

Week 5

Reading

- **Nonfiction**

- **“Depression, The Secret We Share”**

(2013) Andrew Solomon

- Read the article, and notice what different people’s experiences with depression have in common.
- Answer the ACT style multiple choice questions and practice answering questions in complete sentences.

- **Fiction**

- **“The Bet”**

(1889) Anton Chekhov

- Read the story and as you read, notice the changes you see in the lawyer and the banker over the course of the bet.
- Answer the ACT style multiple choice questions and practice answering questions in complete sentences.

- **Poetry**

- **“Sympathy”**

(1899) Paul Laurence Dunbar

- Read the poem, and pay special attention to how the bird’s experiences translate to the experiences of African Americans.
- Answer the ACT style multiple choice questions and practice answering questions in complete sentences.

Writing

NOTE: Write these down in a journal, a note on your phone, or a google doc. Don't stress out about getting every detail right or grammar rule right the first time, just tell your story. If you like it, tweak it, make it better and tell it to a friend or family member. One day your children and grandchildren will study Covid-19 in history class and will want to hear your stories.

- **Writings 1 & 2**

- Write a narrative about your life or experiences.
- Don't like this prompt? That's okay, write about whatever you want to write about.
- The important part is that you write, and then read that writing. The best way to become a better writer is to READ and to WRITE.

<p style="text-align: center;">Writing 1</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Tell us about a time you went back to your roots.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Writing 2</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Tell us about your favorite prank you've witnessed.</p>
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Hello students, parents, guardians, and more!

Ms. Hester and Mrs. Hanna have worked hard to give you something to keep your brain engaged while you're safe at home amidst the Covid-19 safer-at-home response. We have put together reading and writing practice that you can do on your own at home in half an hour or less a day. Each week you have 3 readings (nonfiction, fiction, & poetry) and 2 writing prompts. **YOU DO NOT HAVE TO DO THESE ASSIGNMENTS.** They are meant to keep you sharp so that when we return to classes in August your brain hasn't been sitting on the

sidelines for 5 months. **PARENTS:** More than anything, encouraging your student to read and write in any capacity is going to help them avoid the "summer slide." Writing in a personal journal, following our narrative prompts, or writing a story of their own are all good practice. Reading, as a cornerstone skill, is important to success in all subjects, but it doesn't all look the same. Just because your student is reading anime instead of the classics doesn't mean they aren't getting the benefits of reading. Encourage them to read anything and everything: news articles about the pandemic, fictional books as an escape, dystopia to deal with the dread and hopelessness that some feel, even magazines or subtitles on Netflix are better than not reading at all. One of the best ways to encourage your student to read is for them to see you reading. We have parents that will read alongside their student and have come to learn a lot about their student and have found a doorway into conversation that can sometimes be difficult. More than anything, Ms. Hester and Mrs. Hanna want their students to know that they are valued, loved, and missed. Although our school year didn't end the same way it has in the past doesn't make our time together any less special. We look forward to seeing you in the halls next year.

To keep updated on administrative decisions regarding the pick-up of belongings, class enrollment for next year, and grade configuration you can check the school website often, and follow Guthrie Public Schools on Facebook.

Please feel free to reach out to either of us via email with any questions, but allow a day or two for response in case we are inundated with questions and requests.

Thank you for your continued support
Ms. Hester kyri.hester@guthrieeps.net
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Name: _____ Class: _____

Depression, The Secret We Share

By Andrew Solomon
2013

Andrew Solomon writes on politics, culture, and psychology. This a transcript of his TED Talk, in which Solomon discusses his and others' experiences with depression. As you read, take notes on what different people's experiences with depression have in common.

[1] I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
And Mourners to and fro
Kept treading — treading — till it seemed
That Sense was breaking through —
[5] And when they all were seated,
A Service, like a Drum —
Kept beating — beating — till I thought
My mind was going numb —
And then I heard them lift a Box
[10] And creak across my Soul
With those same Boot of Lead, again,
Then Space — began to toll,
As all the Heavens were a Bell,
And Being, but an Ear,
[15] And I, and Silence, some strange Race,
Wrecked, solitary, here —
And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
And I dropped down, and down —
And hit a World, at every plunge,



"Depression" by ryan melaugh is licensed under CC BY 2.0

[20] And Finished knowing — then —¹

We know depression through metaphors. Emily Dickinson was able to convey it in language, Goya² in an image. Half the purpose of art is to describe such iconic states.

As for me, I had always thought myself tough, one of the people who could survive if I'd been sent to a concentration camp.

In 1991, I had a series of losses. My mother died, a relationship I'd been in ended, I moved back to the United States from some years abroad, and I got through all of those experiences intact.

But in 1994, three years later, I found myself losing interest in almost everything. I didn't want to do any of the things I had previously wanted to do, and I didn't know why. The opposite of depression is not happiness, but vitality.³ And it was vitality that seemed to seep away from me in that moment. Everything there was to do seemed like too much work. I would come home and I would see the red light flashing on my answering machine, and instead of being thrilled to hear from my friends, I would think, "What a lot of people that is to have to call back." Or I would decide I should have lunch, and then I would think, but I'd have to get the food out and put it on a plate and cut it up and chew it and swallow it, and it felt to me like the Stations of the Cross.⁴

[25] And one of the things that often gets lost in discussions of depression is that you know it's ridiculous. You know it's ridiculous while you're experiencing it. You know that most people manage to listen to their messages and eat lunch and organize themselves to take a shower and go out the front door and that it's not a big deal, and yet you are nonetheless in its grip and you are unable to figure out any way around it. And so I began to feel myself doing less and thinking less and feeling less. It was a kind of nullity.⁵

And then the anxiety set in. If you told me that I'd have to be depressed for the next month, I would say, "As long I know it'll be over in November, I can do it." But if you said to me, "You have to have acute anxiety for the next month," I would rather slit my wrist than go through it. It was the feeling all the time like that feeling you have if you're walking and you slip or trip and the ground is rushing up at you, but instead of lasting half a second, the way that does, it lasted for six months. It's a sensation of being afraid all the time but not even knowing what it is that you're afraid of. And it was at that point that I began to think that it was just too painful to be alive, and that the only reason not to kill oneself was so as not to hurt other people.

