?

Elizabeth: Your Honor, I—in that time I were sick. And I—My husband is a good and righteous man. He is never drunk as some are, nor wastin’ his time at the shovelboard, but always at his work. But in my sickness—you see, sir, I were a long time sick after my last baby, and I thought I saw my husband somewhat turning from me. And this girl—She turns to Abigail.

Danforth: Look at me.

Elizabeth: Aye, sir. Abigail Williams—She breaks off.

Danforth: What of Abigail Williams?

Elizabeth: I came to think he fancied her. And so one night I lost my wits. I think, and put her out on the highroad.

Danforth: Your husband—did he indeed turn from you?

Elizabeth, in agony: My husband—is a goodly man, sir.

Danforth: Then he did not turn from you.
Elizabeth, starting to glance at Proctor: He—

Danforth, reaches out and holds her face, then: Look at me! To your own knowledge, has John Proctor ever committed the crime of lechery? In a crisis of indecision she cannot speak. Answer my question! Is your husband a lecher!

Elizabeth, faintly: No, sir.

Danforth: Remove her, Marshal.

Proctor: Elizabeth, tell the truth!

Danforth: She has spoken. Remove her!

Proctor, crying out: Elizabeth, I have confessed it!

Elizabeth: Oh, God! The door closes behind her.

Proctor: She only thought to save my name!

Hale: Excellency, it is a natural lie to tell; I beg you, stop now before another is condemned! I may shut my conscience to it no more—private vengeance is working through this testimony! From the beginning this man has struck me true. By my oath to Heaven, I believe him now, and I pray you call back his wife before we—

Danforth: She spoke nothing of lechery, and this man has lied!

Hale: I believe him! Pointing at Abigail: This girl has always struck me false! She has—

Abigail, with a weird, wild, chilling cry, screams up to the ceiling.

Abigail: You will not! Begone! Begone, I say!

Danforth: What is it, child? But Abigail, pointing with fear, is now raising up her frightened eyes, her averted face, toward the ceiling—the girls are doing the same—and now Hathorne, Hale, Putnam, Cheever, Herrick, and Danforth do the same. What’s there? He lowers his eyes from the ceiling, and now he is frightened; there is real tension in his voice. Child! She is transfixed—with all the girls, she is whimpering, open-mouthed, agape at the ceiling. Girls! Why do you—?

Mercy Lewis, pointing: It’s on the beam! Behind the rafter!

Danforth, looking up: Where!

Abigail: Why—? She gulps. Why do you come, yellow bird?

Proctor: Where’s a bird? I see no bird!

Abigail, to the ceiling: My face? My face?

Proctor: Mr. Hale—

Danforth: Be quiet!

Proctor, to Hale: Do you see a bird?

Danforth: Be quiet!
Abigail, to the ceiling, in a genuine conversation with the “bird,” as though trying to talk it out of attacking her: But God made my face; you cannot want to tear my face. Envy is a deadly sin, Mary.

Mary Warren, on her feet with a spring, and horrified, pleading: Abby!

Abigail, unperturbed, continuing to the “bird”: Oh, Mary, this is a black art to change your shape. No, I cannot, I cannot stop my mouth; it’s God’s work I do.

Mary Warren: Abby, I’m here!

Proctor, frantically: They’re pretending, Mr. Danforth!

Abigail—now she takes a backward step, as though in fear the bird will swoop down momentarily: Oh, please, Mary! Don’t come down.

Susanna Walcott: Her claws, she’s stretching her claws!

Proctor: Lies, lies.

Abigail, backing further, eyes still fixed above: Mary, please don’t hurt me!

Mary Warren, to Danforth: I’m not hurting her!

Danforth, to Mary Warren: Why does she see this vision?

Mary Warren: She sees nothin’!

Abigail, now staring full front as though hypnotized, and mimicking the exact tone of Mary Warren’s cry: She sees nothin’!

Mary Warren, pleading: Abby, you mustn’t!

Abigail and All the Girls, all transfixed: Abby, you mustn’t!

Mary Warren, to all the girls: I’m here, I’m here!

Girls: I’m here, I’m here!

Danforth, horrified: Mary Warren! Draw back your spirit out of them!

Mary Warren: Mr. Danforth!

Girls, cutting her off: Mr. Danforth!

Danforth: Have you compacted with the Devil? Have you?

Mary Warren: Never, never!

Girls: Never, never!

Danforth, growing hysterical: Why can they only repeat you?

Proctor: Give me a whip—I’ll stop it!

Mary Warren: They’re sporting. They—!

Girls: They’re sporting!

Mary Warren, turning on them all hysterically and stamping her feet: Abby, stop it!

Girls, stamping their feet: Abby, stop it!
Mary Warren: Stop it!
Girls: Stop it!
Mary Warren, screaming it out at the top of her lungs, and raising her fists: Stop it!!
Girls, raising their fists: Stop it!!
Mary Warren, utterly confounded, and becoming overwhelmed by Abigail’s—and the girls’—utter conviction, starts to whimper, hands half raised, powerless, and all the girls begin whimpering exactly as she does.
Danforth: A little while ago you were afflicted. Now it seems you afflict others; where did you find this power?
Mary Warren, staring at Abigail: I—have no power.
Girls: I have no power.
Proctor: They’re gulling you, Mister!
Danforth: Why did you turn about this past two weeks? You have seen the Devil, have you not?
Hale, indicating Abigail and the girls: You cannot believe them!
Mary Warren: I—
Proctor, sensing her weakening: Mary, God damns all liars!
Danforth, pounding it into her: You have seen the Devil, you have made compact with Lucifer, have you not?

CLOSE READ
ANNOTATE: In paragraphs 471–481, mark details in both stage directions and dialogue that relate to power and powerlessness.

QUESTION: Why does Miller highlight these concepts in this scene?

CONCLUDE: What change in the courtroom do these details emphasize?

7. gulling v. fooling.
Proctor: God damn liars, Mary!

Mary utters something unintelligible, staring at Abigail, who keeps watching the “bird” above.

Danforth: I cannot hear you. What do you say? Mary utters again unintelligibly. You will confess yourself or you will hang! He turns her roughly to face him. Do you know who I am? I say you will hang if you do not open with me!

Proctor: Mary, remember the angel Raphael—do that which is good and—

Abigail, pointing upward: The wings! Her wings are spreading! Mary, please, don’t, don’t—!

Hale: I see nothing, Your Honor!

Danforth: Do you confess this power! He is an inch from her face. Speak!

Abigail: She’s going to come down! She’s walking the beam!

Danforth: Will you speak!

Mary Warren, staring in horror: I cannot!

Girls: I cannot!

Parris: Cast the Devil out! Look him in the face! Trample him! We’ll save you, Mary, only stand fast against him and—

Abigail, looking up: Look out! She’s coming down!

She and all the girls run to one wall, shielding their eyes. And now, as though cornered, they let out a gigantic scream, and Mary, as though infected, opens her mouth and screams with them. Gradually Abigail and the girls leave off, until only Mary is left there, staring up at the “bird,” screaming madly. All watch her, horrified by this evident fit. Proctor strides to her.

Proctor: Mary, tell the Governor what they—He has hardly got a word out, when, seeing him coming for her, she rushes out of his reach, screaming in horror.

Mary Warren: Don’t touch me—don’t touch me! At which the girls halt at the door.

Proctor, astonished: Mary!

Mary Warren, pointing at Proctor: You’re the Devil’s man! He is stopped in his tracks.

Parris: Praise God!

Girls: Praise God!

Proctor, numbed: Mary, how—?

Mary Warren: I’ll not hang with you! I love God. I love God.

Danforth, to Mary: He bid you do the Devil’s work?
Mary Warren, hysterically, indicating Proctor: He come at me by night and every day to sign, to sign, to—

Danforth: Sign what?

Parris: The Devil’s book? He come with a book?

Mary Warren, hysterically, pointing at Proctor, fearful of him: My name, he want my name. “I’ll murder you,” he says, “if my wife hangs! We must go and overthrow the court,” he says!

Danforth’s head jerks toward Proctor, shock and horror in his face.

Proctor, turning, appealing to Hale: Mr. Hale!

Mary Warren, her sobs beginning: He wake me every night, his eyes were like coals and his fingers claw my neck, and I sign, I sign . . .

Hale: Excellency, this child’s gone wild!

Proctor, as Danforth’s wide eyes pour on him: Mary, Mary!

Mary Warren, screaming at him: No, I love God; I go your way no more. I love God. I bless God. Sobbing, she rushes to Abigail. Abby, Abby, I’ll never hurt you more! They all watch, as Abigail, out of her infinite charity, reaches out and draws the sobbing Mary to her, and then looks up to Danforth.

Danforth, to Proctor: What are you? Proctor is beyond speech in his anger. You are combined with anti-Christ, are you not? I have seen your power; you will not deny it! What say you, Mister?

Hale: Excellency—

Danforth: I will have nothing from you, Mr. Hale! To Proctor: Will you confess yourself befouled with Hell, or do you keep that black allegiance yet? What say you?

Proctor, his mind wild, breathless: I say—I say—God is dead!

Parris: Hear it, hear it!

Proctor, laughs insanely, then: A fire, a fire is burning! I hear the boot of Lucifer. I see his filthy face! And it is my face, and yours, Danforth! For them that quail to bring men out of ignorance, as I have quailed, and as you quail now when you know in all your black hearts that this be fraud—God damn our kind especially, and we will burn, we will burn together.

Danforth: Marshal! Take him and Corey with him to the jail!

Hale, staring across to the door: I denounce these proceedings!

Proctor: You are pulling Heaven down and raising up a whore!

Hale: I denounce these proceedings, I quit this court! He slams the door to the outside behind him.

Danforth, calling to him in a fury: Mr. Hale! Mr. Hale!

CLOSE READ

ANNOTATE: Mark the repeated sentence in paragraphs 504 and 515.

QUESTION: Why does Miller repeat this sentence?

CONCLUDE: What is the effect of this repetition?

8. anti-Christ In the Bible, a spirit of opposition to Christianity, to be embodied someday in a person who will spread universal evil.
Comprehension Check

Complete the following items after you finish your first read.

1. Where does the action of Act III take place?

2. At the beginning of Act III, what “hard evidence” do Giles and Francis provide that the girls are frauds?

3. What appears to happen to Abigail and the others girls after they are accused by Mary Warren of pretending?

4. Why is Elizabeth Proctor brought into the Court?

5. Notebook Write a summary of Act III of *The Crucible*.

RESEARCH

**Research to Explore** Conduct research on an aspect of the text you find interesting. For example, you may want to learn the possible medical reasons for the behavior of Abigail and the other accusers.
Close Read the Text

Reread paragraph 368, and mark the text in quotations. Why does Miller present the action in this way? What effect would this create for an audience?

Analyze the Text

Notebook  Respond to these questions.

1. (a) **Draw Conclusions**  How does Danforth react to the news that Proctor has a deposition from Mary? (b) **Analyze**  Why do you think Danforth asks whether Proctor has told the story to the village? Explain.

2. **Make Inferences**  Why do you think Hale is so insistent that lawyers be brought in to argue Proctor’s case?

3. (a) **Interpret**  Why does Proctor confess to the affair with Abigail?  
(b) **Analyze**  What does his confession reveal about his character?

4. (a) What term does Danforth use to describe Abigail and the girls?  
(b) **Analyze**  What does his use of this term show about his views of the accusers?

Concept Vocabulary

| remorseless | effrontery | callously |

**Why These Words?**  The concept vocabulary words refer to different kinds of disregard for others. What other words in Act III relate to this concept?

Practice

Notebook  Use each concept vocabulary word in a sentence that demonstrates the word’s meaning.

Word Study

Notebook  **Connotation**  The connotation of a word refers to emotional connections that add meaning beyond its literal definition. Words can have similar connotations that vary mainly in degree, or intensity. For example, both remorseless and callously have similar negative connotations, but remorseless is a more extreme word. It suggests a harshness that goes beyond mere callousness. Unfeeling, on the other hand, has a less intense connotation.

1. Write two synonyms for each of these words: denounce, eager, fraud, coldly.

2. For each trio of words from item 1, indicate which has the most intense connotation and which has the least intense connotation.
Character Development  
The term **characterization** refers to the ways in which a writer reveals a character’s personality. There are two types of characterization. In **direct characterization**, the author simply tells readers what a character is like. A playwright might use direct characterization in stage directions, but most dramatic literature requires **indirect characterization**, in which characters’ traits are revealed through various types of details:

- the character’s words, actions, and appearance
- other characters’ comments
- other characters’ reactions

Understanding characters through characterization is the key to unlocking their **motivations**—the reasons they feel, think, and behave as they do. Like people in real life, characters in plays are not always what they seem. Fear, greed, guilt, love, loyalty, pride, and revenge are some of the forces that drive human behavior, but they may be masked or hidden.

**Practice**

1. (a) Identify two examples of direct characterization of Giles Corey in stage directions. (b) Identify two examples of indirect characterization—in dialogue or in action—that amplify the examples of direct characterization. Explain your choices.

2. (a) Identify three examples of indirect characterization that reveal Mary Warren’s personality. (b) For each example, explain what readers learn about her.

3. (a) What is Elizabeth’s motivation for evading Danforth’s questions about Abigail’s dismissal from the Proctor household? (b) Considering Elizabeth’s belief that lying is a sin, what does her evasion suggest about her character, her feelings for her husband, and her understanding of the court proceedings?

4. (a) What motivates Hale to denounce the proceedings and quit the court? (b) How does Hale’s character change from the beginning to the end of Act III?
Author’s Style

**Author’s Choices: Literary Devices** Like characters, situations are also not always what they seem. When there is a contrast between expectation and reality, or between words and meaning, **irony** is at work. Playwrights often use irony to build suspense and create tension. Two types of irony are dramatic irony and verbal irony.

- **Dramatic irony** is the discrepancy between what a character believes or understands and what the audience knows to be true.

  EXAMPLE: In Shakespeare’s *Romeo and Juliet*, the Capulets believe Juliet to be dead. The audience knows that she has taken a potion that mimics death, but that she is alive and will awaken.

- **Verbal irony** occurs when a character says one thing but means another.

  EXAMPLE: In Act III, Scene ii, of Shakespeare’s *Julius Caesar*, Mark Antony refers to Brutus and the rest of Caesar’s murderers as “honourable men.” He does not really mean this.

Read It

Complete this chart by recording two examples of dramatic irony and two examples of verbal irony in Act III. For examples of dramatic irony, describe what the audience understands or knows that the characters themselves do not. For examples of verbal irony, write what each speaker really means. For all examples, analyze the effect of the discrepancy.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>EXAMPLE</th>
<th>TYPE OF IRONY</th>
<th>ANALYSIS</th>
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Write It

**Notebook** In what ways is Elizabeth Proctor’s testimony ironic?
The Crucible, Act IV

Concept Vocabulary

You will encounter the following words as you read Act IV of *The Crucible*. Before reading, note how familiar you are with each word. Then, rank the words in order from most familiar (1) to least familiar (3).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WORD</th>
<th>YOUR RANKING</th>
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<tr>
<td>conciliatory</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>adamant</td>
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<tr>
<td>disputation</td>
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After completing the first read, come back to the concept vocabulary and review your rankings. Mark changes to your original rankings as needed.

First Read DRAMA

Apply these strategies as you conduct your first read. You will have an opportunity to complete the close-read notes after your first read.

**NOTICE** whom the story is about, what happens, where and when it happens, and why those involved react as they do.

**ANNOTATE** by marking vocabulary and key passages you want to revisit.

**CONNECT** ideas within the selection to what you already know and what you have already read.

**RESPOND** by completing the Comprehension Check and by writing a brief summary of the selection.
A cell in Salem jail, that fall.

At the back is a high barred window; near it, a great, heavy door. Along the walls are two benches. The place is in darkness but for the moonlight seeping through the bars. It appears empty. Presently footsteps are heard coming down a corridor beyond the wall, keys rattle, and the door swings open.

Marshal Herrick enters with a lantern.

He is nearly drunk, and heavy-footed. He goes to a bench and nudges a bundle of rags lying on it.

Herrick: Sarah, wake up! Sarah Good! He then crosses to the other benches.
Sarah Good, rising in her rags: Oh, Majesty! Comin’, comin’! Tituba, he’s here, His Majesty’s come!

Herrick: Go to the north cell; this place is wanted now. He hangs his lantern on the wall. Tituba sits up.

Tituba: That don’t look to me like His Majesty; look to me like the marshal.

Herrick, taking out a flask: Get along with you now, clear this place. Herrick drinks, and Sarah Good comes and peers up into his face.

Sarah Good: Oh, is it you, Marshal! I thought sure you be the devil comin’ for us. Could I have a sip of cider for me goin’ away?

Herrick, handing her the flask: And where are you off to, Sarah?

Tituba, as Sarah drinks: We goin’ to Barbados, soon the Devil gits here with the feathers and the wings.

Herrick: Oh? A happy voyage to you.

Sarah Good: A pair of bluebirds wingin’ southerly, the two of us! Oh, it be a grand transformation, Marshal. She raises the flask to drink again.

Herrick, taking the flask from her lips: You’d best give me that or you’ll never rise off the ground. Come along now.

Tituba: I’ll speak to him for you, if you desires to come along, Marshal.

Herrick: I’d not refuse it, Tituba; it’s the proper morning to fly into Hell.

Tituba: Oh, it be no Hell in Barbados. Devil, him be pleasure man in Barbados, him be singin’ and dancin’ in Barbados. It’s you folks—you riles him up ‘round here; it be too cold ‘round here for that Old Boy. He freeze his soul in Massachusetts, but in Barbados he just as sweet and—A bellowing cow is heard, and Tituba leaps up and calls to the window: Aye, sir! That’s him, Sarah!

Sarah Good: I’m here, Majesty! They hurriedly pick up their rags as Hopkins, a guard, enters.

Hopkins: The Deputy Governor’s arrived.

Herrick, grabbing Tituba: Come along, come along.

Tituba, resisting him: No, he comin’ for me. I goin’ home!

Herrick, pulling her to the door: That’s not Satan, just a poor old cow with a hatful of milk. Come along now, out with you!

Tituba, calling to the window: Take me home, Devil! Take me home!

Sarah Good, following the shouting Tituba out: Tell him I’m goin’, Tituba! Now you tell him Sarah Good is goin’ too!
In the corridor outside Tituba calls on—“Take me home. Devil; Devil take me home!” and Hopkins’s voice orders her to move on. Herrick returns and begins to push old rags and straw into a corner. Hearing footsteps, he turns, and enter Danforth and Judge Hathorne. They are in greatcoats and wear hats against the bitter cold. They are followed in by Cheever, who carries a dispatch case and a flat wooden box containing his writing materials.

Herrick: Good morning, Excellency.

Danforth: Where is Mr. Parris?

Herrick: I’ll fetch him. He starts for the door.

Danforth: Marshal. Herrick stops. When did Reverend Hale arrive?

Herrick: It were toward midnight, I think.

Danforth, suspiciously: What is he about here?

Herrick: He goes among them that will hang, sir. And he prays with them. He sits with Goody Nurse now. And Mr. Parris with him.

Danforth: Indeed. That man have no authority to enter here, Marshal. Why have you let him in?

Herrick: Why, Mr. Parris command me, sir. I cannot deny him.

Danforth: Are you drunk, Marshal?

Herrick: No, sir; it is a bitter night, and I have no fire here.

Danforth, containing his anger: Fetch Mr. Parris.

Herrick: Aye, sir.

Danforth: There is a prodigious stench in this place.

Herrick: I have only now cleared the people out for you.

Danforth: Beware hard drink, Marshal.

Herrick: Aye, sir. He waits an instant for further orders. But Danforth, in dissatisfaction, turns his back on him, and Herrick goes out. There is a pause. Danforth stands in thought.

Hathorne: Let you question Hale, Excellency; I should not be surprised he have been preaching in Andover lately.

Danforth: We’ll come to that; speak nothing of Andover. Parris prays with him. That’s strange. He blows on his hands, moves toward the window, and looks out.

Hathorne: Excellency, I wonder if it be wise to let Mr. Parris so continuously with the prisoners. Danforth turns to him, interested. I think, sometimes, the man has a mad look these days.

Danforth: Mad?

1. Andover During the height of the terror in Salem Village, a similar hysteria broke out in the nearby town of Andover. There, many respected people were accused of practicing witchcraft and confessed to escape death. However, the people of Andover soon began questioning the reality of the situation, and the hysteria quickly subsided.
Hathorne: I met him yesterday coming out of his house, and I bid him good morning—and he wept and went his way. I think it is not well the village sees him so unsteady.

Danforth: Perhaps he have some sorrow.

Cheever, stamping his feet against the cold: I think it be the cows, sir.

Danforth: Cows?

Cheever: There be so many cows wanderin’ the highroads, now their masters are in the jails, and much disagreement who they will belong to now. I know Mr. Parris be arguin’ with farmers all yesterday—there is great contention, sir, about the cows. Contention make him weep, sir; it were always a man that weep for contention. He turns, as do Hathorne and Danforth hearing someone coming up the corridor. Danforth raises his head as Parris enters. He is gaunt, frightened, and sweating in his greatcoat.

Parris, to Danforth, instantly: Oh, good morning, sir, thank you for coming. I beg your pardon wakin’ you so early. Good morning, Judge Hathorne.

Danforth: Reverend Hale have no right to enter this—

Parris: Excellency, a moment. He hurry back and shuts the door.

Hathorne: Do you leave him alone with the prisoners?

Danforth: What’s his business here?

Parris, prayerfully holding up his hands: Excellency, hear me. It is a providence. Reverend Hale has returned to bring Rebecca Nurse to God.

Danforth, surprised: He bids her confess?

Parris, sitting: Hear me. Rebecca have not given me a word this three month since she came. Now she sits with him, and her sister and Martha Corey and two or three others, and he pleads with them, confess their crimes and save their lives.

Danforth: Why—this is indeed a providence. And they soften, they soften?

Parris: Not yet, not yet. But I thought to summon you, sir, that we might think on whether it be not wise, to—He dares not say it. I had thought to put a question, sir, and I hope you will not—

Danforth: Mr. Parris, be plain, what troubles you?

Parris: There is news, sir, that the court—the court must reckon with. My niece, sir, my niece—I believe she has vanished.

Danforth: Vanished!

Parris: I had thought to advise you of it earlier in the week, but—

Danforth: Why? How long is she gone?
Parris: This be the third night. You see, sir, she told me she would stay a night with Mercy Lewis. And next day, when she does not return, I send to Mr. Lewis to inquire. Mercy told him she would sleep in *my* house for a night.

