**A. SHORT STORIES:**

1. **The Queen’s Journey**

A young Queen was given a special present from a great wizard. It was a magic chest which would bring happiness to the whole kingdom whenever it was opened in a place where there was a spirit of generosity.

The Queen travelled all over her kingdom, looking for the most generous people. When she had collected them all, she opened the magic chest. However, nothing whatsoever happened.

That was, until one day when, returning to her castle, the Queen saw a poor little boy begging. The Queen would have given the boy some money, but she didn't have any with her. So the boy asked her if she could give him the old chest she had, so he could sell it for a little money, in town. At first the Queen hesitated, because she had been told the chest was magic. But on seeing how poor the boy was, she gave it to him. The boy took the chest and opened it.

Immediately, all the most wonderful things one could imagine started flying out of the chest, accompanied by the sound of singing: "Why look for it in others? Goodness always starts in yourself", went the song.

And as well as enjoying all the wonders of the magic chest, the Queen learned to set an example in virtue, and she became the best Queen ever to reign over that kingdom.

**2. The Incredible Black Rain**

Gus Grumplings was never happy with anything. He had lots of friends, and parents who loved him dearly, but all Gus could think about was what he didn't have, or things he did have which he was unhappy with. If someone gave him a car, it would be too big or too slow. If he went to the zoo, he'd come back disappointed because they hadn't let him feed the lions. If he played football with his friends, he would complain, saying there were too many of them for just one ball...

What caught Gus unawares was Chuckles the prankster cloud. One day, Chuckles was drifting past, and heard all of Gus's complaining. Chuckles wafted over to see. When the cloud was right above Gus, he started dropping heavy black rain on him. That was Chuckles' favourite trick to play on grumpy little kids.

Gus wasn't at all impressed by this new development; it just made him complain even more. He was even angrier after he realised that the cloud was following him.
Well, this carried on for almost a week. Gus couldn't get away from the cloud, and he got more and more infuriated.

Gus had a little friend, a happy and generous girl called Gladys. Gladys was the only one who had been willing to hang around with Gus during all those black, rainy days. All the other children had run off to avoid getting soaked and ending up completely black.
One day, when Gus was at the end of his tether, she said to him: "Cheer up! What you should realise is that you're the only one of us who has his very own cloud, and even better, its rain is black! We could play some fun games with a cloud like this, don't you reckon?" As Gladys was his only company these days, and he didn't want her to leave as the others had, Gus reluctantly agreed.

Gladys took him to the swimming pool, and left him there until all the pool water was black. Then she went and got other kids. They came and played in the pool. The water being black meant they could play hide and seek! Grudgingly, Gus had to admit it had been a lot of fun, but what was even more fun was playing Wet the Cat.

Gus would find cats and run alongside them. When the cats felt themselves getting wet they would jump about in the craziest way, and run off at top speed, with funny looks on their faces. Before long, all the children in town had gathered around Gus, thinking up new games they could play using the cloud.

For the first time ever, Gus started to see the positive side of things; even things which, at first, had seemed so bad. Chuckles, the prankster cloud, thought that he could now leave; his work had been done. But, before leaving, he gave Gus two days of multicoloured rain, with which the children invented the most fun games ever.

When Chuckles finally left, Gus didn't complain. Now he knew to focus on the good in life, and the good thing about Chuckles' departure was that no longer was Gus soaking wet all day. Now he could go and do dry things, and that's exactly what he did.

**3. The Evil Goblins**

There was a gang of evil goblins who lived in a forest. They spent a lot of their time making fun of a poor old man who could now hardly move, see, or hear. They showed no respect for his age.

The situation became so extreme that the Great Wizard decided to teach the goblins a lesson. He cast a spell, and from that moment, every insult they directed at the old man made the old man better, but had the opposite effect on the goblin who was doing the insulting. Of course, the goblins knew nothing about what was happening. The more they called the man an "old fool", the younger and sharper of mind he became, while the goblin who had shouted at him aged rapidly, and became a little more foolish.

As time went on, those evil goblins were becoming terribly old, ugly, stupid, and clumsy... without even realising it. Finally, the Great Wizard allowed the goblins to see themselves, and, terrified, they saw that they had turned into the disgusting creatures we now know as trolls.

They had been so busy picking on the old man, that it had made them incapable of noticing that their own acts were turning them into monsters. And when they finally realised what they had done, it was too late.

**4. The Tree and the Vegetables**

There was a lovely vegetable patch, on which grew a very leafy tree. Both the patch and the tree gave the place a wonderful appearance, and were the pride and joy of the garden's owner. What no one knew was that the vegetables in the patch and the tree couldn't stand each other. The vegetables hated the tree's shadow, because it left them only just enough light to survive. The tree, on the other hand, resented the vegetables because they drank nearly all the water before it could get to him, leaving him with just enough to survive.

The situation became so extreme that the vegetables got totally fed up and decided to use up all the water in the ground so that the tree would dry up. The tree answered back by refusing to shade the vegetables from the hot midday sun, so they too began to dry up. Before long, the vegetables were really scrawny, and the tree's branches were drying up.

None of them suspected that the gardener, on seeing his vegetable patch deteriorating, would stop watering it. When he did that, both the tree and the vegetables really learned what thirst was. There seemed to be no solution, but one of the vegetables, a small courgette, understood what was going on, and decided to resolve it. Despite the little water available, and the unforgiving heat, the little courgette did all he could to grow, grow, grow...

He managed to grow so big that the gardener started watering the patch again. Now the gardener wanted to enter that beautiful big courgette in some gardening contest.

And so it was that the vegetables and the tree realised that it was better to help each other than to fight. They should really learn how to live in harmony with those around them, doing the best they could. So they decided to work together, using both the shade and the water in the best combination to grow good vegetables. Seeing how well they were doing, the gardener now gave the best of care to his vegetable patch, watering and fertilising it better than any other patch for miles around.

**5. Lola the Whale**

Lola the Whale was big - very big - , and lonely - very lonely. For years she had wanted nothing to do with anyone, and she had become sadder and sadder. Whenever anyone tried to get close to her and cheer her up, Lola would move off.

Many thought that she was the most unpleasant whale in the world, and they started ignoring her. They did so, despite the fact that old Turga, a hundred year-old sea turtle, told them that Lola had always been a good, kind whale.

One day, Dido, a young dolphin, heard the whole story, and decided to secretly follow the whale. She found out that Lola behaved very strangely. The whale would beat her mouth against the rocks, endanger herself by swimming between the biggest waves and the coast, and go to the seafloor and eat sand. No one knew it, but Lola had terribly bad breath because a little fish had got trapped in a corner of her mouth. This problem embarrassed Lola so much that she didn't dare to speak to anyone. When Dido realised this, she offered to help, but Lola didn't want to bother her with her bad breath. Nor did she want anyone to find out.

"I don't want them to think I have bad breath," said Lola.

"Is that why you've spent so much time away from everyone?" answered Dido, unable to believe it. "They don't think you've got bad breath, they think you're unpleasant, boring, and ungrateful, and that you hate everyone. Do you think that's better?”

Lola realised that her pride - her exaggerated shyness, and not letting anyone help - had created an even greater problem. Full of regret, she asked Dido to remove the remains of the fish in her mouth.

When this was done, Lola began speaking to everyone again. However, she had to make a big effort to be accepted again by her friends. Lola decided that never again would she fail to ask for help when she really needed it.

***6.* The Sailboat**

A young man once dreamt of owning his own sailboat. He would daydream of traveling around the world, with a small crew and visiting different ports along the way. Finally, after years of hard work, and sacrifice, the man was able to buy a beautiful boat. He showed his friends and family his new pride and joy and asked those close to him to be his crew. He loved the attention, the freedom and the pride of his accomplishment. He kept the boat well maintained. Actually, he took better care of it than himself. Over the years, folks started to associate him with this boat. So much so they began to refer to him as, "The Guy with the Boat." Some remembered him before the boat. However, they didn't care who he was as long as they were able to sail freely with him and take full advantage of his hospitality. The young man thought that life could be worse. I'm happy and my friends and family are happy and that's all that matters. Eventually, he became known as "The Wonderful Guy with the Boat". The man with it all!

Years quickly past and both man and boat began to weather with age. In his heart of hearts he sadly realized that the boat wasn't as seaworthy as it used to be and that trying to keep it maintained in the fashion he had come accustom was becoming tedious work. Both small and large tasks were overwhelming and extremely time consuming. And as the boat began to deteriorate, most of his maintenance went unnoticed. Ironically, he had just purchased a new lifeboat a few months before. He decided to set sail for one final voyage . . . this time he sailed alone! He thought he would visit a new and exciting port. He set course to an exotic island. A place he would remember for the rest of his life. He sailed for days and finally he could see the vague outline of the island on the horizon. As he got closer, he noticed his boat started to take on water. Just a little bit at first then much more. The more he pumped and bailed, the more water the boat took on. He was too far from the island to continue sailing and too attached to his boat to admit it was no long seaworthy and sinking. He was so close to his beautiful island and unable to reach it in the boat he had meticulously maintained and treasured for so many years. He was dangerously alone.

As his boat continued to sink he sat at the helm and reminisced about his maiden voyage, his past adventures and reflected on his lost dream. Being the dedicated captain and committed man that he was, he knew no other way but to go down with his boat. After all, what would my family and friends think? Abandoning my boat would be a dishonor. To have anyone think I'm a failure would be a fate worse that my impending fate. And, a commitment is a commitment no matter how grave the consequences. He thought, it's what any good man would do, right? So he cut loose the lifeboat and went down with his treasured old boat with no one around to acknowledge his bravery, selflessness and generosity. As man and boat disappeared beneath the surface, the lifeboat remained afloat, eventually drifting to shore of his exotic island where his true friends had gathered to thank him for all of his years of generosity, sacrifice and love. As for his fair-weather friends they never asked of his whereabouts and went on with their lives.

7. **The Gift Of The Magi**

The story opens with $1.87. That's all Della Dillingham Young has to buy a present for her beloved husband, Jim. And the next day is Christmas. Faced with such a situation, Della promptly bursts into tears on the couch, which gives the narrator the opportunity to tell us a bit more about the situation of Jim and Della. The short of it is they live in a shabby flat and they're poor. But they love each other.

Once Della's recovered herself, she goes to a mirror to let down her hair and examine it. Della's beautiful, brown, knee-length hair is one of the two great treasures of the poor couple. The other is Jim's gold watch. Her hair examined, Della puts it back up, sheds a tear, and bundles up to head out into the cold. She leaves the flat and walks to Madame Sofronie's hair goods shop, where she sells her hair for twenty bucks. Now she has $21.87 cents.

With her new funds, Della is able to find Jim the perfect present: an elegant platinum watch chain for his watch. It's $21, and she buys it. Excited by her gift, Della returns home and tries to make her now-short hair presentable (with a curling iron). She's not convinced Jim will approve, but she did what she had to do to get him a good present. When she finishes with her hair, she gets to work preparing coffee and dinner.

Jim arrives at 7pm to find Della waiting by the door and stares fixedly at her, not able to understand that Della's hair is gone. Della can't understand quite what his reaction means.

After a little while, Jim snaps out of it and gives Della her present, explaining that his reaction will make sense when she opens it. Della opens it and cries out in joy, only to burst into tears immediately afterward. Jim has given her the set of fancy combs she's wanted for ages, only now she has no hair for them. Jim nurses Della out of her sobs. Once she's recovered she gives Jim his present, holding out the watch chain. Jim smiles, falling back on the couch. He sold his watch to buy Della's combs, he explains. He recommends they put away their presents and have dinner. As they do so, the narrator brings the story to a close by pronouncing that Della and Jim are the wisest of everyone who gives gifts. They are the magi.

**8. The Wooden Bowl**

A frail old man went to live with his son, daughter-in-law, and a four-year old grandson. The old man's hands trembled, his eyesight was blurred, and his step faltered. The family ate together nightly at the dinner table. But the elderly grandfather's shaky hands and failing sight made eating rather difficult. Peas rolled off his spoon onto the floor. When he grasped the glass often milk spilled on the tablecloth. The son and daughter-in-law became irritated with the mess. "We must do something about grandfather," said the son. I've had enough of his spilled milk, noisy eating, and food on the floor. So the husband and wife set a small table in the corner. There, grandfather ate alone while the rest of the family enjoyed dinner at the dinner table. Since grandfather had broken a dish or two, his food was served in a wooden bowl. Sometimes when the family glanced in grandfather's direction, he had a tear in his eye as he ate alone. Still, the only words the couple had for him were sharp admonitions when he dropped a fork or spilled food. The four-year-old watched it all in silence.

One evening before supper, the father noticed his son playing with wood scraps on the floor. He asked the child sweetly, "What are you making?" Just as sweetly, the boy responded, "Oh, I am making a little bowl for you and mama to eat your food from when I grow up." The four-year-old smiled and went back to work. The words so struck the parents that they were speechless. Then tears started to stream down their cheeks. Though no word was spoken, both knew what must be done. That evening the husband took grandfather's hand and gently led him back to the family table.

For the remainder of his days he ate every meal with the family. And for some reason, neither husband nor wife seemed to care any longer when a fork was dropped, milk spilled, or the tablecloth soiled. Children are remarkably perceptive. Their eyes ever observe, their ears ever listen, and their minds ever process the messages they absorb. If they see us patiently provide a happy home atmosphere for family members, they will imitate that attitude for the rest of their lives. The wise parent realizes that every day that building blocks are being laid for the child's future.

Let us all be wise builders and role models. Take care of yourself, ... and those you love, ... today, and everyday!

**B. Legend**

**1. The Makahiya**

Once there lived a rich couple, Mang Dondong and Aling Iska who had a twelve-year-old daughter named Maria. Being dutiful, obedient and kind, Maria was loved by everyone. But shyness was one of her distinct feature, due to which she avoided interacting with people and used to lock herself in her room. Maria had a beautiful flower garden, which was well known all over the town. She took care of her plants tenderly and patiently, as the plants were her source of happiness and enjoyment.

One day a group of bandits raided the village and killed every man they found for money. When Mang Dondong noticed the arrival of the bandits, fearing his daughter's safety, he decided to hide Maria in the garden. Aling hid herself in the house. She trembled with fear and prayed " Oh my God! Save my daughter ". Then suddenly the door opened and the bandits entered the house. They hit Mang Dondong on the head, due to which he lost consciousness and fell on the ground. Aling tried to escape but was also hit by them on the head. The bandits pillaged the house and took away the money and jewelry. The bandits left the house to plunder some other village.

When Mang and Aling regained consciousness they ran to the garden to look for Maria but she was not there. They searched again and again but Maria could not be found. Then suddenly something picked Mang's feet and he saw a tiny plant closing its leaves. Both Mang and Aling knelt at their knees and took a closer look at the plant. After looking at the plant for a long time, they came to know that the plant was there daughter Maria. Indeed, to save her from the bandits, God transformed her into a plant. Aling wept uncontrollably, and to their surprise, every tear got transformed into a small and rosy flower of the new plant that they found in the garden.

After that, Mang and Aling tended the plant with immense care, as they knew that in reality the plant was their child Maria. The plant was as shy as Maria, so they named it 'Makahiya', which in Tagalog means shyness.

**2. The Quails, A Legend of the Jataka**

Ages ago a flock of more than a thousand quails lived together in a forest in India. They would have been happy, but that they were in great dread of their enemy, the quail-catcher. He used to imitate the call of the quail - and when they gathered together in answer to it, he would throw a great net over them, stuff them into his basket, and carry them away to be sold.

Now, one of the quails was very wise, and he said,

"Brothers! I've thought of a good plan. In future, as soon as the fowler throws his net over us, let each one put his head through a mesh in the net and then all lift it up together and fly away with it. When we have flown far enough, we can let the net drop on a thorn bush and escape from under it."

All agreed to the plan - and next day when the fowler threw his net, the birds all lifted it together in the very way that the wise quail had told them, threw it on a thorn bush and escaped. While the fowler tried to free his net from the thorns, it grew dark, and he had to go home.

This happened many days, till at last the fowler's wife grew angry and asked her husband,

"Why is it that you never catch any more quail?"

Then the fowler said, "The trouble is that all the birds work together and help one another. If they would only quarrel, I could catch them fast enough."

A few days later, one of the quails accidentally trod on the head of one of his brothers, as they alighted on the feeding-ground.

"Who trod on my head?" angrily inquired the quail who was hurt.

"Don't be angry, I didn't mean to tread on you," said the first quail.

But the brother quail went on quarreling.

"I lifted all the weight of the net - you didn't help at all," he cried.

That made the first quail angry, and before long all were drawn into the dispute. Then the fowler saw his chance. He imitated the cry of the quail and cast his net over those who came together. They were still boasting and quarreling, and they did not help one another lift the net. So the hunter lifted the net himself and crammed them into his basket. But the wise quail gathered his friends together and flew far away, for he knew that quarrels are the root of misfortune.

