Rice

By Mary Oliver

It grew in the black mud.
It grew under the tiger's orange paws.
Its stems thicker than candles, and as straight.
Its leaves like the feathers of egrets,
but green.

The grains cresting, wanting to burst.
Oh, blood of the tiger.

I don't want you to just sit at the table.
I don't want you just to eat, and be content.
I want you to walk into the fields
Where the water is shining, and the rice has risen.
I want you to stand there,
far from the white tablecloth.
I want you to fill your hands with mud,
like a blessing.

1. **Write a main idea next to each stanza**

2. **If Mary Oliver wanted us to take ONE idea about nature from this poem, what would she want us to think?**

3. **What was Oliver's purpose in writing this poem?**
Poetry Analysis

How to Analyze a Poem:

1) Read the poem
2) Read the poem again
3) Chunk + Number
   - break poem into smaller sections
   - give each section a #
4) Investigate Vocabulary
   - record this info in the margins
5) Circle figurative language/underline rhyme
6) Summarize
   - main idea (literal meaning of each chunk - 10 words or less
   - then summarize entire poem in 1-2 sentences
7) Dig Deeper
   - theme of the poem
   - symbols
   - author's purpose
   - Draw a sketch
8) Read the poem one last time
Adapted from hitchs-w wym university.com/algado/hi

Sand County Almanac

Andrews from hitchs-w wym university.com/algado/hi

The essays of what was to become his most influential work, A Sand County Almanac, were first published in the pages of "The American Environment" column in The New York Times, beginning in 1972. The column was called "The Almanac of the Conservation Movement." The essays were collected and published as a book in 1949. The book became a bestseller and has been reprinted numerous times, with sales exceeding 1 million copies. The essays have been translated into more than 20 languages and have been used in classrooms around the world.

The essays in A Sand County Almanac are based on the author's observations of the natural world, particularly the landscape around his home in the Wisconsin Dells. The essays are written in a lyrical and poetic style, and they explore the relationships between humans and the natural world. The essays are also infused with a sense of humor, as the author often finds humor in the quirks of nature.

The book has been influential in the field of environmentalism, and it has been praised for its beauty and its wisdom. The author, Aldo Leopold, was a leading figure in the environmental movement of the mid-20th century, and his ideas continue to be influential today.

Aldo Leopold (1887-1948) is considered the father of wildlife ecology. He was a renowned ecologist and writer. His book, A Sand County Almanac, is widely regarded as a classic in the field of environmental literature. Leopold's ideas about the stewardship of the land have influenced generations of conservationists, and his legacy continues to inspire those who work to protect the natural world.
The Ethical Sequence

The Land Ethic

amount men
known among mountainous, but seldom perceived
the hidden meaning in the howl of the wolf. Long
wildness is the exception of the world. Perhaps this is
run. Perhaps this is being or being, our own, our
much better sense is yielded only danger in the long
measure of success in this is ill well enough, and
will come to the same thing: peace in one time. A
the most of us with muchness, voices, and dolars, but it
souls come to the same thing: peace in one time. A
be all strive for safety, prosperity, comfort, long life.
We all strive for safety, prosperity, comfort, long life.
We have lived to see state after state extirpate
rural we have disturbed and lives washing the
Hence we have disturbed and lives washing the
large, He has not learned to think like a mountain.
our world, job of slimming the herd to fit the
This range of wolves does not realize that he is taking
many deer may fall of replacement in as many
in a week pulled down by 100
while a back pulled down by wolves can be replaced
This range of deer, and perhaps with better cause for
theer of his deer, so does a mountain live in mortal
I now suspect that just as a deer need lives in mortal
peak-Lined juntures
with the height of the dead sage, or mother under the
thoughts of deer killed, dead of its vom 100-man, bleach
all other exercise. In me, and the spared bones of the
given God a new printing shears, and prohibited Him
shadblow in. Such a mountain looks so if someone had
every evil thing destroyed to the height of a
every evil thing destroyed to the height of a
amountize destructions, and then to death. I have seen
since then I have lived to see state after state extirpate
Wolves mountain, and seen the south-facing slopes
rselves. I have watched the face of many a new
since then I have lived to see state after state extirpate

The Community Concept

Possibly a kind of community instinct in the-making, the individual, in seeking such situations,avoids that the average individual animal instincts are modes of guidance; for social experience is not discernible is not describable in the average involving such definite reactions, that the animal, in meeting situations so new: or initiative, or in which may become regard as a mode of guidance for

The empirical of such an affirmation

...
The Land Pyramid

Community really pertains to our intellectual life. It is the spirit of a people. It will be, once the concept of land as a source of conflict between people and the race, the race itself. The land, it is history. What is the source of history? It is the physical and mental occupation of land as a basic mechanism. We can see the existence of some economic relations that support and guide the economic community as such.

In short, a land ethic changes the role of Homo sapiens from conqueror of the land-community to conservator of the land-community.

This spirit is the foundation of all our institutions, all our laws, all our beliefs, all our sciences, all our arts, all our professions. It is the foundation of all our relations with one another.

We are commonly told that the human actors are

The land pyramid is a symbol of land, and later develop some characteristics of the human actors.

In detail, here, we know about the land characteristics of the human actors. We actually behave in ecological interpretation of history.

Many historical events, whether explained solely in show by an ecological interpretation of history, can otherwise. These events, whether explained solely in show by an ecological interpretation of history, have their roots in the land.

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not less down will wash out, but this is normally small. 

The term "nutrient" describes a substance that is necessary for the growth and survival of living organisms. Nutrients are divided into two categories: macronutrients, which are needed in larger quantities, and micronutrients, which are needed in smaller quantities.

The term "ecosystem" refers to a community of organisms and their environment. Ecosystems can be divided into terrestrial and aquatic ecosystems, and can be further divided into smaller units such as habitats and biomes.

The term "feedback loop" refers to a system in which the output of a process is fed back into the input, creating a cycle of change. Feedback loops are important in many natural systems, including ecological systems.

The term " climax community" refers to a stable, self-sustaining community of plants and animals that has reached a state of equilibrium. Climax communities are often characterized by a high diversity of species and a complex set of interactions.

The term "biogeochemical cycle" refers to the movement of matter through the environment. Biogeochemical cycles involve the movement of elements such as carbon, nitrogen, and phosphorus from the environment to living organisms and back again.

