Mar. 22- Some examples from Essay #2; descriptive writing introduced with denotation/connotation; descriptive exercise on the back of your hand; the adjective used to improve descriptive writing; Practice writing #17- Writing from list of 100, Practice #18- rewriting of essay #2, fundamentals of research, use 4 articles; practice writing #19- response to Boston Marathon article; Practice writing #20- description- the back of your hand and something in the room; **Due Today**: Assignment #7- Read "A Nation Mourns" 293-294, "We Mourn Seven Heroes" 294-295, "A& P" 612-616, Baker book, Chapter 5. Answer: 1. p. 295, question 2 give examples from both stories 2. How do setting and description play a key role in "A& P"? 3. Is Sammy's quitting an act of genuine non-conformity or a self-conscious gesture? 4. Baker p. 74, ex. 3

And in punishment was hung out like brown fruit
To wrinkle and dry.

The breasts next.
There were harder, two white stones.
The milk came yellow, then blue and sweet as water.
There was no absence of lips, there were two children,
But their bones showed, and the moon smiled.

Then the dry wood, the gates,
The brown motherly furrows, the whole estate.
We walk on air, Watson.
There is only the moon, embalmed in phosphorus.
There is only a crow in a tree. Make notes.

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS

1. Three decades after her suicide, Sylvia Plath remains as famous as a "mad poet" as she is as a talented poet. Some feminists believe that Plath's bouts with psychic unrest were related to her experiences as a housewife and mother. Compare Plath's work with Charlotte Perkins Gilman's story "The Yellow Wallpaper." What emotions are evoked by the presence of mad characters in these works? Is there a difference between the way the two writers "use" madness as a theme?
2. After having read Plath's poems, consider those written by Emily Dickinson and reprinted earlier in this section. What thematic interests and stylistic features do these poems share? In what specific ways are they different?

John Updike / A & P

1962

After graduating from Harvard in 1954, where he was president of the Lampoon, *John Updike joined* The New Yorker *magazine as a reporter. Though he officially left the staff of that magazine in 1957 to concentrate on his fiction, issue after issue of* The New Yorker *declares Updike's presence in short stories, sketches, book reviews, and occasional light verse. "A & P," a tale of adolescent sensibility and one of the most widely anthologized short stories by a contemporary American writer, shows Updike's characteristic concern for the minutiae of sensory perceptions and the achievement of individual identity.*

In walks these three girls in nothing but bathing suits. I'm in the third checkout slot, with my back to the door, so I don't see them until they're over by the bread. The one that caught my eye first was the one in the plaid green two-piece. She was a chunky kid, with a good tan and a sweet broad soft-looking can with those two crescents of white just under it, where the sun never seems to hit, at the top of the backs of her legs. I stood there with my hand on a box of HiHo crackers trying to remember if I rang it up or not. I ring it up again and the customer starts giving me hell. She's one of these cash-register-watchers, a witch about fifty with rouge on her cheekbones and no eyebrows, and I know it made her day to trip me up. She'd been watching cash registers for fifty years and probably never seen a mistake before.

By the time I got her feathers smoothed and her goodies into a bag—she gives me a little snort in passing, if she'd been born at the right time they would have burned

her over in Salem—by the time I get her on her way the girls had circled around the bread and were coming back, without a pushcart, back my way along the counters, in the aisle between the checkouts and the Special bins. They didn't even have shoes on. There was this chunky one, with the two-piece—it was bright green and the seams on the bra were still sharp and her belly was still pretty pale so I guessed she just got it (the suit)—there was this one, with one of those chubby berry-faces, the lips all bunched together under her nose, this one, and a tall one, with black hair that hadn't quite frizzed right, and one of these sunburns right across under the eyes, and a chin that was too long—you know, the kind of girl other girls think is very "striking" and "attractive" but never quite makes it, as they very well know, which is why they like her so much—and then the third one, that wasn't quite so tall. She was the queen. She kind of led them, the other two peeking around and making their shoulders round. She didn't look around, not this queen, she just walked straight on slowly, on those long white prima-donna legs. She came down a little hard on her heels, as if she didn't walk in her bare feet that much, putting down her heels and then letting the weight move along to her toes as if she was testing the floor with every step, putting a little deliberate extra action into it. You never know for sure how girls' minds work (do you really think it's a mind in there or just a little buzz like a bee in a glass jar?) but you got the idea she had talked the other two into coming in here with her, and now she was showing them how to do it, walk slow and hold yourself straight.