**3. Legend of the Dama de Noche**

Many years ago, there was a rich maharlika or nobleman, who spent his early bachelor days wining and dining in the company of nobility. He drank the finest wines, ate the most delicious food and enjoyed the company of the beautiful and bejeweled women of the noble class. After spending this kind of life for many years, he decided to settle down and get married to a woman of his choice. "But whom to marry?" he asked himself, "All the women I know are gorgeous and charming, but I am tired of the glitter of their jewels and the mellowness of their clothes!". Finally, he found himself a simple charming girl whose name was Dama.

They got married and lived happily. She loved and pampered him with the most delectable dishes and kept his home and clothes in order. But soon he got bored and began to long for his friend's company. He looked at his wife and thought, she is not beautiful, doesn't have the air of nobility and wisdom in her. And so, he returned to his world of glitter and pleasure. He started to spend his evenings sitting around with his friends, drinking and talking till the next morning.

Seeing this, Dama felt that she was losing her husband. She wept and prayed, "Oh God! Help me. Give me a magic charm that would make my husband come home again and would never leave my side, forever!". At midnight he came home, opened the door of their bedroom and called for Dama to tell her to prepare his nightclothes. He shouted all around the bedroom and searched the whole house. But could not find his wife. Finally he returned to their bedroom, and when he opened the door, he stopped. A sweet and fragrant scent that he had never smelled before drifted to him. He went straight to the window from where it seemed to be coming. He was amazed to see a strange bush growing outside his window. The bush had thousands of tiny star-like white flowers, from which the heavenly and enchanting scent was coming.

He stood there, completely enthralled by the glorious smell. "Dama..." he whispered softly, wondering, could this be Dama? The noble man sat by the window and waited for his loving simple wife to return. But she did not come back, only the fragrance of the flowers stayed with him, casting a spell over his entire life.

In the moonlight, Dama of the night, or Dama de Noche would be in full bloom, capturing the rich maharlika and making him never want to leave her side, forever.

**4. The Legend of Maria Makiling**

**Once upon a time, a diwata lived in a mountain of Laguna. She was called Maria Makiling. She has light olive skin, long shining black hair and twinkling eyes. She was breathtakingly beautiful. Maria was always about helping other people. One time, the children of a farmer got sick. When he went to Maria to seek help, he was given a bilao full of ginger. The farmer sadly went home carrying the bilao of ginger. When he reached his hut, he was greatly surprised: the ginger had turned to gold! Because of Maria's kindness, the townsfolk had grown to love her.**

**Maria was a great beauty. She was sought for and wooed by many suitors. Three of them were very much determined to have her. One is Captain Lara, a Spanish soldier who always brought her gifts from Europe. The other is Joselito, a Spanish mestizo who was studying in Manila . Every time Joselito visits Maria, he had many stories to tell her about foreign countries and the things that he had read in books. He dreamed of going to Spain. He didn't like to live in the Philippines. Of the three, it was Juan who is the most industrious. He is a common farmer. But he is so hard working, and his fruits and vegetable grew fat and juicy. He also had many pet animals and birds. But if truth be told, it was Juan who Maria secretly admired. As time passed, her suitors became more and more impatient and demanded that Maria tell them who she loves. So the diwata was forced to promise: "By the night of the full moon, I will tell you my answer."**

**When the night of the full moon arrived, all of her suitors climbed up the mountain to know her decision. All was startled when Maria told them that it was Juan whom she loved. The suitors went away feeling dejected. On the other hand, Joselito and Captain Lara were very much angry with Juan. They thought of a plan against him.**

**One day, all was surprised when a huge fire devoured the cuartel of the Spanish. Because of the fire, Captain Lara ordered many Filipinos to be captured. Secretly, Joselito helped him. Juan was among those who they imprisoned and tortured.**

**Many prisoners did not last long from the tortures the Spanish had inflicted upon them. One night, Captain Lara and Joselito secretly spoke with the prisoners. The next day, Juan was blamed for the burning of the Spanish cuartel. "I did not do it!" cried Juan. But the prisoners pointed at him because Captain Lara and Joselito frightened them.**

**The soldiers brought Juan to the plaza. In front of hundreds of people, Juan was shot as the enemy of the Spaniards. He was killed even though he didn't commit any wrongdoing. But before he died, he managed to shout out loud Maria's name. It was heard by the diwata so she quickly went down her mountain.**

**But Juan was already dead when Maria arrived. Tears falling down her face, she embraced tightly his lifeless body. Afterwards, she faced the crowd. "Why did you not take care of him?" she shouted. Meanwhile, Captain Lara and Joselito fled to Manila because they were afraid of Maria. When she learned of this, she cursed the two. She also cursed those men who cannot accept failure in love. Soon, the curse took effect. Joselito suddenly became ill. There was no cure for his illness.**

**Captain Lara, on the other hand, was called back to Laguna when the Filipinos revolted against the abuse that the Spaniards had inflicted upon them. The revolution quickly spread to many parts of the Philippines. The revolutionary Filipinos killed Captain Lara.**

**From then on, Maria never let herself be seen by the people. Every time somebody got lost on the mountain, they remember the curse of the diwata. They remember the great love of Maria Makiling.**

**5. The Legend of Sampaguita**

A legend goes that once there were two lovers who vowed to be faithful and loyal to each other forever. The woman was so stunning and graceful. Her red lips and rosy cheeks matched her beautiful eyes. Many men of her age were dying to win her heart.

Equally attractive was the man of her dreams. He was also industrious and kind. It was not a wonder that many women were charmed whenever they get near him.

One night during a full moon, the two lovers made a pledge about their love for each other beneath a sturdy tree. “If you only know how much I love you that to even think of being separated from you almost take my breath away,” the woman said with teary eyes. “I would rather die than to be away from you. Always remember, I will never leave you,” the man promised as he wiped her tears.

“I’ll take your word for that,” the young woman said happily as she held the hands of her lover. Suddenly, she let go of his hands. “What if you find someone more lovely than me and fall in love with her,” the young woman persisted. “Surely you will leave me.”

“If only to assure you of my fidelity, here take this dagger,” the man said as he gave a sharp dagger to the woman. “If I break my promise to you, you have my permission to stab me with this.”

With trembling hands, the woman took the dagger and said to herself, “This dagger is meant for me. If you love any woman aside from me, I shall kill myself with this.”

Just then, the man thought of proving their love for each other. Using the dagger, they carved the words, “Sumpa kita” on the trunk of the tree. Somehow, the man’s promise of faithfulness had assuaged the beautiful woman. Although she kept the dagger in a secret place, she almost forgot about it since her lover did his best to win her trust. They would always be seen together by the villagers that their folks were just awaiting for a wedding announcement.

Unfortunately though, fate seemed to be cruel to the maiden. One morning, she came to know that his lover had eloped with another woman whom he married soon.

Since then, the abandoned woman would be seen seated beneath the tree, which was their meeting place. She seemed to be waiting for her lover. Day in and day out, she wept and grieved bitterly. She could not believe how her lover could afford to leave her to take another woman.

“This is too much for me to take,” she thought to herself. “But even if you have been unfaithful to me, I shall keep my promise.” Immediately after saying those words, she took the dagger from its hiding place and went to their usual meeting place. Then she looked at the trunk of the tree where their promise for each other was engraved.

“Sumpa kita!” she shouted as she thrusts the dagger hardly towards her breast. Instantly, the poor woman died. Her sorrowful parents buried her in the same spot. After a few weeks, a small plant emerged from that place. It bore small fragrant white flowers that caught the attention of the passers-by. The maiden’s parents thought it was their daughter, who came back to life in a form of a plant. The village folks called the plant, “Sumpa Kita.” Before long, it became sampaguita.

**C. FABLE:**

**1. The Grasshopper and the Ants**

In a field one summer's day a grasshopper was hopping about, chirping and singing to its heart's content. A group of ants walked by, grunting as they struggled to carry plump kernels of corn.

"Where are you going with those heavy things?" asked the grasshopper.

Without stopping, the first ant replied, "To our ant hill. This is the third kernel I've delivered today."

"Why not come and sing with me," teased the grasshopper, "instead of working so hard?"

"We are helping to store food for the winter," said the ant, "and think you should do the same."

"Winter is far away and it is a glorious day to play," sang the grasshopper.

But the ants went on their way and continued their hard work.

The weather soon turned cold. All the food lying in the field was covered with a thick white blanket of snow that even the grasshopper could not dig through. Soon the grasshopper found itself dying of hunger.

He staggered to the ants' hill and saw them handing out corn from the stores they had collected in the summer. He begged them for something to eat.

"What!" cried the ants in surprise, "haven't you stored anything away for the winter? What in the world were you doing all last summer?"

"I didn't have time to store any food," complained the grasshopper; "I was so busy playing music that before I knew it the summer was gone."

The ants shook their heads in disgust, turned their backs on the grasshopper and went on with their work.

**2. The Brave Little Tortoise and the Monster**

Once upon a time, there was a tortoise on a ship, and the ship sank. Some time later the tortoise made it to a desert land surrounded by water on all sides except for one. The landward side led up to a big, steep, craggy mountain. To avoid starving to death, the tortoise decided to climb to the top of the mountain, hoping that he would be able to cross to the other side.

When he got to the snow-covered summit he was freezing cold, and then a blizzard started. He just managed to make out a small pathway leading down the other side of the mountain. But the path was guarded by a big monster that wouldn't stop shouting.

"Uuh uuh uuh!"

Such a sight and sound almost killed the tortoise with fright, and all he wanted to do was hide his head inside his shell. But, looking around him, he saw that many other animals were lying frozen to death, and with looks of horror on their faces. So the tortoise didn't go into his shell.

He summoned up all his courage to move down the path towards the monster. The closer the tortoise got, the more the monster changed its shape. Then, when he was almost upon it, the tortoise realised that what he had thought was a monster, was only a great pile of rocks, which formed a shape just like a monster. As for the "Uuh uuh uuh", the tortoise realised this was just the sound of the wind blowing through a small cave.

The tortoise carried on, and eventually descended into a beautiful valley, filled with woods, and plenty of food. The tortoise lived very happily here, and became known everywhere as the Brave Little Tortoise.

**3. The Poor Bunny's Magic Present**

Once upon a time there was a place where animals were suffering greatly from drought and hunger. A very poor bunny was walking sadly through the fields when, all of a sudden, a wizard appeared in front of him. The wizard offered the bunny a bag filled with little bouquets of flowers.

"They are magical, and they're even more magical if you know how to use them properly", said the wizard. The bunny was dying of hunger, but he decided not to eat the bouquets. He wanted to put them to good use.

On his way home, the bunny met a very old and very poor sheep who could hardly walk any more. "Can you spare me something?" asked the sheep. The bunny had nothing except his bouquets, and since they were magical, he was reluctant to give them to the sheep. But he remembered how his parents had always taught him to share everything; so he pulled a bouquet out of the bag and gave it to the sheep. As soon as he did this, the bunch shone with a thousand colours. Magic was at work.

The bunny continued on his way, feeling both happy and a bit annoyed. He had given away one of the bouquets, but at the same time it was obvious that the sheep needed it more than he did. As he continued his journey, the very same thing happened to the bunny when he met a blind duck and then a lame cockerel. When the bunny arrived home, he had only one magical bouquet left. He told his parents all about what had happened with the wizard, and his parents were very proud of the bunny's behaviour. He was about to pull out the final bouquet, when his little brother arrived home, crying with hunger. The bunny gave his brother the magical bouquet.

At that moment, with a great rumble of thunder, the wizard appeared again. He asked the bunny "Where are the magical bouquets I gave you? What have you done with them?" The bunny was frightened and he started to apologise. But the wizard interrupted, saying "Didn't I tell you that if you used them well they'd be even more magical? Well, go outside and see what you've done!"

The bunny went out, shaking. And what he saw was that, thanks to the way he had used his magical bouquets, for as far as the eye could see the whole countryside had turned into wonderful, green farmland. Farmland with enough water and food to feed all the animals!

And the bunny felt very happy that he had acted as he had, and that the magic of his generosity would bring happiness to everyone.

**4. The Tortoise and the Hare**

A hare one day made himself merry over the slow pace of the tortoise, vainly boasting of his own great speed in running.

The tortoise smiled at the hare and replied, "Let us try a race. We shall run from here to the pond and the fox out yonder shall be the judge."

The hare agreed and away they started together. True to his boasting the hare was out of sight in a moment.

The tortoise jogged along with a slow, steady pace, straight towards end of the course. Full of sport, the hare first outran the tortoise, then intentionally fell behind chuckling at the tortoise all the while.

Having come nearly to the goal, the hare began to nibble at the young plants. After a while, the day being warm, he lay down for a nap, saying: "The tortoise is behind me now. If he should go by, I can easily enough catch up."

When the hare awoke, the tortoise was not in sight. Running as fast as he could, the hare found the fox congratulating the tortoise at the finish line.

**5. The Greedy Cat**

On a farm, in a big red barn, there lived a fat cat and a skinny bird. The cat was known for being puffy and mean, while the bird was nice and fair to his friends.

One day the cat and the bird were talking about food. This made the cat hungry so he asked the bird if he would go get him something to eat and something to drink.

The bird was happy to bring the cat what he wanted.

Seeing how much the cat enjoyed the food, the bird asked if he could have some too. To his surprise, the cat said no because he wanted it all to himself.

The next day, the cat asked the bird if he would get him some food and drink again. This time, remembering that the cat did not share the day before, the bird politely said no and walked away.

**D. Tale**

**1. The Clever Weaver**

ONCE the king of a far country was sitting on his throne, listening to the complaints of his people, and judging between them. That morning there had been fewer cases than usual to deal with, and the king was about to rise and go into his gardens, when a sudden stir was heard outside, and his prime minister came in and asked if he would receive the ambassador of a powerful emperor who lived in the east and was greatly feared by the neighbouring sovereigns. The king was as afraid of the emperor as the rest, and they let in the envoy at once.

A banquet was speedily prepared. The king settled himself again on his throne and wondered what the envoy had to say. The envoy said nothing. He went up to the throne where the king was waiting for him and stooping down, traced a black circle on the floor with a rod. Then he sat down on a nearby seat and took no further notice of anyone there.

The king and his courtiers were mystified and enraged at the envoy's odd conduct, but now that he sat as calm and still as an image, it was plain that they would get no explanation from him. The ministers were hastily summoned, but not one of them could tell why that had happened. This made the king's anger grow, and he told them that unless they could find someone capable of solving the mystery before sunset, he would have them all hanged.

The ministers knew the king's word was to be trusted. Now they quickly mapped out the city into districts, so that they might visit house by house, and ask all who lived there if they could understand what the ambassador had meant by what he did. Most of them only got a puzzled stare.

But one of them entered an empty cottage where a swing was swinging of itself, so he began to think it might be worth while to see who owned it. He opened a door to another room, and there he found a second swing, swinging gently like the first, and from the window he beheld a patch of corn, and a willow which kept on moving without any wind blowing, just to frighten away sparrows. His curiosity grew, and he went down the stairs and found himself in a large light workshop where a weaver sat at his loom. But all the weaver did was to guide his threads, for the machine that he had invented to move the swings and the willow pole, made the loom work.

The minister sighed with relief when he saw the great wheel in the corner and had guessed the use of it: If the weaver could not guess the riddle, he might at least put the minister on the right track. So the minister told the story of the circle, and also told that a nice reward waited the one who could explain it.

"Come with me at once," he said. "The sun is low and there is no time to lose."

The weaver stood thinking for a moment and then walked across to a window. Outside it was a hen-coop with two knuckle-bones lying beside it. These he picked up, and taking the hen from the coop, he tucked it under his arm.

"I'm as ready as can be," he answered, turning to the minister.

In the hall the king still sat on his throne and the envoy on his seat. Giving signs to the minister to remain where he was, the weaver went up to the envoy and placed the knuckle-bones on the floor beside him. For answer, the envoy took a handful of millet seed out of his pocket and scattered it round. At this the weaver set down the hen, who ate it up in a moment. That made the envoy rise and leave without a word.

As soon as the envoy had left the hall, the king beckoned to the weaver.

"You alone seem to have guessed the riddle," said he, "and you will be handsomely rewarded. But tell me, what did it mean?"

"The meaning, king," replied the weaver, "is this:

The circle drawn by the envoy round your throne is the message of the emperor, and signifies, "If I send an army and surround your capital, will you lay down your arms?" The knuckle-bones which I placed before him told him, "You are but children compared to us. Toys like these are the only playthings you are fit for." The millet that he scattered was an emblem of the number of soldiers that his master can bring into the field; but by the hen which ate up the seed he understood that one of our men could destroy a host of theirs."

"I don't think the emperor will declare war," he added.

"You have saved me and my honour," said the king, "and wealth and glory shall be heaped on you. Name your reward, and you shall have it, even up to the half of my kingdom."

"All I ask is the small farm outside the city gates as a marriage portion for my daughter, sir," said the weaver, and it was all he would accept. "But please remember that weavers also are of value, and sometimes as clever as ministers, if not more so."

