

## A.P. Literature and Composition Summer Homework Assignment

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Dear AP Literature and Composition Students:

Welcome to A.P. Literature! Don't be afraid by the length of this homework packet and by the fact that you need to read two books! They are both short and very interesting! One of them even has two movies you can choose to watch. Take your pick, Robert Redford or Leo DiCaprio? I actually like both! Now let's get down to business, you actually do have to read the novel, because watching the movies will not help with your assignments this summer. I, of course, highly recommend you read the book first as you answer your journal responses and then watch the movies if you want to see it through someone else's eyes. I think you have to read it and see it through your eyes first.

In order for you to be prepared for the rigorous coursework this year and, of course, the A.P. exam you will have to dedicate serious time and energy to complete these assignments. They are not assigned to just keep you busy, but, these two particular texts have been selected specifically to help you achieve success not only in this course but to also help you pass the A.P. exam with a high score. You must do all the assignments in this packet. If you have any questions, please e-mail me. I want ALL of you to succeed and do an excellent job on the A.P. exam!

Pace yourself: You have until August 22<sup>nd</sup> to finish all your work. Give yourself a few weeks per book along with the writing prompt assignments and you will have no trouble completing everything on time. I highly recommend you read *How to Read Literature Like a Professor* first and then *The Great Gatsby*. This way when you are ready to read the novel, you will be "reading like a professor" and noticing all the important things Foster is describing in his book. Also, all the concepts and ideas you read in *How to Read Literature Like a Professor* will be a major roadmap for you once we start the school year and read other books. I will constantly refer to concepts from that book, so it's very important you know what I refer to during class discussions.

AP Literature and Composition is a college level literature class. This course will build upon your skills as analytical readers, thinkers, and writers. In order to "hit the ground running," you must read *The Great Gatsby* by F. Scott Fitzgerald and *How to Read Literature Like a Professor*, by Thomas C. Foster. During the first week of school, expect to be assessed in a variety of ways on your reading, including quizzes, graded discussions, written essays, and presentations. These two texts will provide the springboard for instruction in the fall. Those who complete the reading with a high degree of comprehension and analysis will have a definite advantage over those who do not.

In addition to reading these two texts, you are required to answer corresponding question for both books. The two texts will tie in together and you must read both. Everything must be typed and turned into me the first week of school.

I highly encourage you to purchase your own books so that you can begin the scholarly work of annotation. Good Luck! I'm very excited to be in the classroom with you again!

You will have journal response style answers for each of the following questions for *The Great Gatsby*. Each journal response should be a full page, typed up, Times New Roman, 12 font, MLA format. **Do not copy the question or the quotations I have included. Only the prompt number and title I have typed in BOLD should be on each page with your response.**

The Great Gatsby Journal Prompts for the Composition Notebook

### **Prompt #1 Chapter 1 – Characterization**

In chapter 1, readers are introduced to 5 important characters: Nick, Daisy, Tom, Jordan, and Jay Gatsby. 1. Re-read chapter 1 and focus on Fitzgerald's descriptions of two characters. As you read, annotate the text by underlining, highlighting, or marking words and phrases that describe your chosen characters. 2. Write a journal response that describes your initial impression of the characters based on Fitzgerald's descriptions. Incorporate four brief quotes (no more than 1-2 lines long) into your response. Use the quotes as evidence of the characters' personality traits.

### **Prompt #2 Chapters 2 and 3 – Geography / Setting**

"Geography is setting, but it's also (or can be) psychology, attitude, finance, industry— anything that place can forge in the people who live there. Geography in literature can also be more. It can be revelatory of virtually any element in the work. Theme? Sure. Symbol? No problem. Plot? Without a doubt" (Foster 166).

In chapters 2 and 3, we are introduced to several new geographical landscapes, including the valley of ashes (home to George Wilson's Repair garage), Myrtle Wilson's apartment, and Jay Gatsby's mansion. Choose one of these three settings for analysis. 1. Re-read / skim chapter 19 ("Geography Matters . . .") from HTRLLP. 2. Re-read chapters 2 and 3 of *The Great Gatsby* and pay close attention to Fitzgerald's use of details to develop the setting which you've chosen for your focus. Annotate (highlight/underline/mark) key phrases in the text about that particular place. 3. Then consider how the setting you have chosen reveals something important about the characters that live there, about a developing theme, or about an emerging symbol (see chapter 12 of HTRLLP for a quick run-down on symbols). 4. Write a journal response that explains the connection between your geographical location (or setting) and character, theme, or symbol. Incorporate 2 brief quotes from chapter 19 of HTRLLP (1-2 lines long) and 3 brief quotes from *The Great Gatsby* into your response.

