

WALSH UNIT PLAN ON THE SCARLET LETTER

1) Part 1: Introductory Information

- a) This unit will be used for the instruction of sophomore honors English students with a variety of different learning styles and needs. The class size is about 30 with a culturally diverse group of students who come from similar socioeconomic backgrounds. The class meets everyday for fifty minutes.

i) LIFE:

- (1) Informative lessons and discussion on justified punishment in modern society as well as in the past in America and other countries around the world.
- (2) What does it mean to be a parent?
- (3) Gender roles defined now and in puritan times
- (4) Public versus private punishment: Which is worse? Which is more effective?
- (5) Psychological punishment/ mental disruption from guilt: Can guilt be a kind of punishment? How can secrets destroy a person in certain situations?
- (6) Why is it important to learn about punishment throughout history as well as in different parts of the world?
- (7) What makes a punishment justified?

ii) LITERACY:

- (1) Ability to discuss and read aloud in class
- (2) Participation in readers theatre or debate
- (3) Keeping a reading journal, doing short writes: one page reflections on one or more of the chapters covered each week
- (4) Outlining workshops in class in preparation for the final paper
- (5) Rough paper drafts in class with peer review

iii) LITERARY

- (1) Students will be able to understand tone, symbolism, metaphors and other literary devices through detailed analysis in class through discussion, writing journals and short writes.
- (2) Students will read some of Nathaniel Hawthorne's tales to really understand they type of writer he is in order to draw comparisons to The Scarlet Letter.

INSTRUCTIONAL GOALS

This concept of punishment in The Scarlet Letter will be covered as well as the important theme of appearance versus reality. With this concept, we will consistently follow how punishment is carried out for the characters in the romance as well as how themes or appearance versus reality helps us to understand a deeper meaning behind what Hawthorne intended for us to know about society. Teaching the Scarlet Letter in this way will set them up for the remainder of English literature and writing classes because of the deep analysis of characters, themes and big ideas throughout with intense discussion, writing exercises and one major paper addressing that they understood the concept and the novel as a whole.

Major assumptions: I am assuming that students will learn through reading assignments given to them for reading at home ready to come to class in order to discuss. This discussion with their classmates will allow them to listen, respond, argue and question their classmates on the issues discussed throughout the romance. They will also learn by taking notes while they read on their own time as well as take notes in class while we discuss. I assume that they will listen to lecture, discussion and other classmate's opinions in order to shape their own opinion and analysis of *The Scarlet Letter* and the concept of punishment as well as the themes of appearance versus reality. I am assuming that students already have an opinion on punishment and how crimes are judged and perceived by the public. They will be able to take sides and argue about certain types of punishment and whether or not they think they are just. It is also crucial for students to be able to make their own assumptions and draw their own conclusions from their reading, discussion and further research in order to write a concise paper on *The Scarlet Letter*. They will be able to read deep into the text in order to dissect the meaning behind Hawthorne's writing style, characters and fate he sets for his characters.

Debates: Students will be able to debate the punishment of Hester Prynne as well as the issue of private versus public guilt and which one is better or worse. There will also be debate on the issues of gender roles, good versus evil and appearance versus reality.

Multiple perspectives: I assume that there will definitely be multiple perspectives on the romance itself especially when it comes to gender roles. I assume that some may sympathize with characters that others do not but with careful discussion and analysis of the text we as a class can come up with clear sides to both or a general conclusion of how we feel about the characters. I assume that there is a diverse group of students who come from a variety of reading backgrounds and have different learning styles. I assume that some of my students are visual learners while others learn better by lecture, discussion or reading in class. I know that students learn in a variety of ways so I will be sure to touch on ways to teach to those specific learning styles.

Process of inquiry: I assume that students care to understand *The Scarlet Letter* so that they will ask questions not only to the teacher but in response to other students statements concerning the text. Students will pose questions to discuss in class in their reading journals ready for the following day.

Developmental Learning and learning needs: being that these students are sophomore honors English students, learning how to analyze and take part in a deep reading of *The Scarlet Letter* in order to find the even deeper meaning of Hawthorne's comment on society will be just the right amount of challenge for them. This is a high discussion based classroom so students will receive support form not only the teacher but from their fellow classmates to really understand the content and meaning being Hawthorne's romance.

c. STANDARDS:

- i) READING STANDARDS FOR LITERATURE- KEY IDEAS AND DETAILS: **Standard 1:** cite strong and thorough textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text
- ii) **Standard 2:** determine a theme or central idea of a text and analyze in detail its development over the course of the text, including how it emerges and is shaped and refined by specific details; provides an objective summary of the text.
- iii) **Standard 3:** analyze how complex characters (e.g. those with multiple or conflicting motivations) develop over the course of a text, interact with other characters, and advance the plot or develop the theme. (Roger Chillingworth)
- iv) READING STANDARDS FOR LITERATURE- INTEGRATION OF KNOWLEDGE AND IDEAS: **Standard 7:** analyze the representation of a subject or a key scene in two different artistic mediums, including what is emphasized or absent in each treatment. (The Crucible with The Scarlet Letter representing punishment in puritan times as well as a piece of art from The Salem Witch Trials)
- v) READING STANDARDS FOR LITERATURE- RANGE OF READING AND LEVEL OF TEXT COMPLEXITY: **Standard 9:** By the end of grade 10 (sophomore year), read and comprehend literature, including stories, dramas, and poems, at the high end of the grade 9-10 text complexity band independently and proficiently.
- vi) WRITING STANDARDS- TEXT TYPES AND PURPOSES: **Standard 20:** Write arguments to support claims in an analysis of substantive topics or texts, using valid reasoning and relevant and sufficient evidence. (used for argumentative short writes to prompt discussion and potential debate topics concerning punishment)
 - (1) Introduce precise claims, distinguish the claims from alternate or opposing claims, and create an organization that establishes clear relationships among claims, counterclaims, reasons, and evidence.
 - (2) Develop claims and counterclaims fairly, supplying evidence for each while pointing out the strengths and limitations of both in a manner that anticipates the audience's knowledge level and concerns.
- vii) **Standard 21:** Write informative/ explanatory texts to examine and convey complex ideas, concepts, and information clearly and accurately through the effective selection, organization and analysis of content
 - (1) Introduce a topic; organize ideas, concepts, and information to make important connections and distinctions; include formatting (e.g. headings), graphics (e.g. figures, tables---maybe), and multimedia when useful to aiding comprehension.
 - (2) Develop the topic with well-chosen, relevant, and sufficient facts, extended definitions, concrete details, quotations, or other information and examples appropriate to the audience's knowledge of the topic.
 - (3) Use appropriate and varied transitions to link the major sections of the text, create cohesion, and clarify the relationships among complex ideas and concepts.
 - (4) Use precise language and domain specific vocabulary to manage the complexity of the topic.

- (5) Establish and maintain a formal style and objective tone while attending to the norms and conventions of the discipline in which you are writing.
- (6) Provide a concluding statement or section that follows from and supports the information or explanation presented (e.g., articulating implications or the significance of the topic)
- viii) **Standard 22:** write narratives to develop real or imagined experiences or events using effective technique, well-chosen details, and well structured event sequences
 - (1) Use narrative techniques, such as dialogue, pacing, description, reflection, and multiple plot lines to develop experiences, events, and or characters.
 - (2) Use precise words and phrases, telling details, and sensory language to convey a vivid picture of the experiences, events, setting, and or characters.
- ix) **Standard 29: WRITING STANDARDS- RANGE OF WRITING:** write routinely over extended time frames and shorter time frames for a range of tasks, purposes and audiences.
- x) **Standard 30: SPEAKING AND LISTENING STANDARDS- COMPREHENSION AND COLLABORATION:** initiate and participate effectively in a range of collaborative discussions with diverse partners on grades 9-10 topic, texts, and issues, building on others' ideas and expressing their own clearly and persuasively.

d. OUTCOMES FOR UNIT: KNOWLEDGE/ SKILLS:

Learner outcomes for Big Ideas:

Life: I want my students to know why it is important to study different types of punishment throughout history and why Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* is a significant piece of literature that explores a romantic insight to how characters experience and deal with that punishment.

TWO MAJOR QUESTIONS: What makes a punishment just?

If someone commits a crime, does that crime define the person they were before the crime and the person they are after it?

Intended learner outcomes for life big idea

1. Students will be informed about different types of punishment throughout history. With this knowledge they will be able argue for what punishments they believe are just or unjust and why or why not.
2. Students will be able to connect *The Scarlet Letter* to other Hawthorne works like the short tales in order to have a better understanding of his writing style and common themes. Students will take this information to understand Hawthorne's comment on society as a whole.
3. Students will have an overall understanding of the Puritan times because of the historical background lesson given as well as some readings from *The Crucible* and or clips shown of the movie. Reading excerpts from *The Crucible* will give them another look at punishment in Puritan times as well as a history lesson on the Salem Witch Trials.
4. With the question: "What does it mean to be a parent?" students will be able to define what their idea of parenthood is and then connect this to Hester and

Dimmesdale later in the unit. Are they good parents? Why or why not? Do children teach parents how to parent properly in a strange way? Does Pearl do this? How? Students will be able to give reasoning for why or why not Hester and Dimmesdale were good or bad parents and how Pearl plays an important role in this.

Literacy: I want my students to be able to write in different ways: argumentative, narrative, reflective and compare and contrast through short writes assigned throughout the unit. Having students do writing journals everyday will get them in the habit of writing and thinking about not only the book but different complex ideas relating to the unit. Their notes will be graded as well as their reading journals so I can see that they are learning and understanding what the key ideas are in the book. This will ensure critical thinking for this unit.

Students will know how to construct a poem, interior monologue, journal prompt responses, short writes

Literary: I want my students to be able to make connections throughout reading the book. They will be able to pick out common themes and symbols throughout and be able to explain why these elements are important for what Hawthorne is trying to express about human morality and society overall.

MAJOR QUESTION: What are the main symbols, motifs and common themes in The Scarlet Letter any how do these act as a metaphor for what Hawthorne is trying to say about the truth of the human heart?

Intended learner outcomes for literary analysis big idea

1. Students will also analyze Pearl and Chillingworth as major transformative characters. Students will develop a clear understanding of the appearance versus reality theme as well as the real versus fantastical theme in The Scarlet Letter.
2. Students will be able to understand how all of the characters transform throughout the book. For Hester, how the letter changes her for the positive and how for Dimmesdale, the absence of the A changes him for the negative.
3. Students will understand Hawthorne's purpose in placing characters in certain settings: why do honest conversations occur in private, natural settings? Students will understand why this natural setting reflects the characters natural feelings (truth of the human heart). Why is it that everything is secret, hidden and deceitful occurs in town? Students will make connections to how society causes disruption and turmoil between people and in relationships and how this exact thing is evident in The Scarlet Letter for our characters.

THESE LEARNER OUTCOMES FOR LITERARY ANALYSIS BIG IDEA ALIGN THE FOLLOWING STANDARDS:

Standard 1: cite strong and thorough textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text

Standard 2: determine a theme or central idea of a text and analyze in detail its development over the course of the text, including how it emerges and is shaped and refined by specific details; provides an objective summary of the text.

Standard 3: analyze how complex characters develop over the course of a text, interact with other characters, and advance the plot or develop the theme.)