Danforth: They are both gone?!

Parris, in fear of him: They are, sir.

Danforth, alarmed: I will send a party for them. Where may they be?

Parris: Excellency. I think they be aboard a ship. Danforth stands agape. My daughter tells me how she heard them speaking of ships last week, and tonight I discover my—my strongbox is broke into. He presses his fingers against his eyes to keep back tears.

Hathorne, astonished: She have robbed you?

Parris: Thirty-one pound is gone. I am penniless. He covers his face and sobs.

Danforth: Mr. Parris, you are a brainless man! He walks in thought, deeply worried.

Parris: Excellency, it profit nothing you should blame me. I cannot think they would run off except they fear to keep in Salem any more. He is pleading. Mark it, sir. Abigail had close knowledge of the town, and since the news of Andover has broken here—

Danforth: Andover is remedied. The court returns there on Friday, and will resume examinations.

Parris: I am sure of it, sir. But the rumor here speaks rebellion in Andover, and it—

Danforth: There is no rebellion in Andover!

Parris: I tell you what is said here, sir. Andover have thrown out the court, they say, and will have no part of witchcraft. There be a faction here, feeding on that news, and I tell you true, sir, I fear there will be riot here.

Hathorne: Riot! Why at every execution I have seen naught but high satisfaction in the town.

Parris: Judge Hathorne—it were another sort that hanged till now. Rebecca Nurse is no Bridget that lived three year with Bishop before she married him. John Proctor is not Isaac Ward that drank his family to ruin. To Danforth: I would to God it were not so, Excellency, but these people have great weight yet in the town. Let Rebecca stand upon the gibbet² and send up some righteous prayer, and I fear she’ll wake a vengeance on you.

2. *gibbet* (JH B iht) *n. gallows.*
Hathorne: Excellency, she is condemned a witch. The court have—

Danforth, in deep concern, raising a hand to Hathorne: Pray you. To Parris: How do you propose, then?

Parris: Excellency, I would postpone these hangin’s for a time.

Danforth: There will be no postponement.

Parris: Now Mr. Hale’s returned, there is hope, I think—for if he bring even one of these to God, that confession surely dams the others in the public eye, and none may doubt more that they are all linked to Hell. This way, unconfessed and claiming innocence, doubts are multiplied, many honest people will weep for them, and our good purpose is lost in their tears.

Danforth, after thinking a moment, then going to Cheever: Give me the list.

Cheever opens the dispatch case, searches.

Parris: It cannot be forgot, sir, that when I summoned the congregation for John Proctor’s excommunication there were hardly thirty people come to hear it. That speak a discontent, I think, and—

Danforth, studying the list: There will be no postponement.

Parris: Excellency—

Danforth: Now, sir—which of these in your opinion may be brought to God? I will myself strive with him till dawn. He hands the list to Parris, who merely glances at it.

Parris: There is not sufficient time till dawn.

Danforth: I shall do my utmost. Which of them do you have hope for?

Parris, not even glancing at the list now, and in a quavering voice, quietly: Excellency—a dagger—He chokes up.

Danforth: What do you say?

Parris: Tonight, when I open my door to leave my house—a dagger clattered to the ground. Silence. Danforth absorbs this. Now Parris cries out: You cannot hang this sort. There is danger for me. I dare not step outside at night!

Rev. Hale enters. They look at him for an instant in silence. He is steeped in sorrow, exhausted, and more direct than he ever was.

Danforth: Accept my congratulations. Rev. Hale; we are gladdened to see you returned to your good work.

Hale, coming to Danforth now: You must pardon them. They will not budge.

Herrick enters, waits.

Danforth, conciliatory: You misunderstand, sir; I cannot pardon these when twelve are already hanged for the same crime. It is not just.
Parris, with failing heart: Rebecca will not confess?

Hale: The sun will rise in a few minutes. Excellency, I must have more time.

Danforth: Now hear me, and beguile yourselves no more. I will not receive a single plea for pardon or postponement. Them that will not confess will hang. Twelve are already executed: the names of these seven are given out, and the village expects to see them die this morning. Postponement now speaks a floundering on my part; reprieve or pardon must cast doubt upon the guilt of them that died till now. While I speak God’s law, I will not crack its voice with whimpering. If retaliation is your fear, know this—I should hang ten thousand that dared to rise against the law, and an ocean of salt tears could not melt the resolution of the statutes. Now draw yourselves up like men and help me, as you are bound by Heaven to do. Have you spoken with them all, Mr. Hale?

Hale: All but Proctor. He is in the dungeon.

Danforth, to Herrick: What’s Proctor’s way now?

Herrick: He sits like some great bird: you’d not know he lived except he will take food from time to time.

Danforth, after thinking a moment: His wife—his wife must be well on with child now.

Herrick: She is, sir.

Danforth: What think you, Mr. Parris? You have closer knowledge of this man; might her presence soften him?

Parris: It is possible, sir. He have not laid eyes on her these three months. I should summon her.

Danforth, to Herrick: Is he yet adamant? Has he struck at you again?

Herrick: He cannot, sir, he is chained to the wall now.

Danforth, after thinking on it: Fetch Goody Proctor to me. Then let you bring him up.

Herrick: Aye, sir. Herrick goes. There is silence.

Hale: Excellency, if you postpone a week and publish to the town that you are striving for their confessions, that speak mercy on your part, not faltering.

Danforth: Mr. Hale, as God have not empowered me like Joshua to stop this sun from rising, so I cannot withhold from them the perfection of their punishment.

Hale, harder now: If you think God wills you to raise rebellion, Mr. Danforth, you are mistaken!

Danforth, instantly: You have heard rebellion spoken in the town?
Hale: Excellency, there are orphans wandering from house to house; abandoned cattle bellow on the highroads, the stink of rotting crops hangs everywhere, and no man knows when the harlot’s cry will end his life—and you wonder yet if rebellion’s spoke? Better you should marvel how they do not burn your province!

Danforth: Mr. Hale, have you preached in Andover this month?

Hale: Thank God they have no need of me in Andover.

Danforth: You baffle me, sir. Why have you returned here?

Hale: Why, it is all simple. I come to do the Devil’s work. I come to counsel Christians they should belie themselves. *His sarcasm collapses.* There is blood on my head! Can you not see the blood on my head!!

Parris: Hush! For he has heard footsteps. They all face the door. 
Herrick enters with Elizabeth. Her wrists are linked by heavy chain, which Herrick now removes. Her clothes are dirty; her face is pale and gaunt. Herrick goes out.

Danforth, very politely: Goody Proctor. She is silent. I hope you are hearty?

Elizabeth, as a warning reminder: I am yet six month before my time.

Danforth: Pray be at your ease, we come not for your life. We—uncertain how to plead, for he is not accustomed to it. Mr. Hale, will you speak with the woman?

Hale: Goody Proctor, your husband is marked to hang this morning. Pause.

Elizabeth, quietly: I have heard it.

Hale: You know, do you not, that I have no connection with the court? She seems to doubt it. I come of my own, Goody Proctor. I would save your husband’s life, for if he is taken I count myself his murderer. Do you understand me?

Elizabeth: What do you want of me?

Hale: Goody Proctor, I have gone this three month like our Lord into the wilderness. I have sought a Christian way, for damnation’s doubled on a minister who counsels men to lie.

Hathorne: It is no lie, you cannot speak of lies.

Hale: It is a lie! They are innocent!

Danforth: I’ll hear no more of that!

Hale, continuing to Elizabeth: Let you not mistake your duty as I mistook my own. I came into this village like a bridegroom to his beloved, bearing gifts of high religion; the very crowns of holy law I brought, and what I touched with my bright confidence, it died; and where I turned the eye of my great faith,
blood flowed up. Beware, Goody Proctor—cleave to no faith when faith brings blood. It is mistaken law that leads you to sacrifice. Life, woman, life is God’s most precious gift; no principle, however glorious, may justify the taking of it. I beg you, woman, prevail upon your husband to confess. Let him give his lie. Quail not before God’s judgment in this, for it may well be God damns a liar less than he that throws his life away for pride. Will you plead with him? I cannot think he will listen to another.

Elizabeth, quietly: I think that be the Devil’s argument.

Hale, with a climactic desperation: Woman, before the laws of God we are as swine! We cannot read His will!

Elizabeth: I cannot dispute with you, sir; I lack learning for it.

Danforth, going to her: Goody Proctor, you are not summoned here for disputation. Be there no wifely tenderness within you? He will die with the sunrise. Your husband. Do you understand it? She only looks at him. What say you? Will you contend with him? She is silent. Are you stone? I tell you true, woman, had I no other proof of your unnatural life, your dry eyes now would be sufficient evidence that you delivered up your soul to Hell! A very ape would weep at such calamity! Have the devil dried up any tear of pity in you? She is silent. Take her out. It profit nothing she should speak to him!

Elizabeth, quietly: Let me speak with him, Excellency.

Parris, with hope: You’ll strive with him? She hesitates.

Danforth: Will you plead for his confession or will you not?

Elizabeth: I promise nothing. Let me speak with him.

A sound—the sibilance of dragging feet on stone. They turn. A pause. Herrick enters with John Proctor. His wrists are chained. He is another man, bearded, filthy, his eyes misty as though webs had overgrown them. He halts inside the doorway, his eyes caught by the sight of Elizabeth. The emotion flowing between them prevents anyone from speaking for an instant. Now Hale, visibly affected, goes to Danforth and speaks quietly.

Hale: Pray, leave them Excellency.

Danforth, pressing Hale impatiently aside: Mr. Proctor, you have been notified, have you not? Proctor is silent, staring at Elizabeth. I see light in the sky, Mister; let you counsel with your wife, and may God help you turn your back on Hell. Proctor is silent, staring at Elizabeth.

Hale, quietly: Excellency, let—

Danforth brushes past Hale and walks out. Hale follows. Cheever stands and follows. Hathorne behind. Herrick goes. Parris, from a safe distance, offers:
Parris: If you desire a cup of cider, Mr. Proctor, I am sure I—PROCTOR turns an icy stare at him, and he breaks off. PARRIS raises his palms toward PROCTOR. God lead you now. PARRIS goes out.

Alone, PROCTOR walks to her, halts. It is as though they stood in a spinning world. It is beyond sorrow, above it. He reaches out his hand as though toward an embodiment not quite real, and as he touches her, a strange soft sound, half laughter, half amazement, comes from his throat. He pats her hand. She covers his hand with hers. And then, weak, he sits. Then she sits, facing him.

Proctor: The child?
Elizabeth: It grows.
Proctor: There is no word of the boys?
Elizabeth: They’re well. Rebecca’s Samuel keeps them.
Proctor: You have not seen them?
Elizabeth: I have not. She catches a weakening in herself and downs it.
Proctor: You are a—marvel, Elizabeth.
Elizabeth: You—have been tortured?
Proctor: Aye. Pause. She will not let herself be drowned in the sea that threatens her. They come for my life now.
Elizabeth: I know it.
Pause.
Proctor: None—have yet confessed?
Elizabeth: There be many confessed.
Proctor: Who are they?
Elizabeth: There be a hundred or more, they say. Goody Ballard is one; Isaiah Goodkind is one. There be many.
Proctor: Rebecca?
Elizabeth: Not Rebecca. She is one foot in Heaven now; naught may hurt her more.
Proctor: And Giles?
Elizabeth: You have not heard of it?
Proctor: I hear nothin’, where I am kept.
Elizabeth: Giles is dead.
He looks at her incredulously.
Proctor: When were he hanged?
Elizabeth, quietly, factually: He were not hanged. He would not answer aye or nay to his indictment; for if he denied the charge they’d hang him surely, and auction out his property. So he stand mute, and died Christian under the law. And so his sons
will have his farm. It is the law, for he could not be condemned a wizard without he answer the indictment, aye or nay.

177 Proctor: Then how does he die?
178 Elizabeth, gently: They press him, John.
179 Proctor: Press?
180 Elizabeth: Great stones they lay upon his chest until he plead aye or nay. With a tender smile for the old man: They say he give them but two words. “More weight,” he says. And died.
181 Proctor, numbed—a thread to weave into his agony: “More weight.”
182 Elizabeth: Aye. It were a fearsome man, Giles Corey.
183 Pause.
184 Proctor, with great force of will, but not quite looking at her: I have been thinking I would confess to them, Elizabeth. She shows nothing. What say you? If I give them that?
185 Elizabeth: I cannot judge you, John.
186 Pause.
187 Proctor, simply—a pure question: What would you have me do?
188 Elizabeth: As you will, I would have it. Slight pause: I want you living, John. That’s sure.
189 Proctor, pauses, then with a flailing of hope: Giles’s wife? Have she confessed?
Elizabeth: She will not.

Pause.

Proctor: It is a pretense, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth: What is?

Proctor: I cannot mount the gibbet like a saint. It is a fraud. I am not that man. *She is silent.* My honesty is broke, Elizabeth; I am no good man. Nothing’s spoiled by giving them this lie that were not rotten long before.

Elizabeth: And yet you’ve not confessed till now. That speak goodness in you.

Proctor: Spite only keeps me silent. It is hard to give a lie to dogs. *Pause, for the first time he turns directly to her.* I would have your forgiveness, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth: It is not for me to give, John, I am—

Proctor: I’d have you see some honesty in it. Let them that never lied die now to keep their souls. It is pretense for me, a vanity that will not blind God nor keep my children out of the wind. *Pause.* What say you?

Elizabeth, upon a heaving sob that always threatens: John, it come to naught that I should forgive you, if you’ll not forgive yourself. *Now he turns away a little, in great agony.* It is not my soul, John, it is yours. He stands, as though in physical pain, slowly rising to his feet with a great immortal longing to find his answer. It is difficult to say, and she is on the verge of tears. Only be sure of this, for I know it now: Whatever you will do, it is a good man does it. *He turns his doubting, searching gaze upon her.* I have read my heart this three month, John. *Pause.* I have sins of my own to count. It needs a cold wife to prompt lechery.

Proctor, in great pain: Enough, enough—

Elizabeth, now pouring out her heart: Better you should know me!

Proctor: I will not hear it! I know you!

Elizabeth: You take my sins upon you, John—

Proctor, in agony: No. I take my own, my own!

Elizabeth: John, I counted myself so plain, so poorly made, no honest love could come to me! Suspicion kissed you when I did; I never knew how I should say my love. It were a cold house I kept! *In fright, she swerves, as HATHORNE ENTERS.*

Hathorne: What say you, Proctor? The sun is soon up.

Proctor, his chest heaving, stares, turns to Elizabeth. *She comes to him as though to plead, her voice quaking.*

Elizabeth: Do what you will. But let none be your judge. There be no higher judge under Heaven than Proctor is! Forgive me,
forgive me, John—I never knew such goodness in the world! She covers her face, weeping.

PROCTOR turns from her to HATHORNE; he is off the earth, his voice hollow.

Proctor: I want my life.

Hathorne electrified, surprised: You’ll confess yourself?

Proctor: I will have my life.

Hathorne, with a mystical tone: God be praised! It is a providence! He rushes out the door, and his voice is heard calling down the corridor: He will confess! Proctor will confess!

Proctor, with a cry, as he strides to the door: Why do you cry it? In great pain he turns back to her. It is evil, is it not? It is evil.

Elizabeth, in terror, weeping: I cannot judge you, John. I cannot!

Proctor: Then who will judge me? Suddenly clasping his hands: God in Heaven, what is John Proctor, what is John Proctor? He moves as an animal, and a fury is riding in him, a tantalized search. I think it is honest, I think so; I am no saint. As though she had denied this he calls angrily at her: Let Rebecca go like a saint; for me it is fraud! Voices are heard in the hall, speaking together in suppressed excitement.

Elizabeth: I am not your judge, I cannot be. As though giving him release: Do as you will, do as you will!

Proctor: Would you give them such a lie? Say it. Would you ever give them this? She cannot answer. You would not; if tongs of fire were singeing you you would not! It is evil. Good, then—it is evil, and I do it!

Hathorne enters with Danforth, and, with them, Cheever, Parris, and Hale. It is a businesslike, rapid entrance, as though the ice had been broken.

Danforth, with great relief and gratitude: Praise to God, man, praise to God; you shall be blessed in Heaven for this. Cheever has hurried to the bench with pen, ink, and paper. Proctor watches him. Now then, let us have it. Are you ready, Mr. Cheever?

Proctor, with a cold, cold horror at their efficiency: Why must it be written?

Danforth: Why, for the good instruction of the village. Mister; this we shall post upon the church door! To Parris, urgently: Where is the marshal?

Parris, runs to the door and calls down the corridor: Marshal! Hurry!

Danforth: Now, then, Mister, will you speak slowly, and directly to the point, for Mr. Cheever’s sake. He is on record now, and is really dictating to Cheever, who writes. Mr. Proctor, have you seen
the Devil in your life? proctor's *jaws lock.* Come, man, there is light in the sky; the town waits at the scaffold; I would give out this news. Did you see the Devil?

225 **Proctor:** I did.
226 **Parris:** Praise God!
227 **Danforth:** And when he come to you, what were his demand? **proctor is silent. DANFORTH helps.** Did he bid you to do his work upon the earth?
228 **Proctor:** He did.
229 **Danforth:** And you bound yourself to his service? **DANFORTH turns, as REBECCA NURSE enters, with HERRICK helping to support her. She is barely able to walk.** Come in, come in, woman!
230 **Rebecca,** *brightening as she sees PROCTOR:* Ah, John! You are well, then, eh?
231 **PROCTOR turns his face to the wall.**
232 **Danforth:** Courage, man, courage—let her witness your good example that she may come to God herself. Now hear it, Goody Nurse! Say on, Mr. Proctor. Did you bind yourself to the Devil’s service?
233 **Rebecca,** *astonished:* Why, John!
234 **Proctor,** *through his teeth, his face turned from REBECCA:* I did.
235 **Danforth:** Now, woman, you surely see it profit nothin’ to keep this conspiracy any further. Will you confess yourself with him?
236 **Rebecca:** Oh, John—God send his mercy on you!
237 **Danforth:** I say, will you confess yourself. Goody Nurse?
238 **Rebecca:** Why, it is a lie, it is a lie; how may I damn myself? I cannot, I cannot.
239 **Danforth:** Mr. Proctor. When the Devil came to you did you see Rebecca Nurse in his company? **proctor is silent.** Come, man, take courage—did you ever see her with the Devil?
240 **Proctor,** *almost inaudibly:* No.
241 **DANFORTH, now sensing trouble, glances at JOHN and goes to the table, and picks up a sheet—the list of condemned.**
242 **Danforth:** Did you ever see her sister, Mary Easty, with the Devil?
243 **Proctor:** No, I did not.
244 **Danforth, his eyes narrow on PROCTOR:** Did you ever see Martha Corey with the Devil?
245 **Proctor:** I did not.
246 **Danforth, realizing, slowly putting the sheet down:** Did you ever see anyone with the Devil?
247 Proctor: I did not.

248 Danforth: Proctor, you mistake me. I am not empowered to trade your life for a lie. You have most certainly seen some person with the Devil. Proctor is silent. Mr. Proctor, a score of people have already testified they saw this woman with the Devil.

249 Proctor: Then it is proved. Why must I say it?

250 Danforth: Why “must” you say it! Why, you should rejoice to say it if your soul is truly purged of any love for Hell!

251 Proctor: They think to go like saints. I like not to spoil their names.

252 Danforth, inquiring, incredulous: Mr. Proctor, do you think they go like saints?

253 Proctor, evading: This woman never thought she done the Devil’s work.

254 Danforth: Look you, sir. I think you mistake your duty here. It matter nothing what she thought—she is convicted of the unnatural murder of children, and you for sending your spirit out upon Mary Warren. Your soul alone is the issue here, Mister, and you will prove its whiteness or you cannot live in a
Christian country. Will you tell me now what persons conspired with you in the Devil’s company? Proctor is silent. To your knowledge was Rebecca Nurse ever—

Proctor: I speak my own sins: I cannot judge another. Crying out, with hatred: I have no tongue for it.

Hale, quickly to Danforth: Excellency. It is enough he confess himself. Let him sign it, let him sign it.

Parris, feverishly: It is a great service, sir. It is a weighty name; it will strike the village that Proctor confess. I beg you, let him sign it. The sun is up, Excellency!

Danforth, considers; then with dissatisfaction: Come, then, sign your testimony. To Cheever: Give it to him. Cheever goes to Proctor, the confession and a pen in hand. Proctor does not look at it. Come, man, sign it.

Proctor, after glancing at the confession: You have all witnessed it—it is enough.

Danforth: You will not sign it?

Proctor: You have all witnessed it; what more is needed?

Danforth: Do you sport with me? You will sign your name or it is no confession, Mister! His breast heaving with agonized breathing, Proctor now lays the paper down and signs his name.

Parris: Praise be to the Lord!

Proctor has just finished signing when Danforth reaches for the paper. But Proctor snatches it up, and now a wild terror is rising in him, and a boundless anger.

Danforth, perplexed, but politely extending his hand: If you please, sir.

Proctor: No.

Danforth, as though Proctor did not understand: Mr. Proctor, I must have—

Proctor: No, no. I have signed it. You have seen me. It is done! You have no need for this.

Parris: Proctor, the village must have proof that—

Proctor: Damn the village! I confess to God, and God has seen my name on this! It is enough!

Danforth: No, sir, it is—

Proctor: You came to save my soul, did you not? Here! I have confessed myself: it is enough!

Danforth: You have not con—

Proctor: I have confessed myself! Is there no good penitence but it be public? God does not need my name nailed upon the church! God sees my name; God knows how black my sins are! It is enough!
Danforth: Mr. Proctor—

Proctor: You will not use me! I am no Sarah Good or Tituba. I am John Proctor! You will not use me! It is no part of salvation that you should use me!

Danforth: I do not wish to—

Proctor: I have three children—how may I teach them to walk like men in the world, and I sold my friends?

Danforth: You have not sold your friends—

Proctor: Beguile me not! I blacken all of them when this is nailed to the church the very day they hang for silence!

Danforth: Mr. Proctor, I must have good and legal proof that you—

Proctor: You are the high court, your word is good enough! Tell them I confessed myself; say Proctor broke his knees and wept like a woman; say what you will, but my name cannot—

Danforth, with suspicion: It is the same, is it not? If I report it or you sign to it?

Proctor—he knows it is insane: No, it is not the same! What others say and what I sign to is not the same!

Danforth: Why? Do you mean to deny this confession when you are free?

Proctor: I mean to deny nothing!

Danforth: Then explain to me. Mr. Proctor, why you will not let—

Proctor, with a cry of his whole soul: Because it is my name! Because I cannot have another in my life! Because I lie and sign myself to lies! Because I am not worth the dust on the feet of them that hang! How may I live without my name? I have given you my soul; leave me my name!

