Promoting Consciousness in STEM Minds

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INGL 6009: Models for Teaching Literature

Introduction

Description of the Theme

Promoting Consciousness in STEM

Right after my graduation and obtaining my B.S. in Chemical Engineering, in summer 2021, my plan was to commence graduate studies and work towards a PhD in Environmental Engineering. However, the COVID-19 pandemic uncovered all kinds of imperfections within educational systems. Summer 2020, which was also characterized for protests against racism soon after George Floyd's death, for me, shed light on how education has a redemptive nature. After holding innumerable conversations with friends, colleagues, and my psychologist during that period, I was convinced that intentional actions must be in tune with the knowledge one possesses and the attitudes he or she claims to have. Consciousness in STEM education is of utmost importance because once learners are aware of the truth that governs their realities and perhaps misinformed ideologies, they will be moved to take action in diverse and creative ways. This process sparks hope in them and informs them of limitless opportunities within a reality they can build.

After being accepted into the MAEE program, taking a few courses, and narrowing down themes of interest for my thesis project, I realized that many STEM professors and instructors treat STEM undergraduate students as if they were fully or proficiently Bilingual. Their students' linguistic identities are disregarded, which leads to non-optimal learning environments. When students enroll in the course I teach, Science Communication, they enter the classroom with a discouraged and defeated mindset. One would think my course was purposely designed to drain them emotionally and mentally, just by their faces on the first day of class. This is understandable, especially when they experienced various lifechanging and traumatic events within the last 6 years, such as Hurricane María, Hurricane Irma, the protests of July 2019, the

2020 earthquakes and elections, the COVID-19 pandemic, among others. They are used to being let down and have a challenging time maintaining a hopeful attitude towards the future; more so, in a classroom that is dedicated to teaching what to some of them is more a foreign language than a second language.

The way in which their linguistic realities are reconciled with their discipline-specific realities, is mainly by generating conversations in the classroom; be it in pairs, small groups, or as an entire class, on everyday problems associated with their disciplines, they can address via interdisciplinary projects. Before this process is initiated in my classroom, the thematic unit will serve as an introduction to consciousness and humanistic responses in their respective STEM disciplines and will be covered over a course of two to three weeks (two class periods of 1 hr. and 15 mins, per week).

Relevance to my target group

The students this thematic unit was designed for are undergraduate students who are coursing their 3rd, 4th, or 5th year in college. Sometimes, many come from the Intermediate English track whereas on other occasions, many come from the Basic English track. When a language classroom is filled with so much diversity, creating a safe place and learner community to achieve course objectives can prove to be difficult. Notwithstanding, tailoring the course every semester to the needs and interests of the student community has proved to be effective. This theme on consciousness is one that I have implicitly covered every single semester with distinct class activities, but never so explicitly; much less, with canonical literature nor any genre of American literature. “Walden” by Henry David Thoreau (1854) is the chosen text for this thematic unit.

H.D. Thoreau is a writer and poet from the Transcendentalist period. He is well-known for promoting the importance of free thinking and seeking truth in oneself in an affirmative and

safe environment, represented by nature, rather than by societal institutions. His strong ideologies are heavily present throughout his work, "Walden," in which he recounts how he lived a simplistic life in a rural area for two years. The central theme of this work, which my students will have the task of exploring and analyzing, is freedom to live the life one wants to live and to do so passionately and intentionally without feeling limited by factors such as language. Also, on the role of community and importance of collective efforts, which is rarely present and criticized in Thoreau's work. To fulfill the purposes of this unit, only Chapter 2 of "Walden" will be covered in class. Background information and context will be provided on who the author is and what the book is essentially about throughout the week his work is studied.

Central Themes and Sub-themes

Personal Independence

"I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived." (p. 68) Thoreau left what most would deem a comfortable setting to understand his place in the world, by learning how to appreciate unadulterated nature. Making life-altering decisions, for many students, is a scary feat; especially, when one knows that they lack resources and appropriate knowledge to survive in such an environment. Students will explore this topic by dialoguing about their autonomy as individuals and a commonwealth territory.

Collective Efforts

"We must learn to reawaken and keep ourselves awake, not by mechanical aids, but by an infinite expectation of the dawn, which does not forsake us in our soundest sleep. I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor." (p. 68) It is interesting how Thoreau speaks on the role of community in some parts of his work, and how, regardless of his efforts to isolate himself from people, their imprints are

evident in his everyday life. Students will be expected to generate conversations about this and see both sides of the coin. Also, to understand, on their own, that their success in the course is highly dependent on the way in which they perceive their peers and groups.

Theoretical Positions and Practical Approaches

Critical Literacy Pedagogy

Borsheim et al. (2014) promote the notion of leading students to read not only in favor of canonical texts but also against canonical texts. This process is meant to inform students not only on the reigning ideologies of the time period the text is set in, but also how current ideologies and realities are influencing their own mindsets. Freire (2020), in Chapter 3 of Pedagogy of the Oppressed, speaks of epochal units that encompass generative themes, since attitudes, perceptions, beliefs, and ideologies are often tied to time periods. Humans are able to tri-dimensionalize time into the past, present, future, history, and in function with their own creations. They can interrelate in historical continuity since historical themes are never isolated, independent, disconnected, or static, and are constantly interacting in a dialectical manner with their opposites. Science Communication students will be granted the chance to consider their settings, past experiences, and dreams in the classroom, and be transformative agents who can go beyond the pressures this present society imposes on them.

Williams (2022) studied different high school English teachers' challenges as they implemented this theory into their teaching. One had to teach The Odyssey, a text she would never have selected, to her students. Notwithstanding, she drew thematic connections to modern social events which enriched the learning experience for her students, because of the agency she still had in her classroom and the agency her students also had to see the text in a more critical light. For some people, this theory may seem utopian and meaningless, which is a notion Myers (2018) confronts and negates. She sheds light on how the sociocultural climate in America,

which influences Puerto Ricans, requires the need for critical pedagogy; regardless of how one is incapable of changing entities that do not want to change.

The Dialogical Method

This Freirean approach is rarely used in STEM learning settings. Students in UPRM are accustomed to the banking system, in which they arrive in the classroom to receive what only the professor can give. They rarely have agency or voice in this type of classroom. By implementing the dialogical method, students are positioned in equal standing with the instructor. Although I, the instructor, am knowledgeable in STEM content, I can still simultaneously guide them through their learning processes and learn from them.

Problem-posing Education

Wallerstein (1987) explores Freire's approaches towards linking education with intentional actions. According to her, critical thinking starts once one is familiarized with their current position and stance within society. Students that take Science Communication may believe they are unable to attain opportunities in the diaspora because of their language proficiency, which makes them doubt their potential to contribute within the Puerto Rican society. Various industries and engineering firms in Puerto Rico respond to bigger American and international companies and must always accommodate their presentations and materials to them. This reveals the need for professionals in Puerto Rico to be Bilingual, even to work in the island.

Problem-posing is centered on listening to the students, generating a transactional conversation with them through dialogue, and then taking action by strategizing alongside the students. In "Walden," Thoreau dedicated two years of his life to explore his own beliefs and put his convictions into tangible actions. Although it is up to the students to explore his actions, it still reveals the innate need within every human being to do something concerning the situations

that surround them. For Science communication students, this would look like letting go of any valid feelings of self-pity and start using available tools to take advantage of opportunities that are gradually becoming more accessible and available to them.

Attitudes and Perceptions of both the Instructor and Students

Showalter (2014) opens and reveals her heart in "Teaching Literature" by exposing various moments in which she suffered distinct manifestations of imposter syndrome. This phenomenon is heavily present in today's educators because of adverse experiences we were exposed to as learners and students. In the same way students in Puerto Rican STEM classrooms are afraid of exploring the English language through their disciplines, there are also STEM educators that fail to model to use of the English language within those contexts because they are highly focused on their limitations, rather than on their students' needs. Leaving a comfort zone, as Thoreau did, is an act of bravery one is only able to do once they are aware of their place in society and how they deserve to contribute within spaces where solutions may be offered.

I believe that seeing oneself as a co-learner and co-educator with the student helps them uncover important themes in the classroom. The student is a co-investigator with the educator, and together, they can make sense of reality and start planning ways to confront it in an informed and critical way. However, this poses more challenges in which the instructor must use multimodalities to engage students in important dialogues (Vásquez et al. 2018). Tackling hard issues is uncomfortable, which requires educators to design their didactic materials in purposeful ways. Vásquez et al. (2018) affirm that both being in the world and doing something to address problems in the world, can be done in transformative ways that are also pleasurable (p. 308).

Class Schedule and Materials

Justification

The materials were selected based on the conversations I held with my two Science Communication sections, and the motives that led to their project ideas. Certain societal issues and problems were abounded on, and their distinct postures on uncomfortable matters highlighted the need for me to provide a safe space in which these issues could be discussed. The success of this course is highly dependent on the first few weeks of class, where the students learn to be comfortable with each other and be moved to lend an empathetic and helpful hand to each other during class dialogues. “Walden” would be the first text I would cover with the students; to start exploring their mindsets and encourage them to disregard what their STEM disciplines expect of them, and what the creative parts of them would like to uncover or discover throughout the semester.