WRITING standards will align with the big ideal literacy outcomes listed in the standards section.

e. Different types of differentiation used for this unit:

- i) Reading journals will be used daily for notes as well as for answering certain discussion questions
- ii) Discussion in class
- iii) Weekly short writes on different topics requiring different types of writing: interior monologue, opinion, argument, reflection.
- iv) Presentations: choose from: power point presentation on a theme or argument, debate with a partner on punishment, readers theatre (more in depth than just reading from the book: MUST BE CREATIVE)
- v) Tests: some multiple choice, some true and false, some short answer

There will be many different options for students to express themselves and their understanding of The Scarlet Letter. I want students to have fun with the unit and get involved with it rather than just assign readings and discuss.

f. Equipment/ materials/ supplies needed for teaching the unit:

- i) Set of novels for the class if they are not required to purchase
- ii) Projector for movies/ power point presentations
- iii) journals (composition books)
- iv) handouts

g. collaboration in developing this unit

October 2013

M	T	W	T	F
DAY 1		DAY 3		DAY 5
<p>Introduce punishment as the unit theme as well as historical background on Puritan society: PowerPoint presentation on both. At the end of class students will do a Journal entry on punishment related to Puritan society.</p> <p>Assignment for tonight: (it was initially assigned the previous Friday but is due Tuesday)</p> <p>Choose one of Nathaniel Hawthorne's tales (I will have copies of a few for them to bring home) to read and write a one to two page reflection. Read Custom House for tomorrow!</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">DAY 2</p> <p>Introduce The Scarlet Letter and Nathaniel Hawthorne and go over their reflections and discuss the different tales highlighting themes of Hawthorne's writing. Group activity: they will be paired with students who read different stories and come up with similarities they found in each tale; themes, symbols, certain messages. Write out a group response to turn in after the discussion.</p> <p>Assignment for tonight: Read chapters: 1 -2</p>	<p>We will be reading aloud in class focusing on symbols/ themes and metaphors in the text and I will first give a lesson on symbolism. In journals after discussion, they will predict what the "A" represents and what they think it will represent throughout the story. Is the "A" a good form of punishment?</p> <p>Assignment for tonight: Read chapters 3-4 looking for symbolism!!! Short write on crime</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">DAY 4</p> <p>Poem activity in class on symbolism to work on in class. Introduce Unit project</p> <p>Assignment for tonight: Think about what project option you choose to do to turn in Monday. Project due October 20th. Read chapters 5-6</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">DAY 5</p> <p>SONG JOURNAL</p> <p>Short in class reading quiz. On chapters preface-6 Hand out article on Salem witch trials Show The Crucible in class. Students will take notes on the crucible keeping certain questions I provide in mind. Notes will be checked for a grade</p> <p>Assignment for tonight: NO reading over the weekend BUT should be working/ thinking about on project</p>
DAY 6 Read chapters 7-8	DAY 7 Read chapters 9-10	DAY 8 Read chapters 11-12	DAY 9 Read chapters 13-14	Day 10 Read 15-16
DAY 11	DAY 12	DAY 13	DAY 14	DAY 15
<p>Journal prompt Give lesson on interior monologue writing Spend most of class working on interior monologues</p> <p>Assignment for tonight: Read chapters 17-18 Finish/ re type interior monologue DUE TOMORROW</p>	<p>Journal prompt Have students volunteer to read interior monologues Discuss nature/ appearance reality theme in Scarlet Letter In class reading with discussion questions sheet to turn in after class</p> <p>Assignment for tonight: Read chapters 19-20</p>	<p>Journal prompt at start of class Discussion on punishment/guilt Readers Theatre Towards the end of class I will hand out a crossword puzzle to work on silently</p> <p>Assignment for tonight: Read chapters 21-22 Short write: which is worse: Public or private punishment?</p>	<p>Journal prompt Show scenes from "Easy A" I class writing comparison of the movie to the book For the rest of class we will read aloud and fill in discussion sheet</p> <p>Assignment for tonight: Read chapters 23-24</p>	<p>SONG JOURNAL</p> <p>Short in class reading quiz on chapters 17-24 FINISH CRUCIBLE</p> <p>Assignment for tonight: TEST MONDAY!</p>
23 30	24	25	26	27

Part 3: Lesson Plans:

(The Friday before we start the lesson, they will be assigned the Nathaniel tales reading and reflection assignment to bring in Tuesday to discuss in class. They have the weekend to do the assignment)

WEEK ONE DAYS 1-5 LESSONSMonday DAY 1:

Goals of lesson: To introduce Nathaniel Hawthorne and his book *The Scarlet Letter* as well as History of Puritan times as well as the unit theme of punishment.. This first lesson will give them an idea of puritan society, the society of our characters as well as different perspectives of punishment in the past and today. We will discuss just punishments or unjust punishments based on whatever prior knowledge they have.

Outcomes of lesson: Students will have a general opinion and knowledge base on punishment and puritan society. I will be able to see what they are thinking about just punishment in their journals they will be filling out at the end of class.

Main activity/ Key content: I will have a Power Point presentation on Nathaniel Hawthorne, a historical background on Puritan society connected to punishment. Students will take notes on the power point. I will also give a handout on punishment nowadays specifically that we will read aloud in class. Once the PowerPoint and handout has been read thoroughly I will have students answer certain discussion questions. I will then transition into the assignment for the night. I will discuss Hawthorne and his writing style overall defining what a romance is in Hawthorne's case. This explanation of romance will transition into how it is a comment on society and why we will be focusing on the punishment aspect of the book. I will give brief explanations of each of the tales; they have the option to choose which one they want to read that night.

Homework for lesson:

FINISH THE ASSIGNMENT—IT WAS GIVEN FRIDAY! (Read one of Nathaniel Hawthorne's tales and write a 1-2 page reflection to discuss the next day in class. Copies of the tales will be provided by me: *Young Goodman Brown* and *The Minister's Black Veil*)

READ CUSTOM HOUSE

Assessment for lesson: completed journal prompts/ discussion questions and notes from power point and handout on punishment.

Tuesday DAY 2:

Goals of lesson: For students to grasp an understanding of Hawthorne as a writer of Romances.

Outcomes of lesson: Students will understand the major themes of Hawthorne's works and will be able to relate the tales they read to the preface of the Scarlet Letter as well as to the first two chapters.

Main Activities/ Key content: we will begin the class with a discussion on the tales. Students will collaborate in groups/ partners who had different tales and find things that were similar and different. They will find key elements in the tales like important symbols, metaphors and bring in their reading of The Custom House to point out how they fit into the classification of a Romance.

Groups will write a short collaborative response to turn in to me after they have shared/ at the end of class/ discussion. If we finish with this activity earlier than class ends I will have us begin reading aloud in class.

Homework: read chapters 1-2

Assessment: group response turned in after class and they will submit their 1-2 page reflections on the tales.

Wednesday DAY 3:

Goals of lesson: Understand symbolism in *The Scarlet Letter*. Understand how symbolism can be expressed in many ways in literature, poetry, music, etc.

Outcomes of Lesson: students will understand symbolism: how to identify it in *The Scarlet Letter* and how to analyze its meaning. Students will understand the "A" as a major symbol in the book.

Main Activities/ Key Content: I will open the class with a lesson on symbolism with notes on the board for them to write in their notebooks or journals. I will discuss metaphors, motifs, themes and symbols and how they are key elements in understanding the meaning behind the book. Once they have taken notes on symbolism and I am finished giving notes, we will begin reading aloud in class from chapters 1-4. I will have students take turns reading aloud. I will also pass out a discussion questions sheet that they will fill in while we read. When we come upon a section of the book that goes over a question on the sheet we will stop and discuss. The discussion sheet must be filled in and turned in to me the next day if we do not get to all the questions in class. Their participation is key here as well as a complete, organized sheet for a grade.

Homework for lesson:

Read chapters 3-4 looking for symbolism.

Highlight/ underline/ circle/ identify symbols in chapter 1-4. I will be checking books and notes for detailed reading.

Short write due tomorrow: QUESTION: write a one page double spaced response: When someone commits a crime, does that crime define him or her? Does it mean that all good deeds that they did before the crime is insignificant? Can someone make up for a crime by doing only good deeds afterwards?

Assessment for lesson:

Completed discussion sheet turned in after class or the next day.

Short write for students to turn in Thursday. It will only be a one page double spaced response to a question I give out in class.

Thursday DAY 4:

Goals of Lesson: students will take their knowledge of symbolism and translate that into poetry.

Outcomes of Lesson: students will take the lesson from yesterday on symbolism to write a cohesive poem on one of the characters and the symbol that represents them.

Main Activity/ Key Content: the class will begin with a journal prompt. I will first introduce the unit project guidelines with a handout on the different options/ requirements for the project. I will then transition into the activity for the day. I am handing out a symbolism sheet where they will fill in the different symbols that represent the four major characters of the book. They can do this with a partner. Once they filled out the first part of the hand out we will come back together as a class to discuss what people came up with allowing them to fill in their handout in further detail. Once the symbolism discussion is finished they will begin the poem activity on the hand out. (HANDOUT ATTACHED IN PART V)

Homework for lesson:

Read chapters 5-6 tonight

Finish and turn in re-typed or re-written poem tomorrow (Friday).

Think about project topic. Must tell me what you are planning on doing by Monday.

Assessment for lesson:

Completed journal prompts

Complete poem

Friday DAY 5:

Goals of Lesson: to show students another perspective of punishment in Puritan times as well as give them background on the historical Salem Witch Trials to further understand the time *The Scarlet Letter* is taking place in. I will show *The Crucible* in class every Friday of this unit after a short reading quiz. On Fridays, their journals will be based off of a song/ video/ music video instead of questions on the board or about the book to get them thinking about things happening outside of the classroom. Song journals are something students can look forward to on Fridays and will allow them to explore a more creative side as well as bring some excitement into the classroom. I think it is important to take a little break, listen to music to relax their minds.

Outcome of Lesson: Students will learn about Arthur Miller's *The Crucible* as well as The Salem Witch Trials. Students will show that they understand the readings through the short reading quiz given in class before the movie as well.

Main Activities/ Key Content: The class will start off with a song journal prompt. The song/ video I will be showing is from the Free Hugs campaign and the song is called All The Same by Sick Puppies. This video shows a man who stands in the middle of a courtyard/ center of a mall or on the street holding a sign up that says "free hugs". The video shows how at first, people just walk past him transitioning to how people start hugging him and it is a chain of hugs. This is a very inspirational video. I will have them respond to the video in their journals reflecting on it how they like. I will ask: How did this video make you feel? What do you think this video or the free hugs campaign was trying to accomplish? Would you hug a person holding that sign before you saw other people hugging him?

After I show the video and they write in their journals I will have them take a short reading quiz where I will ask the questions and they will respond on loose leaf to turn into me. The quiz will not take up much time.

I will then give out and read a handout on The Salem Witch Trials to introduce *The Crucible*

I will then transition into explaining background information on Arthur Miller's *The Crucible* and the Salem Witch Trials and then turn on the movie. I will be handing out a packet of questions that they will keep throughout the unit to complete while they watch the movie.

Homework for lesson: No reading over the weekend. No homework. Just think about project topics because the topic must be told to me by Monday.

Assessment for lesson:

Reading Quiz

Filled out *Crucible* questions

Journal responses

WEEK 2

DAYS 6-10 SUMMARY OF LESSONS:

- Within this week the class will have read chapters 7-14.
- Homework: They will have 2 chapters of reading a night. They should also be working on their projects
- We will be reading aloud in class two of the days while they follow along with the discussion questions sheet.
- Everyday there will be journal prompts on the chapters read the previous night like week 1
- On Friday there will be another song journal as well as another short reading quiz and they will continue watching *The Crucible* following along on their questions sheet.

Main Activities/ Key Content: I think that the appropriate amount of time to spend on *The Scarlet Letter* is 3 weeks. The middle week we will be focusing on reading and dissecting the chapters in class in order to figure out meaning. This week we will be focusing on guilt and the relationship between Hester and Dimmesdale as well as how Pearl plays a significant role there too. We will focus on Hawthorne's element of the fantastical as well. One writing activity we could do would be to write one paragraph that could be categorized as a novel and one as a romance. Having the students write and be able to differentiate between different types of their own writing is important.

Homework:

Reading every night
1 short write

Assessment:

Journal prompt responses
Discussion sheets
Crucible questions
1 short write
Short quiz on Friday

WEEK 3

Monday DAY 11

Goals of lesson: I want the students to be able to walk in the character's shoes and really understand who they are and their function in the book. I want them to understand them to the point where they can write an interior monologue that is convincing for the specific character. This will show that they really understand where the characters are mentally, physically and emotionally.

Outcomes of lesson: students will write convincing interior monologues on whatever character they choose. This will help students to understand how characters transform throughout the book.

Main Activities/Key Content: we will start with a journal prompt at the beginning of class on chapters 15 and 16. Once they are finished with their journal entries we will discuss their responses. I will then hand out directions and examples of interior monologues followed in by a lesson on interior monologue writing and its importance when reading a book. I will explain why this type of writing is different than other types of writing we have done in the past. The majority of the class will consist of them brainstorming and working on their interior monologues. They will have the opportunity to ask me questions in class and they will be turned in the following day.

Homework for lesson:

Read chapters 17-18

Finish/ re type or re write nicely the Interior monologue due tomorrow

Assessment for lesson:

Journal prompts

Interior monologue completed

Tuesday DAY 12

Goals of lesson: Students will understand how nature plays an important role in the book and why. Students will understand Hawthorne's Appearance Reality theme in The Scarlet Letter. They have read the majority of the book at this point so they will be able to make connections of major themes and common elements. This will help their overall understanding of the romance and Hawthorne's meaning behind it all.

Outcomes of lesson: This lesson on nature and appearance reality will help them to see themes motifs and symbols in their future reading of the text, which will help them understand the book as a whole.