She had on a kind of dirty-pink—beige maybe, I don't know—bathing suit with a little nubble all over it and, what got me, the straps were down. They were off her shoulders looped loose around the cool tops of her arms, and I guess as a result the suit had slipped a little on her, so all around the top of the cloth there was this shining rim. If it hadn't been there you wouldn't have known there could have been anything whiter than those shoulders. With the straps pushed off, there was nothing between the top of the suit and the top of her head except just *her*, this clean bare plane of the top of her chest down from the shoulder bones like a dented sheet of metal tilted in the light. I mean, it was more than pretty.

She had sort of oaky hair that the sun and salt had bleached, done up in a bun that was unravelling, and a kind of prim face. Walking into the A & P with your straps down, I suppose it's the only kind of face you *can* have. She held her head so high her neck, coming up out of those white shoulders, looked kind of stretched, but I didn't mind. The longer her neck was, the more of her there was.

She must have felt in the corner of her eye me and over my shoulder Stokesie in the second slot watching, but she didn't tip. Not this queen. She kept her eyes moving across the racks, and stopped, and turned so slow it made my stomach rub the inside of my apron, and buzzed to the other two, who kind of huddled against her for relief, and then they all three of them went up the cat-and-dog-food-breakfast-cereal-macaroni-rice-raisons-seasonings-spreads-spaghetti-soft-drinks-crackers-and-cookies aisle. From the third slot I look straight up this aisle to the meat counter, and I watched them all the way. The fat one with the tan sort of fumbled with the cookies, but on second thought she put the package back. The sheep pushing their carts down the aisle—the girls were walking against the usual traffic (not that we have one-way signs or anything)—were pretty hilarious. You could see them, when Queenie's white shoulders dawned on them, kind of jerk, or hop, or hiccup, but their eyes snapped back to their own baskets and on they pushed. I bet you could set off dynamite in an A & P and the people would by and large keep reaching and checking oatmeal off their lists and muttering "Let me see, there was a third thing, began with A, asparagus, no, ah, yes, applesauce!" or whatever it is they do mutter. But there was no doubt, this jiggled them. A few houseslaves in pin curlers even looked around after pushing their carts past to make sure what they had seen was correct.

You know, it's one thing to have a girl in a bathing suit down on the beach, where what with the glare nobody can look at each other much anyway, and another thing in the cool of the A & P, under the fluorescent lights, against all those stacked packages, with her feet paddling along naked over our checkerboard green-and-cream rubber-tile floor.

"Oh Daddy," Stokesie said beside me. "I feel so faint."

"Darling," I said. "Hold me tight." Stokesie's married, with two babies chalked up on his fuselage already, but as far as I can tell that's the only difference. He's twenty-two, and I was nineteen this April.

"Is it done?" he asks, the responsible married man finding his voice. I forgot to say he thinks he's going to be manager some sunny day, maybe in 1990 when it's called the Great Alexandrov and Petrooshki Tea Company or something.

What he meant was, our town is five miles from a beach, with a big summer colony out on the Point, but we're right in the middle of town, and the women generally put on a shirt or shorts or something before they get out of the car into the street. And anyway these are usually women with six children and varicose veins mapping their legs and nobody, including them, could care less. As I say, we're right in the middle of town, and if you stand at our front doors you can see two banks and the Congregational church and the newspaper store and three real-estate offices and about twenty-seven old freeloaders tearing up Central Street because the sewer broke again. It's not as if we're on the Cape; we're north of Boston and there's people in this town haven't seen the ocean for twenty years.

