

# E12 READING



*It may seem cliché, but reading for 20 minutes a day can put most students on a path to improvement; reading for 45 minutes a day can often help most students overcome problems in several other related areas.*

- *If you don't like to read fiction, consider a biography, autobiography, historical events, memoirs, travel books, etc.*
- *Consider joining a book club to keep you motivated to keep reading.*
- *Read the book that was later made into a movie (there's over 1400 to choose from)*
- *Consider graphic novels as a option*
- *Pick a genre that you really like: mystery, science fiction, romance, horror.*
- *Get books in digital format so you can have them on your smart device to read anywhere at anytime (plus, you can click on words to get the definitions too)*
- *Audiobooks are great for situations when it's not convenient or possible to read.*
- *Stop reading a book if you don't like it and find one you do like.*

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## Why Read Daily & Reading/Writing Success

	Student C	Student B	Student A
<b>Minutes/Day</b>	4 minutes	20 minutes	45 Minutes
<b>Amount</b>	5 days a week	5 days a week	5 days a week
<b>Weekly</b>	20 minutes	100 minutes	225 minutes
<b>Monthly</b>	80 minutes	400 minutes	900 minutes
<b>School Year</b>	720 minutes	3,600 minutes	8,100 minutes
<b>Results</b>	Equivalent of only 2 school days reading	Equivalent of 10 school days a year	Equivalent of 22.5 school days a year.

**Employers now rank reading and writing as top deficiencies in new hires:** 38% of employers find high school graduates “deficient” in reading comprehension, while 63% rate this basic skill “very important.” “Written communications” tops the list of applied skills found lacking in high school and college graduates alike. One in five U.S. workers read at a lower skill level than their job requires. Remedial writing courses are estimated to cost more than \$3.1 billion for large corporate employers and \$221 million for state employers.

**Good readers have more financially rewarding jobs:** More than 60% of employed Proficient readers have jobs in management, or in the business, financial, professional, and related sectors. Only 18% of Basic readers are employed in those fields. Proficient readers are 2.5 times as likely as Basic readers to be earning \$850 or more a week.

**Less advanced readers report fewer opportunities for career growth:** 38% of Basic readers said their reading level limited their job prospects. The percentage of Below-Basic readers who reported this experience was 1.8 times greater. Only 4% of Proficient readers reported this experience.

**Good readers play a crucial role in enriching our cultural and civic life:** Literary readers are more than 3 times as likely as non-readers to visit museums, attend plays or concerts, and create artworks of their own. They are also more likely to play sports, attend sporting events, or do outdoor activities. 18- to 34-year-olds, whose reading rates are the lowest for any adult age group under 65, show declines in cultural and civic participation.

**Good readers make good citizens:** Literary readers are more than twice as likely as non-readers to volunteer or do charity work. Adults who read well are more likely to volunteer than Basic and Below-Basic readers.

**Deficient readers are far more likely than skilled readers to be high school dropouts:** Half of America’s Below-Basic readers failed to complete high school—a percentage gain of 5 points since 1992. One-third of readers at the Basic level dropped out of high school.

**Reading for pleasure correlates strongly with academic achievement:** Children who start reading for pleasure at an early age are exposed to exponentially higher numbers of new words—and a greater opportunity to develop literacy skills. Because these skills are associated not just with reading comprehension, but also with greater cognitive development.

**Reading Often and Writing Well:** Students who indicated that they read for fun almost every day had higher average reading scores in 2004 than those who said that they never or hardly ever read for fun. Students who said that they read for fun once or twice a week had higher average scores than those who never or hardly ever read for fun.

**Writing Skills in Demand:** With a noted correlation between reading often and writing well, large corporations rate the need for writing with accuracy, clarity, and spelling, punctuation, and grammar as the top writing characteristics valued by employers. As for workers’ writing ability, 34% of employers reported that adequate writing skills are lacking in two-thirds or more of the current workforce. Almost the same percentage—36%—found writing skills lacking in at least two-thirds of incoming employees.

# Reading Strategies

Reading is an active process of understanding print and graphic texts and is a thinking process. Effective readers know that when they read, they monitor their understanding, and when they lose the meaning of what they are reading, they often unconsciously select and use a reading strategy.

**Before Reading:** *Use prior knowledge to think about the topic, make predictions about the probable meaning of the text, and preview the text by skimming and scanning to get a sense of the overall meaning.*

**Ask Questions:** *What can I ask myself BEFORE reading to help me understand this text?*

- What do I already know?
- I wonder if...
- What do I need to know?

**During Reading:** *Monitor understanding by questioning, thinking about, and reflecting on the ideas and information in the text.*

**Ask Questions:** *What can I ask myself as I read this text to help me understand?*

- Does this make sense?
- How does this information connect to what I already know?
- What does the writer say about...?
- What does the writer mean by...?
- I still need answers to the question...

**Make Inferences:** *How can I read between the lines?*

- Based on what I have just read, I now realize...
- The evidence that supports my thinking is...
- I can now conclude... • I think...because...

**Make Connections:** *How can I use what I already know to help me understand this text?*

- I already know about...
- This text reminds me of...
- This compares to...
- This text is different from... because...
- This section made me think about...

**Take Good Notes:** *To take good notes I...?*

- Look for the main idea(s).
- Use words I understand.
- Limit the number of words – restate, delete, combine.

**Understanding the Text:** *At a tricky part in the text I...*

- Pause to think about...
- Take a closer look at...
- Break the text into “chunks”.
- Summarize as I read.
- Discuss what I have read.

**Visualize:** *To better understand while I was reading...*

- I pictured what...might look like.
- I created a mental image of...
- I used the images to help me...

**Think to Read:** *What I get to an unfamiliar word or section, I...*

- Look at photographs, diagrams, tables, or charts.
- Reread for meaning
- Use context and clues for hints.
- Skip and return.
- Pause and ask questions.

- Organize with headings.
- Use symbols, colours, and webs to organize.
- Review, add, and revise.

**After Reading:** *Reflect upon the ideas and information in the text, relate what they have read to their own experiences and knowledge, clarify their understanding of the text, and extend their understanding in critical and creative ways.*

**Ask Questions:** *What can I ask to help me better understand this text?*

- What does the writer mean by...?
- Why did/didn't...?
- What have I learned?
- I wonder if...

**Find the Main Idea(s):** *What is/are the main idea(s)? What is important?*

- The most important thing I remember about this text is...
- The main message is...
- The text was mainly about...
- Clues, words and features that helped me understand the text were...

**Think About the Text:** *How do I put all the pieces together?*

- The message of this text is...
- The purpose of this text is...
- These ideas relate to...because...
- This text may be biased because...
- The text doesn't deal with...

## Types of Organizational Patterns (and How to Find Them)

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Spatial Order</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• What specific person, place, thing or event is described?</li> <li>• What details are given?</li> <li>• How do the details relate to the subject?</li> <li>• Does the description help you to visualize the subject?</li> <li>• Why is the description important?</li> <li>• Why did the author choose this organizational pattern?</li> </ul>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Spatial Order</b></p> <p>Information and ideas are arranged in an order related to the geographic or spatial location (e.g., left to right, top to bottom, foreground to background). This pattern is often used in descriptions, maps, diagrams and drawings to help to record spatial details.</p> <p>Signal Words: above, across from, among, behind, beside, below, down, in front of, between, left, to the right/left, near, on top of, over, up, in the middle of, underneath.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Order of Importance</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• What is the main idea?</li> <li>• What are the important details?</li> <li>• Are there examples, facts, or statistics to support the main idea?</li> <li>• What is the most important detail?</li> <li>• What is the least important detail?</li> <li>• How are the details organized?</li> <li>• Why did the author choose this organizational pattern?</li> </ul>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Order of Importance</b></p> <p>Information and ideas are arranged in order of importance (e.g., least important to most important; or the 2-3-1 order of second most important, least important and most important). This pattern can be used in persuasive writing, reports, explanations, news reports and descriptions. Pyramid, sequence and flow charts are examples of visual organizers.</p> <p>Signal Words: always, beginning, first, finally, following, in addition, most important, most convincing, next.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Cause/Effect</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• What process, event or subject is being explained?</li> <li>• What is/are the cause(s)?</li> <li>• What is/are the effect(s)?</li> <li>• What are the specific steps in the process?</li> <li>• What is the outcome, product or end result?</li> <li>• How does it work or what does it do?</li> <li>• How are the causes and effects related? Is the relationship logical?</li> <li>• Why did the author choose this organizational pattern?</li> </ul>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Cause/Effect</b></p> <p>Details are arranged to link a result with a series of events, showing a logical relationship between a cause and one or more effects (e.g., describe the cause first and then explain the effects, or describe the effect first and then explain the possible causes). It is sometimes called a problem/solution order or process order, and may be used in explanations, descriptions, procedures, process reports, and opinion writing. Cause-and-effect charts and fishbone diagrams can be used to illustrate the relationships.</p> <p>Signal Words: as a result of, because, begins with, causes, consequently, due to, effects of, how, if...then, in order to, leads to, next, since, so, so that, therefore, when...then.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Generalization</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• What generalization is the author making?</li> <li>• What facts, examples, statistics or reasons are used to support the generalization?</li> <li>• Do the details appear in a logical order?</li> <li>• Do the details support or explain the generalization?</li> <li>• Why did the author choose this organizational pattern?</li> </ul>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Generalization</b></p> <p>Information is arranged into general statements with supporting examples. The pattern may be general-to-specific or specific-to-general. Generalizations may appear at the beginning or the end of a report, essay, summary, or article. Webs, process charts, and pyramid charts help to record the causal sequence that leads to a specific outcome.</p> <p>Signal Words: additionally, always, because of, clearly, for example, furthermore, generally, however, in conclusion, in fact, never, represents, seldom, therefore, typically.</p>