The term "pyramid of energy" refers to the transfer of energy through a food chain or food web. In a pyramid of energy, the energy available to each trophic level decreases as it moves up the food chain, reflecting the law of energy loss.
Indications by polluting waters or obstructions them with waters, like soil, are part of the energy circuit.

Soils developed or deposited from the surrounding atmosphere, waters, and their eroded materials. These processes are influenced by various factors such as climate, geology, and human activities.

Changes in the energy circuit can be rapid and occur over short periods, or they can be slow and occur over long periods.

When a change occurs in one part of the circuit, many other parts must adjust themselves to it. Change does not necessarily occlude or direct the flow of energy; it may occur in a parallel fashion, as in the case of photosynthesis.

Another change takes place in the flow of energy through the environment. The emergence of new ecosystems for their own sake and the emergence of new forms of energy and life is the result of the emergence of new forms of life and ecosystems. These new forms of energy and life represent new possibilities and are not necessarily controlled by the energy flow of organisms.

The changes in the energy circuit are often unpredictable and often unexplainable. New ecosystems are formed, and species are eliminated, leaving behind a balance of energy and life that is constantly changing and evolving.

The flow of energy through the ecosystem is not a linear process, but a complex web of interactions between organisms and their environment. The energy flow is not always directed, and the direction of flow can change depending on the conditions and needs of the ecosystem.
The combined evidence of history and ecology seems to support one general deduction: the less violent the man-made changes, the greater the probability of success in realignment in the pyramid. Violence, in turn, varies with human population density, a concept that emphasizes the potential for increased efficiency and effectiveness in resource management.

1. The land is not merely soil; it conveys three basic ideas:
   - The human mind can be an energy circuit that can be manipulated.
   - The power of violence can be used to manipulate human behavior.
   - The process of aligning the pyramid for human use requires careful planning and foresight.

2. The native plants and animals kept the cycle circuit open; others may or may not.

3. The man-made changes are of a different order than evolutionary changes, and have effects more comprehensive than is intended or foreseen.
The outlook

condors, others and grizzlies may some day be needed
dust bowls; who knows what purpose chance and
drastic changes suffered by panting sols of the
mechanisms? Professor Weaver proposes that we use
unexplored ways may they be essential to its
luxury? They helped build the soil, in which
preservation of which we now regard as an aesthetic
the down-circuit? When the vanishing species, the
value of soils to plants, of plants to animals. Where of
mineral, and vitamin nutrition revealed
improbable that we as yet know all its etas, Recom
unimpeached dependence on the dp-circuit. Incredibly
improving the soil and land, it is

diminishing returns.

black belt's. All gains from density are subject to a law of
no density relationship that holds for indefinitely wide
increase will enrich it indefinitely; Ecology knows of
density attained human life, that an indefinitely
which assumes that because a small increase in
This deduction runs counter to our current philosophy

her density.

pronouncement than Europe, if she can continue to limit
respect; North America has a better chance for
population requires more violent conversion. In this

The Outlook

Almost equally sections as an obstacle to a land which is
short, land is something he has outgrown;
chances of farming; it would suit him very well. Synthetic
shift; if crops could be raised by hydroponics instead
happen to be a golf links or a scenic area, he is bored
loose for a day on the land, and if the spot does not
space between cities on which crops grow. Turn him
edges. He has no vital relation to it; to him it is the
many midstream, and by immemorial physical
land. Your midstream is separate from the land by
from, which below, a dense concentration of
unimpaired educational and economic system is headed away
perhaps the most serious obstacle impeding the

sense.
economic value; I mean value in the philosophic
course mean something for people than mere
for land and a high regard for its value. By value, I of
land can exist without loss of respect, and admiration.
It is inconceivable to me that an ethical relation to
stopping for a seminar, I say that agriculture is economic evolution never
community, and neither is the ultimate sum of all prediction is the
Deception: it evolved in the minds of a thinking
student of history supposing that those who wore the
student is every where. Only the most superficial
which is ever written. Only the most superficial
I have proposed to present the land ethic as a product
investments of cash. As a land user himself, so is he.
issue, for from the beginning, skill and faith rather than
block of all land ethic seems on the nutrition of
less, this is simply not true. An innumerable host of
use. This is simply not true. An innumerable host of
right is the belief that economic decisions are
land, once collective neck, and which we now need to
the economic determinants that lie around
fail when the economic determinants have led around
pressibility limits the extent of what can or cannot be
If of course goes without saying that economic
otherwise.
Elsewhere, community is wrong when it tends
by the economic objectives of people and nature, all
who are well aware is

The key-log which must be moved to release the
these modern trends.

The case for a land ethic would appear hopeless

ecological farming is scarce,

this is as it should be, but whatever the label.

eco-social, political, economic, history, or economics.

eco-social, political, economic, history, or economics.

eco-social, political, economic, history, or economics.

One of the requisites for an ecological comprehension

depends on

on the farmers' choices, but whether it really does is
Theoretically, the mechanization of farming often to
adversary of a land ethic that keeps him in slavery.
and more objective criteria for its successful use.

has many good points, but we are in need of gentler

We shall hardly relinquish the shovel, which after all

with a steam shovel, and we are proud of our inventor:

and implements. We are remodelling the Allissons

By and large, our present problem is one of attitudes

for wrong actions.

Social application for right actions: Socially disapproved

The mechanism of operation is the same for any ethic:

Intellectual concern increases.

advances from the individual to the community, its

use. I think it is a misuse that as the intellectual

understanding either of the land or of economic land

dangers, because they are devoid of critical

good intentions which prove to be futile, or even

an emotional process. Conservation is paved with

The evolution of a land ethic is an intellectual as well
The owners of the land came onto the land, or more often a spokesman for the owners came. They came in closed cars, and they felt the dry earth with their fingers, and sometimes they drove big earth augers into the ground for soil tests. The tenants, from their sun-beaten dooryards, watched uneasily when the closed cars drove along the fields. And at last the owner men drove into the dooryards and sat in their cars to talk out of the windows. The tenant men stood beside the cars for awhile, and then squatted on their hams and found sticks with which to mark the dust.

In the open doors the women stood looking out, and behind them the children—corn-headed children, with wide eyes, one bare foot on top of the other bare foot, and the toes working. The women and the children watched their men talking to the owner men. They were silent.