Main Activities/ Key Content: class will begin with a journal prompt that will question whether students have thought about the significance of nature in The Scarlet Letter. Once they have written their response I will ask them to share which will transition into my lesson on nature themes and appearance reality theme in the book. We will then spend the remainder of the class reading aloud while they follow along on the discussion questions sheet I hand out.

Homework:

Read chapters we didn't finish in class (19-20)

Assessment:

Completed discussion sheet

Wednesday DAY 13

Goals of Lesson: Students will do a readers theatre activity to get them comfortable speaking/ reading in front of the class acting out scenes with energy. Students will understand how punishment and guilt play a role in the book.

Outcomes of lesson: The readers theatre will get them interested in the scenes because they will see their classmates take on certain roles. This will make the lesson uplifting and fun. Students will

Main Activities/ Key Content: Class will begin with a journal prompt asking students if they think that Dimmesdale is a cowardly or heroic character and why. We will discuss their responses transitioning into a discussion/ lecture about punishment and guilt in the book. I will then begin the readers theatre activity. I will have assigned readers theatre groups previous to today's class meeting as well as scenes/sections/ chapters of the book they should have prepared. This activity will be a more interactive reading aloud of significant chapter and scenes. I will mention to the class to take notes because test questions may be pulled from these scenes. Once this activity is complete, I will hand out a crossword puzzle on The Scarlet Letter for them to work on at the end of class and finish for homework.

Homework:

Read chapters 21-22

Short write: QUESTION: Which is worse: public or private punishment? Who do you think suffers more: Dimmesdale or Hester. Give explanations for your answers. One to two page double-spaced response due tomorrow.

Thursday DAY 14

Goals of Lesson: To relate The Scarlet Letter to the everyday lives of the students.

Outcomes of Lesson: Students will be able to take the book and connect to it in a different way after choosing some aspect of the book that can either relate to themselves, modern day, or their life experience in some way through a writing and discussion activity.

Main Activity/ Key Content: Today we will be focusing on how The Scarlet Letter can relate to everyday high school students. I will begin with a journal prompt asking three questions: 1. What would be an example of public humiliation today? In schools? 2. Is bullying public humiliation? Explain. 3. Is there public humiliation in our school? We will then discuss their responses to these. I will then show clips of the movie "Easy A" which is a modern Scarlet Letter story. This will grab their attention because it is a recent movie but will show how the story can translate in our society as well as early Puritan times. Once I show certain clips of the movie I will have them begin their in class writing activity/assignment. They will respond to this question: After reading a significant amount of The Scarlet Letter, write 2 paragraphs on how the book relates to your life experience in high school. Where do we see modern day Hester Prynne? Is it reasonable to relate this book so today's society? If not please describe in detail why not. If there is extra time at the end of class I will have them read to themselves or we will read together in class. I will hand out a discussion sheet to fill out.

Homework:

Finish book

Finish discussion questions

Assessment:

Journal prompts

2 paragraph in class writing activity assignment turned in at end of class

Discussion sheet

Friday DAY 15

Goals of lesson: review The Scarlet Letter for their test on Monday.

Outcomes of lesson: quiz will prepare them for their test on Monday and they will finish and understand The Crucible. The review will also prepare them for their test.

Main Activities/ Key Content: I will open the class with a song and song journal prompt. I will play Christina Aguilera's "Can't Hold Us Down" which is about society's problem of gender roles when it comes to women. Journal Prompt: Write in one paragraph: 1. What is Christina Aguilera fighting for in the song/ what is the song about? 2. How can this song relate to The Scarlet Letter and Hester Prynne? Once the complete and we discuss the song journal responses I will give them a short reading quiz on chapters 17-24. We will then have a review for the test on Monday. I will tell them what to expect, the essay prompts and let them ask me any questions. For the remainder of class we will finish watching The Crucible and they will turn in their completed questions.

Homework for Lesson: STUDY FOR TEST

Assessment for lesson:

Journal responses
Quiz
Crucible questions

COMMUNITY RESOURCE

I want to take the students to see the Crucible performed on stage somewhere. If it works out that there is a performance I will take them on a field trip. It could be extra credit if it is on a weekend as well.

PART 4: ASSESSMENT

(Journal Prompts: WRITTEN ON THE BOARD TO BE WRITTEN IN JOURNALS WHEN DIRECTED: journal prompts will be written on the board for students to come in and right away sit down and start answering)

Short writes: ALL SHORT WRITES WILL BE ASSIGNED AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WEEK MONDAY SO THEY HAVE THE PROMPTS AND TIME TO WRITE THEM BY THURSDAY WHEN THEY ARE DUE. (assigned Wednesday nights)

Discussion question sheets: DISCUSSION QUESTIONS MUST BE KEPT THROUGHOUT THE UNIT AND COMPLETED. TEST QUESTIONS WILL BE PULLED FROM THESE. There will be one set of discussion questions that we will fill out throughout the unit.

Reading Journal/ notebook: WILL BE CHECKED FOR PARTICIPATION GRADE.

DAY 1:

*Journal prompts written on the board:

1. How is crime and punishment approached differently today as opposed to in Puritan times?
2. In your opinion, what makes a punishment just and unjust?
3. What do you think punishment does? Does it change the person? Is it just there to scare other potential criminals? Does being punished change the criminal? WHAT'S THE POINT?

DAY 2:

*Journal prompts written on the board:

1. What in particular makes either The Ministers Black Veil or Young Goodman Brown a "romance"?
2. What are the romantic elements in The Custom House that you found in your reading

*Groups will turn in their responses about the tales at the end of class.

DAY 3:

*Journal prompt written on board:

1. What is unique about the Prison Door in chapter 1. Give detailed specifics.
2. Why do you think this first chapter is significant?

*Completed discussion sheet

*Short write due Thursday.

QUESTION: write a one page double spaced response: When someone commits a crime, does that crime define him or her? Does it mean that all good deeds that they did before the crime is insignificant? Can someone make up for a crime by doing only good deeds afterwards?

DAY 4:

*Journal prompts:

1. Why does Hester continue to press her baby against the "A"?
2. What is that supposed to represent?

*Poem activity due tomorrow (Friday): completed character/symbol chart and completed character/symbol poem

DAY 5:

* SONG Journal prompts:

1. How did this video make you feel?
2. What do you think this video or the free hugs campaign was trying to accomplish?
3. Would you hug a person holding that sign before you saw other people hugging him?

*Completed Movie questions sheet on *The Crucible* INCLUDED ON HAND OUT SHEET DAY 5:

1. Who comes to Salem to Judge whether the town is full of witchcraft?
2. Who led the girls into the forest with her knowledge of witchcraft?
3. Who did Abigail drink the blood charm for?
4. What is the significance of the golden candlesticks?
5. Why did Elizabeth fire Abigail from her service?
6. "Because it my name!" Who said this and why?
7. How was Giles Corey killed?
8. What were Giles Corey's last words?
9. What did John Proctor tear up?

*READING QUIZ Questions on Chapters Preface, 1-6:

1. What is Hester's skill and what does she do with that skill? Answer: needle-work.

Makes the "A" very intricate and beautiful and makes clothes for Pearl.

2. Hester tell pearl that **BLANK** sent her to this earth?
3. In the preface, what happens when Hawthorne touches the letter "A" he finds?
4. True or false: Pearl is a very sweet and well manners little girl.
5. What is the symbol outside the prison door in chapter 1?

DAYS 6-10 assessment summary

- *Journal prompts every day at the beginning of class (Friday song journal)
- *Friday short reading quiz 5 questions again
- *Continue working on Crucible handout
- *2 discussion in class work sheets to fill in while we read aloud in class.
- *One short write will be assigned Wednesday due Thursday.

DAY 11

*Journal prompt

1. How would you describe Pearl as a character? Predict Pearl's future based on what you have read and what you think will happen at the end of the book. One short paragraph.

*Interior monologue turned in the following day re written or typed.

DAY 12

*Journal prompt:

1. Describe in a paragraph how nature plays a crucial role in chapter 18

*Completed discussion questions sheet.

DAY 13

*Journal prompt:

1. Is Dimmesdale a cowardly character or a hero? Give your opinion and why.

*Finished crossword puzzle

*Short write due tomorrow: QUESTION: Which is worse: public or private punishment? Who do you think suffers more: Dimmesdale or Hester. Give explanations for your answers. One to two page double-spaced response due tomorrow.

DAY 14

*Journal Prompt:

1. What would be an example of public humiliation today? In schools?
2. Is bullying public humiliation? Explain.
3. Is there public humiliation in our school?

*In class writing response to the movie clips "Easy A": QUESTION/PROMPT: After reading a significant amount of The Scarlet Letter, write 2 paragraphs on how the book relates to your life experience in high school. Where do we see modern day Hester Prynne? Is it reasonable to relate this book so today's society? If not please describe in detail why not.

*Discussion questions complete

DAY 15

*Song Journal Prompt: Write in one paragraph:

1. What is Christina Aguilera fighting for in the song/ what is the song about?
2. How can this song relate to The Scarlet Letter and Hester Prynne?

*Reading quiz on chapters 17-24

1. Dimmesdale refers to Hester as his better _____?

2. How does Pearl react when Hester removes the Letter?

3. What is on Dimmesdale's chest? Describe in detail.

4. What happens to Pearl at the end of the book?
5. True or False: Pearl, Hester and Dimmesdale live happily ever after as a family.

**The Crucible* worksheet continued and turned in today

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS SHEET WILL BE TURNED IN BEFORE THE TEST ON MONDAY.
THEY WILL USE IT TO STUDY.

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS THE SCARLET LETTER

Name: _____

1. What is the Custom House?
2. Why is Hawthorne there?
3. What does Hawthorne find in the Custom House and what happens when he touches it?
4. What is significant about the bush in chapter 1?
5. Where does our story take place?
6. What is Hester's crime?
7. What is her child's name?
8. Describe Hester's appearance.
9. How does society react to Hester?
10. What is Reverend Dimmesdale responsible for in regards to Hester Prynne?
11. What is Roger Chillingworth's story? Who is he?
12. What is Hester and Chillingworth's secret?
13. What is Hester's craft?
14. What 2 things does she make with this craft?

15. What is Hester's response to Pearl when asked "Tell me, then, what thou art, and who sent thee here"?
16. How is Pearl's character described? Give a few examples
17. Who is Mistress Hibbins?
18. What does Mistress Hibbins ask Hester to do with her?
19. What is Hester's response?
20. Who is the "Black Man"?
21. How does keeping Pearl save Hester's soul?
22. What is happening to Dimmesdale's health?
23. What is the cause for his suffering?
24. Why does Dimmesdale continuously hold his hand over his heart?
25. Who does the "leech" refer to?
26. What is Dimmesdale and Chillingworth's relationship?
27. What is Chillingworth trying to accomplish with Dimmesdale as his patient?
28. What happens on the scaffold in chapter 12?
29. What does Dimmesdale see in the sky?
30. What does he think it represents?
31. What does society think it represents?
32. Who passes away that night?
33. Who does Dimmesdale see in the window?
34. Why does Dimmesdale perceive everything around him differently than the rest of society?
35. How is the Scarlet Letter a religious symbol?

36. How does the "A" come to mean something different in the eye of society?
37. Describe Hester's appearance in the forest.
38. What does it mean that the letter "had not done its office"? explain in further detail.
39. What does Pearl craft for herself in chapter 15?
40. What is the significance of its color? (Pearl's letter)
41. How is Pearl a "spirit messenger" to Hester?
42. What does it mean that Dimmesdale's letter "burns I secret"?
43. Where does Hester and Dimmesdale relationship flourish and what is the significance of that location? (nature/ private)
44. What are Hester's "teachers"? chapter 18
45. How does Pearl react when Hester removes the letter?
46. What is the "sympathy of nature" mentioned in chapter 18?
47. Why can't Dimmesdale write?
48. How is the second scaffold scene different than the first?
49. What happens to Dimmesdale?
50. Why does Hester never remove the letter for the rest of her life?

Test on The Scarlet Letter Unit

NAME _____

DATE _____

5 true false (5 points)

5 character identification matching (5 points)

5 short answer (25 points)

20 multiple choice (40 points)

1 Essay: should be prepared for: prompts given Friday before test (3 options) (25 points)

TEST IS A TOTAL OF 100 points

True or False:

- _____ 1. Chillingworth and Hester were married.
- _____ 2. Mistress Hibbins is a very religious woman.
- _____ 3. Nathaniel Hawthorne lived during the Puritan times.
- _____ 4. Dimmesdale is a Catholic priest.
- _____ 5. Dimmesdale dies from guilt.