**2. The Heart of a Monkey**

Fairy tale A LONG time ago a little town of low huts stood in a tiny green valley at the foot of a cliff. The houses were out of reach of the highest tide which might be driven on shore by a west wind.

On the edge of the town was a pretty, looming tree. Half of its boughs hung over the huts and the other half over the deep sea right under the cliff, where big fishes came and splashed in the clear water. The branches of the tree were laden with fruit, and every day at sunrise a big grey monkey might be seen sitting in the topmost branches having his breakfast, and chattering to himself with delight.

After he had eaten all the fruit on the town side of the tree the monkey swung himself along the branches to the part which hung over the water. While he was looking out for a nice shady place where he might perch comfortably, he noticed a shark watching him from below with greedy eyes.

"Can I do anything for you?" asked the monkey politely.

"Oh! if you only would thrown me down some of those delicious things, I should be so grateful," answered the shark. "After you have lived on fish for fifty years you begin to feel you would like a change."

"Well, if you will open your mouth I will throw this beautiful juicy kuyu into it." As the monkey spoke, he pulled one off the branch just over his head and threw it down. The second time he hit and the fruit fell right in.

"Good!" cried the shark. "Another, please."

And the monkey grew tired of picking the kuyu long before the shark was tired of eating them.

"It is getting late, and I must be going home to my children," he said, at length, "but if you are here at the same time tomorrow I will give you another treat."

"Thank you," said the shark, showing all his great teeth as he grinned with delight; "you can't guess how happy you have made me," and he swam away into the shadows.

For weeks the monkey and the shark breakfasted together. They became fast friends, and told each other about their homes and families. By and by the monkey grew a bit discontented with his green house in a grove of palms beyond the town, and longed to see the strange things under the sea. The shark noted this clearly, and described greater and greater marvels till one day he said:

"All your kindness to me ... I have nothing to offer you at this place, but if you would only say yes to come home with me, I should give you anything you desire."

"Ah, good," cried the monkey. "How could I get there? Not by water. Ugh! I don't like to get wet."

"Don't let that trouble you," replied the shark, "on my back not a drop of water may touch you."

They agreed to go after breakfast next morning. The shark swam close up under the tree and the monkey dropped neatly on his back without any splash. After a few minutes the monkey began to enjoy himself a lot, and asked the shark a thousand questions.

The sun had risen and set twice when the shark suddenly said,

"Oh dear, here we are halfway. I think it is time to tell you something."

"What is it?" asked the monkey. "Nothing unpleasant, I hope, for you sound rather grave?"

"Oh, no! Shortly before we left I heard that the sultan of my country is very ill, and that the only thing to cure him is a monkey's heart."

"I am very sorry for him," replied the monkey. "What a pity you did not tell me while I was still on land. Then I would have brought my heart with me."

"Isn't your heart here?" said the shark, with a puzzled look.

"Oh, no, sir! When we monkeys leave home we always hang up our hearts on trees, in this way they won't get troublesome."

The monkey lied in such a calm, indifferent way that the shark began to wish he had not been in such a hurry.

"We had better turn back to the town, and then you can fetch it." he said.

"Well, it is such a long way; but you may be right," said the clever monkey.

"I am sure I am," answered the shark, and in another two days they caught sight of the kuyu tree hanging over the water.

With a sigh of relief the monkey caught hold of the nearest branch and swung himself up.

"Wait for me here," he called out to the shark. He went into the branches so that the shark could not see him, and lay down to have a nap.

"Are you there?" called the shark again and again, and in a sulky voice. Finally it woke up the monkey and he replied,

"I am here, but I wish you had not wakened me up now."

"What about fetching your heart? You CAN'T have forgotten!"

"Oh dear," said the monkey with a chuckle, "Did you really think anyone would say yes to giving up his heart? Far from it." And the monkey disappeared among the gem-green branches, and was gone.

**3. Ali Baba**

Ali Baba and his elder brother [Cassim](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cassim) are the sons of a [merchant](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Merchant). After the death of their father, the greedy Cassim marries a wealthy woman and becomes well-to-do, building on their father's business—but Ali Baba marries a poor woman and settles into the trade of a [woodcutter](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Woodcutter).

One day Ali Baba is at work collecting and cutting firewood in the forest, and he happens to overhear a group of [forty thieves](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Forty_thieves) visiting their treasure store. The treasure is in a cave, the mouth of which is sealed by magic. It opens on the words "iftaH ya simsim" (commonly written as "Open Sesame" in English), and seals itself on the words "Close, Simsim" ("Close Sesame"). When the [thieves](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thieves) are gone, Ali Baba enters the cave himself, and takes some of the [treasure](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Treasure) home.

Ali Baba borrows his sister-in-law's [scales](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Scales) to weigh this new wealth of gold coins. Unbeknownst to Ali, she puts a blob of wax in the scales to find out what Ali is using them for, as she is curious to know what kind of grain her impoverished brother-in-law needs to measure. To her shock, she finds a gold coin sticking to the scales and tells her husband, Ali Baba's rich and greedy brother, Cassim. Under pressure from his brother, Ali Baba is forced to reveal the secret of the cave. Cassim goes to the cave and enters with the magic words, but in his greed and excitement over the treasures forgets the magic words to get back out again. The thieves find him there, and kill him. When his brother does not come back, Ali Baba goes to the cave to look for him, and finds the body, [quartered](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Quartered) and with each piece displayed just inside the entrance of the cave to discourage any similar attempts in the future.

Ali Baba brings the body home, where he entrusts [Morgiana](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_One_Thousand_and_One_Nights_characters#Morgiana), a clever slave-girl in Cassim's household, with the task of making others believe that Cassim has died a natural death. First, Morgiana purchases medicines from an apothecary, telling him that Cassim is gravely ill. Then, she finds an old tailor known as Baba Mustafa whom she pays, blindfolds, and leads to Cassim's house. There, overnight, the tailor stitches the pieces of Cassim's body back together, so that no one will be suspicious. Ali and his family are able to give Cassim a proper burial without anyone asking awkward questions.

The thieves, finding the body gone, realize that yet another person must know their secret, and set out to track him down. One of the thieves goes down to the town and comes across Baba Mustafa, who mentions that he has just sewn a dead man's body back together. Realizing that the dead man must have been the thieves' victim, the thief asks Baba Mustafa to lead the way to the house where the deed was performed. The tailor is blindfolded again, and in this state he is able to retrace his steps and find the house. The thief marks the door with a symbol. The plan is for the other thieves to come back that night and kill everyone in the house. However, the thief has been seen by Morgiana and she, loyal to her master, foils his plan by marking all the houses in the neighborhood with a similar marking. When the 40 thieves return that night, they cannot identify the correct house and the head thief kills the lesser thief. The next day, another thief revisits Baba Mustafa and tries again, only this time, a chunk is chipped out of the stone step at Ali Baba's front door. Again Morgiana foils the plan by making similar chips in all the other doorsteps. The second thief is killed for his stupidity as well. At last, the head thief goes and looks for himself. This time, he memorizes every detail he can of the exterior of Ali Baba's house.

The chief of the thieves pretends to be an oil merchant in need of Ali Baba's hospitality, bringing with him mules loaded with thirty-eight oil jars, one filled with oil, the other thirty-seven hiding the other remaining thieves. Once Ali Baba is asleep, the thieves plan to kill him. Again, Morgiana discovers and foils the plan, killing the thirty-seven thieves in their oil jars by pouring boiling oil on them. When their leader comes to rouse his men, he discovers that they are dead, and escapes.

To exact revenge, after some time the thief establishes himself as a merchant, befriends Ali Baba's son (who is now in charge of the late Cassim's business), and is invited to dinner at Ali Baba's house. The thief is recognized by Morgiana, who performs a dance with a dagger for the diners and plunges it into the heart of the thief when he is off his guard. Ali Baba is at first angry with Morgiana, but when he finds out the thief tried to kill him, he gives Morgiana her freedom and marries her to his son. Ali Baba is then left as the only one knowing the secret of the treasure in the cave and how to access it. Thus, the story ends happily for everyone except the forty thieves and Cassim.

**4. The Greedy Cloud**

Once upon a time lived on a cloud that was grown up over a very beautiful country. One day, she saw another much bigger cloud and she felt so much envy, than the cloud decided that in order to get bigger and grow more, her water would never abandon her, and will never start raining again.
Indeed, the cloud grew up, while his country was getting dried. First, rivers dried up, then people, animals, plants, and finally, the whole country became a desert. The cloud did not care much, but she also did not realize that by being over a desert there was no place where she could obtain new water to keep growing. So slowly, the cloud began to lose size, and was unable to do anything to stop it .

The cloud then realized her mistake, and that her greed and selfishness were the cause of her vanishing; but just before evaporating, when she was just a sigh of cotton, there started blowing a gentle breeze. The cloud was so small and weighed so little that the wind took her far away, to a faraway beautiful country, where once again she recovered her original size.

Having learned this lesson, our cloud remained small and modest, but she became so generous when raining, that her new country became even greener, giving away to all people there the most beautiful rainbow in the world.

**5. The King of the Birds**

One day the birds took it into their heads that they would like a master, and that one of their number must be chosen king. A meeting of all the birds was called, and on a beautiful May morning they assembled from woods and fields and meadows. The eagle, the robin, the bluebird, the owl, the lark, the sparrow were all there. The cuckoo came, and the lapwing, and so did all the other birds, too numerous to mention. There also came a very little bird that had no name at all.

There was great confusion and noise. There was piping, hissing, chattering and clacking, and finally it was decided that the bird that could fly the highest should be king.

The signal was given and all the birds flew in a great flock into the air. There was a loud rustling and whirring and beating of wings. The air was full of dust, and it seemed as if a black cloud were floating over the field.

The little birds soon grew tired and fell back quickly to earth. The larger ones held out longer, and flew higher and higher, but the eagle flew highest of any. He rose, and rose, until he seemed to be flying straight into the sun.

The other birds gave out and one by one they fell back to earth - and when the eagle saw this he thought, "What is the use of flying any higher? It is settled - I am king!"

Then the birds below called in one voice, "Come back, come back! You must be our king! No one can fly as high as you."

"Except me!" cried a shrill, shrill voice, and the little bird without a name rose from the eagle's back, where he had lain hidden in the feathers, and he flew into the air. Higher and higher he mounted till he was lost to sight, then, folding his wings together, he sank to earth crying shrilly, "I am king! I am king!"

"You, our king!" the birds cried in anger. "you have done this by trickery and cunning. We will not have you to reign over us."

Then the birds gathered together again and made another condition, that he should be king who could go the deepest into the earth.

How the goose wallowed in the sand, and the duck strove to dig a hole! All the other birds, too, tried to hide themselves in the ground. The little bird without a name found a mouse's hole, and creeping in cried -

"I am king! I am king!"

"You, our king!" all the birds cried again, more angrily than before. "Do you think that we would reward your cunning in this way? No, no! You shall stay in the earth till you die of hunger!"

So they shut up the little bird in the mouse's hole, and bade the owl watch him carefully night and day. Then all the birds went home to bed, for they were very tired - but the owl found it lonely and wearisome sitting alone staring at the mouse's hole.

"I can close one eye and watch with the other," he thought. So he closed one eye and stared steadfastly with the other - but before he knew it he forgot to keep that one open, and both eyes were fast asleep.

Then the little bird without a name peeped out, and when he saw Master Owl's two eyes tight shut, he slipped from the hole and flew away.

From this time on the owl has not dared to show himself by day lest the birds should pull him to pieces. He flies about only at night-time, hating and pursuing the mouse for having made the hole into which the little bird crept.

And the little bird also keeps out of sight, for he fears lest the other birds should punish him for his cunning. He hides in the hedges, and when he thinks himself quite safe, he sings out, "I am king! I am king!"

And the other birds in mockery call out, "Yes, yes, the hedge-king! the hedge-king!"

**6. The Turtle and His Bride**

Fairy tale THERE was once a turtle who lived among people near a large river. There were also other turtles there, and this turtle was kind and pleasant to them all, but felt rather lonely. Therefore he built himself a hut and made it as comfortable as any hut around, and when it was quite finished he went out looking for a wife.

It took him some time to make up his mind, but one sunny day he found a girl who looked prettier and more industrious than the rest, and said:

"Will you marry me?"

The young woman was startled. She dropped the beaded slipper she was making, and stared at the turtle. But she was kind-hearted and polite, and therefore she looked as grave as she could when she answered:

"How will you provide for a family? How can we keep up with the rest?"

"I can keep up with the best of them," replied the turtle, tossing his head and making the girl agree also.

"You'll have to wait, though," she said; "I must make a whole lot of slippers and dresses first, as I shall not have much time afterwards."

This didn't please the turtle. He took out his displeasure:

"I shall go to war and take some captives. Then, when I return I expect you are ready to marry me."

He went back to his hut. The first thing he did was to call all his relations together, and ask them if they would come with him and make war on the people of a neighbouring village. The others agreed at once, and next day they left the camp. The girl was standing at the door of her hut as they passed, and laughed out loud because they moved so slowly.

The leader turtle cried out:

"In four days from now you'll be weeping instead of laughing, because there will be hundreds of miles between you and me."

"In four days you'll hardly be out of sight," said the girl.

The army marched on. One day they found a large tree lying across their path. They looked at it for a long while, and the oldest among them put their heads together to see what was to be done.

"Getting past by the top would take us years," one of them exclaimed.

"We could go round by the bottom," said another.

"That would amount to about the same. No, the only way I can think of, is to burn a large hole in the trunk," said a third. This they did, but the trunk was very thick, and would not burn through.

"It's no use, we must give it up," they agreed at last. "After all, nobody need ever know!" And so the whole company turned homewards again.

They were tired and footsore with their journey and began to sing a good war-song. The villagers heard it, and came flocking to see what was happening. Then the leader turtle hurried and seized his betrothed from among them. No one could stop him as he seized her by the wrist.

"Come with me," he said.

Everybody got angry at this behaviour, but the turtles were too strong. Then the girl said,

"You broke your promise. You said you would be back soon, and it is more than a year since you went! I have married since then."

The turtle got angry at this and drew his knife.

"Look here, if she won't be my wife, she shan't be the wife of anyone else. I'll cut her in two; and a man shall have one half, and I the other."

"But half a woman is no use to me," answered a man who was wed to the girl by then. "If you want her so much you had better take her."

And the turtle carried her off to his own hut.

The woman saw she would gain nothing by being sulky, so she pretended to be happy while she was trying to find a way to get rid of the turtle. At last she remembered that one of her friends had a large iron pot. She ran over to her and brought it back. Then she filled it with water and hung it over the fire to boil.

"What are you doing there?" asked the turtle when he came in through the door, for he was always afraid of things that he didn't understand.

"Just warming some water. Do you know how to float and swim?"

"Yes, of course. But does it matter to you?" said the turtle, very suspiciously.

"Well, after your long journey you might like to wash. And I could rub your shell for you.

"Well, I am rather muddy, and I should certainly be more comfortable if my back was washed."

The woman didn't wait. She caught him up by his shell and popped him straight into the pot. The boiling water killed him in a thrice and he sank to the bottom. The other turtles felt it was their duty as soldiers to follow him. They sprang into the pot and there they died too.

**E. NOVEL**

**1. Noli Me Tangere**

Having completed his studies in Europe, young Juan Crisostomo Ibarra comes back to his motherland after a 7-year absence. In his honor, Capitan Tiago (Don Santiago de los Santos) throws a get-together party, which is attended by Fray Damaso, Fray Sibyla, Lieutenant Guevarra, Doña Victorina, and other prominent figures. In an unfortunate incident, Fray Damaso, former curate of San Diego, belittles and slanders the young man. But the ever-gracious and diplomatic Ibarra brushes off the insult and takes no offense, instead politely excusing himself and leaving the party because of an allegedly important task. Ibarra has a sweetheart by the name of Maria Clara, an extraordinarily beautiful lady. She is known as the daughter of Capitan Tiyago, an affluent resident of Binundo. The day after the humbling party, he goes to see Maria Clara. Their long-standing love for each other is clearly manifested in this meeting, and Maria Clara cannot help but reread the letters her sweetheart had written her before he went to Europe. Before Ibarra left for San Diego, Lieutenant Guevarra (a Guardia Civil), reveals to him the incidents preceding the death of his father Don Rafael. Don Rafael was a rich haciendero of the town.

According to the Lieutenant, Don Rafael was unjustly accused of being a heretic, in addition to being a filibuster--an allegation brought forth by Fray Damaso because of Don Rafael's non-participation in confession and Mass rites. Fray Damaso's animosity against Ibarra's father is aggravated by another incident. Once Don Rafael saw a tax collector and a student fighting. Out of compassion, he helped the child. The tax collector was greatly irked and picked a fight with Don Rafael. Unfortunately, the Spanish tax collector fell, hit his head against a rock, and died. The collector's death was blamed on Don Rafael, and he was arrested. Suddenly, all of those who think ill of him surfaced with additional complaints. He was imprisoned, and just when the matter was almost settled, he got sick and died in jail. Still not contented with what he had done, Fray Damaso arranged for Don Rafael's corpse to be dug up and transferred from the Catholic cemetery to the Chinese cemetery, because he thought it inappropriate to allow a heretic such as Don Rafael a Catholic burial ground. Unfortunately, it was raining and because of the bothersome weight of the cadaver, the one in charge of burying the body decided to throw it in the river.