Some of the owner men were kind because they hated what they had to do, and some of them were angry because they hated to be cruel, and some of them were cold because they had long ago found that one could not be an owner unless one were cold. And all of them were caught in something larger than themselves. Some of them hated the mathematics that drove them, and some were afraid, and some worshipped the mathematics because it provided a refuge from thought and from feeling. If a bank or a finance company owned the land, the owner man said, The Bank—or the Company—needs—wants—insists—must have—as though the Bank or the Company were a monster, with thought and feeling, which had ensnared them. These last would take no responsibility for the banks or the companies because they were men and slaves, while the banks were machines and masters all at the same time. Some of the owner men were a little proud to be slaves to such cold and powerful masters. The owner men sat in the cars and explained. "You know the land is poor. You've scrabbled at it long enough, God knows."
The squatting tenant men nodded and wondered and drew figures in the dust, and yes, they knew, God knows. If the dust only wouldn't fly. If the top would only stay on the soil, it might not be so bad.

The owner men went on leading to their point: "You know the land's getting poorer. You know what cotton does to the land; robs it, sucks all the blood out of it."

The squatters nodded—they knew, God knew. If they could only rotate the crops they might pump blood back into the land.

Well, it's too late. And the owner men explained the workings and the thinkings of the monster that was stronger than they were. "A man can hold land if he can just eat and pay taxes; he can do that."

"Yes, he can do that until his crops fail one day and he has to borrow money from the bank."

"But—you see, a bank or a company can't do that, because those creatures don't breathe air, don't eat side-meat. They breathe profits; they eat the interest on money. If they don't get it, they die the way you die without air, without side-meat. It is a sad thing, but it is so. It is just so."

The squatting men raised their eyes to understand. "Can't we just hang on? Maybe the next year will be a good year. God knows how much cotton next year. And with all the wars—God knows what price cotton will bring. Don't they make explosives out of cotton? And uniforms? Get enough wars and cotton'll hit the ceiling. Next year, maybe." They looked up questioningly.

"We can't depend on it. The bank—the monster has to have profits all the time. It can't wait. It'll die. No, taxes go on. When the monster stops growing, it dies. It can't stay one size."

Soft fingers began to tap the sill of the car window, and hard fingers tightened on the restless drawing sticks. In the doorways of the sun-beaten tenant houses, women
sighed and then shifted feet so that the one that had been down was now on top, and the toes working. Dogs came sniffing near the owner cars and wetted on all four tires one after another. And chickens lay in the sunny dust and fluffed their feathers to get the cleansing dust down to the skin. In the little sties the pigs grunted inquiringly over the muddy remnants of the slops.

The squatting men looked down again. "What do you want us to do? We can't take less share of the crop—we're half starved now. The kids are hungry all the time. We got no clothes, torn an' ragged. If all the neighbors weren't the same, we'd he ashamed to go to meeting."

And at last the owner men came to the point. "The tenant system won't work, any more. One man on a tractor can take the place of twelve or fourteen families. Pay him a wage and take all the crop. We have to do it. We don't like to do it. But the monster's sick. Something's happened to the monster."

"But you'll kill the land with cotton."

"We know. We've got to take the cotton quick before the land dies. Then we'll sell the land. Lots of families in the East would like to own a piece of land."

The tenant men looked up alarmed. "But what'll happen to us? How'll we eat?"

"You'll have to get off the land. The plows'll go through the dooryard."

And now the squatting men stood up angrily. "Grampa took up the land, and he had to kill the Indians and drive them away. And Pa was born here, and he killed weeds and snakes. Then a bad year came and he had to borrow a little money. An' we was born here. There in the door—our children born here. And Pa had to borrow money. The bank owned the land then, but we stayed and we got a little bit of what we raised."

"We know that—all that. It's not us, it's the bank. A bank isn't like a man. Or an owner with fifty thousand acres, he isn't like a man either. That's the monster."
"Sure," cried the tenant men, "but it’s our land. We measured it and broke it up. We were born on it, and we got killed on it, died on it. Even if it’s no good, it’s still ours. That’s what makes it ours—being born on it, working it, dying on it. That makes ownership, not a paper with numbers on it."

"We’re sorry. It’s not us. It’s the monster. The bank isn’t like a man."

"Yes, but the bank is only made of men."

"No, you’re wrong there—quite wrong there. The bank is something else than men. It happens that every man in a bank hates what the bank does, and yet the bank does it. The bank is something more than men, I tell you. It’s the monster. Men made it, but they can’t control it."

The tenants cried, "Grampa killed Indians, Pa killed snakes for the land. Maybe we can kill banks—they’re worse than Indians and snakes. Maybe we got to fight to keep our land, like Pa and Granpa did."

And now the owner men grew angry. "You’ll have to go."

"But it’s ours," the tenant men cried. "We—"

"No. The bank, the monster owns it. You’ll have to go."

"We’ll get our guns, like Granpa when the Indians came. What then?"

"Well—first the sheriff, and then the troops. You’ll be stealing if you try to stay, you’ll be murderers if you kill to stay. The monster isn’t men, but it can make men do what it wants."

"But if we go, where’ll we go? How’ll we go? We got no money."

"We’re sorry," said the owner men. "The bank, the fifty-thousand-acre owner can’t be responsible. You’re on land that isn’t yours. Once over the line maybe you can pick cotton in the fall. Maybe you can go on relief. Why don’t you go on west to California?
There's work there, and it never gets cold. Why, you can reach out anywhere and pick an orange. Why, there's always some kind of crop to work in. Why don't you go there?" And the owner men started their cars and rolled away.

The tenant men squatted down on their hams again to mark the dust with a stick, to figure, to wonder. Their sun-burned faces were dark, and their sun-whipped eyes were light. The women moved cautiously out of the doorways toward their men, and the children crept behind the women, cautiously, ready to run. The bigger boys squatted beside their fathers, because that made them men. After a time the women asked, What did he want?

And the men looked up for a second, and the smolder of pain was in their eyes. "We got to get off. A. tractor and a superintendent. Like factories."

Where'll we go? the women asked.

"We don't know. We don't know."

And the women went quickly, quietly back into the houses and herded the children ahead of them. They knew that a man so hurt and so perplexed may turn in anger, even on people he loves. They left the men alone to figure and to wonder in the dust.

After a time perhaps the tenant man looked about—at the pump put in ten years ago, with a goose-neck handle and iron flowers on the spout, at the chopping block where a thousand chickens had been killed, at the hand plow lying in the shed, and the patent crib hanging in the rafters over it.