Danforth, pointing at the confession in Proctor’s hand: Is that document a lie? If it is a lie I will not accept it! What say you? I will not deal in lies, Mister! Proctor is motionless. You will give me your honest confession in my hand, or I cannot keep you from the rope. Proctor does not reply. What way do you go, Mister?

His breast heaving, his eyes staring, Proctor tears the paper and crumples it, and he is weeping in fury, but erect.

Danforth: Marshal!

Parris, hysterically, as though the tearing paper were his life: Proctor, Proctor!

Hale: Man, you will hang! You cannot!

Proctor, his eyes full of tears: I can. And there’s your first marvel, that I can. You have made your magic now, for now I do think

CLOSE READ
ANNOTATE: In paragraph 288, mark the repeated words.

QUESTION: Why do you think Miller has Proctor repeat these words?

CONCLUDE: What is the effect of this repetition?
I see some shred of goodness in John Proctor. Not enough to weave a banner with, but white enough to keep it from such dogs. ELIZABETH, in a burst of terror, rushes to him and weeps against his hand. Give them no tear! Tears pleasure them! Show honor now, show a stony heart and sink them with it! He has lifted her, and kisses her now with great passion.

295 **Rebecca:** Let you fear nothing! Another judgment waits us all!

296 **Danforth:** Hang them high over the town! Who weeps for these, weeps for corruption! He sweeps out past them. HERRICK starts to lead REBECCA, who almost collapses, but PROCTOR catches her, and she glances up at him apologetically.

297 **Rebecca:** I’ve had no breakfast.

298 **Herrick:** Come, man.

299 **Herrick escorts them out, Hathorne and Cheever behind them.** ELIZABETH stands staring at the empty doorway.

300 **Parris, in deadly fear, to Elizabeth:** Go to him, Goody Proctor! There is yet time!

301 From outside a drumroll strikes the air. PARRIS is startled. ELIZABETH jerks about toward the window.

302 **Parris:** Go to him! He rushes out the door, as though to hold back his fate. Proctor! Proctor!

303 Again, a short burst of drums.

304 **Hale:** Woman, plead with him! He starts to rush out the door, and then goes back to her. Woman! It is pride, it is vanity. She avoids his
eyes, and moves to the window. He drops to his knees. Be his helper!—What profit him to bleed? Shall the dust praise him? Shall the worms declare his truth? Go to him, take his shame away!

Elizabeth, supporting herself against collapse, grips the bars of the window, and with a cry: He have his goodness now. God forbid I take it from him!

The final drumroll crashes, then heightens violently. Hale weeps in frantic prayer, and the new sun is pouring in upon her face, and the drums rattle like bones in the morning air.

The Curtain Falls

Comprehension Check

Complete the following items after you finish your first read.

1. As Act IV opens, what is to take place at daybreak?

2. Why has Reverend Hale returned to Salem?

3. What does Parris say Abigail has recently done?

4. What does Danforth want John Proctor to do?


RESEARCH

Research to Clarify Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from the text. Briefly research that detail. In what way does the information you learned shed light on an aspect of the play?

Research to Explore Conduct research on an aspect of the text you find interesting. For example, you may want to learn more about the play’s reception during the McCarthy era.
Close Read the Text
Reread Parris’s remarks about the executions, beginning with paragraph 82. Mark references to the “sort” who were hanged previously. What does Miller want his audience to infer about the people who are about to die?

Analyze the Text

Notebook  Respond to these questions.

1. (a) When Hale urges Danforth to pardon the prisoners, why does Danforth refuse? (b) Analyze  What does Danforth’s attitude reveal about his sense of justice and the legitimacy of the executions?
2. (a) When urged by Hale to persuade her husband to confess, how does Elizabeth Proctor characterize Hale’s argument? (b) Interpret  What does Elizabeth mean by characterizing Hale’s argument in this way?
3. Interpret  Why does Proctor confess and then retract his confession?
4. Essential Question:  How do we respond when challenged by fear?
What have you learned about how people respond to fear from reading this play?

Concept Vocabulary

Why These Words?  The concept vocabulary words relate to arguments and people’s attitudes when engaged in them. What other words in Act IV relate to this concept?

Practice

Notebook  Write a one-paragraph summary of Act IV that uses all three concept vocabulary words.

Word Study

Notebook  Etymology  The origin and development of a word is its etymology. The word adamant comes from the Greek word adamas, which refers to the hardest metal in the world. It is also the name of a character from Greek mythology. In contemporary English usage, adamant is most often used in a figurative sense.

1. Write a definition of adamant based on your understanding of its etymology. Check your answer in a college-level dictionary.
2. Use an etymological dictionary to research the Greek origins of the words tantalize and cereal. Explain your findings.
Analyze Craft and Structure

Author’s Choices: Literary Forms  An allegory is a narrative that works on two levels of meaning: a literal meaning and one or more symbolic meanings.

- The literal meaning presents the characters and conflicts at face value. The literal story is complete and can be understood without reference to other stories or situations.
- The symbolic meaning interprets the characters and conflicts at a representative level—a deeper meaning that readers must infer. Characters may be symbols for real people, and the conflicts may focus readers on events or ideas that are not part of the literal narrative. Understanding an allegory’s symbolic meaning can reveal the theme—the work’s message or insight.

The Crucible is an allegory that Arthur Miller wrote to comment on the way that the 1950s “Red Scare” encouraged and preyed upon Americans’ fears. At that time, Senator Joseph McCarthy and the separate House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) accused many Americans of being Communists, intent on overthrowing the United States government. Those targeted by HUAC investigation were often blacklisted and lost their jobs. After many life-ruining accusations, the public turned against the Communist hunts.

Practice

Notebook  Respond to these questions.

1. Use the chart to cite specific passages from the play and explain their importance to both the literal story and Miller’s allegory. Begin with the twisted logic of Danforth’s speech in paragraph 104 of Act IV.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PASSAGE</th>
<th>LITERAL MEANING</th>
<th>ALLEGORICAL MEANING</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Danforth’s speech in Act IV, paragraph 104</td>
<td></td>
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2. (a) At the end of the play, John Proctor, Rebecca Nurse, and others make the noble decision. Is it the right decision? Explain. (b) What is Miller saying about those who stood fast against HUAC?

3. Miller has written about similarities between the Salem trials and the HUAC investigations: “Three hundred years apart, both prosecutors were alleging membership in a secret disloyal group; should the accused confess, his honesty could be proved only in precisely the same way—by naming former confederates.” Explain how these ideas are developed in each act of The Crucible.
Analyze Craft and Structure

**Biblical Allusions** Some of the conflicts in *The Crucible* arise out of the religious worldview that dominates the Salem community. That worldview is revealed, in part, through the characters’ actions and the descriptions of their way of life. It is also revealed through **Biblical allusions**—passing or unexplained references to people, places, or events from the Bible.

Biblical allusions remind characters—and the audience—of the religious beliefs on which the Puritan community is based. Allusions also help to portray individual characters. For example, in Act IV, paragraph 117, Danforth says, “Mr. Hale, as God have not empowered me like Joshua to stop this sun from rising, so I cannot withhold from them the perfection of their punishment.” A note in the text identifies the source of this allusion, and the context makes its meaning clear: Just as Joshua could not delay the sun’s movement, so Danforth cannot (or will not) delay his quest to obtain confessions from the condemned. The Biblical allusion reinforces the idea that Danforth sees his work as a mission from God.

---

**Practice**

Some of the allusions Miller uses in *The Crucible* appear in the chart. Determine what each allusion means. Then, explain what it reveals about the characters or situation.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BIBLICAL ALLUSION</th>
<th>MEANING IN CONTEXT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Act II, paragraph 53: “Abigail brings the other girls into the court, and where she walks the crowd will part like the sea for Israel.” (Source: Exodus 14:21–22)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Act II, paragraph 396: “Pontius Pilate! God will not let you wash your hands of this!” (Source: Matthew 27:22–26)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Act III, paragraph 131: “I think not, or you should surely know that Cain were an upright man, and yet he did kill Abel.” (Source: Genesis 4:1–8)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Act IV, paragraph 133: “Goody Proctor, I have gone this three month like our Lord into the wilderness.” (Source: Luke 4:1)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Author’s Style

**Realism** In visual art and literature, **Realism** is the presentation of the details of everyday life, showing them as they actually are (or were) seen and experienced. All the elements of a realistic drama—including the setting, plot, and dialogue—are presented in ways that mirror real life.

- The **setting**, or place and time in which the drama unfolds, is like a place in the real world. It may be an actual location or historical place and time. This setting may be represented on stage with historically accurate props, backdrops, and costumes that are recognizable as objects, places, and clothing from real life.

- The playwright bases the **plot**, or action of the play, on events that either did happen or could happen in real life. Characters’ reactions to these events are authentic and plausible.

- The **dialogue**, or conversation between and among characters, reflects the ways in which people actually speak or did speak in a past era. Characters may use slang, regionalisms, dialect, or formal language. These choices reflect their circumstances and personalities.

**Read It**

Review the opening scene of Act IV. Identify and describe one example of each dramatic element that is presented in a realistic way. Explain which textual details create or emphasize the realistic quality.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ELEMENT</th>
<th>EXAMPLE</th>
<th>HOW MILLER MAKES IT SEEM REAL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Setting</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plot Event</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dialogue</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Write It**

**Notebook** In a paragraph, explain why you think Miller chose to tell the story of *The Crucible* in a realistic way. Why might realism be especially valuable in a play based on actual historical events?
EFFECTIVE EXPRESSION

THE CRUCIBLE, ACT IV

Writing to Sources

When you write an argument, you take a position and then present reasons and evidence that develop and support it.

Assignment

Identify a theme from *The Crucible* that is relevant to today’s world. Then, write an argumentative essay in which you make a claim as to why this theme still matters, or—perhaps—matters even more than it once did. Support your claim and your chosen theme with evidence from the text. Include these elements in your essay:

- a clear explanation of a theme expressed in *The Crucible*
- a clear claim about the relevance of the theme to today’s world
- reasons that support the claim
- textual evidence from the play that supports your reasons

Vocabulary Connection

In your essay, consider including some of the concept vocabulary words.

conciliatory  adamant  disputation

Reflect on Your Writing

After you have written your argumentative essay, answer these questions.

1. In what ways did writing your essay increase your understanding and appreciation of *The Crucible*?

2. Which reasons and forms of evidence do you see as the most persuasive in your essay? How did these items help you build your argument?

3. Why These Words? The words you choose make a difference in your writing. Which words did you use to make your essay more persuasive?
ESSENTIAL QUESTION: How do we respond when challenged by fear?

Speaking and Listening

Assignment
Prepare a thematic analysis in which you choose one theme from The Crucible, introduce it, and illustrate it with a dramatic reading of three sections of dialogue from the play. Follow these steps to complete the assignment.

1. Identify a Theme Review your notes on the play, and choose one theme that you think might be effectively illustrated with dialogue.

2. Locate Examples Once you have chosen a theme, scan the play to locate three pieces of dialogue that clearly illustrate that theme. Consider these questions:
   - Is it possible to find examples of dialogue from three different characters? The variety can strengthen your main idea and make your presentation more interesting.
   - Is it possible to find examples from three different sections or acts of the play? Connecting ideas across the whole play may help your listeners understand why the theme you chose is central to an understanding of Miller’s text.

3. Craft an Introduction Decide how you will introduce the theme you chose, and how you will transition from your explanation to the dramatic readings.

4. Prepare Your Delivery Practice your presentation in front of a mirror or present it to a friend or family member. Keep these suggestions in mind:
   - Vary your intonation (tone and pitch) to reflect each character you portray. Speak naturally, but with attention to your enunciation and volume, when delivering your introduction.
   - Use facial expressions and gestures to help convey characters’ emotions and meaning.

5. Evaluate Analyses As your classmates deliver their analyses, listen carefully. Use an evaluation guide like the one shown to assess their presentations.

EVALUATION GUIDE
Rate each statement on a scale of 1 (not demonstrated) to 5 (demonstrated).

☐ The speaker clearly introduced the theme.
☐ The speaker chose three examples from the play that illustrated the theme well.
☐ The speaker used a variety of vocal tones and pitches.
☐ The speaker used effective gestures and facial expressions.

Before moving on to a new selection, go to your Evidence Log and record what you learned from The Crucible, Act IV.

The Crucible, Act IV 685
Comparing Text to Media

Now that you have read the text of *The Crucible*, listen to an audio performance of Act I. As you listen, consider the choices the actors make in their portrayals. You will then analyze the ways in which the theatrical production interprets the written text and compare the audio and written versions.

The Crucible (audio)

Media Vocabulary

These words will be useful to you as you analyze, discuss, and write about audio performances.

| **audio play**: theatrical performance of a drama produced for radio, podcast, or another non-visual and non-print recorded form | • Before the arrival of television, audio plays were popular on the radio.  
• Audio plays may incorporate sound effects to add information, or music to suggest mood. |
| --- | --- |
| **inflection**: the rise and fall of pitch and tone in a person’s voice | • The pitch of a voice is how high or low it is, and tone refers to the quality of the sound produced, such as a whisper or a growl.  
• Inflection conveys emotion, and is part of an actor’s interpretation of a character. |
| **expression**: tone of voice that indicates specific emotion | • The expression in a voice may hint at a character’s unspoken thoughts or feelings. |

First Review MEDIA: AUDIO

Apply these strategies as you listen to the audio performance of Act I of *The Crucible*.

**LISTEN** and note who is speaking, what they’re saying, and how they’re saying it.

**NOTE** elements that you find interesting and want to revisit.

**CONNECT** ideas in the audio to other media you’ve experienced, texts you’ve read, or images you’ve seen.

**RESPOND** by completing the Comprehension Check.

About the Theater Company

L.A. Theatre Works is a nonprofit organization dedicated to recording live performances of classic and contemporary plays. Founded in 1974 in Los Angeles, California, the organization has more than 250 plays in its Audio Theatre Collection, featuring many of Hollywood’s best-known actors. Those recordings can be downloaded, streamed, or borrowed from libraries across the country. LATW also airs performances in weekly public radio programs and presents live performances as well.

**STANDARDS**

*RL.11–12.10* By the end of grade 11, read and comprehend literature, including stories, dramas, and poems, in the grades 11–CCR text complexity band proficiently, with scaffolding as needed at the high end of the range.
The Crucible
L.A. Theatre Works

BACKGROUND
As part of the L.A. Theatre Works series, Martin Jenkins directed a radio play adaptation of The Crucible in 1988. You will listen to Act I. The cast features Richard Dreyfuss as Reverend Hale and Stacy Keach as John Proctor.
Comprehension Check

Complete the following items after you finish your first review.

1. As the play opens, what is wrong with Reverend Parris’s daughter Betty?

2. Why has Parris called for Reverend Hale?

3. What story does Abigail insist the other girls tell about their activities in the woods?

4. How does Tituba’s story change as she is questioned?

5. What specific accusations end this excerpt of the audio performance?

Research to Clarify  Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from the text. Briefly research that detail. In what way does the information you learned shed light on an aspect of the audio performance of *The Crucible*?

Research to Explore  Conduct research on an aspect of the text you find interesting. For example, you may want to learn about the practice of midwifery, the profession of helping to deliver babies, as it was practiced in colonial America.
Close Review

Listen to the audio performance again. Write down any new observations that seem important. What questions do you have? What can you conclude?

Analyze the Media

Notebook  Respond to these questions.

1. (a) What does Abigail try to convince the other girls to say?
   (b) Make Inferences Why do the others seem willing to follow Abigail’s wishes? Explain.

2. (a) What does Reverend Hale carry when he enters the scene?
   (b) Analyze How are the objects he carries symbols that help audiences understand his character and social position?

3. (a) What circumstances lead to Tituba’s confession?
   (b) Draw Conclusions Is Tituba’s confession likely to be trustworthy? Why or why not?

4. (a) Interpret What is each character in Act I afraid of?
   (b) Evaluate Which character feels the deepest fear? Explain the reasons for your choice.

5. Essential Question: How do we respond when challenged by fear?
   What have you learned about the nature of fear from listening to this audio performance?

LANGUAGE DEVELOPMENT

Media Vocabulary

| audio play | inflection | expression |

1. (a) What are the first and last sounds the audience hears at the beginning and end of Act I of this radio play? (b) What theme is emphasized by the director’s choice to highlight these sounds? Explain.

2. (a) What choices do the actors make that emphasize the emotional intensity of the situation in Act I? Cite specific examples. (b) What production techniques add to the intense atmosphere? Cite specific choices.

3. What acting choices do the performers make in this radio play to help audiences distinguish characters?

STANDARDS

RL.11–12.1  Cite strong and thorough textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text, including determining where the text leaves matters uncertain.
Writing to Compare

You have read *The Crucible*, and you have listened to a performance of Act I. The performance of a play is not simply a reading of the text. Instead, actors and directors make choices that reveal their interpretations. If you have read a play, you are in a good position to evaluate those choices.

Assignment

Write a critical review of the L.A. Theatre Works production of Act I of *The Crucible*. In your review, consider these questions.

- How does the performance present the setting, characters, and events? How does it establish a mood?
- Is the interpretation effective and insightful, or does it misinterpret the play?

In your conclusion, state whether you would or would not recommend the L.A. Theatre Works production to students studying the play or to general audiences.

Prewriting

**Analyze the Texts** To conduct a comparison of the text and the performance, follow these steps. Use the chart to capture your observations.

- Find portions of the audio performance that follow the text exactly.
- Find other portions that depart from the text. For example, dialogue may be cut or added. Consider reasons for these changes.
- Consider why the director or actors made certain choices and what each choice communicates.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ELEMENT</th>
<th>NOTEWORTHY CHOICES</th>
<th>EFFECTIVENESS OF CHOICES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Portrayal of Characters</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Presentation of Setting</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Creation of Mood</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portrayal of Action</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Notebook** Does the performance bring out elements of the text that surprised you? If so, are these good surprises or disappointing ones?
Drafting

Develop Your Ideas  Before you begin writing, go over your Prewriting notes. Decide which of your insights are most compelling and can be best supported with evidence. Mark or highlight those notes, and then develop each one separately. To do so, express each note in a complete sentence. Then, record quotations, passages, or paraphrases that support it.

Organize Ideas  Use the outline to organize your ideas and supporting evidence. Note that a critical review often begins with a summary of the work being reviewed as well as a brief statement of the reviewer’s opinion.

Outline for Critical Review

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Introduction:</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• State the title of the work and the production being reviewed.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• State the main idea—your opinion of the performance.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Body: Paragraph</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Develop main idea with supporting reason and evidence</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Body: Paragraph</th>
<th></th>
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<th>Body: Paragraph</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Develop main idea with supporting reason and evidence</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Conclusion</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• Restate main idea</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• End with a memorable image or insight</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Review, Revise, and Edit

When you have finished drafting, revise your work. Mark ideas that need more support, and then return to your notes, the original play, or the performance to find useful evidence. Check for logical transitions between paragraphs and major sections. Edit your work to eliminate errors in grammar, sentence structure, and word choice. Finally, proofread your review to correct any lingering spelling and punctuation errors.
Write an Argument

You have just read a play about mass hysteria and a community’s response to it. You have also listened to an audio performance of Act I of that play, which brought the characters and their collective fears to life.

Assignment

In The Crucible, rumors spread across Salem and the result is mass hysteria in the community. Use your knowledge of The Crucible to write a brief argumentative essay in which you state and defend your position on this question:

Could any of the characters in The Crucible have done more to end the hysteria in Salem?

As you prepare to write your essay, first choose a position and state a claim. Then, develop and support that claim with quotations and examples from the text, as well as information about mass hysteria from secondary sources.

Elements of an Argument

An argument is a logical way of presenting a viewpoint, belief, or stand on an issue. One form of argument is the response to literature, a deep analysis of a text that leads to a conclusion or claim. This analysis may involve the text as a whole, an element of the text, or ideas that extend beyond the text to embrace other writings, human behavior, or world events. A well-written argumentative essay about literature may change readers’ understanding of a text and its meaning or importance.

An effective argumentative essay contains these elements:

- a precise claim
- consideration of counterclaims, or opposing positions, and a discussion of their strengths and weaknesses
- logical organization that makes clear connections among claim, counterclaim, reasons, and evidence
- valid reasoning and relevant and sufficient evidence
- a concluding statement or section that logically completes the argument
- formal and objective language and tone
- error-free grammar, including correct use of indefinite pronouns

Model Argument For a model of a well-crafted argument, see the Launch Text, “Is It Foolish to Fear?” Challenge yourself to find all of the elements of an effective argument in the text. You will have an opportunity to review these elements as you prepare to write your own argument.
Prewriting / Planning

**Ask Questions** One way to start writing an argument is to ask and answer questions about the topic. Your answers to the questions will help you focus your response. Use the following questions as a starting point for your own inquiry.

1. How might someone put an end to mass hysteria in a situation like the one that unfolds in *The Crucible*

2. Which character or characters in *The Crucible* would be most capable of ending the hysteria? Why?

Now, write a **claim**, or the position you will argue in your essay, based on your answers to these questions.

**Gather Evidence** In an argument about a work of literature, most of your evidence will derive from the text itself. However, the prompt asks you to do some research on the topic to support your claim. In the Launch Text, the writer uses researched facts to underscore ideas about fear.

> Something alarms you, and instantly your brain causes a number of chemicals to be released into your bloodstream. Those chemicals race through the body, causing your heart to race, your muscles to tense, and your breathing to quicken. Your pupils dilate, so bright light hurts, but you can see more clearly. Your surface veins constrict, making your skin feel cold.

—“Is It Foolish to Fear?”

Make a list of the types of sources you might use to find information about the topic of mass hysteria. Note your ideas here.

**STANDARDS**

W.11–12.1.a Introduce precise, knowledgeable claim(s), establish the significance of the claim(s), distinguish the claim(s) from alternate or opposing claims, and create an organization that logically sequences claim(s), counterclaims, reasons, and evidence.
ENRICHING WRITING WITH RESEARCH

Using Research  Argumentative or explanatory writing can almost always be strengthened by research. Use the library or credible online resources to locate specific information that supports your claim.

Read It  This excerpt from the Launch Text provides an example of evidence found during research. In this case, the writer located an interesting fact about fear that could be used as part of a counterclaim—if there is a way to rid ourselves of fear, why shouldn’t we use it?

LAUNCH TEXT EXCERPT

Today, modern psychotherapies may include conditioning—stimulus-response learning process—that helps people rid themselves of fears. After just a few sessions, nearly anyone can stop being afraid of speaking in public or driving through a tunnel. So why shouldn’t we all condition ourselves to become braver?