## Types of Organizational Patterns (and How to Find Them)

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Time Order</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• What sequence of events is being described?</li> <li>• What are the major incidents or events?</li> <li>• How are the incidents or events related?</li> <li>• What happened first, second, third, etc.?</li> <li>• How is the pattern revealed in the text?</li> <li>• Why did the author choose this organizational pattern?</li> </ul>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Time Order</b></p> <p>Details are arranged in the order in which they happen. This is also called chronological order, and is often used in incident reports, biographies, news articles, procedure, instructions, or steps in a process. Visual organizers include timelines, flowcharts, and sequence charts.</p> <p>Signal Words: after, before, during, first, finally, following, immediately, initially, next, now, preceding, second, soon, then, third, today, until, when.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Compare/Contrast</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• What is being compared?</li> <li>• What is the basis for the comparison?</li> <li>• What characteristics do they have in common?</li> <li>• In what ways are the items different?</li> <li>• Did the author make a conclusion about the comparison?</li> <li>• How is the comparison organized?</li> <li>• Why did the author choose this organizational pattern?</li> </ul>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Compare/Contrast</b></p> <p>Details are arranged to show the similarities and differences between and among two or more things (e.g., ideas, issues, concepts, topics, events, places). This pattern is used in almost all types of writing. Venn diagrams, graphs and cause/effect charts illustrate the comparison.</p> <p>Signal Words: although, as well as, but, common to, compared with, either, different from, however, instead of, like, opposed to, same, similarly, similar to, unlike, yet.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Classification</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• What is being classified?</li> <li>• What is the concept being defined?</li> <li>• How are items being grouped?</li> <li>• What are the common characteristics?</li> <li>• What are the categories?</li> <li>• What examples are given for each of the item's characteristics?</li> <li>• Is the grouping logical?</li> <li>• Why did the author choose this organizational pattern?</li> </ul>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Classification</b></p> <p>Details are grouped in categories to illustrate or explain a term or concept. This pattern is often used in descriptions, definitions and explanations (e.g., a writer describes each category, its characteristics, and why particular information belongs in each category). Classification notes, column charts, T-charts, tables and webs can be used to group ideas and information.</p> <p>Signal Words: all, an example of, characterized by, cluster, for instance, group, is often called, looks like, many, mixed in, most, one, part of, the other group, resembles, similarly, sort, typically, unlike, usually.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Combined/Multiple Orders</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• What is the topic or subject?</li> <li>• What is the main idea?</li> <li>• What are the relevant details?</li> <li>• How are the ideas and information organized?</li> <li>• What organizational patterns are used?</li> <li>• Why did the author choose these organizational patterns?</li> </ul>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Combined/Multiple Orders</b></p> <p>Many textbooks and reference materials use many organizational patterns to present information and ideas. Sometimes a single paragraph is organized in more than one way, mixing comparison/contrast, cause/effect and order of importance. Tables and webs can be used to illustrate the links among different organizational patterns.</p> <p>5 Look for the patterns and trends in the signal words.</p>

## Skimming and Scanning to Preview Text

Skimming	
What is it?	When you SKIM, you read quickly to get the main idea of a paragraph, page, chapter, or article, and a few (but not all) of the details.
Why do I skim?	Skimming allows you to read quickly to get a general sense of a text so that you can decide whether it has useful information for you. You may also skim to get a key idea. After skimming a piece, you might decide that you want or need to read it in greater depth.
How do I skim?  Read in this direction.  →	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Read the first few paragraphs, two or three middle paragraphs, and the final two or three paragraphs of a piece, trying to get a basic understanding of the information.</li> <li>2. Some people prefer to skim by reading the first and last sentence of each paragraph, that is, the topic sentences and concluding sentences.</li> <li>3. If there are pictures, diagrams, or charts, a quick glance at them and their captions may help you to understand the main idea or point of view in the text.</li> <li>4. Remember: You do not <b>have to read every word when you skim</b>.</li> <li>5. Generally, move your eyes horizontally (and quickly) when you skim.</li> </ol>

Scanning	
What is it?	When you SCAN, you move your eyes quickly down a page or list to find one specific detail.
Why do I scan?	Scanning allows you to locate quickly a single fact, date, name, or word in a text without trying to read or understand the rest of the piece. You may need that fact or word later to respond to a question or to add a specific detail to something you are writing.
How do I scan?  Read in this direction.  ↓ ↘	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Knowing your text well is important. Make a prediction about where in a chapter you might find the word, name, fact, term, or date.</li> <li>2. Note how the information is arranged on a page. Will headings, diagrams, or boxed or highlighted items guide you? Is information arranged alphabetically or numerically as it might be in a telephone book or glossary?</li> <li>3. Move your eyes vertically or diagonally down the page, letting them dart quickly from side to side and keeping in mind the exact type of information that you want. Look for other closely associated words that might steer you towards the detail for which you are looking.</li> <li>4. Aim for 100% accuracy!</li> </ol>



## Clues for Using Context to Find Meaning

Clue	Description	Signals
Definition	The unfamiliar word is specifically defined in the sentence, or in the preceding or following sentences.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• “is” or “which means”</li> <li>• commas that set off a qualifying phrase</li> </ul>
Example	The unfamiliar word is illustrated by one or more examples.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• “for example,” “including,” or “such as”</li> <li>• pictures or diagrams</li> </ul>
Description	Characteristics or features of the unfamiliar word are described.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• descriptive words</li> <li>• sensory words</li> <li>• adjectives and adverbs</li> </ul>
Illustration	The unfamiliar word is shown in a diagram, picture or map.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• “see figure 2.1”</li> <li>• graphic features on the page</li> </ul>
Clarification	The meaning of the unfamiliar word is restated in slightly different language, summarized, or paraphrased.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• “in other words,” “simply,” “clearly”</li> </ul>
Parenthetical Note	The meaning of the unfamiliar word is provided in parentheses directly following the word.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• (.....)</li> </ul>
Comparison	The meaning of the unfamiliar word is provided by contrasting or comparing it to another word, phrase or concept.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• “such as,” “like,” “compared to,” “unlike” or “similar to”</li> <li>• synonyms, antonyms</li> <li>• charts</li> </ul>
Elaboration	Additional information about the unfamiliar word is provided in the following sentences and paragraphs. This may be a description of a related event, process or product, or a question prompt.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• “in addition,” “another,” or “consequently”</li> </ul>
Typography and Design	Design features draw attention to important words and concepts, and to their definitions.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <b>bold</b>, <i>italics</i>, and other embellishments</li> </ul>

## Some Tips for Making Notes

Tips	Why
Write down the date of your note-making.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• helps you remember context</li> <li>• if you have written the notes on a loose sheet of paper, date helps you organize notes later</li> </ul>
Give the notes a title, listing the text the notes are about.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• helps you quickly identify information you may be looking for later</li> </ul>
Use paper that can be inserted later into a binder, or have a special notebook for note making, or use recipe cards. Use notepad, outlining, or annotation features of your word processing software.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• you need to be able to organize your notes for easy access for use in studying, or in research reports</li> <li>• loose-leaf paper, a single notebook, or small cards are convenient in library research</li> </ul>
Use point form, your own shorthand or symbols, and organizers such as charts, webs, arrows. Use the draw and graphic functions of your software.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• point form and shorthand is faster, easier to read later, helps you summarize ideas</li> <li>• organizers help you see links and structures, organize your ideas</li> </ul>
Use headings and subheading in the text as a guide for organizing your own notes.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• this part of the organization is already done for you; provides a structure</li> </ul>
Don't copy text word for word. Choose only the key words, or put the sentences in your own words. If you want to use a direct quote, be sure to use quotation marks. Don't write down words that you don't know unless you intend to figure them out or look them up. Use software's copy and paste function to select key words only.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• helps you understand what you have read</li> <li>• short form is much easier for studying and reading later</li> <li>• helps avoid plagiarism (using someone else's writing or ideas as your own)</li> </ul>
Write down any questions you have about the topic.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• gives you ideas for further research</li> <li>• reminds you to ask others, clarify points</li> <li>• gives you practice in analyzing while reading</li> </ul>
Review your notes when you are done.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• ensures that they're legible</li> <li>• enables you to go back to anything you meant to look at again</li> <li>• helps you reflect on and remember what you've read</li> </ul>



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## Clues for Finding Answers in the Text

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### ON THE LINES

Some questions can be answered by “reading on the lines”; the answer is *right there* in the text. The question asks for literal information from the selection such as details, facts and information stated by the author. Some “question starters” that ask for literal knowledge are *give, list, find, describe, tell, retell, and what*. To answer a question “on the line”:

- Find the words used to create the question.
- Look at the other words in that sentence to find the answer.

### AMONG THE LINES

The answers to some questions are to be found by “reading among the lines.” This type of question has an answer in the text, but this answer requires information from more than one sentence or paragraph. Some “question starters” that ask for literal knowledge are *list, compare, how, and summarize*. To answer a question “among the lines”:

- Find the words used to create the question.
- Reread the sentences or paragraphs that contain the question words.
- Look at the other words in the sentences or paragraphs to find the answer.

### BETWEEN THE LINES

Some questions ask you to “read between the lines”. This type of question asks the reader to make inferences based on the ideas and information in the text. The answer might be found interpretively in the reader’s own background knowledge, but would not make sense unless the reader had read the text. Some “question starters,” that ask for inferences are *why, how might, what do you think, explain, predict, and what might*. To answer a question “between the lines”:

- Look for key words and clues in the question.
- Re-read that part of the text in which the author gives the clues needed to construct the answer.
- Ask yourself:
  - Is this what the author meant?
  - Does this make sense?

### BEYOND THE LINES

The answers to some questions are not in the text at all: they are “beyond the lines.” This means searching for the answer in the reader’s own background knowledge. Some “question starters” that ask for interpretations are *what can you learn from, how might you, what if, and is it fair that*. To answer a question “beyond the lines”:

- Read the question and identify the key words.
- Identify your beliefs, experiences and knowledge that relate to the question.
- Ask yourself:
  - Would the author agree with this conclusion?

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## Tips for Reading Informational Texts

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### Before Reading

- Set a purpose for reading. Ask yourself why you are reading this particular text.
- Look over the text to see which elements appear (such as headings, subheadings, illustrations and captions, etc.).
- Examine the titles, headings, and subheadings, and scan for words that stand out.
- Look for words and phrases that might give you clues about how the information is organized.
- Read any overviews, summaries or questions. In a shorter piece, read the opening and concluding sentences or paragraphs.
- Examine each illustration and read the titles or captions.
- Recall what you already know about the topic.
- Record some questions you might have about the topic.

### During Reading

- Divide the reading task into smaller chunks (chunking the text into paragraphs, chunking sections by sub-headings, etc.). Read a chunk, pause and think about what you read, and write a brief one-sentence summary or brief point-form notes to help you remember important and interesting information.
- Read quickly, then slowly. Skim the sections you think will support your purpose for reading. When you find specific information you want, slow down and read it word by word. You may need to reread the passage several times.
- Read the selection and jot down thoughts, responses to your questions and new questions that occur to you.

### After Reading

- Read the selection again to confirm the main idea and supporting details.
- Make connections to what you already know about the topic. How does the information you have read add to or alter what you knew about the topic?
- Record your thinking about and responses to the text. For example, write a summary, complete a graphic organizer, create a sketch, or orally retell to yourself or a friend.

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## Tips for Reading Graphical Texts

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### Before Reading

- Set a purpose for reading. Ask yourself why you are reading this particular text.
- Look over the text to determine what type it is and which elements are used.
- Examine the titles, headings, captions and images. Start with the title. The title tells you what the graphic is about. The captions may also use words and phrases from the text to show how the graphic is related to the information in the written text (e.g., “Figure 1.6”).
- Recall what you already know about the topic or subject.
- Record some questions you might have about the information presented.