For some Gatsby fun if you have time: go to the following link for a map of all the various locations in the novel, or just google "The Great Gatsby Story Map" and that should get you there. It's amazing to see how many locations, from South Dakota to France, are referenced in this novel.

<https://maps.google.com/maps/ms?msid=20932343672223298841.0004db44750d6468a6215&msa=0&dg=feature>

### **Prompt #3 Chapter 4 – "Truth and Lies" Motif and Time / Flashback**

For this prompt, please write down a few ideas for each question. 1. Gatsby says to Nick: "I'll tell you God's truth" (69). Re-read pages 69 – 71. a. List all the "facts" and "proof" that Gatsby provides Nick about himself. b. How does Nick react to what he is being told? Which facts does he believe to be true? To be lies?

List at least 4 quotes that reveal his different reactions. 2. What is Wolfsheimer's opinion of Gatsby?

Do you think Nick's conversation with Wolfsheim allows Nick to feel better or worse about Gatsby as a person? List 2 or 3 quotes as evidence for your interpretation. 3. What new information do we learn about Jay Gatsby from Jordan's narration? Do you like this change in narrative point of view? Why or why not?

#### **Prompt #4 Chapters 5 and 6 – Symbolism**

"If we want to figure out what a symbol might mean, we have to use a variety of tools on it: questions, experience, preexisting knowledge" (Foster 100).

1. Re-read / skim chapter 12 ("Is That a Symbol?") from HTRLLP. 2. Re-read chapters 5 and 6 of *The Great Gatsby* and pay close attention to any objects, images, or actions that might be carrying meaning beyond their literal existence in the novel.

For example, a green light literally exists on Daisy's dock that Gatsby can see from his property. What additional meaning beyond just being a light on a dock might this green light (as described on p. 98) represent or suggest? What preexisting knowledge of—or associations with—green lights (or the color green) do we as readers bring to the text? Annotate key phrases that might be connected to symbolism in your text. 3. Write a journal response that explains the meaning behind two symbols from these chapters. What larger concepts, ideas or themes do you see the symbols representing? Put another way, how might these symbols be contributing to a particular theme, such as the theme of illusion vs. reality, or the consequences of trying to recreate the past, or some other theme.

Use one quote from HTRLLP and at least 3 brief quotes from *The Great Gatsby* to develop your response.

#### **Prompt #5 Chapter 7 – Weather and the story's climax**

"Weather is never just weather. It's never just rain. And that goes for snow, sun, warmth, cold, and probably sleet, although the incidence of sleet in my reading is too rare to generalize" (Foster 75).

1. Re-read / skim chapter 10 ("It's More Than Just Rain or Snow") in HTRLLP. 2. Re-read chapter 7 of *The Great Gatsby*. Anytime Fitzgerald makes a reference to the weather, annotate the text.

3. Foster focuses mostly on how rain can be used by writers to establish mood, as a plot device, and to symbolize concepts and meanings beyond the physical rain (such as rain representing the concepts of cleansing or restoration). What kind of weather is Fitzgerald very purposefully relying on for chapter 7? 4. Write a response that explains how Fitzgerald uses weather to establish mood, impact meaning, work as a plot device, and/or connect to concepts and meanings beyond the temperature. Be sure to use at least 3 or 4 very brief quotes to establish how weather functions in significant ways during chapter 7.

#### **Prompt #6 Chapters 8 and 9 – Choose either option A or option B**

Option A – Chapter 8: More weather and then add on a change of season

"It was nine o'clock when we finished breakfast and went out on the porch. The night had made a sharp difference in the weather and there was an autumn flavor in the air" (Fitzgerald 161). 1. Re-read / skim chapter 20 ("... So Does Season") in HTRLLP and think back to chapter 10 about weather. 2. Re-read chapter 8 of *The Great Gatsby*. As you read, annotate and pay particular attention to the changes in weather, changes in season, and even the mention of ghosts (my all-time favorite descriptions!!) 3.