Evaluating Sources for Research  As you locate sources of information, examine them carefully. Not every resource is trustworthy. Consider these questions before using a source.

• Is the author an expert in the field? Look up his or her name to find out. You may also look up the publication to ensure that it is a solid resource with a reputation for reliability and credibility.
• Is the article objective—neutral and unbiased—or does it represent one person’s opinion? If it is a statement of opinion, is that opinion thoughtfully considered and supported?
• Is the article up to date? Check the date on all sources to make sure that they are current.
• Is information in the article supported by convincing facts and details?

If you are consulting a website, consider its domain. Domains such as .edu or .gov indicate sites that are affiliated with colleges or government agencies. You are likely to find reliable facts and figures on sites with those domains. Other websites may be affiliated with respected magazines and journals, and the information there is likely to be credible. Look for a date on the page to ensure that you are reading up-to-date information.

Always use more than one source as you research your topic. Doing so will allow you to cross-check information to be sure that you are using dependable evidence.

STANDARDS

W.11–12.1.b  Develop claim(s) and counterclaims fairly and thoroughly, supplying the most relevant evidence for each while pointing out the strengths and limitations of both in a manner that anticipates the audience’s knowledge level, concerns, values, and possible biases.

W.11–12.8  Gather relevant information from multiple authoritative print and digital sources, using advanced searches effectively; assess the strengths and limitations of each source in terms of the task, purpose, and audience; integrate information into the text selectively to maintain the flow of ideas, avoiding plagiarism and overreliance on any one source and following a standard format for citation including footnotes and endnotes.
Write It

Effective writers seamlessly integrate different kinds of information into an argument. Consider these sentences from the Launch Text.

First, there is a difference between fear and phobia. A phobia is an unnecessary fear of something that is unlikely to cause harm. For example, some people are afraid of clowns, but the odds of a clown’s being harmful are small.

In this example, the first and last sentences state the writer’s own reason and example, but the sentence in between is a researched definition. The sentences are sequenced to form a complete idea. When crafting your argument, work to sequence sentences logically, integrating your own ideas with researched evidence.

Use Information From Sources  As you gather information from research, decide where it might fit into your writing. Ask yourself these questions:

- Is there a term that I should define for my reader?
- Can I introduce a fact from history that will help to support my claim?
- Did I find a fact or detail that addresses a possible counterclaim?

Record Information  As you complete your research, use this chart to organize your findings.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>RESEARCH THAT DEFINES TERMS</th>
<th>RESEARCH THAT SUPPORTS MY CLAIM</th>
<th>RESEARCH THAT ADDRESSES A COUNTERCLAIM</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

TIP

CONVENTIONS  Use punctuation correctly when citing sources.

- Underline or italicize the titles of books, newspapers, magazines, journals, or websites.
- Use quotation marks around titles of articles, chapters, or essays.
Drafting

Present Your Reasoning  You may use **deductive** or **inductive** reasoning to present a strong case for your claim.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TYPE OF REASONING</th>
<th>DEFINITION</th>
<th>EXAMPLE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>deductive reasoning</td>
<td>a general conclusion applied to a specific instance or situation</td>
<td>Helmet laws have been shown to reduce accidents. If we had a stronger helmet law, Alicia Martinez would not have been injured last month.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>inductive reasoning</td>
<td>specific facts used to lead to a general conclusion</td>
<td>Bicycle injury rates in Oaktown decreased when a helmet law was passed. Therefore, a helmet law will help our community prevent bicycle injuries.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In the Launch Text, the writer uses inductive reasoning to present a claim based on a series of facts. Facts about the human response to fear lead to and support a claim about the usefulness of fear for survival.

Use one of these patterns to draft your argument.

**DEDUCTIVE**

1. State a claim.
2. Find examples.
3. Confirm your claim.

**INDUCTIVE**

1. Find examples.
2. Look for a pattern.
3. Establish a claim.

**Write a First Draft**  Use inductive or deductive reasoning to write your first draft. Make sure to include a precise claim and to address counterclaims where possible. Use formal language and an objective tone to communicate your points clearly and effectively. Blend evidence from the text and audio performance of the play with evidence from your research on mass hysteria. Write a conclusion that follows logically from your argument, supports your claim, and adds interest to your writing.
LANGUAGE DEVELOPMENT: CONVENTIONS

Make Effective Choices: Indefinite Pronouns

An *indefinite pronoun*, like any pronoun, is a word that takes the place of a noun, a noun phrase, or another pronoun. However, an indefinite pronoun does not refer to a specific person, place, thing, or idea. Indefinite pronouns may be singular or plural.

**Read It**

These sentences from the Launch Text use indefinite pronouns to refer to people or things that are unspecified, general, or universal.

- *Some* of us may seek *professional help* to rid ourselves of fears. *(an unspecified number)*
- *Something* alarms you, and instantly your brain causes a *number of chemicals* to be released. . . . *(an unspecified thing)*
- *This response to fear* was good for *everyone* who displayed it. *(all people)*
- *After just a few sessions, nearly anyone* can stop being afraid of *speaking in public*. . . . *(any unspecified person)*
- *Few* of us enjoy *being afraid*. *(an unspecified small number)*

**Write It**

As you draft your argument, be sure to observe proper subject-verb agreement when you use indefinite pronouns.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SINGULAR INDEFINITE PRONOUNS</th>
<th>PLURAL INDEFINITE PRONOUNS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>another, other</td>
<td>both</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>anybody, anyone, anything</td>
<td>few</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>each</td>
<td>many</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>either, neither</td>
<td>others</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>everybody, everyone, everything</td>
<td>several</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>little, much</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>nobody, no one, nothing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>one</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>somebody, someone, something</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A few indefinite pronouns may be singular or plural, depending on their **antecedents**, the words that they replace. These include *all, any, more, most, none, and some.*

**TIP**

**USAGE**

Certain indefinite pronouns may also be used as adjectives. Be sure you know which part of speech you are using. Study these examples.

- *Neither* plans to attend the party. *(pronoun)*
- *Neither* student plans to attend the party. *(adjective)*

**STANDARDS**

L.11–12.1 Demonstrate command of the conventions of standard English grammar and usage when writing or speaking.
Revising

Evaluating Your Draft

Use this checklist to evaluate the effectiveness of your first draft. Then, use your evaluation and the instruction on this page to guide your revision.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FOCUS AND ORGANIZATION</th>
<th>EVIDENCE AND ELABORATION</th>
<th>CONVENTIONS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Provides an introduction that establishes a precise claim.</td>
<td>Develops the claim by using facts and details that provide relevant evidence and reasons.</td>
<td>Attends to the norms and conventions of the discipline, especially in the use of indefinite pronouns.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Distinguishes the claim from opposing claims.</td>
<td>Provides adequate examples for each major idea.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Provides a conclusion that follows from the argument.</td>
<td>Uses vocabulary and word choices that are appropriate for the audience and purpose.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Establishes a logical organization and develops a progression throughout the argument.</td>
<td>Establishes and maintains a formal style and objective tone.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uses words, phrases, and clauses to clarify the relationships between and among ideas.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Revising for Focus and Organization

Clarifying Relationships Be sure to provide clear connections among claim, counterclaim, reasons, and evidence. Could you add transitional words or phrases like these to clarify the relationships between ideas?

- for example
- in addition
- nevertheless
- because
- instead of
- however
- furthermore
- consequently
- similarly
- for this reason
- especially
- meanwhile

Revising for Evidence and Elaboration

Vocabulary and Tone When you write an argument about a literary text, consider using vocabulary specific to the study of literature. Words such as character, setting, scene, conflict, dialogue, antagonist, and so on may be appropriate to your task and may add to the formal tone of your essay.

Use of Source Material Reread your essay as though you were seeing it for the first time. Ask yourself these questions:

- Does every point that I make have supporting examples?
- Do I correctly cite examples from the play and other sources?
- Does my evidence from research blend well with my examples from the play?
PEER REVIEW

Exchange essays with a classmate. Use the checklist to evaluate your classmate’s argument and provide supportive feedback.

1. Does the writer state a clear claim?
   - yes
   - no
   If no, explain what confused you.

2. Does the writer offer ample evidence from the play?
   - yes
   - no
   If no, tell what you think might be missing.

3. Are elements from research woven into the essay? Are the citations clear?
   - yes
   - no
   If no, suggest what your classmate might add.

4. What is the strongest part of your classmate’s essay? Why?

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Editing and Proofreading

**Edit for Conventions**  Reread your draft for accuracy and consistency. Correct errors in grammar and word usage. Look for correct use of indefinite pronouns.

**Proofread for Accuracy**  Read your draft carefully, looking for errors in spelling and punctuation. Make sure to underline or italicize the name of the play and to capitalize and spell characters’ names correctly as you cite examples.

Publishing and Presenting

Create a final draft, print it, and place it in a folder in the classroom library. Attach an index card to the folder so that classmates can read your work and make constructive comments. Try to read and comment on at least three of your classmates’ essays.

Reflecting

Reflect on what you learned by writing your argumentative essay. Was it difficult to weave evidence from research into the evidence you found from the play? If you had to start this assignment over again, what might you do differently?

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**STANDARDS**

W.11–12.5  Develop and strengthen writing as needed by planning, revising, editing, rewriting, or trying a new approach, focusing on addressing what is most significant for a specific purpose and audience.
ESSENTIAL QUESTION:

How do we respond when challenged by fear?

As you read these selections, work with your group to explore the meaning and power of fear.

From Text to Topic In the middle of the twentieth century, fear was a powerful force in America—fear of economic hardship, fear of war, fear of other forms of government, and even the fear of total annihilation. Still, fear was not, and is not, unique to a particular country and a particular time. As you read the selections in this section, consider what other ideas cause people to fear—and what people’s reactions reveal about themselves and the times in which they live.

Small-Group Learning Strategies

Throughout your life, in school, in your community, and in your career, you will continue to learn and work with others.

Review these strategies and the actions you can take to practice them as you work in teams. Add ideas of your own for each step. Use these strategies during Small-Group Learning.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STRATEGY</th>
<th>ACTION PLAN</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Prepare</td>
<td>• Complete your assignments so that you are prepared for group work.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>• Organize your thinking so you can contribute to your group’s discussions.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Participate fully</td>
<td>• Make eye contact to signal that you are listening and taking in what is being said.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>• Use text evidence when making a point.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Support others</td>
<td>• Build on ideas from others in your group.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>• Invite others who have not yet spoken to do so.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clarify</td>
<td>• Paraphrase the ideas of others to ensure that your understanding is correct.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>• Ask follow-up questions.</td>
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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

from Farewell to Manzanar
Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston and James D. Houston

In a time of war, how can fear suddenly turn neighbors into strangers, friends into enemies?

MEDIA: VIDEO

Interview With George Takei
Archive of American Television

A child not yet old enough for kindergarten is imprisoned as a threat to America.

SHORT STORY

Antojos
Julia Alvarez

What dangers—real or imagined—threaten a woman during a drive into the countryside?

PERFORMANCE TASK

SPEAKING AND LISTENING FOCUS

Present an Argument

The Small-Group readings explore unreasonable fear from two different perspectives. In a story, a woman is swept away by her fear of others; in a real-life experience, a community—including its smallest children—becomes the focus of a nation’s fears. After reading, your group will create and present a debate about what we can learn from fearful encounters.
Working as a Team

1. **Take a Position** In your group, discuss the following question:

   Which do you think creates the most frightening situation: a danger that you know about, a danger that you suspect may come to pass, or the feeling that danger is a possibility? Explain.

   As you take turns sharing your positions, provide reasons for your choice. After all group members have shared, discuss some of the criteria by which you have evaluated these fears.

2. **List Your Rules** As a group, decide on the rules that you will follow as you work together. Samples are provided; add two more of your own. You may add or revise rules based on your experience together.

   - Encourage everyone to give examples in defense of his or her position.
   - Remind everyone to listen respectfully and offer helpful comments.

   - [Add two more rules here]

3. **Apply the Rules** Practice working as a group. Share what you have learned about fear. Make sure each person in the group contributes. Take notes on and be prepared to share with the class one thing that you heard from another member of your group.

4. **Name Your Group** Choose a name that reflects the unit topic.

   Our group’s name: ________________________

5. **Create a Communication Plan** Decide how you want to communicate with one another. For example, you might discuss the topic during lunch, use online collaboration tools, or schedule a set of video chats.

   Our group’s decision: ________________________
Making a Schedule

First, find out the due dates for the small-group activities. Then, preview the texts and activities with your group, and make a schedule for completing the tasks.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SELECTION</th>
<th>ACTIVITIES</th>
<th>DUE DATE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>from Farewell to Manzanar</em></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Interview With George Takei</em></td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Antojos</em></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Working on Group Projects

As your group works together, you’ll find it more effective if each person has a specific role. Different projects require different roles. Before beginning a project, discuss the necessary roles, and choose one for each group member. Here are some possible roles; add your own ideas.

**Project Manager:** monitors the schedule and keeps everyone on task
**Researcher:** organizes research activities
**Recorder:** takes notes during group meetings
Comparing Text to Media

In this lesson, you will compare an excerpt from the autobiography *Farewell to Manzanar* and a video interview with the actor George Takei. First, you will complete the first-read and close-read activities for the excerpt from *Farewell to Manzanar*. The work you do with your group on this title will help prepare you for the comparing task.

**from Farewell to Manzanar**

**Concept Vocabulary**

As you perform your first read of the excerpt from *Farewell to Manzanar*, you will encounter these words.

- collaborator
- conspirators
- espionage

**Base Words** If these words are unfamiliar to you, analyze each one to see whether it contains a base word you know. Then, use your knowledge of the “inside” word, along with context, to identify the meaning of the unfamiliar word. Study this example.

**Context:** By 1775, many American colonists considered the taxes and other burdensome restrictions imposed by the British to be **insupportable**.

**Familiar “Inside” Word:** *support*, meaning “bear” or “carry”

**Conclusion:** The taxes and restrictions are said to be burdensome, so **insupportable** might mean “unbearable” or “intolerable.”

Apply your knowledge of base words and other vocabulary strategies to determine the meanings of unfamiliar words you encounter during your first read.

**First Read NONFICTION**

Apply these strategies as you conduct your first read. You will have an opportunity to conduct a close read after your first read.
During World War II, the United States fought the Axis powers, which included Japan. Afraid of Japanese sympathizers, and driven by racial prejudices, the federal government ordered about 120,000 Japanese Americans to leave their homes and live in facilities known as internment camps. As this excerpt opens, Jeanne Wakatsuki’s father arrives at Manzanar, one such internment camp, after his detention on false charges of having aided the enemy.

**Inu**

With Papa back our cubicle was filled to overflowing. Woody brought in another army bunk and tick mattress, up next to Mama’s. But that was not what crowded the room. It was Papa himself, his dark, bitter, brooding presence. Once moved in, it seemed he didn’t go outside for months. He sat in there, or paced, alone a great deal of the time, and Mama had to bring his meals from the mess hall.

He made her bring him extra portions of rice, or cans of the syrupy fruit they served. He would save this up and concoct brews in a homemade still he kept behind the door, brews that smelled so bad
Mama was ashamed to let in any visitors. Day after day he would sip his rice wine or his apricot brandy, sip till he was blind drunk and passed out. In the morning he would wake up groaning like the demon in a kabuki\(^1\) drama; he would vomit and then start sipping again. He terrified all of us, lurching around the tiny room, cursing in Japanese and swinging his bottles wildly. No one could pacify him. Mama got nothing but threats and abuse for her attempts to comfort him.

I turned eight that fall. I remember telling myself that he never went out and never associated with others because he thought he was better than they were and was angry at being forced to live so close to them for the first time in his life. I told myself they whispered about him because he brewed his own foul-smelling wine in our barracks.

All of this was partly true. But there were deeper, uglier reasons for his isolation. I first sensed it one night when Mama and I went to the latrine together. By this time the stalls were partitioned. Two Terminal Island\(^2\) women about Mama’s age were leaving just as we walked in. They lingered by the doorway, and from inside my stall I could hear them whispering about Papa, deliberately, just loud enough for us to hear. They kept using the word “inu.” I knew it meant “dog,” and I thought at the time they were backbiting him because he never socialized.

Spoken Japanese is full of disrespectful insult words that can be much more cutting than mere vulgarity. They have to do with bad manners, or worse, breaches of faith and loyalty. Years later I learned that *inu* also meant collaborator or informer. Members of the Japanese American Citizens League were being called *inu* for having helped the army arrange a peaceful and orderly evacuation. Men who cooperated with camp authorities in any way could be labeled *inu*, as well as those genuine informers inside the camp who relayed information to the War Department and to the FBI.

For the women in the late-night latrine Papa was an *inu* because he had been released from Fort Lincoln earlier than most of the Issei\(^3\) men, many of whom had to remain up there separated from their families throughout the war. After investigating his record, the Justice Department found no reason to detain him any longer. But the rumor was that, as an interpreter, he had access to information from fellow Isseis that he later used to buy his release.

This whispered charge, added to the shame of everything that had happened to him, was simply more than he could bear. He did not yet have the strength to resist it. He exiled himself, like a leper,\(^4\) and he drank.

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2. *Terminal Island* Japanese American community in Los Angeles that was entirely destroyed after the inhabitants were interned.
3. *Issei* (EE say) first-generation Japanese Americans, who have emigrated from Japan.
4. *like a leper* Historically, individuals with the disease leprosy were isolated from society, out of fear of contagion.
Later in December the administration gave each family a Christmas tree hauled in from the Sierras. A new director had been appointed and this was his gesture of apology for all the difficulties that had led up to the riot, a promise of better treatment and better times to come.

It was an honest gesture, but it wasn’t much of a Christmas that year. The presents were makeshift, the wind was roaring, Papa was drunk. Better times were a long way off, and the difficulties, it seemed, had just begun. Early in February the government’s Loyalty Oath appeared. Everyone seventeen and over was required to fill it out. This soon became the most divisive issue of all. It cut deeper than the riot, because no one could avoid it. Not even Papa. After five months of self-imposed isolation, this debate was what finally forced him out of the barracks and into circulation again.

At the time, I was too young to understand the problem. I only knew there was no peace in our cubicle for weeks. Block organizers would come to talk to Papa and my brothers. They would huddle over the table awhile, muttering like conspirators, sipping tea or one of his concoctions. Their voices gradually would rise to shouts and threats. Mama would try to calm the men down. Papa would tell her to shut up, then Granny would interrupt and order him to quit disgracing Mama all the time. Once he just shoved Granny across the room, up against the far wall and back into her chair, and where she sat sniffling while the arguments went on.

If the organizers weren’t there, Papa would argue with Woody. Or rather, Woody would listen to Papa lecture him on true loyalty, pacing from bunk to bunk, waving his cane.

“Listen to me, Woodrow. When a soldier goes into war he must go believing he is never coming back. This is why the Japanese are such courageous warriors. They are prepared to die. They expect nothing else. But to do that, you must believe in what you’re fighting for. If you do not believe, you will not be willing to die. If you are not willing to die, you won’t fight well. And if you don’t fight well you will
probably be killed stupidly, for the wrong reason, and unheroically. So tell me, how can you think of going off to fight?”

Woody always answered softly, respectfully, with a boyish and submissive smile.

“I will fight well, Papa.”

“Is this war? How is it possible?”

“I am an American citizen. America is at war.”

“But look where they have put us!”

“The more of us who go into the army, the sooner the war will be over, the sooner you and Mama will be out of here.”

“Do you think I would risk losing a son for that?”

“You want me to answer no no? Papa?”

“Do you think that is what I’m telling you? Of course you cannot answer no no. If you say no no; you will be shipped back to Japan with all those other bakatare!”

“But if I answer yes yes I will be drafted anyway, no matter how I feel about it. That is why they are giving us the oath to sign.”

“No! That is not true! They are looking for volunteers. And only a fool would volunteer.”

Papa stared hard at Woody, making this a challenge. Woody shrugged, still smiling his boyish smile, and did not argue. He knew that when the time came he would join the army, and he knew it was pointless to begin the argument again. It was a circle. His duty as a son was to sit and listen to Papa thrash his way around it and around it and around it.

A circle, or you might have called it a corral, like Manzanar itself, with no exit save via three narrow gates. The first led into the infantry, the second back across the Pacific. The third, called relocation, was just opening up: Interned citizens who could find a job and a sponsor somewhere inland, away from the west coast, were beginning to trickle out of camp. But the program was bogged down in paperwork. It was taking months to process applications and security clearances. A loyalty statement required of everyone, it was hoped, might save some time and a lot of red tape. This, together with the search for “loyal” soldiers, had given rise to the ill-fated “oath.”

Two weeks before the December Riot, JACL leaders met in Salt Lake City and passed a resolution pledging Nisei to volunteer out of the camps for military service. In January the government announced its plan to form an all-Nisei combat regiment. While recruiting for this unit and speeding up the relocation program, the government figured it could simultaneously weed out the “disloyal” and thus get a clearer idea of exactly how many agents and Japanese sympathizers it actually had to deal with. This part of it would have been comical if

6. Nisei (nee say) second-generation Japanese Americans, who were born in the United States.
the results were not so grotesque. No self-respecting espionage agent would willingly admit he was disloyal. Yet the very idea of the oath itself—appearing at the end of that first chaotic year—became the final goad that prodded many once-loyal citizens to turn militantly anti-American.

From the beginning Papa knew his own answer would be yes yes. He agreed with Woody on this much, even though it meant swearing allegiance to the government that had sent him to Fort Lincoln and denying his connections with the one country in the world where he might still have the rights of a citizen. The alternative was worse. If he said no no, he could be sent to Tule Lake camp in northern California where all the “disloyal” were to be assembled for what most people believed would be eventual repatriation to Japan. Papa had no reason to return to Japan. He was too old to start over. He believed America would win the war, and he knew, even after all he’d endured, that if he had a future it still lay in this country. What’s more, a move to Tule Lake could mean a further splitting up of our family.

This was a hard choice to make, and even harder to hold to. Anti-American feeling in camp ran stronger than ever. Pro-Japan forces were trying to organize a NO NO vote by blocks, in massive resistance. Others wanted to boycott the oath altogether in a show of noncooperation or through the mistaken fear that anyone who accepted the form would be shipped out of camp: the NO NOs back to Japan, the YES YESS into an American society full of wartime hostility and racial hate.

