

# look back



*Do you ever wonder why  
your world is the way it is?*



Things don't just happen by chance. There's a reason why everything is the way it is. In this unit, you will read about people and events that have changed the world. Some were good. Some were bad. All are worth knowing about.





# Sedna, Mother of the Sea Animals

RONALD MELZACK



*Young Sedna* by Pitloosie Saila

Long ago, there were no seals or walruses for the Inuit to hunt. There

were reindeer and birds, bears and wolves, but there were no animals in the sea. There was, at that time, an Inuit girl called Sedna who lived with her father in an igloo by the seashore. Sedna was beautiful, and she was courted by men from her own village and by others who came from faraway lands. But none of these men pleased her and she refused to marry.

One day, a handsome young hunter from a strange far-off country paddled his kayak across

## Focus Your Learning

Reading this myth will help you:

- share and compare your responses
- create an illustration interpreting the text
- explore character motivation in the form of a monologue
- report on other examples of Inuit myth or artwork





the shining sea toward the shores of Sedna's home. He wore beautiful clothes and carried an ivory spear.

He paused at the shore's edge, and called to Sedna, "Come with me! Come to the land of the birds where there is never hunger and where my tent is made of the most beautiful skins. You will rest on soft bear skins, your lamp will always be filled with oil, and you will always have meat."

Sedna at first refused. Again he told her of the home in which they would live, the rich furs and ivory necklaces that he would give her. Sedna could no longer resist. She left her father's home and joined the young hunter.

When they were out at sea, the young man dropped his paddle into the water. Sedna stared with fright as he raised his hands toward the sky, and, before her eyes, they were transformed into huge wings—the wings of a Loon. He was no man at all, but a spirit bird, with the power to become a human being.

Sedna sat on the Loon's back and they flew toward his home. When they landed on an island in the sea, Sedna discovered that the Loon had lied to her. Her new home was cold and windy, and she had to eat fish brought to her by the Loon and by the other birds that shared their island.

Soon she was lonesome and afraid, and she cried sadly, "Oh father, if you knew how sad I am, you would come to me and carry me away in your kayak. I am a stranger here. I am cold and miserable. Please come, and take me back."

When a year had passed and the sea was calm, Sedna's father set out to visit her in her far-off land. She greeted him joyfully and begged him to take her back. He lifted her into his boat, and raced across the sea toward home.

When the Loon spirit returned, he found his wife gone. The other birds on the island told him that she had fled with her father. He immediately took the shape of a man, and followed in his kayak. When Sedna's father saw him coming, he covered his daughter with the furs he kept in his boat.

Swiftly the Loon spirit rushed alongside in his kayak.

“Let me see my wife,” he cried.

Sedna’s father refused.

“Sedna,” he called out, “come back with me! No man could love you as much as I do.”

But Sedna’s kayak flashed across the water. The Loon man stopped paddling. Sadly, slowly, he raised his hands towards the sky and once again they became wings. He flew over the kayak that was carrying his Sedna away from him. He hovered over the boat, crying the strange, sad call of the Loon. Then he plunged down into the sea.

The moment the Loon spirit disappeared, the sea waves began to swell up in fury. The sea gods were angry that Sedna had betrayed her husband. The kayak rose and fell as huge waves lashed against it. Sedna’s father was terrified, and to save himself he pushed Sedna overboard. Sedna rose to the surface and her fingers gripped the edge of the kayak. But her father, frenzied with fear that he would be killed by the vengeful sea spirits, pulled out a knife and stabbed her hands.

Then, it is said, an astonishing thing happened, perhaps because the Loon spirit or the sea spirits had willed it: the blood that flowed from Sedna’s hands congealed in the water, taking different shapes, until suddenly two seals emerged from it. Sedna fell back into the sea, and coming back again, gripped the boat even more tightly. Again her father stabbed her hands and the blood flowed, and this time walrus emerged from the blood-red sea. In desperate fear for his life, he stabbed her hands a third time, and the blood flowed through the water, congealed, and the whales grew out of it.