I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings, by Maya Angelou

This novel tells the story of Maya Angelou, a Black woman who was raised by her grandmother in the American south. For a brief period, she was sent to California, along with her brother named Bailey, to live with her mother and boyfriend, Mr. Freeman. She was exploited, sexually molested, and eventually raped by Mr. Freeman, who was brutally killed the same day he left the court to never fulfill the one-year sentence he was given. Later on, when she is back in Stamps, Arkansas, she starts to work for an old White woman, named Mrs. Cullinan. Mrs. Cullinan used to call Maya by her full name, Marguerite, until she hosted an event with other racist White women. These women were accustomed to dehumanizing their Black servants, especially by changing what they deemed to be “long names” for shorter ones:

> The very next day, she called me by the wrong name. Miss Glory and I were washing up the lunch dishes when Mrs. Cullinan came to the doorway. “Mary?
> Miss Glory asked, “Who?”
> Mrs. Cullinan, sagging a little, knew and I knew. “I want Mary to go down to Mrs. Randall’s and take her some soup. She’s not been feeling well for a few days.”
> Miss Glory’s face was a wonder to see. “You mean Margaret, ma’am. Her name’s Margaret.”

> "That's too long. She's Mary from now on. Heat that soup from last night and put it in the china tureen and, Mary, I want you to carry it carefully."
> Every person I knew had a hellish horror of being "called out of his name." It was a dangerous practice to call a Negro anything that could be loosely construed as insulting because of the centuries of their having been called niggers, jigs, dinges, blackbirds, crows, boots and spooks. (Angelou, 1969, p. 79)

Emphasis will be placed primordially on this segment of the chapter, in which the students must compare the occurrence with any recent unjust and dehumanizing actions they may have heard about or even witnessed. Themes such as racism, Puerto Rico's stance as a colonized territory, and others, will hopefully surge as the students express themselves.

A Brave and Startling Truth, by Maya Angelou

After exploring one of many racist experiences Maya Angelou has lived through, I hope to share a few of my own experiences. Modeling what I expect of my students is vital, if I desire for them to think beyond the science and engineering their professors have been hammering into them. My desire is for them to make sense of their own experiences, categorize them for what they truly are, and then respond in an adequate manner after realizing the truth behind the reality they lived through.

This powerful poem reveals how the surrounding world is full of hurts and people that are solely focused on inducing horrors on other beings; notwithstanding, humankind has an inherent hope, in which it has the choice to promote a better world, in which peace reigns. Throughout the poem, it is evident that this process is long and ongoing, but one's mind must be fully awakened to consciously grasp his or her potential to transform physical spaces. Students will read the poem individually, in groups of three, and later as a class. As a group, they will have to pinpoint areas in which their disciplines fail to model the humanitarian aspects the poet speaks of, and their role in that narrative.

Rocket Man, by Elton John

This song, inspired by a science fiction short story, was released in 1972 and immediately became a hit. An astronaut is preparing himself for a journey to space, in which time and the concept of time would be meaningless. Throughout the song, the astronaut is conscious of how many children and people aspire to be and do what he is currently doing. After spending various days, months, and sometimes years in space, these astronauts are expected to immediately and organically adjust to a fast-paced and ever-changing world, which puts a lot of pressure on their shoulders. Finding oneself in such a situation could feed feelings of despair, hopelessness, and even anger.

The students in my classroom are aware of how different the system paints them because of their varying degrees of language proficiency, which makes them feel displaced and sub-normal. This song is meant to kickstart an inner dialogue with their individual selves before exploring the relevance of this song's content with the Puerto Rico they see and are submerged in. Also, UPRM's student body is always fed with enchanting ideas on how they will thrive in STEM but the struggles and hardships they must face to achieve those goals is rarely discussed nor presented to them. The conversation will also be moderated in such a way they are made aware of that reality to then expound on it. Thoreau's 2-year experience in the woods would be integrated in the conversation, for the students to compare both texts with their own personal and collective experiences.

The Green Belt Movement and the Story of Wangari Maathai

This is an 8-minute read, which would be completed in the classroom. It is focused on the impact Wangari Maathai, a Kenyan political activist and Nobel Peace Prize winner, made in Kenya by planting trees to address environmental degradation, alleviate rampant poverty that affected thousands of Kenyans, and end distinct types of conflicts from the individual level up to the collective and national level. She says, "If you understand and you are disturbed, then you

are moved to action," she says. "That's exactly what happened to me." (MacDonald, 2018). Wangari Maathai started to plant trees with other rural women in the 1970s and more than 50 years later, the movement transcended Kenyan soil. This is the mindset that must drive STEM students to do and create science that improves people's livelihoods. It only takes one action to start something refreshing and transformative as a well-founded community, and supporters and companions along the way. This reading helps students in Science Communication link their purposes to their disciplines, so everything they do towards completing their degrees is meaningful.

Also, this reading will be directly linked to their interdisciplinary group final projects and their future Capstone final projects, towards the end of their bachelor's degrees.

Video clip of Greta Thunberg

One of the objectives of the Science Communication course is to further develop students' oratory skills. Science can be meaningless not only when it is not done consciously nor in a humanistic way, but also when it is not appropriately communicated to distinct types of audiences. Most, if not all students in higher education are well-familiarized with Greta Thunberg. Basic English courses in UPRM touch on environmental justice issues and oftentimes, include Greta in their coursework. The video was selected to show students how she not only spoke in distinct forums but also put her actions where her mouth was. She was bold with her words but even bolder with her actions, to the point where she would quote legislators by saying "blah blah blah" (Reuters, 1:30-1:49) but would also be physically carried away by German police for protesting at a coal mine manifestation (Reuters, 1:50-2:05).

Part of stimulating consciousness in STEM minds is to help them understand that lip service is futile and is also part of the reason the island remains in the same state, after various decades of hearing empty declarations from politicians that never fulfilled their campaign

promises. Students will be implored to explore those types of instances in distinct social institutions: justice, education, healthcare, economy, family, religion, media, among others.

The Lorax, by Dr Seuss

The Lorax is a creative and cautionary way for children and adults alike to be aware of environmental conservation issues. When people lack empathy and corporations are self-centered, varying degrees of damage can be done to the environment, ecosystems, individuals, communities, and nations. This children short story will symbolize the end of the thematic unit, by Week 3. The students will present, in groups of 3, themes or topics that generated great interest in them. This presentation would help them choose meaningful project ideas that do not necessarily have to remain in the classroom. This course will hopefully be memorable for them, to the point where they can work purposely towards a more refined version of their project idea when they arrive in STEM spaces as conscious professionals.

Conclusion

What would the implementation of this thematic unit look like?

My expectation for this thematic unit certainly includes fostering a nurturing learning environment for my students, as well as a safe space for ideologies, mindsets, and beliefs to be constructed upon and broadened. My intent would never be to enforce nor impose anything on my students, but rather, to provide opportunities for them to realize their part in a bigger narrative that transcends the mere goals their distinct STEM departments have outlined for them, various years ago. Upon completing INGL 6009 this semester, I feel more confident and excited in using literature to fulfill the purposes of my course and to instill a non-existing “like” to reading and writing in STEM students who are rarely offered an opportunity to creatively draw from personal and collective experiences to address their disciplines’ limitations.

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Appendix

Appendix A: Chapter 2, “Walden”

Where I Lived, and What I Lived For

At a certain season of our life we are accustomed to consider every spot as the possible sited the country on every side within a dozen miles of where I live. In imagination I have bought all the farms in succession, for all were to be bought, and I knew their price. I walked over each farmer's premises, tasted his wild apples, discoursed on husbandry with him, took his farm at his price, at any price, mortgaging it to him in my mind; even put a higher price on it,—took every thing but a deed of it,—took his word for his deed, for I dearly love to talk,—cultivated it, and him too to some extent, I trust, and withdrew when I had enjoyed it long enough, leaving him to carry it on. This experience entitled me to be regarded as a sort of real-estate broker by my friends. Wherever I sat, there I might live, and the landscape radiated from me accordingly. What is a house but a *sedes*, a seat?—better if a country seat. I discovered many a site for a house not likely to be soon improved, which some might have thought too far from the village, but to my eyes the village was too far from it. Well, there I might live, I said; and there I did live, for an hour, a summer and a winter life; saw how I could let the years run off, buffet the winter through, and see the spring come in. The future inhabitants of this region, wherever they may place their houses, may be sure that they have been anticipated. An afternoon sufficed to lay out the land into orchard woodlot and pasture, and to decide what fine oaks or pines should be left to stand before the door, and whence each blasted tree could be seen to the best advantage; and then I let it lie, fallow perchance, for a man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone.

My imagination carried me so far that I even had the refusal of several farms,—the refusal was all I wanted,—but I never got my fingers burned by actual possession. The nearest that I came to actual possession was when I bought the Hollowell Place, and had begun to sort my seeds, and collected materials with which to make a wheelbarrow to carry it on or off with; but before the owner gave me a deed of it, his wife—every man has such a wife—changed her mind

and wished to keep it, and he offered me ten dollars to release him. Now, to speak the truth, I had but ten cents in the world, and it surpassed my arithmetic to tell, if I was that man who had ten cents, or who had a farm, or ten dollars, or all together. However, I let him keep the ten dollars and the farm too, for I had carried it far enough; or rather, to be generous, I sold him the farm for just what I gave for it, and, as he was not a rich man, made him a present of ten dollars, and still had my ten cents, and seeds, and materials for a wheelbarrow left. I found thus that I had been a rich man without any damage to my poverty. But I retained the landscape, and I have since annually carried off what it yielded without a wheelbarrow. With respect to landscapes,—

“I am monarch of all I *survey*, My right there is none to dispute.”