The children crowded about the women in the houses. What we going to do, Ma? Where we going to go?

The women said, We don't know, yet. Go out and play. But don't go near your father. He might whale you if you go near him. And the women went on with the work, but all the time they watched the men squatting in the dust—perplexed and figuring.
The tractors came over the roads and into the fields, great crawlers moving like insects, having the incredible strength of insects. They crawled over the ground, laying the track and rolling on it and picking it up. Diesel tractors, puttering while they stood idle; they thundered when they moved, and then settled down to a droning roar. Snub-nosed monsters raising the dust and sticking their snouts into it, straight down the country, across the country, through fences, through dooryards, in and out of gullies in straight lines. They did not run on the ground, but on their own roadbeds. They ignored hills and gulches, water courses, houses.

The man sitting in the iron seat did not look like a man; gloved, goggled, rubber dust mask over nose and mouth, he was a part of the monster, a robot in the seat. The thunder of the cylinders sounded through the country, became one with the air and the earth, so that earth and air muttered in sympathetic vibration. The driver could not control it—straight across country it went, cutting through a dozen farms and straight back. A twitch at the controls could swerve the cat', but the driver's hands could not twitch because the monster that built the tractor, the monster that sent the tractor out, had somehow got into the driver's hands, into his brain and muscle, had goggled him and muzzled him—goggled his mind, muzzled his speech, goggled his perception, muzzled his protest. He could not see the land as it was, he could not smell the land as it smelled; his feet did not stamp the clods or feel the warmth and power of the earth. He sat in an iron seat and stepped on iron pedals. He could not cheer or beat or curse or encourage the extension of his power, and because of this he could not cheer or whip or curse or encourage himself. He did not know or own or trust or beseech the land. If a seed dropped did not germinate, it was nothing. If the young thrusting plant withered in drought or drowned in a flood of rain, it was no more to the driver than to the tractor.

He loved the land no more than the bank loved the land. He could admire the tractor—its machined surfaces, its surge of power, the roar of its detonating cylinders; but it was not his tractor. Behind the tractor rolled the shining disks, cutting the earth with blades—not plowing but surgery, pushing the cut earth to the right where the second row of disks cut it and pushed it to the left; slicing blades shining, polished by the cut earth. And pulled behind the disks, the harrows combing with iron teeth so that the little clods broke
up and the earth lay smooth. Behind the harrows, the long seeders—twelve curved iron
domes erected in the foundry, orgasms set by gears, raping methodically, raping without
passion. The driver sat in his iron seat and he was proud of the straight lines he did not
will, proud of the tractor he did not own or love, proud of the power he could not control.
And when that crop grew, and was harvested, no man had crumbled a hot clod in his
fingers and let the earth sift past his fingertips. No man had touched the seed, or lusted
for the growth. Men ate what they had not raised, had no connection with the bread.
The land bore under iron, and under iron gradually died; for it was not loved or hated, it
had no prayers or curses.

At noon the tractor driver stopped sometimes near a tenant house and opened his
lunch: sandwiches wrapped in waxed paper, white bread, pickle, cheese, Spam, a piece
of pie branded like an engine part. He ate without relish. And tenants not yet moved
away came out to see him, looked curiously while the goggles were taken off, and the
rubber dust mask, leaving white circles around the eyes and a large white circle around
nose and mouth. The exhaust of the tractor puttered on, for fuel is so cheap it is more
efficient to leave the engine running than to heat the Diesel nose for a new start.
Curious children crowded close, ragged children who ate their fried dough as they
watched. They watched hungrily the unwrapping of the sandwiches, and their hunger-
sharpened noses smelled the pickle, cheese, and Spam. They didn’t speak to the driver.
They watched his hand as it carried food to his mouth. They did not watch him chewing;
their eyes followed the hand that held the sandwich. After awhile the tenant who could
not leave the place came out and squatted in the shade beside the tractor.

"Why, you’re Joe Davis’s boy!’"

"Sure," the driver said.

"Well, what you doing this kind of work for—against your own people?"

"Three dollars a day. I got damn sick of creeping for my dinner—and not getting it. I got
a wife and kids. We got to eat. Three dollars a day, and it comes every day."
"That's right," the tenant said. "But for your three dollars a day fifteen or twenty families can't eat at all. Nearly a hundred people have to go out and wander on the roads for your three dollars a day. Is that right?"

And the driver said, "Can't think of that. Got to think of my own kids. Three dollars a day, and it comes every day. Times are changing, mister, don't you know? Can't make a living on the land unless you've got two, five, ten thousand acres and a tractor. Crop land isn't for little guys like us any more. You don't kick up a howl because you can't make Fords, or because you're not the telephone company. Well, crops are like that now. Nothing to do about it. You try to get three dollars a day someplace. That's the only way."

The tenant pondered. "Funny thing how it is. If a man owns a little property, that property is him, it's part of him, and it's like him. If he owns property only so he can walk on it and handle it and be sad when it isn't doing well, and feel fine when the rain falls on it, that property is him, and some way he's bigger because he owns it. Even if he isn't successful he's big with his property. That is so."

And the tenant pondered more. "But let a man get property he doesn't see, or can't take time to get his fingers in, or can't be there to walk on it—why, then the property is the man. He can't do what he wants, he can't think what he wants. The property is the man, stronger than he is. And he is small, not big. Only his possessions are big—and he's the servant of his property. That is so, too."

The driver munched the branded pie and threw the crust away. "Times are changed, don't you know? Thinking about stuff like that don't feed the kids. Get your three dollars a day, feed your kids. You got no call to worry about anybody's kids but your own. You get a reputation for talking like that, and you'll never get three dollars a day. Big shots won't give you three dollars a day if you worry about anything but your three dollars a day."
"Nearly a hundred people on the road for your three dollars. Where will we go?"

"And that reminds me," the driver said, "you better get out soon. I'm going through the dooryard after dinner."

"You filled in the well this morning."

"I know. Had to keep the line straight. But I'm going through the dooryard after dinner. Got to keep the lines straight. And—well, you know Joe Davis, my old man, so I'll tell you this. I got orders wherever there's a family not moved out—if I have an accident—you know, get too close and cave the house in a little—well, I might get a couple of dollars. And my youngest kid never had no shoes yet."