And finally one day, I woke up and I thought perhaps I'd had a stroke, because I lay in bed completely frozen, looking at the telephone, thinking, "Something is wrong and I should call for help," and I couldn't reach out my arm and pick up the phone and dial. And finally, after four full hours of my lying and staring at it, the phone rang, and somehow I managed to pick it up, and it was my father, and I said, "I'm in serious trouble. We need to do something."

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1. "I felt a Funeral, in my Brain" by Emily Dickinson
 2. most likely referring to Francisco Goya, a Spanish Romantic painter and printmaker
 3. **Vitality (noun):** the state of being strong and active
 4. a series of images depicting Jesus Christ on the day of his crucifixion
 5. a state or quality of feeling invalid or worthless

The next day I started with the medications and the therapy. And I also started reckoning with this terrible question: If I'm not the tough person who could have made it through a concentration camp, then who am I? And if I have to take medication, is that medication making me more fully myself, or is it making me someone else? And how do I feel about it if it's making me someone else?

I had two advantages as I went into the fight. The first is that I knew that, objectively speaking, I had a nice life, and that if I could only get well, there was something at the other end that was worth living for. And the other was that I had access to good treatment.

- [30] But I nonetheless emerged and relapsed, and emerged and relapsed, and emerged and relapsed, and finally understood I would have to be on medication and in therapy forever. And I thought, "But is it a chemical problem or a psychological problem? And does it need a chemical cure or a philosophical cure?" And I couldn't figure out which it was. And then I understood that actually, we aren't advanced enough in either area for it to explain things fully. The chemical cure and the psychological cure both have a role to play, and I also figured out that depression was something that was braided so deep into us that there was no separating it from our character and personality.

I want to say that the treatments we have for depression are appalling. They're not very effective. They're extremely costly. They come with innumerable side effects. They're a disaster. But I am so grateful that I live now and not 50 years ago, when there would have been almost nothing to be done. I hope that 50 years hence, people will hear about my treatments and be appalled that anyone endured such primitive science.

Depression is the flaw in love. If you were married to someone and thought, "Well, if my wife dies, I'll find another one," it wouldn't be love as we know it. There's no such thing as love without the anticipation of loss, and that specter of despair can be the engine of intimacy.

There are three things people tend to confuse: depression, grief and sadness. Grief is explicitly reactive. If you have a loss and you feel incredibly unhappy, and then, six months later, you are still deeply sad, but you're functioning a little better, it's probably grief, and it will probably ultimately resolve itself in some measure. If you experience a catastrophic loss, and you feel terrible, and six months later you can barely function at all, then it's probably a depression that was triggered by the catastrophic circumstances. The trajectory tells us a great deal. People think of depression as being just sadness. It's much, much too much sadness, much too much grief at far too slight a cause.

As I set out to understand depression, and to interview people who had experienced it, I found that there were people who seemed, on the surface, to have what sounded like relatively mild depression who were nonetheless utterly disabled by it. And there were other people who had what sounded as they described it like terribly severe depression who nonetheless had good lives in the interstices between their depressive episodes. And I set out to find out what it is that causes some people to be more resilient than other people. What are the mechanisms that allow people to survive? And I went out and I interviewed person after person who was suffering with depression.

- [35] One of the first people I interviewed described depression as a slower way of being dead, and that was a good thing for me to hear early on because it reminded me that that slow way of being dead can lead to actual deadness, that this is a serious business. It's the leading disability worldwide, and people die of it every day.

One of the people I talked to when I was trying to understand this was a beloved friend who I had known for many years, and who had had a psychotic episode in her freshman year of college, and then plummeted into a horrific depression. She had bipolar illness,⁶ or manic depression, as it was then known. And then she did very well for many years on lithium,⁷ and then eventually, she was taken off her lithium to see how she would do without it, and she had another psychosis, and then plunged into the worst depression that I had ever seen in which she sat in her parents' apartment, more or less catatonic,⁸ essentially without moving, day after day after day. And when I interviewed her about that experience some years later — she's a poet and psychotherapist named Maggie Robbins — when I interviewed her, she said, "I was singing 'Where Have All The Flowers Gone,' over and over, to occupy my mind. I was singing to blot out the things my mind was saying, which were, 'You are nothing. You are nobody. You don't even deserve to live.' And that was when I really started thinking about killing myself."

You don't think in depression that you've put on a gray veil and are seeing the world through the haze of a bad mood. You think that the veil has been taken away, the veil of happiness, and that now you're seeing truly. It's easier to help schizophrenics⁹ who perceive that there's something foreign inside of them that needs to be exorcised, but it's difficult with depressives, because we believe we are seeing the truth.

But the truth lies. I became obsessed with that sentence: "But the truth lies." And I discovered, as I talked to depressive people, that they have many delusional perceptions. People will say, "No one loves me." And you say, "I love you, your wife loves you, your mother loves you." You can answer that one pretty readily, at least for most people. But people who are depressed will also say, "No matter what we do, we're all just going to die in the end." Or they'll say, "There can be no true communion¹⁰ between two human beings. Each of us is trapped in his own body." To which you have to say, "That's true, but I think we should focus right now on what to have for breakfast." (Laughter)

A lot of the time, what they are expressing is not illness, but insight, and one comes to think what's really extraordinary is that most of us know about those existential¹¹ questions and they don't distract us very much. There was a study I particularly liked in which a group of depressed and a group of non-depressed people were asked to play a video game for an hour, and at the end of the hour, they were asked how many little monsters they thought they had killed. The depressive group was usually accurate to within about 10 percent, and the non-depressed people guessed between 15 and 20 times as many little monsters — (Laughter) — as they had actually killed.

[40] A lot of people said, when I chose to write about my depression, that it must be very difficult to be out of that closet, to have people know. They said, "Do people talk to you differently?" I said, "Yes, people talk to me differently. They talk to me differently insofar as they start telling me about their experience, or their sister's experience, or their friend's experience. Things are different because now I know that depression is the family secret that everyone has.