Characterization:

- | | |
|---------------------------|---|
| _____ 6. Mistress Hibbins | A. says, "I have no Heavenly Father" |
| _____ 7. Pearl | B. suggests Pearl be taken away from Hester |
| _____ 8. Chillingworth | C. asks Hester to visit the "Black Man" |
| _____ 9. Dimmesdale | D. suffers from severe guilt |
| _____ 10. Mr. Wilson | E. manipulative character |

Short Answer: (5-7 sentences at least)

10. Describe in detail Pearl's reaction to Hester's removal of the letter in the forest. Why does she react this way and what is the meaning behind it?

11. as much as you can of what happens in the first scaffold scene. Who is present? What happens? What is seen in the sky? Etc.

12. Explain the transformation of the "A"

13. How can you relate *The Scarlet Letter* to *The Crucible*? Think of gender roles.

14. What does Dimmesdale's "A" on his chest represent?

Multiple Choice:

- _____ 15. What is Hester's craft?
a. Needle work
b. Cooking
c. Knitting
- _____ 16. The Rose bush in Chapter one symbolizes
a. Good versus evil
b. Beauty of nature over ugliness of crime and sin
c. Adultery
- _____ 17. Hester's A transforms to mean:
a. Adulteress
b. Angel
c. Able
- _____ 18. What does Dimmesdale see in the sky in the scaffold scene at night?
a. The letter A
b. The "Black Man"
c. A revelation of his death
- _____ 19. Chillingworth is a physician of the.....
a. Mind
b. Body
c. Relationship between the mind and body
- _____ 20. Who passes away the night of the scaffold scene?
a. Mistress Hibbins
b. Mr. Wilson
c. Governor Bellingham
- _____ 21. Pearl is often referred to as a(an)
a. Elf-child/ nymph
b. Devil
c. Angel
- _____ 22. The Scarlet Letter takes place in...
a. Salem Massachusetts
b. Boston Massachusetts
c. Concord Massachusetts

- _____ 23. Most of Dimmesdale and Hester's conversations are in...
- Town
 - The forest
 - Hester's home
- _____ 24. Mistress Hibbins is a
- Witch
 - Adulteress
 - Both
- _____ 25. Peal begs her mother to tell her a story about
- The Black Man
 - Her father
 - Why she wears the letter
- _____ 26. Where is the Custom House located?
- Salem
 - Boston
 - Lexington
- _____ 27. The Natural setting of the forest represents
- Hope
 - Purity
 - Rebirth
- _____ 28. How many scaffold scenes are there throughout the book?
- 1
 - 2
 - 3
- _____ 29. Pearl made her "A" out of
- eel grass
 - leaves
 - green thread
- _____ 30. Hester decides to keep wearing the letter even after it is not required because
- She is proud of the letter
 - It represents something positive
 - Both answers are correct

- _____ 31. Hester is in love with
- Dimmesdale
 - Chillingworth
 - Neither
- _____ 32. "The Scarlet Letter had not done its office" means that
- It didn't punish Hester like it was intended to
 - The letter didn't affect Hester's life at all
 - There was no point to the letter at all
- _____ 33. Hester's appearance throughout the book is
- With her hair bound up/ more masculine than feminine
 - Scandalous
 - Beautiful and feminine
- _____ 34. At the end of the book, Pearl
- continues to live with her mother
 - marries some one and moves away
 - becomes an adulteress of Boston like her mother
- _____ 35. The Scarlet Letter is a
- Novel
 - Romance
 - True story

ESSAY: CHOOSE ONE TO WRITE A THREE-PARAGRAPH ESSAY

- How is Hawthorne's Appearance-Reality theme evident in The Scarlet Letter?
- How is the theme of public versus private punishment evident in The Scarlet Letter?
- Who suffers more? Dimmesdale or Hester. Why?

PROJECT:

choose from these three options!

Readers theatre option: Come dressed in costume and partially memorized to do a 10 minute scene from The Scarlet Letter

Debate option: Choose a topic on punishment. It can be now, in the past and anywhere in the world. Pick a partner and debate two sides to an argument. At least 10 minutes- should be more

Powerpoint/ handout/ posterboard creative option: Pick a theme/ symbol etc in The Scarlet Letter and teach the class about it. 10 minute presentation

PAPER:

4-5 page paper on topic of your choice but it must be confirmed with me first.

Part 5: copies of major handouts

DAY 1:Power Point Presentation

•Puritan Crime and Punishment

•Unit on Nathaniel Hawthorn's The Scarlet Letter

•Puritan Ideals

- Puritans sought to create the ideal Christian society
- Everyday life was seen as a struggle between God and the devil
- Any act "against God" was a crime and an opportunity for the devil to gain a foothold in the Puritan society

•Sins in Puritan society included:

- Gossip
- Adultery
- Missing church
- Sleeping in late
- Swearing

These things were against God and therefore illegal in society and punishable crimes.

• Common Punishments in Puritan Society

- Stocks and Pillory
- The Ducking Stool
- Whipping
- Tongue piercing
- Execution
- Public humiliation

•Stocks and Pillory

- The most common New England colonial punishment was use of the stocks and pillory.
- Stocks were heavy wooden frames with holes for ankles and/or wrists
- The pillory was similar, but allowed the accused to stand while his or hands were bound.

•The ducking stool

- Usually used to punish women who gossiped or scolded their husbands
- The number of times a woman was to be dunked into a lake or river was determined by the judges.

•whipping

- Usually people were punished with 20 to 40 lashes
- Once a man was whipped 117 times!!

•execution

- Execution was always a threat looming over puritans heads as a threat!
- Burning at the stake and hanging were forms of execution

•Public humiliation

- Criminals were sometimes forced to wear a letter symbolizing the crime committed.
- "T" stood for thief
- "D" was worn by those accused of public drunkenness
- What do you think the letter "A" stood for?

Handout DAY 1:

The sociology of punishment and punishment today

Modern punishment has created a sense of its own inevitability and of the necessary rightness of the status quo. Our taken for granted ways of punishing have relieved us of the need for thinking deeply about punishment. The institution of punishment conveniently provides us with a definition of what criminality is and how it will be sanctioned, how much punishment is appropriate and what emotions can be expressed, who is entitled to punish and wherein lies their authority to do so. They are authoritatively settled, at least in principle, and only matters of detail need to be concluded - details which can be left to experts and administrators in specialist institutions set aside for that purpose.

Through repeated use and respect for their authority, these instituted ways of doing things create their own 'regime of truth' which simultaneously shores up the institutional structure and closes off any fundamental questions which might undermine it. The penal system's very existence helps us to forget that there are other answers to these problems are possible: that institutions are based upon the convention rather than nature.

But institutions and their regimes are not unshakable or beyond challenge, particularly where they fail to serve needs, contain conflicts, or answer troublesome questions in a way that is perceived as satisfactory. And, despite their institutional girding and a historical entrenchment stretching back to the early nineteenth century, a growing sense of doubt has now begun to emerge around our modern penal practices. This shift of attitude began to emerge towards the end of the 1960s when rising crime rates, growing prison unrest, and the collapse in faith in the rehabilitation ideal combined to undermine confidence in 'penal progress' and the inevitability of 'penal reform'. The new era has been one of continuing crisis and disruption in a penal system which no longer takes seriously the rehabilitative values and ideologies upon which it was originally based. Conventional wisdom appears to be increasingly to be 'irrational', 'dysfunctional', and counter productive. Like the crime it is supposed to deal with, punishment is now days is seen as a chronic social problem.

The most celebrated discussion of punishment's failure is to be found in the work of Michael Foucault, who argued that penological failure has been a persistent and indeed a 'functional' characteristic of the modern prison system since its inception. Lawrence Stone's view was shared by many, that 20th century prisons survive simply because they have taken on a quasi independent life of their own, which enables them to survive the overwhelming evidence of their social dysfunction. This extends with slightly less force to probation, fines, and community corrections.

Nowadays, punishment appears to lack a future - or at least a vision of one which might be different or preferable to that which currently prevails. All social institution have a margin of failure or ineffectiveness. If the institution is meeting normal expectations and if its overall direction and basic legitimacy are unchallenged, then such failures are of no great consequence.

We need to remind ourselves that the phenomena we refer to as 'punishment', is in fact a complex set of interlinked processes and institutions, rather than a uniform object or event.

Punishment then, is not reducible to a single meaning or a single purpose. It is not susceptible to a logical or formulaic definition because it is a social institution embodying and condensing a range of purposes and a stored up depth of historical meaning. To understand 'punishment', one has to explore its many dynamics and forces and build up a complex picture of the circuits of meaning and action within which it currently functions.

Punishment here is taken to be the legal process whereby violators of the criminal law are condemned and sanctioned in accordance with specified legal categories and procedures. This process itself is complex and differentiated, being composed of interlinked processes of law making, conviction, sentencing and the administration of penalties. It involves discursive frameworks of authority and condemnation, ritual procedures of imposing punishment, a repertoire of penal sanctions and a rhetoric of symbols, figures, and images by means of which the penal process is represented to its various audiences.

Although legal punishment is understood to have a variety of aims, its primary purpose is usually represented as being the instrumental one of reducing or containing rates of criminal behaviour. It is thus possible to conceive of punishment as being simply a means to a given end - to think of it as a legal approved method designed to facilitate the task of crime control.

In some instances, certain theorists have gone so far as to deny punishment's crime control function altogether, arguing that penalty is not well adapted to this particular end, and that therefore some other end must be posited to explain its character. Emile Durkheim's declaration that 'if crime is not pathological then the purpose of punishment can not be to punish it'. Writers such as Mead, Rusche and Kirchheimer, and more recently Michael Foucault point to the failure of punishment as a method of crime control and argues that it is badly adapted to this end, before going on to discuss alternate ways of understanding the phenomenon.

Punishment is a delimited legal process, but its existence and operation are dependent upon a wide array of other social forces and conditions. These conditioning circumstances take a variety of forms - some of which have been explicated by historical and sociological work in this field. Thus, for example, modern prisons presuppose definite architectural forms, security devices, disciplinary technologies, and developed regimes which organise time and space - as well as the social means to finance, construct and administer such complex organisations. And as recent work has shown, specific forms of punishment are also dependent for their support upon less obvious social and historical circumstances including political discourses and specific forms of knowledge, legal, moral, and cultural categories, and specific patterns of psychic organisation or sensibility. It is a product of tradition as much as present policy: hence the need for a developmental as well as functional perspective in the understanding of penal institutions. It is only by viewing punishment against the background of these wider forms of life and their history that we can begin to understand the informal logic which underpins penal practice.

Like all social institutions, punishment interacts with its environment, forming part of the mutuality constructing configuration of elements which make up the social world.

Young Goodman Brown

Young Goodman Brown came forth at sunset into the street at Salem village; but put his head back, after crossing the threshold, to exchange a parting kiss with his young wife. And Faith, as the wife was aptly named, thrust her own pretty head into the street, letting the wind play with the pink ribbons of her cap while she called to Goodman Brown.

"Dearest heart," whispered she, softly and rather sadly, when her lips were close to his ear, "prithee put off your journey until sunrise and sleep in your own bed to-night. A lone woman is troubled with such dreams and such thoughts that she's afraid of herself sometimes. Pray tarry with me this night, dear husband, of all nights in the year."

"My love and my Faith," replied young Goodman Brown, "of all nights in the year, this one night must I tarry away from thee. My journey, as thou callest it, forth and back again, must needs be done 'twixt now and sunrise. What, my sweet, pretty wife, dost thou doubt me already, and we but three months married?"

"Then God bless you!" said Faith, with the pink ribbons; "and may you find all well when you come back."

"Amen!" cried Goodman Brown. "Say thy prayers, dear Faith, and go to bed at dusk, and no harm will come to thee."

So they parted; and the young man pursued his way until, being about to turn the corner by the meeting-house, he looked back and saw the head of Faith still peeping after him with a melancholy air, in spite of her pink ribbons.

"Poor little Faith!" thought he, for his heart smote him. "What a wretch am I to leave her on such an errand! She talks of dreams, too. Methought as she spoke there was trouble in her face, as if a dream had warned her what work is to be done tonight. But no, no; 't would kill her to think it. Well, she's a blessed angel on earth; and after this one night I'll cling to her skirts and follow her to heaven."

With this excellent resolve for the future, Goodman Brown felt himself justified in making more haste on his present evil purpose. He had taken a dreary road, darkened by all the gloomiest trees of the forest, which barely stood aside to let the narrow path creep through, and closed immediately behind. It was all as lonely as could be; and there is this peculiarity in such a solitude, that the traveller knows not who may be concealed by the innumerable trunks and the thick boughs overhead; so that with lonely footsteps he may yet be passing through an unseen multitude.