"I built it with my hands. Straightened old nails to put the sheathing on. Rafters are wired to the stringers with baling wire. It's mine. I built it. You bump it down—I'll be in the window with a rifle. You even come too close and I'll pot you like a rabbit."

"It's not me. There's nothing I can do. I'll lose my job if I don't do it. And look—suppose you kill me? They'll just hang you, but long before you're hung there'll be another guy on the tractor, and he'll bump the house down. You're not killing the right guy."

"That's so," the tenant said. "Who gave you orders? I'll go after him. He's the one to kill."

"You're wrong. He got his orders from the bank. The bank told him, 'Clear those people out or it's your job.'"

"Well, there's a president of the bank. There's a board of directors. I'll fill up the magazine of the rifle and go into the bank."

The driver said, "Fellow was telling me the bank gets orders from the East. The orders were, 'Make the land show profit or we'll close you up.'"

"But where does it stop? Who can we shoot? I don't aim to starve to death before I kill the man that's starving me."
"I don't know. Maybe there's nobody to shoot. Maybe the thing isn't men at all. Maybe, like you said, the property's doing it. Anyway I told you my orders."

"I got to figure," the tenant said. "We all got to figure. There's some way to stop this. It's not like lightning or earthquakes. We've got a bad thing made by men, and by God that's something we can change." The tenant sat in his doorway, and the driver thundered his engine and started off, tracks falling and curving, harrows combing, and the phalli of the seeder slipping into the ground. Across the dooryard the tractor cut, and the hard, foot-beaten ground was seeded field, and the tractor cut through again; the uncut space was ten feet wide. And back he came. The iron guard bit into the house-corner, crumbled the wall, and wrenched the little house from its foundation so that it fell sideways, crushed like a bug. And the driver was goggled and a rubber mask covered his nose and mouth. The tractor cut a straight line on, and the air and the ground vibrated with its thunder. The tenant man stared after it, his rifle in his hand. His wife was beside him, and the quiet children behind. And all of them stared after the tractor.
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Literature Circle Preparation

**Connector – Lit Circle #__**

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Many times, after I have finished a lecture on the decline of American farming and rural life, someone in the audience has asked, "What can city people do?"

"Eat responsibly," I have usually answered. Of course, I have tried to explain what I meant by that, but afterwards I have invariably felt that there was more to be said than I had been able to say. Now I would like to attempt a better explanation.

I begin with the proposition that eating is an agricultural act. Eating ends the annual drama of the food economy that begins with planting and birth. Most eaters, however, are no longer aware that this is true. They think of food as an agricultural product, perhaps, but they do not think of themselves as participants in agriculture. They think of themselves as "consumers." If they think beyond that, they recognize that they are passive consumers. They buy what they want—or what they have been persuaded to want—within the limits of what they can get. They pay, mostly without protest, what they are charged. And they mostly ignore certain critical questions about the quality and the cost of what they are sold: How fresh is it? How pure or clean is it, how free of dangerous chemicals? How far was it transported, and what did transportation add to the cost? How much did manufacturing or packaging or advertising add to the cost? When the food product has been manufactured or "processed" or "precooked," how has that affected its quality or price or nutritional value?

Most urban shoppers would tell you that food is produced on farms. But most of them do not know what farms, or what kinds of farms, or where the farms are, or what knowledge or skills are involved in farming. They apparently have little doubt that farms will continue to produce, but they do not know how or over what obstacles. For them, then, food is pretty much an abstract idea—something they do not know or imagine—until it appears on the grocery shelf or on the table.

**Food in the Mind of the Eater:** When food, in the minds of eaters, is no longer associated with farming and with the land, then the eaters are suffering a kind of cultural amnesia that is misleading and dangerous. The passive American consumer, sitting down to a meal of pre-prepared or fast food, confronts a platter covered with inert, anonymous substances that have been processed, dyed, breaded, sauced, gravied, ground, pulped, strained, blended, prettified, and sanitized beyond resemblance to any part of any creature that ever lived. The products of nature and agriculture have been made, to all appearances, the products of industry. Both eater and eaten are thus in exile from biological reality. And the result is a kind of solitude, unprecedented in human experience, in which the eater may think of eating as, first, a purely commercial transaction between him and a supplier and then as a purely appetitive transaction between him and his food.
And this peculiar specialization of the act of eating is, again, of obvious benefit to the food industry, which has good reasons to obscure the connection between food and farming. It would not do for the consumer to know that the hamburger she is eating came from a steer who spent much of his life standing deep in his own excrement in a feedlot, helping to pollute the local streams, or that the calf that yielded the veal cutlet on her plate spent its life in a box in which it did not have room to turn around. And, though her sympathy for the slaw might be less tender, she should not be encouraged to meditate on the hygienic and biological implications of mile-square fields of cabbage, for vegetables grown in huge monocultures are dependent on toxic chemicals—just as animals in close confinement are dependent on antibiotics and other drugs.

The consumer, that is to say, must be kept from discovering that, in the food industry—as in any other industry—the overriding concerns are not quality and health, but volume and price. For decades now the entire industrial food economy, from the large farms and feedlots to the chains of supermarkets and fast-food restaurants, has been obsessed with volume. It has relentlessly increased scale in order to increase volume in order (presumably) to reduce costs. But as scale increases, diversity declines; as diversity declines, so does health; as health declines, the dependence on drugs and chemicals necessarily increases. As capital replaces labor, it does so by substituting machines, drugs, and chemicals for human workers and for the natural health and fertility of the soil. The food is produced by any means or any shortcut that will increase profits. And the business of the cosmeticians of advertising is to persuade the consumer that food so produced is good, tasty, healthful, and a guarantee of marital fidelity and long life.

**Eat Responsibly.** Eaters must understand that eating takes place inescapably in the world, that it is inescapably an agricultural act, and that how we eat determines, to a considerable extent, how the world is used. This is a simple way of describing a relationship that is inexpressibly complex. To eat responsibly is to understand and enact, so far as one can, this complex relationship. What can one do?

Here is a list, probably not definitive:

**Participate in food production to the extent that you can.** If you have a yard or even just a porch box or a pot in a sunny window, grow something to eat in it. Make a little compost of your kitchen scraps and use it for fertilizer. Only by growing some food for yourself can you become acquainted with the beautiful energy cycle that revolves from soil to seed to flower to fruit to food to offal to decay, and around again. You will be fully responsible for any food that you grow for yourself, and you will know all about it. You will appreciate it fully, having known it all its life.