At last the storm ended. Sedna sank to the bottom of the sea, and all the sea animals that were born from her blood followed her.

Sedna’s father, exhausted and bitter, at last arrived home. He entered his igloo and fell into a deep sleep. Outside, Sedna’s dog, who had been her friend since childhood, howled as the wind blew across the land.

That night, Sedna commanded the creatures of the sea that had emerged from her blood to bring her father and her dog to her. The sea

animals swam furiously in front of her father's igloo. The tides ran higher and higher. They washed up on the beach until they demolished the igloo and carried Sedna's father and her dog down to the depths of the sea. There they joined Sedna, and all three have lived ever since in the land of the waters.

To this day, Inuit hunters pray to Sedna, goddess of the seas, who commands all the sea animals. She is vengeful and bitter, and men beg her to release the animals that were born of her so that they may eat. By her whim, a man successfully harpoons seals and walruses or is swept away from land by the stormy seas. The spirits of the great medicine men swim down to her home and comb her hair, because her hands still hurt. And if they comb her hair well, she releases a seal, a walrus, or a whale.

## Activities

1. This is a story of vengefulness and bitterness. Why is it appropriate as a myth about the seas? Discuss your opinions as a class.
2. This myth contains many striking images. Create an illustration of one of them.
3. In the role of Sedna, prepare a monologue addressed to her father in which she comments on his actions as described in this myth.
4. Look for another story or piece of artwork that illustrates Inuit myths about or attitudes towards one of the following: loon, seal, walrus, or whale. Prepare a short presentation about your story or artwork, explaining the importance of the subject to the Inuit and how and why you find the piece effective.

# Immigrants

William Lyon Mackenzie and John Robert Colombo

Quebec,  
April 22nd to 25th,  
1831.

One forenoon  
I went on board the ship  
*Airthy Castle*,  
from Bristol,  
immediately after her arrival.  
The passengers were in number 254,  
all in the hold or steerage;  
all English, from about Bristol,  
Bath, Frome, Warminster, Maiden Bradley, &c.  
I went below,  
and truly it was a curious sight.  
About 200 human beings,  
male and female,  
young, old, and middle-aged;  
talking, singing, laughing, crying, eating, drinking, shaving,  
washing;  
some naked in bed, and others dressing to go ashore;  
handsome young women (perhaps some)  
and ugly old men,  
married and single;

## Focus Your Learning

Studying this poem will help you:

- identify and experiment with tone of speech
- work in a group to create a role play
- conduct research into the immigrant experience
- write a fictional biography





*Behind Bonsecours Market, Montreal* by W. Raphael, National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, purchased 1957.

religious and irreligious.  
Here a grave matron  
chaunting selections  
from the latest edition  
of the last new hymn book;  
there, a brawny plough-boy  
“pouring forth the sweet melody  
of Robin Adair.”  
These settlers were poor,  
but in general  
they were fine-looking people,



and such as I was glad  
to see come to America.  
They had had a fine passage  
of about a month,  
and they told me  
that no more ship loads of settlers  
would come from the same quarter  
this year.  
I found that it was  
the intention of many of them  
to come to Upper Canada.  
Fortune may smile on some,  
and frown on others;  
but it is my opinion  
that few among them will forget  
being cooped up below deck  
for four weeks  
in a moveable bed-room,  
with 250 such fellow-lodgers  
as I have endeavoured to describe.

## Activities

1. Identify the speaker in this poem. What can you tell about him from his tone and attitude toward the immigrants? Work in a small group to create a role play of a conversation between the speaker and some of the immigrants. The speaker should maintain the tone of the poem.
2. Research some aspects of the experience of immigrants to Canada in the 1830s.

Focus on particular aspects such as reasons for coming, transportation, finding a job, etc. Then write a short fictional biography of an immigrant to Canada at this time, based on what you have discovered in your research. You might also wish to incorporate details from the poem.