Revenge was not in Ibarra's plans; instead he carries through his father's plan of putting up a school, since he believes that education is a liberating factor.

During the inauguration of the school, Ibarra would have been killed in a sabotage had Elias not saved him. Instead the hired killer was the one who was killed. Because of this unfortunate incident, Maria Clara got sick but was luckily cured by the medicine Ibarra sent her.

After the inauguration, Ibarra hosts a luncheon during which Fray Damaso again insults him. Ibarra ignores the priest's insolence, but when the latter slanders the memory of his dead father, he is no longer able to restrain himself and lunges at Fray Damaso, prepared to stab the latter for his impudence. His beloved Maria Clara stops him just in time.

Because of the aforementioned incident, the Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church excommunicates Ibarra. Fray Damaso takes this opportunity to persuade the already-hesitant parents of Maria Clara to forbid their daughter from marrying Ibarra. The priest wishes Maria Clara to marry a Spanish named Linares who just arrived from Spain.

With the help of the Captain General, Ibarra's excommunication is nullified and the Archbishop decides to accept him as a member of the Roman Catholic Church once again. But, as fate would have it, some incident of which Ibarra had known nothing about is blamed on him, and he is wrongly arrested and imprisoned. But the accusation against him is overruled because during the litigation that followed, nobody could testify that he was indeed involved in the trouble. Unfortunately, his letter to Maria Clara had somehow gets into the hands of the jury and is manipulated such that it then becomes evidence against him.

Meanwhile, in Capitan Tiyago's residence, a party is being held to announce the upcoming wedding of Maria Clara and Linares. Ibarra, with the help of Elias, takes this opportunity and escapes from prison. But before leaving, Ibarra talks to Maria Clara and accuses her of betraying him, thinking that she gave the lettter he wrote her to the jury. Maria Clara explains to Ibarra that she will never conspire against him and that the letter in the jury's possession is not the letter he wrote her, but instead were a couple of letters written by her mother even before she, Maria Clara, was born. The letter states that her mother was raped by Fray Damaso and that she is therefore not the daughter of Capitan Tiyago, but of Fray Damaso.

Afterwards, Ibarra and Elias boards a boat and flees the place. Elias instructs Ibarra to lie down and the former covers the latter with grass to conceal the latter's presence. As luck would have it, they are spotted by their enemies. Elias thinks he could outsmart them and jumps into the water. The men rain shots on the person in the water, all the while not knowing that they are hitting the wrong person.

It reaches Maria Clara's knowledge that Ibarra was killed in a shooting incident, and she is greatly overcome with grief. Robbed of hope and severely disillusioned, she asks Fray Damaso to confine her into a nunnery. Fray Damaso reluctantly agrees because Maria Clara explicitly threatens to take her own life if she is not allowed to become a nun.

But what Maria Clara reads in the papers is untrue, since Ibarra is not dead; he is not the one who has taken the shots of the enemies.

It is Christmas Eve when Elias arrives at the Ibarra forest, gravely wounded and barely alive. It is in this forest that Elias finds Basilio and his lifeless mother, Sisa. Elias dies without having seen the liberation of his country.

**2. El Filibusterismo**

Thirteen years after leaving the Philippines, Crisostomo Ibarra returns as Simoun, a rich jeweler sporting a beard and blue-tinted glasses, and a confidant of the Captain-General. Abandoning his idealism, he becomes a cynical saboteur, seeking revenge against the Spanish Philippine system responsible for his misfortunes by plotting a revolution. Simoun insinuates himself into Manila high society and influences every decision of the Captain-General to mismanage the country’s affairs so that a revolution will break out. He cynically sides with the upper classes, encouraging them to commit abuses against the masses to encourage the latter to revolt against the oppressive Spanish colonial regime. This time, he does not attempt to fight the authorities through legal means, but through violent revolution using the masses. Simoun has reasons for instigating a revolution. First is to rescue María Clara from the convent and second, to get rid of ills and evils of Philippine society. His true identity is discovered by a now grown-up Basilio while visiting the grave of his mother, Sisa, as Simoun was digging near the grave site for his buried treasures. Simoun spares Basilio’s life and asks him to join in his planned revolution against the government, egging him on by bringing up the tragic misfortunes of the latter's family. Basilio declines the offer as he still hopes that the country’s condition will improve.

Basilio, at this point, is a graduating student of medicine at the [Ateneo Municipal de Manila](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ateneo_de_Manila_University). After the death of his mother, Sisa, and the disappearance of his younger brother, Crispín, Basilio heeded the advice of the dying boatman, Elías, and traveled to Manila to study. Basilio was adopted by Captain Tiago after María Clara entered the convent. With Captain Tiago’s help, Basilio was able to go to [Colegio de San Juan de Letrán](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Colegio_de_San_Juan_de_Letr%C3%A1n) where, at first, he is frowned upon by his peers and teachers not only because of the color of his skin but also because of his shabby appearance which he also experiences at Ateneo. Captain Tiago’s confessor, Father Irene is making Captain Tiago’s health worse by giving him opium even as Basilio tries hard to prevent Captain Tiago from smoking it. He and other students want to establish a Spanish language academy so that they can learn to speak and write [Spanish](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Spanish_language_in_the_Philippines) despite the opposition from the [Dominican friars](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dominican_Order) of the [Universidad de Santo Tomás](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/University_of_Santo_Tomas). With the help of a reluctant Father Irene as their mediator and Don Custodio’s decision, the academy is established; however they will only serve as caretakers of the school not as the teachers. Dejected and defeated, they hold a mock celebration at a *pancitería* while a spy for the friars witnesses the proceedings.

Simoun, for his part, keeps in close contact with the bandit group of Kabesang Tales, a former *cabeza de barangay* who suffered misfortunes at the hands of the friars. Once a farmer owning a prosperous sugarcane plantation and a *cabeza de barangay* (barangay head), he was forced to give everything to the greedy and unscrupulous Spanish friars. His son, Tano, who became a civil guard was captured by bandits; his daughter Hulî had to work as a maid to get enough ransom money for his freedom; and his father, Tandang Selo, suffered a stroke and became mute. Before joining the bandits, Tales took Simoun’s revolver while Simoun was staying at his house for the night. As payment, Tales leaves a locket that once belonged to María Clara. To further strengthen the revolution, Simoun has Quiroga, a [Chinese](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/China) man hoping to be appointed consul to the Philippines, smuggle weapons into the country using Quiroga’s bazaar as a front. Simoun wishes to attack during a stage play with all of his enemies in attendance. He, however, abruptly aborts the attack when he learns from Basilio that María Clara had died earlier that day in the convent.

A few days after the mock celebration by the students, the people are agitated when disturbing posters are found displayed around the city. The authorities accuse the students present at the *pancitería* of agitation and disturbing peace and has them arrested. Basilio, although not present at the mock celebration, is also arrested. Captain Tiago dies after learning of the incident and as stated in his will—forged by Irene, all his possessions are given to the Church, leaving nothing for Basilio. Basilio is left in prison as the other students are released. A high official tries to intervene for the release of Basilio but the Captain-General, bearing grudges against the high official, coerces him to tender his resignation. Julî, Basilio’s girlfriend and the daughter of Kabesang Tales, tries to ask Father Camorra’s help upon the advice of an elder woman. Instead of helping Julî, however, the priest tries to rape her as he has long-hidden desires for Julî. Julî, rather than submit to the will of the friar, jumps over the balcony to her death.

Basilio is soon released with the help of Simoun. Basilio, now a changed man, and after hearing about Julî's suicide, finally joins Simoun’s revolution. Simoun then tells Basilio his plan at the wedding of Paulita Gómez and Juanito, Basilio’s hunch-backed classmate. His plan was to conceal an explosive inside a pomegranate-styled [Kerosene lamp](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kerosene_lamp) that Simoun will give to the newlyweds as a gift during the wedding reception. The reception will take place at the former home of the late Captain Tiago, which was now filled with explosives planted by Simoun. According to Simoun, the lamp will stay lighted for only 20 minutes before it flickers; if someone attempts to turn the wick, it will explode and kill everyone—important members of civil society and the [Church](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Roman_Catholic_Church_in_the_Philippines) hierarchy—inside the house. Basilio has a change of heart and attempts to warn Isagani, his friend and the former boyfriend of Paulita. Simoun leaves the reception early as planned and leaves a note behind;

Initially thinking that it was simply a bad joke, Father Salví recognizes the handwriting and confirms that it was indeed Ibarra’s. As people begin to panic, the lamp flickers. Father Irene tries to turn the wick up when Isagani, due to his undying love for Paulita, bursts in the room and throws the lamp into the river, sabotaging Simoun's plans. He escapes by diving into the river as guards chase after him. He later regrets his impulsive action because he had contradicted his own belief that he loved his nation more than Paulita and that the explosion and revolution could have fulfilled his ideals for Filipino society.

Simoun, now unmasked as the perpetrator of the attempted arson and failed revolution, becomes a [fugitive](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fugitive). Wounded and exhausted after he was shot by the pursuing Guardia Civil, he seeks shelter at the home of Father Florentino, Isagani’s uncle, and comes under the care of doctor Tiburcio de Espadaña, Doña Victorina's husband, who was also hiding at the house. Simoun takes poison in order for him not to be captured alive. Before he dies, he reveals his real identity to Florentino while they exchange thoughts about the failure of his revolution and why God forsook him. Florentino opines that God did not forsake him and that his plans were not for the greater good but for personal gain. Simoun, finally accepting Florentino’s explanation, squeezes his hand and dies. Florentino then takes Simoun’s remaining jewels and throws them into the [Pacific Ocean](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pacific_Ocean) with the corals hoping that they would not be used by the greedy, and that when the time came that it would be used for the greater good, when the nation would be finally deserving liberty for themselves, the sea would reveal the treasures.

**3. The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket**

Arthur Gordon Pym was born on the island of Nantucket, famous for its fishing harbor and whaling. His best friend, Augustus Barnard, is the son of the captain of a whaling ship. One night, the two boys get drunk and decide, on Augustus's whim, to take advantage of the breeze and sail out on Pym's sailboat, the Ariel. But the breeze turns out to be the beginnings of a violent storm. The situation gets critical when Augustus passes out drunk, and the inexperienced Pym must take control of the dinghy. The Ariel finally capsizes in the storm, and Pym and Augustus are rescued at the last minute by the Penguin, a returning whaling ship. After they're safely back on land, they decide to keep this episode a secret from their parents.

His first ocean adventure does not dissuade Pym from sailing again; rather, his imagination is ignited by the experience. His interest is further fueled by the tales of a sailor's life that Augustus tells him. Pym decides to follow Augustus as a stowaway aboard the Grampus, a whaling vessel commanded by Augustus's father that is bound for the southern seas. Augustus helps Pym by preparing a hideout in the hold for him and smuggling Tiger, Pym's faithful dog, on board. Augustus promises to provide Pym with water and food until the ship is too far from shore to return, at which time Pym wants to reveal himself.

Due to the stuffy atmosphere and vapors in the dark and cramped hold, Pym becomes increasingly comatose and delirious over the days. He can't communicate with Augustus, and the promised supplies fail to arrive, so Pym runs out of water. In the course of his ordeal, he discovers a letter written in blood attached to his dog Tiger, warning Pym to remain hidden, as his life depends on it.

Augustus finally sets Pym free, explaining the mysterious message, as well as his delay in retrieving his friend: a mutiny had erupted on the whaling ship. Part of the crew was slaughtered by the mutineers, while another group, including Augustus's father, had abandoned the ship. Augustus survived because he had befriended one of the mutineers, Dirk Peters, who now regrets his part in the uprising.

Peters, Pym, and Augustus hatch a plan to seize control of the ship: Pym, whose presence is unknown to the mutineers, will wait for a storm and then dress in the clothes of a recently-dead sailor, masquerading as a ghost. In the confusion sure to break out among the superstitious sailors, Peters and Augustus, helped by Tiger, will take over the ship again. Everything goes according to plan, and soon the three men are masters of the Grampus: all the mutineers are killed or thrown overboard except one, Richard Parker, whom they spare to help them run the vessel.

The storm increases in force, breaking the mast, tearing the sails and flooding the hold. All four manage to survive by lashing themselves to the hull. As the storm abates, they find themselves safe for the moment, but without provisions. Over the following days, the men face death by starvation and thirst.

They sight an erratically moving Dutch ship with a grinning red-capped seaman on deck, nodding in apparent greeting as they approach. Initially delighted with the prospect of deliverance, they quickly become horrified as they are overcome with an awful stench. They soon realize that the apparently cheerful sailor is, in fact, a corpse propped up in the ship's rigging, his "grin" a result of his partially decomposed skull moving as a seagull feeds upon it. As the ship passes, it becomes clear that all its occupants are rotting corpses.

As time passes, with no sign of land or other ships, Parker suggests that one of them should be killed as food for the others. [They draw straws and Parker is sacrificed.](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Custom_of_the_Sea) This gives the others a reprieve, but Augustus soon dies from wounds received when they reclaimed the Grampus, and several more storms batter the already badly damaged ship. Pym and Peters float on the upturned hull and are close to death when they are rescued by the Jane Guy, a ship out of Liverpool.

On the Jane Guy, Pym and Peters become part of the crew and join the ship on its expedition to hunt sea calves and seals for fur, and to explore the southern oceans. Pym studies the islands around the Cape of Good Hope, becoming interested in the social structures of penguins, albatrosses, and other sea birds. Upon his urging, the captain agrees to sail further south towards the unexplored [Antarctic regions](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Antarctica).

The ship crosses an ice barrier and arrives in open sea, close to the South Pole, albeit with a mild climate. Here the Jane Guy comes upon a mysterious island called Tsalal, inhabited by a tribe of black, apparently friendly natives led by a chief named Too-Wit. The color white is alien to the island's inhabitants and unnerves them, because nothing that color exists there. Even the natives' teeth are black. The island is also home to many undiscovered species of flora and fauna. Even its water is different than water elsewhere, being strangely thick and exhibiting multicolored veins.

The natives' relationship with the sailors is initially cordial, so Too-Wit and the captain begin trading. Their friendliness, however, turns out to be a ruse and on the eve of the ship's proposed departure, the natives ambush the crew in a narrow gorge. Everyone except Pym and Peters is slaughtered, and the Jane Guy is overrun and burned by the malevolent tribe.

Pym and Peters hide in the mountains surrounding the site of the ambush. They discover a [labyrinth](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Labyrinth) of passages in the hills with strange marks on the walls, and disagree about whether these are the result of artificial or natural causes. Facing a shortage of food, they make a desperate run and steal a [pirogue](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pirogue) from the natives, narrowly escaping from the island and taking one of its inhabitants prisoner.

The small boat drifts further south on a current of increasingly warm water, which has become milky white in color. After several days they encounter a rain of ashes and then observe a huge cataract of fog or mist, which splits open to accommodate their entrance upon approach. The native dies as a huge shrouded white figure appears before them.

**F. ESSAY**

1. **"ROMEO AND JULIET" Character Description Essay**

In "Romeo and Juliet", by William Shakespeare, Romeo Montague is portrayed as a very romantic character. In Webster's New World dictionary, ‘romantic' is defined as: "Preoccupied with love or by the idealizing of love." In the play, Romeo's constant obsession with finding/falling in love is an ongoing topic of concern. From the beginning of Act 1, scene 5, to the end of scene 5, Romeo proves, under many different circumstances, that he's a true romantic.

In the beginning of Act 1, Romeo mourns the fact that his love for Rosaline has been in vain, since she doesn't at all feel the same way about him. "She'll not be hit with Cupid's arrow. She hath Diane's wit, and, in strong proof of chastity well armed… (Act 1, sc.1, Ln.216-8)." In this scene, Romeo explains to Benvolio, his cousin, how Rosaline refuses to take notice of his love for her, and accept it. He continues to be saddened by this until the fourth scene, which proves his preoccupations with trying to find the love in of which Rosaline denies him.

Although Romeo attends the Capulet's feast in scene 5 only because he knows Rosaline will be there, his deep feelings of intense romance and compassion for her are soon shifted to another woman. Romeo experiences what he considers to be ‘love at first sight' when he notices Juliet from across the room: "Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear…Did not my heart love till now? (Act 1, sc. 5, Ln.54, 59)." At almost an instance, Romeo forgets about his hopes too see Rosaline, and instead sets his sights on getting to know Juliet. Although at first thought his actions would most likely be considered ‘fickle', Romeo's confessions that he may not have loved until seeing her makes it apparent that (at least to him) Romeo's feelings for Juliet are far more heart-felt.