"There may be a devilish Indian behind every tree," said Goodman Brown to himself; and he glanced fearfully behind him as he added, "What if the devil himself should be at my very elbow!"

His head being turned back, he passed a crook of the road, and, looking forward again, beheld

the figure of a man, in grave and decent attire, seated at the foot of an old tree. He arose at Goodman Brown's approach and walked onward side by side with him.

"You are late, Goodman Brown," said he. "The clock of the Old South was striking as I came through Boston, and that is full fifteen minutes ago."

"Faith kept me back a while," replied the young man, with a tremor in his voice, caused by the sudden appearance of his companion, though not wholly unexpected.

It was now deep dusk in the forest, and deepest in that part of it where these two were journeying. As nearly as could be discerned, the second traveller was about fifty years old, apparently in the same rank of life as Goodman Brown, and bearing a considerable resemblance to him, though perhaps more in expression than features. Still they might have been taken for father and son. And yet, though the elder person was as simply clad as the younger, and as simple in manner too, he had an indescribable air of one who knew the world, and who would not have felt abashed at the governor's dinner table or in King William's court, were it possible that his affairs should call him thither. But the only thing about him that could be fixed upon as remarkable was his staff, which bore the likeness of a great black snake, so curiously wrought that it might almost be seen to twist and wriggle itself like a living serpent. This, of course, must have been an ocular deception, assisted by the uncertain light.

"Come, Goodman Brown," cried his fellow-traveller, "this is a dull pace for the beginning of a journey. Take my staff, if you are so soon weary."

"Friend," said the other, exchanging his slow pace for a full stop, "having kept covenant by meeting thee here, it is my purpose now to return whence I came. I have scruples touching the matter thou wot'st of."

"Sayest thou so?" replied he of the serpent, smiling apart. "Let us walk on, nevertheless, reasoning as we go; and if I convince thee not thou shalt turn back. We are but a little way in the forest yet."

"Too far! too far!" exclaimed the goodman, unconsciously resuming his walk. "My father never went into the woods on such an errand, nor his father before him. We have been a race of honest men and good Christians since the days of the martyrs; and shall I be the first of the name of Brown that ever took this path and kept"

"Such company, thou wouldst say," observed the elder person, interpreting his pause. "Well said, Goodman Brown! I have been as well acquainted with your family as with ever a one among the Puritans; and that's no trifle to say. I helped your grandfather, the constable, when he lashed the Quaker woman so smartly through the streets of Salem; and it was I that brought your father a pitch-pine knot, kindled at my own hearth, to set fire to an Indian village, in King Philip's war. They were my good friends, both; and many a pleasant walk have we had along this path, and returned merrily after midnight. I would fain be friends with you for their sake."

"If it be as thou sayest," replied Goodman Brown, "I marvel they never spoke of these matters; or, verily, I marvel not, seeing that the least rumor of the sort would have driven them from New England. We are a people of prayer, and good works to boot, and abide no such wickedness."

"Wickedness or not," said the traveller with the twisted staff, "I have a very general acquaintance here in New England. The deacons of many a church have drunk the communion wine with me; the selectmen of divers towns make me their chairman; and a majority of the Great and General Court are firm supporters of my interest. The governor and I, too--But these are state secrets."

"Can this be so?" cried Goodman Brown, with a stare of amazement at his undisturbed companion. "Howbeit, I have nothing to do with the governor and council; they have their own ways, and are no rule for a simple husbandman like me. But, were I to go on with thee, how should I meet the eye of that good old man, our minister, at Salem village? Oh, his voice would make me tremble both Sabbath day and lecture day."

Thus far the elder traveller had listened with due gravity; but now burst into a fit of irrepressible mirth, shaking himself so violently that his snake-like staff actually seemed to wriggle in sympathy.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted he again and again; then composing himself, "Well, go on, Goodman Brown, go on; but, prithee, don't kill me with laughing."

"Well, then, to end the matter at once," said Goodman Brown, considerably nettled, "there is my wife, Faith. It would break her dear little heart; and I'd rather break my own."

"Nay, if that be the case," answered the other, "e'en go thy ways, Goodman Brown. I would not for twenty old women like the one hobbling before us that Faith should come to any harm."

As he spoke he pointed his staff at a female figure on the path, in whom Goodman Brown recognized a very pious and exemplary dame, who had taught him his catechism in youth, and was still his moral and spiritual adviser, jointly with the minister and Deacon Gookin.

"A marvel, truly, that Goody Cloyse should be so far in the wilderness at nightfall," said he. "But with your leave, friend, I shall take a cut through the woods until we have left this Christian woman behind. Being a stranger to you, she might ask whom I was consorting with and whither I was going."

"Be it so," said his fellow-traveller. "Betake you to the woods, and let me keep the path."

Accordingly the young man turned aside, but took care to watch his companion, who advanced softly along the road until he had come within a staff's length of the old dame. She, meanwhile, was making the best of her way, with singular speed for so aged a woman, and mumbling some indistinct words--a prayer, doubtless--as she went. The traveller put forth his staff and touched her withered neck with what seemed the serpent's tail.

"The devil!" screamed the pious old lady.

"Then Goody Cloyse knows her old friend?" observed the traveller, confronting her and leaning on his writhing stick.

"Ah, forsooth, and is it your worship indeed?" cried the good dame. "Yea, truly is it, and in the very image of my old gossip, Goodman Brown, the grandfather of the silly fellow that now is."

But--would your worship believe it?--my broomstick hath strangely disappeared, stolen, as I suspect, by that unchanced witch, Goody Cory, and that, too, when I was all anointed with the juice of smallage, and cinquefoil, and wolf's bane"

"Mingled with fine wheat and the fat of a new-born babe," said the shape of old Goodman Brown.

"Ah, your worship knows the recipe," cried the old lady, cackling aloud. "So, as I was saying, being all ready for the meeting, and no horse to ride on, I made up my mind to foot it; for they tell me there is a nice young man to be taken into communion to-night. But now your good worship will lend me your arm, and we shall be there in a twinkling."

"That can hardly be," answered her friend. "I may not spare you my arm, Goody Cloyse; but here is my staff, if you will."

So saying, he threw it down at her feet, where, perhaps, it assumed life, being one of the rods which its owner had formerly lent to the Egyptian magi. Of this fact, however, Goodman Brown could not take cognizance. He had cast up his eyes in astonishment, and, looking down again, beheld neither Goody Cloyse nor the serpentine staff, but his fellow-traveller alone, who waited for him as calmly as if nothing had happened.

"That old woman taught me my catechism," said the young man; and there was a world of meaning in this simple comment.

They continued to walk onward, while the elder traveller exhorted his companion to make good speed and persevere in the path, discoursing so aptly that his arguments seemed rather to spring up in the bosom of his auditor than to be suggested by himself. As they went, he plucked a branch of maple to serve for a walking stick, and began to strip it of the twigs and little boughs, which were wet with evening dew. The moment his fingers touched them they became strangely withered and dried up as with a week's sunshine. Thus the pair proceeded, at a good free pace, until suddenly, in a gloomy hollow of the road, Goodman Brown sat himself down on the stump of a tree and refused to go any farther.

"Friend," said he, stubbornly, "my mind is made up. Not another step will I budge on this errand. What if a wretched old woman do choose to go to the devil when I thought she was going to heaven: is that any reason why I should quit my dear Faith and go after her?"

"You will think better of this by and by," said his acquaintance, composedly. "Sit here and rest yourself a while; and when you feel like moving again, there is my staff to help you along."

Without more words, he threw his companion the maple stick, and was as speedily out of sight as if he had vanished into the deepening gloom. The young man sat a few moments by the roadside, applauding himself greatly, and thinking with how clear a conscience he should meet the minister in his morning walk, nor shrink from the eye of good old Deacon Gookin. And what calm sleep would be his that very night, which was to have been spent so wickedly, but so purely and sweetly now, in the arms of Faith! Amidst these pleasant and praiseworthy meditations, Goodman Brown heard the tramp of horses along the road, and deemed it advisable to conceal himself within the verge of the forest, conscious of the guilty purpose that had brought him

thither, though now so happily turned from it.

On came the hoof tramps and the voices of the riders, two grave old voices, conversing soberly as they drew near. These mingled sounds appeared to pass along the road, within a few yards of the young man's hiding-place; but, owing doubtless to the depth of the gloom at that particular spot, neither the travellers nor their steeds were visible. Though their figures brushed the small boughs by the wayside, it could not be seen that they intercepted, even for a moment, the faint gleam from the strip of bright sky athwart which they must have passed. Goodman Brown alternately crouched and stood on tiptoe, pulling aside the branches and thrusting forth his head as far as he durst without discerning so much as a shadow. It vexed him the more, because he could have sworn, were such a thing possible, that he recognized the voices of the minister and Deacon Gookin, jogging along quietly, as they were wont to do, when bound to some ordination or ecclesiastical council. While yet within hearing, one of the riders stopped to pluck a switch.

"Of the two, reverend sir," said the voice like the deacon's, "I had rather miss an ordination dinner than to-night's meeting. They tell me that some of our community are to be here from Falmouth and beyond, and others from Connecticut and Rhode Island, besides several of the Indian powwows, who, after their fashion, know almost as much devilry as the best of us. Moreover, there is a goodly young woman to be taken into communion."

"Mighty well, Deacon Gookin!" replied the solemn old tones of the minister. "Spur up, or we shall be late. Nothing can be done, you know, until I get on the ground."

The hoofs clattered again; and the voices, talking so strangely in the empty air, passed on through the forest, where no church had ever been gathered or solitary Christian prayed. Whither, then, could these holy men be journeying so deep into the heathen wilderness? Young Goodman Brown caught hold of a tree for support, being ready to sink down on the ground, faint and overburdened with the heavy sickness of his heart. He looked up to the sky, doubting whether there really was a heaven above him. Yet there was the blue arch, and the stars brightening in it.

"With heaven above and Faith below, I will yet stand firm against the devil!" cried Goodman Brown.

While he still gazed upward into the deep arch of the firmament and had lifted his hands to pray, a cloud, though no wind was stirring, hurried across the zenith and hid the brightening stars. The blue sky was still visible, except directly overhead, where this black mass of cloud was sweeping swiftly northward. Aloft in the air, as if from the depths of the cloud, came a confused and doubtful sound of voices. Once the listener fancied that he could distinguish the accents of townspeople of his own, men and women, both pious and ungodly, many of whom he had met at the communion table, and had seen others rioting at the tavern. The next moment, so indistinct were the sounds, he doubted whether he had heard aught but the murmur of the old forest, whispering without a wind. Then came a stronger swell of those familiar tones, heard daily in the sunshine at Salem village, but never until now from a cloud of night. There was one voice of a young woman, uttering lamentations, yet with an uncertain sorrow, and entreating for some favor, which, perhaps, it would grieve her to obtain; and all the unseen multitude, both saints and sinners, seemed to encourage her onward.

"Faith!" shouted Goodman Brown, in a voice of agony and desperation; and the echoes of the forest mocked him, crying, "Faith! Faith!" as if bewildered wretches were seeking her all through the wilderness.

The cry of grief, rage, and terror was yet piercing the night, when the unhappy husband held his breath for a response. There was a scream, drowned immediately in a louder murmur of voices, fading into far-off laughter, as the dark cloud swept away, leaving the clear and silent sky above Goodman Brown. But something fluttered lightly down through the air and caught on the branch of a tree. The young man seized it, and beheld a pink ribbon.

"My Faith is gone!" cried he, after one stupefied moment. "There is no good on earth; and sin is but a name. Come, devil; for to thee is this world given."

And, maddened with despair, so that he laughed loud and long, did Goodman Brown grasp his staff and set forth again, at such a rate that he seemed to fly along the forest path rather than to walk or run. The road grew wilder and drearier and more faintly traced, and vanished at length, leaving him in the heart of the dark wilderness, still rushing onward with the instinct that guides mortal man to evil. The whole forest was peopled with frightful sounds--the creaking of the trees, the howling of wild beasts, and the yell of Indians; while sometimes the wind tolled like a distant church bell, and sometimes gave a broad roar around the traveller, as if all Nature were laughing him to scorn. But he was himself the chief horror of the scene, and shrank not from its other horrors.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Goodman Brown when the wind laughed at him.

"Let us hear which will laugh loudest. Think not to frighten me with your deviltry. Come witch, come wizard, come Indian powwow, come devil himself, and here comes Goodman Brown. You may as well fear him as he fear you."