# The Scarlatina

JOANNE FINDON



Before the summer of the scarlet fever Alice thought Mama was always right. About the water cure. About God. About everything. But then the scarlatina came to Whittier's Ridge.

The scarlatina had been making the rounds of homes in the New Brunswick community for weeks, and now it was high summer. Everyone with hay to cut was out in the fields. All the children trooped off to pick blueberries, and often Alice went with them. But this summer there was no joy in these outings. So many had been sick, and some children had died. The warm breezes seemed laced with fear.

Alice sat across from Papa at breakfast. Next to her was Albert, with Sandy across from him shifting restlessly on the wooden bench. Beside Sandy sat Frank, absorbed in a string game. On Alice's other side was Clara, just turned three, a golden-haired little fairy with a mischievous grin.

"I'll go over to Nancy's this morning," announced Mama as she spooned out the porridge. "She's in mourning for her little Lizzie, who died last night."

"Scarlatina again?" Papa frowned as he bounced baby George on his knee.

Mama snorted. "So they'll say, but more likely from the drug doctoring. Old Doctor Smythe was over there, with his pills and poisons."

"Now, Sarah, Doc Smythe is a good man."

"He may be a good man, but he refuses to see the true light of God's will for natural healing. Here it is 1874, and the new progressive medicine is well known. Yet he still clings to the darkness of the old ways."

## Focus Your Learning

Reading this short story will help you:

- identify and explain the technique of foreshadowing
- investigate character development
- consider how points of view might vary through time

Papa looked down at his worn hands. "Don't you think you'd best wait a few days before you go over there? That is a house of sickness now, and you'd not want to bring it home to your own."

"Joel, you know very well that the scarlatina need be nothing more than a cold with a rash alongside it. Edwin had it years ago and was up and running around in two days. Besides, Nancy is my dear friend and has just lost her sweet little girl to the stupidity of modern medicine. I must do my best to console her."

"I only think you ought to wait a few days until the disease has left the house," muttered Papa, "until they've boiled all the clothing and bedding."

"I am fully armed with faith to resist any of the Devil's artillery."

Alice gazed up at Mama. There was a light in her tired face, and although she couldn't see any armour over Mama's patched apron, Alice imagined it there underneath her clothes, glowing softly next to her skin.

Papa sighed, as he did so often, and went back to eating his porridge and bouncing the baby.

"Can I come with you Mama?" asked Alice.

Papa's head flew up. "No, Alice."

"But I could play outside with Jeremiah. I wouldn't go in."

"Alice, even a little dog can carry the disease. I'll not have two members of my family taking risks."

Alice glanced over at Mama. She was scrubbing the porridge pot and not looking at them. Papa would have his way in this.

Mama walked out into the hot sunshine an hour later with a loaf of barley bread wrapped up in her apron. Papa had long since limped out to the only field left untrampled by the neighbour's cows to cut hay. Albert had gone with him, and Frank and Sandy were floating twig boats on the pond. Baby George was asleep, and Alice sat with Clara in the strip of sun in the doorway of the house.

"Emily needs new hair," said Clara, combing the corn-silk hair of their one doll with her fingers. The threads were dry and some of them came out in her hands.



“You shouldn’t comb it so often,” Alice told her.

“But if she’s a princess she can’t have tangly hair. I’ll ask Mama to fix it.”

“She doesn’t have time right now.”

Clara gazed up at Alice and smiled suddenly. “You could fix Emily’s hair, Alice. I know you could!”

Alice looked hard at the doll and thought maybe she could. She had watched Mama often enough. And she was the oldest girl, thirteen now. Surely she should be able to fix a little doll for her sister. But she had to ask Mama one thing.

“Wait right here for me, Clara,” she said. “Don’t move.”