Write a response that explains how Fitzgerald incorporates subtle descriptions of changing weather and autumn to set the scene for Gatsby's death scene. As always, incorporate at least 3 really great quotes to establish the connections you are making.

Option B—Chapter 9: The final section

“And as I sat there, brooding on the old unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock” (Fitzgerald 189).

1. Write a response that explains the significance of the novel's final sequence (pages 188-189) when Nick spends time at Gatsby's house and beach, reflecting on both Gatsby and the “old unknown world.” Consider the following questions: a) What does Gatsby share in common with the Dutch sailors? b) Why end the novel this way? c) How does the final sequence connect with one of the sections that precedes it (such as Nick's memory of returning home at Christmastime during college, or the encounter with Jordan, or meeting Tom Buchanan)? d) What theme is most emphasized here at the end? Why? e) As always, incorporate at least 3 or 4 brief quotes into your response—choose at least one or two quotes from one of the earlier sections in the chapter.

## **Study Guide Questions: *How to Read Literature Like a Professor* by Thomas C. Foster**

In Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Red-Headed League*, Sherlock Holmes and Dr. John Watson both observe Jabez Wilson carefully, yet their differing interpretations of the same details reveal the difference between a “Good Reader” and a “Bad Reader.” Watson can only describe what he sees; Holmes has the knowledge to interpret what he sees, to draw conclusions, and to solve the mystery.

Understanding literature need no longer be a mystery -- Thomas Foster's book will help transform you from a naive, sometimes confused Watson to an insightful, literary Holmes. Professors and other informed readers see symbols, archetypes, and patterns because those things are there -- if you have learned to look for them. As Foster says, you learn to recognize the literary conventions the “same way you get to Carnegie Hall. Practice.” (xiv).

Note to students: These short writing assignments will let you practice your literary analysis and they will help me get to know you and your literary tastes. Whenever I ask for an example from literature, you may use short stories, novels, plays, or films (Yes, film is a literary genre). **Please note that your responses should be paragraphs -- not pages!**

Even though this is analytical writing, you may use “I” if you deem it important to do so; remember, however, that most uses of “I” are just padding. For example, “I think the wolf is the most important character in ‘Little Red Riding Hood’” is padded. As you compose each written response, re-phrase the prompt as part of your answer. In other words, I should be able to tell which question you are answering without referring back to the prompts.

Concerning mechanics, pay special attention to pronouns. Make antecedents clear. Say Foster first; not "he." Remember to capitalize and punctuate titles properly for each genre.

\*\* Your responses are due during the first week of classes – typed, using MLA formatting. \*\*

Introduction: How'd He Do That? How do memory, symbol, and pattern affect the reading of literature? How does the recognition of patterns make it easier to read complicated literature? Discuss a time when your appreciation of a literary work was enhanced by understanding symbol or pattern.

Chapter 1 -- Every Trip Is a Quest (Except When It's Not) List the five aspects of the QUEST and then apply them to something you have read (or viewed) in the same format used on pages 3-5.

Chapter 2 -- Nice to Eat with You: Acts of Communion Choose a meal from a literary work and apply the ideas of Chapter 2 to this literary depiction.

Chapter 3: --Nice to Eat You: Acts of Vampires What are the essentials of the Vampire story? Apply this to a literary work you have read or viewed.

Chapter 4 -- If It's Square, It's a Sonnet Select three sonnets and show which form they are. Discuss how their content reflects the form. (Submit copies of the sonnets, marked to show your analysis).

Chapter 5 --Now, Where Have I Seen Her Before? Define intertextuality. Discuss three examples that have helped you in reading specific works.

Chapter 6 -- When in Doubt, It's from Shakespeare... Discuss a work that you are familiar with that alludes to or reflects Shakespeare. Show how the author uses this connection thematically. Read pages 44-46 carefully. In these pages, Foster shows how Fugard reflects Shakespeare through both plot and theme. In your discussion, focus on theme.

Chapter 7 -- ...Or the Bible Read "Araby" (see below). Discuss Biblical allusions that Foster does not mention. Look at the example of the "two great jars." Be creative and imaginative in these connections.

Chapter 8 -- Hansel and Gretel Think of a work of literature that reflects a fairy tale. Discuss the parallels. Does it create irony or deepen appreciation?

Chapter 9 -- It's Greek to Me Write a free response journal entry and making annotations in your book.