### During Reading

- Read all the labels and examine how they are related to the graphic. Each label has a purpose. The most important labels may be in capital letters, bold type, or a larger font.
- Follow the arrows and lines. They may be used to show movement or direction, or connect to the things they name.
- Look for the use of colour or symbols to emphasize important words and information. Some graphical texts have a legend or a key to explain the meaning of specific symbols and colours.
- Study the image carefully. See if you recognize the details in the image. Read the text near the picture to find an explanation of the information in the graphic. Use the figure number or title and key words to find and read the related information in the written text.
- Identify the relationships among the visuals and information presented.

### After Reading

- Interpret the information conveyed in any of the graphics (e.g., diagrams, charts, graphs, maps). Ask yourself why this information might be important.
- Rephrase information orally or in writing. Imagine that you are explaining the graphic to someone who has not read it.
- Create your own graphical text (e.g., graph, map, diagram, table, flow chart) to represent the important information.

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## Tips for Reading Literary Texts

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### Before Reading

- Read the title and think about what might happen in the story or what the essay might be about. Does the title suggest any connections to your own life or raise any questions?
- Recall other selections you may have read by this author.
- Look at any illustrations. What do they tell you about the story or subject?
- Look the text over and sample the text to note its length, organization, level of language, and structure. Pay attention to punctuation.

### During Reading

- As you read, ask questions about what is happening. Make predictions about what might happen next.
- Form opinions about what is going on. Think about your responses and reactions to what you are reading. Making notes can help you focus your thinking as you read.
- Picture the setting, events or images in your mind. Sketch them. As you read, imagine how the words will be spoken and see the action.
- While reading a narrative selection, try the following:
  - Read the first page and pause. What do you know so far about the people (characters), setting, conflict, and point of view? Where do you think the storyline is going? Make connections to what you already know.
  - Who are the people and how are they related to each other? Put yourself in their place. What would you say or do?

### After Reading

- Write down favourite quotations from the text. Share and compare them with a partner.
- Create a visual interpretation of the text, such as a web, story map, or timeline, to show the relationships among the major characters and their feelings and attitudes.
- Create a sensory web of the setting. Use a graphic organizer to illustrate the story's plot or sequence of events (situation, complications, climax, resolution).
- Retell/summarize the content in your own words, orally or in writing.



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## Template for Drawing Conclusions

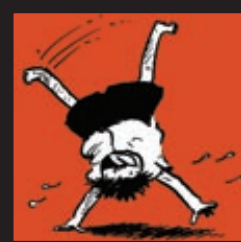
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I Read	I Think
Therefore...	



**Both Sides Now - Template for Making Judgements**

<b>Both Sides Now</b>		
<b>Evidence that Supports</b>	<b>Question or Statement</b>	<b>Evidence that Opposes</b>
<b>Decision</b>		
<b>Reasons</b>		



## WHAT IS A GRAPHIC NOVEL?

A graphic novel is a book made up of words and pictures: typically, in a graphic novel, the pictures are arranged on the page in sequential panels, while the words are presented in speech bubbles (for dialogue) or text boxes (for narration), though this may not always be the case. 'Graphic novel' is a word that describes a medium, not a genre: graphic novels can be histories (like George O'Connor's *Journey Into Mohawk Country*); fantasies (like Joann Sfar's *Vampire Loves*) or anything in between.

## WHO READS GRAPHIC NOVELS?

Everyone! The term 'graphic' in 'graphic novel' denotes the pictorial nature of the medium: it's not an age rating. There are graphic novels for every age group, and they're not just about superheroes—graphic novels have addressed such diverse topics as falling in love for the first time, baking bread, Shakespeare, ballet, AIDS, and paleontology. Though there may not be as many graphic novels for eighty year-old women as there are for teenagers and college-age readers, the medium has produced incredible, critically acclaimed works that span every age group.

## WHY GRAPHIC NOVELS?

Graphic novels are astoundingly popular with kids and young adults. Not only are they great for increasing the reading comprehension and vocabulary of reluctant readers—and everyone else—but they also provide an approach to reading that reflects the multimedia nature of today's technology-centric culture. Graphic novels integrate images and text to tell a different kind of story than would be possible with only a single medium: they're a whole new way to read.

## HOW DO I KNOW THAT INVESTING IN GRAPHIC NOVELS WILL BE WORTH IT?

You just have to look at the numbers: about seven million graphic novels changed hands last year, making over 245 million dollars—and that number is up 18% from sales the year before. Graphic novels are hot properties in publishing: there's not a major publishing house without a graphic novel project in the works. On top of that, there's been an explosion of creative talent. With universities giving courses and even degrees in comic book writing and illustration, there's a large pool of talented kids and seasoned veterans in the graphic novel industry who are creating wonderful books.



# Graphic Novel/Comics Terms and Concepts

## Layout

*Panel:* A distinct segment of the comic, containing a combination of image and text in endless variety. Panels offer a different experience than simply reading text:

- The spatial arrangement allows an immediate juxtaposition of the present and the past.
- Unlike other visual media, transitions are instantaneous and direct but the exact timing of the reader's experience is determined by focus and reading speed.

*Frame:* The lines and borders that contain the panels.

*Gutter:* The space between framed panels.

*Bleed:* An image that extends to and/or beyond the edge of the page.

*Foreground:* The panel closest to the viewer.

*Midground:* Allows centering of image by using natural resting place for vision. The artist deliberately decides to place the image where a viewer would be most likely to look first. Placing an image off-center or near the top or bottom can be used to create visual tension but using the midground permits the artist to create a more readily accepted image.

*Background:* Provides additional, subtextual information for the reader.

*Graphic weight:* A term that describes the way some images draw the eye more than others, creating a definite focus using color and shading in various ways including:

- The use of light and dark shades; dark-toned images or high-contrast images draw the eye more than light or low-contrast images do
- A pattern or repeated series of marks
- Colors that are more brilliant or deeper than others on the page

**Continued**



## Graphic Novel/Comics Terms and Concepts (continued)

### Figures

*Faces:* Faces can be portrayed in different ways. Some depict an actual person, like a portrait; others are iconic, which means they are representative of an idea or a group of people. Other points to observe about faces include:

- They can be dramatic when placed against a detailed backdrop; a bright white face stands out
- They can be drawn without much expression or detail; this is called an “open blank” and it invites the audience to imagine what the character is feeling without telling them.

*Hands/Feet:* The positioning of hands and feet can be used to express what is happening in the story. For example, hands that are raised with palms out suggest surprise. The wringing of hands suggests obsequiousness or discomfort. Hands over the mouth depict fear, shame, or shyness. Turned in feet may denote embarrassment, while feet with motion strokes can create the sense of panic, urgency, or speed.

### Text

*Captions:* These are boxes containing a variety of text elements, including scene-setting, description, etc.

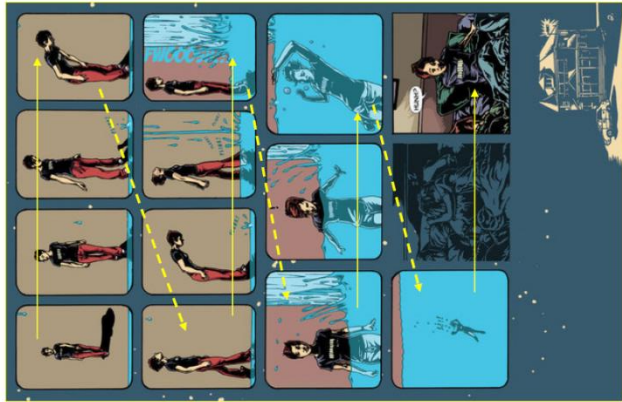
*Speech balloons:* These enclose dialogue and come from a specific speaker’s mouth; they vary in size, shape, and layout and can alternate to depict a conversation. Types of speech balloons include those holding:

- External dialogue, which is speech between characters
- Internal dialogue, which is a thought enclosed by a balloon that has a series of dots or bubbles going up to it

*Special-effects lettering:* This is a method of drawing attention to text; it often highlights onomatopoeia and reinforces the impact of words such as *bang* or *wow*.

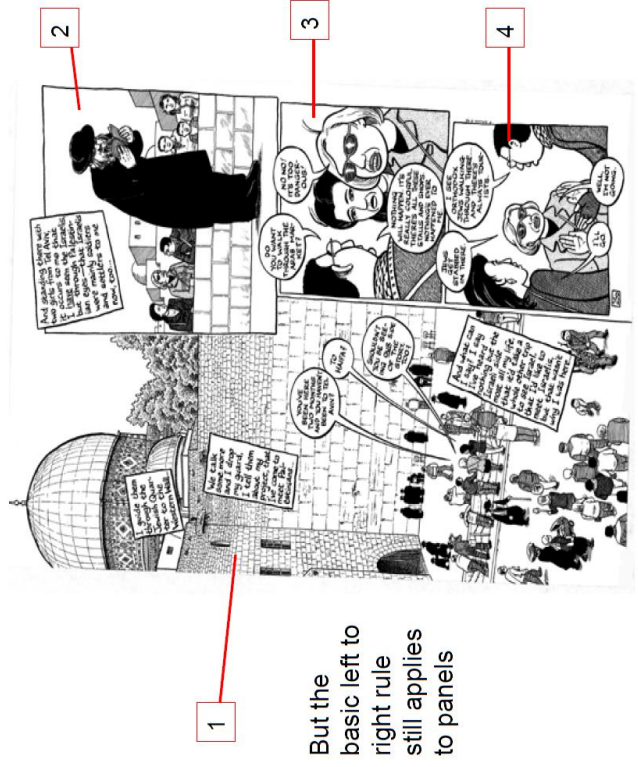
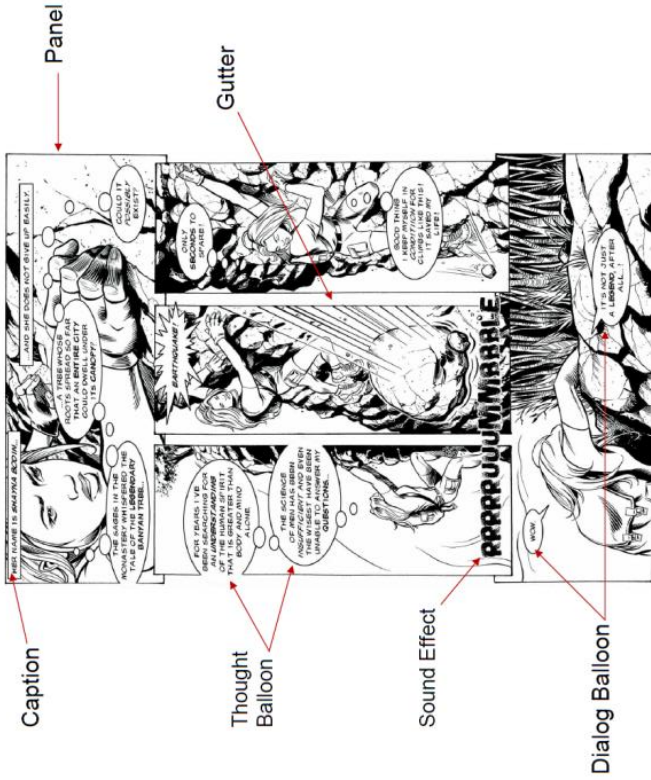
# How to Read a Graphic Novel Page

Graphic novels are read left to right, just like traditional texts



## Dialog Balloons

dialog balloons are read left to right or top to bottom as is appropriate.