6. Bipolar disorder is a mental disorder marked by alternating periods of severe high and low moods.
7. often used as a mood-stabilizing drug
8. of or in an immobile or unresponsive stupor
9. Schizophrenia is a mental disorder characterized by withdrawal from reality, illogical patterns of thinking, and hallucinations.
10. the sharing or exchanging of intimate thoughts and feelings
11. relating to existence

I went a few years ago to a conference, and on Friday of the three-day conference, one of the participants took me aside, and she said, "I suffer from depression and I'm a little embarrassed about it, but I've been taking this medication, and I just wanted to ask you what you think?" And so I did my best to give her such advice as I could. And then she said, "You know, my husband would never understand this. He's really the kind of guy to whom this wouldn't make any sense, so, you know, it's just between us." And I said, "Yes, that's fine." On Sunday of the same conference, her husband took me aside, — (Laughter) — and he said, "My wife wouldn't think that I was really much of a guy if she knew this, but I've been dealing with this depression and I'm taking some medication, and I wondered what you think?" They were hiding the same medication in two different places in the same bedroom. (Laughter)

And I said that I thought communication within the marriage might be triggering some of their problems. (Laughter)

But I was also struck by the burdensome nature of such mutual secrecy. Depression is so exhausting. It takes up so much of your time and energy, and silence about it, it really does make the depression worse.

And then I began thinking about all the ways people make themselves better. I'd started off as a medical conservative. I thought there were a few kinds of therapy that worked, it was clear what they were — there was medication, there were certain psychotherapies, there was possibly electroconvulsive treatment, and that everything else was nonsense. But then I discovered something. If you have brain cancer, and you say that standing on your head for 20 minutes every morning makes you feel better, it may make you feel better, but you still have brain cancer, and you'll still probably die from it. But if you say that you have depression, and standing on your head for 20 minutes every day makes you feel better, then it's worked, because depression is an illness of how you feel, and if you feel better, then you are effectively not depressed anymore. So I became much more tolerant of the vast world of alternative treatments.

[45] And I get letters, I get hundreds of letters from people writing to tell me about what's worked for them. Someone was asking me backstage today about meditation. My favorite of the letters that I got was the one that came from a woman who wrote and said that she had tried therapy, medication, she had tried pretty much everything, and she had found a solution and hoped I would tell the world, and that was making little things from yarn. (Laughter)

She sent me some of them. (Laughter)

And I'm not wearing them right now. (Laughter)

I suggested to her that she also should look up obsessive compulsive disorder¹² in the DSM.¹³

12. a mental disorder in which people have unwanted and repeated thoughts, feelings, ideas, and behaviors that drive them to do something over and over

13. The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders is a comprehensive classification of officially recognized psychiatric disorders.

And yet, when I went to look at alternative treatments, I also gained perspective on other treatments. I went through a tribal exorcism in Senegal that involved a great deal of ram's blood and that I'm not going to detail right now, but a few years afterwards I was in Rwanda, working on a different project, and I happened to describe my experience to someone, and he said, "Well, that's West Africa, and we're in East Africa, and our rituals are in some ways very different, but we do have some rituals that have something in common with what you're describing." And he said, "But we've had a lot of trouble with Western mental health workers, especially the ones who came right after the genocide." I said, "What kind of trouble did you have?" And he said, "Well, they would do this bizarre thing. They didn't take people out in the sunshine where you begin to feel better. They didn't include drumming or music to get people's blood going. They didn't involve the whole community. They didn't externalize the depression as an invasive spirit. Instead what they did was they took people one at a time into dingy little rooms and had them talk for an hour about bad things that had happened to them." (Laughter) (Applause)

[50] He said, "We had to ask them to leave the country." (Laughter)

Now at the other end of alternative treatments, let me tell you about Frank Russakoff. Frank Russakoff had the worst depression perhaps that I've ever seen in a man. He was constantly depressed. He was, when I met him, at a point at which every month, he would have electroshock treatment.¹⁴ Then he would feel sort of disoriented for a week. Then he would feel okay for a week. Then he would have a week of going downhill. And then he would have another electroshock treatment. And he said to me when I met him, "It's unbearable to go through my weeks this way. I can't go on this way, and I've figured out how I'm going to end it if I don't get better." "But," he said to me, "I heard about a protocol at Mass General for a procedure called a cingulotomy, which is a brain surgery, and I think I'm going to give that a try." And I remember being amazed at that point to think that someone who clearly had so many bad experiences with so many different treatments still had buried in him, somewhere, enough optimism to reach out for one more. And he had the cingulotomy, and it was incredibly successful.

He's now a friend of mine. He has a lovely wife and two beautiful children. He wrote me a letter the Christmas after the surgery, and he said, "My father sent me two presents this year. First, a motorized CD rack from The Sharper Image that I didn't really need, but I knew he was giving it to me to celebrate the fact that I'm living on my own and have a job I seem to love. And the other present was a photo of my grandmother, who committed suicide. As I unwrapped it, I began to cry, and my mother came over and said, 'Are you crying because of the relatives you never knew?' And I said, 'She had the same disease I have.' I'm crying now as I write to you. It's not that I'm so sad, but I get overwhelmed, I think, because I could have killed myself, but my parents kept me going, and so did the doctors, and I had the surgery. I'm alive and grateful. We live in the right time, even if it doesn't always feel like it."

14. a procedure in which small electric currents are passed through the brain to change the brain's chemistry and reverse symptoms of certain mental illnesses

I was struck by the fact that depression is broadly perceived to be a modern, Western, middle-class thing, and I went to look at how it operated in a variety of other contexts, and one of the things I was most interested in was depression among the indigent.¹⁵ And so I went out to try to look at what was being done for poor people with depression. And what I discovered is that poor people are mostly not being treated for depression. Depression is the result of a genetic vulnerability, which is presumably evenly distributed in the population, and triggering circumstances, which are likely to be more severe for people who are impoverished. And yet it turns out that if you have a really lovely life but feel miserable all the time, you think, "Why do I feel like this? I must have depression." And you set out to find treatment for it. But if you have a perfectly awful life, and you feel miserable all the time, the way you feel is commensurate with your life, and it doesn't occur to you to think, "Maybe this is treatable."

And so we have an epidemic in this country of depression among impoverished people that's not being picked up and that's not being treated and that's not being addressed, and it's a tragedy of a grand order. And so I found an academic who was doing a research project in slums outside of D.C., where she picked up women who had come in for other health problems and diagnosed them with depression, and then provided six months of the experimental protocol. One of them, Lolly, came in, and this is what she said the day she came in. She said, and she was a woman, by the way, who had seven children. She said, "I used to have a job but I had to give it up because I couldn't go out of the house. I have nothing to say to my children. In the morning, I can't wait for them to leave, and then I climb in bed and pull the covers over my head, and three o'clock when they come home, it just comes so fast." She said, "I've been taking a lot of Tylenol, anything I can take so that I can sleep more. My husband has been telling me I'm stupid, I'm ugly. I wish I could stop the pain."