Chapter 10 -- It's More Than Just Rain or Snow Discuss the importance of weather in a specific literary work, not in terms of plot.

Interlude -- Does He Mean That

Chapter 11 --...More Than It's Gonna Hurt You: Concerning Violence Present examples of the two kinds of violence found in literature. Show how the effects are different.

Chapter 12 -- Is That a Symbol? Use the process described on page 106 and investigate the symbolism of the fence in "Araby." (Mangan's sister stands behind it.) "Araby" can be found at the end of these questions.

Chapter 13 -- It's All Political Assume that Foster is right and "it is all political." Use his criteria to show that one of the major works assigned to you as a freshman is political.

Chapter 14 -- Yes, She's a Christ Figure, Too Apply the criteria on page 119 to a major character in a significant literary work. Try to choose a character that will have many matches. This is a particularly apt tool for analyzing film -- for example, Star Wars, Cool Hand Luke, Excalibur, Malcolm X, Braveheart, Spartacus, Gladiator and Ben-Hur.

Chapter 15 -- Flights of Fancy Select a literary work in which flight signifies escape or freedom. Explain in detail.

Chapter 18 -- If She Comes Up, It's Baptism Think of a "baptism scene" from a significant literary work. How was the character different after the experience? Discuss.

Chapter 19 -- Geography Matters... Discuss at least four different aspects of a specific literary work that Foster would classify under "geography." Tie in your answer about Geography from *The Great Gatsby*.

Chapter 20 -- ...So Does Season Find a poem that mentions a specific season. Then discuss how the poet uses the season in a meaningful, traditional, or unusual way. (Submit a copy of the poem with your analysis.)

Interlude -- One Story Write your own definition for archetype. Then identify an archetypal story and apply it to a literary work with which you are familiar.

Chapter 21 -- Marked for Greatness Figure out Harry Potter's scar. If you aren't familiar with Harry Potter, select another character with a physical imperfection and analyze its implications for characterization.

Chapter 22 -- He's Blind for a Reason, You Know Chapter 23 -- It's Never Just Heart Disease... Chapter 24 -- ...And Rarely Just Illness Recall two characters who died of a disease in a literary work. Consider how these deaths reflect the "principles governing the use of disease in literature" (215-217). Discuss the effectiveness of the death as related to plot, theme, or symbolism.

Chapter 25 -- Don't Read with Your Eyes After reading Chapter 25, choose a scene or episode from a novel, play or epic written before the twentieth century. Contrast how it could be viewed by a reader from the twenty-first century with how it might be viewed by a contemporary reader. Focus on specific assumptions that the author makes, assumptions that would not make it in this century.

Chapter 26 -- Is He Serious? And Other Ironies Select an ironic literary work and explain the multi-vocal nature of the irony in the work.

Chapter 27 -- A Test Case Read "The Garden Party" by Katherine Mansfield, the short story starting on page 245. Complete the exercise on pages 265-266, following the directions exactly. Then compare your writing with the three examples. How did you do? What does the essay that follows comparing Laura with Persephone add to your appreciation of Mansfield's story?

## *Araby*

by James Joyce

North Richmond Street, being blind, was a quiet street except at the hour when the Christian Brothers' School set the boys free. An uninhabited house of two storeys stood at the blind end, detached from its neighbours in a square ground. The other houses of the street, conscious of decent lives within them, gazed at one another with brown imperturbable faces.

The former tenant of our house, a priest, had died in the back drawing-room. Air, musty from having been long enclosed, hung in all the rooms, and the waste room behind the kitchen was littered with old useless papers. Among these I found a few paper-covered books, the pages of

which were curled and damp: *The Abbot*, by Walter Scott, *The Devout Communicant*, and *The Memoirs of Vidocq*. I liked the last best because its leaves were yellow. The wild garden behind the house contained a central apple-tree and a few straggling bushes, under one of which I found the late tenant's rusty bicycle-pump. He had been a very charitable priest; in his will he had left all his money to institutions and the furniture of his house to his sister.