But the basic left to right rule still applies to panels

## Graphic Novel Recommendations



**Tank Girl:** Jam-packed with quiriness, cyberpunk roots and general anarchy, Tank Girl is a beer-obsessed tank driver travelling through post-apocalyptic Australian landscapes with companions Sub Girl and Jet Girl, not to mention the mutant kangaroo boyfriend, Booga.



**Watchmen:** This Hugo Award-winning graphic novel chronicles the fall from grace of a group of super-heroes plagued by all-too-human failings. Along the way, the concept of the super-hero is dissected as the heroes are stalked by an unknown assassin.



**V for Vendetta:** A frightening and powerful tale of the loss of freedom and identity in a chillingly believable totalitarian world, *V for Vendetta* stands as one of the highest achievements of the comics medium and a defining work for creators Alan Moore and David Lloyd.



**Batman: The Dark Knight Returns:** This masterpiece of modern comics storytelling brings to vivid life a dark world and an even darker man. Together with inker Klaus Janson and colorist Lynn Varley, writer/artist Frank Miller completely reinvents the legend of Batman in his saga of a near-future Gotham City gone to rot, ten years after the Dark Knight's retirement.



**Y: The Last Man:** "Y" is none other than unemployed escape artist Yorick Brown (his father was a Shakespeare buff), and he's seemingly the only male human left alive after a mysterious plague kills all Y-chromosome carriers on earth. But why are he and his faithful companion, the often testy male monkey Ampersand, still alive?



**The Walking Dead:** An epidemic of apocalyptic proportions has swept the globe, causing the dead to rise and feed on the living. In a matter of months, society has crumbled: There is no government, no grocery stores, no mail delivery, no cable TV. Rick Grimes finds himself one of the few survivors in this terrifying future.



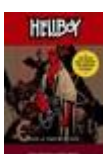
**Scott Pilgrim's Precious Little Life:** Scott Pilgrim's life is totally sweet. He's 23 years old, he's in a rock band, he's "between jobs," and he's dating a cute high school girl. Nothing could possibly go wrong, unless a seriously mind-blowing, dangerously fashionable, rollerblading delivery girl named Ramona Flowers starts cruising through his dreams and sailing by him at parties.



**Preacher:** One of the most celebrated comics titles of the late 1990s, PREACHER is a modern American epic of life, death, love and redemption also packed with sex, booze, blood and bullets - not to mention angels, demons, God, vampires and deviants of all stripes.



**Kingdom Come:** With a stunning new Alex Ross wraparound cover, this special limited edition shines a new light on one of the authentic classics of the graphic novel genre. *Kingdom Come* first burst onto the comics scene in 1996 and almost immediately galvanized fan appreciation with its tale of an emerging struggle between vaunted superheroes and a new breed of amoral, power-hungry vigilantes.



**Hellboy:** Hellboy is one of the most celebrated comics series in recent years. The ultimate artists' artist and a great storyteller whose work is in turns haunting, hilarious, and spellbinding, Mike Mignola has won numerous awards in the comics industry and beyond. When strangeness threatens to engulf the world, a strange man will come to save it.



**Superman: Red Son:** In this Elseworlds tale, a familiar rocketship crash-lands on Earth carrying an infant who will one day become the most powerful being on the planet. But his ship doesn't land in America. He is not raised in Smallville, Kansas. Instead, he makes his new home on a collective in the Soviet Union!



**Marvels 1602:** All's not well in the Marvel Universe in the year 1602 as strange storms are brewing and strange new powers are emerging! Spider-Man, the X-Men, Nick Fury, Dr. Strange, Daredevil, Dr. Doom, Black Widow, Captain America, and more appear in the waning days of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.



**30 Days of Night:** In a sleepy, secluded Alaska town called Barrow, the sun sets and doesn't rise for over thirty consecutive days and nights. From the darkness, across the frozen wasteland, an evil will come that will bring the residents of Barrow to their knees.



**Buffy the Vampire Slayer:** Since the destruction of the Hellmouth, the Slayers-newly legion-have gotten organized and are kicking some serious undead butt. But not everything's fun and firearms, as an old enemy reappears and Dawn experiences some serious growing pains.



**From Hell:** Having proved himself peerless in the arena of reinterpreting superheroes, Alan Moore turned his ever-incisive eye to the squalid, enigmatic world of Jack the Ripper and the Whitechapel murders of 1888.



**The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen:** In this amazingly imaginative tale, literary figures from throughout time and various bodies of work are brought together to face any and all threats to Britain.



**Sin City:** It's a lousy room in a lousy part of a lousy town. But Marv doesn't care. There's an angel in the room. She says her name is Goldie. A few hours later, Goldie's dead without a mark on her perfect body, and the cops are coming before anyone but Marv could know she's been killed. Somebody paid good money for this frame . . .



**Fables:** When a savage creature known only as the Adversary conquered the fabled lands of legends and fairy tales, all of the infamous inhabitants of folklore were forced into exile. Disguised among the normal citizens of modern-day New York, these magical characters have created their own peaceful and secret society within an exclusive luxury apartment building called Fabletown.



**The Sandman:** A wizard attempting to capture Death to bargain for eternal life traps her younger brother Dream instead. Fearful for his safety, the wizard kept him imprisoned in a glass bottle for decades. After his escape, Dream, also known as Morpheus, goes on a quest for his lost objects of power.



**Ghost World:** This quasi-autobiographical story (the name of one of the protagonists is famously an anagram of the author's name) follows the adventures of two teenage girls, Enid and Becky, two best friends facing the prospect of growing up, and more importantly, apart.



**DMZ:** Set in a near future where a second American civil war rages, a lone journalist is stranded in the middle of New York City, now a brutal no-man's-land. Mirroring current events, DMZ is an unforgiving look at what a 'war on terror' can do to a civilian population.



**Ex Machina:** Set in our modern-day real world, Ex Machina tells the story of civil engineer Mitchell Hundred, who becomes America's first living, breathing superhero after a strange accident gives him amazing powers. Eventually tiring of risking his life merely to help maintain the status quo, Mitchell retires from masked crime-fighting and runs for Mayor of New York City, winning by a landslide



**White Out:** You can't get any further down than the bottom of the world - Antarctica. Cold, desolate, nothing but ice and snow for miles and miles. Carrie Stetko is a U.S. Marshal, and she's made The Ice her home. In its vastness, she has found a place where she can forget her troubled past and feel at peace... Until someone commits a murder in her jurisdiction and that peace is shattered.

# Recipes

Lorna Crozier

---

At the dinner party the woman  
who intends to make love to my husband  
tries to give me a recipe.  
I have too many now, ones  
I've saved for years from magazines  
as if they're messages  
of love or wisdom  
that will teach me how to live.

They spill from drawers,  
from the pockets of my bathrobe,  
the pages of my books. Still  
she persists, reciting  
the ingredients: smoked salmon,  
a cup of cream, lemon,  
green onions, garlic, and basil.  
You'll love it, she says,  
and don't hold back -  
it's the spices  
that make all the difference.

Later when we're home  
exchanging stories about the party  
before we go to bed,  
he says her name out loud,  
three times  
in the course of conversation  
as if he likes the sound of it,  
as if he savours each creamy vowel,  
each piquant consonant on his tongue.

I am brushing my teeth.  
I pretend I haven't noticed.  
At least, I tell myself,  
I'll know if he's been with her -  
the smell of garlic  
where her fingers sweep across his belly  
just below the navel  
the oh so delicate taste of  
basil on his skin.

---

*Lorna Crozier (born 24 May 1948) is a Canadian poet and essayist. The prairies remain an essential landscape in her work. She now teaches at the University of Victoria, where she is the Chair for the Creative Writing program. Crozier lives in Saanichton, British Columbia with her partner, fellow poet Patrick Lane.*

# Happy Endings

Margaret Atwood

---

*Atwood's "Happy Endings" examines several thumbnail sketches of different marriages, all which achieve a traditional "happy ending." Atwood references both the mechanics of writing, most particularly plot, and the effects of gender stereotyping. Atwood also throws out a challenge to those writers who rely on the stereotypical characterization of men and women and to the reader who accepts such gender typing.*

---

*John and Mary meet.  
What happens next?  
If you want a happy ending, try A.*

## A.

John and Mary fall in love and get married. They both have worthwhile and remunerative jobs which they find stimulating and challenging. They buy a charming house. Real estate values go up. Eventually, when they can afford live-in help, they have two children, to whom they are devoted. The children turn out well. John and Mary have a stimulating and challenging sex life and worthwhile friends. They go on fun vacations together. They retire. They both have hobbies which they find stimulating and challenging. Eventually they die. This is the end of the story.

## B.

Mary falls in love with John but John doesn't fall in love with Mary. He merely uses her body for selfish pleasure and ego gratification of a tepid kind. He comes to her apartment twice a week and she cooks him dinner, you'll notice that he doesn't even consider her worth the price of a dinner out, and after he's eaten dinner he fucks her and after that he falls asleep, while she does the dishes so he won't think she's untidy, having all those dirty dishes lying around, and puts on fresh lipstick so she'll look good when he wakes up, but when he wakes up he doesn't even notice, he puts on his socks and his shorts and his pants and his shirt and his tie and his shoes, the reverse order from the one in which he took them off. He doesn't take off Mary's clothes, she takes them off herself, she acts as if she's dying for it every time, not because she likes sex exactly, she doesn't, but she wants John to think she does because if they do it often enough surely he'll get used to her, he'll come to depend on her and they will get married, but John goes out the door with hardly so much as a good-night and three days later he turns up at six o'clock and they do the whole thing over again.

Mary gets run-down. Crying is bad for your face, everyone knows that and so does Mary but she can't stop. People at work notice. Her friends tell her John is a rat, a pig, a dog, he isn't good enough for her, but she can't believe it. Inside John, she thinks, is another John, who is much nicer. This other John will emerge like a butterfly from a cocoon, a Jack from a box, a pit from a prune, if the first John is only squeezed enough.

One evening John complains about the food. He has never complained about her food before. Mary is hurt.

Her friends tell her they've seen him in a restaurant with another woman, whose name is Madge. It's not even Madge that finally gets to Mary: it's the restaurant. John has never taken Mary to a restaurant. Mary collects all the sleeping pills and aspirins she can find, and takes them and a half a bottle of sherry. You can see what kind of a woman she is by the fact that it's not even whiskey. She leaves a note for John. She hopes

he'll discover her and get her to the hospital in time and repent and then they can get married, but this fails to happen and she dies.

John marries Madge and everything continues as in A.