**Prepare your own food.** This means reviving in your own mind and life the arts of kitchen and household. This should enable you to eat more cheaply, and it will give you a measure of "quality control": you will have some reliable knowledge of what has been added to the food you eat.
Learn the origins of the food you buy, and buy the food that is produced closest to your home. The idea that every locality should be, as much as possible, the source of its own food makes several kinds of sense. The locally produced food supply is the most secure, the freshest, and the easiest for local consumers to know about and to influence.

Whenever possible, deal directly with a local farmer, gardener, or orchardist. All the reasons listed for the previous suggestion apply here. In addition, by such dealing you eliminate the whole pack of merchants, transporters, processors, packagers, and advertisers who thrive at the expense of both producers and consumers.

Learn, in self-defense, as much as you can of the economy and technology of industrial food production. What is added to food that is not food, and what do you pay for these additions?

Learn what is involved in the best farming and gardening. Learn as much as you can, by direct observation and experience if possible, of the life histories of the food species.

The last suggestion seems particularly important to me. Many people are now as much estranged from the lives of domestic plants and animals (except for flowers and dogs and cats) as they are from the lives of the wild ones. This is regrettable, for these domestic creatures are in diverse ways attractive; there is much pleasure in knowing them. And farming, animal husbandry, horticulture, and gardening, at their best, are complex and comely arts; there is much pleasure in knowing them, too.

The pleasure of eating should be an extensive pleasure, not that of the mere gourmet. People who know the garden in which their vegetables have grown and know that the garden is healthy will remember the beauty of the growing plants, perhaps in the dewy first light of morning when gardens are at their best. Such a memory involves itself with the food and is one of the pleasures of eating. The knowledge of the good health of the garden relieves and frees and comforts the eater. The same goes for eating meat. The thought of the good pasture and of the calf contentedly grazing flavors the steak. Some, I know, will think it bloodthirsty or worse to eat a fellow creature you have known all its life. On the contrary, I think it means that you eat with understanding and with gratitude. A significant part of the pleasure of eating is in one's accurate consciousness of the lives and the world from which food comes. The pleasure of eating, then, may be the best available standard of our health. And this pleasure, I think, is pretty fully available to the urban consumer who will make the necessary effort.

Eating with the fullest pleasure—pleasure, that is, that does not depend on ignorance—is perhaps the profoundest enactment of our connection with the world. In this pleasure we experience and celebrate our dependence and our gratitude, for we are living from mystery, from creatures we did not make and powers we cannot comprehend.
Wendell Berry, a Kentucky farmer, is the author of many books of essays, fiction, and poetry. His article on the pleasures of working with a hand scythe appeared in our January 1980 issue. "The Pleasures of Eating" originally appeared in What Are People For? By Wendell Berry. Copyright © 1990 by Wendell Berry. Reprinted by permission of North Point Press, a division of Farrar, Straus and Giroux, LLC.
STRATEGY: Written Conversation

FOCUS: Sharing Ideas, Discussing, Debating

WHEN TO USE: Before Reading  During Reading  After Reading

DESCRIPTION:
Kids love to write notes to each other in school—but those notes rarely have anything to do with what we’re trying to teach. Written conversation harnesses the universal urge to share, but brings it into the curriculum. After reading (or discussing a topic, or watching a video, or doing a science experiment), students in pairs or small groups write short notes and responses to each other about the experience. Also called dialogue journals—or write-arounds when the groups involve three or more students—you can think of written conversation as legalized note-passing in your content area that gets students thinking by putting their thoughts into words and responding to one another. We can easily structure this so that students are taking and defending positions, based on evidence in the text they have read.

Why Use It?

We often use “class discussion” as a key after-reading activity. But when you think about it, what is a class discussion? It is usually one person talking and twenty-nine others sitting, pretending to listen, and hoping that their turn never comes. This ain’t exactly what the standards documents call “engaged learning.” In fact, while whole-class discussion may be ubiquitous in our schools, it is a pretty passive form of instruction, since most kids at any given moment are not actively engaging the material. If the point of talk is to help students get more deeply into the subject matter and the meaning of what they’ve read, then everybody in the room ought to be doing it. Smokey and his wife Elaine just published a whole book on this activity, which they call “the best-kept teaching secret” (Daniels and Daniels, 2013).

The solution, then, is quite simple: with written conversation, you can have a “discussion” where everyone is actively talking at once—though silently, in writing. Sure, you may have a few kids drift off the topic or say they can’t think of anything—but you’ll also have a solid majority of the class actually thinking and exchanging ideas about your subject.
How Does It Work?

1. After the reading (or other shared experience) is completed, have students identify partners or a small group for their written conversation. Four is the max. Each student needs a full-size blank sheet of paper and a pen at the ready, as well as the material being studied.

2. Explain the activity first, if this new to them, so the students understand that they will be writing simultaneous notes to one another about the reading selection, swapping them every two or three minutes at your command, and continuing the process for as long as your time constraints allow—and of course keeping quiet along the way. They are to write for the whole time allotted for each note, putting down reactions, questions, connections, ideas, wonderings—anything related to the passage, or responding to what their partner or other group members have said, just as they would in out-loud conversation. Spelling and grammar do not count—after all, these are only notes, not polished papers. Just to be clear, all students are writing all the time—no one is watching someone else write and waiting for a turn.

3. You can leave the topic open ("whatever struck you about this reading") or give an appropriate open-ended prompt: "What do you understand or not understand in this selection?" "What are the most important ideas here?" "Do you agree or disagree with the author, and why?" You can also use very narrow and precise topics: "Talk about Holden Caulfield’s attitudes toward sex as they are revealed in Chapter 9 of Catcher in the Rye."

4. Both students in each pair—or all in a larger group—write an initial note (e.g., "Dear Bobby, When I read this chapter, I was amazed that General Eisenhower actually said . . ."). Meanwhile, watch the time, and after a minute or two ask students to pass their notes to their partners or to the next person in their group. Explain to everyone: "Read what your partner said, then take a minute to answer, just as if you were talking out loud. You can write responses, feelings, make connections of your own, or ask your partner questions—anything you would do if you were talking face-to-face. Just keep the conversation going."

With each succeeding pass, you need to allow a little more time since students have to read what the increasing number of classmates on the page have contributed.