A meeting to debate the matter was called in our mess hall. Papa knew that merely showing his face would draw stares and muttered comments. YES YES was just what they expected of an inu. But he had to speak his mind before the NO NO contingent carried the block. Saying NO NO as an individual was one thing, bullying the entire camp into it was quite another. At the very least he didn’t want to be sucked into such a decision without having his own opinion heard.

Woody wanted to go with him, but Papa said it was a meeting for “heads of households” only and he insisted on going alone. From the time he heard about it he purposely drank nothing stronger than tea. He shaved and trimmed his mustache and put on a silk tie. His limp was nearly gone now, but he carried his cane and went staggering off down the narrow walkway between the barracks, punching at the packed earth in front of him.

About four o’clock I was playing hopscotch in the firebreak with three other girls. It was winter, the sun had already dropped behind Mount Whitney. Now a wind was rising, the kind of biting, steady wind that could bring an ocean of sand into camp at any moment with almost no warning. I was hurrying back to the barracks when I heard a great commotion inside the mess hall, men shouting wildly, as if a fire had broken out. The loudest voice was Papa’s, cursing.

“Eta! (trash) Eta! Bakayaro! Bakayaro!”
The door of the mess hall flew open and a short, beefy man came tearing out. He jumped off the porch, running as his feet hit the ground. He didn’t get far. Papa came through the doorway right behind him, in a flying leap, bellowing like a warrior, “Yaaaaah!” He let go of his cane as he landed on the man’s back, and they both tumbled into the dirt. The wind was rising. Half the sky was dark with a tide of sand pouring toward us. The dust billowed and spun as they kicked and pummeled and thrashed each other.

At the meeting, when Papa stood up to defend the yes yes position, murmurs of “Inu, inu” began to circulate around the mess hall. This man then jumped up at the speaker’s table and made the charge aloud. Papa went for him. Now, outside in the dirt, Papa had him by the throat and would have strangled him, but some other men pulled them apart. I had never seen him so livid, yelling and out of his head with rage. While they pinned his arms, he kicked at the sand, sending windblown bursts of it toward the knot of men dragging his opponent out of reach.
A few moments later the sandstorm hit. The sky turned black as night. Everyone ran for cover. Two men hustled Papa to our barracks. The fighting against the wind and sand to get there calmed him down some.

Back inside he sat by the stove holding his teacup and didn’t speak for a long time. One cheekbone was raw where it had been mashed into the sand. Mama kept pouring him little trickles of tea. We listened to the wind howl. When the sand died down, the sky outside stayed black. The storm had knocked out the electricity all over the camp. It was a cold, lonely night, and we huddled around our oil stove while Mama and Woody and Chizu began to talk about the day.

A young woman came in, a friend of Chizu’s, who lived across the way. She had studied in Japan for several years. About the time I went to bed she and Papa began to sing songs in Japanese, warming their hands on either side of the stove, facing each other in its glow. After a while Papa sang the first line of the Japanese national anthem, *Kimi ga yo*. Woody, Chizu, and Mama knew the tune, so they hummed along while Papa and the other woman sang the words. It can be a hearty or a plaintive tune, depending on your mood. From Papa, that night, it was a deep-throated lament. Almost invisible in the stove’s small glow, tears began running down his face.

I had seen him cry a few times before. It only happened when he was singing or when someone else sang a song that moved him. He played the three-stringed *samisen*, which Kiyo and I called his “pinko-pinko.” We would laugh together when we heard him plucking it and whining out old Japanese melodies. We would hold our ears and giggle. It was always a great joke between us, except for those rare times when Papa began to weep at the lyrics. Then we would just stare quietly—as I did that night—from some hidden corner of the room. This was always mysterious and incomprehensible.

The national anthem, I later learned, is what he had sung every morning as a schoolboy in Japan. They still sing it there, the way American kids pledge allegiance to the flag. It is not a martial song, or a victory song, the way many national anthems are. It is really a poem, whose words go back to the ninth century:

*Kimi ga yo wa chiyoni*
*yachiyoni sa-za-re i-shi no i-wa-o to*
*na-ri-te ko-ke no musu made.*

May thy peaceful reign last long.
May it last for thousands of years,
Until this tiny stone will grow
Into a massive rock, and the moss
Will cover it deep and thick.
It is a patriotic song that can also be read as a proverb, as a personal credo for endurance. The stone can be the kingdom or it can be a man’s life. The moss is the greenery that, in time, will spring even from a rock. In Japan, before the turn of the century, outside my father’s house there stood one of those stone lanterns, with four stubby legs and a small pagoda-like roof. Each morning someone in the household would pour a bucketful of water over his lantern, and after several years a skin of living vegetation began to show on the stone. As a boy he was taught that the last line of the anthem refers to a certain type of mossy lichen with exquisitely tiny white flowers sprinkled in amongst the green.

Comprehension Check

Complete the following items after you finish your first read. Review and clarify details with your group.

1. Identify two meanings for the Japanese word inu.

2. According to Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston, what is the most divisive issue among the internees?

3. Why doesn’t Woody argue with Papa?

4. On what type of occasion does Papa cry, according to Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston?

5. Notebook Confirm your understanding of the text by writing a summary.

RESEARCH

Research to Clarify Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from the text. Briefly research that detail. In what way does the information you learned shed light on an aspect of the text?
Close Read the Text
With your group, revisit sections of the text you marked during your first read. Annotate what you notice. What questions do you have? What can you conclude?

Analyze the Text

Notebook Complete the activities.

1. Review and Clarify With your group, reread paragraphs 4 and 5 of the excerpt from Farewell to Manzanar. What do the authors suggest about the obstacles and challenges confronting Papa?

2. Present and Discuss Now, work with your group to share the passages from the text that you found especially important. Take turns presenting your passages. Discuss what you noticed in the selections, what questions you asked, and what conclusions you reached.

3. Essential Question: How do we respond when challenged by fear? What has this text taught you about people’s responses to fear? Discuss with your group.

Concept Vocabulary

collaborator conspirators espionage

Why These Words? The three concept vocabulary words from the text are related. With your group, determine what the words have in common. Write your ideas, and add another word that fits the category.

Practice

Notebook Confirm your understanding of these words by looking up their definitions in a dictionary. Then, use the words to write a short narrative paragraph. Include context clues that hint at each word’s meaning.

Word Study

Latin Suffix: -or The suffix -or can be used to form nouns from verbs. For example, the words collaborator and conspirators are formed from collaborate and conspire, respectively. Reread paragraphs 2 and 8 of the selection. In each paragraph, find one noun formed from the suffix -or. Write the nouns and their meanings; then, list the verb used to form each noun.

STANDARDS
L.11–12.4.b Identify and correctly use patterns of word changes that indicate different meanings or parts of speech. Apply knowledge of Greek, Latin, and Anglo-Saxon roots and affixes to draw inferences concerning the meaning of scientific and mathematical terminology.
L.11–12.4.d Verify the preliminary determination of the meaning of a word or phrase.
Analyze Craft and Structure

Development of Complex Ideas Fiction writers use the tools of characterization to show what imaginary characters are like. Narrative nonfiction writers use the same tools to describe real people. There are two types of characterization: direct and indirect.

- With direct characterization, a writer explicitly states what a person is like—for example, “It was Papa himself, his dark, bitter, brooding presence.” Here, Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston simply tells readers that her father was unhappy and sullen.

- With indirect characterization, writers provide details that allow readers to infer what people are like. A writer might describe a person’s physical appearance and behavior, quote his or her statements, or report what other people say about him or her. For instance, when Houston recalls that other people called her father “inu,” readers can infer that her father was neither liked nor respected.

To fully understand the people and their motivations in works of narrative nonfiction, compare and contrast descriptive details, statements, facts, and opinions presented in the text.

Practice

Notebook Work independently to answer the questions and complete the chart. Then, share your responses with your group.

1. (a) Why do the other Japanese Americans in the camp view Papa as a traitor? (b) How do their opinions affect Houston’s perceptions of her father?

2. (a) What does Papa’s yes yes position reveal about him? (b) How does his stance on this issue give readers insight about his values and priorities?

3. Use the chart to record details about Papa’s behavior during important episodes in the text. Then, use those details to make inferences about his feelings.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>EPISODE</th>
<th>PAPA’S BEHAVIOR</th>
<th>INFERENCES</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Return to Manzanar</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>(paragraphs 1–10)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Meeting at the mess hall</td>
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<tr>
<td>(paragraphs 29–35)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Papa singing songs</td>
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<tr>
<td>(paragraphs 36–40)</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

CITE TEXTUAL EVIDENCE to support your answers.
Author’s Style

Author’s Point of View  *Farewell to Manzanar* is an autobiographical account in which the author looks back on events she experienced as a young girl. The use of first-person point of view, signaled by pronouns such as *I*, *me*, and *my*, tells readers that the author is relating her own story. However, because the author is recalling these events years after they happened, the narrative unfolds on at least two levels. At times, Jeanne Wakatsuki Houston relates events from the perspective of a young child. At other times, she offers insights and reflections from an adult perspective. Sometimes, Houston signals a narrative shift with clues such as “at the time” and “years later I learned.” At other points, though, the narrative shift is implied.

Read It

1. Use this chart to compile your notes on shifting perspectives in the selection. Reread each passage identified in the left-hand column. Then, write a comment on the narrative perspective or shift in the right-hand column.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PASSAGE</th>
<th>COMMENT(S) ON NARRATIVE PERSPECTIVE/SHIFT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>paragraphs 9–10</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>paragraphs 28–29</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>paragraphs 39–40</td>
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2. Notebook  **Connect to Style**  What is the overall effect of narrative shifts in the selection? Do such shifts clarify Houston’s principal issues and conflicts? Explain your answer.

Write It

Notebook  Write a short narrative account of an event from your childhood. Use first-person point of view to tell your story, but shift perspectives to highlight the differences between how you experienced the event as a child and how you understand it now.
Comparing Text to Media

This interview with George Takei, which focuses on the actor’s internment experience during World War II, was drawn from the Archive of American Television. Watch and listen to the interview. Then, compare and contrast the points of view of two people who experienced similar hardships.

About the Interviewee

George Takei (b. 1937) was born into a Japanese American family in Los Angeles. In college, he became interested in theater and made acting his career. Best known for portraying Hikaru Sulu in the original Star Trek, Takei has participated in dozens of films and television programs. He also has appeared in Allegiance, a musical inspired by his internment experience.

Interview With George Takei

Media Vocabulary

These words will be useful to you as you analyze, discuss, and write about video interviews.

| **Documentary:** program or film that provides a factual record or report of real events | • Documentaries may consist largely of interviews with people who are uniquely qualified to report on certain events or topics.  
• Interviews may take place in a variety of formats and allow different types of interactions between the interviewer and the interviewee. |
| --- | --- |
| **Eyewitness Account:** description given by someone who was present at an event | • Eyewitness testimony is valuable for its immediacy and presumed credibility.  
• Eyewitnesses, however, may be biased and only partially trustworthy. |
| **Framing:** composing a visual so that an enclosing border surrounds the image in the foreground | • Framing may offer a counterpoint or contrast between foreground and background images.  
• Framing may alternate with close-up views, in which no background is visible. |

First Review MEDIA: VIDEO

Apply these strategies as you perform your first review. You will have an opportunity to complete a close review after your first review.

- **WATCH** who speaks, what they say, and how they say it.
- **CONNECT** ideas in the video to other media you’ve experienced, texts you’ve read, or images you’ve seen.
- **RESPOND** by completing the Comprehension Check.
- **NOTE** elements that you find interesting and want to revisit.
BACKGROUND
The internment of Japanese Americans lasted from March 1942 to March 1946. However, Executive Order 9066, which established the policy of internment, was only officially repealed and apologized for in 1976. In this interview, George Takei describes how he and his family were forced from their home in Los Angeles and interned at two different camps—one in Arkansas and one in northern California—during World War II.
Comprehension Check

Complete the following items after you finish your first review. Review and clarify details with your group.

1. How old was Takei at the time of the attack on Pearl Harbor?

2. What does Takei remember about the day that he and his family were ordered out of their home?

3. As a young child, how did Takei feel about the internment camps?

4. What were the two key questions posed by the government’s loyalty questionnaire?

5. How did Takei’s parents respond to the key questions? What reasons did they give?

6. Why were Takei and his family transferred from a camp in Arkansas to Tule Lake in northern California?

7. Notebook Confirm your understanding of the interview by summarizing Takei’s comments about the significance of the loyalty questionnaire.
Close Review

With your group, revisit the video interview and your first-review notes. Record any new observations that seem important. What questions do you have? What can you conclude?

Analyze the Media

Notebook  Complete the activities.

1. Present and Discuss  Choose the interview segment you find most interesting or powerful. Share your choice with the group, and discuss why you chose it. Explain what you noticed in the segment, what questions it raised for you, and what conclusions you reached about it.

2. Review and Synthesize  How does Takei reveal his perspective on the treatment of Japanese Americans during the war? Consider his tone of voice and facial expressions in addition to the details he shares.

3. Essential Question:  How do we respond when challenged by fear?  What have you learned about people’s responses to fear from watching this interview?

LANGUAGE DEVELOPMENT

Media Vocabulary

documentary  eyewitness account  framing

Use the vocabulary words in your responses to the questions.

1. Why is George Takei qualified to present a factual report on the internment camp experience?

2. (a) How does Takei’s perspective offer a different way of seeing America’s involvement in World War II? (b) What is the value of considering alternative perspectives on historic events?

3. What effect is created by having Takei talk in the foreground of a scene set in a comfortably furnished room?

STANDARDS

SL.11–12.3  Evaluate a speaker’s point of view, reasoning, and use of evidence and rhetoric, assessing the stance, premises, links among ideas, word choice, points of emphasis, and tone used.

L.11–12.6  Acquire and use accurately general academic and domain-specific words and phrases, sufficient for reading, writing, speaking, and listening at the college and career readiness level; demonstrate independence in gathering vocabulary knowledge when considering a word or phrase important to comprehension or expression.
Writing to Compare

Both the excerpt from Farewell to Manzanar and the interview with George Takei provide primary-source information about the experiences of interned Japanese Americans during World War II. Deepen your understanding of both sources by comparing the two accounts and the perspectives they express.

Assignment

Choose one of these three prompts, and respond to it in a compare-and-contrast essay.

☐ How are Papa’s and Woody’s understandings of the Loyalty Oath and its implications in Farewell to Manzanar similar to and different from Takei’s parents’ position on the same topic?

☐ Consider Houston’s and Takei’s reactions to their parents’ decisions. How are they alike and different?

☐ What events do Houston and Takei emphasize in their respective accounts? How are their treatments of those events similar and different? Consider the details on which they focus, their word choices, and their tones.

Prewriting

Analyze the Texts

Before you choose a prompt to address, discuss the two texts with your group. Consider the following questions.

• How does each selection describe the Loyalty Oath and peoples’ responses to it? What arguments are used to support both “yes” and “no” responses? What consequences follow each decision?

• What similar and different information and insights about the experiences of interned Japanese do the two texts present?

Notebook

Record your ideas during the group discussion.

Notebook

Respond to these questions.

1. How do the points of view differ, in general?

2. What do these two texts suggest about the universal experience of Japanese Americans during World War II?
Drafting

Choose a Question  Work independently to plan and write your essay. First, review your Prewriting notes.

- Which aspect of the autobiography or interview do you find most interesting or important?
- What strikes you as the most powerful difference between the two?

Your answers to these questions should help you choose a topic. Place a checkmark in the box next to your choice.

Write a Thesis Statement  Your thesis statement should respond to your chosen prompt in one or two sentences. Write a first version of your thesis statement here. You may adjust or even change it altogether as you draft and refine your ideas.

Thesis Statement: __________________________________________

________________________________________________________________

________________________________________________________________

Select Evidence  Share your thesis statements other group members who are working from the same prompt. Then, work together to discuss and choose evidence from both the autobiography and the interview that will support each person’s thesis. Use the chart to list the evidence you plan to use in your essay.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>EVIDENCE FROM AUTOBIOGRAPHY</th>
<th>EVIDENCE FROM INTERVIEW</th>
</tr>
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</table>

Write a First Draft  Begin your essay with a thesis statement that offers a one- or two-sentence response to the prompt. Then, in the body of the essay, develop your thesis with details, quotations, or other support from the selections. Decide whether you will write about one selection first and then about the other one, or whether you will discuss the two texts’ similarities and then their differences. Make a short outline to set up a structure to follow. Then, draft your essay.

Review, Revise, and Edit  Read your draft aloud to your group. Ask for feedback, take notes, and then use your peers’ suggestions and your own ideas to revise your draft. Make sure your treatment of the two selections is balanced. Then, check for logical transitions as you shift attention from one selection to the other. After revising, edit to improve grammar, word choice, and sentence structure. Proofread to eliminate errors in spelling and punctuation.

ESSENTIAL QUESTION: How do we respond when challenged by fear?

to M anzanar and the interview with George Takei.
Antojos

Concept Vocabulary

As you perform your first read of “Antojos,” you will encounter the following words.

- cantina
- cabana
- machetes

Context Clues  If these words are unfamiliar to you, try using context clues—other words and phrases that appear in the surrounding text—to help you determine their meanings. Here is an example of how to apply the strategy.

Unfamiliar Word: replete

Context: Although the story lacks action, it is replete with interesting characters.

Conclusion: The word Although indicates that the words lacks action are in contrast or opposition to the word replete. Replete, then, must mean something opposite to “lacking”—perhaps “filled.”

Apply your knowledge of context clues and other vocabulary strategies to determine the meanings of unfamiliar words you encounter during your first read.

First Read FICTION

Apply these strategies as you conduct your first read. You will have an opportunity to complete a close read after your first read.

STANDARDS

RL.11–12.10  By the end of grade 11, read and comprehend literature, including stories, dramas, and poems, in the grades 11–CCR text complexity band proficiently, with scaffolding as needed at the high end of the range.

L.11–12.4  Determine or clarify the meaning of unknown and multiple-meaning words and phrases based on grades 11–12 reading and content, choosing flexibly from a range of strategies.

L.11–12.4.a  Use context as a clue to the meaning of a word or phrase.
BACKGROUND
Alvarez’s homeland, the Dominican Republic, won independence in 1844 after a successful rebellion against Haitian rule. In the century that followed, however, the country suffered through several dictatorships and frequent foreign domination. One of the most ruthless dictators was Rafael Trujillo, who ruled the country with the support of the military and his secret police from 1930 until he was assassinated in 1961. Despite his death, the climate of fear created by Trujillo persisted into the 1980s, flavoring the setting of “Antojos.”

For the first time since Yolanda had reached the hills, there was a shoulder on the left side of the narrow road. She pulled the car over out of a sense of homecoming: Every other visit she had stayed with her family in the capital.

Once her own engine was off, she heard the sound of another motor, approaching, a pained roar as if the engine were falling apart. She made out an undertow of men’s voices. Quickly, she got back into the car, locked the door, and pulled off the shoulder, hugging her right side of the road.
—Just in time too. A bus came lurching around the curve, obscuring her view with a belching of exhaust, the driver saluting or warning with a series of blasts on his horn. It was an old army bus, the official name brushed over with paint that didn’t quite match the regulation gray. The passengers saw her only at the last moment, and all up and down her side of the bus, men poked out of the windows, hooting and yelling, waving purple party flags, holding out bottles and beckoning to her. She speeded up and left them behind, the small compact climbing easily up the snakey highway, its well-oiled hum a gratifying sound after the hullabaloo of the bus.

She tried the radio again, but all she could tune to was static even here on the summit hills. She would have to wait until she got to the coast to hear news of the hunger march in the capital. Her family had been worried that trouble would break out, for the march had been scheduled on the anniversary of the failed revolution nineteen years ago today. A huge turnout was expected. She bet that bus she had just passed had been delayed by breakdowns on its way to the capital. In fact, earlier on the road when she had first set out, Yolanda had passed buses and truckloads of men, drinking and shouting slogans. It crossed her mind that her family had finally agreed to loan her a car because they knew she’d be far safer on the north coast than in the capital city where revolutions always broke out.

The hills began to plane out into a high plateau, the road widening. Left and right, roadside stands began appearing. Yolanda slowed down and kept an eye out for guavas, supposedly in season this far north. Piled high on wooden stands were fruits she hadn’t seen in so many years: pinkish-yellow mangoes, and tamarind pods oozing their rich sap, and small cashew fruits strung on a rope to keep them from bruising each other. There were little brown packets of roasted cashews and bars of milk fudge wrapped in waxed paper and tied with a string, the color of which told what filling was inside the bar. Strips of meat, buzzing with flies, hung from the windows of butcher stalls. An occasional display of straw hats and baskets and hammocks told that tourists sometimes did pass by here. Looking at the stores spread before her, it was hard to believe the poverty the organizers of the march kept discussing on the radio. There seemed to be plenty here to eat—except for guavas.

In the capital, her aunts had plied her with what she most craved after so many years away. “Any little antojo,¹ you must tell us!” They wanted to spoil her, so she’d stay on in her nativeland before she forgot where she had come from. “What exactly does it mean, antojo?” Yolanda asked. Her aunts were proven right: After so many years away, their niece was losing her Spanish.

“Aan antojo—” The aunts exchanged quizzical looks. “How to put it? An antojo is like a craving for something you have to eat.”

A cousin blew out her cheeks. “Calories.”

¹. *antojo* (ahn TOH hoh) “craving” (Spanish). The story explores additional connotations of the word.
An antojo, one of the older aunts continued, was a very old Spanish word from before “your United States was thought of,” she added tartly. In the countryside some campesinos still used the word to mean possession by an island spirit demanding its due.

Her island spirit certainly was a patient soul, Yolanda joked. She hadn’t had her favorite antojo, guavas, since her last trip seven years ago. Well, on this trip, her aunts promised, Yoyo could eat guavas to her heart’s content. But when the gardener was summoned, he wasn’t so sure. Guavas were no longer in season, at least not in the hotter lowlands of the south. Maybe up north, the chauffeur could pick her up some on his way back from some errand. Yolanda took this opportunity to inform her aunts of her plans: She could pick the guavas herself when she went up north in a few days.

—She was going up north? By herself? A woman alone on the road! “This is not the States.” Her old aunts had tried to dissuade her. “Anything can happen.” When Yolanda challenged them, “What?” they came up with boogeymen stories that made her feel as if she were talking to china dolls. Haitian hougans and Communist kidnappers. “And Martians?” Yolanda wanted to tease them. They had led such sheltered lives, riding from one safe place to another in their air-conditioned cars.

She had left the fruit stands behind her and was approaching a compound very much like her family’s in the capital. The underbrush stopped abruptly at a high concrete wall, topped with broken bottle glass. Parked at the door was a chocolate-brown Mercedes. Perhaps the owners had come up to their country home for the weekend to avoid the troubles in the capital?