The girls had reached the meat counter and were asking McMahon something. He pointed, they pointed, and they shuffled out of sight behind a pyramid of Diet Delight peaches. All that was left for us to see was old McMahon patting his mouth and looking after them sizing up their joints. Poor kids, I began to feel sorry for them, they couldn't help it.

Now here comes the sad part of the story, at least my family says it's sad, but I don't think it's so sad myself. The store's pretty empty, it being Thursday afternoon, so there was nothing much to do except lean on the register and wait for the girls to show up again. The whole store was like a pinball machine and I didn't know which tunnel they'd come out of. After a while they come around out of the far aisle, around the light bulbs, records at discount of the Caribbean Six or Tony Martin Sings or some such gunk you wonder they waste the wax on, sixpacks of candy bars, and plastic toys done up in cellophane that fall apart when a kid looks at them anyway. Around they come, Queenie still leading the way, and holding a little gray jar in her hand. Slots Three through Seven are unmanned and I could see her wondering between Stokes and me, but Stokesie with his usual luck draws an old party in baggy gray pants who stumbles up with four giant cans of pineapple juice (what do these bums *do* with all that pineapple juice? I've often asked myself) so the girls come to me. Queenie puts down the jar and I take it into my fingers icy cold. Kingfish Fancy Herring Snacks in Pure Sour Cream: 49¢. Now her hands are empty, not a ring or a bracelet, bare as God made them, and I wonder where the money's coming from. Still with that prim look she lifts a folded dollar bill out of the hollow at the center of her nubbled pink top. The jar went heavy in my hand. Really, I thought that was so cute.

Then everybody's luck begins to run out. Lengel comes in from haggling with a truck full of cabbages on the lot and is about to scuttle into that door marked MANAGER behind which he hides all day when the girls touch his eye. Lengel's pretty dreary, teaches Sunday school and the rest, but he doesn't miss that much. He comes over and says, "Girls, this isn't the beach."

Queenie blushes, though maybe it's just a brush of sunburn I was noticing for the first time, now that she was so close. "My mother asked me to pick up a jar of herring snacks." Her voice kind of startled me, the way voices do when you see the

people first, coming out so flat and dumb yet kind of tony, too, the way it ticked over "pick up" and "snacks." All of a sudden I slid right down her voice into her living room. Her father and the other men were standing around in ice-cream coats and bow ties and the women were in sandals picking up herring snacks on toothpicks off a big glass plate and they were all holding drinks the color of water with olives and sprigs of mint in them. When my parents have somebody over they get lemonade and if it's a real racy affair Schlitz in tall glasses with "They'll Do It Every Time" cartoons stencilled on.

"That's all right," Lengel said. "But this isn't the beach." His repeating this struck me as funny, as if it had just occurred to him, and he had been thinking all these years the A & P was a great big dune and he was the head lifeguard. He didn't like my smiling—as I say he doesn't miss much—but he concentrates on giving the girls that sad Sunday-school-superintendent stare.

Queenie's blush is no sunburn now, and the plump one in plaid, that I liked better from the back—a really sweet can—pipes up, "We weren't doing any shopping. We just came in for the one thing."

"That makes no difference," Lengel tells her, and I could see from the way his eyes went that he hadn't noticed she was wearing a two-piece before. "We want you decently dressed when you come in here."

"We *are* decent," Queenie says suddenly, her lower lip pushing, getting sore now that she remembers her place, a place from which the crowd that runs the A & P must look pretty crummy. Fancy Herring Snacks flashed in her very blue eyes.

"Girls, I don't want to argue with you. After this come in here with your shoulders covered. It's our policy." He turns his back. That's policy for you. Policy is what the kingpins want. What the others want is juvenile delinquency.

All this while, the customers had been showing up with their carts but, you know, sheep, seeing a scene, they had all bunched up on Stokesie, who shook open a paper bag as gently as peeling a peach, not wanting to miss a word. I could feel in the silence everybody getting nervous, most of all Lengel, who asks me, "Sammy, have you rung up their purchase?"