### C.

John, who is an older man, falls in love with Mary, and Mary, who is only twenty-two, feels sorry for him because he's worried about his hair falling out. She sleeps with him even though she's not in love with him. She met him at work. She's in love with someone called James, who is twenty-two also and not yet ready to settle down.

John on the contrary settled down long ago: this is what is bothering him. John has a steady, respectable job and is getting ahead in his field, but Mary isn't impressed by him, she's impressed by James, who has a motorcycle and a fabulous record collection. But James is often away on his motorcycle, being free. Freedom isn't the same for girls, so in the meantime Mary spends Thursday evenings with John. Thursdays are the only days John can get away.

John is married to a woman called Madge and they have two children, a charming house which they bought just before the real estate values went up, and hobbies which they find stimulating and challenging, when they have the time. John tells Mary how important she is to him, but of course he can't leave his wife because a commitment is a commitment. He goes on about this more than is necessary and Mary finds it boring, but older men can keep it up longer so on the whole she has a fairly good time.

One day James breezes in on his motorcycle with some top-grade California hybrid and James and Mary get higher than you'd believe possible and they climb into bed. Everything becomes very underwater, but along comes John, who has a key to Mary's apartment. He finds them stoned and entwined. He's hardly in any position to be jealous, considering Madge, but nevertheless he's overcome with despair. Finally he's middle-aged, in two years he'll be as bald as an egg and he can't stand it. He purchases a handgun, saying he needs it for target practice--this is the thin part of the plot, but it can be dealt with later--and shoots the two of them and himself.

Madge, after a suitable period of mourning, marries an understanding man called Fred and everything continues as in A, but under different names.

### D.

Fred and Madge have no problems. They get along exceptionally well and are good at working out any little difficulties that may arise. But their charming house is by the seashore and one day a giant tidal wave approaches. Real estate values go down. The rest of the story is about what caused the tidal wave and how they escape from it. They do, though thousands drown, but Fred and Madge are virtuous and grateful, and continue as in A.

### E.

Yes, but Fred has a bad heart. The rest of the story is about how kind and understanding they both are until Fred dies. Then Madge devotes herself to charity work until the end of A. If you like, it can be "Madge," "cancer," "guilty and confused," and "bird watching."

### F.

If you think this is all too bourgeois, make John a revolutionary and Mary a counterespionage agent and see how far that gets you. Remember, this is Canada. You'll still end up with A, though in between you may get a lustful brawling saga of passionate involvement, a chronicle of our times, sort of.

You'll have to face it, the endings are the same however you slice it. Don't be deluded by any other endings, they're all fake, either deliberately fake, with malicious intent to deceive, or just motivated by excessive optimism if not by downright sentimentality.

The only authentic ending is the one provided here:

*John and Mary die. John and Mary die. John and Mary die.*

So much for endings. Beginnings are always more fun. True connoisseurs, however, are known to favor the stretch in between, since it's the hardest to do anything with.

That's about all that can be said for plots, which anyway are just one thing after another, a what and a what and a what.

Now try How and Why.

---

*Margaret Eleanor Atwood (born November 18, 1939) is a Canadian author, poet, critic, essayist, feminist and social campaigner. While she may be best known for her work as a novelist, she is also an award winning poet, having published 15 books of poetry to date. She is among the most-honoured authors of fiction in recent history; she is a winner of the Arthur C. Clarke Award and Prince of Asturias award for Literature, has been shortlisted for the Booker Prize five times, winning once, and has been a finalist for the Governor General's Award seven times, winning twice.*

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## QUESTIONS FOR CRITICAL THINKING AND WRITING

### Experience

1. Describe your experience in reading "Happy Endings." Did it hold your interest? Were some sections more entertaining than others?

### Interpretation

2. How does the story, hold together? Consider plot, characters, tone, point of view, and theme.
3. What conclusions does the story seem to reach about "happy endings"? Evaluation
4. Do you consider "Happy Endings" a short story? Does "Happy Endings" tell us anything about the writing process?

### Connection

5. Compare Atwood's authorial intrusion and obvious manipulation of plot and content with other writers such as Luke in "The Prodigal Son" and Alexie in "Indian Education."



# The Time Around Scars

Michael Ondaatje

---

A girl whom I've not spoken to  
or shared coffee with for several years  
writes of an old scar.  
On her wrist it sleeps, smooth and white,  
the size of a leech.  
I gave it to her  
brandishing a new Italian penknife.  
Look, I said turning,  
and blood spat onto her shirt.

My wife has scars like spread raindrops  
on knees and ankles,  
she talks of broken greenhouse panes  
and yet, apart from imagining red feet,  
(a nymph out of Chagall)  
I bring little to that scene.  
We remember the time around scars,  
they freeze irrelevant emotions  
and divide us from present friends.  
I remember this girl's face,  
the widening rise of surprise.

And would she  
moving with lover or husband  
conceal or flaunt it,  
or keep it at her wrist  
a mysterious watch.  
And this scar I then remember  
is medallion of no emotion.

I would meet you now  
and I would wish this scar  
to have been given with  
all the love  
that never occurred between us.

---

*Philip Michael Ondaatje, (born 12 September 1943) is a Sri Lankan-born Canadian novelist and poet of Colombo Chetty and Burgher origin. He is perhaps best known for his Booker Prize-winning novel, The English Patient, which was adapted into an Academy-Award-winning film.*

# Finals

Steven Heighton

---

"Finals" is a story of a boxing match where the male protagonist – in the midst of fight – realizes that "(t)he world is carnivorous and there's no court of appeal."

---

Sevigne "the Machine" Torrins lost a close fight in April, but Hogeboom chose him as one of his boxers for the North Ontario high-school finals, at home in the Soo. It was his last month of school, for one thing. He won an easy bout in the light-middleweight quarters, then won his semi against a good fighter who had been battling a cold and fell apart in the third round, Sevigne scoring three points in the final minute to win. Or had the guy just wanted to avoid meeting Carmine LaStarza in the finals? Sevigne had not thought facing LaStarza would be an issue — no one expected him, Sevigne, to survive the semis. For the past year Hogeboom had been raving about LaStarza — a terrific prospect, he was bound for Detroit in the fall, they were giving him a tryout at the Kronk Gym.

Best not to be afraid of things, Sevigne's father once told him, what you fear most has a knack of finding its way to you. Good enough. But this makes it worse, having Torrins there in the front row waiting, swilling prominently from a zinc flask, Eddy and Sylvie and others of their gang trying not to stare but staring all right as Torrins stops Sevigne, on his way into the ring, to mumble advice — "Keep your chin tucked in and your hands up, boy, please" — the strong smell of rye on his breath not masking the brassy stink of fear.

Physically LaStarza is unremarkable — medium height and build, muscles undefined, the chest under his black fishnet singlet a bit sunken. What frightens is that long narrow lupine face, unshaven, the Roberto Duran look, his dense black stubble setting off pale eyes of Husky blue. What frightens is that cool ferocity — how he does not need to flex and preen and posture in his corner, only fix you with those terrible eyes. Hogeboom insists he be shaved, the stubble counts as intimidation, it's an amateur rule, but the ponytailed Ojibwa ref points at his watch, says the meet's running way late, forget it.

The bell unchains LaStarza who charges out of his corner meaning to end it fast, while Torrins starts yammering instructions from his seat as if the flurry of words itself might ward him off. "Work that jab, boy! Step right, step right!" Sevigne jack-knives over as LaStarza storms in, taking the first flurry on his shoulders and back and the top of his head, trying to hook LaStarza to the body. He lands one left to the belly with decent force and feels something he's never felt before: no give at all, no weakness: like punching the stump of an oak. LaStarza shoves him back and glides in snapping out beautiful jabs Sevigne can hear whizzing past his ducking head like fastballs and each in time with the man's grunting exhalations: *ooss ooss ooss*. Sevigne's own jab is his prize punch but LaStarza is a beat faster and steals the point every time. Doesn't feel like a jab when it lands, feels like a stiff right. "Letting your head come up, boy!" Torrins is yelling, slurring so that a deeper flush flames into Sevigne's face already red from the blows and bleeding now too, he feels and tastes the hot salt flux under his nostrils just as LaStarza tags him with a right lead, a slap in the face to any boxer, *I can land anything I want* it means, and *Shut up* Sevigne is thinking *Shut the fuck up, Dad*, and then his father yelling "If the bastard leads right again lay him out with a cross!" and Sevigne *Shut the fuck up Dad please* and his father "Nice hook there Sev but you're *mailing* it" and with a wave of rage Sevigne plants a jab full on LaStarza's nose, lucky, the blue-eyed boy *like yours* got careless *Dad* cocky, Sevigne feels the punch down to his toes and LaStarza's head lashes back, a silver cross spilling out from under his singlet, and sweet to see, all of it, the release of it, but now his father is hollering "**BRAVO! BRAVO, BOY!**" and peripherally Sevigne — backing off as LaStarza comes on firing furious triple, quadruple jabs — Sevigne sees Torrins has leapt to his feet with both hands raised as if he's in the ring. Maybe thinks he is. The crowd around him is frozen, numb. "Stop," Sevigne thinks aloud, tears welling,

"Jesus, stop," and LaStarza's wolfish eyes narrow, sharpen, *Thinks I mean him*. The ropes like an electric fence touch Sevigne's back, sending a jolt through him, and he ducks low and lands two, three good hooks to the steel hull of LaStarza's gut, useless, though the last one draws a grunt. "Bravo, more hooks boy! You're tiring him out. Like Clay with Foreman." Sure. Right. LaStarza lands a low hook to his temple and Sevigne, dazed, hooks high, misses but twists off the ropes firing short rapid jabs as he backs away. "Now stand your ground, boy!" Damn it. Fuck it. Like to see you in here. See you in here now. *You and me*.

The round is over faster than any he can recall and he's slumped on the stool in the corner, Hogeboom swabbing his face with a towel and massaging his shoulders with clammy palms. "You're holding your own, lad. I've never seen you fight so hard. Stay careful and you'll last the full three."

The referee is leaning over the ropes having words with Torrins, who has the dazed, wildly aggrieved air of a battered fighter being forced to stop against his will. "What the hell's your problem here, mister? I've always accorded respect to you people. I've got no animus there. This land was yours a hell of a long time before *we* ever . . ." For a moment Sevigne, watching with growing horror, forgets about LaStarza. Then the bell goes and his bowels refill with ice water, his knees are soggy as he stands and Hogeboom pats him on the rump, gently urging him out.

The second round is the first round over — Sevigne fighting gamely but being pushed around the ring by LaStarza, while his old man in the peanut gallery makes asses of them both. Fear for his son hasn't sobered him, the adrenaline is working in him like an extra shot of rye, a double, that one too many there's no going back from. From this. There's no going back from this. A sharp combination from LaStarza: Sevigne, drained and wobbling, takes a standing eight-count but his father's inane babble during the count refuels him and right afterwards he goes for LaStarza, throwing six crisp jabs in a row. Now for the first time he truly feels the animal come alive inside him. Towards the end of the round LaStarza is visibly frustrated, he's not used to going more than one, he's eager to put Sevigne away before the bell and it makes him sloppy so Sevigne lands a left hook, more a slap, to the side of his face, then a good straight right and LaStarza in a rage flails out wildly driving him back towards his corner as the bell chimes: LaStarza freezing with his right hand raised: wincing with the strain of not letting fly.