I have frequently seen a poet withdraw, having enjoyed the most valuable part of a farm, while the crusty farmer supposed that he had got a few wild apples only. Why, the owner does not know it for many years when a poet has put his farm in rhyme, the most admirable kind of invisible fence, has fairly impounded it, milked it, skimmed it, and got all the cream, and left the farmer only the skimmed milk.

The real attractions of the Hollowell farm, to me, were; its complete retirement, being about two miles from the village, half a mile from the nearest neighbor, and separated from the highway by a broad field; its bounding on the river, which the owner said protected it by its fogs from frosts in the spring, though that was nothing to me; the gray color and ruinous state of the house and barn, and the dilapidated fences, which put such an interval between me and the last occupant; the hollow and lichen-covered apple trees, gnawed by rabbits, showing what kind of neighbors I should have; but above all, the recollection I had of it from my earliest voyages up the river, when the house was concealed behind a dense grove of red maples, through which I heard the house-dog bark. I was in haste to buy it, before the proprietor finished getting out some rocks, cutting down the hollow apple trees, and grubbing up some young birches which had sprung up in the pasture, or, in short, had made any more of his improvements. To enjoy these advantages I was ready to carry it on; like Atlas, to take the world on my shoulders,—I never heard what compensation he received for that,—and do all those things which had no other motive or excuse but that I might pay for it and be unmolested in my possession of it; for I knew all the while that it

would yield the most abundant crop of the kind I wanted if I could only afford to let it alone. But it turned out as I have said.

All that I could say, then, with respect to farming on a large scale, (I have always cultivated a garden,) was, that I had had my seeds ready. Many think that seeds improve with age. I have no doubt that time discriminates between the good and the bad; and when at last I shall plant, I shall be less likely to be disappointed. But I would say to my fellows, once for all, As long as possible live free and uncommitted. It makes but little difference whether you are committed to a farm or the county jail.

Old Cato, whose "De Re Rusticâ" is my "Cultivator," says, and the only translation I have seen makes sheer nonsense of the passage, "When you think of getting a farm, turn it thus in your mind, not to buy greedily; nor spare your pains to look at it, and do not think it enough to go round it once. The oftener you go there the more it will please you, if it is good." I think I shall not buy greedily, but go round and round it as long as I live, and be buried in it first, that it may please me the more at last.

The present was my next experiment of this kind, which I purpose to describe more at length; for convenience, putting the experience of two years into one. As I have said, I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, standing on his roost, if only to wake my neighbors up.

When first I took up my abode in the woods, that is, began to spend my nights as well as days there, which, by accident, was on Independence Day, or the fourth of July, 1845, my house was not finished for winter, but was merely a defence against the rain, without plastering or chimney, the walls being of rough weather-stained boards, with wide chinks, which made it cool at night. The upright white hewn studs and freshly planed door and window casings gave it a clean and airy look, especially in the morning, when its timbers were saturated with dew, so that I fancied that by noon some sweet gum would exude from them. To my imagination it retained throughout the day more or less of this auroral character, reminding me of a certain house on a mountain which I had visited the year before. This was an airy and unplastered cabin, fit to entertain a travelling god, and where a goddess might trail her garments. The winds which passed over my dwelling were such as sweep over the ridges of mountains, bearing the broken strains, or celestial parts only, of terrestrial music. The morning wind forever

blows, the poem of creation is uninterrupted; but few are the ears that hear it. Olympus is but the outside of the earth every where.

The only house I had been the owner of before, if I except a boat, was a tent, which I used occasionally when making excursions in the summer, and this is still rolled up in my garret; but the boat, after passing from hand to hand, has gone down the stream of time. With this more substantial shelter about me, I had made some progress toward settling in the world. This frame, so slightly clad, was a sort of crystallization around me, and reacted on the builder. It was suggestive somewhat as a picture in outlines. I did not need to go out doors to take the air, for the atmosphere within had lost none of its freshness. It was not so much within doors as behind a door where I sat, even in the rainiest weather. The Harivansa says, "An abode without birds is like a meat without seasoning." Such was not my abode, for I found myself suddenly neighbor to the birds; not by having imprisoned one, but having caged myself near them. I was not only nearer to some of those which commonly frequent the garden and the orchard, but to those wilder and more thrilling songsters of the forest which never, or rarely, serenade a villager,—the wood-thrush, the veery, the scarlet tanager, the field-sparrow, the whippoorwill, and many others.

I was seated by the shore of a small pond, about a mile and a half south of the village of Concord and somewhat higher than it, in the midst of an extensive wood between that town and Lincoln, and about two miles south of that our only field known to fame, Concord Battle Ground; but I was so low in the woods that the opposite shore, half a mile off, like the rest, covered with wood, was my most distant horizon. For the first week, whenever I looked out on the pond it impressed me like a tarn high up on the side of a mountain, its bottom far above the surface of other lakes, and, as the sun arose, I saw it throwing off its nightly clothing of mist, and here and there, by degrees, its soft ripples or its smooth reflecting surface was revealed, while the mists, like ghosts, were stealthily withdrawing in every direction into the woods, as at the breaking up of some nocturnal conventicle. The very dew seemed to hang upon the trees later into the day than usual, as on the sides of mountains.

This small lake was of most value as a neighbor in the intervals of a gentle rain storm in August, when, both air and water being perfectly still, but the sky overcast, mid-afternoon had all the serenity of evening, and the wood-thrush sang around, and was heard from

shore to shore. A lake like this is never smoother than at such a time; and the clear portion of the air above it being shallow and darkened by clouds, the water, full of light and reflections, becomes a lower heaven itself so much the more important. From a hill top near by, where the wood had been recently cut off, there was a pleasing vista southward across the pond, through a wide indentation in the hills which form the shore there, where their opposite sides sloping toward each other suggested a stream flowing out in that direction through a wooded valley, but stream there was none. That way I looked between and over the near green hills to some distant and higher ones in the horizon, tinged with blue. Indeed, by standing on tiptoe I could catch a glimpse of some of the peaks of the still bluer and more distant mountain ranges in the north-west, those true-blue coins from heaven's own mint, and also of some portion of the village. But in other directions, even from this point, I could not see over or beyond the woods which surrounded me. It is well to have some water in your neighborhood, to give buoyancy to and float the earth. One value even of the smallest well is, that when you look into it you see that earth is not continent but insular. This is as important as that it keeps butter cool. When I looked across the pond from this peak toward the Sudbury meadows, which in time of flood I distinguished elevated perhaps by a mirage in their seething valley, like a coin in a basin, all the earth beyond the pond appeared like a thin crust insulated and floated even by this small sheet of intervening water, and I was reminded that this on which I dwelt was but *dry land*.

Though the view from my door was still more contracted, I did not feel crowded or confined in the least. There was pasture enough for my imagination. The low shrub-oak plateau to which the opposite shore arose, stretched away toward the prairies of the West and the steppes of Tartary, affording ample room for all the roving families of men. "There are none happy in the world but beings who enjoy freely a vast horizon,"—said Damodara, when his herds required new and larger pastures.

Both place and time were changed, and I dwelt nearer to those parts of the universe and to those eras in history which had most attracted me. Where I lived was as far off as many a region viewed nightly by astronomers. We are wont to imagine rare and delectable places in some remote and more celestial corner of the system, behind the constellation of Cassiopeia's Chair, far from noise and disturbance. I

discovered that my house actually had its site in such a withdrawn, but forever new and unprofaned, part of the universe. If it were worth the while to settle in those parts near to the Pleiades or the Hyades, to Aldebaran or Altair, then I was really there, or at an equal remoteness from the life which I had left behind, dwindled and twinkling with as fine a ray to my nearest neighbor, and to be seen only in moonless nights by him. Such was that part of creation where I had squatted;—

"There was a shepherd that did live,
And held his thoughts as high
As were the mounts whereon his flocks
Did hourly feed him by."

What should we think of the shepherd's life if his flocks always wandered to higher pastures than his thoughts?

Every morning was a cheerful invitation to make my life of equal simplicity, and I may say innocence, with Nature herself.