[55] Well, she was brought into this experimental protocol, and when I interviewed her six months later, she had taken a job working in childcare for the U.S. Navy, she had left the abusive husband, and she said to me, "My kids are so much happier now." She said, "There's one room in my new place for the boys and one room for the girls, but at night, they're just all up on my bed, and we're doing homework all together and everything. One of them wants to be a preacher, one of them wants to be a firefighter, and one of the girls says she's going to be a lawyer. They don't cry like they used to, and they don't fight like they did. That's all I need now, is my kids. Things keep on changing, the way I dress, the way I feel, the way I act. I can go outside not being afraid anymore, and I don't think those bad feelings are coming back, and if it weren't for Dr. Miranda and that, I would still be at home with the covers pulled over my head, if I were still alive at all. I asked the Lord to send me an angel, and He heard my prayers."

I was really moved by these experiences, and I decided that I wanted to write about them not only in a book I was working on, but also in an article, and I got a commission from The New York Times Magazine to write about depression among the indigent.

And I turned in my story, and my editor called me and said, "We really can't publish this."

And I said, "Why not?"

And she said, "It just is too far-fetched. These people who are sort of at the very bottom rung of society and then they get a few months of treatment and they're virtually ready to run Morgan Stanley?"¹⁶ It's just too implausible." She said, "I've never even heard of anything like it."

15. **Indigent** (*adjective*): suffering from extreme poverty

16. a global financial services firm

[60] And I said, "The fact that you've never heard of it is an indication that it is news." (Laughter) (Applause)

"And you are a news magazine."

So after a certain amount of negotiation, they agreed to it. But I think a lot of what they said was connected in some strange way to this distaste that people still have for the idea of treatment, the notion that somehow if we went out and treated a lot of people in indigent communities, that would be exploitative, because we would be changing them. There is this false moral imperative that seems to be all around us, that treatment of depression, the medications and so on, are an artifice,¹⁷ and that it's not natural. And I think that's very misguided. It would be natural for people's teeth to fall out, but there is nobody militating¹⁸ against toothpaste, at least not in my circles.

People then say, "But isn't depression part of what people are supposed to experience? Didn't we evolve to have depression? Isn't it part of your personality?" To which I would say, mood is adaptive. Being able to have sadness and fear and joy and pleasure and all of the other moods that we have, that's incredibly valuable. And major depression is something that happens when that system gets broken. It's maladaptive.

People will come to me and say, "I think, though, if I just stick it out for another year, I think I can just get through this."

[65] And I always say to them, "You may get through it, but you'll never be 37 again. Life is short, and that's a whole year you're talking about giving up. Think it through."

It's a strange poverty of the English language, and indeed of many other languages, that we use this same word, depression, to describe how a kid feels when it rains on his birthday, and to describe how somebody feels the minute before they commit suicide.

People say to me, "Well, is it continuous with normal sadness?" And I say, in a way it's continuous with normal sadness. There is a certain amount of continuity, but it's the same way there's continuity between having an iron fence outside your house that gets a little rust spot that you have to sand off and do a little repainting, and what happens if you leave the house for 100 years and it rusts through until it's only a pile of orange dust. And it's that orange dust spot, that orange dust problem, that's the one we're setting out to address.

So now people say, "You take these happy pills, and do you feel happy?" And I don't. But I don't feel sad about having to eat lunch, and I don't feel sad about my answering machine, and I don't feel sad about taking a shower. I feel more, in fact, I think, because I can feel sadness without nullity. I feel sad about professional disappointments, about damaged relationships, about global warming. Those are the things that I feel sad about now. And I said to myself, well, what is the conclusion? How did those people who have better lives even with bigger depression manage to get through? What is the mechanism of resilience?

17. clever or cunning devices, especially as used to trick or deceive others

18. to be a powerful factor in preventing something

And what I came up with over time was that the people who deny their experience, and say, "I was depressed a long time ago, I never want to think about it again, I'm not going to look at it and I'm just going to get on with my life," ironically, those are the people who are most enslaved by what they have. Shutting out the depression strengthens it. While you hide from it, it grows. And the people who do better are the ones who are able to tolerate the fact that they have this condition. Those who can tolerate their depression are the ones who achieve resilience.

[70] So Frank Russakoff said to me, "If I had a do-over, I suppose I wouldn't do it this way, but in a strange way, I'm grateful for what I've experienced. I'm glad to have been in the hospital 40 times. It taught me so much about love, and my relationship with my parents and my doctors has been so precious to me, and will be always."

And Maggie Robbins said, "I used to volunteer in an AIDS clinic, and I would just talk and talk and talk, and the people I was dealing with weren't very responsive, and I thought, 'That's not very friendly or helpful of them.'" (Laughter) "And then I realized, I realized that they weren't going to do more than make those first few minutes of small talk. It was simply going to be an occasion where I didn't have AIDS and I wasn't dying, but could tolerate the fact that they did and they were. Our needs are our greatest assets. It turns out I've learned to give all the things I need."

Valuing one's depression does not prevent a relapse, but it may make the prospect of relapse and even relapse itself easier to tolerate. The question is not so much of finding great meaning and deciding your depression has been very meaningful. It's of seeking that meaning and thinking, when it comes again, "This will be hellish, but I will learn something from it." I have learned in my own depression how big an emotion can be, how it can be more real than facts, and I have found that that experience has allowed me to experience positive emotion in a more intense and more focused way. The opposite of depression is not happiness, but vitality, and these days, my life is vital, even on the days when I'm sad. I felt that funeral in my brain, and I sat next to the colossus¹⁹ at the edge of the world, and I have discovered something inside of myself that I would have to call a soul that I had never formulated until that day 20 years ago when hell came to pay me a surprise visit.