I thought and said "No" but it wasn't about that I was thinking. I go through the punches, 4, 9, GROC, TOT—it's more complicated than you think, and after you do it often enough, it begins to make a little song, that you hear words to, in my case "Hello (*bing*) there, you (*gung*) hap-py *pee*-pul (*splat*)!"—the *splat* being the drawer flying out. I uncrease the bill, tenderly as you may imagine, it just having come from between the two smoothest scoops of vanilla I had ever known were there, and pass a half and a penny into her narrow pink palm, and nestle the herrings in a bag and twist its neck and hand it over, all the time thinking.

The girls, and who'd blame them, are in a hurry to get out, so I say "I quit" to Lengel quick enough for them to hear, hoping they'll stop and watch me, their unsuspected hero. They keep right on going, into the electric eye; the door flies open and they flicker across the lot to their car, Queenie and Plaid and Big Tall Goony-Goony (not that as raw material she was so bad), leaving me with Lengel and a kink in his eyebrow.

"Did you say something, Sammy?"

"I said I quit."

"I thought you did."

"You didn't have to embarrass them."

"It was they who were embarrassing us."

I started to say something that came out "Fiddle-de-doo." It's a saying of my grandmother's, and I know she would have been pleased.

"I don't think you know what you're saying," Lengel said.

"I know you don't," I said. "But I do." I pull the bow at the back of my apron

and start shrugging it off my shoulders. A couple customers that had been heading for my slot begin to knock against each other, like scared pigs in a chute.

Lengel sighs and begins to look very patient and old and gray. He's been a friend of my parents for years. "Sammy, you don't want to do this to your Mom and Dad," he tells me. It's true, I don't. But it seems to me that once you begin a gesture it's fatal not to go through with it. I fold the apron, "Sammy" stitched in red on the pocket, and put it on the counter, and drop the bow tie on top of it. The bow tie is theirs, if you've ever wondered. "You'll feel this for the rest of your life," Lengel says, and I know that's true, too, but remembering how he made that pretty girl blush makes me so scrunchy inside I punch the No Sale tab and the machine whirls "pee-pul" and the drawer splats out. One advantage to this scene taking place in summer, I can follow this up with a clean exit, there's no fumbling around getting your coat and galoshes, I just saunter into the electric eye in my white shirt that my mother ironed the night before, and the door heaves itself open, and outside the sunshine is skating around on the asphalt.

I look around for my girls, but they're gone, of course. There wasn't anybody but some young married screaming with her children about some candy they didn't get by the door of a powder-blue Falcon station wagon. Looking back in the big windows, over the bags of peat moss and aluminum lawn furniture stacked on the pavement, I could see Lengel in my place in the slot, checking the sheep through. His face was dark gray and his back stiff, as if he'd just had an injection of iron, and my stomach kind of fell as I felt how hard the world was going to be to me hereafter.

Martin Luther King, Jr. / I Have a Dream

1963

Martin Luther King, Jr., accomplished a great deal in a short time. The son of a Baptist minister, King was himself ordained at the age of eighteen. At twenty-six he became nationally prominent as a spiritual and civil-rights leader when he led a successful boycott in 1955 of the segregated bus system in Montgomery, Alabama. He became the first president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1964, largely for his policy of nonviolent resistance to racial injustice. Along the way, he studied at Morehouse College, Crozer Theological Seminary, Boston University, and Chicago Theological Seminary.

One of the most eloquent speakers and charismatic leaders of modern times, King was assassinated in Memphis, Tennessee, in 1968, shortly before his fortieth birthday. He has become an American folk hero.

His "I Have a Dream" speech epitomizes King's vision of the future. He delivered his sermon from the steps of the Lincoln Memorial to more than 200,000 people who had come to Washington, D.C., to show their support of civil rights as an issue and of King as a man.

Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of captivity.