In truth, all through the haunted forest there could be nothing more frightful than the figure of Goodman Brown. On he flew among the black pines, brandishing his staff with frenzied gestures, now giving vent to an inspiration of horrid blasphemy, and now shouting forth such laughter as set all the echoes of the forest laughing like demons around him. The fiend in his own shape is less hideous than when he rages in the breast of man. Thus sped the demoniac on his course, until, quivering among the trees, he saw a red light before him, as when the felled trunks and branches of a clearing have been set on fire, and throw up their lurid blaze against the sky, at the hour of midnight. He paused, in a lull of the tempest that had driven him onward, and heard the swell of what seemed a hymn, rolling solemnly from a distance with the weight of many voices. He knew the tune; it was a familiar one in the choir of the village meeting-house. The verse died heavily away, and was lengthened by a chorus, not of human voices, but of all the sounds of the benighted wilderness pealing in awful harmony together. Goodman Brown cried out, and his cry was lost to his own ear by its unison with the cry of the desert.

In the interval of silence he stole forward until the light glared full upon his eyes. At one extremity of an open space, hemmed in by the dark wall of the forest, arose a rock, bearing some rude, natural resemblance either to an altar or a pulpit, and surrounded by four blazing pines, their tops aflame, their stems untouched, like candles at an evening meeting. The mass of foliage that had overgrown the summit of the rock was all on fire, blazing high into the night and fitfully

illuminating the whole field. Each pendent twig and leafy festoon was in a blaze. As the red light arose and fell, a numerous congregation alternately shone forth, then disappeared in shadow, and again grew, as it were, out of the darkness, peopling the heart of the solitary woods at once.

"A grave and dark-clad company," quoth Goodman Brown.

In truth they were such. Among them, quivering to and fro between gloom and splendor, appeared faces that would be seen next day at the council board of the province, and others which, Sabbath after Sabbath, looked devoutly heavenward, and benignantly over the crowded pews, from the holiest pulpits in the land. Some affirm that the lady of the governor was there. At least there were high dames well known to her, and wives of honored husbands, and widows, a great multitude, and ancient maidens, all of excellent repute, and fair young girls, who trembled lest their mothers should espy them. Either the sudden gleams of light flashing over the obscure field bedazzled Goodman Brown, or he recognized a score of the church members of Salem village famous for their especial sanctity. Good old Deacon Gookin had arrived, and waited at the skirts of that venerable saint, his revered pastor. But, irreverently consorting with these grave, reputable, and pious people, these elders of the church, these chaste dames and dewy virgins, there were men of dissolute lives and women of spotted fame, wretches given over to all mean and filthy vice, and suspected even of horrid crimes. It was strange to see that the good shrank not from the wicked, nor were the sinners abashed by the saints. Scattered also among their pale-faced enemies were the Indian priests, or powwows, who had often scared their native forest with more hideous incantations than any known to English witchcraft.

"But where is Faith?" thought Goodman Brown; and, as hope came into his heart, he trembled.

Another verse of the hymn arose, a slow and mournful strain, such as the pious love, but joined to words which expressed all that our nature can conceive of sin, and darkly hinted at far more. Unfathomable to mere mortals is the lore of fiends. Verse after verse was sung; and still the chorus of the desert swelled between like the deepest tone of a mighty organ; and with the final peal of that dreadful anthem there came a sound, as if the roaring wind, the rushing streams, the howling beasts, and every other voice of the unconcerted wilderness were mingling and according with the voice of guilty man in homage to the prince of all. The four blazing pines threw up a loftier flame, and obscurely discovered shapes and visages of horror on the smoke wreaths above the impious assembly. At the same moment the fire on the rock shot redly forth and formed a glowing arch above its base, where now appeared a figure. With reverence be it spoken, the figure bore no slight similitude, both in garb and manner, to some grave divine of the New England churches.

"Bring forth the converts!" cried a voice that echoed through the field and rolled into the forest.

At the word, Goodman Brown stepped forth from the shadow of the trees and approached the congregation, with whom he felt a loathful brotherhood by the sympathy of all that was wicked in his heart. He could have well-nigh sworn that the shape of his own dead father beckoned him to advance, looking downward from a smoke wreath, while a woman, with dim features of despair, threw out her hand to warn him back. Was it his mother? But he had no power to retreat one step, nor to resist, even in thought, when the minister and good old Deacon Gookin seized his arms and led him to the blazing rock. Thither came also the slender form of a veiled female, led

between Goody Cloyse, that pious teacher of the catechism, and Martha Carrier, who had received the devil's promise to be queen of hell. A rampant hag was she. And there stood the proselytes beneath the canopy of fire.

"Welcome, my children," said the dark figure, "to the communion of your race. Ye have found thus young your nature and your destiny. My children, look behind you!"

They turned; and flashing forth, as it were, in a sheet of flame, the fiend worshippers were seen; the smile of welcome gleamed darkly on every visage.

"There," resumed the sable form, "are all whom ye have revered from youth. Ye deemed them holier than yourselves, and shrank from your own sin, contrasting it with their lives of righteousness and prayerful aspirations heavenward. Yet here are they all in my worshipping assembly. This night it shall be granted you to know their secret deeds: how hoary-bearded elders of the church have whispered wanton words to the young maids of their households; how many a woman, eager for widows' weeds, has given her husband a drink at bedtime and let him sleep his last sleep in her bosom; how beardless youths have made haste to inherit their fathers' wealth; and how fair damsels--blush not, sweet ones--have dug little graves in the garden, and bidden me, the sole guest to an infant's funeral. By the sympathy of your human hearts for sin ye shall scent out all the places--whether in church, bedchamber, street, field, or forest--where crime has been committed, and shall exult to behold the whole earth one stain of guilt, one mighty blood spot. Far more than this. It shall be yours to penetrate, in every bosom, the deep mystery of sin, the fountain of all wicked arts, and which inexhaustibly supplies more evil impulses than human power--than my power at its utmost--can make manifest in deeds. And now, my children, look upon each other."

They did so; and, by the blaze of the hell-kindled torches, the wretched man beheld his Faith, and the wife her husband, trembling before that unhallowed altar.

"Lo, there ye stand, my children," said the figure, in a deep and solemn tone, almost sad with its despairing awfulness, as if his once angelic nature could yet mourn for our miserable race.

"Depending upon one another's hearts, ye had still hoped that virtue were not all a dream. Now are ye undeceived. Evil is the nature of mankind. Evil must be your only happiness. Welcome again, my children, to the communion of your race."

"Welcome," repeated the fiend worshippers, in one cry of despair and triumph.

And there they stood, the only pair, as it seemed, who were yet hesitating on the verge of wickedness in this dark world. A basin was hollowed, naturally, in the rock. Did it contain water, reddened by the lurid light? or was it blood? or, perchance, a liquid flame? Herein did the shape of evil dip his hand and prepare to lay the mark of baptism upon their foreheads, that they might be partakers of the mystery of sin, more conscious of the secret guilt of others, both in deed and thought, than they could now be of their own. The husband cast one look at his pale wife, and Faith at him. What polluted wretches would the next glance show them to each other, shuddering alike at what they disclosed and what they saw!

"Faith! Faith!" cried the husband, "look up to heaven, and resist the wicked one."

Whether Faith obeyed he knew not. Hardly had he spoken when he found himself amid calm night and solitude, listening to a roar of the wind which died heavily away through the forest. He staggered against the rock, and felt it chill and damp; while a hanging twig, that had been all on fire, besprinkled his cheek with the coldest dew.

The next morning young Goodman Brown came slowly into the street of Salem village, staring around him like a bewildered man. The good old minister was taking a walk along the graveyard to get an appetite for breakfast and meditate his sermon, and bestowed a blessing, as he passed, on Goodman Brown. He shrank from the venerable saint as if to avoid an anathema. Old Deacon Gookin was at domestic worship, and the holy words of his prayer were heard through the open window. "What God doth the wizard pray to?" quoth Goodman Brown. Goody Cloyse, that excellent old Christian, stood in the early sunshine at her own lattice, catechizing a little girl who had brought her a pint of morning's milk. Goodman Brown snatched away the child as from the grasp of the fiend himself. Turning the corner by the meeting-house, he spied the head of Faith, with the pink ribbons, gazing anxiously forth, and bursting into such joy at sight of him that she skipped along the street and almost kissed her husband before the whole village. But Goodman Brown looked sternly and sadly into her face, and passed on without a greeting.

Had Goodman Brown fallen asleep in the forest and only dreamed a wild dream of a witch-meeting?

Be it so if you will; but, alas! it was a dream of evil omen for young Goodman Brown. A stern, a sad, a darkly meditative, a distrustful, if not a desperate man did he become from the night of that fearful dream. On the Sabbath day, when the congregation were singing a holy psalm, he could not listen because an anthem of sin rushed loudly upon his ear and drowned all the blessed strain. When the minister spoke from the pulpit with power and fervid eloquence, and, with his hand on the open Bible, of the sacred truths of our religion, and of saint-like lives and triumphant deaths, and of future bliss or misery unutterable, then did Goodman Brown turn pale, dreading lest the roof should thunder down upon the gray blasphemer and his hearers. Often, waking suddenly at midnight, he shrank from the bosom of Faith; and at morning or eventide, when the family knelt down at prayer, he scowled and muttered to himself, and gazed sternly at his wife, and turned away. And when he had lived long, and was borne to his grave a hoary corpse, followed by Faith, an aged woman, and children and grandchildren, a goodly procession, besides neighbors not a few, they carved no hopeful verse upon his tombstone, for his dying hour was gloom.

The Minister's Black Veil

THE SEXTON stood in the porch of Milford meeting-house, pulling busily at the bell-rope. The old people of the village came stooping along the street. Children, with bright faces, tripped merrily beside their parents, or mimicked a graver gait, in the conscious dignity of their Sunday clothes. Spruce bachelors looked sidelong at the pretty maidens, and fancied that the Sabbath sunshine made them prettier than on week days. When the throng had mostly streamed into the porch, the sexton began to toll the bell, keeping his eye on the Reverend Mr. Hooper's door. The first glimpse of the clergyman's figure was the signal for the bell to cease its summons.

"But what has good Parson Hooper got upon his face?" cried the sexton in astonishment.

All within hearing immediately turned about, and beheld the semblance of Mr. Hooper, pacing slowly his meditative way towards the meeting-house. With one accord they started, expressing more wonder than if some strange minister were coming to dust the cushions of Mr. Hooper's pulpit.

"Are you sure it is our parson?" inquired Goodman Gray of the sexton.

"Of a certainty it is good Mr. Hooper," replied the sexton. "He was to have exchanged pulpits with Parson Shute, of Westbury; but Parson Shute sent to excuse himself yesterday, being to preach a funeral sermon."

The cause of so much amazement may appear sufficiently slight. Mr. Hooper, a gentlemanly person, of about thirty, though still a bachelor, was dressed with due clerical neatness, as if a careful wife had starched his band, and brushed the weekly dust from his Sunday's garb. There was but one thing remarkable in his appearance. Swathed about his forehead, and hanging down over his face, so low as to be shaken by his breath, Mr. Hooper had on a black veil. On a nearer view it seemed to consist of two folds of crape, which entirely concealed his features, except the mouth and chin, but probably did not intercept his sight, further than to give a darkened aspect to all living and inanimate things. With this gloomy shade before him, good Mr. Hooper walked onward, at a slow and quiet pace, stooping somewhat, and looking on the ground, as is customary with abstracted men, yet nodding kindly to those of his parishioners who still waited on the meeting-house steps. But so wonder-struck were they that his greeting hardly met with a return.

"I can't really feel as if good Mr. Hooper's face was behind that piece of crape," said the sexton.

"I don't like it," muttered an old woman, as she hobbled into the meeting-house. "He has changed himself into something awful, only by hiding his face."

"Our parson has gone mad!" cried Goodman Gray, following him across the threshold.

A rumor of some unaccountable phenomenon had preceded Mr. Hooper into the meeting-house, and set all the congregation astir. Few could refrain from twisting their heads towards the door; many stood upright, and turned directly about; while several little boys clambered upon the seats, and came down again with a terrible racket. There was a general bustle, a rustling of the women's gowns and shuffling of the men's feet, greatly at variance with that hushed repose which should attend the entrance of the minister. But Mr. Hooper appeared not to notice the perturbation of his people. He entered with an almost noiseless step, bent his head mildly to the pews on each side, and bowed as he passed his oldest parishioner, a white-haired great-grandsire, who occupied an arm-chair in the centre of the aisle. It was strange to observe how slowly this venerable man became conscious of something singular in the appearance of his pastor. He seemed not fully to partake of the prevailing wonder, till Mr. Hooper had ascended the stairs,

and showed himself in the pulpit, face to face with his congregation, except for the black veil. That mysterious emblem was never once withdrawn. It shook with his measured breath, as he gave out the psalm; it threw its obscurity between him and the holy page, as he read the Scriptures; and while he prayed, the veil lay heavily on his uplifted countenance. Did he seek to hide it from the dread Being whom he was addressing?