I think that while I hated being depressed and would hate to be depressed again, I've found a way to love my depression. I love it because it has forced me to find and cling to joy. I love it because each day I decide, sometimes gamely,²⁰ and sometimes against the moment's reason, to cleave to the reasons for living. And that, I think, is a highly privileged rapture.²¹ Thank you. (Applause) Thank you. (Applause)

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19. a person or thing of immense size or power

20. to do something in a brave or spirited way

21. a state or experience of being carried away by overwhelming emotion

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which of the following identifies Andrew Solomon's main claim in the speech?
 - A. Depression is often not openly discussed because it is an uncommon mental illness, and usually too mild to recognize or treat.
 - B. People do not openly talk about their depression or seek treatment because it has often been viewed as embarrassing.
 - C. It is difficult to seek treatment for depression, as it is viewed as a glorified form of sadness rather than a serious mental illness.
 - D. Depression is overwhelmingly experienced by wealthy people who feel dissatisfied despite having good lives.

2. PART B: Which detail from the text best identifies the central idea of the text?
 - A. "I want to say that the treatments we have for depression are appalling. They're not very effective. They're extremely costly. They come with innumerable side effects." (Paragraph 12)
 - B. "People think of depression as being just sadness. It's much, much too much sadness, much too much grief at far too slight a cause." (Paragraph 14)
 - C. "They talk to me differently insofar as they start telling me about their experience, or their sister's experience, or their friend's experience. Things are different because now I know that depression is the family secret that everyone has." (Paragraph 21)
 - D. "I was struck by the fact that depression is broadly perceived to be a modern, Western, middle-class thing, and I went to look at how it operated in a variety of other contexts," (Paragraph 34)

3. How does including Emily Dickinson's poem at the beginning of the speech support Solomon's claims about depression?
 - A. It emphasizes how deadly depression is to those who suffer from it.
 - B. It shows how all-consuming the experience of depression can be.
 - C. It stresses the positive experiences a person can take away from their depression.
 - D. It highlights how depression is highly personal and often misunderstood.

4. PART A: How does Solomon's discussion of the husband and wife in paragraph 22 contribute to his depiction of depression?
 - A. It shows how reluctant people are to be open about their depression.
 - B. It emphasizes the large number of people who suffer from depression.
 - C. It proves that depression can be triggered and amplified by unlikely things.
 - D. It stresses how successful treating depression with medication can be.

5. PART B: Which quote from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
- A. "You know, my husband would never understand this. He's really the kind of guy to whom this wouldn't make any sense" (Paragraph 22)
 - B. "My wife wouldn't think that I was really much of a guy if she knew this, but I've been dealing with this depression and I'm taking some medication" (Paragraph 22)
 - C. "And I said that I thought communication within the marriage might be triggering some of their problems." (Paragraph 23)
 - D. "But I was also struck by the burdensome nature of such mutual secrecy. Depression is so exhausting." (Paragraph 24)
6. PART A: How does Solomon argue against the idea that depression is a middle-class phenomenon?
- A. He provides examples of people who suffer from depression from various backgrounds.
 - B. He proves that depression is actually more common among lower income individuals.
 - C. He provides examples in which middle-class people do not suffer from depression.
 - D. He explains how middle class people often don't have difficult experiences that trigger depression.
7. PART B: Which section from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
- A. "And I remember being amazed at that point to think that someone who clearly had so many bad experiences with so many different treatments still had buried in him, somewhere, enough optimism to reach out for one more." (Paragraph 32)
 - B. "And yet it turns out that if you have a really lovely life but feel miserable all the time, you think, 'Why do I feel like this? I must have depression.'" (Paragraph 34)
 - C. "Depression is the result of a genetic vulnerability, which is presumably evenly distributed in the population, and triggering circumstances, which are likely to be more severe for people who are impoverished." (Paragraph 34)
 - D. "And so we have an epidemic in this country of depression among impoverished people that's not being picked up and that's not being treated and that's not being addressed," (Paragraph 35)
8. How does Solomon distinguish between grief and depression?
- A. Grief has been identified as the early signs of an impending depression.
 - B. Grief is felt in reaction to something, while depression is usually felt for an extended period of time with little improvement.
 - C. Grief and depression are both reactions to a serious loss or tragedy.
 - D. Grief is only experienced in the wake of loss, while depression can be triggered by anything.

9. How does Solomon use the image of a veil to explore the thought processes of people with and without depression (Paragraph 18)?

10. How does Solomon support his claim that the people who accept their depression are the most resilient in overcoming it?

Discussion Questions

Directions: *Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.*

1. How does Solomon use humor in his TED Talk? What is your reaction to his use of humor? Are his jokes funny, or are they inappropriate?
2. In the context of the text, what does it mean to feel alone? How does Solomon explore ways in which depression isolates those who suffer from it? How does this affect their ability to access treatment?
3. In the context of the text, what can we learn from tragedy? What did experiencing depression teach Andrew Solomon? Cite evidence from this text, your own experience, and other literature, art, or history in your answer.
4. In the context of the text, how does a person overcome adversity? How does Andrew Solomon describe those who suffered from depression overcoming it? Cite evidence from this text, your own experience, and other literature, art, or history in your answer.

Name: _____ Class: _____

The Bet

By Anton Chekhov
1889

Anton Pavlovich Chekhov (1860 - 1904) was a Russian playwright and short story writer who is considered to be among the greatest writers of short fiction in history. This story begins when a lawyer and a banker make a bet. As you read, take notes to track the changes you see in the lawyer and the banker over the course of the bet.

[1] It was a dark autumn night. The old banker was walking up and down his study and remembering how, fifteen years before, he had given a party one autumn evening. There had been many clever men there, and there had been interesting conversations. Among other things they had talked of capital punishment.¹ The majority of the guests, among whom were many journalists and intellectual men, disapproved of the death penalty. They considered that form of punishment out of date, immoral, and unsuitable for Christian States.² In the opinion of some of them the death penalty ought to be replaced everywhere by imprisonment for life. "I don't agree with you," said their host the banker. "I have not tried either the death penalty or imprisonment for life, but if one may judge *a priori*,³ the death penalty is more moral and more humane than imprisonment for life. Capital punishment kills a man at once, but lifelong imprisonment kills him slowly. Which executioner is the more humane,⁴ he who kills you in a few minutes or he who drags the life out of you in the course of many years?"



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"Both are equally immoral," observed one of the guests, "for they both have the same object — to take away life. The State is not God. It has not the right to take away what it cannot restore when it wants to."