Just beyond the estate, Yolanda came upon a small village—Altamira in rippling letters on the corrugated tin roof of the first house. It was a little cluster of houses on either side of the road, a good place to stretch her legs before what she’d heard was a steep and slightly (her aunts had warned “very”) dangerous descent to the coast. Yolanda pulled up at a cantina, the thatched roof held up by several posts. Instead of a menu, there was a yellowing, grimy poster for Palmolive soap tacked on one of the posts with a picture of a blonde woman under a spraying shower, her head thrown back in seeming ecstasy, her mouth opened in a wordless cry. (“Palmolive?” Yolanda wondered.) She felt even thirstier and grimier looking at this lathered beauty after her hot day on the road.

An old woman emerged at last from a shack behind the cabana, buttoning up a torn housedress, and followed closely by a little boy, who kept ducking behind her whenever Yolanda smiled at him. Asking him his name just drove him further into the folds of the old woman’s skirt.

2. campesinos (kahm pay SEE nohs) “poor farmers; simple rural dwellers” (Spanish).
3. china dolls old-fashioned, delicate dolls made of fragile, high-quality porcelain or ceramic ware.
4. Haitian hougans (oo GAHNZ) voodoo priests or cult leaders.
“You must excuse him, doña,”5 she apologized. “He’s not used
to being among people.” But Yolanda knew the old woman meant,
not the people in the village, but the people with money who drove
through Altamira to the beaches on the coast. “Your name,” the old
woman repeated, as if Yolanda hadn’t asked him in Spanish. The little
boy mumbled at the ground. “Speak up!” the old woman scolded,
but her voice betrayed pride when she spoke up for him. “This little
know-nothing is José Duarte Sánchez y Mella García.”

Yolanda laughed. Not only were those a lot of names for such a
little boy, but they certainly were momentous: the surnames of the
three liberators of the country!

“Can I serve the doña in any way?” the woman asked. Yolanda
gave the tree line beyond the woman’s shack a glance. “You think
you might have some guavas around?”

The old woman’s face scrunched up. “Guavas?” she murmured
and thought to herself a second. “Why, they’re all around, doña. But I
can’t say as I’ve seen any.”

“With your permission—” José Duarte had joined a group of little
boys who had come out of nowhere and were milling around the car,
boasting how many automobiles they had ridden in. At Yolanda’s
mention of guavas, he sprung forward, pointing across the road
towards the summit of the western hills. “I know where there’s a
whole grove of them.” Behind him, his little companions nodded.

“Go on, then!” His grandmother stamped her foot as if she were
scatting a little animal. “Get the doña some.”

A few boys dashed across the road and disappeared up a steep
path on the hillside, but before José could follow, Yolanda called him
back. She wanted to go along too. The little boy looked towards his
grandmother, unsure of what to think. The old woman shook her
head. The doña would get hot, her nice clothes would get all dirty.
José would get the doña as many guavas as she was wanting.

“But they taste so much better when you’ve picked them yourself.”
Yolanda’s voice had an edge, for suddenly, it was as if the woman
had turned into the long arm of her family, keeping her away from
seeing her country on her own.

The few boys who had stayed behind with José had congregated
around the car. Each one claimed to be guarding it for the doña. It
occurred to Yolanda that there was a way to make this a treat all the
way around. “What do you say we take the car?”

“Sí, Sí, Sí,”6 the boys screamed in a riot of excitement.

The old woman hushed them but agreed that was not a bad idea if
the doña insisted on going. There was a dirt road up ahead she could
follow a ways and then cross over onto the road that was paved
all the way to the coffee barns. The woman pointed south in the
direction of the big house. Many workers took that short cut to work.

5. doña (DOH nyah) “madam” (Spanish).
6. Sí, Sí, Sí (see) “Yes, Yes, Yes” (Spanish).
They piled into the car, half a dozen boys in the back, and José as co-pilot in the passenger seat beside Yolanda. They turned onto a bumpy road off the highway, which got bumpier and bumpier, and climbed up into wilder, more desolate country. Branches scraped the sides and pebbles pelted the underside of the car. Yolanda wanted to turn back, but there was no room to maneuver the car around. Finally, with a great snapping of twigs and thrashing of branches across the windshield, as if the countryside were loath to release them, the car burst forth onto smooth pavement and the light of day. On either side of the road were groves of guava trees. Among them, the boys who had gone ahead on foot were already pulling down branches and shaking loose a rain of guavas. The fruit was definitely in season.

For the next hour or so, Yolanda and her crew scavenged the grove, the best of the pick going into the beach basket Yolanda had gotten out of the trunk, with the exception of the ones she ate right on the spot, relishing the slightly bumpy feel of the skin in her hand, devouring the crunchy, sweet white meat. The boys watched her, surprised by her odd hunger.
Yolanda and José, partners, wandered far from the path that cut through the grove. Soon they were bent double to avoid getting entangled in the thick canopy of branches overhead. Each addition to the basket caused a spill from the stash already piled high above the brim. Finally, it was a case of abandoning the treasure in order to cart some of it home. With José hugging the basket to himself and Yolanda parting the wayward branches in front of them, they headed back toward the car.

When they cleared the thicket of guava branches, the sun was low on the western horizon. There was no sign of the other boys. “They must have gone to round up the goats,” José observed.

Yolanda glanced at her watch: It was past six o’clock. She’d never make the north coast by nightfall, but at least she could get off the dangerous mountain roads while it was still light. She hurried José back to the car, where they found a heap of guavas the other boys had left behind on the shoulder of the road. Enough guavas to appease even the greediest island spirit for life!

They packed the guavas in the trunk quickly and climbed in, but the car had not gone a foot before it lurched forward with a horrible hobble. Yolanda closed her eyes and laid her head down on the wheel, then glanced over at José. The way his eyes were searching the inside of the car for a clue as to what could have happened, she could tell he didn’t know how to change a flat tire either.

It was no use regretting having brought the car up that bad stretch of road. The thing to do now was to act quickly. Soon the sun would set and night would fall swiftly, no lingering dusk as in the States. She explained to José that they had a flat tire and had to hike back to town and send for help down the road to the big house. Whoever tended to the brown Mercedes would know how to change the tire on her car.

“With your permission,” José offered meekly. He pointed down the paved road. “This goes directly to the big house.” The doña could just wait in the car and he would be back in no time with someone from the Miranda place.

She did not like the idea of staying behind in the car, but José could probably go and come back much quicker without her. “All right,” she said to the boy. “I’ll tell you what.” She pointed to her watch. It was almost six thirty. “If you’re back by the time this hand is over here, I’ll give you”—she held up one finger—“a dollar.” The boy’s mouth fell open. In no time, he had shot out of his side of the car and was headed at a run toward the Miranda place. Yolanda climbed out as well and walked down a pace, until the boy had disappeared in one of the turnings of the road.

Suddenly, the countryside was so very quiet. She looked up at the purple sky. A breeze was blowing through the grove, rustling the leaves, so they whispered like voices, something indistinct. Here and there a light flickered on the hills, a campesino living out his solitary life. This was what she had been missing without really knowing
that she was missing it all these years. She had never felt at home in the States, never, though she knew she was lucky to have a job, so she could afford her own life and not be run by her family. But independence didn’t have to be exile. She could come home, home to places like these very hills, and live here on her own terms.

Heading back to the car, Yolanda stopped. She had heard footsteps in the grove. Could José be back already? Branches were being thrust aside, twigs snapped. Suddenly, a short, dark man, and then a slender, light-skinned man emerged from a footpath on the opposite side of the grove from the one she and José had scavenged. They wore ragged work clothes stained with patches of sweat; their faces were drawn and tired. Yolanda’s glance fell on the machetes that hung from their belts.

The men’s faces snapped awake from their stupor at the sight of her. They looked beyond her at the car. “Yours?” the darker man spoke first. It struck her, even then, as an absurd question. Who else’s would it be here in the middle of nowhere?

“Is there some problem?” the darker man spoke up again. The taller one was looking her up and down with interest. They were now both in front of her on the road, blocking her escape. Both—she had looked them up and down as well—were strong and quite capable of catching her if she made a run for the Mirandas’. Not that she could have moved, for her legs seemed suddenly to have been hammered into the ground beneath her. She thought of explaining that she was just out for a drive before dinner at the big house, so that these men would think someone knew where she was, someone would come looking for her if they tried to carry her off. But she found she could not speak. Her tongue felt as if it’d been stuffed in her mouth like a rag to keep her quiet.

The men exchanged a look—it seemed to Yolanda of collusion. Then the shorter, darker one spoke up again. “Señorita,” are you all right?” He peered at her. The darkness of his complexion in the growing darkness of the evening made it difficult to distinguish an expression. He was no taller than Yolanda, but he gave the impression of being quite large, for he was broad and solid, like something not yet completely carved out of a piece of wood. His companion was tall and of a rich honey-brown color that matched his honey-brown eyes. Anywhere else, Yolanda would have found him extremely attractive, but here on a lonely road, with the sky growing darker by seconds, his good looks seemed dangerous, a lure to catch her off her guard.

“Can we help you?” the shorter man repeated.

The handsome one smiled knowingly. Two long, deep dimples appeared like gashes on either side of his mouth. “Americana,”

7. Señorita (say nyoh REE tah) “Miss” (Spanish).
he said to the other in Spanish, pointing to the car. “She doesn’t understand.”

The darker man narrowed his eyes and studied Yolanda a moment. “Americana?” he asked her as if not quite sure what to make of her.

She had been too frightened to carry out any strategy, but now a road was opening before her. She laid her hand on her chest—she could feel her pounding heart—and nodded. Then, as if the admission itself loosened her tongue, she explained in English how it came that she was on a back road by herself, her craving for guavas, her never having learned to change a flat. The two men stared at her, uncomprehendingly, rendered docile by her gibberish. Strangely enough, it soothed her to hear herself speaking something they could not understand. She thought of something her teacher used to say to her when as a young immigrant girl she was learning English, “Language is power.” It was her only defense now.

Yolanda made the motions of pumping. The darker man looked at the other, who had shown better luck at understanding the foreign lady. But his companion shrugged, baffled as well. “I’ll show you.” Yolanda waved for them to follow her. And suddenly, as if after pulling and pulling at roots, she had finally managed to yank them free of the soil they had clung to, she found she could move her own feet forward to the car.

The small group stood staring at the sagging tire a moment, the two men kicking at it as if punishing it for having failed the señorita. They squatted by the passenger’s side, conversing in low tones. Yolanda led them to the rear of the car, where the men lifted the spare out of its sunken nest—then set to work, fitting the interlocking pieces of the jack, unpacking the tools from the deeper hollows of the trunk. They laid their machetes down on the side of the road, out of the way. Yolanda turned on the headlights to help them see in the growing darkness. Above the small group, the sky was purple with twilight.

There was a problem with the jack. It squeaked and labored, but the car would not rise. The shorter man squirmed his way underneath and placed the mechanism deeper under the bowels of the car. There, he pumped vigorously, his friend bracing him by holding him down by the ankles. Slowly, the car rose until the wheel hung suspended. When the man came out from under the car, his hand was bloody where his knuckles had scraped against the pavement.

Yolanda pointed to the man’s hand. She had been sure that if any blood were going to be spilled tonight, it would be hers. She offered him the towel she kept draped on her car seat to absorb her perspiration. But he waved it away and sucked his knuckles to make the bleeding stop.

Once the flat had been replaced with the spare, the two men lifted the deflated tire into the trunk and put away the tools. They handed Yolanda her keys. There was still no sign of José and the Mirandas. Yolanda was relieved. As she had waited, watching the two men hard
at work, she had begun to dread the boy’s return with help. The two men would realize she spoke Spanish. It was too late to admit that she had tricked them, to explain she had done so only because she thought her survival was on the line. The least she could do now was to try and repay them, handsomely, for their trouble.

“I’d like to give you something.” She began reaching for the purse she’d retrieved from the trunk. The English words sounded hollow on her tongue. She rolled up a couple of American bills and offered them to the men. The shorter man held up his hand. Yolanda could see where the blood had dried dark streaks on his palm. “No, no, señorita. Nuestro placer.” Our pleasure.

Yolanda turned to the other man, who had struck her as more pliant than his sterner companion. “Please,” she urged the bills on him. But he too looked down at the ground with the bashfulness she had observed in José of country people not wanting to offend. She felt the poverty of her response and stuffed the bills quickly into his pocket.

The two men picked up their machetes and raised them to their shoulders like soldiers their guns. The tall man motioned towards the big house. “Directo, directo.” He enunciated the words carefully. Yolanda looked in the direction of his hand. In the faint light of what was left of day, she could barely make out the road ahead. It was as if the guava grove had overgrown into the road and woven its mat of branches so securely and tightly in all directions, she would not be able to escape.

But finally, she was off! While the two men waited a moment on the shoulder to see if the tire would hold, Yolanda drove a few yards, poking her head out the window before speeding up. “Gracias!” she called, and they waved, appreciatively, at the foreign lady making an effort in their native tongue. When she looked for them in her rearview mirror, they had disappeared into the darkness of the guava grove.

Just ahead, her lights described the figure of a small boy: José was walking alone, listlessly, as if he did not particularly want to get to where he was going.

Yolanda leaned over and opened the door for him. The small overhead light came on; she saw that the boy’s face was streaked with tears.

“Why, what’s wrong, José?”

The boy swallowed hard. “They would not come. They didn’t believe me.” He took little breaths between words to keep his tears at bay. He had lost his chance at a whole dollar. “And the guard, he said if I didn’t stop telling stories, he was going to whip me.”

“What did you tell him, José?”

8. Nuestro placer (noo AYS troh plah SAYR) “Our pleasure” (Spanish).
9. Directo, directo (dee REHK toh) “Straight, straight” (Spanish).
10. Gracias (GRAH see ahs) “Thank you” (Spanish).
“I told him you had broken your car and you needed help fixing it.”

She should have gone along with José to the Mirandas’. Given all the trouble in the country, they would be suspicious of a boy coming to their door at nightfall with some story about a lady on a back road with a broken car. “Don’t you worry, José.” Yolanda patted the boy. She could feel the bony shoulder through the thin fabric of his worn shirt. “You can still have your dollar. You did your part.”

But the shame of being suspected of lying seemed to have obscured any immediate pleasure he might feel in her offer. Yolanda tried to distract him by asking what he would buy with his money, what he most craved, thinking that on a subsequent trip, she might bring him his little antojo. But José Duarte Sánchez y Mella said nothing, except a bashful thank you when she left him off at the cantina with his promised dollar. In the glow of the headlights, Yolanda made out the figure of the old woman in the black square of her doorway, waving goodbye. Above the picnic table on a near post, the Palmolive woman’s skin shone; her head was thrown back, her mouth opened as if she were calling someone over a great distance. ❧
Comprehension Check

Complete these items after you finish your first read. Review and clarify details with your group.

1. What political event is taking place in the city as Yolanda drives into the hills?

2. Whom does Yolanda meet at a roadside cantina?

3. What are antojos?

4. As Yolanda and José start to leave the guava grove, what happens to the car?

5. What does Yolanda pretend when she is approached by the two men?

6. Notebook Confirm your understanding of the text by creating a storyboard of key events.

RESEARCH

Research to Clarify Choose at least one unfamiliar detail from the text. Briefly research that detail. In what way does the information you learned shed light on an aspect of the story?

Research to Explore Conduct research on an aspect of the text you find interesting. For example, you may want to learn about the history and culture of the Dominican Republic.
Close Read the Text

With your group, revisit sections of the text you marked during your first read. Annotate what you notice. What questions do you have? What can you conclude?

Analyze the Text

Notebook Complete the activities.

1. Review and Clarify With your group, reread paragraphs 1–4 of “Antojos.” What do these paragraphs suggest about the country’s political situation and the economic issues that shape the story?

2. Present and Discuss Now, work with your group to share the passages from the selection that you found especially important. Take turns presenting your passages. Discuss what you noticed in the selection, what questions you asked, and what conclusions you reached.

3. Essential Question: How do we respond when challenged by fear? What have you learned about people’s responses to fear from reading this story? Discuss with your group.

Concept Vocabulary

| cantina | cabana | machetes |

Why These Words? The three concept vocabulary words are related. With your group, determine what the words have in common. How do these word choices enhance the impact of the text?

Practice Notebook Confirm your understanding of the concept vocabulary words by using them in sentences. Include context clues that hint at each word’s meaning.

Word Study

Notebook Loanwords A loanword is a word that one language borrows from another language and makes its own. The English language is rich with loanwords; for instance, cantina, cabana, and machetes are all borrowed from Spanish. Use a dictionary to look up these loanwords from paragraph 5 of “Antojos”: plateau, mango, hammock. For each word, write down its meaning and the language from which it is borrowed.
Analyze Craft and Structure

**Author's Choices: Narrative Structure** Many stories begin at the start of a series of events and continue in a straightforward time sequence known as **chronological order**. However, some writers use a variety of different plot devices that play with the order of events, thus helping to build interest and suspense.

- **In medias res**: This term is Latin for “in the middle of things.” When a story begins in *medias res*, the reader is dropped directly into the action. Introductory segments, or exposition, that tell the reader who characters are and what has already happened are omitted.
- **Flashback**: A flashback is a scene from the past that interrupts the present action of a story. A writer may present a flashback as a character’s memory, a story told by a character, or a dream or daydream.
- **Foreshadowing**: Foreshadowing is the placing of textual clues to suggest events that have yet to occur. Foreshadowing often seeds details that contribute to a particular mood or atmosphere.

Alvarez uses all of these plot devices to provide background information, heighten suspense, and add interest and excitement to this story.

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**Practice**

Analyze Alvarez’s use of plot devices in this story. Work together as a group to complete the chart.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PASSAGE</th>
<th>PLOT DEVICE</th>
<th>SIGNIFICANT DETAILS</th>
<th>EFFECT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>paragraphs 1–3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>paragraphs 6–11</td>
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<tr>
<td>paragraph 26</td>
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</table>
Conventions and Style

Pronouns and Antecedents  A pronoun is a word that stands for a noun, a noun phrase, or another pronoun—known as the pronoun’s antecedent. A pronoun and its antecedent must agree in number (singular or plural), person (first, second, or third), and gender (feminine, masculine, or neuter).

Pronouns are useful because they allow speakers and writers to avoid the repetition of nouns and noun phrases, which may be awkward or cumbersome. However, a pronoun should be used only when its antecedent is clear to the listener or reader. Consider these sentences:

Maya sent Gloria an email during her trip to Italy.

Kirk told Malik that he would be elected team captain.

In each sentence, the antecedent of the pronoun is unclear. Who was traveling in Italy: Maya or Gloria? Who would be elected captain: Kirk or Malik?

When you notice an ambiguous pronoun in your writing, try restructuring the sentence so that the pronoun and antecedent are closer together. Alternatively, try repeating the antecedent for clarity. Notice that the antecedents are clear in these revised sentences:

During Maya’s trip to Italy, she sent Gloria an email.

Kirk told Malik that he, Kirk, would be elected team captain.

Read It

1. Reread paragraph 38 of “Antojos,” and note the multiple switches of pronouns and antecedents. Mark three pronouns in the paragraph, and identify their antecedents.

2. Connect to Style  Reread paragraphs 44–46. Mark the personal pronouns, and identify their antecedents. As a group, compare your annotations. Then, working individually, explain in a few sentences how the careful use of pronouns helps make the events of this story clear.

Write It

Write a paragraph describing a trip or voyage you’ve taken with a friend or family member. Use at least five personal pronouns in your paragraph. Make sure that the antecedent for each pronoun is clear.
Research

Assignment
Choose one of the following research project options.

- **Timeline** Create a timeline of the key events of the dictatorship of Rafael Trujillo in the Dominican Republic, covering the years 1930–1961. Events that you may want to include are the Parsley Massacre, Hurricane San Zenón, the Batista imprisonment, the Betancourt assassination attempt, and Trujillo’s assassination.

- **Map** Create a map of the Dominican Republic indicating the route Yolanda may have traveled to get from Santo Domingo through the mountains to Altamira, together with a description of that route.

- **Field-Guide Entry** Create a field-guide entry for the guava plant, *Psidium guajava*, including facts and diagrams about how and where it grows.

In your report, include a section in which you explain how the information you researched contributes to your understanding of the characters, setting, and conflicts depicted in “Antojos” by Julia Alvarez.

Research Plan Use the chart to record the tasks you will need to accomplish as your group progresses through the assignment. With your group, decide how you will divide up the research and writing tasks necessary to complete the work.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INFORMATION NEEDED</th>
<th>IMAGES OR MEDIA NEEDED</th>
<th>SOURCES TO USE</th>
<th>WRITING TASKS TO COMPLETE</th>
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**EVIDENCE LOG**
Before moving on to a new selection, go to your Evidence Log and record what you learned from “Antojos.”

**STANDARDS**
W.11–12.7 Conduct short as well as more sustained research projects to answer a question or solve a problem; narrow or broaden the inquiry when appropriate; synthesize multiple sources on the subject, demonstrating understanding of the subject under investigation.
Present an Argument

Assignment
You have read an autobiography, watched an interview, and read a short story about people who are either affected by other people’s fears or face their own. Work with your group to plan and present a debate on this question:

Do people usually learn from their fear?

Divide into teams on opposite sides of the argument. Find examples from the texts that you can cite to support your ideas. Then, conduct your debate for the class.

Plan With Your Group

Analyze the Prompt
Divide into two subgroups. One will support the “yes” response to the question, and the other will support the “no” response. With your subgroup, discuss how the people and characters in the selections respond to their fears. Consider both the actions of the people telling the stories and those of the people or characters they describe. Decide which details and examples from the texts provide the most relevant support for your side of the debate.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TITLE</th>
<th>WHO EXPERIENCES FEAR?</th>
<th>HOW DO THEY RESPOND?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>from Farewell to Manzanar</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interview With George Takei</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antojos</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

The most logical examples in support of our side are:

Gather Evidence and Media Examples
Find details from the texts and interview that you will cite in support of your side of the debate. Note that your personal opinion may not be the same as the one you will argue. Choose the evidence that best supports your assigned position. If they are relevant and you are comfortable sharing, you may also refer to personal experiences or anecdotes from your own life. Make sure all members of your subgroup make suggestions and contribute to the discussion.

STANDARDS
SL.11–12.1.c Propose conversations by posing and responding to questions that probe reasoning and evidence; ensure a hearing for a full range of positions on a topic or issue; clarify, verify, or challenge ideas and conclusions; and promote divergent and creative perspectives.
Organize Your Debate  Work together to come up with a list of main points in support of your group’s claim, as well as a list of details, examples, and other evidence to support each point. Divide these points and corresponding evidence evenly among group members. Brainstorm some counterarguments that the other side may use to refute your points. Decide how you might respond to each counterargument.