Such was the effect of this simple piece of crape, that more than one woman of delicate nerves was forced to leave the meeting-house. Yet perhaps the pale-faced congregation was almost as fearful a sight to the minister, as his black veil to them.

Mr. Hooper had the reputation of a good preacher, but not an energetic one: he strove to win his people heavenward by mild, persuasive influences, rather than to drive them thither by the thunders of the Word. The sermon which he now delivered was marked by the same characteristics of style and manner as the general series of his pulpit oratory. But there was something, either in the sentiment of the discourse itself, or in the imagination of the auditors, which made it greatly the most powerful effort that they had ever heard from their pastor's lips. It was tinged, rather more darkly than usual, with the gentle gloom of Mr. Hooper's temperament. The subject had reference to secret sin, and those sad mysteries which we hide from our nearest and dearest, and would fain conceal from our own consciousness, even forgetting that the Omniscient can detect them. A subtle power was breathed into his words. Each member of the congregation, the most innocent girl, and the man of hardened breast, felt as if the preacher had crept upon them, behind his awful veil, and discovered their hoarded iniquity of deed or thought. Many spread their clasped hands on their bosoms. There was nothing terrible in what Mr. Hooper said, at least, no violence; and yet, with every tremor of his melancholy voice, the hearers quaked. An unsought pathos came hand in hand with awe. So sensible were the audience of some unwonted attribute in their minister, that they longed for a breath of wind to blow aside the veil, almost believing that a stranger's visage would be discovered, though the form, gesture, and voice were those of Mr. Hooper.

At the close of the services, the people hurried out with indecorous confusion, eager to communicate their pent-up amazement, and conscious of lighter spirits the moment they lost sight of the black veil. Some gathered in little circles, huddled closely together, with their mouths all whispering in the centre; some went homeward alone, wrapt in silent meditation; some talked loudly, and profaned the Sabbath day with ostentatious laughter. A few shook their sagacious heads, intimating that they could penetrate the mystery; while one or two affirmed that there was no mystery at all, but only that Mr. Hooper's eyes were so weakened by the midnight lamp, as to require a shade. After a brief interval, forth came good Mr. Hooper also, in the rear of his flock. Turning his veiled face from one group to another, he paid due reverence to the hoary heads, saluted the middle aged with kind dignity as their friend and spiritual guide, greeted the young with mingled authority and love, and laid his hands on the little children's heads to bless them. Such was always his custom on the Sabbath day. Strange and bewildered looks repaid him for his courtesy. None, as on former occasions, aspired to the honor of walking by their pastor's side. Old Squire Saunders, doubtless by an accidental lapse of memory, neglected to invite Mr. Hooper to his table, where the good clergyman had been wont to bless the food, almost every Sunday since his settlement. He returned, therefore, to the parsonage, and, at the moment of closing the door, was observed to look back upon the people, all of whom had their eyes fixed

upon the minister. A sad smile gleamed faintly from beneath the black veil, and flickered about his mouth, glimmering as he disappeared.

"How strange," said a lady, "that a simple black veil, such as any woman might wear on her bonnet, should become such a terrible thing on Mr. Hooper's face!"

"Something must surely be amiss with Mr. Hooper's intellects," observed her husband, the physician of the village. "But the strangest part of the affair is the effect of this vagary, even on a sober-minded man like myself. The black veil, though it covers only our pastor's face, throws its influence over his whole person, and makes him ghostlike from head to foot. Do you not feel it so?"

"Truly do I," replied the lady; "and I would not be alone with him for the world. I wonder he is not afraid to be alone with himself!"

"Men sometimes are so," said her husband.

The afternoon service was attended with similar circumstances. At its conclusion, the bell tolled for the funeral of a young lady. The relatives and friends were assembled in the house, and the more distant acquaintances stood about the door, speaking of the good qualities of the deceased, when their talk was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Hooper, still covered with his black veil. It was now an appropriate emblem. The clergyman stepped into the room where the corpse was laid, and bent over the coffin, to take a last farewell of his deceased parishioner. As he stooped, the veil hung straight down from his forehead, so that, if her eyelids had not been closed forever, the dead maiden might have seen his face. Could Mr. Hooper be fearful of her glance, that he so hastily caught back the black veil? A person who watched the interview between the dead and living, scrupled not to affirm, that, at the instant when the clergyman's features were disclosed, the corpse had slightly shuddered, rustling the shroud and muslin cap, though the countenance retained the composure of death. A superstitious old woman was the only witness of this prodigy. From the coffin Mr. Hooper passed into the chamber of the mourners, and thence to the head of the staircase, to make the funeral prayer. It was a tender and heart-dissolving prayer, full of sorrow, yet so imbued with celestial hopes, that the music of a heavenly harp, swept by the fingers of the dead, seemed faintly to be heard among the saddest accents of the minister. The people trembled, though they but darkly understood him when he prayed that they, and himself, and all of mortal race, might be ready, as he trusted this young maiden had been, for the dreadful hour that should snatch the veil from their faces. The bearers went heavily forth, and the mourners followed, saddening all the street, with the dead before them, and Mr. Hooper in his black veil behind.

"Why do you look back?" said one in the procession to his partner.

"I had a fancy," replied she, "that the minister and the maiden's spirit were walking hand in hand."

"And so had I, at the same moment," said the other.

That night, the handsomest couple in Milford village were to be joined in wedlock. Though reckoned a melancholy man, Mr. Hooper had a placid cheerfulness for such occasions, which often excited a sympathetic smile where livelier merriment would have been thrown away. There was no quality of his disposition which made him more beloved than this. The company at the wedding awaited his arrival with impatience, trusting that the strange awe, which had gathered over him throughout the day, would now be dispelled. But such was not the result. When Mr. Hooper came, the first thing that their eyes rested on was the same horrible black veil, which had added deeper gloom to the funeral, and could portend nothing but evil to the wedding. Such was its immediate effect on the guests that a cloud seemed to have rolled duskily from beneath the black crape, and dimmed the light of the candles. The bridal pair stood up before the minister. But the bride's cold fingers quivered in the tremulous hand of the bridegroom, and her deathlike paleness caused a whisper that the maiden who had been buried a few hours before was come from her grave to be married. If ever another wedding were so dismal, it was that famous one where they tolled the wedding knell. After performing the ceremony, Mr. Hooper raised a glass of wine to his lips, wishing happiness to the new-married couple in a strain of mild pleasantry that ought to have brightened the features of the guests, like a cheerful gleam from the hearth. At that instant, catching a glimpse of his figure in the looking-glass, the black veil involved his own spirit in the horror with which it overwhelmed all others. His frame shuddered, his lips grew white, he spilt the untasted wine upon the carpet, and rushed forth into the darkness. For the Earth, too, had on her Black Veil.

The next day, the whole village of Milford talked of little else than Parson Hooper's black veil. That, and the mystery concealed behind it, supplied a topic for discussion between acquaintances meeting in the street, and good women gossiping at their open windows. It was the first item of news that the tavern-keeper told to his guests. The children babbled of it on their way to school. One imitative little imp covered his face with an old black handkerchief, thereby so affrighting his playmates that the panic seized himself, and he well-nigh lost his wits by his own waggery.

It was remarkable that of all the busybodies and impertinent people in the parish, not one ventured to put the plain question to Mr. Hooper, wherefore he did this thing. Hitherto, whenever there appeared the slightest call for such interference, he had never lacked advisers, nor shown himself adverse to be guided by their judgment. If he erred at all, it was by so painful a degree of self-distrust, that even the mildest censure would lead him to consider an indifferent action as a crime. Yet, though so well acquainted with this amiable weakness, no individual among his parishioners chose to make the black veil a subject of friendly remonstrance. There was a feeling of dread, neither plainly confessed nor carefully concealed, which caused each to shift the responsibility upon another, till at length it was found expedient to send a deputation of the church, in order to deal with Mr. Hooper about the mystery, before it should grow into a scandal. Never did an embassy so ill discharge its duties. The minister received them with friendly courtesy, but became silent, after they were seated, leaving to his visitors the whole burden of introducing their important business. The topic, it might be supposed, was obvious enough. There was the black veil swathed round Mr. Hooper's forehead, and concealing every feature above his placid mouth, on which, at times, they could perceive the glimmering of a melancholy smile. But that piece of crape, to their imagination, seemed to hang down before his heart, the symbol of a fearful secret between him and them. Were the veil but cast aside, they might speak freely of it, but not till then. Thus they sat a considerable time, speechless, confused,

and shrinking uneasily from Mr. Hooper's eye, which they felt to be fixed upon them with an invisible glance. Finally, the deputies returned abashed to their constituents, pronouncing the matter too weighty to be handled, except by a council of the churches, if, indeed, it might not require a general synod.

But there was one person in the village unappalled by the awe with which the black veil had impressed all beside herself. When the deputies returned without an explanation, or even venturing to demand one, she, with the calm energy of her character, determined to chase away the strange cloud that appeared to be settling round Mr. Hooper, every moment more darkly than before. As his plighted wife, it should be her privilege to know what the black veil concealed. At the minister's first visit, therefore, she entered upon the subject with a direct simplicity, which made the task easier both for him and her. After he had seated himself, she fixed her eyes steadfastly upon the veil, but could discern nothing of the dreadful gloom that had so overawed the multitude: it was but a double fold of crape, hanging down from his forehead to his mouth, and slightly stirring with his breath.

"No," said she aloud, and smiling, "there is nothing terrible in this piece of crape, except that it hides a face which I am always glad to look upon. Come, good sir, let the sun shine from behind the cloud. First lay aside your black veil: then tell me why you put it on."

Mr. Hooper's smile glimmered faintly.

"There is an hour to come," said he, "when all of us shall cast aside our veils. Take it not amiss, beloved friend, if I wear this piece of crape till then."

"Your words are a mystery, too," returned the young lady. "Take away the veil from them, at least."

"Elizabeth, I will," said he, "so far as my vow may suffer me. Know, then, this veil is a type and a symbol, and I am bound to wear it ever, both in light and darkness, in solitude and before the gaze of multitudes, and as with strangers, so with my familiar friends. No mortal eye will see it withdrawn. This dismal shade must separate me from the world: even you, Elizabeth, can never come behind it!"

"What grievous affliction hath befallen you," she earnestly inquired, "that you should thus darken your eyes forever?"

"If it be a sign of mourning," replied Mr. Hooper, "I, perhaps, like most other mortals, have sorrows dark enough to be typified by a black veil."

"But what if the world will not believe that it is the type of an innocent sorrow?" urged Elizabeth. "Beloved and respected as you are, there may be whispers that you hide your face under the consciousness of secret sin. For the sake of your holy office, do away this scandal!"

The color rose into her cheeks as she intimated the nature of the rumors that were already

abroad in the village. But Mr. Hooper's mildness did not forsake him. He even smiled again--that same sad smile, which always appeared like a faint glimmering of light, proceeding from the obscurity beneath the veil.

"If I hide my face for sorrow, there is cause enough," he merely replied; "and if I cover it for secret sin, what mortal might not do the same?"

And with this gentle, but unconquerable obstinacy did he resist all her entreaties. At length Elizabeth sat silent. For a few moments she appeared lost in thought, considering, probably, what new methods might be tried to withdraw her lover from so dark a fantasy, which, if it had no other meaning, was perhaps a symptom of mental disease. Though of a firmer character than his own, the tears rolled down her cheeks. But, in an instant, as it were, a new feeling took the place of sorrow: her eyes were fixed insensibly on the black veil, when, like a sudden twilight in the air, its terrors fell around her. She arose, and stood trembling before him.

"And do you feel it then, at last?" said he mournfully.

She made no reply, but covered her eyes with her hand, and turned to leave the room. He rushed forward and caught her arm.

"Have patience with me, Elizabeth!" cried he, passionately. "Do not desert me, though this veil must be between us here on earth. Be mine, and hereafter there shall be no veil over my face, no darkness between our souls! It is but a mortal veil--it is not for eternity! O! you know not how lonely I am, and how frightened, to be alone behind my black veil. Do not leave me in this miserable obscurity forever!"

"Lift the veil but once, and look me in the face," said she.

"Never! It cannot be!" replied Mr. Hooper.

"Then farewell!" said Elizabeth.

She withdrew her arm from his grasp, and slowly departed, pausing at the door, to give one long shuddering gaze, that seemed almost to penetrate the mystery of the black veil. But, even amid his grief, Mr. Hooper smiled to think that only a material emblem had separated him from happiness, though the horrors, which it shadowed forth, must be drawn darkly between the fondest of lovers.