Among the guests was a young lawyer, a young man of five-and-twenty. When he was asked his opinion, he said:

"The death sentence and the life sentence are equally immoral,⁵ but if I had to choose between the death penalty and imprisonment for life, I would certainly choose the second. To live anyhow is better than not at all."

-
1. Capital punishment, also known as the death penalty, is a practice whereby a person is put to death by the state as punishment for a crime.
 2. A Christian State recognizes Christianity as its official religion.
 3. The Latin phrase "a priori" refers to knowledge that does not come from actual experience but rather from deduction or theoretical reasoning.
 4. **Humane (adjective):** having sympathy and compassion for other people
 5. **Immoral (adjective):** going against what is right, proper, or good

- [5] A lively discussion arose. The banker, who was younger and more nervous in those days, was suddenly carried away by excitement; he struck the table with his fist and shouted at the young man:

"It's not true! I'll bet you two million you wouldn't stay in solitary confinement for five years."

"If you mean that in earnest," said the young man, "I'll take the bet, but I would stay not five but fifteen years."

"Fifteen? Done!" cried the banker. "Gentlemen, I stake two million!"

"Agreed! You stake your millions and I stake my freedom!" said the young man.

- [10] And this wild, senseless bet was carried out! The banker, spoilt and frivolous,⁶ with millions beyond his reckoning, was delighted at the bet. At supper he made fun of the young man, and said:

"Think better of it, young man, while there is still time. To me two million is a trifle, but you are losing three or four of the best years of your life. I say three or four, because you won't stay longer. Don't forget either, you unhappy man, that voluntary confinement is a great deal harder to bear than compulsory.⁷ The thought that you have the right to step out in liberty at any moment will poison your whole existence in prison. I am sorry for you."

And now the banker, walking to and fro, remembered all this, and asked himself: "What was the object of that bet? What is the good of that man's losing fifteen years of his life and my throwing away two million? Can it prove that the death penalty is better or worse than imprisonment for life? No, no. It was all nonsensical and meaningless. On my part it was the caprice⁸ of a pampered man, and on his part simple greed for money..."

Then he remembered what followed that evening. It was decided that the young man should spend the years of his captivity under the strictest supervision in one of the lodges in the banker's garden. It was agreed that for fifteen years he should not be free to cross the threshold of the lodge, to see human beings, to hear the human voice, or to receive letters and newspapers. He was allowed to have a musical instrument and books, and was allowed to write letters, to drink wine, and to smoke. By the terms of the agreement, the only relations he could have with the outer world were by a little window made purposely for that object. He might have anything he wanted — books, music, wine, and so on — in any quantity he desired by writing an order, but could only receive them through the window. The agreement provided for every detail and every trifle⁹ that would make his imprisonment strictly solitary, and bound the young man to stay there *exactly* fifteen years, beginning from twelve o'clock of November 14, 1870, and ending at twelve o'clock of November 14, 1885. The slightest attempt on his part to break the conditions, if only two minutes before the end, released the banker from the obligation to pay him the two million.

6. **Frivolous (adjective):** not serious in attitude or behavior; not able to think ahead

7. **Compulsory (adjective):** required; mandatory

8. **Caprice (noun):** a sudden, unpredictable action

9. **Trifle (noun):** something of little value, substance, or importance

For the first year of his confinement, as far as one could judge from his brief notes, the prisoner suffered severely from loneliness and depression. The sounds of the piano could be heard continually day and night from his lodge. He refused wine and tobacco. Wine, he wrote, excites the desires, and desires are the worst foes of the prisoner; and besides, nothing could be more dreary than drinking good wine and seeing no one. And tobacco spoilt the air of his room. In the first year the books he sent for were principally of a light character: novels with a complicated love plot, sensational and fantastic stories, and so on.

- [15] In the second year the piano was silent in the lodge, and the prisoner asked only for the classics. In the fifth year music was audible again, and the prisoner asked for wine. Those who watched him through the window said that all that year he spent doing nothing but eating and drinking and lying on his bed, frequently yawning and angrily talking to himself. He did not read books. Sometimes at night he would sit down to write; he would spend hours writing, and in the morning tear up all that he had written. More than once he could be heard crying.

In the second half of the sixth year the prisoner began zealously studying languages, philosophy, and history. He threw himself eagerly into these studies — so much so that the banker had enough to do to get him the books he ordered. In the course of four years some six hundred volumes were procured¹⁰ at his request. It was during this period that the banker received the following letter from his prisoner:

“My dear Jailer, I write you these lines in six languages. Show them to people who know the languages. Let them read them. If they find not one mistake I implore you to fire a shot in the garden. That shot will show me that my efforts have not been thrown away. The geniuses of all ages and of all lands speak different languages, but the same flame burns in them all. Oh, if you only knew what unearthly happiness my soul feels now from being able to understand them!” The prisoner’s desire was fulfilled. The banker ordered two shots to be fired in the garden.

Then after the tenth year, the prisoner sat immovably at the table and read nothing but the Gospel. It seemed strange to the banker that a man who in four years had mastered six hundred learned volumes should waste nearly a year over one thin book easy of comprehension. Theology¹¹ and histories of religion followed the Gospels.¹²

In the last two years of his confinement the prisoner read an immense quantity of books quite indiscriminately. At one time he was busy with the natural sciences, then he would ask for Byron or Shakespeare. There were notes in which he demanded at the same time books on chemistry, and a manual of medicine, and a novel, and some treatise on philosophy or theology. His reading suggested a man swimming in the sea among the wreckage of his ship, and trying to save his life by greedily clutching first at one spar and then at another.

- [20] The old banker remembered all this, and thought:

“To-morrow at twelve o’clock he will regain his freedom. By our agreement I ought to pay him two million. If I do pay him, it is all over with me: I shall be utterly ruined.”

10. **Procure (verb):** to get possession of; to obtain by a particular care and effort

11. Theology is the study of religious faith, practice, and experience.

12. Gospels are books written about the life of Jesus.

Fifteen years before, his millions had been beyond his reckoning; now he was afraid to ask himself which were greater, his debts or his assets. Desperate gambling on the Stock Exchange,¹³ wild speculation and the excitability which he could not get over even in advancing years, had by degrees led to the decline of his fortune and the proud, fearless, self-confident millionaire had become a banker of middling rank, trembling at every rise and fall in his investments. "Cursed bet!" muttered the old man, clutching his head in despair. "Why didn't the man die? He is only forty now. He will take my last penny from me, he will marry, will enjoy life, will gamble on the Exchange; while I shall look at him with envy like a beggar, and hear from him every day the same sentence: 'I am indebted to you for the happiness of my life, let me help you!' No, it is too much! The one means of being saved from bankruptcy and disgrace is the death of that man!"