Rehearse With Your Group

Practice With Your Group  As you prepare to participate in the debate, use this checklist to evaluate the effectiveness of your group’s practice sessions. Then, use your evaluation and the instructions here to guide improvements.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CONTENT</th>
<th>EFFECTIVENESS</th>
<th>PRESENTATION TECHNIQUES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>□ The speakers present and defend a claim.</td>
<td>□ The language used is well chosen and appropriate for the audience and purpose.</td>
<td>□ The speakers enunciate clearly and respond to one another respectfully.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>□ The main ideas are supported with evidence from the texts in Small-Group Learning.</td>
<td>□ The speakers acknowledge and refute counterarguments.</td>
<td>□ The speakers use vocal tone, eye contact, and body language to emphasize key points.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Fine-Tune the Content  Does each speaker from your side have sufficient evidence to support his or her claim? If not, work with your subgroup to locate more evidence.

Improve Your Debate Form  Keep your language formal and objective as you debate the topic. Refute counterarguments clearly and respectfully. If needed, return to the texts and look for more details and examples to support your points.

Brush Up on Your Presentation Techniques  A key part of a debate is responding to the opposition’s ideas. Remember to listen carefully to what the other team says and respond thoughtfully.

Present and Evaluate

As you present your debate, work as a group. Support your teammates and build on each other’s points to support your claim and refute counterclaims. As you watch other groups debate, think about how well they meet the requirements on the checklist.

STANDARDS

SL.11–12.4 Present information, findings, and supporting evidence, conveying a clear and distinct perspective and a logical argument, such that listeners can follow the line of reasoning, alternative or opposing perspectives are addressed, and the organization, development, substance, and style are appropriate to purpose, audience, and a range of formal and informal tasks. Use appropriate eye contact, adequate volume, and clear pronunciation.
ESSENTIAL QUESTION:

How do we respond when challenged by fear?

Is the way in which we respond to fear an essential part of each of our identities as individuals? Is it a key part of a communal or national identity? In this section, you will complete your study of responses to fear by exploring an additional selection related to the topic. You’ll then share what you learn with classmates. To choose a text, follow these steps.

Look Back  Think about the selections you have already studied. What more do you want to know about the topic of fear?

Look Ahead  Preview the texts by reading the descriptions. Which one seems most interesting and appealing to you?

Look Inside  Take a few minutes to scan the text you chose. Choose a different one if this text doesn’t meet your needs.

Independent Learning Strategies

Throughout your life, in school, in your community, and in your career, you will need to rely on yourself to learn and work on your own. Review these strategies and the actions you can take to practice them during Independent Learning. Add ideas of your own to each category.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STRATEGY</th>
<th>ACTION PLAN</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Create a schedule</td>
<td>• Understand your goals and deadlines.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Make a plan for what to do each day.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>•</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Practice what you have learned</td>
<td>• Use first-read and close-read strategies to deepen your understanding.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• After you read, evaluate the usefulness of the evidence to help you understand the topic.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Consult reference sources for additional information that can help you clarify meaning.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>•</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Take notes</td>
<td>• Record important ideas and information.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Review your notes before preparing to share with a group.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>•</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Choose one selection. Selections are available online only.

MAGAZINE ARTICLE

What You Don’t Know Can Kill You  
Jason Daley

Are we simply scared of the wrong things?

POETRY

Runagate Runagate  Robert Hayden

The hunger for freedom overrides the terror of capture among enslaved Africans fleeing to the North.

POETRY COLLECTION

1-800-FEAR  Jody Gladding

Bears at Raspberry Time  Hayden Carruth

For Black Women Who Are Afraid  Toi Derricotte

These poems address fears of both real and imagined dangers.

ESSAY

What Are You So Afraid Of?  Akiko Busch

What are the origins of fear, and are they pointing us in the wrong direction?

PERFORMANCE-BASED ASSESSMENT PREP

Review Evidence for an Argument

Complete your Evidence Log for the unit by evaluating what you have learned and synthesizing the information you have recorded.
First-Read Guide

Use this page to record your first-read ideas.

Selection Title: ________________________________

**NOTICE** new information or ideas you learned about the unit topic as you first read this text.

**ANNOTATE** by marking vocabulary and key passages you want to revisit.

**CONNECT** ideas within the selection to other knowledge and the selections you have read.

**RESPOND** by writing a brief summary of the selection.

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**STANDARD**

**Anchor Reading Standard 10:** Read and comprehend complex literary and informational texts independently and proficiently.
Close-Read Guide

Use this page to record your close-read ideas.

Selection Title: ________________________________

Close Read the Text

Revisit sections of the text you marked during your first read. Read these sections closely and annotate what you notice. Ask yourself questions about the text. What can you conclude? Write down your ideas.

Analyze the Text

Think about the author’s choices of patterns, structure, techniques, and ideas included in the text. Select one and record your thoughts about what this choice conveys.

QuickWrite

Pick a paragraph from the text that grabbed your interest. Explain the power of this passage.

________________________________________________________________________

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STANDARD

Anchor Reading Standard 10: Read and comprehend complex literary and informational texts independently and proficiently.
BACKGROUND
On March 11, 2011, a major earthquake caused a 33-foot tsunami that struck the east coast of Japan, killing more than 19,000 people. The tsunami also disabled the cooling systems at the Daiichi Fukushima nuclear power plant, resulting in a nuclear meltdown and the release of radioactive material. Currents have carried radioactive water and countless household items from the area across the Pacific Ocean, but scientists have determined that the radiation levels are not harmful.

Last March, as the world watched the aftermath of the Japanese earthquake/tsunami/nuclear near-meltdown, a curious thing began happening in West Coast pharmacies. Bottles of potassium iodide pills used to treat certain thyroid conditions were flying off the shelves, creating a run on an otherwise obscure nutritional supplement. Online, prices jumped from $10 a bottle to upwards of $200. Some residents in California, unable to get the iodide pills, began bingeing on seaweed, which is known to have high iodine levels.

The Fukushima disaster was practically an infomercial for iodide therapy. The chemical is administered after nuclear exposure because it helps protect the thyroid from radioactive iodine, one of the most dangerous elements of nuclear fallout. Typically, iodide treatment is recommended for residents within a ten-mile radius of a radiation leak. But people in the United States

About the Author
Jason Daley’s work has been anthologized in The Best American Science and Nature Writing and has won many awards, including a Lowell Thomas Award for Environmental Travel Writing. He specializes in natural history, the environment, science, and travel and writes regularly for numerous national magazines.

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2 The Fukushima disaster was practically an infomercial for iodide therapy. The chemical is administered after nuclear exposure because it helps protect the thyroid from radioactive iodine, one of the most dangerous elements of nuclear fallout. Typically, iodide treatment is recommended for residents within a ten-mile radius of a radiation leak. But people in the United States
who were popping pills were at least 5,000 miles away from the Japanese reactors. Experts at the Environmental Protection Agency estimated that the dose of radiation that reached the western United States was equivalent to 1/100,000 the exposure one would get from a roundtrip international flight.

Although spending $200 on iodide pills for an almost nonexistent threat seems ridiculous (and could even be harmful—side effects include skin rashes, nausea, and possible allergic reactions), 40 years of research into the way people perceive risk shows that it is par for the course. Earthquakes? Tsunamis? Those things seem inevitable, accepted as acts of God. But an invisible, man-made threat associated with Godzilla and three-eyed fish? Now that’s something to keep you up at night. “There’s a lot of emotion that comes from the radiation in Japan,” says cognitive psychologist Paul Slovic, an expert on decision making and risk assessment at the University of Oregon. “Even though the earthquake and tsunami took all the lives, all of our attention was focused on the radiation.”

We like to think that humans are supremely logical, making decisions on the basis of hard data and not on whim. For a good part of the 19th and 20th centuries, economists and social scientists assumed this was true too. The public, they believed, would make rational decisions if only it had the right pie chart or statistical table. But in the late 1960s and early 1970s, that vision of *homo economicus*—a person who acts in his or her best interest when given accurate information—was kneecapped by researchers investigating the emerging field of risk perception. What they found, and what they have continued teasing out since the early 1970s, is that humans have a hell of a time accurately gauging risk. Not only do we have two different systems—logic and instinct, or the head and the gut—that sometimes give us conflicting advice, but we are also at the mercy of deep-seated emotional associations and mental shortcuts.

Even if a risk has an objectively measurable probability—like the chances of dying in a fire, which are 1 in 1,177—people will assess the risk subjectively, mentally calibrating the risk based on dozens of subconscious calculations. If you have been watching news coverage of wildfires in Texas nonstop, chances are you will assess the risk of dying in a fire higher than will someone who has been floating in a pool all day. If the day is cold and snowy, you are less likely to think global warming is a threat.

Our hardwired gut reactions developed in a world full of hungry beasts and warring clans, where they served important functions. Letting the amygdala (part of the brain’s emotional core) take over at the first sign of danger, milliseconds before the neocortex (the thinking part of the brain) was aware a spear was
headed for our chest, was probably a very useful adaptation. Even today those nano-pauses and gut responses save us from getting flattened by buses or dropping a brick on our toes. But in a world where risks are presented in parts-per-billion statistics or as clicks on a Geiger counter, our amygdala is out of its depth.

A risk-perception apparatus permanently tuned for avoiding mountain lions makes it unlikely that we will ever run screaming from a plate of fatty mac ‘n’ cheese. “People are likely to react with little fear to certain types of objectively dangerous risk that evolution has not prepared them for, such as guns, hamburgers, automobiles, smoking, and unsafe sex, even when they recognize the threat at a cognitive level,” says Carnegie Mellon University researcher George Loewenstein, whose seminal 2001 paper, “Risk as Feelings,” debunked theories that decision making in the face of risk or uncertainty relies largely on reason. “Types of stimuli that people are evolutionarily prepared to fear, such as caged spiders, snakes, or heights, evoke a visceral response even when, at a cognitive level, they are recognized to be harmless,” he says. Even Charles Darwin failed to break the amygdala’s iron grip on risk perception. As an experiment, he placed his face up against the puff adder enclosure at the London Zoo and tried to keep himself from flinching when the snake struck the plate glass. He failed.

The result is that we focus on the one-in-a-million bogeyman while virtually ignoring the true risks that inhabit our world. News coverage of a shark attack can clear beaches all over the country, even though sharks kill a grand total of about one American annually, on average. That is less than the death count from cattle, which gore or stomp 20 Americans per year. Drowning, on the other hand, takes 3,400 lives a year, without a single frenzied call for mandatory life vests to stop the carnage. A whole industry has boomed around conquering the fear of flying, but while we down beta-blockers in coach, praying not to be one of the 48 average annual airline casualties, we typically give little thought to driving to the grocery store, even though there are more than 30,000 automobile fatalities each year.

In short, our risk perception is often at direct odds with reality. All those people bidding up the cost of iodide? They would have been better off spending $10 on a radon testing kit. The colorless, odorless, radioactive gas, which forms as a by-product of natural uranium decay in rocks, builds up in homes, causing lung cancer. According to the Environmental Protection Agency, radon exposure kills 21,000 Americans annually.

1. seminal (SEHM uh nuhl) adj. important and influential.
2. beta-blockers (BAY tuh BLOK uhrz) n. drugs that lower high blood pressure to help prevent heart attacks.
David Ropeik, a consultant in risk communication and the author of *How Risky Is It, Really? Why Our Fears Don’t Always Match the Facts*, has dubbed this disconnect the perception gap. “Even perfect information perfectly provided that addresses people’s concerns will not convince everyone that vaccines don’t cause autism, or that global warming is real, or that fluoride in the drinking water is not a Commie plot,” he says. “Risk communication can’t totally close the perception gap, the difference between our fears and the facts.”

In the early 1970s, psychologists Daniel Kahneman, now at Princeton University, and Amos Tversky, who passed away in 1996, began investigating the way people make decisions, identifying a number of biases and mental shortcuts, or heuristics, on which the brain relies to make choices. Later, Paul Slovic and his colleagues Baruch Fischhoff, now a professor of social sciences at Carnegie Mellon University, and psychologist Sarah Lichtenstein began investigating how these leaps of logic come into play when people face risk. They developed a tool, called the psychometric paradigm, that describes all the little tricks our brain uses when staring down a bear or deciding to finish the 18th hole in a lighting storm.

Many of our personal biases are unsurprising. For instance, the optimism bias gives us a rosier view of the future than current facts might suggest. We assume we will be richer ten years from now, so it is fine to blow our savings on a boat—we’ll pay it off then. Confirmation bias leads us to prefer information that backs up our current opinions and feelings and to discount information contradictory to those opinions. We also have tendencies to conform our opinions to those of the groups we identify with, to fear man-made risks more than we fear natural ones, and to believe that events causing dread—the technical term for risks that could result in particularly painful or gruesome deaths, like plane crashes and radiation burns—are inherently more risky than other events.

But it is heuristics—the subtle mental strategies that often give rise to such biases—that do much of the heavy lifting in risk perception. The “availability” heuristic says that the easier a scenario is to conjure, the more common it must be. It is easy to imagine a tornado ripping through a house; that is a scene we see every spring on the news, and all the time on reality TV and in movies. Now try imagining someone dying of heart disease. You probably cannot conjure many breaking-news images for that one, and the drawout process of atherosclerosis will most likely never be the subject of a summer thriller. The effect? Twisters feel like an immediate threat, although we have only a 1-in-46,000
chance of being killed by a cataclysmic storm. Even a terrible tornado season like the one last spring typically yields fewer than 500 tornado fatalities. Heart disease, on the other hand, which eventually kills one in every six people in this country, and 800,000 annually, hardly even rates with our gut.

The “representative” heuristic makes us think something is probable if it is part of a known set of characteristics. John wears glasses, is quiet, and carries a calculator. John is therefore . . . a mathematician? An engineer? His attributes taken together seem to fit the common stereotype.

But of all the mental rules of thumb and biases banging around in our brain, the most influential in assessing risk is the “affect” heuristic. Slovic calls affect a “faint whisper of emotion” that creeps into our decisions. Simply put, positive feelings associated with a choice tend to make us think it has more benefits. Negative correlations make us think an action is riskier. One study by Slovic showed that when people decide to start smoking despite years of exposure to antismoking campaigns, they hardly ever think about the risks. Instead, it’s all about the short-term “hedonic” pleasure. The good outweighs the bad, which they never fully expect to experience.

Our fixation on illusory threats at the expense of real ones influences more than just our personal lifestyle choices. Public policy and mass action are also at stake. The Office of National Drug Control Policy reports that prescription drug overdoses have killed more people than crack and heroin combined did in the 1970s and 1980s. Law enforcement and the media were obsessed with crack, yet it was only recently that prescription drug abuse merited even an after-school special.

Despite the many obviously irrational ways we behave, social scientists have only just begun to systematically document and understand this central aspect of our nature. In the 1960s and 1970s, many still clung to the _homo economicus_ model. They argued that releasing detailed information about nuclear power and pesticides would convince the public that these industries were safe. But the information drop was an epic backfire and helped spawn opposition groups that exist to this day. Part of the resistance stemmed from a reasonable mistrust of industry spin. Horrific incidents like those at Love Canal and Three Mile Island did not help. Yet one of the biggest obstacles was that industry tried to frame risk purely in terms of data, without addressing the fear that is an instinctual reaction to their technologies.

The strategy persists even today. In the aftermath of Japan’s nuclear crisis, many nuclear-energy boosters were quick to cite

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3. _cataclysmic_ (kat uh KLIHZ mihk) _adj._ causing great destruction or damage.
4. _illusory_ (ih LOO suhr ee) _adj._ based on something that is not real or true.
a study commissioned by the Boston-based nonprofit Clean Air Task Force. The study showed that pollution from coal plants is responsible for 13,000 premature deaths and 20,000 heart attacks in the United States each year, while nuclear power has never been implicated in a single death in this country. True as that may be, numbers alone cannot explain away the cold dread caused by the specter of radiation. Just think of all those alarming images of workers clad in radiation suits waving Geiger counters over the anxious citizens of Japan. Seaweed, anyone?

At least a few technology promoters have become much more savvy in understanding the way the public perceives risk. The nanotechnology world in particular has taken a keen interest in this process, since even in its infancy it has faced high-profile fears. Nanotech, a field so broad that even its backers have trouble defining it, deals with materials and devices whose components are often smaller than 1/100,000,000,000 of a meter. In the late 1980s, the book *Engines of Creation* by the nanotechnologist K. Eric Drexler put forth the terrifying idea of nanoscale self-replicating robots that grow into clouds of “gray goo” and devour the world. Soon gray goo was turning up in video games, magazine stories, and delightfully bad Hollywood action flicks (see, for instance, the last G.I. Joe movie).

The odds of nanotechnology’s killing off humanity are extremely remote, but the science is obviously not without real risks. In 2008 a study led by researchers at the University of Edinburgh suggested that carbon nanotubes, a promising material that could be used in everything from bicycles to electrical circuits, might interact with the body the same way asbestos does. In another study, scientists at the University of Utah found that nanoscopic particles of silver used as an antimicrobial in hundreds of products, including jeans, baby bottles, and washing machines, can deform fish embryos.

The nanotech community is eager to put such risks in perspective. “In Europe, people made decisions about genetically modified food irrespective of the technology,” says Andrew Maynard, director of the Risk Science Center at the University of Michigan and an editor of the *International Handbook on Regulating Nanotechnologies*. “People felt they were being bullied into the technology by big corporations, and they didn’t like it. There have been very small hints of that in nanotechnology.” He points to incidents in which sunblock makers did not inform the public they were including zinc oxide nanoparticles in their products, stoking the skepticism and fears of some consumers.

For Maynard and his colleagues, influencing public perception has been an uphill battle. A 2007 study conducted by the Cultural Cognition Project at Yale Law School and coauthored by Paul
Slovic surveyed 1,850 people about the risks and benefits of nanotech. Even though 81 percent of participants knew nothing or very little about nanotechnology before starting the survey, 89 percent of all respondents said they had an opinion on whether nanotech’s benefits outweighed its risks. In other words, people made a risk judgment based on factors that had little to do with any knowledge about the technology itself. And as with public reaction to nuclear power, more information did little to unite opinions. “Because people with different values are predisposed to draw different factual conclusions from the same information, it cannot be assumed that simply supplying accurate information will allow members of the public to reach a consensus on nanotechnology risks, much less a consensus that promotes their common welfare,” the study concluded.

It should come as no surprise that nanotech hits many of the fear buttons in the psychometric paradigm: It is a man-made risk; much of it is difficult to see or imagine; and the only available images we can associate with it are frightening movie scenes, such as a cloud of robots eating the Eiffel Tower. “In many ways, this has been a grand experiment in how to introduce a product to the market in a new way,” Maynard says. “Whether all the upfront effort has gotten us to a place where we can have a better conversation remains to be seen.”

That job will be immeasurably more difficult if the media—in particular cable news—ever decide to make nanotech their fear du jour. In the summer of 2001, if you switched on the television or picked up a news magazine, you might think the ocean’s top predators had banded together to take on humanity. After eight-year-old Jessie Arbogast’s arm was severed by a seven-foot bull shark on Fourth of July weekend while the child was playing in the surf of Santa Rosa Island, near Pensacola, Florida, cable news put all its muscle behind the story. Ten days later, a surfer was bitten just six miles from the beach where Jessie had been mauled. Then a lifeguard in New York claimed he had been attacked. There was almost round-the-clock coverage of the “Summer of the Shark,” as it came to be known. By August, according to an analysis by historian April Eisman of Iowa State University, it was the third-most-covered story of the summer until the September 11 attacks knocked sharks off the cable news channels.

All that media created a sort of feedback loop. Because people were seeing so many sharks on television and reading about them, the “availability” heuristic was screaming at them that sharks were an imminent threat.

“Certainly anytime we have a situation like that where there’s such overwhelming media attention, it’s going to leave a memory in the population,” says George Burgess, curator of the
International Shark Attack File at the Florida Museum of Natural History, who fielded 30 to 40 media calls a day that summer. “Perception problems have always been there with sharks, and there’s a continued media interest in vilifying them. It makes a situation where the risk perceptions of the populace have to be continually worked on to break down stereotypes. Anytime there’s a big shark event, you take a couple steps backward, which requires scientists and conservationists to get the real word out.”

Then again, getting out the real word comes with its own risks—like the risk of getting the real word wrong. Misinformation is especially toxic to risk perception because it can reinforce generalized confirmation biases and erode public trust in scientific data. As scientists studying the societal impact of the Chernobyl meltdown have learned, doubt is difficult to undo. In 2006, 20 years after reactor number 4 at the Chernobyl nuclear power plant was encased in cement, the World Health Organization (WHO) and the International Atomic Energy Agency released a report compiled by a panel of 100 scientists on the long-term health effects of the level 7 nuclear disaster and future risks for those exposed. Among the 600,000 recovery workers and local residents who received a significant dose of radiation, the WHO estimates that up to 4,000 of them, or 0.7 percent, will develop a fatal cancer related to Chernobyl. For the 5 million people living in less contaminated areas of Ukraine, Russia, and Belarus, radiation from the meltdown is expected to increase cancer rates less than 1 percent.

Even though the percentages are low, the numbers are little comfort for the people living in the shadow of the reactor’s cement sarcophagus who are literally worrying themselves sick. In the same report, the WHO states that “the mental health impact of Chernobyl is the largest problem unleashed by the accident to date,” pointing out that fear of contamination and uncertainty about the future has led to widespread anxiety, depression, hypochondria, alcoholism, a sense of victimhood, and a fatalistic outlook that is extreme even by Russian standards.

It is hard to fault the Chernobyl survivors for worrying, especially when it took 20 years for the scientific community to get a grip on the aftereffects of the disaster, and even those numbers are disputed. An analysis commissioned by Greenpeace in response to the WHO report predicts that the Chernobyl disaster will result in about 270,000 cancers and 93,000 fatal cases.

Chernobyl is far from the only chilling illustration of what can happen when we get risk wrong. During the year following the September 11 attacks, millions of Americans opted out of air travel and slipped behind the wheel instead. While they crisscrossed the

5. vilifying (VIHL uh fy ihng) v. making abusive statements against something.
country, listening to breathless news coverage of anthrax attacks, extremists, and Homeland Security, they faced a much more concrete risk. All those extra cars on the road increased traffic fatalities by nearly 1,600. Airlines, on the other hand, recorded no fatalities.