"Lad, that nose doesn't look too good."

"Don't throw it in on me, sir. Please, sir. I've got to finish this."

"Let's have a look at that eye."

Suddenly Torrins is there beside Hogeboom, his hand groping through the ropes for his son's shoulder. Sevigne will not turn to face him. Strong fingers dig painfully into his flesh.

"**BRAVO, BOY!** Looks fucking great in there, doesn't he, Leo?"

"Well, Sam," Hogeboom says gently.

"I'm getting *creamed* in there, Dad. Jesus."

"Turn this way, boy, let me see your face. That nose. Looks more like mine now, eh — less like Mart's. You ever meet Mart, Leo? My wife. Turn this way, boy! You take one in the ear or something?"

Sevigne sits stiffly, shoulders heaving, eyeing LaStarza.

"Thinks I'll worry for him," Torrins tells Hogeboom in a seismic whisper. Then with sudden force: "**THINKS I'VE NEVER SEEN A GODDAMN BLOODY NOSE ERE TODAY! WELL AS A MATTER OF EMPIRICAL FACT, BOY --- --**"

"Better have a seat, Sam, the bell's coming."

Torrins turning away, slumped and muttering. "Tolling's the word, Leo." Sevigne sees he's missed two of the back beltloops with his belt. "Amen."

In the last round when LaStarza finally corners him to open up with his full arsenal and Torrins, as if being hit himself, starts braying in a pained shuddery voice, Sevigne feels again that surge of nightmare disbelief that while the two of them are ringed by adults —the custodians of order, the good cops of childhood — and both are being beaten to a pulp, just boys, *nobody is going to do a thing to stop it*. So it seems to him now. Adults and their polite, safe civilization, it's all a lie, a promise he has clung to despite the evidence — in the end they will stand quietly watching, eyes rapt, as the lions lope from the forum pens. The world is carnivorous and there's no court of appeal. Exhausted, Sevigne keeps throwing weak hooks, just enough to keep the ref from calling the fight, while he absorbs LaStarza's slowing punches and his father's endless blow-by-blow. Then when he knows it can't go on a second longer, Hogeboom will towel the fight or the ref will step in, his father's voice surges louder, closer, my God he's approaching the ring, bellowing "That's it, I've had it, if you're looking for a fight you stubbly son of a bitch I'll give you one!" and Sevigne comes out of his tuck and hooks hard swinging free of LaStarza and planting himself in open ground. LaStarza lurches towards him, eyes coldly furious, while behind him like a coach or some bloated shadow, gripping the ropes with huge veined fists, looms Torrins. As Sevigne and LaStarza begin trading blows, four meet officials converge behind Torrins. LaStarza reaches inside with a right to the heart then a hook to the liver that doubles Sevigne over wheezing yet something pulls him back up punching feebly but *punching* and over LaStarza's shoulder his father being gently pulled, then tugged, then dragged off the ropes —"Leave me the fuck alone you sons of bitches you want to try me out try me one on one" —and every word is a blow to the chest far harder than LaStarza can land. The bell knifes through a haze of red beating sounds the smells of sweat and soaked leather the iron taste of blood, eyes scalded with sweat and blood, his father lost in the blur only his voice roaring on above the crowd which anyway is silent, deathly still, and over the referee's sharp warnings *Break it up now boys enough enough!* Sevigne and LaStarza toe to toe in the heart of the ring still swinging wildly.

In the change room cursing through swollen lips he pitched his bloody handwraps and shoes and mouthpiece into the trash barrel. Later, by the river under the bridge to the States, where he sat gazing up at the underbellies of cars, trucks, and Greyhounds whining over high spans while tears salted his cuts, he thought better of it; but when he went back to pick them out, they were gone.

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*Steven Heighton's first short-story collection, Flight Paths of the Emperor (Porcupine's Quill, 1992), was a Trillium Award—finalist, and his second collection, On earth as it is (Porcupine's Quill, 1995), was chosen by the Toronto Star as one of the best books of the year. Both recently appeared in Britain with Granta Books. He has also published three poetry collections, most recently the Governor General's Award—finalist The Ecstasy of Skeptics (Anansi, 1994), and a book of essays, The Admen Move on Lhasa: Writing and Culture in a Virtual World (Anansi, 1997). His first novel, The Shadow Boxer, from which "Finals" is excerpted, is forthcoming with Knopf Canada and Granta.*

# For E.J.P.<sup>1</sup>

Leonard Cohen

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I once believed a single line  
in a Chinese poem could change  
forever how blossoms fell  
and that the moon itself climbed on t  
the grief of concise weeping men  
to journey over cups of wine  
I thought invasions were begun for crows  
to pick at a skeleton  
dynasties sown and spent  
to serve the language of a fine lament  
I thought governors ended their lives  
as sweetly drunken monks  
telling time by rain and candles  
instructed by an insect's pilgrimage  
across the page — all this  
so one might send an exile's perfect letter  
to an ancient home-town friend

I chose a lonely country  
broke from love  
scorned the fraternity of war  
I polished my tongue against the pumice moon  
floated my soul in cherry wine  
a perfumed barge for Lords of Memory  
to languish on to drink to whisper out  
their store of strength  
as if beyond the mist along the shore  
their girls their power still obeyed  
like clocks wound for a thousand years  
I waited until my tongue was sore

Brown petals wind like fire around my poems  
I aimed them at the stars but  
like rainbows they were bent  
before they sawed the world in half  
Who can trace the canyoned paths  
cattle have carved out of time  
wandering from meadowlands to feasts  
Layer after layer of autumn leaves  
are swept away  
Something forgets us perfectly

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<sup>1</sup> E.J. Pratt: Renowned Canadian poet (1882-1964)

*Leonard Norman Cohen, (born 21 September 1934) is a Canadian singer-songwriter, musician, poet and novelist. Famously reclusive, his work often deals with the exploration of religion, isolation, sexuality and interpersonal relationships.*

# Burn Man on a Texas Porch

Mark Jarman

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*Mark Jarman's "Burn Man on a Texas Porch" is as close to poetry as prose gets in this anthology-or for that matter, in most books that aren't books of poetry. Savage, funny, sad, elliptical. Brilliant. Jarman seems to ponder the inherent desperation of seeking saviors when a badly burned man who believes "Skin is your cage," seeks comfort from an escort who dresses in "...a parody of a nurse's uniform."*

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*Men who are unhappy, like men who sleep badly, are always proud of the fact.*

*- Bertrand Russell*

*At fifty everyone has the face they deserve.*

*- George Orwell*

Propane slept in the tank and propane leaked while I slept, blew the camper door off and split the tin walls where they met like shy strangers kissing, blew the camper door like a safe and I sprang from sleep into my new life on my feet in front of a befuddled crowd, my new life on fire, waking to woosh and tourists' dull teenagers staring at bent form trotting noisily in the campground with flames living on my calves and flames gathering and glittering on my shoulders (Cool, the teens thinking secretly), smoke like nausea in my stomach and me brimming with Catholic guilt, thinking, Now I've done it, and then thinking, Done what? What have I done?

Slept during the day with my face dreaming on a sudoral pillow near the end of the century and now my blue eyes are on fire.

I'm okay, okay, will be fine except I'm hovering all the oxygen around me, and I'm burning like a circus poster, flames taking more and more of my shape - am I moving or are they? I am hooked into fire, I am hysterical light issuing beast noises in a world of smoke.

To run seems an answer. Wanting privacy, I run darkest dogbane and daisies and doom palms, hearing bagpipes and whistling in my head, my fat burning like red wax, fat in the fire now. Alone - I want to do this alone, get away from the others. I can't see, bounce off trees and parked cars, noise in my ears the whole time.

The other campers catch me and push me onto a tent the blue of a Chinese rug, try to smother me, but soon the tent is melting, merrily burning with me while everyone in the world throws picnic Kool-Aid and apple juice and Lucky Lager and Gatorade and ginger ale and ice cubes and ice water from the Styrofoam coolers. Tourists burn their hands trying to put me out, extinguish me.

My face feels like a million white hot rivets. I am yelling and writhing. One of my shoes burns by itself on the road.

Where does my skin end and the skin on their melted tourist tent begin?

At some point in this year of our lord, I began to refer to myself in the third person, as a double: Burn Man enters the Royal Jubilee burn unit, Burn Man enters the saline painful sea. Burn Man reads every word of the local rag despite its numerous failings, listens to MC5 on vinyl, listens to Johnny Cash's best-known ballad.

I am not dealing with this well, the doctors tell me. I am not noble. They carried me in the burnt blue tent, a litter borne from battle, from defeat on the fields of fire and disassembly lines and into three months

of shaking, bandaged pain. Your muscles go after you're burnt, but if you pump iron the skin grafts won't stretch over the larger muscle. Skin is your cage.

Once straight, now I'm crooked. I lack a landscape that is mine. A doctor shone a light at the blood vessels living in the back of my retina. I saw there a trickle-down Mars in a map of my own blood: twin red planets lodged in my skull.

As a nerdy kid in horn-rimmed glasses, I haunted libraries, reading about doomed convoys in WWII, Canadian sailors burnt in the North Atlantic or off icy Russia, Canadian sailors alive but charred by crude oil burning all around them after U-boats from sunny Bordeaux took down their tramp freighter or seasick corvette – circular scalp of sea on fire and flaming crude races, right at them, so eager, enters them, fricassees their lungs and face and hands, the burning ring of fire come to life on the Murmansk run.

I can't recall what happened when the burnt sailor moved back into the non-burnt world, crawled back home above Halifax's black snowy harbor or the somber river firs of Red Deer, the saltbox houses of Esquimalt.

No war here; no peace either. Only the burn ward's manic protracted nurses sliding on waxed floors and the occasional distracted doctor with a crew of rookies whipping back the curtain, the gown, jabbing me to see if I'm done like dinner. Sell the sizzle. Door blows off the rented camper, spinning under sulphur sun, and I too am sent out into red rented sunlight, your basic moaning comet charging through a brilliantly petalled universe.

I was on a holiday in the sun, a rest from work, from tree spikers and salmon wars, from the acting deputy minister on the cell phone fuming about river rights, water diversion, and the botched contract with Alcan. I was getting away from it all, resting my eyes, my brain.

I had left the cell phone sitting like a plastic banana on the middle of my wide, Spartan desk. I was working on my tan, had a little boat tied up dockside – plastic oars, 9 HP, runs on gas-and-oil-mix. I rested my skin on the sand-and-cigarette-butt beach. I lay down on a pillow in a tin camper. I caught fire, ran the dusty leaves and levees of our campground, alchemy and congress weighing on my mind.