From that time no attempts were made to remove Mr. Hooper's black veil, or, by a direct appeal, to discover the secret which it was supposed to hide. By persons who claimed a superiority to popular prejudice, it was reckoned merely an eccentric whim, such as often mingles with the sober actions of men otherwise rational, and tinges them all with its own semblance of insanity. But with the multitude, good Mr. Hooper was irreparably a bugbear. He could not walk the street with any peace of mind, so conscious was he that the gentle and timid would turn aside to avoid him, and that others would make it a point of hardihood to throw themselves in his way.

The impertinence of the latter class compelled him to give up his customary walk at sunset to the burial ground; for when he leaned pensively over the gate, there would always be faces behind the gravestones, peeping at his black veil. A fable went the rounds that the stare of the dead people drove him thence. It grieved him, to the very depth of his kind heart, to observe how the children fled from his approach, breaking up their merriest sports, while his melancholy figure was yet afar off. Their instinctive dread caused him to feel more strongly than aught else, that a preternatural horror was interwoven with the threads of the black crape. In truth, his own antipathy to the veil was known to be so great, that he never willingly passed before a mirror, nor stooped to drink at a still fountain, lest, in its peaceful bosom, he should be affrighted by himself. This was what gave plausibility to the whispers, that Mr. Hooper's conscience tortured him for some great crime too horrible to be entirely concealed, or otherwise than so obscurely intimated. Thus, from beneath the black veil, there rolled a cloud into the sunshine, an ambiguity of sin or sorrow, which enveloped the poor minister, so that love or sympathy could never reach him. It was said that ghost and fiend consorted with him there. With self-shudderings and outward terrors, he walked continually in its shadow, groping darkly within his own soul, or gazing through a medium that saddened the whole world. Even the lawless wind, it was believed, respected his dreadful secret, and never blew aside the veil. But still good Mr. Hooper sadly smiled at the pale visages of the worldly throng as he passed by.

Among all its bad influences, the black veil had the one desirable effect, of making its wearer a very efficient clergyman. By the aid of his mysterious emblem--for there was no other apparent cause--he became a man of awful power over souls that were in agony for sin. His converts always regarded him with a dread peculiar to themselves, affirming, though but figuratively, that, before he brought them to celestial light, they had been with him behind the black veil. Its gloom, indeed, enabled him to sympathize with all dark affections. Dying sinners cried aloud for Mr. Hooper, and would not yield their breath till he appeared; though ever, as he stooped to whisper consolation, they shuddered at the veiled face so near their own. Such were the terrors of the black veil, even when Death had bared his visage! Strangers came long distances to attend service at his church, with the mere idle purpose of gazing at his figure, because it was forbidden them to behold his face. But many were made to quake ere they departed! Once, during Governor Belcher's administration, Mr. Hooper was appointed to preach the election sermon. Covered with his black veil, he stood before the chief magistrate, the council, and the representatives, and wrought so deep an impression that the legislative measures of that year were characterized by all the gloom and piety of our earliest ancestral sway.

In this manner Mr. Hooper spent a long life, irreproachable in outward act, yet shrouded in dismal suspicions; kind and loving, though unloved, and dimly feared; a man apart from men, shunned in their health and joy, but ever summoned to their aid in mortal anguish. As years wore on, shedding their snows above his sable veil, he acquired a name throughout the New England churches, and they called him Father Hooper. Nearly all his parishioners, who were of mature age when he was settled, had been borne away by many a funeral: he had one congregation in the church, and a more crowded one in the churchyard; and having wrought so late into the evening, and done his work so well, it was now good Father Hooper's turn to rest.

Several persons were visible by the shaded candle-light, in the death chamber of the old clergyman. Natural connections he had none. But there was the decorously grave, though

unmoved physician, seeking only to mitigate the last pangs of the patient whom he could not save. There were the deacons, and other eminently pious members of his church. There, also, was the Reverend Mr. Clark, of Westbury, a young and zealous divine, who had ridden in haste to pray by the bedside of the expiring minister. There was the nurse, no hired handmaiden of death, but one whose calm affection had endured thus long in secrecy, in solitude, amid the chill of age, and would not perish, even at the dying hour. Who, but Elizabeth! And there lay the hoary head of good Father Hooper upon the death pillow, with the black veil still swathed about his brow, and reaching down over his face, so that each more difficult gasp of his faint breath caused it to stir. All through life that piece of crape had hung between him and the world: it had separated him from cheerful brotherhood and woman's love, and kept him in that saddest of all prisons, his own heart; and still it lay upon his face, as if to deepen the gloom of his darksome chamber, and shade him from the sunshine of eternity.

For some time previous, his mind had been confused, wavering doubtfully between the past and the present, and hovering forward, as it were, at intervals, into the indistinctness of the world to come. There had been feverish turns, which tossed him from side to side, and wore away what little strength he had. But in his most convulsive struggles, and in the wildest vagaries of his intellect, when no other thought retained its sober influence, he still showed an awful solicitude lest the black veil should slip aside. Even if his bewildered soul could have forgotten, there was a faithful woman at his pillow, who, with averted eyes, would have covered that aged face, which she had last beheld in the comeliness of manhood. At length the death-stricken old man lay quietly in the torpor of mental and bodily exhaustion, with an imperceptible pulse, and breath that grew fainter and fainter, except when a long, deep, and irregular inspiration seemed to prelude the flight of his spirit.

The minister of Westbury approached the bedside.

"Venerable Father Hooper," said he, "the moment of your release is at hand. Are you ready for the lifting of the veil that shuts in time from eternity?"

Father Hooper at first replied merely by a feeble motion of his head; then, apprehensive, perhaps, that his meaning might be doubtful, he exerted himself to speak.

"Yea," said he, in faint accents, "my soul hath a patient weariness until that veil be lifted."

"And is it fitting," resumed the Reverend Mr. Clark, "that a man so given to prayer, of such a blameless example, holy in deed and thought, so far as mortal judgment may pronounce; is it fitting that a father in the church should leave a shadow on his memory, that may seem to blacken a life so pure? I pray you, my venerable brother, let not this thing be! Suffer us to be gladdened by your triumphant aspect as you go to your reward. Before the veil of eternity be lifted, let me cast aside this black veil from your face!"

And thus speaking, the Reverend Mr. Clark bent forward to reveal the mystery of so many years. But, exerting a sudden energy, that made all the beholders stand aghast, Father Hooper snatched both his hands from beneath the bedclothes, and pressed them strongly on the black veil, resolute to struggle, if the minister of Westbury would contend with a dying man.

"Never!" cried the veiled clergyman. "On earth, never!"

"Dark old man!" exclaimed the affrighted minister, "with what horrible crime upon your soul are you now passing to the judgment?"

Father Hooper's breath heaved; it rattled in his throat; but, with a mighty effort, grasping forward with his hands, he caught hold of life, and held it back till he should speak. He even raised himself in bed; and there he sat, shivering with the arms of death around him, while the black veil hung down, awful at that last moment, in the gathered terrors of a lifetime. And yet the faint, sad smile, so often there, now seemed to glimmer from its obscurity, and linger on Father Hooper's lips.

"Why do you tremble at me alone?" cried he, turning his veiled face round the circle of pale spectators. "Tremble also at each other! Have men avoided me, and women shown no pity, and children screamed and fled, only for my black veil? What, but the mystery which it obscurely typifies, has made this piece of crape so awful? When the friend shows his inmost heart to his friend; the lover to his best beloved; when man does not vainly shrink from the eye of his Creator, loathsomely treasuring up the secret of his sin; then deem me a monster, for the symbol beneath which I have lived, and die! I look around me, and, lo! on every visage a Black Veil!"

While his auditors shrank from one another, in mutual affright, Father Hooper fell back upon his pillow, a veiled corpse, with a faint smile lingering on the lips. Still veiled, they laid him in his coffin, and a veiled corpse they bore him to the grave. The grass of many years has sprung up and withered on that grave, the burial stone is moss-grown, and good Mr. Hooper's face is dust; but awful is still the thought that it mouldered beneath the Black Veil!

DAY 4 handout:

Analyzing Symbolism

A symbol is _____

Symbolism is _____

Task: Complete the following graphic organizer to analyze symbolism in the novel.

Character	Symbol (An object, either real or imaginary) that the character is associated with	Illustration of The Symbol	What the symbol represents?
Hester Prynne			

Pearl			
Dimmesdale			
Chillingworth			

Character-Symbolism Poem

Task: Write a character – symbolism poem using the template below.

Model poem

Title:	Mama's Flower
Line One:	Her flower,
Line Two:	A living plant that needs water and sun to survive,
Line Three:	It is like the holder of her hopes and dreams,
Line Four:	Living,
Line Five:	Growing,
Line Six:	Allowing Mama to grow her dreams,
Line Seven:	Beautiful hope.

Title Character's name and object _____

Line 1	State the object's name	
Line 2	Give a physical description of it	
Line 3	Write a simile about the object	

Line 4	Give one adjective for it	
Line 5	Give another adjective for it	
Line 6	State what the thing does for the person	
Line 7	Give a final description of the object (adjective then noun)	

RE-WRITE POEM BELOW

DAY 5

NAME _____

Crucible Handout/ question sheet.

Directions: answer the following questions while watching the movie and turn in.

1. Who comes to Salem to Judge whether the town is full of witchcraft?
2. Who led the girls into the forest with her knowledge of witchcraft?
3. Who did Abigail drink the blood charm for?
4. What is the significance of the golden candlesticks?
5. Why did Elizabeth fire Abigail from her service?
6. "Because it my name!" Who said this and why?
7. How was Giles Corey killed?
8. What were Giles Corey's last words?

9. What did John Proctor tear up?

DAY 11 handout on interior monologues

Interior Monologue

Interior monologue is a tool through which a writer can exhibit the thoughts of the **characters** to the **readers**. Shakespeare used interior monologue in the form of a **soliloquy** (where a character speaks to himself, thus revealing his thoughts). Many fiction writers use interior monologue to show the mental state of a character, his doubts, fears, plans, secrets or anything that he may be feeling or thinking about.

Direct interior monologue

As its name suggests, direct interior monologue is directly spoken by a character without any authorial intervention. It is a part of the **dialogue** and is within inverted commas. A character can reveal his thoughts to the reader by directly reacting to a situation. It affords the writer greater freedom.

“I hate going to Myna’s Palace,” he thought, dragging his legs forward.

This dialogue demonstrates the contradiction between how a character acts and what is going on in his mind. He doesn’t want to go, but he still is.

In direct interior monologue, there is no chance of intervention by the [author](#). It is the character who is in focus, not the author. An advantage of direct interior monologue is that through it, a writer can show instant happenings as well as reminiscences. A character may pass on judgments about other characters, he may comment upon the situation, scenery, characteristics and so on.

Indirect interior monologue

When the author comments upon the thoughts of a character, it is called indirect interior monologue.

Stream of consciousness is a form of free interior monologue where a character's thoughts are presented as random as they occur in his mind. It should be used only when required. Here is an example of stream of consciousness from James Joyce's *Ulysses*. It presents the thoughts of Molly Bloom.

. . . yes because theyre so weak and puling when theyre sick they want a woman to get well if his nose bleeds youd thing it was O tragic and that dyinglooking one off the south circular when he sprained his foot at the choir party at the sugarloaf Mountain the day I wore that dress Miss Stack bringing him flowers the worst old ones she could find at the bottom of the basket anything at all to get into a mans bedroom with her old maids voice . . .

Indirect interior monologue becomes exciting when the author's voice creeps in just a bit to add a feeling to a sentence. It goes like this –

“You dipped it in!” Mira exclaimed, looking at the swollen pancake floating in the water with utter astonishment. **Such megalomania could only be expected from Mira.**

The sentence in **bold** is an indirect monologue, as the opinion about Mira is being hinted by the author (and quite boldly), not by any of the characters. The reader might not have judged till now that Mira has a huge ego, but when the writer so forcefully dictates it in a sentence, the reader, at once, starts to see her in that light.

For me, the biggest advantage of indirect interior monologue is that it surprises the readers and shakes them out of the lull that narration causes. It works best when used while giving a forceful or a sharp opinion about somebody or something.

As it is part of the narration and not of a dialogue, it creates a strong impression on the reader's mind, as the opinion is of the author and not a character. That is why it becomes much more believable. Sprinkling indirect interior monologue in writing is a good method to surprise and instruct the reader at the same time.

A drawback with indirect interior monologue is that the author can't relate instant happenings or describe action. He has to rely upon general thoughts or opinions about characters or their situation.