I have been as sincere a worshipper of Aurora as the Greeks. I got up early and bathed in the pond; that was a religious exercise, and one of the best things which I did. They say that characters were engraven on the bathing tub of king Tching-thang to this effect: "Renew thyself completely each day; do it again, and again, and forever again." I can understand that. Morning brings back the heroic ages. I was as much affected by the faint hum of a mosquito making its invisible and unimaginable tour through my apartment at earliest dawn, when I was sitting with door and windows open, as I could be by any trumpet that ever sang of fame. It was Homer's requiem; itself an Iliad and Odyssey in the air, singing its own wrath and wanderings. There was something cosmical about it; a standing advertisement, till forbidden, of the everlasting vigor and fertility of the world. The morning, which is the most memorable season of the day, is the awakening hour. Then there is least somnolence in us; and for an hour, at least, some part of us awakes which slumbers all the rest of the day and night. Little is to be expected of that day, if it can be called a day, to which we are not awakened by our Genius, but by the mechanical nudgings of some servitor, are not awakened by our own newly-acquired force and aspirations from within, accompanied by the undulations of celestial music, instead of factory bells, and a fragrance filling the air—to a higher life than we fell asleep from; and thus the darkness bear its fruit, and prove itself to be good, no

less than the light. That man who does not believe that each day contains an earlier, more sacred, and auroral hour than he has yet profaned, has despaired of life, and is pursuing a descending and darkening way. After a partial cessation of his sensuous life, the soul of man, or its organs rather, are reinvigorated each day, and his Genius tries again what noble life it can make. All memorable events, I should say, transpire in morning time and in a morning atmosphere. The Vedas say, "All intelligences awake with the morning." Poetry and art, and the fairest and most memorable of the actions of men, date from such an hour. All poets and heroes, like Memnon, are the children of Aurora, and emit their music at sunrise. To him whose elastic and vigorous thought keeps pace with the sun, the day is a perpetual morning. It matters not what the clocks say or the attitudes and labors of men. Morning is when I am awake and there is a dawn in me. Moral reform is the effort to throw off sleep. Why is it that men give so poor an account of their day if they have not been slumbering? They are not such poor calculators. If they had not been overcome with drowsiness they would have performed something. The millions are awake enough for physical labor; but only one in a million is awake enough for effective intellectual exertion, only one in a hundred millions to a poetic or divine life. To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. How could I have looked him in the face?

We must learn to reawaken and keep ourselves awake, not by mechanical aids, but by an infinite expectation of the dawn, which does not forsake us in our soundest sleep. I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so to make a few objects beautiful; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do. To affect the quality of the day, that is the highest of arts. Every man is tasked to make his life, even in its details, worthy of the contemplation of his most elevated and critical hour. If we refused, or rather used up, such paltry information as we get, the oracles would distinctly inform us how this might be done.

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish

to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion. For most men, it appears to me, are in a strange uncertainty about it, whether it is of the devil or of God, and have *somewhat hastily* concluded that it is the chief end of man here to "glorify God and enjoy him forever."

Still we live meanly, like ants; though the fable tells us that we were long ago changed into men; like pygmies we fight with cranes; it is error upon error, and clout upon clout, and our best virtue has for its occasion a superfluous and evitable wretchedness. Our life is frittered away by detail. An honest man has hardly need to count more than his ten fingers, or in extreme cases he may add his ten toes, and lump the rest. Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb nail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life, such are the clouds and storms and quick-sands and thousand-and-one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom and not make his port at all, by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator indeed who succeeds. Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in proportion. Our life is like a German Confederacy, made up of petty states, with its boundary forever fluctuating, so that even a German cannot tell you how it is bounded at any moment. The nation itself, with all its so called internal improvements, which, by the way, are all external and superficial, is just such an unwieldy and overgrown establishment, cluttered with furniture and tripped up by its own traps, ruined by luxury and heedless expense, by want of calculation and a worthy aim, as the million households in the land; and the only cure for it as for them is in a rigid economy, a stern and more than Spartan simplicity of life and elevation of purpose. It lives too fast. Men think that it is essential that the *Nation* have commerce, and export ice, and talk through a telegraph, and ride thirty miles an hour, without a doubt, whether *they* do or not; but whether we should live

like baboons or like men, is a little uncertain. If we do not get out sleepers, and forge rails, and devote days and nights to the work, but go to tinkering upon our *lives* to improve *them*, who will build railroads? And if railroads are not built, how shall we get to heaven in season? But if we stay at home and mind our business, who will want railroads? We do not ride on the railroad; it rides upon us. Did you ever think what those sleepers are that underlie the railroad? Each one is a man, an Irishman, or a Yankee man. The rails are laid on them, and they are covered with sand, and the cars run smoothly over them. They are sound sleepers, I assure you. And every few years a new lot is laid down and run over; so that, if some have the pleasure of riding on a rail, others have the misfortune to be ridden upon. And when they run over a man that is walking in his sleep, a supernumerary sleeper in the wrong position, and wake him up, they suddenly stop the cars, and make a hue and cry about it, as if this were an exception. I am glad to know that it takes a gang of men for every five miles to keep the sleepers down and level in their beds as it is, for this is a sign that they may sometime get up again.

Why should we live with such hurry and waste of life? We are determined to be starved before we are hungry. Men say that a stitch in time saves nine, and so they take a thousand stitches to-day to save nine to-morrow. As for *work*, we haven't any of any consequence. We have the Saint Vitus' dance, and cannot possibly keep our heads still. If I should only give a few pulls at the parish bell-rope, as for a fire, that is, without setting the bell, there is hardly a man on his farm in the outskirts of Concord, notwithstanding that press of engagements which was his excuse so many times this morning, nor a boy, nor a woman, I might almost say, but would forsake all and follow that sound, not mainly to save property from the flames, but, if we will confess the truth, much more to see it burn, since burn it must, and we, be it known, did not set it on fire,—or to see it put out, and have a hand in it, if that is done as handsomely; yes, even if it were the parish church itself. Hardly a man takes a half hour's nap after dinner, but when he wakes he holds up his head and asks, "What's the news?" as if the rest of mankind had stood his sentinels. Some give directions to be waked every half hour, doubtless for no other purpose; and then, to pay for it, they tell what they have dreamed. After a night's sleep the news is as indispensable as the breakfast. "Pray tell me any thing new that has happened to a man any where on this globe,"—and he reads it over his coffee and rolls,

that a man has had his eyes gouged out this morning on the Wachito River; never dreaming the while that he lives in the dark unfathomed mammoth cave of this world, and has but the rudiment of an eye himself.

For my part, I could easily do without the post-office. I think that there are very few important communications made through it. To speak critically, I never received more than one or two letters in my life—I wrote this some years ago—that were worth the postage. The penny-post is, commonly, an institution through which you seriously offer a man that penny for his thoughts which is so often safely offered in jest. And I am sure that I never read any memorable news in a newspaper. If we read of one man robbed, or murdered, or killed by accident, or one house burned, or one vessel wrecked, or one steamboat blown up, or one cow run over on the Western Railroad, or one mad dog killed, or one lot of grasshoppers in the winter,—we never need read of another. One is enough. If you are acquainted with the principle, what do you care for a myriad instances and applications? To a philosopher all *news*, as it is called, is gossip, and they who edit and read it are old women over their tea. Yet not a few are greedy after this gossip. There was such a rush, as I hear, the other day at one of the offices to learn the foreign news by the last arrival, that several large squares of plate glass belonging to the establishment were broken by the pressure,—news which I seriously think a ready wit might write a twelvemonth or twelve years beforehand with sufficient accuracy. As for Spain, for instance, if you know how to throw in Don Carlos and the Infanta, and Don Pedro and Seville and Granada, from time to time in the right proportions,—they may have changed the names a little since I saw the papers,—and serve up a bull-fight when other entertainments fail, it will be true to the letter, and give us as good an idea of the exact state or ruin of things in Spain as the most succinct and lucid reports under this head in the newspapers: and as for England, almost the last significant scrap of news from that quarter was the revolution of 1649; and if you have learned the history of her crops for an average year, you never need attend to that thing again, unless your speculations are of a merely pecuniary character. If one may judge who rarely looks into the newspapers, nothing new does ever happen in foreign parts, a French revolution not excepted.

What news! How much more important to know what that is which was never old! "Kieou-pe-yu (great dignitary of the state of Wei) sent

a man to Khoung-tseu to know his news. Khoung-tseu caused the messenger to be seated near him, and questioned him in these terms: What is your master doing? The messenger answered with respect: My master desires to diminish the number of his faults, but he cannot come to the end of them. The messenger being gone, the philosopher remarked: What a worthy messenger! What a worthy messenger!" The preacher, instead of vexing the ears of drowsy farmers on their day of rest at the end of the week,—for Sunday is the fit conclusion of an ill-spent week, and not the fresh and brave beginning of a new one,—with this one other draggle-tail of a sermon, should shout with thundering voice,—"Pause! Avast! Why so seeming fast, but deadly slow?"

Shams and delusions are esteemed for soundest truths, while reality is fabulous. If men would steadily observe realities only, and not allow themselves to be deluded, life, to compare it with such things as we know, would be like a fairy tale and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. If we respected only what is inevitable and has a right to be, music and poetry would resound along the streets. When we are unhurried and wise, we perceive that only great and worthy things have any permanent and absolute existence,—that petty fears and petty pleasures are but the shadow of the reality. This is always exhilarating and sublime. By closing the eyes and slumbering, and consenting to be deceived by shows, men establish and confirm their daily life of routine and habit every where, which still is built on purely illusory foundations. Children, who play life, discern its true law and relations more clearly than men, who fail to live it worthily, but who think that they are wiser by experience, that is, by failure. I have read in a Hindoo book, that "there was a king's son, who, being expelled in infancy from his native city, was brought up by a forester, and, growing up to maturity in that state, imagined himself to belong to the barbarous race with which he lived. One of his father's ministers having discovered him, revealed to him what he was, and the misconception of his character was removed, and he knew himself to be a prince. So soul," continues the Hindoo philosopher, "from the circumstances in which it is placed, mistakes its own character, until the truth is revealed to it by some holy teacher, and then it knows itself to be *Brahme*." I perceive that we inhabitants of New England live this mean life that we do because our vision does not penetrate the surface of things. We think that that *is* which *appears* to be. If a man should walk through this town and see only

the reality, where, think you, would the "Mill-dam" go to? If he should give us an account of the realities he beheld there, we should not recognize the place in his description. Look at a meeting-house, or a court-house, or a jail, or a shop, or a dwelling-house, and say what that thing really is before a true gaze, and they would all go to pieces in your account of them. Men esteem truth remote, in the outskirts of the system, behind the farthest star, before Adam and after the last man. In eternity there is indeed something true and sublime. But all these times and places and occasions are now and here. God himself culminates in the present moment, and will never be more divine in the lapse of all the ages. And we are enabled to apprehend at all what is sublime and noble only by the perpetual instilling and drenching of the reality which surrounds us. The universe constantly and obediently answers to our conceptions; whether we travel fast or slow, the track is laid for us. Let us spend our lives in conceiving then. The poet or the artist never yet had so fair and noble a design but some of his posterity at least could accomplish it.