**2. Descriptive Essay about Beach:**

On a hot summer day, the only good place to go is to the lake. You would go out to the lake to enjoy the water, the sun, the activities that are happening, or just to be with family and friends.

When you're at the lake, there are some very distinct smells. The hickey smell of campfire smoke always lets you know that there are marshmallows and hotdogs being roasted. You'll never want to touch your hair from putting your fingers on the sticky marshmallow, to me it's just crazy glue. But you can always enjoy the sweet coconut smell of sun tanning lotion that people put on themselves while they lay into the sun to basically "cook."

If you're looking for a quiet relaxation at the lake, I don't think that will work out too well. The lake is always really loud throughout the day. You can hear the loud motors of the boat and the waves of the water as the boat comes crashing through.

You'll definitely be able to hear the laughter and the excitement of the kids as they splash around in the lake.

While you're at the lake you can always get involved in some fun activities, if you aren't able to relax. You can go fishing, if you like touching the slimy scales of the fish and the soft touch of the cold water. Just make sure you don't get the rough, coarse sand in your shorts because you won't like that too much.

Overall the lake is lots of fun to go to if you just want to get away from the busy, smelly city that you live in. If you are there early enough, for instance if you were camping out in the rocky wilderness you will be able to see a beautiful, bright sunrise and if you enjoy staying out on the beach until the evening, I'm sure you can catch a calming and loving sunset. After the sun has gone down for the night, you can lay in the sand and stare up at the amazing, twinkling stars.

3. **The Old Fence**

The old fence stands weathered and tired. It has been holding cattle in the field ever since the farmer put it up. The cows have occasionally tried to break through, but they have lost their battles; only the small yearlings have been able to squeeze under the fence.

The poles stand rotten and weary; they are lined up in a sporadic order. The spaces between are not always equal and their heights differ greatly. Some have pulled loose from their holes, and they are held up only by the line of barbed wire that clings to their hide. The line of fence looks much like a parade of weary, beaten soldiers who have been defeated in battle and are lining up for their last breath of honor before they are shot and killed.

In several places on the fence the barbed wire has been cut or bent out of shape. But neither the rain and rust nor the cattle's fury has made the wire calm or dangerous. Sharp, erect pins still show their warning of power; many times they have acted as a catalyst between the cows and their angered emotions.

Even though the fence is old and historical, it will not last very long because there is a new owner. He is a man of power and wealth who has big plans, a man too high to care for the cattle or the soil, a man whose only dream is riches.

**4. Why love is important in life**

Love is the a beautiful feeling that express honesty, affection and at the

same time friendship. Around the world people are concerned about solutions for many of social problems. The feeling love could be the key for many of that problems. Although, some people do not believe that it is possilble. Problems that include world hungry and violence are some example of social matters that love could solve.

The most important reason why love could hlep the hungry problem around the world is the fact that love ties people together in a way to help each other. First of all, feellings such as, caring about others and helping each other is also included in love. Besides, someone moved by that magic feelling are more likely to do little actions that today's are being more and more rare. For example, to join a non-governamental institute that help people with hungry or even feeding someone who need food is a simple actitude that this feelling insentive people to do. Secondly, the spirit of sharing is not very comum in todays world. In fact, people tend to be more selfish and caring less about others. However, love flourish that felling and make people more likely to share what they have. For instance, sharing the half a lanche with someone who do not have or even giving a piece of a fruit are actitudes that people moved by love often do. Therefore, love incentive people do help solving social problems, as hungry, which is just by us and we dont realize.

Another imporant social matter that love could help to solve is the violence. It is undeniable that the fisrt thing to associate with love is peace. First, that fantastic feeling attrach people around with a peaceful sentiment. For example, starting a fight or thinking of taking someone life are thoughts that do not exist when one's are contagious by love. Currently, the world are moved by ambition, revenge and meanness. Usually when you read or watch some news the fisrt headlight that appears is about war, murder or people being killed and there are anywhere to be safe. As an example, a 20 years old student has been killed in Alberta, Canada by a lost bullet two months ago. Actions like that is avoided when love is surrounding people life's.

In conclusion, Love is answer for most of the world question. It is a necessary feeling in life because it is wonderful and magic. Also, it hold people together in way to help and care about each others!

**G. Journal**

***1. Description***

 *Smithville Middle School is a relative new school, located on the edge of a small, rapidly growing community in West Central Illinois. Our population is a mix of white, African-American, some Hispanic and a small number of Asian students. The problem is that our enrollment has grown from about 450 last year to nearly 500 this year. This has put a considerable strain on the building, the faculty, and the administration. When I first spoke to our principal, Mr. Davies, about being my site supervisor for this year, he said, “Well, you’ll have a lot to observe right from the beginning. Our first faculty meeting should be interesting.” Mr. Davies is an energetic man in his late forties. He has been a principal for eleven years, and although he is usually pretty cheerful, he was not looking forward to the opening of school this year. We are going to be short on classrooms, and class size will have to go up.*

 *The meeting was scheduled for 8:30 on the first morning back after summer vacation. It was held in the library where the faculty gathered for coffee and doughnuts before the meeting started. Mr. Davies usually stands at a podium set up at one end of the room. The teachers sit at tables around the room and tend to laugh and talk a lot until the meeting gets started. They got quiet when Mr. Davies called the meeting to order. He went through the usual announcements and information items we have on the opening day of school, and then we got bad news. He explained the situation in a very matter-of-fact way, outlined some of the steps he saw that the school could take to deal with it, and then invited people to comment. Nobody said much at first, then a few of the older teachers began to complain about how the school board needed to hire more teachers and the superintendent should put a lot more money into the school. Mr. Davies listened, but did not comment. Other teachers started to ask questions about the class schedule and how teachers would have to share space and other questions about books and the curriculum, especially the science rooms. Mr. Davies explained how some questions were answered in the handouts that teachers had received in their mailboxes that morning. He took notes on other things they asked and said he would attempt to answer as many questions as he could at the next meeting. It took a long time to hear everyone, and by the time the meeting was over, nobody was looking very happy.*

***Analysis***

 *Even though he tried to keep things upbeat by interspersing his explanations with humor and not dwelling on the negative side, Mr. Davies did not really get the school year off to a very good start. There are going to be a lot of changes in the school this year to make room for the increased number of students and all the problems that go with more students. Some teachers seemed pretty angry. Mr. Davies tried to put the best face on it that he could. He didn’t try to sugarcoat anything. He just gave it to us straight out. I think he expected the complaints that he got from people who wanted to place blame. He didn’t let them bother him. He just listened, let the people know that he heard them, and then moved on. He also didn’t just read from the packet of information to the teachers when what they wanted to know was given there. He just told them where to look for answers. It was a difficult kind of meeting to have.*

***Interpretation***

 *I tried to think about ways in which I would have conducted the meeting if I had been the principal. I’m not sure I could have done any better. I think that I somehow expected more of Mr. Davies. I guess I expected him to cheer everyone up, even though we are facing a difficult year. We tend to expect too much of administrators sometimes. We want them to solve all our problems and just hand us the answers. He let us know that he is trying to deal with the situation, like writing down the questions he couldn’t answer and saying he’d get back to people on them. He cares about people’s concerns, but he also let us know that we all have to work together to solve our problems and that he’s not able to wave a magic wand and make everything okay. I asked him the next morning how he thought the meeting went. He said he thought the teachers took the bad news better than he had expected and that he was glad that people had not gotten really upset. As I was leaving his office, he said, “It’s going to be a long year.”*

2. **Description**

Administrators can really make it tough on teachers. I’ve had numerous conferences with her about what’s going on in this school, but she doesn’t seem to want to hear it. We had a very rough time when we started this year. Students who can work by themselves do okay, but the others continue to fail. Since my time to work individually with them has been cut in half, they don’t stand much of a chance. The problem is how the students are distributed among the classrooms. We had this meeting and the principal asked me to take notes on what happened and what was decided. I was supposed to watch her to see how she handled a difficult situation. Needless to say, it didn’t go very well.

She listened to what everybody had to say, but she seemed to get defensive when one teacher described her classroom as a “dumping ground” for all the problem students. I don’t think an administrator should say that she wants to listen to people’s concerns and then cut them off when they say things she doesn’t want to hear. It took a long time to get to the real problem. We have so many students moving in and out and being tested for different programs that we just don’t have any stability. The racial and socioeconomic levels vary greatly among our students, and she seems to want to ignore this completely. After about an hour, she said she had another meeting and that we would have to meet again to discuss this further.

**Analysis**

It wasn’t like this last year. Our old principal spent a lot of time trying to place students in classes with a lot of attention to their individual needs, and he listened to what the teachers had to say. Another thing that the teachers brought up was the way the office does not follow through on discipline procedures. Like everybody else, I have had some problem controlling my class on some occasions this year, and I think it has a lot to do with the way the principal “sets the tone” for student behavior. Some of the things I learned from observing this meeting are that administrators need to listen to their faculties. They need to consider all of the issues involved in a problem. And most importantly, they need to try to work out some sort of solution that improves the situation and that everybody can live with.

**Interpretation**

After this first “mentoring” experience, I am not so sure that I want to be an administrator. For example, when I brought up the problem of discipline, she looked at me like I wasn’t supposed to say anything. Then she said I should look at the handbook to be sure that the proper procedures had been followed. It was very frustrating. I don’t have a clue about what is going on with her. The meeting just sort of ended when she got up and said she had to go to the district office for a special education meeting. So far, she hasn’t set a date for another meeting, and things just go along as they did before.

3. **Description**

Administrators can really make it tough on teachers. I’ve had numerous conferences with her about what’s going on in this school, but she doesn’t seem to want to hear it. We had a very rough time when we started this year. Students who can work by themselves do okay, but the others continue to fail. Since my time to work individually with them has been cut in half, they don’t stand much of a chance. The problem is how the students are distributed among the classrooms. We had this meeting and the principal asked me to take notes on what happened and what was decided. I was supposed to watch her to see how she handled a difficult situation. Needless to say, it didn’t go very well.

She listened to what everybody had to say, but she seemed to get defensive when one teacher described her classroom as a “dumping ground” for all the problem students. I don’t think an administrator should say that she wants to listen to people’s concerns and then cut them off when they say things she doesn’t want to hear. It took a long time to get to the real problem. We have so many students moving in and out and being tested for different programs that we just don’t have any stability. The racial and socioeconomic levels vary greatly among our students, and she seems to want to ignore this completely. After about an hour, she said she had another meeting and that we would have to meet again to discuss this further.

**Analysis**

It wasn’t like this last year. Our old principal spent a lot of time trying to place students in classes with a lot of attention to their individual needs, and he listened to what the teachers had to say. Another thing that the teachers brought up was the way the office does not follow through on discipline procedures. Like everybody else, I have had some problem controlling my class on some occasions this year, and I think it has a lot to do with the way the principal “sets the tone” for student behavior. Some of the things I learned from observing this meeting are that administrators need to listen to their faculties. They need to consider all of the issues involved in a problem. And most importantly, they need to try to work out some sort of solution that improves the situation and that everybody can live with.

**Interpretation**

After this first “mentoring” experience, I am not so sure that I want to be an administrator. For example, when I brought up the problem of discipline, she looked at me like I wasn’t supposed to say anything. Then she said I should look at the handbook to be sure that the proper procedures had been followed. It was very frustrating. I don’t have a clue about what is going on with her. The meeting just sort of ended when she got up and said she had to go to the district office for a special education meeting. So far, she hasn’t set a date for another meeting, and things just go along as they did before.

4. **Description**

 Dr. Miller has been a high school principal for 16 years, with 12 years here at Stanford High School. I am lucky to have her for my site supervisor because she is willing to talk to me about her work and what she thinks of it. I really enjoy our discussions of what roles a principal has to play every day on the job. This week, we got into a discussion about how much influence an administrator really has over what teachers do in their classrooms. She pointed out a number of things that I hadn’t really thought about before.

 One of the things that Dr. Miller said that impressed me was how time consuming it can be to help teachers with disciplinary problems, especially when parents become actively involved. As she put it, “Things can get nasty, and you have to be a kind of politician to keep them under control.” She felt that as a result of many societal influences, such as the decline of the importance of religion and government institutions and the increasingly negative attitudes toward authority, some parents have a very negative reaction toward attempts by teachers and schools to discipline their children. Too often, she said, they are antagonistic and make the situation worse. They say things like, “Why are you picking on my kid?” and “It’s the school’s fault, not his!” And, maybe worse, they just refuse to take an interest in what their children are doing in school. Administrators can play an important part in helping teachers deal with difficult behavior problems, or they can sort of step back and say, “Let the teachers deal with it.”

 Now, Dr. Miller is a staunch supporter of her teachers. She starts with the assumption that her teachers are professionals and have reasons for the actions they take—especially in confrontations with students. However, the attitude of many parents forces her to put teachers through what may seem to them to be “the third degree.” She does this to ensure that she knows what actually did happen and what did not happen. When dealing with aggressive parents, Dr. Miller says she has to know that what teachers do is appropriate and defensible. This is absolutely necessary because of increasing legal considerations. She is afraid, however, that her close questioning of teachers may be seen as a lack of confidence in them. “Communication is the most important part of handling these situations,” she said. “You have to make things very clear to everybody.”

**Analysis**

 I find it ironic that steps taken by administrators to support the efforts and decisions of teachers may be perceived by them as a challenge to their judgment. I also think that most teachers may not understand or appreciate the personal, logistical, and legal complexity of dealing with volatile situations. People are willing to sue over just about anything now days. Principals have to know what the law has to say about the liability of the school and the teachers. And, they have to be very careful in supporting their staff in the most constructive way. Every situation has to be taken seriously. You can’t just assume anything.

 Another aspect of her job that Dr. Miller talked about is how little time she has to visit classes and talk to teachers about instruction. She said that she likes to sit in on classes and on teachers’ discussions about teaching, but other than classroom visits to meet teacher evaluation requirements, she doesn’t have enough time to do that. Dr. Miller stressed that student academic success is of primary importance, and there are a lot of curriculum issues that need to be addressed. But she knows that she cannot be an expert in math, science, English, P.E. and all the other subjects, yet people, especially in the community, expect her to be able to answer any question about what is taught in the school. Dr. Miller believes that the teachers, much more than the principal, are the “front line” people of the school, and have the biggest impact on the school culture and the academic performance of the students. As she put it, “Good teachers can only make the principal look better. You have to hire the best.”

**Interpretation**

 I still see administrators as managers for the most part. They have to see that the school is up and running each day and that everything goes smoothly. On the other hand, they also have to be willing to let others take the initiative, even encourage teachers to be creative and to handle problems on their own. At the same time, however, if a principal does encourage teachers to act as professionals, she must be willing to accept their approaches, methods, and philosophies, even if they are different from hers. I don’t think you can have it both ways. I think that above all, administrators have to be tolerant, not only because people disagree and society’s values change, but because they have to be open to new ideas and new ways of doing things. You can’t just sit in your office and do things “by the book” if you want to be a school leader.

 Dr. Miller told this story from her first job as principal of a small rural high school in Southern Illinois. The building had a very old heating system with a boiler that was cantankerous and living on borrowed time. It seems the principal before her had some mechanical ability and was able to keep the system running. Dr. Miller had to rely on others to coax the thing to work when the weather got cold. As a result, everyone blamed her when it stopped working. The community’s estimate of her job as principal became linked to whether or not the boiler worked. As far as the public was concerned, if she couldn’t do that, how could she be expected to run a school? It didn’t matter how many other things she did well, if the school was cold, she was not doing her job.