Back home in my basement, a 1950s toy train circles track, its fricative steam locomotive emitting the only light in the room, swinging past where a slight woman in a parody of a nurse's uniform does something for Burn Man, for Burn Man is not burnt everywhere, still has some desires, and the woman doesn't have to touch anything else, doesn't have to see me, has almost no contact, has a verbal contract, an oral contract, say.

"Cindi: Yes, that's me in the photo!" avows the ad in the weekly paper.

Cindi can't really see me, except for the toy-train light from my perfect childhood, can't make out my grave jerry-built face. I can barely see her. She has short, dark hennaed hair that used to be another colour. I imagine her monochrome high-school photo. Dollars to doughnuts she had long hair parted in the middle, a plain face, a trace of acne. No one sensed then that Cindi would become an escort pulled out of the paper at random and lit by a moving toy train and red-and-yellow poppies waving at a big basement window – mumbling to me, I have these nightmares, every night these nightmares.

I explained my delicate situation on the phone – what I wanted, didn't want.

Good morning, Cindi, I said. Here's my story, you let me know what you think.

She coughed. Uh, I'm cool with that, she claimed.

So Cindi and I set up our first date.

My escort dresses as the nurse in white, her hands, her crisp uniform glowing in the rec room. All of us risk something, dress as something: ape, clown, worker, Cindi, citizen, cool with that.

Here's an ad I did not call: "FIRE & DESIRE, Sensuous Centre-fold Girls, HOT Fall Specials, \$150 per hour." I didn't call that number. I don't live in the metro area. I'm not one of the chosen.

Once, maybe, I was chosen, necking on the Hopper porch, that stunning lean of a Texas woman into my arms, my innocent face, our mouths one. Perfect height for each other and I am pulled to another doomed enterprise.

The iron train never stops, lights up my decent little town, its toy workers frozen in place with grim happy faces, light opening and closing them, workers with tin shovels, forklifts, painted faces. God gives you one face and you make yourselves another. My nurse is too thin. I like a little more flesh. I wish she'd change just for me.

My slight Nurse Wretched carries my cash carelessly and heads out to buy flaps of coke, or maybe today it's points of junk for twenty or thirty dollars (her version of the stock market). Scrutinizing different receptor sites to clamp onto, an alternative brand of orgasmic freeze and frisson, and she forgets about carrot juice and health food, and food, forgets about me, my eyes half-hooded like a grumpy cats, eyes unfocused and my mouth turned down and our shared need for death without death, for petit mal, tender mercies.

Cindi is out this moment seeking a pharmacy's foreign voice and amnesiac hands and who can blame her?

Some people from my old school (Be true to your school) fried themselves over years and tears, burned out over dissolute decades, creepy-crawling centuries.

Not me. Ten seconds and done, helter-skelter, hugger-mugger. Here's the new you handed to you in a campground like a platter of oysters. An "accelerant," as the firefighters enjoy saying, was used. Before, I could change, had nine lives. Now I have one. O, I am ill at these numbers.

In the hospital not far from the campground, I cracked jokes like delicate quail eggs: You can't fire me, I already quit. Then I quit cracking jokes. The skin grafts not what I had hoped for, didn't quite fit (Why then, we'll fit you). The surgeons made me look like a wharf rat, a malformed Missouri turtle, a post-mortem mummy. Years and doubt clinging to her, the nurse with the honed Andalusian face tried not to touch me too hard.

At first how positive I was! Eagerly I awaited the tray with the Jell-O and soup and fruit flies, the nurse with the determined Spanish face carrying it to my mechanical bed. I overheard her say to another nurse, No, he's not a bigot, he's a bigamist! Who? I wonder. Me? My aloof doctor? Does he have a life? If only we could duplicate the best parts and delete the rest. A complicated bed and her arms on a tray and her serious expression and unfucked-up skin and my hunger and love for a porch (I spied a fair maiden), for the latest version of my lunatic past.

I spill Swedish and Russian vodka into my morning coffee now (rocket fuel for Rocket Man) and, blue bubble helmet happily hiding my scarred face, fling my Burn Man motorcycle with the ape-hanger handlebars down the wet island highway, hoping for fractious friction and the thrill of metal fatigue, hoping to meet someone traumatic, a ring of fire. I re-jetted the carburetor on my bike, went to Supertrapp pipes – wanting more horses and torque, wanting the machine to scream.

Before I became Burn Man, the Texas woman kissed me at the bottom of her lit yellow stairs, porch dark as tar, dark as sky, and her cozy form fast leaning against me, disturbing the hidden powers, ersatz cowboys upstairs drinking long necks and blabbing over Gram Parsons and Emmylou (One like you should be I miles and miles away from me), impatient text waiting and waiting as we kissed. I had not expected her to kiss me, to teach me herself, her mouth and form, her warm image driven like a nail into my mind, her memory jammed on the loop of tape. (Such art of eyes I read in no books, my dark-star thoughts attending her day and night like a sacred priest with his relics.) In that instant I was changed.

Now I'm the clown outside Bed of Roses, the franchise flower shop beside the dentist's office on the road to Damascus, the road to Highway 61. On Saturdays I wave white gloves to passing cars – dark shark-like taxis, myopic headlights like yellow cataracts – and helium balloons with smiles faces bump my wrecked and now abandoned mouth. (Where have all the finned cars swum to?)



Pedestrians hate me, fear me; pedestrians edge past by the bus-stop bench where the sidewalk is too narrow; pedestrians avoid my eyes, my psychedelic fright-wig. I want to reassure them: "Hey, dudes, I'm not a mime. Different union."

Burn Man must have his face covered, bases covered. I'm different animals. In the winter nights I'm the mascot Mighty Moose for our junior hockey team down at Memorial Arena. You may recall TV heads and columnists frowning on my bloody fight with the other team's Raving Raven mascot. All the skaters were scrapping, Gary Glitter's "Rock & Roll Part One" booming on the sound system, and then both goalies started throwing haymakers. I thought the mascots should also duke it out – a sense of symmetry and loyalty. I banged at the Old World armor of that raven's narrow, serious face, snapped his head back. Hoofs were my advantage.

Later we went for a drink or three and laughed about our fight, Raven and Moose at a small bar table comparing notes and bloody abrasions, hoofs and talons around each other, shop talk at the gin bin.

"Don't fuck with me," rummy beard-jammers and balls-up bean-counters snarl at every bar on the island, as if they alone decide when they get fucked over. I could advise them on that. I didn't decide to have the camper blow to shrapnel with me curled inside like a ball-turret gunner.

They hunker down at the Commercial Hotel or Blue Peter Marina or Beehive Tap or Luna Lounge thinking they're deep, thinking one ugly room is the universe's centre because they're like there with flaming drinks by the lost highway, clouds hanging like clocks over the Japanese coal ships and the coast-guard chopper and across the water a distant town glittering the green colours of wine and traffic.

Like an idiot I sit and listen to their hyena patter, their thin sipping and brooding and laughing. Sometimes I'm still wearing my clown outfit while drinking my face off. Why take it off?

Friday night a man was kicked to death in this bar. In that instant, like me, he was changed, his memory jammed on a lip in a jar of wind, living the blues, dying.

At my front door a rhododendron sheds its scarlet balls one by one. A dark blue teacup sits on the rainy steps, looking beautiful and lonely, and there's a bird in the woods that sounds like a car trying to start.

One Sunday session a man lifted his golf shirt to show me his bowel-obstruction-surgery scar. His navel shoved four inches to the left. He didn't mind getting fucked over – in fact, he guffawed gruffly at his own wrecked gut. We're so pliant, I thought, prone to melt, to metal, to a change of heart, to lend our tongue vows.

I who loved the status quo. I'm different animals now. New careers in fire and oxygen, careening and hammering through the dolomite campground to fall on your tent, to fall on my sword. Flame created me with its sobering sound. Wake up, flame whispered in my ear like a lover, like a woman on a porch, like a muttering into cotton, a rush to action.

Here's a haiku I wrote in the hospital for the woman on the Hopper porch.

Lawyers haunt my phosphorus forest

I was bright paper burning in a glass gas-station ashtray

Owning old cars is like phoning the dead

I might have to count the syllables on that baby – I believe haikus follow some Red Chinese system. The Texas woman plays a gold-top guitar, never played for me, She sings in a band doing Gram and Emmylou's heartbreaking harmonies. You narrow the universe to one person, knowing you cannot, knowing there's a price for that.

I want to be handsome more than anything else now that it's impossible now that I'm impossibly unhandsome, and there is a certain hesitation to the nurse's step at my door, a gathering in of her courage, a white sun outside hitting her skin.

Before I caught fire in the campground I golfed with a smoke-eater from Oregon. Mopping up after a forest fire, he told me, he found a man in full scuba gear lying on the burnt forest floor. Crushed yellow tanks, mask, black wetsuit, the whole nine yards. At first he thought it was a UFO alien or something like that. Scuba guy was dead. Recently dead.

They couldn't figure out how he got there. Finally some genius decided he must have been diving somewhere and a water bomber scooped him right out of the ocean and dumped startled scuba man onto the forest fire.

The smoke-eater from Oregon on the golf course swore this was a true story, but then I'm in England, a little seaside cottage in ugly Essex, my Thatcherite uncle snoring. And what starts off this American cop show on the telly? A TV detective talking about this scuba diver found in a forest fire. Then a month later a neighbor I bumped into him on Vancouver Island near Central Lake by Port Alberni. Water bomber scooped the diver out of the big lake, not the ocean. Now I don't know what to believe. Everyone keeps telling me the same false true stories.

The toy train runs and Cindi shows me a photo of herself as a little girl in a little bathing suit at the beach (Yes, that's me in the photo!).

Cindi cries, points at the photo: Look. I look so happy! Once she was happy. How she has nightmares, Cindi lights a cigarette, says she wants to see real icebergs and lighthouses before she dies. Then she says, I dreamed the two of us travelled to Newfoundland together, and it was so nice and calm; not one of my nightmares. Cindi also dreamed I killed her. She says, When I die, no one will remember me, and tells me it must be her period coming on, makes her emotional. I decide mixed messages may be better than no messages at all, though I feel like the palace eunuch.

Cindi spends half her day looking for matches. Cindi struggles with her smoking, as if it takes great planning to get face to end of cigarettes. Cindi says, Nothing attracts police like one headlight. (Do you know why I pulled you over?)

At the end of the tavern by the rushing river, men said things to me in my clown suit, my eunuch suit, thinking they were funny. They were deep. The waitress knew me from my previous life, gave me red quarters for the jukebox. She trusted my taste, trusted me once at her apartment. She wore deliberately ugly plaid pants and her wise face looked just like the Statue of Liberty's. With the bar's red quarters I plugged honky-tonk and swing B-sides only. The B-sides rang out, sang their night code to me alone: Texas, kiss, lit stairs, a world changed.

The old boys in the Commercial Hotel had been drinking porch-climber, watered-down shots of hooch, emptying their pants pockets, their bristle heads.