It struck three o'clock, the banker listened; everyone was asleep in the house and nothing could be heard outside but the rustling of the chilled trees. Trying to make no noise, he took from a fireproof safe the key of the door which had not been opened for fifteen years, put on his overcoat, and went out of the house.

It was dark and cold in the garden. Rain was falling. A damp cutting wind was racing about the garden, howling and giving the trees no rest. The banker strained his eyes, but could see neither the earth nor the white statues, nor the lodge, nor the trees. Going to the spot where the lodge stood, he twice called the watchman. No answer followed. Evidently the watchman had sought shelter from the weather, and was now asleep somewhere either in the kitchen or in the greenhouse.

[25] "If I had the pluck to carry out my intention," thought the old man, "suspicion would fall first upon the watchman."

He felt in the darkness for the steps and the door, and went into the entry of the lodge. Then he groped his way into a little passage and lighted a match. There was not a soul there. There was a bedstead with no bedding on it, and in the corner there was a dark cast-iron stove. The seals on the door leading to the prisoner's rooms were intact.

When the match went out the old man, trembling with emotion, peeped through the little window. A candle was burning dimly in the prisoner's room. He was sitting at the table. Nothing could be seen but his back, the hair on his head, and his hands. Open books were lying on the table, on the two easy-chairs, and on the carpet near the table.

Five minutes passed and the prisoner did not once stir. Fifteen years' imprisonment had taught him to sit still. The banker tapped at the window with his finger, and the prisoner made no movement whatever in response. Then the banker cautiously broke the seals off the door and put the key in the keyhole. The rusty lock gave a grating sound and the door creaked. The banker expected to hear at once footsteps and a cry of astonishment, but three minutes passed and it was as quiet as ever in the room. He made up his mind to go in.

13. Stock Exchange refers to a place where people buy and sell stocks, which are the ownership elements of a corporation.

At the table a man unlike ordinary people was sitting motionless. He was a skeleton with the skin drawn tight over his bones, with long curls like a woman's and a shaggy beard. His face was yellow with an earthy tint in it, his cheeks were hollow, his back long and narrow, and the hand on which his shaggy head was propped was so thin and delicate that it was dreadful to look at it. His hair was already streaked with silver, and seeing his emaciated,¹⁴ aged-looking face, no one would have believed that he was only forty. He was asleep... In front of his bowed head there lay on the table a sheet of paper on which there was something written in fine handwriting.

- [30] "Poor creature!" thought the banker, "he is asleep and most likely dreaming of the millions. And I have only to take this half-dead man, throw him on the bed, stifle him a little with the pillow, and the most conscientious expert would find no sign of a violent death. But let us first read what he has written here ..."

The banker took the page from the table and read as follows:

"To-morrow at twelve o'clock I regain my freedom and the right to associate with other men, but before I leave this room and see the sunshine, I think it necessary to say a few words to you. With a clear conscience I tell you, as before God, who beholds me, that I despise freedom and life and health, and all that in your books is called the good things of the world.

"For fifteen years I have been intently studying earthly life. It is true I have not seen the earth nor men, but in your books I have drunk fragrant wine, I have sung songs, I have hunted stags and wild boars in the forests, have loved women... Beauties as ethereal¹⁵ as clouds, created by the magic of your poets and geniuses, have visited me at night, and have whispered in my ears wonderful tales that have set my brain in a whirl. In your books I have climbed to the peaks of Elburz and Mont Blanc, and from there I have seen the sun rise and have watched it at evening flood the sky, the ocean, and the mountain-tops with gold and crimson. I have watched from there the lightning flashing over my head and cleaving the storm-clouds. I have seen green forests, fields, rivers, lakes, towns. I have heard the singing of the sirens, and the strains of the shepherds' pipes; I have touched the wings of comely¹⁶ devils who flew down to converse with me of God... In your books I have flung myself into the bottomless pit, performed miracles, slain, burned towns, preached new religions, conquered whole kingdoms...

"Your books have given me wisdom. All that the unresting thought of man has created in the ages is compressed into a small compass in my brain. I know that I am wiser than all of you.

- [35] "And I despise your books, I despise wisdom and the blessings of this world. It is all worthless, fleeting, illusory,¹⁷ and deceptive, like a mirage. You may be proud, wise, and fine, but death will wipe you off the face of the earth as though you were no more than mice burrowing under the floor, and your posterity, your history, your immortal geniuses will burn or freeze together with the earthly globe.

"You have lost your reason and taken the wrong path. You have taken lies for truth, and hideousness for beauty. You would marvel if, owing to strange events of some sort, frogs and lizards suddenly grew on apple and orange trees instead of fruit, or if roses began to smell like a sweating horse; so I marvel at you who exchange heaven for earth. I don't want to understand you.

14. **Emaciate** (*verb*): to cause someone to become very thin
15. **Ethereal** (*adjective*): of or relating to the heavens
16. **Comely** (*adjective*): pretty, attractive
17. **Illusory** (*adjective*): based on or producing an illusion; deceptive

"To prove to you in action how I despise all that you live by, I renounce the two million of which I once dreamed as of paradise and which now I despise. To deprive myself of the right to the money I shall go out from here five hours before the time fixed, and so break the compact..."

When the banker had read this he laid the page on the table, kissed the strange man on the head, and went out of the lodge, weeping. At no other time, even when he had lost heavily on the Stock Exchange, had he felt so great a contempt¹⁸ for himself. When he got home he lay on his bed, but his tears and emotion kept him for hours from sleeping.

Next morning the watchmen ran in with pale faces, and told him they had seen the man who lived in the lodge climb out of the window into the garden, go to the gate, and disappear. The banker went at once with the servants to the lodge and made sure of the flight of his prisoner. To avoid arousing unnecessary talk, he took from the table the writing in which the millions were renounced, and when he got home locked it up in the fireproof safe.