But one hundred years later, we must face the tragic fact that the Negro is still not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination. One hundred years later, the Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of

"Dave!" Dan says. "Look at this! Seventy bucks!" He holds up a pair of New Balance running shoes. Both boys shake their heads.

We move on to a store called Passage to China. A huge stuffed tiger is placed by the doorway. There is a PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH sign attached to it. Dan rubs his hand over the tiger's back. "This would look so great in my room," he says.

We head over to Alan's TV and Stereo. Two salesmen ask the boys if they are interested in buying anything, so they go back outside and look at the store's window. A cŏlor television set is tuned to a baseball game between the Chicago Cubs and the Pittsburgh Pirates.

They watch for five minutes. The sound is muted, so they cannot hear the announcers.

"I wish they'd show the score," Dave says.

They watch for five minutes more.

"Hey, Dave," Dan says. "You want to go home?"

"I guess so," Dave says.

They do. We wave goodbye. I watch them walk out of the mall toward the bus stop. I wish them girls, dirt bikes, puppies, and happiness.

THE SPACE SHUTTLE DISASTER

The explosion of the space shuttle Challenger *shortly after takeoff on January 28, 1986, was one of the leading news stories of that year. Both* Time *and* Newsweek *prepared lengthy articles on the event, and both ran identical covers with photographs of the fiery explosion. The magazines prefaced their reports with the following brief reflective essays by senior staff writers Lance Morrow* (Time) *and Jerry Adler* (Newsweek).

Thomas J. C. Martyn, the first foreign news editor of Time *magazine, started* News-Week *in early 1933 as a simpler, less interpretive digest of the week's major events than* Time *had been in its first ten years. Although a merger with* Today *magazine in 1937 changed its title to* Newsweek, The Magazine of News Significance, *the periodical remained uncompetitive with* Time *until it was taken over by the* Washington Post *in the early 1960s. Ever since, the two magazines have competed fiercely at the newsstand and for subscriptions. For additional information on* Time *magazine, see p. 268.*

Lance Morrow / A Nation Mourns

Time, February 10, 1986

The eye accepted what the mind could not: a sudden burst of white and yellow fire, then white trails streaming up and out from the fireball to form a twisted Y against a pure heaven, and the metal turning to rags, dragging white ribbons into the ocean. A terrible beauty exploded like a primal event of physics—the birth of a universe; the death of a star; a fierce, enigmatic violence out of the blue. The mind recoiled in sheer surprise. Then it filled with horror.

One thought first of the teacher and her children—her own and her students. One wanted to snatch them away from the sight and rescind the thing they had seen. But the moment was irrevocable. Over and over, the bright extinction played on the television screen, almost ghoulishly repeated until it had sunk into the collective memory. And there it will abide, abetted by the weird metaphysics of videotape, which permits the endless repetition of a brute finality.

In last week's grief, some people rebelled, a little brusquely, and asked whether the nation would be pitched into such mourning if, say, a 747 went down with 300 Americans. Chuck Yeager, protohero of the space age, observed, "I don't see any difference, except for the public exposure of the shuttle, between this accident and one involving a military or a commercial airplane."

That had the machismo of matter-of-factness. It is true that the tragedy played itself out to maximum dramatic effect: the shuttle, now boringly routine, lifting off and then annihilating itself in full view of the world. It is true that television pitched itself fervently into what has become its sacramental role in national tragedies—first wounding with its vivid repetitions of the event, then consoling, grieving, reconciling, administering the anchor's unctions. It is true that Christa McAuliffe, a teacher representing all the right things in America, rode as a nonprofessional, an innocent, into space, and her death therefore seemed doubly poignant and unfair.

But the loss of the shuttle was a more profound event than that suggests. It inflicted upon Americans the purest pain that they have collectively felt in years. It was a pain uncontaminated by the anger and hatred and hungering for revenge that come in the aftermath of terrorist killings, for example. It was pain uncomplicated by the divisions, political, racial, moral, that usually beset American tragedies (Viet Nam and Watergate, to name two). The shuttle crew, spectacularly democratic (male, female, black, white, Japanese American, Catholic, Jewish, Protestant), was the best of us, Americans thought, doing the best of things Americans do. The mission seemed symbolically immaculate, the farthest reach of a perfectly American ambition to cross frontiers. And it simply vanished in the air.