**H. DIARY**

**1. August 26, 1963**

*Today I found out I was going to an integrated school. I feel my life will be better, but I am also worried of what the kids will think of me. Their parents are very upset and protesting outside the school. I have mixed feelings about it. I know that if I want to fulfill my dream of becoming a black lawyer, I will need a great education and have to work hard. My life will be nothing without education.*

**August 27, 1963**

*I just got home from school. It was terrifying. I am usually proud of who I am, but my classmates made me feel ashamed. No one would speak to me and I felt like an outcast. I should have stayed at my old school. I'm never going to be able to become a lawyer learning like this. How could I have thought this would work out? This was the worst day of my life.*

*2.* ***Dear Diary,***

*What have I done wrong to be treated this inadequately? I’d rather be treated like a dog, kicked and refused, since the truth is less embarrassing than being in these deceitful teases. I would accept Demetrius for his teasing behaviors, for I do disturb him in such a way, but I do not understand why Lysander is making fun of me. What disgusting acts have I done? What laws have I broken? I am humiliated by all my friends, and this sorrow rips my heart apart. Thoughts are crossing all over in my head, having to realize that I am a*

*creature which is not even worth treating fairly. In a deep cloud of melancholy, I try to not think about the abusers for a moment, but thoughts of them just crawls up in my head.*

*Lysander, why do you give me all the vows which belong to Hermia? You give me a pain just to realize how sarcastic you are, and to imagine what you really have in your mind. Every sarcastic word you spew out just reminds me of my ugliness, and that slits my tender heart open. Hermia, my dearest friend, has turned into my odious friend just because of the misunderstandings. Hermia, you should understand the pain that I am suffering, for you are my dearest friend. Do you not remember our early days we shared, and the days which we grew a strong friendship which could not be broken? If you do, then why do you injure me with your words? Now please, please allow me to chide you for your mocking behaviors towards me.*

*Oh, let the magic fix all this chaos, and let there be the usual hatred towards me! Oh, how I miss the rejections I have suffered, but it is only now that I realize their importance. Oh, even hell cannot be bitterer than these ridiculous teases causing my vexations.*

## 3. [Monday 27 July 1668](http://www.pepysdiary.com/archive/1668/07/27/)

Busy all the morning at [my office](http://www.pepysdiary.com/p/483.php). At noon dined, and then I out of doors to [my bookseller](http://www.pepysdiary.com/p/12357.php) in [Duck Lane](http://www.pepysdiary.com/p/9526.php), but su moher not at home, and it was pretty here to see a pretty woman pass by with a little wanton look, and je did sequi her round about the street from Duck Lane to [Newgate Market](http://www.pepysdiary.com/p/5730.php), and then elle did turn back, and je did lose her. And so to see my [Lord Crew](http://www.pepysdiary.com/p/105.php), whom I find up; and did wait on him; but his face sore, but in hopes to do now very well again. Thence to [Cooper’s](http://www.pepysdiary.com/p/3691.php), where [my wife’s](http://www.pepysdiary.com/p/150.php) picture almost done, and mighty fine indeed. So over the water with my wife, and [Deb.](http://www.pepysdiary.com/p/11640.php), and [Mercer](http://www.pepysdiary.com/p/7761.php), to [Spring-Garden](http://www.pepysdiary.com/p/4898.php), and there eat and walked; and observe how rude some of the young gallants of the town are become, to go into people’s arbours where there are not men, and almost force the women; which troubled me, to see the confidence of the vice of the age: and so we away by water, with much pleasure [home](http://www.pepysdiary.com/p/1023.php). This day my [plate](http://www.pepysdiary.com/p/6261.php)- maker comes with my four little plates of the four Yards, cost me 5*l.*, which troubles me, but yet do please me also.

## [Sunday 26 July 1668](http://www.pepysdiary.com/archive/1668/07/26/)

(Lord’s day). Up, and all the morning and after dinner, the afternoon also, with [W. Hewer](http://www.pepysdiary.com/p/1082.php) in my closet, setting right my [Tangier](http://www.pepysdiary.com/p/2783.php) Accounts, which I have let alone these six months and more, but find them very right, and is my great comfort. So in the evening to walk with [my wife](http://www.pepysdiary.com/p/150.php), and to supper and to bed.

**4. Dear Diary,**

I should forgive myself for being hurt…again.

It’s been over two months since I last heard from coach. In fact, I am not aware if I’d be able to finish this term. No words from coach. No confirmation yet.

I feel that my life has been trapped because of this long period of waiting.

I SMSed. No response. I called. No response.

I don’t know what to do now. I feel so sorry for myself. What wrong did I do?

**I. BIOGRAPHY**

1. Kwame Senu Neville Dawes was born in Ghana in 1962 but grew up in Jamaica where he attended Jamaica College and the University of the west Indies at Mona. He studied and taught in New Brunswick on a Commonwealth Scholarship to Canada. Since 1992 he has been teaching at the University of South Carolina. He is as an Associate Professor in English on the Columbia campus of that institution. He is also a critic, actor, playwright, storyteller, and a poet-reggae singer. Dawes has published six collections of poetry, Progeny of Air (Peepal Tree 1994--Winner of the Forward Poetry Prize for Best First Collection, UK) Resisting the Anomie (Goose Lane 1995), Prophets (Peepal Tree 1995). Jacko Jacobus, (Peepal Tree 1996), Requiem, (Peepal Tree 1996) a suite of poems inspired by the illustrations of African American artist, Tom Feelings in his landmark book The Middle Passage: White Ships/Black Cargo, and Shook Foil (Peepal Tree 1998) a collection of Reggae-inspired poems.

2. **Mae Jemison: Star Child**

Have you ever dreamed of flying freely through outer space surrounded by a sea of stars? Mae Jemison fulfilled that dream. On September 12, 1992, aboard the spaceship Endeavour, she became the first African-American woman to blast into outer space. This wasn’t the only time, however, that Jemison had reached for the stars and realized her dreams.

Jemison was born on October 17, 1956, in Decatur, Alabama, but she grew up in Chicago, Illinois. There weren’t many African-American female role models while Jemison was growing up, but she didn’t let that stop her from achieving her goals. She was especially interested in anthropology, archaeology and astronomy. Luckily, her parents encouraged those interests. That encouragement drove her to excel. She graduated from high school at 16! Then she earned degrees in chemical engineering and African-American studies at Stanford University. Soon after, she graduated from Cornell University’s medical school. No obstacle was too great for Jemison to overcome!

Jemison’s accomplishments did not end there. In 1981, she joined NASA’s space program in Houston, Texas. In 1988, however, Jemison realized her biggest dream: She finally became an astronaut! Just four years later, she was named Science Mission Specialist (another NASA first) on the Endeavour flight.

Today she encourages young people, especially women and girls, to study the sciences. Her life example teaches us to follow our dreams, no matter how great!

**3. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN**

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston on January 17, 1706. He was the tenth son of soap maker, Josiah Franklin. Benjamin's mother was Abiah Folger, the second wife of Josiah. In all, Josiah would father 17 children.

Josiah intended for Benjamin to enter into the clergy. However, Josiah could only afford to send his son to school for one year and clergymen needed years of schooling. But, as young Benjamin loved to read he had him apprenticed to his brother James, who was a printer. After helping James compose pamphlets and set type which was grueling work, 12-year-old Benjamin would sell their products in the streets.

When Benjamin was 15 his brother started *The New England Courant* the first "newspaper" in Boston. Though there were two papers in the city before James's *Courant*, they only reprinted news from abroad. James's paper carried articles, opinion pieces written by James's friends, advertisements, and news of ship schedules.

After 16 letters, Ben confessed that he had been writing the letters all along. While James's friends thought Ben was quite precocious and funny, James scolded his brother and was very jealous of the attention paid to him.

Before long the Franklins found themselves at odds with Boston's powerful Puritan preachers, the Mathers. Smallpox was a deadly disease in those times, and the Mathers supported inoculation; the Franklins' believed inoculation only made people sicker. And while most Bostonians agreed with the Franklins, they did not like the way James made fun of the clergy, during the debate. Ultimately, James was thrown in jail for his views, and Benjamin was left to run the paper for several issues.

Upon release from jail, James was not grateful to Ben for keeping the paper going. Instead he kept harassing his younger brother and administering beatings from time to time. Ben could not take it and decided to run away in 1723.

4. **Aristotle**

Aristotle was born in 384 BC in Stagira, a small town in North-East Greece, where he lived until joining Plato’s Academy. His father died when he was very young, and he was brought up by his rich and learned uncle Proxenus. Nothing is recorded about his early life, but one might guess that Aristotle received the excellent education of most high-born Greeks.

At the age of seventeen, Aristotle joined Plato's Academy in Athens. Plato's own work was in philosophy. and Aristotle learned a lot about philosophy directly from Plato. Plato, although not a mathematician or scientist, also made sure his pupils learned geometry, astronomy, and physics. The Academy also taught rhetoric, at which Aristotle excelled.

From 367 to 347 Aristotle lived in Athens, then Demosthenes and his anti-Macedonian allies came to power. Aristotle then moved to the city of Assos, famed for philosophy and Macedonian sympathies. He was invited there by the ruler, Hernias. In return, Aristotle married Phythias, the niece of Hernias. Phythias bore Aristotle two children, Phythias and Nicomachus. After a couple of year Aristotle moved, for unknown reasons, to the island of Lesbos and then back to Stagira, his birthplace. Then he was summoned by Philip.

**J.** **Autobiography**

1. I have always dreamed of being a teacher. I started out at W.H. Day Elementary School in Illinois , Illinois eager and ready to learn. In first grade, I decided that I wanted to teach first grade. My teacher was so fun to be around and had an influence on me wanting to become a teacher. Through my middle school and high school career, I could not wait to go to college and begin my dream.

I was born in a small town, which over the span of ten years, exploded into now the third largest town in Illinois. What once was a farm field behind my house is now a neighborhood with million dollar homes. My neighborhood was filled with many children my age. I spent most of my time playing outside with the neighborhood children. In my family, I have one sister who is three years older than me and one brother who is one year younger than me. I really appreciate the fact that I have a stay at home mother. It was nice to come home to a house that was not empty. My dad is a high school biology teacher. He has emphasized the importance of an education within our family. He is the one who fostered my love for science.

As a family, we always went camping for the entire summer. We would leave a couple days after school ended and come back a week or so before school started. Our summers were always filled with lots of fun adventures. My dad taught us how beautiful the world is, which interested me in nature. We traveled various places including Alaska, Montana, Washington, and Oregon. As my dad taught me about nature, I realized how important it was to me. As I grew older, my dream started to shift from being a first grade teacher to something more.

Between my freshman and sophomore years of college, I worked in northern Wisconsin at a summer camp for girls. My main duties included being a counselor and teaching classes. One class I taught was about wilderness, which involved spending a great deal of class time outdoors. During my second year at camp , I developed a water ecology unit which was taught to all of the girls. When I saw the amazement on the girls' faces when they discovered something new, it thrilled me. It was then that I realized I had a talent for teaching nature and science and I should pursue it.

I came back to college my junior year and focused heavily on my biology courses. I took many field classes and it was there that I met a very influential professor. I was taking Vertebrate Natural History and had a professor who was new to Eastern. He had just graduated with his Ph.D. and seemed very enthusiastic about coming to Eastern. As the semester progressed, he helped me realize that I was meant to teach science. He was so happy when he was in class or out in the field. His passion of biology really showed. He also helped me realize that one should go into a field of study because it makes one happy and excited.

Following my junior year, I received an internship at the International Wolf Center as an environmental educator. For three months, I was involved in doing several programs that lasted from 30 minutes to 3 hours in length. I had visitors that ranged from young children to senior citizens. This was the first time I was able to apply my skills as a biologist and teach people about interesting topics. I taught a variety of topics including wolf biology, ecology, tree identification, and bird watching. I also had the experience of teaching both in an outdoor and indoor setting. From this experience, I learned how to become a strong, effective, and environmental educator. I also learned that this was my passion and I should follow it.

Now, as I finish up my education degree here at Eastern, I have many opportunities ahead of me. I am focused on teaching people to be aware of their surroundings and how much nature has to offer. Many times we look at the big picture and do not realize that nature is alive. It is my challenge to help people discover those mysteries.

2. I was born and brought up in Houston, Texas. Ours is a family of four with my parents, me and my younger brother. The schooling years of my life were toughest. I struggled a lot in my studies. The standardized procedure of education never interested me.

I was an average student throughout my academic life. Extra-curricular activities like sports, drawing, crafts, etc. were my favorite things. I just remember that it was the second semester of 8th grade when I stood first in class. However, it didn't serve any purpose in motivating me to take up studies seriously. I enjoyed understanding the concepts more than just memorizing ready made notes. After completion of my schooling and college in the science stream, I chose to become a writer. It was a weird decision taken by me at that time. Today, however, I don't regret it at all.

My career in writing began a smoothly and I was more than happy to grab the right opportunity for which I was waiting so long. Today, I am happy with my life and enjoy it to the fullest. The positive attitude to face hardships brought out the best in me. Today I am looking forward to face the challenges of life in a positive manner.

3. I was born in Cleveland, Ohio on Halloween of 1968. I still live in the suburbs of Cleveland, in Aurora, Ohio. I am currently attending the University of Phoenix in an effort to obtain my bachelors degree in Business Management. I live with my wife Karen and 3 children, Danny age 12, Kelly age 19, and David age 22. Kelly has started her

first year of college with Mount Union University and David is finishing up his associate’s degree in marketing at Cuyahoga Community College. My wife and I have been happily married for almost 20 years now. My wife has worked for the YMCA for almost 20 years and is currently their office manager. My wife and my children are the most important part of my life as well as my successes. It is the influence that I have on my children as well as my personal goals that have driven me to want to excel in all I do and try to be a good role model for my children along with others I come into contact with as well. My life so far is comprised of a wonderful family, great friends, a small successful classic car restoration business and a sincere dedication to my family, education and work.

4. I, Juan Cruz, was born on 1977 July 7 at Toronto, Ontario, Canada. My father, Jose Cruz, is a retired soldier in the Philippine Army of the Armed Forces of the Philippines (Sandatahang Lakas ng Pilipinas). My mother, Maria Cruz, is a retired public school teacher at Dagupan, Pangasinan, Philippines. I'm the oldest of 3 children. I am very proud to be a Canadian. I was inspired by my father being a soldier in the army and since I was a child I dreamed of becoming a soldier in the Canadian Army of the Canadian Forces of Canada...

**Ode**

**1. The Ship of State**
*Quintus Horatius Flaccus*

On Ship! New billows sweep thee out

Seaward. What wilt thou? Hold the port, be stout
See'st not thy mast
How rent by stiff Southwestern blast?

Thy side, of rowers how forlorn?

Thine hull, with groaning yards, with rigging torn,
Can ill sustain
The fierce, and ever fiercer main;

Thy gods, no more than sails entire,

From whom yet once they need might aid require,
Oh Pontic Pine,
The first of woodland stocks is thine.

Yet race and name are but as dust,

Not painted sterns gave storm-tost seamen trust;
Unless thou dare
To be the sport of storms, beware.

O fold at best a weary weight,

A yearning care and constant strain of late,
O shun the seas
That girt those glittering Cyclades

2. **To His Young Mistress**
Pierre de Ronsard (1524-85)

Fair flower of fifteen springs, that still

Art scarcely blossomed from the bud,
Yet hast such store of evil will,
A heart so full of hardihood,
Seeking to hide in friendly wise
The mischief of your mocking eyes.

If you have pity, child, give o'er,

Give back the heart you stole from me,
Pirate, setting so little store
On this your captive from Love’s sea,
Holding his misery for gain,
And making pleasure of his pain.

Another, not so fair of face,

But far more pitiful than you,
Would take my heart, if of his grace,
My heart would give her of Love’s due;
And she shall have it, since I find
That you are cruel and unkind.

3. **Ode to Myself**

Just as Walt Whitman would say,

if he were with me today.....

There is a "Song of Myself",

A song that sings of my internal wealth.

A child of God, and also

able to make a friend out of every foe.

For I have true love inside

Any egotisms have surely died.

The beautiful song that strives to be heard

this song is clearer than any songbird.

There is no reason to feel pity

for my God and his love is always with me.

And I will try to learn as much as I should,

knowing that there are no problems,

just oppurtunities to be good.

4. ***Ode to a Nightingale*** *John Keats*

*My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains*

*My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of the happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,–
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.*

*O for a draught of vintage, that hath been*

*Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provencal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:*

*Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget*

*What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond tomorrow.*

**ELEGY**

***1. Angie***

no one knows what really happened to her

all they know that she was naked and dead

some people say it was foul play some people say

it was a blood vessel in her head

but then i began to have these wierd dreams about her

some beautiful some horrible

but how do we know whats real and whats a fantasy

when Angie's not here to tell.

2. ***The Epitaph***
Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melacholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven (‘twas all he wish’d) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

3. ***An Elegy Of The Earth***

*I before my death,*

*Have composed,*

*An elegy of the Earth,*

*Which (after war)*

*Roodali of the Air will sing,*

*Weeping and wailing,*

*Sitting amid the burnt*

*Decomposed bodies.*

*The Decree of Death*

*Has been written,*

*On the pale forehead of the Earth;*

*Only time is to be fixed.*

*We are neither afraid of death,*

*Nor covetous for life,*

*We only wish to relish in full,*

*Our natural life before the final ruin,*

*And it is our right too.*

*If war is indispensable,*

*We shall fight it only for our existence,*

*For our dreams are not*

*The fuel for the wars being fought on rent.*

Sonnet

**1. To Cyriack Skinner (Milton’s pupil)**
*John Milton*

Cyriack, this three years’ day these eyes, though clear

To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun or moon or star throughout the year,
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven’s hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer

Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?

The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty’s defense, my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world’s vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

2. **To Fanny**

**John Keats**

I cry your mercy–pity–love!–aye, love!

Merciful love that tantalizes not,

One-thoughted, never-wandering, guileless love,

Unmasked, and being seen–without a blot!

O! let me have thee whole,–all–all–be mine!

That shape, that fairness, that sweet minor zest

Of love, your kiss,–those hands, those eyes divine,

That warm, white, lucent, million-pleasured breast,–

Yourself–your soul–in pity give me all.