We watched a man kicked directly to death. Strangely, it was an off-duty police officer who had stopped another officer for drinking and driving and refused to let him off. The drunk driver was suspended from the force, from his life. Then guess who bumps into who at the wrong bar?

The night alive with animals, the whole middle-class group taking some joy in the royal beating, displaying longing, bughouse excitement, wanting to get their feet in like mules kicking, believing it the right thing to do. He was struggling. I don't think they meant to kill the policeman with their feet, but it was a giddy murder, a toy in blood. They busted his ears and eyes and busted his ribs and arms and kidney and returned to their drinks, expecting him to resurrect himself of his own power with his swollen brain and internal bleeding. Then the ambulance attempting to dispense miracles, a syringe quivering into muscle. It was fast. I stood fast. I stood shaking in my suffocating clown suit and they returned to their drinks and sweaty hyena hollering, their "Don't fuck with me, Jack," their legions and lesions and lessons and their memories of twitching creations face down in the parking lots of our nation.

I can wait. Wait until they pass out, then punch a small hole in the drywall under the electrical panel and pour in kerosene, my accelerant du jour. I will run before the doors blow off.

Nothing happens, though, because I feel immediately moronic and melodramatic, dial 911 outside, and firefighters are on top of it lickety-split. The doors don't blow, their faces don't fry or turn to wax. I fly away on my rare Indian motorcycle with a trans-planted shovelhead engine and Screamin' Eagle calibration kit. No one new joins my Burn Man Club. Burn Man is alive and the unyielding moral policeman is dead, his family in dark glasses at the bright graveyard.

O, how our sun smiled on me, breezes blew softly in the dappled leaves over the low-rent beach and my head touching a cool pillow. I napped and the propane fire snapped my skin, remapped me. I twisted and travelled in beautiful lost towns and low registers of postmodern western wind from the sand hills of Saskatchewan.

I am a product of light, of hope.

I still have that shy desire for the right fire to twist me back just as easily to what was: to milky youth and a mysterious person falling towards me on a Texas porch with her tongue rearranging hope in my mouth. Under oak trees by the river the Texas woman put words in my mouth like a harmonica. Her temple fayre is built within my mind. Perhaps God will have mercy on me in my new exile.

The right fire. Doesn't that make sense?

Like the corny cartoons and television shows – amnesia victim loses memory from blow to the head, but a second blow makes it right, fixes it all right up, no matter what.

Instead I rise Saturday a.m. with TV cartoons, set up a supper-time date with Cindi, climb inside my mask and clown suit like a scuba diver, like Iago on Prozac. For what seems a fucking century, we wave white gloves at you (Drowning, not waving), wave at blind drivers passing Bed of Roses and the helium balloons – gorgeous ivory moons and red planets bump-bumping my skin, trying to enter the hide of Burn Man's teeming serious face, trying to push past something difficult and lewd.

Ours really is an amazing world. Tristan falls in love on a Hopper porch, but Isolde loses faith in a Safeway parking lot, Isolde takes the magic bell off the dog. And a famous scuba diver rockets like a lost dark god into smoking stants of Douglas fir, into black chimneys burning.

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*Mark Jarman is the author of nine books of poetry: North Sea (1978), The Rote Walker (1981), Far and Away (1985), The Black Riviera (1990), Iris (1992), Questions for Ecclesiastes (1997), Unholy Sonnets (2000), To the Green Man (2004), and Epistles (2007). He has also published two collections of his prose, The Secret of Poetry (2000) and Body and Soul: Essays on Poetry (2001). Jarman is an elector of the American Poets' Corner at the Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine in New York City. His awards include a Joseph Henry Jackson Award for his poetry, grants from the National Endowment for the Arts in poetry, and a John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation fellowship in poetry. His book The Black Riviera won the 1991 Poets' Prize. Questions for Ecclesiastes won the 1998 Lenore Marshall Poetry prize from the Academy of American Poets and The Nation magazine. He is Centennial Professor of English at Vanderbilt University.*

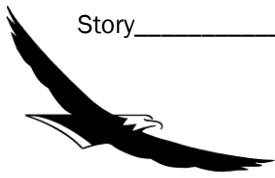
Name	Subject/Class
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Topic	Date
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Connections	Notes

Summary
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## FOUNDATION WRITING WITH SHORT STORIES

Using short stories to practice effective paragraph/mini-essay writing with quotations

**Overview:** When writing a literary response (where you’ve read a story, play, novel, essay, or online journal, and have been asked to write a paragraph or essay), you can follow various formulas to help you write more effectively.

**Process:** After you have read a story you can take *two approaches to develop a thesis* (the statement that you declare that you are going to prove through your writing).

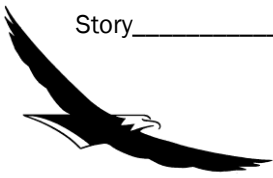
**Option 1: Question & Answer Approach:** Answer each of the following questions.

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Who are the characters?</li> </ul>	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• What’s their problem?</li> </ul>	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• How do they solve it?</li> </ul>	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• What does that say about people? (Thesis Idea)</li> </ul>	<h1 style="margin: 0;">THESIS IDEA</h1>

**Option 2: Topic & Theme Approach:** Circle any topics that are a primary focus in the story

- |                  |                     |                    |                  |                  |
|------------------|---------------------|--------------------|------------------|------------------|
| Abandonment      | Ethics              | Identity           | Nationalism      | Science &        |
| Alienation       | Experience          | Illness            | Nature           | Technology       |
| Ambition         | Fall from Grace     | Individual &       | Oppression       | Sex & Sensuality |
| American Dream   | Family              | Nature             | Parenthood       | Social Class     |
| Birth/ Childhood | Fate                | Individual &       | People relations | Spirituality     |
| Coming of Age    | Freedom             | Society            | Pride            | Stages of Life   |
| Commoditization  | Futility            | Individual & God   | Race             | Success          |
| Commercialism    | Gender              | Innocence          | Regret           | Suffering        |
| Commerce         | Grief               | Isolation          | Rejection        | Survival         |
| Community        | Growth & Initiation | Journey & Struggle | Religion         | Time             |
| Cruelty          | Guilt               | Justice            | Responsibility   | Tradition        |
| Death            | Heroism             | Love & Friendship  | Revenge          | Violence         |
| Education        | Hope                | Memory             | Sacrifice        | Work             |

<p>Pick the one topic you are most interested in, and how is this topic shown in the story and what does that say about people? (Thesis Idea)</p>	<h1 style="margin: 0;">THESIS IDEA</h1>
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## FOUNDATION WRITING WITH SHORT STORIES

Using short stories to practice effective paragraph/mini-essay writing with quotations

**Thesis Creation:** Using your thesis idea, create a single statement that clearly explains what you intend to prove in your essay (your *thesis statement* is usually connected to a theme statement)

# THESIS STATEMENT

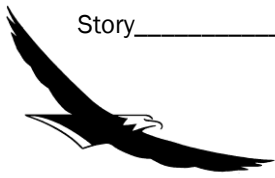
**Now Prove It:** Using your source material, provide 2-3 excellent quotes that help prove your thesis.

Quotation	How does this quote prove your thesis? (Proof Statement)
	<b>PROOF STATEMENT</b>
	<b>PROOF STATEMENT</b>
	<b>PROOF STATEMENT</b>

**Now Write it:** Using your thesis and quotations, write your response with an introductory sentence, your thesis, supporting body, and a conclusion. Remember that you should be incorporating quotations and following these guidelines.

1. The reader should only hear one voice, which is that of the writer only (YOU!)
2. Avoid introducing quotations with “He said/She said” or “In this quotation...”.
3. Take only the segment of the sentence that you need; you do not need to take the whole sentence.
4. If you need to make changes for the sake of grammar, verb tense, or clarification of noun/speaker, mark these with [ ].
5. Remember always to indicate the significance of the quote within the same sentence or directly afterwards.

Incorrect	Correct
In <u>Ashes for the Wind</u> , Juan is under a great deal of stress. On page 17, Simon Arevalo says, “You’d better clear out.”	In “Ashes for the Wind” Juan is under a great deal of stress when the son of Simon Arevalo instructs him to “clear out” or else face the consequences from the authorities (17).
The sheriff informs the mayor about Juan. He says, “We had no choice, the fool locked the door.” (page 17)	The sheriff informs the mayor that they “had no choice” to break into the house as “[Juan had] locked the door” (17).



## FOUNDATION WRITING WITH SHORT STORIES

Using short stories to practice effective paragraph/mini-essay writing with quotations

**Overview:** When writing a literary response (where you’ve read a story, play, novel, essay, or online journal, and have been asked to write a paragraph or essay), you can follow various formulas to help you write more effectively.

**Process:** After you have read a story you can take *two approaches to develop a thesis* (the statement that you declare that you are going to prove through your writing).

**Option 1: Question & Answer Approach:** Answer each of the following questions.

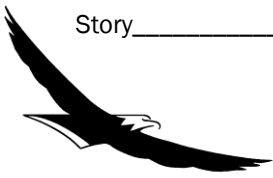
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Who are the characters?</li> </ul>	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• What’s their problem?</li> </ul>	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• How do they solve it?</li> </ul>	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• What does that say about people? (Thesis Idea)</li> </ul>	<h1 style="margin: 0;">THESIS IDEA</h1>

**Option 2: Topic & Theme Approach:** Circle any topics that are a primary focus in the story

- |                  |                     |                    |                  |                  |
|------------------|---------------------|--------------------|------------------|------------------|
| Abandonment      | Ethics              | Identity           | Nationalism      | Science &        |
| Alienation       | Experience          | Illness            | Nature           | Technology       |
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| Birth/ Childhood | Fate                | Individual &       | People relations | Spirituality     |
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| Commercialism    | Gender              | Innocence          | Regret           | Suffering        |
| Commerce         | Grief               | Isolation          | Rejection        | Survival         |
| Community        | Growth & Initiation | Journey & Struggle | Religion         | Time             |
| Cruelty          | Guilt               | Justice            | Responsibility   | Tradition        |
| Death            | Heroism             | Love & Friendship  | Revenge          | Violence         |
| Education        | Hope                | Memory             | Sacrifice        | Work             |

<p>Pick the one topic you are most interested in, and how is this topic shown in the story and what does that say about people? (Thesis Idea)</p>	<h1 style="margin: 0;">THESIS IDEA</h1>
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## FOUNDATION WRITING WITH SHORT STORIES

Using short stories to practice effective paragraph/mini-essay writing with quotations

**Thesis Creation:** Using your thesis idea, create a single statement that clearly explains what you intend to prove in your essay (your *thesis statement* is usually connected to a theme statement)

### THESIS STATEMENT

**Now Prove It:** Using your source material, provide 2-3 excellent quotes that help prove your thesis.

Quotation	How does this quote prove your thesis? (Proof Statement)
	<b>PROOF STATEMENT</b>
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