It is unlikely that our intellect can ever paper over our gut reactions to risk. But a fuller understanding of the science is beginning to percolate into society. Earlier this year, David Ropeik and others hosted a conference on risk in Washington, D.C., bringing together scientists, policy makers, and others to discuss how risk perception and communication impact society. “Risk perception is not emotion and reason, or facts and feelings. It’s both, inescapably, down at the very wiring of our brain,” says Ropeik. “We can’t undo this. What I heard at that meeting was people beginning to accept this and to realize that society needs to think more holistically about what risk means.”

Ropeik says policy makers need to stop issuing reams of statistics and start making policies that manipulate our risk perception system instead of trying to reason with it. Cass Sunstein, a Harvard law professor who is now the administrator of the White House Office of Information and Regulatory Affairs, suggests a few ways to do this in his book Nudge: Improving Decisions About Health, Wealth, and Happiness, published in 2008. He points to the organ donor crisis in which thousands of people die each year because others are too fearful or uncertain to donate organs. People tend to believe that doctors won’t work as hard to save them, or that they won’t be able to have an open-casket funeral (both false). And the gory mental images of organs being harvested from a body give a definite negative affect to the exchange. As a result, too few people focus on the lives that could be saved. Sunstein suggests—controversially—“mandated choice,” in which people must check “yes” or “no” to organ donation on their driver’s license application. Those with strong feelings can decline. Some lawmakers propose going one step further and presuming that people want to donate their organs unless they opt out.

In the end, Sunstein argues, by normalizing organ donation as a routine medical practice instead of a rare, important, and gruesome event, the policy would short-circuit our fear reactions and nudge us toward a positive societal goal. It is this type of policy that Ropeik is trying to get the administration to think about, and that is the next step in risk perception and risk communication. “Our risk perception is flawed enough to create

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6. holistically (hoh LIHS tihk uh lee) adv. in a way that relates to the whole of a system rather than just a part.

7. mandated (MAN day tihd) adj. compulsory.
harm,” he says, “but it’s something society can do something about.”

**HOW YOU WILL DIE LIFETIME RISK**

- Total, any cause: 1 in 1
- Heart disease: 1 in 6
- Cancer: 1 in 7
- Stroke: 1 in 28
- Motor vehicle accident: 1 in 88
- Intentional self-harm: 1 in 112
- Accidental poisoning by, or exposure to, noxious substance: 1 in 130
- Fall: 1 in 171
- Car occupant accident: 1 in 303
- Assault by firearm: 1 in 306
- Pedestrian accident: 1 in 649
- Motorcycle accident: 1 in 770
- Accidental drowning: 1 in 1,123
- Fire: 1 in 1,177
- Pedalcyclist accident: 1 in 4,717
- Firearm discharge: 1 in 6,309
- Air transport accident: 1 in 7,032
- Electrocution: 1 in 9,943
- Heat exposure: 1 in 12,517
- Cataclysmic storm: 1 in 46,044
- Bee, hornet, or wasp sting: 1 in 71,623
- Legal execution: 1 in 96,691
- Dog attack: 1 in 120,864
- Earthquake or other earth movement: 1 in 148,756
- Flood: 1 in 175,803
- Fireworks: 1 in 386,766

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In this poem, Robert Hayden paints a portrait of the African American abolitionist Harriet Tubman. In 1849, Tubman escaped slavery in Maryland. She returned to the South numerous times and earned the nickname “Moses” for leading hundreds to freedom on the Underground Railway—a secret network of safe houses that eventually spread all the way to Canada. Tubman also served as a scout and spy during the Civil War, guiding a raid that freed more than 700 enslaved people in South Carolina.

I
Runs falls rises stumbles on from darkness into darkness and the darkness thicketed with shapes of terror and the hunters pursuing and the hounds pursuing and the night cold and the night long and the river to cross and the jack-muh-lanterns1 beckoning beckoning and blackness ahead and when shall I reach that somewhere morning and keep on going and never turn back and keep on going

1. jack-muh-lanterns (JAK muh LAN tuhrnz) also called jack o’lanterns; evil spirits seeking to do harm.
Runagate
Runagate
Runagate
Runagate
Runagate

Many thousands rise and go
many thousands crossing over

O mythic North
O star-shaped yonder Bible city

Some go weeping and some rejoicing
some in coffins and some in carriages
some in silks and some in shackles

Rise and go or fare you well

No more auction block for me
no more driver’s lash for me

If you see my Pompey, 30 yrs of age,
new breeches, plain stockings, negro shoes;
if you see my Anna, likely young mulatto
branded E on the right cheek, R on the left,
catch them if you can and notify subscriber.
Catch them if you can, but it won’t be easy.
They’ll dart underground when you try to catch them,
plunge into quicksand, whirlpools, mazes,
turn into scorpions when you try to catch them.

And before I’ll be a slave
I’ll be buried in my grave

North star and bonanza gold
I’m bound for the freedom, freedom-bound
and oh Susyanna don’t you cry for me

II
Rises from their anguish and their power,

2. Runagate (RUH nuh gayt) runaway slave.
Harriet Tubman,
woman of earth, whipscarred,
a summoning, a shining
Mean to be free

And this was the way of it, brethren brethren,
way we journeyed from Can’t to Can.
Moon so bright and no place to hide,
the cry up and the patterollers riding,
hound dogs belling in bladed air.
And fear starts a-murbling, Never make it,
we’ll never make it. Hush that now,
and she’s turned upon us, leveled pistol
glinting in the moonlight:
Dead folks can’t jaybird-talk⁴, she says;
you keep on going now or die, she says.

Wanted    Harriet Tubman    alias The General
alias Moses    Stealer of Slaves

In league with Garrison   Alcott   Emerson
Garret   Douglass   Thoreau   John Brown

Armed and known to be Dangerous

Wanted    Reward    Dead or Alive

Tell me, Ezekiel, oh tell me do you see
mailed Jehovah coming to deliver me?

Hoot-owl calling in the ghosted air,
five times calling to the hants in the air.
Shadow of a face in the scary leaves,
shadow of a voice in the talking leaves:

Come ride-a my train

Oh that train, ghost-story train
through swamp and savanna movering movering,
over trestles of dew, through caves of the wish,
Midnight Special on a saber track movering movering,
First stop Mercy and the last Hallelujah.

Come ride-a my train

Mean mean mean to be free.

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3. jaybird-talk (JAY buhrd TAWK) Southern slang meaning “foolish words, silly talk.”
1-800-FEAR
Jody Gladding

Meet the Poet
Jody Gladding (b. 1955) is the author of three books of poetry, and her work has been featured in countless journals and anthologies. Gladding has also translated numerous works from French into English. She has won numerous awards and fellowships and lives in Vermont, where she teaches writing at Vermont College of Fine Art.

BACKGROUND
This poem is an example of a prose poem. A prose poem appears to be prose but retains many of the attributes of a poem, and it reads like poetry. Although earlier examples do exist, prose poetry emerged as a form in nineteenth-century French symbolist poetry.

We’d like to talk with you about fear they said so many people live in fear these days they drove up all four of them in a small car nice boy they said beautiful dogs they said so friendly the man ahead of the woman the other two waiting in the drive I was outside digging up the garden no one home I said what are you selling anyway I’m not interested I said well you have a nice day they said here’s our card there’s a phone number you can call anytime any other houses down this road anyone else live here we’d like to talk to them about living in fear
Bears at Raspberry Time

Hayden Carruth

Meet the Poet

Hayden Carruth (1921–2008) was born in Connecticut and attended both the University of North Carolina and the University of Chicago. He wrote more than 30 books, including books of poetry, essays, literary criticism, and a novel. He was awarded the National Book Critics Circle Award, the National Book award, and the Carl Sandburg Award, among numerous others.

BACKGROUND

Until recently, black bears were the largest mammals in New York State. (Several moose recently arrived in the state). There are between 6,000 and 8,000 bears in the state, some reaching weights of more than 600 pounds. Most of a bear’s diet is plant material, but bears also eat insects and occasionally prey on smaller mammals such as deer and beaver. In late summer, raspberries are an important fruit for the bears.

Fear. Three bears are not fear, mother and cubs come berrying in our neighborhood

like any other family.
I want to see them, or any distraction. Flashlight poking across the brook

into briary darkness,
but they have gone, noisily. I go to bed.
Fear. Unwritten books
already titled. Some idiot will shoot the bears soon, it always happens, they’ll be strung up by the paws in someone’s frontyard maple to be admired and measured, and I’ll be paid for work yet to be done— with a broken imagination. At last I dream. Our plum tree, little, black, twisted, gaunt in the orchard: how for a moment last spring it flowered serenely, translucently before yielding its usual summer crop of withered leaves. I waken, late, go to the window, look down to the orchard. Is middle age what makes even dreams factual? The plum is serene and bright in new moonlight, dressed in silver leaves, and nearby, in the waste of rough grass strewn in moonlight like diamond dust, what is it?—a dark shape moves, and then another. Are they . . . I can’t be sure. The dark house nuzzles my knee mutely, pleading for meaty dollars. Fear. Wouldn’t it be great to write nothing at all except poems about bears?
For Black Women Who Are Afraid

Toi Derricotte

Meet the Poet

Toi Derricotte (b. 1941) kept her writing a secret until she was twenty-seven years old. She is the author of five collections of poetry and winner of numerous awards and prizes; more than one thousand of her poems have been published in magazines and journals. Derricotte is a professor of English at the University of Pittsburgh.

BACKGROUND

Much of Toi Derricotte’s writing deals with subjects such as racism and identity, based on her own experiences as a light-skinned black woman. Her work can be brutally honest, as in her poems that illuminate her insights into being too black or not black enough.

A black woman comes up to me at break in the writing workshop and reads me her poem, but she says she can’t read it out loud because there’s a woman in a car on her way to work and her hair is blowing in the breeze and, since her hair is blowing, the woman must be white, and she shouldn’t write about a white woman whose hair is blowing, because maybe the black poets will think she wants to be that woman and be mad at her and say she hates herself, and maybe they won’t let her explain that she grew up in a white neighborhood and it’s not her fault, it’s just what she sees. But she has to be so careful. I tell her to write the poem about being afraid to write, and we stand for a long time like that, respecting each other’s silence.
What Are You So Afraid Of?

Akiko Busch

BACKGROUND

About one-half of American adults fear snakes. That’s more than those who fear public speaking, or any other category of phobia. Some scientists believe that ophidiophobia—the fear of snakes—is a legacy from the distant past, when our survival depended on avoiding them. Some believe that certain primate characteristics, such as sharp eyesight, are the result of being on the lookout for snakes.

Oct. 25, 2014

1 A time of year when we celebrate and indulge in what frightens us may be a good moment to consider how fear begins. It could be anything: a sound, a dog’s bark or bite, some infant terror of being left alone, darkness, a taste, some memory, the unknown, the unseen, the known, the seen. Almost always, its origins are unclear.

2 My own fear of snakes might have started when I was 3, in a garden in Bangkok, in the klong, a rainwater ditch where I was playing. A highly venomous, six-foot banded krait glided alongside me. My mother, watching from a balcony above, was unable to reach me, but she called for my older brother, who

About the Author

Akiko Busch (b. 1953) has published numerous books and articles about design, culture, and the natural world. She writes a regular blog and has appeared on radio shows, given lectures, and directed workshops. Busch lives in the Hudson Valley in New York and teaches at the School of Visual Arts.

Notes
picked me up and lifted me out of the trench. I remember nothing of this. But my mother told me the story.

3 I wonder if my enduring panic half a century later at the rustle of even the smallest garter snake in the grass is based on some suppressed memory of the event, or on the story of the event. Or is it possibly some genetic inheritance of the fear that centuries of humans have had of the reptile world? Or is it some combination of all of these?

4 Fear, arriving in layers in which genetic legacy converges with personal experience, is vital to our survival. When we freeze, stop in our tracks or take flight, it is a biological response to what we sense as near and present danger. All the same, it observes its own absurd hierarchy, in which we often harbor an abiding anxiety for the wrong things. A childhood accident causes a friend of mine to become white and shake at the sight of broken glass. But she is a chain smoker as well, and has little worry about her pack-a-day habit. And surely the recent alarm over the Ebola virus among Americans who are not fully attentive to the need for flu shots suggests a reluctance to recognize genuine threats to public health.

5 We have clear directives about what is really worth our fear. Participants in the real parade of horrors include radical changes in the carbon cycle, the rate of species extinction, extreme weather, genetically modified food, institutional financial misconduct that puts our security at risk. The archive of very real menaces threatening us now is so full, it would seem we hardly know how to choose what to be scared of.

6 Except that we do choose, and what we choose are generally the ordinary fears such as heights, public speaking, insects, reptiles. They are all things that have about as much chance of harming us as the characters behind some of this season’s top trending scary costumes: zombies, werewolves, and cast members from “Duck Dynasty.”

7 The biologist E. O. Wilson has observed that while we fear snakes, spiders, darkness, open spaces and closed spaces, we do not fear the more likely instruments of danger—knives, guns, cars, electrical sockets—because, he says, “our species has not been exposed to these lethal agents long enough in evolutionary time to have acquired the predisposing genes that ensure automatic avoidance.” Which is to say, fear, real fear, deep fear, the kind that changes our habits and actions, is not something on which we are likely to follow sensible instruction.

8 At this time of year, when I venture into the basement of our old farmhouse, I find that it is, as always, a horror chamber of the first order: damp, dark, and musty, with dirt floors, vast cities of
cobwebs and black alcoves. Yet it’s not the decrepit furnace with its ravenous craving for fuel that causes me the moment of panic, nor the behemoth\(^3\) oil tank, nor even the insanity of the soaring cost to fill it. Though I am loath to admit it, the lethal agents that set my heart racing are, instead, the sudden rustle and the glint of pearly snakeskin that flashes in the ancient stone foundation wall behind the boiler. The more dire menaces at that particular moment seem to be: black rat snake, milk snake, grass snake, garter snake. None of which are poisonous. Still, the question looms: How can I get out of here as fast as possible?

9 The paths that human fear can take, and its often ridiculous and pointless detours, are surely worth considering now. At a moment of such social, political and environmental urgency, I would like to think it is possible to tap into human fear to change behavior in some fundamental and strategic way. Yet what seems more likely to me is the possibility that fear is simply an unpredictable rogue impulse that all too often remains indifferent to the genuine threats around us. And that may be the scariest thing of all. 

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\(^3\) *behemoth* (bih HEE muhth) adj. of enormous, monstrous size and power.
Share Your Independent Learning

**Prepare to Share**

Is fear always a harmful emotion?

Even when you read something independently, your understanding continues to grow when you share what you have learned with others. Reflect on the text you explored independently, and write notes about its connection to the unit. In your notes, consider why this text belongs in this unit.

**Learn from Your Classmates**

**Discuss It** Share your ideas about the text you explored on your own. As you talk with your classmates, jot down ideas that you learn from them.

**Reflect**

Review your notes, and mark the most important insight you gained from these writing and discussion activities. Explain how this idea adds to your understanding of the topic of fear.

**STANDARDS**

SL.11–12.1 Initiate and participate effectively in a range of collaborative discussions with diverse partners on grades 11–12 topics, texts, and issues, building on others’ ideas and expressing their own clearly and persuasively.
Review Evidence for an Argument

At the beginning of this unit, you took a position on the following question:

Is fear always a harmful emotion?

Review your Evidence Log and your QuickWrite from the beginning of the unit. Has your position changed?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>YES</th>
<th>NO</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Identify at least three pieces of evidence that convinced you to change your mind.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Identify at least three pieces of evidence that reinforced your original position.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

State your position now: ____________________________________________
____________________________________________________________________
____________________________________________________________________
Identify a possible counterclaim: ______________________________________
____________________________________________________________________
____________________________________________________________________

Evaluate the Strength of Your Evidence  Consider your argument. Do you have enough evidence to support your claim? Do you have enough evidence to refute a counterclaim? If not, make a plan.

☐ Do more research ☐ Talk with my classmates
☐ Reread a selection ☐ Ask an expert
☐ Other: ____________________________________________

STANDARDS
W.11–12.1.a  Introduce precise, knowledgeable claim(s), establish the significance of the claim(s), distinguish the claim(s) from alternate or opposing claims, and create an organization that logically sequences claim(s), counterclaims, reasons, and evidence.
PART 1
Writing to Sources: Argument

In this unit, you read about characters and real people who experience fear and react to it. In these texts, fear moves beyond a personal emotion, leading readers to question the role fear plays on a larger level in communities and between groups of people.

Assignment
Write an argumentative essay that responds to this question:

Is fear always a harmful emotion?

Begin by asserting a claim. Cite relevant evidence from at least three texts from this unit, as well as from your own experience, to support that claim. Organize your evidence in a logical way that helps you structure your argument clearly and definitively. Use formal language and an objective tone, and end your argument with a conclusion that flows naturally from your claim and the evidence you presented.

Reread the Assignment Review the assignment to be sure you fully understand it. The task may reference some of the academic words presented at the beginning of the unit. Be sure you understand each of the words here in order to complete the assignment correctly.

Academic Vocabulary

assert  
certify  
definitive  

relevant  
immutable

Review the Elements of Effective Argument Before you begin writing, read the Argument Rubric. Once you have completed your first draft, check it against the rubric. If one or more of the elements is missing or not as strong as it could be, revise your essay to add or strengthen that component.
## Argument Rubric

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Focus and Organization</th>
<th>Evidence and Elaboration</th>
<th>Language Conventions</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>4</strong> The introduction clearly and effectively states a precise, logical claim.</td>
<td>Body paragraphs always use valid reasoning and include relevant and sufficient evidence.</td>
<td>The argument consistently and accurately follows the conventions of standard English usage and mechanics.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The essay clearly acknowledges counterclaims and uses sufficient reasons and evidence to refute them.</td>
<td>The tone of the argument is always formal and objective.</td>
<td>Writing always uses indefinite pronouns correctly and effectively.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Writing always follows a logical organizational structure and makes clear connections among ideas.</td>
<td>The argument always uses language that is appropriate for the purpose and audience.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The argument includes a conclusion that follows from and supports the claim.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>3</strong> The introduction states a precise claim.</td>
<td>Body paragraphs mostly use valid reasoning and include relevant and sufficient evidence.</td>
<td>The argument mostly follows the conventions of standard English usage and mechanics.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The essay acknowledges counterclaims and uses reasons and evidence to refute them.</td>
<td>The tone of the argument is mostly formal and objective.</td>
<td>Writing mostly uses indefinite pronouns correctly.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Writing mostly follows a logical organizational structure and makes clear connections among ideas.</td>
<td>The argument mostly uses language that is appropriate for the purpose and audience.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The argument includes a conclusion that mostly follows from and supports the claim.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>2</strong> The introduction states a claim.</td>
<td>Body paragraphs sometimes use valid reasoning and relevant evidence.</td>
<td>The argument sometimes follows the conventions of standard English usage and mechanics.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The essay acknowledges counterclaims.</td>
<td>The tone of the argument is sometimes formal and objective.</td>
<td>Writing sometimes uses indefinite pronouns correctly.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Writing follows a somewhat logical organizational structure and makes connections among ideas.</td>
<td>The argument occasionally uses language that is inappropriate for the purpose and audience.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The argument includes a conclusion that somewhat follows from and supports the claim.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>1</strong> The introduction does not state a claim.</td>
<td>Body paragraphs do not use valid reasoning or evidence to support claims.</td>
<td>The argument does not follow the conventions of standard English usage and mechanics.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The essay does not acknowledge counterclaims.</td>
<td>The tone of the argument is informal or inappropriate.</td>
<td>Writing does not use indefinite pronouns correctly.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Writing does not follow a logical organizational structure or make clear connections among ideas.</td>
<td>The argument uses language that is not appropriate for the purpose and audience.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The argument does not include a conclusion, or it includes a conclusion that does not follow from or support the claim.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
PART 2
Speaking and Listening: Speech

Assignment
After completing a final draft of your essay, prepare a speech in which you present your argument. Use your voice, facial expressions, and gestures to effectively communicate your ideas to your audience.

Follow these steps to make your speech dynamic and interesting.

• Review your argument, and mark the ideas and evidence you want to emphasize.
• Practice reading your essay aloud several times. Consider revising wording to make your text more effective as a speech. For example, you may want to begin or end with more dramatic language. As you read, remember to look up from your paper occasionally. Making eye contact with your audience will help them feel more engaged.
• When you deliver your speech, use pauses effectively, speak slowly and clearly, and vary your volume to add drama.

Review the Rubric: The criteria by which your speech will be evaluated appear in this rubric. Review these criteria before presenting to ensure that you are prepared.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Content</th>
<th>Effectiveness</th>
<th>Presentation Techniques</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The speaker presents a clear and effective claim.</td>
<td>Language is always appropriate for the audience and task.</td>
<td>The speaker always uses tone of voice and body language effectively.</td>
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<tr>
<td>The speaker always uses well-chosen evidence to support his or her ideas.</td>
<td>The speaker emphasizes all of his or her key points.</td>
<td>The speaker maintains effective eye contact.</td>
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<tr>
<td>The speaker presents a claim.</td>
<td>Language is mostly appropriate for the audience and task.</td>
<td>The speaker mostly uses tone of voice and body language effectively.</td>
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<tr>
<td>The speaker uses some well-chosen evidence to support his or her ideas.</td>
<td>The speaker emphasizes most of his or her key points.</td>
<td>The speaker mostly maintains effective eye contact.</td>
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<tr>
<td>The speaker does not present a clear claim.</td>
<td>Language is not appropriate for the audience and task.</td>
<td>The speaker does not use tone of voice or body language effectively.</td>
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<tr>
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Reflect on the Unit
Now that you’ve completed the unit, take a few moments to reflect on your learning. Use the questions below to think about where you succeeded, what skills and strategies helped you, and where you can continue to grow in the future.

Reflect on the Unit Goals
Look back at the goals at the beginning of the unit. Use a different colored pen to rate yourself again. Think about readings and activities that contributed the most to the growth of your understanding. Record your thoughts.

Reflect on the Learning Strategies
Discuss It  Write a reflection on whether you were able to improve your learning based on your Action Plans. Think about what worked, what didn’t, and what you might do to keep working on these strategies. Record your ideas before joining a class discussion.

Reflect on the Text
Choose a selection that you found challenging, and explain what made it difficult.

Explain something that surprised you about a text in the unit.

Which activity taught you the most about responding to fear? What did you learn?

STANDARDS
SL.11–12.1.a  Come to discussions prepared, having read and researched material under study; explicitly draw on that preparation by referring to evidence from texts and other research on the topic or issue to stimulate a thoughtful, well-reasoned exchange of ideas.