Let us spend one day as deliberately as Nature, and not be thrown off the track by every nutshell and mosquito's wing that falls on the rails. Let us rise early and fast, or break fast, gently and without perturbation; let company come and let company go, let the bells ring and the children cry,—determined to make a day of it. Why should we knock under and go with the stream? Let us not be upset and overwhelmed in that terrible rapid and whirlpool called a dinner, situated in the meridian shallows. Weather this danger and you are safe, for the rest of the way is down hill. With unrelaxed nerves, with morning vigor, sail by it, looking another way, tied to the mast like Ulysses. If the engine whistles, let it whistle till it is hoarse for its pains. If the bell rings, why should we run? We will consider what kind of music they are like. Let us settle ourselves, and work and wedge our feet downward through the mud and slush of opinion, and prejudice, and tradition, and delusion, and appearance, that alluvion which covers the globe, through Paris and London, through New York and Boston and Concord, through church and state, through poetry and philosophy and religion, till we come to a hard bottom and rocks in place, which we can call *reality*, and say, This is, and no mistake; and then begin, having a *point d'appui*, below freshet and frost and fire, a place where you might found a wall or a state, or set a lamp-post safely, or perhaps a gauge, not a Nilometer, but a

Realometer, that future ages might know how deep a freshet of shams and appearances had gathered from time to time. If you stand right fronting and face to face to a fact, you will see the sun glimmer on both its surfaces, as if it were a cimeter, and feel its sweet edge dividing you through the heart and marrow, and so you will happily conclude your mortal career. Be it life or death, we crave only reality. If we are really dying, let us hear the rattle in our throats and feel cold in the extremities; if we are alive, let us go about our business.

Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains. I would drink deeper; fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars. I cannot count one. I know not the first letter of the alphabet. I have always been regretting that I was not as wise as the day I was born. The intellect is a cleaver; it discerns and rifts its way into the secret of things. I do not wish to be any more busy with my hands than is necessary. My head is hands and feet. I feel all my best faculties concentrated in it. My instinct tells me that my head is an organ for burrowing, as some creatures use their snout and fore-paws, and with it I would mine and burrow my way through these hills.

I think that the richest vein is somewhere hereabouts; so by the divining rod and thin rising vapors I judge; and here I will begin to mine.

Appendix B: Chapter 16, I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings

16

Recently a white woman from Texas, who would quickly describe herself as a liberal, asked me about my hometown. When I told her that in Stamps my grandmother had owned the only Negro general merchandise store since the turn of the century, she exclaimed, "Why, you were a debutante." Ridiculous and even ludicrous. But Negro girls in small Southern towns, whether poverty-stricken or just munching along on a few of life's necessities, were given as extensive and irrelevant preparations for adulthood as rich white girls shown in magazines. Admittedly the training was not the same. While white girls learned to waltz and sit gracefully with a tea cup balanced on their knees, we were lagging behind, learning the mid-Victorian values with very little money to indulge them. (Come and see Edna Lomax spending the money she made picking cotton on five balls of ecru tatting thread. Her fingers are bound to snag the work and she'll have to repeat the stitches time and time again. But she knows that when she buys the thread.)

We were required to embroider and I had trunkfuls of colorful dishtowels, pillowcases, runners and handkerchiefs to my credit. I mastered the art of crocheting and tatting, and there was a lifetime's supply of dainty doilies that would never be used in sacheted dresser drawers. It went without saying that all girls could iron and wash, but the finer touches around the home, like setting a table with real silver, baking roasts and cooking vegetables without meat, had to be learned elsewhere. Usually at the source of those habits. During my tenth year, a white woman's kitchen became my finishing school.

Mrs. Viola Cullinan was a plump woman who lived in a three-bedroom house somewhere behind the post office. She was singularly unattractive until she smiled, and then the lines around her eyes and mouth which made her look perpetually dirty disappeared, and her face looked like the mask of an impish elf. She usually rested her smile until late afternoon when her women friends dropped in and Miss Glory, the cook, served them cold drinks on the closed-in porch.

The exactness of her house was inhuman. This glass went here and only here. That cup had its place and it was an act of impudent rebellion to place it anywhere else. At twelve o'clock the table was set. At 12:15 Mrs. Cullinan sat down to dinner (whether her husband had arrived or not). At 12:16 Miss Glory brought out the food.

It took me a week to learn the difference between a salad plate, a bread plate and a dessert plate.

Mrs. Cullinan kept up the tradition of her wealthy parents. She was from Virginia. Miss Glory, who was a descendant of slaves that had worked for the Cullinans, told me her history. She had married beneath her (according to Miss Glory). Her husband's family hadn't had their money very long and what they had "didn't 'mount to much."

As ugly as she was, I thought privately, she was lucky to get a husband above or beneath her station. But Miss Glory wouldn't let me say a thing against her mistress. She was very patient with me, however, over the housework. She explained the dishware, silverware and servants' bells. The large round bowl in which soup was served wasn't a soup bowl, it was a tureen. There were goblets, sherbet glasses, ice-cream glasses, wine glasses, green glass coffee cups with matching saucers, and water glasses. I had a glass to drink from, and it sat with Miss Glory's on a separate shelf from the others. Soup spoons, gravy boat, butter knives, salad forks and carving platter were additions to my vocabulary and in fact almost represented a new language. I was fascinated with the novelty, with the fluttering Mrs. Cullinan and her Alice-in-Wonderland house.

Her husband remains, in my memory, undefined. I lumped him with all the other white men that I had ever seen and tried not to see.

On our way home one evening, Miss Glory told me that Mrs. Cullinan couldn't have children. She said that she was too delicate-boned. It was hard to imagine bones at all under those layers of fat. Miss Glory went on to say that the doctor had taken out all her lady organs. I reasoned that a pig's organs included the lungs, heart and liver, so if Mrs. Cullinan was walking around without those essentials, it explained why she drank alcohol out of unmarked bottles. She was keeping herself embalmed.

When I spoke to Bailey about it, he agreed that I was right, but he also informed me that Mr. Cullinan had two daughters by a colored lady and that I knew them very well. He added that the girls were the spitting image of their father. I was unable to remember what he looked like, although I had just left him a few hours before, but I thought of the Coleman girls. They were very light-skinned and certainly didn't look very much like their mother (no one ever mentioned Mr. Coleman).

My pity for Mrs. Cullinan preceded me the next morning like the Cheshire cat's smile. Those girls, who could have been her daughters, were beautiful. They didn't have to straighten their hair. Even when they were caught in the

rain, their braids still hung down straight like tamed snakes. Their mouths were pouty little cupid's bows. Mrs. Cullinan didn't know what she missed. Or maybe she did. Poor Mrs. Cullinan.

For weeks after, I arrived early, left late and tried very hard to make up for her barrenness. If she had had her own children, she wouldn't have had to ask me to run a thousand errands from her back door to the back door of her friends. Poor old Mrs. Cullinan.

Then one evening Miss Glory told me to serve the ladies on the porch. After I set the tray down and turned toward the kitchen, one of the women asked, "What's your name, girl?" It was the speckled-faced one. Mrs. Cullinan said, "She doesn't talk much. Her name's Margaret."

"Is she dumb?"

"No. As I understand it, she can talk when she wants to but she's usually quiet as a little mouse. Aren't you, Margaret?"

I smiled at her. Poor thing. No organs and couldn't even pronounce my name correctly.

"She's a sweet little thing, though."

"Well, that may be, but the name's too long. I'd never bother myself. I'd call her Mary if I was you."

I fumed into the kitchen. That horrible woman would never have the chance to call me Mary because if I was starving I'd never work for her. I decided I wouldn't pee on her if her heart was on fire. Giggles drifted in off the porch and into Miss Glory's pots. I wondered what they could be laughing about.

Whitefolks were so strange. Could they be talking about me? Everybody knew that they stuck together better than the Negroes did. It was possible that Mrs. Cullinan had friends in St. Louis who heard about a girl from Stamps being in court and wrote to tell her. Maybe she knew about Mr. Freeman.

My lunch was in my mouth a second time and I went outside and relieved myself on the bed of four-o'clocks. Miss Glory thought I might be coming down with something and told me to go on home, that Momma would give me some herb tea, and she'd explain to her mistress.

I realized how foolish I was being before I reached the pond. Of course Mrs. Cullinan didn't know. Otherwise she wouldn't have given me the two nice dresses that Momma cut down, and she certainly wouldn't have called me a "sweet little thing." My stomach felt fine, and I didn't mention anything to Momma.