Withhold no atom’s atom or I die,

Or living on perhaps, your wretched thrall,

Forget, in the mist of idle misery,

Life’s purposes,–the palate of my mind

Losing its gist, and my ambition blind!

3. **Escape From The Sad Heart**

By Paul McCann

Sad heart please disguise
For I cannot hide
how I feel inside
Tears behind my eyes
My sad hearts capsized
Shipwrecked by the tide.
My thoughts start to slide
Into a sunrise
Its there I escape
Like a bird in flight
There I feel the shape
of ships in the night
On a lost landscape
far away from sight

4. **Her Wilting Regrets**

By Paul McCann

She was found to wilt .
With words she scours .
Ivory towers .
The thick walls she built .
Well tarnished with guilt .
She hides , she cowers .
In empty bowers .
With her red wine spilt .
She can never sip .
And she has not health .
She's buttoned her lip .
She hears no one else .
In walls ten miles thick,
she grieves for her

5. ***Decision***

*There are only two possibilities
God the result of imagination
Or God the Lord over all creation
With supernatural abilities

Considering the liabilities
The former, a finite observation
The latter, spirit rejuvenation
With its infinite capabilities

Choosing the former one has to reason
What's wanted is some final solution
An end to it all with no life ahead
I choose the latter for a new season
Trusting in God as my resolution
Gaining promised eternal life instead*

EPIC

1. **Hiawatha's Departure from The Song of Hiawatha***by
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

By the shore of Gitchie Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant Summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.
All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous,
And before him through the sunshine,
Westward toward the neighboring forest
Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
Burning, singing in the sunshine.
Bright above him shown the heavens,
Level spread the lake before him;
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
Aparkling, flashing in the sunshine;
On its margin the great forest
Stood reflected in the water,
Every tree-top had its shadow,
Motionless beneath the water.
From the brow of Hiawatha
Gone was every trace of sorrow,
As the fog from off the water,
And the mist from off the meadow.
With a smile of joy and triumph,
With a look of exultation,
As of one who in a vision
Sees what is to be, but is not,
Stood and waited Hiawatha.

2. ***Paradise Lost***

 *by John Milton*

*Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, Heav'nly Muse, that, on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Rose out of Chaos; or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dovelike sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That, to the height of this great argument,
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.*

**Ballad**

**1. The Rime of the Ancient Mariner**
Samuel Taylor Coleridge

It is an ancient Mariner,

And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,

And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,

"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! Unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye–

The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years’ child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:

He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,

Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

2. **Ballad of the Cool Fountain**

Fountain, coolest fountain,

Cool fountain of love,

Where all the sweet birds come

For comforting-but one,

A widow turtledove,

Sadly sorrowing,

At once the nightingale,

That wicked bird, came by,

And spoke these honied words:

"My lady, if you will,

I shall be your slave."

"You are my enemy:

Begone, you are not true!"

Green boughs no longer rest me,

Nor any budding grove.

Clear springs, where there are such,

Turn muddy at my touch.

I want no spouse to love

Nor any children either.

I forego that pleasure and their comfort too.

No, leave me; you are false

And wicked-vile, untrue!

I'll never be your mistress!

I'll never marry you!

3. **The Mermaid**

'Twas Friday morn when we set sail,
And we had not got far from land,
When the Captain, he spied a lovely mermaid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Oh the ocean waves may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
While we poor sailors go skipping aloft
And the land lubbers lay down below, below, below
And the land lubbers lay down below.

Then up spoke the Captain of our gallant ship,
And a jolly old Captain was he;
"I have a wife in Salem town,
But tonight a widow she will be."

Then up spoke the Cook of our gallant ship,
And a greasy old Cook was he;
"I care more for my kettles and my pots,
Than I do for the roaring of the sea."

Then up spoke the Cabin-boy of our gallant ship,
And a dirty little brat was he;
"I have friends in Boston town
That don't care a ha' penny for me."

Then three times 'round went our gallant ship,
And three times 'round went she,
And the third time that she went 'round
She sank to the bottom of the sea.

4. ***The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*** *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

*It is an ancient Mariner,*

*And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?*

*The Bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,*

*And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."*

*He holds him with his skinny hand,*

*"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! Unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.*

*He holds him with his glittering eye–*

*The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years’ child:
The Mariner hath his will.*

*The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:*

*He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.*

*The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,*

*Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.*

**TRAGEDY**

1. [***Antony and Cleopatra***](http://2dayspoem.blogspot.com/2009/01/antony-and-cleopatra-from-act-1-scene.html)

I am dying, Egypt, dying.      Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast, And the dark Plutonian shadows      Gather on the evening blast; Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me,      Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear; Listen to the great heart-secrets,      Thou, and thou alone, must hear. Though my scarr'd and veteran legions      Bear their eagles high no more, And my wreck'd and scatter'd galleys      Strew dark Actium's fatal shore, Though no glittering guards surround me,      Prompt to do their master's will, I must perish like a Roman,      Die the great Triumvir still. Let not Cæsar's servile minions      Mock the lion thus laid low; 'Twas no foeman's arm that fell'd him,      'Twas his own that struck the blow; His who, pillow'd on thy bosom,      Turn'd aside from glory's ray, His who, drunk with thy caresses,      Madly threw a world away. Should the base plebeian rabble      Dare assail my name at Rome, Where my noble spouse, Octavia,      Weeps within her widow'd home, Seek her; say the gods bear witness--      Altars, augurs, circling wings-- That her blood, with mine commingled,      Yet shall mount the throne of kings. As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,      Glorious sorceress of the Nile, Light the path to Stygian horrors      With the splendors of thy smile. Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,      Let his brow the laurel twine; I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,      Triumphing in love like thine. I am dying, Egypt, dying;      Hark! the insulting foeman's cry. They are coming! quick, my falchion,      Let me front them ere I die. Ah! no more amid the battle      Shall my heart exulting swell; Isis and Osiris guard thee!      Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

**2. Tragedy**

by Jenny White

Underneath the sunshine of a Sunday afternoon

Sits a smoking cage still hot to the touch

Crumpled front and sides not leaving room

Or desire to move around much

A palpable example of the passage of time

Now a wreck, a sight to turn from

When five minutes ago, it was fine

You know the worse is yet to come

Understanding something of this scale

Not possible on first glance, it takes a lot

When the moment is new and the future is frail

You go on auto-pilot

Watch yourself die in strangers' eyes

And feel sleep summon

Ask them questions, they'll tell you lies

Until they hear the professionals coming

Windows break, your head aches,

They pull out the Jaws of Life

What a horrible sound it all makes

Ten minutes ago, it was all fine

Muddy boots up steep, grassy slopes

That were never meant for climbing

Birds sing, distant church bells ring...

Fastest ride of your life

No need to hold on tight

They keep telling you to fight

Needles make you feel all right

Sadness on their faces show

Fastest ride, off you go

Towards a future you don't know

Sunday afternoon

**METRICAL TALE**

**1. Paul Revere’s Ride**

Listen, my children and you shall hear

Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere

On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five:

Hardly a man is now alive

Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend – “If the British march

By land or sea from the town to-night,

Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch

Of the North-Church tower, as a signal-light, -

One if by land, and two if by sea;

And I on the opposite shore will be,

Ready to ride and spread the alarm

Through every Middlesex village and farm,

For the country-folk to be up and to arm.”

Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar

Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,

Just as the moon rose over the bay,

Where swinging wide at her moorings lay

The Somerset, British man-of-war:

A phantom ship, with each mast and spar.

**2.**

**Canto First**

Come, sit thee by me, love, and thou shalt hear

A tale may win a smile and claim a tear-

A plan and simple story, told in rhyme,

As sang the minstrels of the olden time.

No idle Muse I'll needlessly invoke-

No patron's aid to steer me from the rock

Of cold neglect round which oblivion lies;

But loved one, I will look into thine eyes,

From which young poesy first touched my soul,

And bade the burning words in numbers roll;--

They were the light in which I learned to sing;

And still to thee will kindling fancy cling-

Glow at thy smile, as when, in younger years,

I've seen thee smiling through thy maiden tears,

Like a fair floweret bent with morning dew;

While sunbeams kissed its leaves of loveliest hue.

Thou wert the chord and spirit of my lyre-

Thy love the living voice that breathed "aspire!"-

That smoothed ambition's steep and toilsome height.

And in its darkest paths was round me, light.

Then sit thee by me, love, and list the strain,

Which, but for thee, had still neglected lain.

II.

Didst thou ere mark, within a beauteous vale,

Where sweetest wild flowers scent the summer gale,

And the blue Tweed, in silver windings glides,

Kissing the bending branches on its sides,

A snow white cottage, one that well might seem

A poet's picture of contentment's dream?

Two chestnuts broad and tall emblower the spot,

And bend in beauty o'er the peaceful cot;

The creeping ivy clothes its roof with green,

White round the door, the perfumed woodbine's seen

Shading a rustic arch; and smiling near,

Like rainbow fragments, blooms a rich parterre;

Grey, naked crags-a steep and pine clad hill-

A mountain chain and tributary rill-

A distant hamlet and an ancient wood,

Begirt the valley where the cottage stood.

That cottage was a young Enthusiast's home,

Ere blind ambition lured his steps to roam;

He was a wayward, bold, and ardent boy,

At once his parent's grief-their hope and joy.

Men call him Edmund.-Oft his mother wept

Beside the couch where yet her schoolboy slept,

As, starting in his slumbers, he would seem

To speak of things of which none else might dream.

III.

Adown the vale, a stately mansion rose,

With arboured lawns, like visions of repose;

Serene in summer loveliness, and fair

As if no passion e'er was dweller there

Save innocence and love; for they alone

Within the smiling vale of peace were known.

But fairer and more lovely far than all,

Like Spring's first flowers, was Helen of the Hall-

The blue eyed daughter of the mansion's lord,

And living image of a wife adored,

But now no more-for e'er a lustrum shed

Its smiles and sunshine o're the infant's head,

Death like a passing spirit, touched the brow

Of the young mother-and the father now

Lived as a dreamer on his daughter's face,

That seemed a mirror wherein he could trace

The long lost past-the eyes of love and light,

Which his fond soul had worshipped, ere the night

Of death and sorrow sealed those eyes in gloom-

Darkened his joys, and whelmed them in the tomb.

IV.

Young Edmund and fair Helen, from the years

Of childhood's golden joys and passing tears,

Were friends and playmates; and together they

Across the lawn, or through the woods would stray.

While he was wont to pull the lilies fair,

And weave them with the primrose, round her hair:--

Plait toys of rushes, or bedeck the thorn

With daisies sparkling with the dews of morn;

While she, these simple gifts would grateful take-

Loved for their own and for the giver's sake.

Or, they would chase the butterfly and bee

From flower to flower-shouting in childish glee.

Or hunt the cuckoo's echo through the glad,

Chasing the wandering sound from shade to shade.

Or, if she conned the daily task in vain,

A word from Edmund made the lesson plain.

V.

Thus years rolled by in innocence and truth,

And playful childhood melted into youth,

As dies the dawn in rainbows, ray by ray

In blushing beauty stealing into day.

And thus, too, passed, unnoticed and unknown,

The sports of childhood, fleeting one by one,

Like broken dreams, of which we neither know

From whence they come, nor mark we when they go.

Yet would they stray where Tweed's fair waters glide,

As we have wandered-fondly side by side;

And when dim gloaming's shadows o'er it stole

As silence visible-until the soul

Grew tranquil as the scene-then would they trace

The deep'ning shadows on the river's face-

A voiceless world, where glimmered, downward far,

Inverted mountain, tree, and cloud, and star.

"Twas Edmund's choicest scene, and he would dwell

On it, till he grew eloquent, and tell

Its beauties o'er and o'er, until the maid

Knew every gorgeous tint and mellowed shade

Which evening from departed sunbeams threw,

And as a painter on the waters drew.

VI.

Or, when brown Autumn touched the leaves with age,

The heavens became the young Enthusiast's page

Wherein his fancy read; and they would then,

Hand locked in hand, forsake the haunts of men;

Communing with the silver queen of night,

Which, as a spirit, shone upon their sight,

Full orbed in maiden glory; and her beams

Fell on their hearts, like distant shadowed gleams

Of future joy and undefined bliss-

Half of another world and half of this.

Then, rapt in dreams, oft would he gazing stand,

Grasping in his her fair and trembling hand,

And thus exclaim-"Helen, when I'm gone,

When that bright moon shall shine on you alone,

And but one shadow on the river fall-

Say, wilt thou then these heavenly hours recall?

Or read, upon the fair moon's smiling brow

The words we've uttered-those we utter now?

Or think, though seas divide us, I may be

Gazing upon that glorious orb with thee

At the same moment-hearing in its rays,

The hallowed whisperings of early days

For oh, there is a language in its calm

And holy light, that hath a power to balm

The troubled spirit, and like memory's glass,

Make bygone happiness before us pass.

VII.

Or, they would gaze upon the evening star,

Blazing in beauteous glory from afar,

Dazzling its kindred spheres, and bright o'er all,

Like LOVE on the Eternal's coronal;

Until their eyes its rays reflected threw

In glances eloquent-though words were few;

For weel I ween, it is enough to feel

The power of such an hour upon us steal,

As if a holy spirit filled the air,

And nought but love and silence might be there-

Or whispers, which, like Philomel's soft strains,

Are only heard to tell that silence reigns.

Yet he at times would break the hallowed spell

And thus in eager rhapsodies would dwell

Upon the scene:-"O'er us rolls world on world,

Like the Almighty's regal robes unfurled;-

O'erwhelming, dread, unbounded, and sublime-

Eternity's huge arms that girdle time

And roll around it, marking out the years

Of this dark spot of sin amidst the spheres!

For, oh, while gazing upon worlds so fair,

'Tis hard to think that sin has entered there.

That those bright orbs which now in glory swim,

Should e'er for man's ingratitude be dim!

Bewildered, lost, I cast mine eyes abroad,

And read on every star the name of-GOD!

The thought o'erwhelms me -Yet, while gazing on

Yon star of love, I cannot feel alone;

For wheresoe'er my after lot may be

That evening star shall speak of home and thee.

Fancy will view it o'er yon mountain's brow

That sleeps in solitude before us now;

While memory's lamp shall kindle at its rays,

And light the happy scenes of other days-

Such scenes as this; and then the very breeze

That with it bears the odour of the trees,

And gathers up the meadows sweet perfume,

From off my clouded brow shall chase the gloom

Of sick'ning absence-for the scented air

To me wafts back remembrance, as the prayer

Of lisping childhood is remembered yet,

Like living words, which we can ne'er forget."

VIII.

Till now, their life had been one thought of joy,

A vision time was destined to destroy-

As dies the dewy net work on the thorn,

Before the sunbeams, with the mists of morn.

Thus far their lives in one smooth current ran-

They loved, yet knew not when that love began,

And hardly knew they loved; though it had grown

A portion of their being, and had thrown

Its spirit o'er them; for its shoots had sprung

Up in their hearts, while yet their hearts were young;

Even like the bright leaves of some wandering seed,

Which Autumn's breezes bear across the mead,

O'er naked wild and mountain, till the wind,

Dropping its gift, a stranger flower we find.

And with their years, the kindling feeling grew,

But grew unnoticed, and no change they knew;

For it had grown, even as a bud displays

Its opening beauties-one on which we gaze

Yet note no seeming change from hour to hour,

But find, at length the bud a lovely flower.

IX.

Thus, thrice six golden summers o'er them fled,

And on their hearts their rip'ning influence shed

Till one fair eve, when from the gorgeous west

Cloud upon cloud in varied splendour pressed

Around the setting sun, which blinding shone

On the horizon like its Maker's throne;

Till veiled in glory, and its parting ray

Fell as a blessing on the closing day-

Or, like the living smile of Nature's God,

Upon his creatures setting peace abroad.

The early lark had ceased its evening song,

And silence reigned amidst the feathered throng;

Save where the chaffinch, with unvarying strain,

Its short sweet line of music thrilled again;

Or where the stock dove, from the neighbouring grove

Welcomed the twilight with the voice of love-

Then Edmund wandered by the trysting-tree,

Where, at that hour, the maid was wont to be;-

But now she came not. Deep'ning shade on shade,

The night crept round him; still he lonely strayed;

Gazed on the tree gray its foliage grew,

And stars marked midnight, ere he slow withdrew.

Another evening came-a third passed on-

And wondering, fearing, still he stood alone.

Trembling and gazing on her father's hall,

Where lights were glittering as a festival

And, as with cautious step he ventured near,

Sounds of glad music burst upon his ear,

And figures glided in the circling dance,

While wild his love and poverty at once

Flashed through his bursting heart, and smote him new

As if a thunderbolt had scorched his brow,

And scathed his very spirit; as he stood,

Mute as despair-the ghost of solitude!

X.