"The Bet" by Anton Chekhov is in the public domain.

18. **Contempt** (*noun*): a feeling that someone or something is not worthy of respect or approval

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which statement best expresses a theme in the story?
 - A. Pursuing knowledge and bettering yourself is the best way to spend your time.
 - B. The desire to prove to others that you're right can lead to extreme actions.
 - C. Greed and impulsive decisions can lead to huge consequences.
 - D. There is nothing worse than depriving someone of human contact.

2. PART B: Which paragraph from the short story best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "He threw himself eagerly into these studies — so much so that the banker had enough to do to get him the books he ordered." (Paragraph 16)
 - B. "To-morrow at twelve o'clock he will regain his freedom. By our agreement I ought to pay him two million. If I do pay him, it is all over with me: I shall be utterly ruined." (Paragraph 21)
 - C. "At the table a man unlike ordinary people was sitting motionless. He was a skeleton with the skin drawn tight over his bones, with long curls like a woman's and a shaggy beard." (Paragraph 29)
 - D. "And I have only to take this half-dead man, throw him on the bed, stifle him a little with the pillow, and the most conscientious expert would find no sign of a violent death." (Paragraph 30)

3. PART A: Which statement best describes how the banker's actions develop the theme of the story?
 - A. The banker's hasty and thoughtless actions lead to trouble and despair for him.
 - B. The banker's disregard for human life shows the extent of his lack of compassion for others.
 - C. The banker's adventurous spirit prompts him to create dangerous or risky situations.
 - D. The banker's passionate defense of his views gets him into dangerous situations.

4. PART B: Which TWO details from the text best support the answer to Part A?
- A. "Capital punishment kills a man at once, but lifelong imprisonment kills him slowly. Which executioner is the more humane, he who kills you in a few minutes or he who drags the life out of you in the course of many years?" (Paragraph 1)
 - B. "Think better of it, young man, while there is still time. To me two million is a trifle, but you are losing three or four of the best years of your life. I say three or four, because you won't stay longer." (Paragraph 11)
 - C. "Desperate gambling on the Stock Exchange, wild speculation and the excitability which he could not get over even in advancing years, had by degrees led to the decline of his fortune and the proud, fearless, self-confident millionaire had become a banker of middling rank, trembling at every rise and fall in his investments." (Paragraph 22)
 - D. "he is asleep and most likely dreaming of the millions. And I have only to take this half-dead man, throw him on the bed, stifle him a little with the pillow, and the most conscientious expert would find no sign of a violent death." (Paragraph 30)
 - E. "At no other time, even when he had lost heavily on the Stock Exchange, had he felt so great a contempt for himself. When he got home he lay on his bed, but his tears and emotion kept him for hours from sleeping." (Paragraph 38)
 - F. "To avoid arousing unnecessary talk, he took from the table the writing in which the millions were renounced, and when he got home locked it up in the fireproof safe." (Paragraph 39)
5. How does the lawyer provoke the banker's decision to place the bet?
- A. The lawyer questions whether or not the banker has the money to make a worthwhile bet with him.
 - B. The lawyer suggests that the banker doesn't have the courage to place such a risky bet against him.
 - C. The lawyer offers to give the banker two million if he cannot stay in solitary confinement for the agreed upon years.
 - D. The lawyer proposes that he will remain in solitary confinement even longer than the banker suggests.
6. How does the lawyer's 15-year imprisonment affect the banker?
- A. The banker wishes that he had required the lawyer to stay imprisoned for longer.
 - B. The banker comes to realize that he was wrong about his stance on life imprisonment.
 - C. The banker mourns the life and experiences that he has deprived the lawyer of.
 - D. The banker regrets placing the bet and thinks it was a stupid idea in the first place.

7. How does the reader's knowledge of the events in paragraphs 22-30 reveal the banker and the lawyer's different points of view and develop suspense?

Name: _____ Class: _____

Sympathy

By Paul Laurence Dunbar
1899

Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906) was an African American poet, novelist, and playwright. He was born in Dayton, Ohio, to parents who had been enslaved in Kentucky before the American Civil War. In this poem, Dunbar uses the experiences of a caged bird to comment on the oppression of African Americans following the Civil War. As you read, take note of how the bird's experiences translate to the experiences of African Americans.

- [1] I know what the caged bird feels, alas!
When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;
When the wind stirs soft through the springing
grass,
And the river flows like a stream of glass;
[5] When the first bird sings and the first bud opes,
And the faint perfume from its chalice¹ steals² —
I know what the caged bird feels!



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- I know why the caged bird beats his wing
Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;
[10] For he must fly back to his perch and cling
When he fain would be on the bough a-swing;
And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars
And they pulse again with a keener sting —
I know why he beats his wing!
- [15] I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,
When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore, —
When he beats his bars and he would be free;
It is not a carol of joy or glee,
But a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core,
[20] But a plea, that upward to Heaven he flings —
I know why the caged bird sings!

"Sympathy" from Lyrics of the Hearthside by Paul Laurence Dunbar (1899) is in the public domain.

1. a large cup or goblet
2. **Steal (verb):** to come or go secretly or gradually

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which of the following identifies the central theme of the poem?
 - A. Freedom can be achieved as long as you fight hard enough for it.
 - B. No one can live a full or happy life if they are denied freedom.
 - C. Birds specifically cannot be denied freedom due to their need to fly.
 - D. With enough time, any person will lose the pull they feel towards freedom.

2. PART B: Which section from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "I know what the caged bird feels, alas! / When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;" (Lines 1-2)
 - B. "When the first bird sings and the first bud opes, / And the faint perfume from its chalice steals" (Lines 5-6)
 - C. "I know why the caged bird beats his wing / Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;" (Lines 8-9)
 - D. "It is not a carol of joy or glee, / But a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core, / But a plea, that upward to Heaven he flings — " (Lines 18-20)

3. PART A: what is the meaning of "fain" in line 11?
 - A. prefer to
 - B. hate to
 - C. pretend to
 - D. refuse to

4. PART B: Which detail from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
 - A. "I know why the caged bird beats his wing" (Line 8)
 - B. "Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;" (Line 9)
 - C. "For he must fly back to his perch and cling" (Line 10)
 - D. "But a plea, that upward to Heaven he flings —" (Line 20)

5. How does stanza 1 contribute to the development of the poem's theme?