That evening I decided to write a poem on being white, fat, old and without children. It was going to be a tragic ballad. I would have to watch her carefully to capture the essence of her loneliness and pain.

The very next day, she called me by the wrong name. Miss Glory and I were washing up the lunch dishes when Mrs. Cullinan came to the doorway. "Mary?"

Miss Glory asked, "Who?"

Mrs. Cullinan, sagging a little, knew and I knew. "I want Mary to go down to Mrs. Randall's and take her some soup. She's not been feeling well for a few days."

Miss Glory's face was a wonder to see. "You mean Margaret, ma'am. Her name's Margaret."

"That's too long. She's Mary from now on. Heat that soup from last night and put it in the china tureen and, Mary, I want you to carry it carefully."

Every person I knew had a hellish horror of being "called out of his name." It was a dangerous practice to call a Negro anything that could be loosely construed as insulting because of the centuries of their having been called niggers, jigs, dinges, blackbirds, crows, boots and spooks.

Miss Glory had a fleeting second of feeling sorry for me. Then as she handed me the hot tureen she said, "Don't mind, don't pay that no mind. Sticks and stones may break your bones, but words … You know, I been working for her for twenty years."

She held the back door open for me. "Twenty years. I wasn't much older than you. My name used to be Hallelujah. That's what Ma named me, but my mistress give me 'Glory,' and it stuck. I likes it better too."

I was in the little path that ran behind the houses when Miss Glory shouted, "It's shorter too."

For a few seconds it was a tossup over whether I would laugh (imagine being named Hallelujah) or cry (imagine letting some white woman rename you for her convenience). My anger saved me from either outburst. I had to quit the job, but the problem was going to be how to do it. Momma wouldn't allow me to quit for just any reason.

"She's a peach. That woman is a real peach." Mrs. Randall's maid was talking as she took the soup from me, and I wondered what her name used to be and what she answered to now.

For a week I looked into Mrs. Cullinan's face as she called me Mary. She ignored my coming late and leaving early. Miss Glory was a little annoyed because I had begun to leave egg yolk on the dishes and wasn't putting much heart in polishing the silver. I hoped that she would complain to our boss, but she didn't.

Then Bailey solved my dilemma. He had me describe the contents of the cupboard and the particular plates she liked best. Her favorite piece was a casserole shaped like a fish and the green glass coffee cups. I kept his instructions in mind, so on the next day when Miss Glory was hanging out clothes and I had again been told to serve the old biddies on the porch, I dropped the empty serving tray. When I heard Mrs. Cullinan scream, "Mary!" I picked up the casserole and two of the green glass cups in readiness. As she rounded the kitchen door I let them fall on the tiled floor.

I could never absolutely describe to Bailey what happened next, because each time I got to the part where she fell on the floor and screwed up her ugly face to cry, we burst out laughing. She actually wobbled around on the floor and picked up shards of the cups and cried, "Oh, Momma. Oh, dear Gawd. It's Momma's china from Virginia. Oh, Momma, I sorry."

Miss Glory came running in from the yard and the women from the porch crowded around. Miss Glory was almost as broken up as her mistress. "You mean to say she broke our Virginia dishes? What we gone do?"

Mrs. Cullinan cried louder, "That clumsy nigger. Clumsy little black nigger."

Old speckled-face leaned down and asked, "Who did it, Viola? Was it Mary? Who did it?"

Everything was happening so fast I can't remember whether her action preceded her words, but I know that Mrs. Cullinan said, "Her name's Margaret, goddamn it, her name's Margaret." And she threw a wedge of the broken plate at me. It could have been the hysteria which put her aim off, but the flying crockery caught Miss Glory right over her ear and she started screaming.

I left the front door wide open so all the neighbors could hear.

Mrs. Cullinan was right about one thing. My name wasn't Mary.

Appendix C: A Startling and Brave Truth,

by Maya Angelou

We, this people, on a small and lonely planet
Traveling through casual space
Past aloof stars, across the way of indifferent suns
To a destination where all signs tell us
It is possible and imperative that we learn
A brave and startling truth

And when we come to it
To the day of peacemaking
When we release our fingers
From fists of hostility
And allow the pure air to cool our palms

When we come to it
When the curtain falls on the minstrel show of hate
And faces sooted with scorn are scrubbed clean
When battlefields and coliseum
No longer rake our unique and particular sons and daughters
Up with the bruised and bloody grass
To lie in identical plots in foreign soil

When the rapacious storming of the churches
The screaming racket in the temples have ceased
When the pennants are waving gaily
When the banners of the world tremble
Stoutly in the good, clean breeze

When we come to it
When we let the rifles fall from our shoulders
And children dress their dolls in flags of truce
When land mines of death have been removed
And the aged can walk into evenings of peace
When religious ritual is not perfumed
By the incense of burning flesh
And childhood dreams are not kicked awake
By nightmares of abuse

When we come to it
Then we will confess that not the Pyramids
With their stones set in mysterious perfection
Nor the Gardens of Babylon
Hanging as eternal beauty
In our collective memory
Not the Grand Canyon
Kindled into delicious color
By Western sunsets

Nor the Danube, flowing its blue soul into Europe
Not the sacred peak of Mount Fuji
Stretching to the Rising Sun
Neither Father Amazon nor Mother Mississippi who, without favor,
Nurture all creatures in the depths and on the shores
These are not the only wonders of the world

When we come to it
We, this people, on this minuscule and kithless globe
Who reach daily for the bomb, the blade and the dagger
Yet who petition in the dark for tokens of peace
We, this people on this mote of matter
In whose mouths abide cankerous words
Which challenge our very existence
Yet out of those same mouths
Come songs of such exquisite sweetness
That the heart falters in its labor
And the body is quieted into awe

We, this people, on this small and drifting planet
Whose hands can strike with such abandon
That in a twinkling, life is sapped from the living
Yet those same hands can touch with such healing, irresistible tenderness
That the haughty neck is happy to bow
And the proud back is glad to bend

Out of such chaos, of such contradiction
We learn that we are neither devils nor divines

When we come to it
We, this people, on this wayward, floating body
Created on this earth, of this earth
Have the power to fashion for this earth
A climate where every man and every woman
Can live freely without sanctimonious piety
Without crippling fear

When we come to it
We must confess that we are the possible
We are the miraculous, the true wonder of this world
That is when, and only when
We come to it.

Appendix D: The Rocket Man

She packed my bags last night, pre-flight
Zero hour: 9:00 AM
And I'm gonna be high as a kite by then
I miss the Earth so much, I miss my wife
It's lonely out in space
On such a timeless flight

And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
'Til touchdown brings me 'round again to find
I'm not the man they think I am at home
Oh, no, no, no
I'm a rocket man
Rocket man!
Burning out his fuse up here alone
And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
'Til touchdown brings me 'round again to find
I'm not the man they think I am at home
Oh, no, no, no
I'm a rocket man
Rocket man!
Burning out his fuse up here alone

Mars ain't the kind of place to raise your kids
In fact, it's cold as hell
And there's no one there to raise them if you did
And all the science, I don't understand
It's just my job five days a week
A rocket man
A rocket man

And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
'Til touchdown brings me 'round again to find
I'm not the man they think I am at home
Oh, no, no, no
I'm a rocket man
Rocket man!
Burning out his fuse up here alone
And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
'Til touchdown brings me 'round again to find
I'm not the man they think I am at home
Oh, no, no, no
I'm a rocket man
Rocket man!
Burning out his fuse up here alone

And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
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And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
And I think it's gonna be a long, long time

Appendix E: The Green Belt Movement

Media That Set Us Free: The Green Belt Movement, and the Story of Wangari Maathai SHARE

The Green Belt Movement, and the Story of Wangari Maathai

Wangari Maathai's Nobel Peace Prize brings trees, women, democracy, and the continent of Africa into the center of global discussions of peace.

BY MIA MACDONALD · 8 MIN READ · Why you can trust us · MAR 26, 2005

Wangari Maathai has always had an affinity for trees. As a child, she learned from her grandmother that a large fig tree near her family home in central Kenya was sacred and not to be disturbed. She gathered water for her mother at springs protected by the roots of trees. In the mid-1970s, Maathai, in an effort to meet the basic needs of rural women, began to plant trees with them. Her non-governmental Green Belt Movement has planted 30 million trees across

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Kenya, many of which still stand. In 2004 her work was internationally recognized with the Nobel Peace Prize.

"As trees grow, they give you hope and self-confidence," Maathai said recently. "You feel good, like you have transformed the landscape." So it should come as no surprise that within an hour of learning she had won the peace prize for her contribution to sustainable development, democracy, and peace, Maathai planted a tree. It was a nandi flame tree native to her home region of Nyeri, Kenya, where Maathai was when she heard the news. Never one to stand on ceremony, she knelt on the earth and dug her hands into the red soil, warm from the sun, and settled the tree into the ground. It was, she told the journalists and onlookers gathered, "the best way to celebrate."

I was with Maathai that day. Rubbing the dirt from her hands, she took the occasion to turn her message to the world: "Honor this moment by planting trees," she said as the media jammed her cell phone. "I'm sure millions of trees would be planted if every friend of the environment, and especially of me, did."