When the short days of winter came, dusk fell before we had well eaten our dinners. When we met in the street the houses had grown sombre. The space of sky above us was the colour of ever-changing violet and towards it the lamps of the street lifted their feeble lanterns. The cold air stung us and we played till our bodies glowed. Our shouts echoed in the silent street. The career of our play brought us through the dark muddy lanes behind the houses, where we ran the gauntlet of the rough tribes from the cottages, to the back doors of the dark dripping gardens where odours arose from the ashpits, to the dark odorous stables where a coachman smoothed and combed the horse or shook music from the buckled harness. When we returned to the street, light from the kitchen windows had filled the areas. If my uncle was seen turning the corner, we hid in the shadow until we had seen him safely housed. Or if Mangan's sister came out on the doorstep to call her brother in to his tea, we watched her from our shadow peer up and down the street. We waited to see whether she would remain or go in and, if she remained, we left our shadow and walked up to Mangan's steps resignedly. She was waiting for us, her figure defined by the light from the half-opened door. Her brother always teased her before he obeyed, and I stood by the railings looking at her. Her dress swung as she moved her body, and the soft rope of her hair tossed from side to side.

Every morning I lay on the floor in the front parlour watching her door. The blind was pulled down to within an inch of the sash so that I could not be seen. When she came out on the doorstep my heart leaped. I ran to the hall, seized my books and followed her. I kept her brown figure always in my eye and, when we came near the point at which our ways diverged, I quickened my pace and passed her. This happened morning after morning. I had never spoken to her, except for a few casual words, and yet her name was like a summons to all my foolish blood.

Her image accompanied me even in places the most hostile to romance. On Saturday evenings when my aunt went marketing I had to go to carry some of the parcels. We walked through the flaring streets, jostled by drunken men and bargaining women, amid the curses of labourers, the shrill litanies of shop-boys who stood on guard by the barrels of pigs' cheeks, the nasal chanting of street-singers, who sang a come-all-you about O'Donovan Rossa, or a ballad about the troubles in our native land. These noises converged in a single sensation of life for me: I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a

throng of foes. Her name sprang to my lips at moments in strange prayers and praises which I myself did not understand. My eyes were often full of tears (I could not tell why) and at times a flood from my heart seemed to pour itself out into my bosom. I thought little of the future. I did not know whether I would ever speak to her or not or, if I spoke to her, how I could tell her of my confused adoration. But my body was like a harp and her words and gestures were like fingers running upon the wires.

One evening I went into the back drawing-room in which the priest had died. It was a dark rainy evening and there was no sound in the house. Through one of the broken panes I heard the rain impinge upon the earth, the fine incessant needles of water playing in the sodden beds. Some

distant lamp or lighted window gleamed below me. I was thankful that I could see so little. All my senses seemed to desire to veil themselves and, feeling that I was about to slip from them, I pressed the palms of my hands together until they trembled, murmuring: 'O love! O love!' many times.

At last she spoke to me. When she addressed the first words to me I was so confused that I did not know what to answer. She asked me was I going to Araby. I forgot whether I answered yes or no. It would be a splendid bazaar; she said she would love to go.

'And why can't you?' I asked.

While she spoke she turned a silver bracelet round and round her wrist. She could not go, she said, because there would be a retreat that week in her convent. Her brother and two other boys were fighting for their caps, and I was alone at the railings. She held one of the spikes, bowing her head towards me. The light from the lamp opposite our door caught the white curve of her neck, lit up her hair that rested there and, falling, lit up the hand upon the railing. It fell over one side of her dress and caught the white border of a petticoat, just visible as she stood at ease.

'It's well for you,' she said.

'If I go,' I said, 'I will bring you something.'

What innumerable follies laid waste my waking and sleeping thoughts after that evening! I wished to annihilate the tedious intervening days. I chafed against the work of school. At night in my bedroom and by day in the classroom her image came between me and the page I strove to read. The syllables of the word Araby were called to me through the silence in which my soul luxuriated and cast an Eastern enchantment over me. I asked for leave to go to the bazaar on Saturday night. My aunt was surprised, and hoped it was not some Freemason affair. I answered few questions in class. I watched my master's face pass from amiability to sternness; he hoped I was not beginning to idle. I could not call my wandering thoughts together. I had hardly any patience with the serious work of life which, now that it stood between me and my desire, seemed to me child's play, ugly monotonous child's play.

On Saturday morning I reminded my uncle that I wished to go to the bazaar in the evening. He was fussing at the hallstand, looking for the hat-brush, and answered me curtly:

'Yes, boy, I know.'