Jerry Adler / We Mourn Seven Heroes

Newsweek, February 10, 1986

Long after the wind had swept the last traces of Shuttle Mission 51-L from the skies, the mission clocks all around the launch site kept counting up the seconds since liftoff, as if holding out hope that it had all been a mistake, and the orbiter might at any minute pop up on a radar screen halfway around the globe, the pilot laconically apologizing for a glitch in the downlink. The machinery, like the nation itself, seemed unprepared to cope with a mission that went up and didn't come back down. As the cameras gaped at the roiling cloud where three contrails converged, terminals at mission control were displaying mute electronic puzzlement, the computers frozen in contemplation of those last bits of data that had escaped the doomed ship, as if they, like us, were reluctant to believe the evidence of their senses.

So swift, so sudden was the catastrophe that it appeared to elude even the computers' comprehension, yet on another level it was a disaster that could be grasped by a six-year-old, or almost so: on being told that the astronauts had been blown up over the ocean, one second grader in an Idaho school hopefully asked his teacher: "Can they swim?" The nation's schoolchildren, of course, were linked to this flight by the ebullient presence of Christa McAuliffe, who was to achieve immortality by going where no social-studies teacher had dared go before, and teach two lessons when she got there. It seemed natural—to one Brooklyn youngster, anyway—to ask how long it would be before children themselves went up into space: to which the answer is, a lot longer than it was a week ago.

If the disaster was a humiliating failure of rocket technology, it was at best an equivocal success of technology for the dissemination and amplification of grief. There was something at once dreadful and compelling in watching the footage of the families assembled in the spectator's gallery at Cape Canaveral, trying to spot on individual faces the exact moment when excitement turned to doubt, doubt to shock and horror. Ronald Reagan, who has had much practice in the role of chief national mourner, spoke movingly and well that same afternoon; yet even as his somber words sounded across a darkening land, an unruly horde was descending with lights and cameras on Concord, N.H., in hopes of illuminating an authentic tear from a genuine member of the same community as Christa McAuliffe. Some there thought they should be allowed to grieve in peace, but the organs of mourning, once brought to full sepulchral voice, are not so easily muffled; by the weekend we knew everything of interest about the lives, families and careers of the seven. Except why they died.

Why did they die? We won't know for sure, even after we answer the related, but separate, question of why Challenger blew up barely a minute into its 10th flight at 11:39 last Tuesday morning. A weld, a bolt, an icicle—somewhere in the volumes of data NASA has impounded is the clue to the anomaly that brought hydrogen and oxygen into catastrophic contact. Precautions will be ordered and the shuttle will fly again; if it flies long enough, it will probably have another accident. "We always knew there would be a day like this," former astronaut, now senator, John Glenn said last week—a fine time to tell us, one might say, but a point worth keeping in mind.

One is tempted to say that they died because, as long as there are frontiers to cross, there will be men and women to whom the challenge is worth the risk of their lives. A noble generalization—although presumably the weighing of risk was different for the professional pilots who flew the shuttle than for Christa McAuliffe, teacher and the mother of two young children. This much, though, we can say of them all: that they died in the service of their country, and in the cause of professions they believed in; and that having died, they can live forever in our memories, poised in the clear blue sky almost 10 miles up and climbing, in that perfect instant before holocaust.

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS

1. Both of the essays on the shuttle disaster are five paragraphs long, and both respond to the same event. Can you find other similarities in style and approach?

2. Which essay strikes you as more emotional? Which seems more interested in the technical details of the disaster? How are these emphases reflected in the words and images of each writer?