Putting the pieces together

It was in the mid-1970s that Maathai became aware of Kenya's ecological decline: watersheds drying up, streams disappearing, and the desert expanding south from the Sahara. On visits to Nyeri she found streams she had known as a child gone—dried up. Vast forests had been cleared for farms or plantations of fast-growing exotic trees that drained the ecosystem of water and degraded the soil.

Maathai began making connections others hadn't. "Listening to the women talk about water, about energy, about nutrition, it all boiled down to the

environment," she told me recently. "I came to understand the linkage between environmental degradation and the felt needs of the communities."

She hit on the idea of using trees to replenish the soil, provide fuel wood, protect watersheds and promote better nutrition (through growing fruit trees). "If you understand and you are disturbed, then you are moved to action," she says. "That's exactly what happened to me."

Maathai set up a tree nursery in Karura Forest on the outskirts of Nairobi, later shifting it to her backyard. But the idea did not catch fire. In her book, The Green Belt Movement: Sharing the Approach and the Experience, Maathai recounts bringing seedlings to the annual agricultural show in Nairobi in 1975. A number of people expressed interest in tree planting. Not one, though, followed up.

Disappointed, but not deterred, the National Council of Women of Kenya urged her to pursue the idea and in 1977, the Green Belt Movement was born. Planting trees seemed "reasonable, doable," she says. But government foresters initially resisted. They didn't believe uneducated rural women could plant and tend trees.

"People who are very educated find it very hard to be simple-minded," Maathai says, laughing. Women, too, didn't think they could do it. But Maathai showed them how, building on skills they already had.

The women, at first a few small groups, gathered seeds for trees in forests. Then they planted them in whatever they had at hand, including old tin cans or broken cups. (At the Nobel Peace Prize ceremonies, Maathai told Oprah Winfrey in an interview, ruefully, that her then husband had looked askance at women watered the seedlings and gave them adequate sun. Then, when they were about a foot tall, they planted them on private land (theirs or others).

The trees grow—and branch out

When the tree was judged by Maathai or, in time, by her small field staff, to have survived, women were paid. It was a nominal amount, today less than 10 U.S. cents a tree. But in poor communities where unemployment was and still is rife, women's options to earn money are few. Income from tree planting is important; it provides women a measure of independence and even power in households and communities.

In 1981, the Green Belt Movement got its first significant funding when the United Nations Development Fund for Women (UNIFEM) provided "seed money" that transformed the effort from a few tree nurseries to a large number with thousands of seedlings. The UNIFEM support also "helped us mobilize thousands of women" whom Maathai calls "foresters without diplomas." In 1986, Maathai took her idea region-wide; with funding from the UN Environment Program, the Green Belt Movement launched the Pan African Green Belt Network. The Network offers training and hands-on experience to grassroots environment and development groups. A number of them, in Ethiopia, Tanzania, Uganda, Rwanda and other African countries, have integrated the Green Belt Movement's approach.

Over the years, the Green Belt Movement has incorporated other community activities into tree-planting efforts. Among these are cultivation of more nutritious, indigenous foods; low-tech but effective ways to harvest and store rainwater; training in entrepreneurship; and providing information on reproductive health and HIV/AIDS prevention.

Anything but garden variety

Maathai, the first African woman and first environmentalist to be honored with the peace prize, has always hewn to a singular path. The third child of a sharecropper father and subsistence farmer mother, Maathai began attending school at age seven. Her eldest brother, Nderitu, in school himself, suggested it. Although it was unusual for rural girls in British-ruled Kenya to study, her parents agreed.

Maathai excelled and found herself drawn to the sciences. After graduating near the top of her class from a convent high school, she was awarded a U.S. government scholarship designed to enable young Kenyans to be post-independence leaders.

Maathai studied in Kansas and Pennsylvania, earning bachelor's and master's degrees. In 1963, she watched Kenya gain independence on television, and she returned home in 1966. Then in her early 20s, Maathai joined the University of Nairobi as a researcher and then lecturer in veterinary anatomy. What followed was a series of firsts. In 1971, she became the first woman in east and central Africa to earn a Ph.D.; her doctorate is in biological sciences. A few years later she was appointed the university's first woman department chair. She got married and had three children, now in their 30s. Her daughter, Wanjira, works with the Green Belt Movement.

In the early 1990s, the Green Belt Movement launched a civic and environmental education program. In her Nobel Prize acceptance speech in December, she said the purpose of the program was to help people "make the connections between their own personal actions and the problems they witness in their environment and society." With this knowledge they wake up—like looking in a new mirror—and can move beyond fear or inertia to action.

Maathai and the Green Belt Movement led high-profile campaigns to save Kenya's forests and green spaces. In 1991, for instance, the movement saved Nairobi's Uhuru Park from an enormous high-rise to be built by the ruling party. The dictatorship was still strong, and not amused. For their boldness, Maathai and Green Belt colleagues were subjected to stints in jail and harassment, including death threats. Many nights, Maathai stayed in safe houses. She was ridiculed publicly by parliament and then-President Daniel Arap Moi, who called her a mad woman and a "divorcée." At protests, government security forces and hired thugs regularly inflicted beatings—once to within a panga (club) blow of Maathai's life.

And yet, she was not put off. "It is as clear as day. You cannot protect the environment if you do not have democratic governance [or] democratic space," she says.

In 1992, partly as a result of Maathai's activism, Kenya legalized opposition political parties. In subsequent years, the regime, while still corrupt and cantankerous, showed signs of cracking. After a series of violent confrontations with Maathai and the Green Belt Movement over Karura Forest in 1999, the regime abandoned its illegal development plans. The forest stands today, vast and green, on the edge of Nairobi's throbbing streets.

Toward democracy and peace

Still, Maathai spent International Women's Day in 2001 in jail. President Moi, opening a women's seminar that same month, asserted that women's "little

minds" slowed their progress. But Maathai has had the last laugh. She was elected to Parliament in 2002, then appointed deputy minister of environment and natural resources. In many ways, her world, and Kenya's, has turned upside down. The day Maathai and other members of the new government were inaugurated, Maathai recognized her police escorts. They had once been her jailors.

The night she was leaving for Oslo for the peace prize ceremonies, Maathai hit Nairobi's notorious rush hour traffic jam. The police were called to clear the traffic so she could reach a send-off celebration in time. Lillian Muchungi, a long-time Green Belt Movement staff member who had been arrested with Maathai, was disbelieving: "Now they are clearing the way for her. But how they used to fight us. Oh!"

Maathai told me she views the peace prize as recognition of a "long, long struggle"—an honor unlike any she had thought to receive. Kenya's press deemed Maathai a model Kenyan who had made the country immensely proud. Ordinary Kenyans, both women and men, cheered. Many say Maathai is Kenya's best hope of ending decades of stagnation, corruption, and environmental decline (calls for her to be made environment minister have not subsided).

"She's an African iron core lady, a strong lady, brain-wise," said Bernard Mungai, a Nairobi driver, in a typical reaction to the Nobel news. "She's ready for everything. Women [like Maathai] will help Kenya catch up." One self-help columnist urged young Kenyans to plant trees; "You never know," she said, "where it might lead."

Laurels and more work

Up close, Maathai's decades of activism appear to have left few scars. Her unlined face makes her look much younger than her age. And while she retains the serious demeanor of a university professor, Maathai laughs easily and deeply, including at herself. When she smiles, which she does often, her face draws light upward, to her high cheekbones and large eyes. She likes to cook, enjoys a good joke and was an Oprah Winfrey fan before the two met in Oslo and hit it off. (Winfrey, along with Tom Cruise, co-hosted the Nobel Peace Prize concert.)

Although Maathai proved herself a star, with substance, at the peace prize festivities, there is little likelihood of her becoming ungrounded. At the glittery concert, Maathai joked as Winfrey and Cruise looked on: "Because I am used to the grassroots, digging holes and planting trees, it has not been very easy to be at the top!"

Admittedly, since becoming the Nobel laureate, Maathai has planted trees with such luminaries as Norway's prime minister and Britain's finance minister. But she also recently planted hundreds of seedlings in the Aberdare Forest, not far from Nyeri, and no ceremonial shovels were in sight.

No plans exist for resting on laurels. Maathai is still waging a battle to protect Kenya's indigenous forests, which cover less than 2 percent of the land—a perilously low level. She is also working on restoration of forests, using the Green Belt Movement model she perfected over nearly three decades.

In the Aberdare Forest, local Green Belt groups and others are working with the Forestry Department (once notoriously corrupt) and have raised and transplanted over 200,000 native tree seedlings. Maathai wants to expand the program to four other national forests at risk. "I used to get hoarse shouting

from outside," Maathai laughs. "Now that I am in [the government], I'm trying to tell them from inside that this is the way it should be."

Possibilities for healing

In Oslo, Maathai called for a new relationship with the Earth, "to heal her wounds and in the process heal our own." She called on her audience to "embrace the whole creation in all its diversity, beauty and wonder.…"

Maathai plans to use the Peace Prize to ensure that her words translate to action. While continuing her work in government, she plans to strengthen and expand the Green Belt Movement, including in post-conflict countries like Sudan. Despite the Green Belt Movement high profile in international NGO and donor circles, Maathai has always had to scramble to meet program and staff costs.