For dialogue journals in pairs, it’s a good idea to have the notes go back and forth three or four times so that an extended conversation gets going. For groups of three to five, students can keep passing their notes around the circles and writing until each group member gets his or her original note back.

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After the exchange is complete, the payoff begins when you say: "OK, now continue the conversation out loud with your partner(s) for a couple of minutes." If you worry about kids making that switch, first have them read back through all the notes on their sheet and then circle the "one most interesting sentence" that anyone wrote. Now have them use these as discussion starters for the face-to-face conversation. You should notice a rising buzz in the room, showing that kids have plenty to talk about. Circulate and sit in on groups as they talk, to get a flavor of their thinking.

Now a short whole-class discussion can be much more engaged and productive, because everyone will have rehearsed their thinking about the topic. Ask a few pairs to share one highlight or thread of their written conversations as a way of starting discussion. Biology teacher Lisa MacArtney collects the papers and reads aloud some of the marked sentences—which allows for anonymity for students who wish it. Lisa reports that the students especially enjoy this step, and once it's a regular practice, it serves as a strong motivation to write thoughtful comments. Lisa, by the way, uses written conversation with the real-world articles that she employs as high-interest starter reading for just about every unit in her course.

Predictable Problems

The first time you try this, a few kids may shift into oral conversation when papers are passed (adults also do this—it's a normal human response when you are bonding with a partner or a group). Be ready to remind them to "keep it in writing" during the transitions. Then, even with the best instructions, some kids will write two words and put their pens down, wasting two good minutes of writing time with each pass. You have to keep stressing that "we write for the whole time."

Because this activity has a lot of positive social pressure to work fast, we've taken to projecting four or five "safety net topics" just for the kids who need a jumpstart—or a restart. We tell them to use these only if they're really stuck. Usually the comments from classmates will give them plenty to respond to. Finally, when you call kids back to order at the end, when they are talking out loud with their partners, you may find it very hard to regain their attention. This happy little "management problem" shows you that kids are connecting to each other and the material.
EXAMPLE

Melly, Did Mr. Gridley say that microwaves gave off ionizing radiation? I thought that kind was dangerous and I don't understand why they'd let us have something in our homes that's dangerous. Did I just hear him wrong?

Rose

Yes, microwaves do give off ionizing radiation which is dangerous. But microwaves give off such small amounts so they're not dangerous. Mr. Gridley said that we can only have under 5,000 mREMS a year. Microwaves give off such small amounts that we won't even detect them, reaching 5,000 mREMS.

Melly

That still kinda creeps me out though. I don't want to grow a third ear just cause I wanted to make some oatmeal in my microwave. See?

Rose

Written Conversation About Ionizing Radiation

TO LEARN MORE

EXCERPT: ‘The Omnivore's Dilemma’

- By ABC NEWS

Oct. 23, 2009

Journalist Michael Pollan, who has unearthed new details of where our food comes from, has written "The Omnivore’s Dilemma: The Secrets Behind What You Eat." In the book, Pollan urges young people to weigh the personal and worldwide health consequences of what they choose to eat. Photos, graphs and other visuals help illustrate his point: All of us must take control of our dietary habits.

Excerpt

INTRODUCTION

Before I began working on this book, I never gave much thought to where my food came from. I didn't spend much time worrying about what I should and shouldn't eat. Food came from the supermarket and as long as it tasted good, I ate it.

Until, that is, I had the chance to peer behind the curtain of the modern American food chain. This came in 1998. I was working on an article about genetically modified food—food created by changing plant DNA in the laboratory. My reporting took me to the Magic Valley in Idaho, where most of the french fries you've ever eaten begin their life as Russet Burbank potatoes. There I visited a farm like no farm I'd ever seen or imagined.

It was fifteen thousand acres, divided into 135-acre crop circles. Each circle resembled the green face of a tremendous clock with a slowly rotating second hand. That sweeping second hand was the irrigation machine, a pipe more than a thousand feet long that delivered a steady rain of water, fertilizer, and pesticide to the potato plants. The whole farm was managed from a bank of computer monitors in a control room. Sitting in that room, the farmer could, at the flick of a switch, douse his crops with water or whatever chemical he thought they needed. One of these chemicals was a pesticide called Monitor, used to control bugs. The chemical is so toxic to the nervous system that no one is allowed in the field for five days after it is sprayed. Even if the irrigation machine breaks during that time, farmers won't send a worker out to fix it because the chemical is so dangerous. They'd rather let that whole 135-acres crop of potatoes dry up and die.
That wasn't all. During the growing season, some pesticides get inside the potato plant so that they will kill any bug that takes a bite. But these pesticides mean people can't eat the potatoes while they're growing, either. After the harvest, the potatoes are stored for six months in a gigantic shed. Here the chemicals gradually fade until the potatoes are safe to eat. Only then can they be turned into french fries. That's how we grow potatoes?

I had no idea.

A BURGER WITH YOUR FRIES?

A few years later, while working on another story, I found myself driving down Interstate 5, the big highway that runs between San Francisco and Los Angeles. I was on my way to visit a farmer in California's Central Valley. It was one of those gorgeous autumn days when the hills of California are gold. Out of nowhere, a really nasty smell assaulted my nostrils—the stench of a gas station restroom sorely in need of attention. But I could see nothing that might explain the smell—all around me were the same blue skies and golden hills.

And then, very suddenly, the golden hills turned jet-black on both sides of the highway: black with tens of thousands of cattle crowded onto a carpet of manure that stretched as far as the eye could see. I was driving through a feedlot, with tens of thousands of animals bellying up to a concrete trough that ran along the side of the highway for what seemed like miles. Behind them rose two vast pyramids, one yellow, the other black: a pile of corn and a pile of manure. The cattle, I realized, were spending their days transforming the stuff of one pile into the stuff of the other. This is where our meat comes from?

I had no idea.

Suddenly that "happy meal" of hamburger and fries looked a lot less happy. Between the feedlot and the potato farm, I realized just how little I knew about the way our food is produced. The picture in my head, of small family farms with white picket fences and red barns and happy animals on green pastures, was seriously out of date.

THE OMNIVORE'S DILEMMA

Now I had a big problem. I went from never thinking about where my food came from to thinking about it all the time. I started worrying about what I should and shouldn't eat. Just because food was in the supermarket, did that mean it was good to eat?