SUGGESTIONS FOR EXERCISE

1. *Write a paragraph describing a unit of space, taking your readers from the outside to the inside of your own home, for instance, or dealing with some interesting spatial unit, as in the following paragraph from a student's paper.*

   The courtyard of the hotel at Uxmal was a wonderfully cool and welcome surprise after the sweaty bus trip out from Mérida. Surrounding the whole yard was a large *galeria,* its ceiling blocking out the few rays of the sun that managed to filter through the heavy plantings that filled the yard. Overhead, along the *galeria,* ceiling fans quietly turned, and underfoot the glazed tile floors felt smooth and delightfully cool even though the temperature on the road had pushed up past 100 degrees. Airy wicker chairs lined the railing, and just a few feet away, flowering jungle plants rose almost to the top of the stone arches on the second floor. Under the branches of a tall tree in the middle of the courtyard, out beyond the rail and the thick plantings, raised tile walkways crisscrossed the yard, bordered all along by neatly cultivated jungle flowers. And right in the middle of the yard, at the base of the big tree, a small waterfall splashed down over mossy rocks into a tiny bathing pool. The splashing water, the shade, the cool tile—all made the road outside seem very far off indeed.

2. *Write a narrative paragraph in which you blend the incidents and thoughts of a crucial moment, as in Orwell's paragraph on 57.*
3. *Write a paragraph comparing two people—like the one on 60.*
4. *(a) Write a paragraph developed by contrasts, running them point by point, as in the paragraph contrasting "students" and "athletes" on 62. (b) Write two paragraphs contrasting something like high school and college, small town and city, football and baseball, men and women—the first paragraph describing one, the second the other, and the two using parallel contrasting terms, as in the examples contrasting the two kinds of garden or the television commercials and shows on 61–62.*
5. *Write a paragraph of effect followed by causes like that on 63, Arrangement 1.*
6. *Write a paragraph about some cause followed by its probable effects, Arrangement 2. See 65–67. Work in a hypothetical effect if you can.*
7. *Here are some topics that fall conveniently into natural divisions. For each topic, list the divisions that occur to you.*

Contrast

Opposites seem to attract. *My father, a lawyer, is quiet and studious, a music lover. My mother, a clinical psychologist, is vivacious and gregarious.* She loves a party, a play, a crowd of friends, seeing and being seen in the social whirl. Dad, though good with people, would probably just as soon stay home with a book and a symphony on the stereo. He builds model airplanes. Mom plays bridge almost at the master's level. But when they come in from their different days, they grin and compare notes, she taking in some calm, he some zest for human involvements. They obviously still find each other attractive.

Comparison and Contrast: Illustrate by Analogy

An analogy points up similarities between things otherwise dissimilar. With an analogy, you help your reader grasp your subject by showing how it is like something familiar. Your topic sentence asserts the comparison, and then your paragraph unfolds the comparison in detail:

School spirit is like patriotism. Students take their school's fortunes as their own, defending and promoting them against those of another school, as citizens champion their country, right or wrong. Their school is not only their alma mater but their fatherland as well. Like soldiers, they will give their utmost strength in field games and intellectual contests for both personal glory and the greater glory of the domain they represent. And, in defeat, they will mourn as if dragged in chains through the streets of Rome.

Here is E. B. White describing Thoreau's *Walden*. His comparison shows that analogy is really a form of extended metaphor:

Topic Sentence with Analogy

Analogy Extended

Analogy Extended

Thoreau's assault on the Concord society of the mid-nineteenth century has the quality of a modern Western: he rides into the subject at top speed, shooting in all directions. Many of his shots ricochet and nick him on the rebound, and throughout the melee there is a horrendous cloud of inconsistencies and contradictions, and when the shooting dies down and the air clears, one is impressed chiefly by the courage of the rider and by how splendid it was that somebody should have ridden in there and raised all that ruckus.*

*From "A Slight Sound at Evening," *The Essays of E. B. White* (New York: Harper & Row, 1982): 235–36. Copyright 1954, © 1982 by E. B. White. Reprinted by permission of Harper & Row, Publishers, Inc.