As he was in the hall I could not go into the front parlour and lie at the window. I felt the house in bad humour and walked slowly towards the school. The air was pitilessly raw and already my heart misgave me.

When I came home to dinner my uncle had not yet been home. Still it was early. I sat staring at the clock for some time and, when its ticking began to irritate me, I left the room. I mounted the staircase and gained the upper part of the house. The high, cold, empty, gloomy rooms liberated me and I went from room to room singing. From the front window I saw my companions playing

below in the street. Their cries reached me weakened and indistinct and, leaning my forehead against the cool glass, I looked over at the dark house where she lived. I may have stood there for an hour, seeing nothing but the brown-clad figure cast by my imagination, touched discreetly by the lamplight at the curved neck, at the hand upon the railings and at the border below the dress.

When I came downstairs again I found Mrs. Mercer sitting at the fire. She was an old, garrulous woman, a pawnbroker's widow, who collected used stamps for some pious purpose. I had to endure the gossip of the tea-table. The meal was prolonged beyond an hour and still my uncle did not come. Mrs Mercer stood up to go: she was sorry she couldn't wait any longer, but it was after eight o'clock and she did not like to be out late, as the night air was bad for her. When she had gone I began to walk up and down the room, clenching my fists. My aunt said:

'I'm afraid you may put off your bazaar for this night of Our Lord.'

At nine o'clock I heard my uncle's latchkey in the hall door. I heard him talking to himself and heard the hallstand rocking when it had received the weight of his overcoat. I could interpret these signs. When he was midway through his dinner I asked him to give me the money to go to the bazaar. He had forgotten.

'The people are in bed and after their first sleep now,' he said.

I did not smile. My aunt said to him energetically:

'Can't you give him the money and let him go? You've kept him late enough as it is.'

My uncle said he was very sorry he had forgotten. He said he believed in the old saying: 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.' He asked me where I was going and, when I told him a second time, he asked me did I know The Arab's Farewell to his Steed. When I left the kitchen he was about to recite the opening lines of the piece to my aunt.

I held a florin tightly in my hand as I strode down Buckingham Street towards the station. The sight of the streets thronged with buyers and glaring with gas recalled to me the purpose of my journey. I took my seat in a third-class carriage of a deserted train. After an intolerable delay the train moved out of the station slowly. It crept onward among ruinous houses and over the twinkling river. At Westland Row Station a crowd of people pressed to the carriage doors; but the porters moved them back, saying that it was a special train for the bazaar. I remained alone in the bare carriage. In a few minutes the train drew up beside an improvised wooden platform. I passed out on to the road and saw by the lighted dial of a clock that it was ten minutes to ten. In front of me was a large building which displayed the magical name.

I could not find any sixpenny entrance and, fearing that the bazaar would be closed, I passed in quickly through a turnstile, handing a shilling to a weary-looking man. I found myself in a big hall girded at half its height by a gallery. Nearly all the stalls were closed and the greater part of the hall was in darkness. I recognized a silence like that which pervades a church after a service. I walked into the centre of the bazaar timidly. A few people were gathered about the stalls which were still open. Before a curtain, over

which the words Café Chantant were written in coloured lamps, two men were counting money on a salver. I listened to the fall of the coins.

Remembering with difficulty why I had come, I went over to one of the stalls and examined porcelain vases and flowered tea-sets. At the door of the stall a young lady was talking and laughing with two young gentlemen. I remarked their English accents and listened vaguely to their conversation.

'O, I never said such a thing!'

'O, but you did!'

'O, but I didn't!'

'Didn't she say that?'

'Yes. I heard her.'

'O, there's a... fib!'

Observing me, the young lady came over and asked me did I wish to buy anything. The tone of her voice was not encouraging; she seemed to have spoken to me out of a sense of duty. I looked humbly at the great jars that stood like eastern guards at either side of the dark entrance to the stall and murmured:

'No, thank you.'

The young lady changed the position of one of the vases and went back to the two young men. They began to talk of the same subject. Once or twice the young lady glanced at me over her shoulder.

I lingered before her stall, though I knew my stay was useless, to make my interest in her wares seem the more real. Then I turned away slowly and walked down the middle of the bazaar. I allowed the two pennies to fall against the sixpence in my pocket. I heard a voice call from one end of the gallery that the light was out. The upper part of the hall was now completely dark.

Gazing up into the darkness I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity; and my eyes burned with anguish and anger.