The more I studied and read about food the more I realized I was suffering from a form of the omnivore's dilemma. This is a big name for a very old problem. Human beings are omnivores. That means we eat plants, meat, mushrooms—just about anything. But because we are omnivores we have very little built-in instinct that tells us which foods are good for us and which aren't. That's the dilemma—we can eat anything, but how do we know what to eat? The omnivore's dilemma has been around a long time. But today we have a very modern form of this dilemma. We have a thousand choices of food in our supermarkets, but we don't really know where our food comes from. As I discovered, just finding out how our potatoes are grown might scare you off french fries for the rest of your life. In the past, people knew about food because they grew it or hunted it themselves. They learned about food from their parents and grandparents. They cooked and ate the same foods people in their part of the world had always eaten. Modern Americans don't have strong food traditions. Instead
we have dozens of different "experts" who give us lots of different advice about what to eat and what not to eat. It's one thing to be crazy about food because you like to eat. But I found I was going crazy from worrying about food. So I set out to try to solve the modern omnivore's dilemma. I decided to become a food detective, to find out where our food comes from and what exactly it is we are eating. My detective work became the book you now hold in your hands.

FOUR MEALS

As a food detective, I had to go back to the beginning, to the farms and fields where our food is grown. Then I followed it each step of the way, and watched what happened to our food on its way to our stomachs. Each step was another link in a chain—a food chain.

A food chain is a system for growing, making, and delivering food. In this book, I follow four different food chains. Each one has its own section. They are:

Industrial: This is where most of our food comes from today. This chain starts in a giant field, usually in the Midwest, where a single crop is grown—corn, or perhaps soybeans—and ends up in a supermarket or fast-food restaurant.

Industrial Organic: This food is grown on large industrial farms, but with only natural fertilizers, and natural bug and weed control. It is sold in the same way as industrial food.

Local Sustainable: This is food grown on small farms that raise lots of different kinds of crops and animals. The food from the farm doesn't need to be processed, and it travels a short distance—to a farmer's market, for example—before it reaches your table.

Hunter-Gatherer: This is the oldest type of food chain there is. It's hardly a chain at all, really. It is made up simply of you, hunting, growing, or finding your food.

All these food chains end the same way—with a meal. And so I thought it important to end each section of the book with a meal, whether it was a fast-food hamburger eaten in a speeding car, or a meal I made myself from start to finish.

THE PLEASURES OF EATING

When I was ten years old, I started my own "farm" in a patch of our backyard. From that age until now, I have always had a vegetable garden, even if only a small one. The feeling of being connected to food is very important to me. It's an experience that I think most of us are missing today. We're so confused about food that we've forgotten what food really is—the bounty of the earth and the power of the sun captured by plants and animals. There were parts of this book that were difficult to write, because the facts were so unpleasant. Some of those facts might make you lose your appetite. But the point of this book is not to scare you or make you afraid of food. I think we enjoy food much more if we take a little time to know what it is we're putting in our mouths. Then we can really appreciate the truly wonderful gifts that plants and animals have given us. To me, that's the point of this book, to help you rediscover the pleasures of food and learn to enjoy your meals in a new way.
STRATEGY: Coding Text

FOCI: Reading as Thinking
Inferring, Interpreting, and Drawing Conclusions

WHEN TO USE: Before Reading  During Reading  After Reading

DESCRIPTION:
A quick way for students to capture and record their mental responses to their reading is to use a simple coding system. While she is reading, if a student notices a connection to another unit in your course, to another subject, or to something in her life, she jots a C in the margin; if she has a question, she jots a ? if she runs across something new and exciting, she’ll put down a ! Students may add brief phrases or comments to explain their thinking. If the book belongs to the school, or if the teacher wishes students to be able to spot their notations quickly during class discussion, the codes can be placed on the Post-it notes as we described previously.

Why Use It?

Coding is basically a speedier form of marking text that achieves the same goals as annotation—getting kids to stop, think, and react as they read. If students are not accustomed to thinking their way through texts, they need to make conscious efforts to do so, but the marking should not be so laborious as to totally interrupt the flow of their reading. Symbols help students remember a strategy, notice when their thinking has followed it, and then very briefly note the spot in the text where that thinking occurred. If we want students to think more deeply as they read, we need to provide explicit mechanisms for them to do this, rather than just exhort them to “really think about this material.”
How Does It Work?

1. Choose some codes that would work well in your subject area. Here is one generic set called INSERT (Interactive Notation System for Effective Reading and Thinking) that many content area teachers have found useful:

- ✓ Confirms what you thought
- × Contradicts what you thought
- ? Puzzles you
- ??? Confuses you
- ★ Strikes you as very important
- ! Is new or interesting to you

You can also invent your own coding system that matches the subject matter at hand.

2. Project a short text and model your own coding process for the class. Teachers at Downers Grove South High School have students use text coding extensively in their classes. But as reading coach Amy Stoops and science department chair Karen Eder explain, without this initial modeling, the students dutifully insert the codes—without realizing their purpose. Because the teacher is usually well acquainted with the material she’s teaching, it can be difficult to realize the challenge students experience when the same information is often so new to them. Without some demonstration and guidance, students can have difficulty understanding what to mark and how to think about it.

3. Have students share their coded responses with a partner as they work through the selection. Then gather the whole class by asking, “Look through the reading and see if you’ve put any exclamation points in there for new and exciting information. Good, who’d like to share one?” For math application problems, students in pairs can compare their coding of information provided or requests for solutions in order to learn problem-solving processes. In book or article discussion circles, the codes can help students refer back to relevant information or evidence to support the ideas they are sharing. For reading support activities like KWL, students can mark spots in the material where their questions get answered or where new questions come up. In studying for tests or performance evaluations, the codes can help students spot important information or ideas they need to remember.
VARIATION: At Downers Grove South High School, the application of text coding varies widely across various subjects. With physics problems, for example, codes can help students to identify relevant information and figure out what result they are seeking. In biology, students may be looking for evidence of a particular phenomenon or concept, or the use of a particular vocabulary term. And as the students grow expert with the strategy, teachers invite students to create their own sets of codes. These young people enjoy including colors, emoticons from the text messaging world, and symbols they make up.

TO LEARN MORE


A wide variety of websites provide explanations of the strategy—including one at www.famlit.org/free-resources/educator-resources/educator-resources-adult-learners that includes video clips showing a teacher introducing coding with an adult literacy class.