The Wangari Maathai Foundation, launched at the peace prize ceremonies, will extend the scope of Maathai's work in three areas: the role of culture in environmental protection, reforestation ("greening the Earth"), and good governance, especially in Africa. Maathai also wants others around the world — environmentalists, women's rights activists, democracy campaigners, peace advocates, Africans, and especially, African women—to claim the prize and use it. "We don't need to wait until individually we receive a prize," she says. "…we don't work for recognition. We work because we believe in what we do."

Appendix F: The Lorax

The Lorax

By Dr. Seuss

UNLESS someone like you cares a whole awful lot, nothing is going to get better.

It's not.

Be a Watershed Volunteer.

At the far end of town where the Grickle-grass grows and the wind smells slow-and-sour when it blows and no birds ever sing excepting old crows... is the Street of the Lifted Lorax.

And deep in the Grickle-grass, some people say, if you look deep enough you can still see, today, where the Lorax once stood just as long as it could before somebody lifted the Lorax away.

What was the Lorax? Any why was it there? And why was it lifted and taken somewhere from the far end of town where the Grickle-grass grows? The old Once-ler still lives here.

Ask him, he knows.

You won't see the Once-ler. Don't knock at his door. He stays in his Lerkim on top of his store. He stays in his Lerkim, cold under the floor, where he makes his own clothes out of miff-muffered moof. And on special dank midnights in August, he peeks out of the shutters and sometimes he speaks and tells how the Lorax was lifted away. He'll tell you, perhaps... if you're willing to pay.

On the end of a rope he lets down a tin pail and you have to toss in fifteen cents and a nail and the shell of a great-great-great- grandfather snail.

Then he pulls up the pail, makes a most careful count to see if you've paid him the proper amount. Then he hides what you paid him away in his Snuvv, his secret strange hole in his gruvvulous glove. Then he grunts. I will call you by Whisper-ma-Phone, for the secrets I tell you are for your ears alone.

SLUPP Down slupps the Whisper-ma-Phone to your ear and the old Once-ler's whispers are not very clear, since they have to come down through a snergelly hose, and he sounds as if he had smallish bees up his nose. Now I'll tell you, he says, with his teeth sounding gray, how the Lorax got lifted and taken away... It all started way back... such a long, long time back...

Way back in the days when the grass was still green and the pond was still wet and the clouds were still clean, and the song of the Swomee-Swans rang out in space... one morning, I came to this glorious place. And I first saw the trees! The Truffula Trees! The bright-colored tufts of the Truffula Trees! Mile after mile in the fresh morning breeze.

And under the trees, I saw Brown Bar-ba-loots frisking about in their Bar-ba-loot suits as the played in the shade and ate Truffula Fruits. From the rippulous pond came the comfortable sound of the Humming-Fish humming while splashing around.

But those trees! Those trees! Those Truffula Trees! All my life I'd been searching for trees such as these. The touch of their tufts was much softer than silk. And they had the sweet smell of fresh butterfly milk.

I felt a great leaping of joy in my heart. I knew just what I'd do! I unloaded my cart. In no time at all, I had built a small shop. Then I chopped down a Truffula Tree with one chop. And with great skillful skill and with great speedy speed, I took the soft tuft. And I knitted a Thneed!

The instant I'd finished I heard a ga-Zump! I looked. I saw something pop out of the stump of the tree I'd chopped down. It was sort of a man. Describe him...That's hard. I don't know if I can. He was shortish, and oldish, and brownish and mossy. And he spoke with a voice that was sharpish and bossy.

Mister! He said with a sawdusty sneeze, I am the Lorax. I speak for the trees. I speak for the trees, for the trees have no tongues. And I'm asking you, sir, at the top of my lungs-- he was very upset as he shouted and puffed--What's that THING you've made out of my Truffula tuft?

Look, Lorax, I said. There's no cause for alarm. I chopped just one tree. I am doing no harm. I'm being quite useful. This thing is a Thneed. A Thneed's a Fine-Something-That-All-People-Need! It's a shirt. It's a sock. It's a glove. It's a hat. But it has other uses. Yes, far beyond that. You can use it for carpets. For pillows! For sheets! Or curtains! Or covers for bicycle seats! The Lorax said, Sir! You are crazy with greed. There is no one on earth who would buy that fool Thneed!

But the very next minute I proved he was wrong. For, just at that minute, a chap came along, and he thought that the Thneed I had knitted was great. He happily bought it for three ninety-eight. I laughed at the Lorax, You poor stupid guy! You never can tell what some people will buy.

I repeat, cried the Lorax, I speak for the trees!

I'm busy, I told him. Shut up, if you please. I rushed 'cross the room, and in no time at all, built a radiophone. I put in a quick call. I called all my brothers and uncles and aunts and I said, listen here! Here's a wonderful chance for the whole Once-ler Family to get mighty rich! Get over here fast! Take the road to North Nitch. Turn left at Weehawken. Sharp right at South Stitch.

And, in no time at all, in the factory I built, the whole Once-ler Family was working full tilt. We were all knitting Thneed's just as busy as bees, to the sound of the chopping of Truffula Trees.

Then... Oh! Baby! Oh! How my business did grow! Now, chopping one tree at a time was too slow. So I quickly invented my Super-Axe-Hacker, which whacked off four Truffula Trees at one smacker. We were making Thneed's four times as fast as before! And that Lorax?... He didn't show up any more.

But the next week he knocked on my new office door. He snapped! I'm the Lorax who speaks for the trees, which you seem to be chopping as fast as you please. But I'm also in charge of the Brown Bar-ba-loots, who played in the shade in their Bar-ba-loot suits and happily lived, eating Truffula Fruits. NOW...thanks to your hacking my trees to the ground, there's not enough Truffula Fruit to go 'round.

And my poor Bar-ba-loots are all getting the crummies because they have gas, and no food, in their tummies! They loved living here. But I can't let them stay. They'll have to find food. And I hope that they may. Good luck, boys, he cried. And he sent them away.

I, the Once-ler, felt sad as I watched them all go. BUT... business is business! And business must grow regardless of crummies in tummies, you know.

I meant no harm. I most truly did not. But I had to grow bigger. So bigger I got. I biggered my factory. I biggered my roads. I biggered my wagons. I biggered the loads of the Thneed's I shipped out. I was shipping them forth to the South! To the East! To the West! To the North! I went right on biggering...selling more Thneed's. And I biggered my money, which everyone needs.

Then again he came back! I was fixing some pipes when that old nuisance Lorax came back with more gripes. I am the Lorax, he coughed and he whiffed. He sneezed and he snuffled. He snarggled. He sniffed. Once-ler! He cried with a cruffulous croak. Once-ler! You're making such smogulous smoke!

My poor Swomee-Swans...why, they can't sing a note! No one can sing who has smog in his throat. And so, said the Lorax, --please pardon my cough-- they cannot live here. So I'm sending them off. Where will they go? I don't hopefully know. They may have to fly for a month...or a year... To escape from the smog you've smogged-up around here.

What's more, snapped the Lorax. (His dander was up.) Let me say a few words about Gluppity-Glupp. Your machinery chugs on, day and night without stop making Gluppity-Glupp. Also Schloppity-Schlopp. And what do you do with this leftover goo? I'll show you. You dirty old Once-ler man, you!

You're glumping the pond where the Humming-Fish hummed! No more can they hum, for their gills are all gummed. So I'm sending them off. Oh, their future is dreary. They'll walk on their fins and get woefully weary in search of some water that isn't so smeary.

And then I got mad. I got terribly mad. I yelled at the Lorax, Now listen here, Dad! All you do is yap-yap and say, Bad! Bad! Bad! Bad! Well, I have my rights, sir, and I'm telling you I intend to go on doing just what I do! And, for your information, you Lorax, I'm figgering on biggering and Biggering and BIGGERING and **BIGGERING!!** Turning MORE Truffula Trees into Thneed's which everyone, EVERYONE, **EVERYONE** needs!

And at that very moment, we heard a loud whack! From outside in the fields came a sickening smack of an axe on a tree. Then we heard the tree fall. The very last Truffula Tree of them all! No more trees. No more Thneed's. No more work to be done. So, in no time, my uncles and aunts, every one, all waved my good-bye. They jumped into my cars and drove away under the smoke-smuggered stars.

Now all that was left beneath the bad-smelling sky was my big empty factory... the Lorax... and I.

The Lorax said nothing. Just gave me a glance... just gave me a very sad, sad backward glance... as he lifted himself by the seat of his pants. And I'll never forget the grim look on his face when he hoisted himself and took leave of this place, through a hole in the smog, without leaving a trace. And all that the Lorax left here in this mess was a small pile of rocks, with one word... **UNLESS**.

Whatever that meant, well, I just couldn't guess.

That was long, long ago. But each day since that day I've sat here and worried and worried away. Through the years, while my buildings have fallen apart, I've worried about it with all of my heart.

But now, says the Once-ler, Now that you're here, the word of the Lorax seems perfectly clear. UNLESS someone like you cares a whole awful lot, nothing is going to get better. It's not.

SO... Catch! Calls the Once-ler. He lets something fall. It's a Truffula Seed. It's the last one of all! You're in charge of the last of the Truffula Seeds. And Truffula Trees are what everyone needs. Plant a new Truffula. Treat it with care. Give it clean water. And feed it fresh air. Grow a forest. Protect it from axes that hack. Then the Lorax and all of his friends may come back.