Strange guests were revelling at the princely hall-

Proud peers and ladies fair; but chief of all,

A rich and haughty knight, from Beaumont side,

Who came to woo fair Helen as his bride;

Or, rather from her father ask her hand,

And woo no more; but deem consent, command.

He too was young, high-born, and bore a name

sounding with honours bought, though not with fame

And the consent he sought, her father gave,

Nor feared the daughter of his love would brave

In aught his wishes, or oppose his will;

For she had ever sought it, as the rill

Seeketh the valley or the ocean's breast;

And, ere his very wishes were expressed,

She strove to trace their meaning in his eyes,

Even as a seaman readeth on the skies

The coming breeze, the calm, or brooding gale,

Then spreads the canvass wide, or reefs the sail,

Nor did he doubt, that still her heart was free

As the fleet mountain deer, which as a veil

The wilderness surrounds; for she had grown

Up as a desert flower, that he alone

Had watched and cherished; and the blinding pride

Of wealth and ancestory, had served to hide,

From him alone, what long within the vale

Had been the rustic gossip's eveing tale.

That such presumptuous love could e'er employ

The secret fancies of the cottage boy,

He would have held impossible-or smiled

At the bold madness of a thought so wild-

Reading his daughter's spirit by his own,

Which reared an ancient name as virtue's throne,

And only stooped to look on meaner things,

Whose honours echoed not the breath of kings.

XI.

Wild were the passions-fierce the anguish now,

Which tore the very soul, and clothed the brow

Of the Enthusiast;--while gaunt Despair,

Its heavy, cold, and iron hand laid bare,

And in its grasp of torture clenched his heart,

Till, one by one, the life-drops seem to start

In agony unspeakable; within

His breast its freezing shadow-dark as Sin,

Gloomy as Death, and desolate as Hell,

Like starless midnight on his spirit fell,

Burying his soul in darkness;-while his Love,

Fierce as a whirlwind, in its madness strove

With stern Despair, as on the field of wrath

The wounded warhorse, panting, strives with Death

Then as the conflict weakened, Hope would dash

Across his bosom, like the death winged flash

That flees before the thunder; yet its light,

Lived but a moment, leaving deeper night

Around the strife of passions; and again

The struggle maddened, and the hope was vain.

XII.

He heard the maidens of the valley say,

How they, upon their lady's wedding day

Would strew her path with flowers, and o'er the lawn

Join in the dance, to eve from early dawn;

While, with a smile and half deriding glance.

Some sought him as their partner in the dance:

And peasant railers, as he passed them by,

Laughed-whispered-laughed again, and mocked

But he disdained them; and his heaving breast

Had no room left to feel their vulgar jest;

For it ran o'er with agony and scorn,

Its water dropping on a rock, was borne.

XIII.

Twas a fair summer night, and the broad moon

Sailed in calm glory through the skies of June;

Pouring on earth its pale and silv'ry light,

Till roughest forms were softened to the sight;

And on the western hills its faintest ray

Kissed the yet ruddy streaks of parted day.

The stars were few, and twinkling, dimly shone,

For the bright moon in beauty reigned alone;

One cloud lay sleeping 'neath the breathless sky,

Bathed in the limpid light; while, as the sigh

Of secret love, silent as shadows glide,

The soft wind played among the leafy pride

Of the green trees, and scarce the aspen shook;

A babbling voice was heard from every brook;

And down the vale, in murmurs low and long,

Tweed poured its ancient and unwearied song.

Before, behind, around, afar and near,

The wakeful landrail's watchword met the ear.

When Edmund leaned against the hallowed tree,

Whose shade had been their temple, and where he

Had carved their names in childhood, and they yet

Upon the rind were visible. They met

Beneath its branches spreading like a bower,

For months-for years; and the impassioned hour

Of silent deep deliciousness, and bliss

Pure as an angel's-fervid as the kiss

Of a young mother on her first-born's brow-

Fled in their depth of joy, they knew not how;

as the Boreal meteor mocks the eye,

Living a moment on the gilded sky,

And dying in the same, ere we can trace

Its golden hues, its form, or hiding place.

But now to him each moment dragged a chain,

And time itself seemed weary. The fair plain,

Where the broad river, in its pride was seen,

With stately woods and fields of lovliest green.

To him was now a wilderness; and even

Upon the everlasting face of heaven

A change had passed-its very light was changed,

And shed forth sickness; for he stood estranged

From all that he had loved, and every scene

Spoke of despair where love and joy had been.

Thus desolate he stood, when, lo! a sound

Of voices and gay laughter echoed round.

Then, straight a party issued from the wood,

And, ere he marked them, all before him stood.

He gazed-he startled-shook-exclaimed aloud,

"Helen!"-then burst away! and as a shroud

The sombre trees concealed him; but a cry

Of sudden anguish, echoed a reply

To his wild word of misery, though he

Heard not its tone of heart pierced agony.

She, whom his fond soul worshipped as its bride,

He saw before him, by her wooer's side,

Midst other proud ones;-'twas a sight like death-

Death on his very heart !-The balmy breath

Of the calm night struck on his brow with fire;

For each fierce passion, burning in its ire,

Raged in his bosom as a with'ring flame,

And scarce he knew he madly breathed her name;

But, as a bark before the tempest tossed,

Rushed from the scene, exclaiming wildly-"Lost!"

XIV.

Two days of sorrow slowly round had crept,

And Helen lonely in her chamber wept;

Shunning her father's guests, and shunning, too,

The glance of rage and scorn, which now he threw

Upon the child that e'er to him had been

Dear as immortal hope, when o'er the scene

Of human life, death, slow twilight, lowers;-

She was the sunlight of his widowed hours-

The all he loved-the glory of his eye-

His hope by day-the sole remaining tie

That linked him with the world; and rudely now

That link seemed broken; and upon his brow.

Wrath lay in gloom; while, from his very feet,

He spurned the being he was wont to meet

With outstretched arms of fondness and of pride,

While all the father's feelings in a tide

Of transport gushed. But now she wept alone,

Shunning and shunned; and still the bitter tone

In which she heard her Edmund breathe her name

Rang in her heaving bosom; and the flame

That lit his eye with frenzy and despair,

Upon her naked spirit seemed to glare

With an accusing glance; yet while her tears

Were flowing silently, as hours and years

Flow down the tide of time, one whom she loved,

And who from childhood still had faithful proved,

Approached her weeping, and within her hand

A packet placed, as Edmund's-last command!

Wild throbbed her heart, and tears a moment fled,

While, tremblingly, she broke the seal, and read-

Then wept, and sobbed aloud, and read again,

These farewell words of passion and of pain.

XV.

EDMUND'S LETTER.

Helen!-farewell! I write but could not speak

That parting word of bitterness;-the cheek

Grows pale when the tongue utters it;-the knell

Which tells-'the grave is ready!' and doth swell

On the dull wind, tolling-'the dead-the dead!'

Sounds not more desolate, It is a dread

And fearful thing to be of hope bereft,

As if the soul itself had died, and left

The body living-feeding in its breast

The death of deaths its everlasting guest

Such is my cheerless bosom-'tis a tomb

Where hope lies buried in eternal gloom,

And Love mourns o'er it-yes, my Helen-Love--

Like the sad wailings of a widowed dove

Over its rifled nest. Yet blame me not,

That I, a lowly peasant's son, forgot

The gulf between our stations. Could I gaze

Upon the glorious sun, and see its rays

Fling light and beauty round me, and remain

Dead to its power, while on the lighted plain

The humblest weed looked up in love, and spread

Its leaves before it!-The vast sea doth wed

The simple brook; the bold lark soars on high,

Bounds from its humble nest and woos the sky--

Yea, the frail ivy seeks and loves to cling

Round the proud branches of the forest's king;

Then blame me not;-thou wilt not-cannot blame:

Our sorrows, hopes, and joys, have been the same-

Been one from childhood; but the dream is past,

And stern realities at length have cast

Our fates asunder. Yet, when thou shalt see

Proud ones before thee bend the suppliant knee,

And kiss thy garment while they who woo thy hand,

Spurn not the peasant boy who dared to stand

Before thee, in the rapture of his heart,

And woo thee as thine equal. Courtly art

May find more fitting phrase to charm thine ear,

But, dearest, mayst thou find them as sincere!

And, oh! by every past and hallowed hour!

By the lone tree that formed our trysting bower!

By the fair moon, and all the stars of night,

That round us threw love's holiest, dearest light!

By infant passion's first and burning kiss!

By every witness of departed bliss!

Forget me not-loved one!-Forget me not!

For, oh, to know that I am not forgot-

That thou wilt retain within thy breast

Some thought of him who loved you first and best-

To know but this, would in my bosom be

Like one faint star seen from the pathless sea

By the bewildered mariner. Once more,

Maid of my heart-farewell! A distant shore

Must be thy Edmund's home-though where the soul

Is as a wilderness-from pole to pole

The desolate in heart may ceaseless roam,

Nor find on earth that spot of heaven-a home!

But be thou happy!-be my Helen blessed!

Thou wilt be happy! Oh! those words have pressed

Thoughts on my brain on which I may not dwell!

Again, farewell!-my Helen, fare-thee-well!

XVI.

A gallant bark was gliding o'er the seas,

And like a living mass, before the breeze,

Swept on majestic, as a thing of mind

Whose spirit held communion with the wind,

Rearing and rising o'er the billowed tide,

As a proud steed doth toss its head in pride.

Upon its deck young Edmund silent stood-

A son of sadness; and his mournful mood

Grew day by day, while wave on wave rolled by,

And he their homeward current with a sigh

Followed with fondness. Still the vessel bore

The wanderer onward from his native shore,

Till in a distant land he lonely stood

'Midst city crowds in more than solitude.

XVII.

There long he wandered without aim or plan,

Till disappointment whispered-act as a man!

But, though it cool the fever of the brain,

And shake, untaught, presumption's idle reign,

Bring folly to its level, and bid hope

Before the threshold of attainment stop;

Still-when its blastings thwart our every scheme,

When humblest wishes seem an idle dream,

And the bare bread of life is half denied-

Such disappointments humble not our pride;

But they do change the temper of the soul-

Change every word and action-and enrol

The nobler mind with things of basest name-

With idleness, dishonesty, and shame!

It hath its bounds-and thus far it is well

To check presumption-visions wild to quell;

Then, 'tis the chastening of a father's hand-

All wholesome-all expedient. But to stand

Writhing beneath the unsparing lash, and be

Trampled on veriest earth, while misery

Stems the young blood, or makes it freeze with care

And on the tearless eyeballs writes-Despair!

Oh! this is terrible!-and it doth throw

Upon the brow such early marks of woe

That men seemed old ere they have well been young--

Their fond hopes perish, and their hearts are wrung

With such dark feelings-misanthropic gloom,

Spite of their natures, haunts them to the tomb.

XVIII.

Now, Edmund 'midst the bustling throng appears

One old in wretchedness, though young in years,

For he had struggled with an angry world,

Had felt misfortune's billows o'er him hurled,

And strove against its tide-where wave meets wave

Like huge leviathans sporting wild, and lave

Their mountain breakers round with circling sweep,

Till, drawn within the vortex of their deep,

The man of ruin struggleth-but in vain:

Like dying swimmers who, in breathless pain

Despairing, strike at random!-It would be

A subject worth the schoolmen's scrutiny,

To trace each simple source from whence arose

The strong and mingled stream of human woes;-

But here we may not. It is ours alone

To make the lonely wanderer's fortunes known;

And now, in plain but faithful colours dressed,

To paint the feelings of his hopeless breast.

XIX.

His withered prospects blacken-wounds await-

The grave grows sunlight to his darker fate.

All now is gall and bitterness within,

And thoughts, once sternly pure, half yield to sin.

His sickened soul, in all its native pride,

Swells 'neath the breast that tattered vestments hide,

Disdained-disdaining-while men flourish, he

Still stands a stately through a withered tree.

But, heavens!-the agony of the moment when

Suspicion stamped the smiles of other men!

When friends glanced doubts, and proudly prudent grew,

His counsellers, and his accusers too!

XX.

Picture his pain, his misery, when first

His growing wants their proud concealment burst

When the first tears start from his stubborn soul,

Big, burning, solitary drops, that roll

Down his pale cheek-the momentary gush

Of human weakness-till the whirlwind rush

Of pride-of shame-had dashed them from his eye,

And his swollen heart heaved mad with agony!

Then-then the pain!-the infinity of feeling!

Words fail to paint its anguish. Reason, reeling,

Staggered with torture through his burning brain,

While his teeth gnashed with bitterness and pain-

Reflection grew a scorpion!-speech had fled,

And all but madness and despair were dead!

XXI.

He slept to dream of death-or worse than death;

For death were bliss, and the convulsive wrath

Of living torture peace, to the dread weight

That pressed upon sensation, while the light

Of reason gleamed but horror, and strange hosts

Of hideous phantasies, like threat'ning ghosts,

Grotesquely mingled, preyed upon his brain:

Then would he dream of yesterdays again,

Or view to-morrow's terrors thick surround

His fancy with forebodings. While the sound

Of his own breath broke frightful on his ear,

He, bathed in icy sweat, would start in fear,

Trembling and pale; then did his glances seem

Sad as the sun's last, conscious, farewell gleam

Upon the eve of judgment. Such appear

His days and nights whom hope has ceased to cheer.

But grov'llers know it not. The supple slave

Whose worthiest record is a nameless grave-

Whose trucking spirit bends and bids him kneel,

And fawn and vilely kiss a patron's heel-

Even he can cast the cursed suspicious eye-

Inquire the cause of this-the reason why?

And stab the sufferer. Then, the tenfold pain

To feel a gilded butterfly's disdain!-

A kicking ass, without an ass's sense,

Whose only virtue is-pounds-shillings-pence!

And, now, while ills on ills beset him round,

The scorn of such the hopeless Edmund found.

XXII.

But Hope returned, and on the wanderer's ear

Breathed its life-giving watchword-persevere!

And torn by want, and struggling with despair,

These were his words-his fixed resolve and prayer.--

"Hail, perseverance!-rectitude of heart!-

Through life thy aid-thy conquering power impart!

Repulsed and broken-blasted-be thou ever

A portion of my spirit!-Leave me never!

Firm-fixed in purpose-watchful-unsubdued,

Until my hand hath grasped the prize pursued."

METRICAL ROMANCE

The Lady of Shallot
Alfred Lord Tennyson

Part I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shallot.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shallot.

By the margin, willow veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shallot?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers " 'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shallot."

Part II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shallot.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shallot.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shallot.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed:
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shallot.

Part III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shallot.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shallot.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shallot.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shallot.

Part IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shallot.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance--
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shallot.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right--
The leaves upon her falling light--
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shallot.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shallot.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shallot.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shallot."

**Melodrama**

***Annabel Lee***

*It was many and many a year ago,*

*In a kingdom by the sea,*

*That a maiden there lived whom you may know*

*By the name of ANNABEL LEE;*

*And this maiden she lived with no other thought*

*Than to love and be loved by me.*

*I was a child and she was a child,*

*In this kingdom by the sea;*

*But we loved with a love that was more than love-*

*I and my Annabel Lee;*

*With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven*

*Coveted her and me.*

*And this was the reason that, long ago,*

*In this kingdom by the sea,*

*A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling*

*My beautiful Annabel Lee;*

*So that her highborn kinsman came*

*And bore her away from me,*

*To shut her up in a sepulchre*

*In this kingdom by the sea.*

*The angels, not half so happy in heaven,*

*Went envying her and me-*

*Yes!- that was the reason (as all men know,*

*In this kingdom by the sea)*

*That the wind came out of the cloud by night,*

*Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.*

*But our love it was stronger by far than the love*

*Of those who were older than we-*

*Of many far wiser than we-*

*And neither the angels in heaven above,*

*Nor the demons down under the sea,*

*Can ever dissever my soul from the soul*

*Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.*

*For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams*

*Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;*

*And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes*

*Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;*

*And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side*

*Of my darling- my darling- my life and my bride,*

*In the sepulchre there by the sea,*

*In her tomb by the sounding sea.*

**Epigram**

* *There once was a woman named Bright
who traveled much faster than light.
She set out one day
in a relative way
and came back the previous night!*
* *The turtle lives 'twixt plated decks
which practically conceal its sex.
I think it clever of the turtle
in such a fix to be so fertile.*
* *MY soul, sit thou a patient looker-on ;
Judge not the play before the play is done :
Her plot hath many changes ; every day
Speaks a new scene ; the last act crowns the play.*
* HERO AND LEANDER
Both robb'd of air, we both lie in one ground
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drown'd
* PYRAMUS AND THISBE
Two, by themselves, each other, love and fear
Slain, cruel friends, by parting have join'd here.
* A LICENTIOUS PERSON
Thy sins and hairs may no man equal call ;
For, as thy sins increase, thy hairs do fall.
* ANTIQUARY
If in his study he hath so much care
To hang all old strange things, let his wife beware.
* AN OBSCURE WRITER
Philo with twelve years' study hath been grieved
To be understood ; when will he be believed?