Alice wasn’t sure why she had to follow Mama right then. The question about how to tie on the corn-silk could wait, and she could fix the doll later. But before she knew it she was running down the path.

The dew clung to Alice’s short dress and trousers as she ran along the trail through the fields of tall grasses that connected their land with the McDermotts’. Mama was far ahead, striding along, short hair bobbing as she walked. Her Reform dress and cropped hair made her look so different from the other mothers. Alice and Clara wore the same kind of outfit, but long pantalettes weren’t so unusual on children. The boys all wore the same old clothes, but Mama had cut off Alice’s long dresses and made pants to go underneath. Mama said the Reform dress was healthy and natural, just as God intended women’s clothing to be. But some of the neighbours thought she was crazy.

Ever since Mama had started getting the *Water Cure Journal* from New York and reading Dr. Trall’s big book everything had been different. They never ate meat or pastry anymore and drank only cold water and milk. Mama gave them special baths when they got sick instead of sending for Doctor Smythe. And she always talked about how living this way was God’s will. She even said that to people at church, although most of them muttered and turned away. Most days Alice didn’t mind it all, and when Mama showed her pictures of the dress Reformer ladies in Boston wearing their bloomers, she even felt sort of proud. Still, Alice was glad she didn’t have to go by the





McShane place where the boys liked to holler “Trousers! Trousers!” at her.

“Mama! Wait!” Alice called. But Mama was far ahead and didn’t hear her.

Alice reached the McDermott’s yard just as Mama knocked on the door.

Nancy McDermott opened it, wiping her hands on her apron and looking amazed.

“Sarah Craig! What are you doing here? Aren’t you afraid of taking the rash?”

“No,” said Mama firmly. “Disease and death belong to the Devil; I do not!”

Alice shivered. For a moment, Mama was a fearless angel, standing against all the evil in the world. She walked right into the house and disappeared in the gloom. Nancy stood frozen in the doorway. Alice saw surprise, then rage wash across her face. And hurt? Yes, hurt. It was there only an instant; then she turned and slammed the door.

Alice stood panting in the sun. She stared at the closed door, wondering about Mama and the fever and the Devil. The house was silent. Alice turned on her heel and ran home to Clara, her question about the corn-silk forgotten.

A few days later Clara pushed her bowl away and laid her head on the table.

“What’s wrong, sweetheart?” Mama was at her side with a hand on her forehead.

“I want Alice to eat my breakfast,” murmured Clara. Her golden curls were darkened and plastered to her head.

Alice sucked in a quick breath. Fever.

The red patches appeared on Clara’s skin a couple of hours later. By then she was in bed, stripped and covered up to her chin with a light cotton sheet.

“Can I help tend her, Mama?” Alice asked.

Mama nodded. "It's time you learned the proper treatment of a fever. First is the wet sheet pack."

Mama wrung out a sheet in the basin of cool water. "Help me wrap this around her," said Mama. "It will draw out the noxious matter in her blood and bring down the fever."

They wrapped the wet sheet, then another dry sheet, around Clara's shivering body. The girl whimpered once, then lay silent.

"We'll leave her in these for a couple of hours," said Mama. "Meantime, bathe her face and neck with the cool cloths."

Alice sat there all day, wiping Clara's hot face and coaxing her to drink sips of water. Late in the afternoon, she helped Mama replace the wet sheet with another. This time Clara didn't make a sound. Alice stared at her in alarm as Mama drew Clara's limp arms inside the new wet sheet.

"Don't be afraid, Alice," said Mama. "This deep sleep will refresh and heal her."

Around suppertime Frank came in and flopped down on the threadbare rug in front of the stove.

"My head hurts," he said, and fell asleep right there on the floor.

"May the Lord help us all," sighed Papa.

The next morning Albert was sick, his face and arms bright red with the rash. By noon Sandy was down with the fever too. Frank didn't seem too bad, but Clara's face had swelled up and she looked like a bullfrog with bulges underneath her ears.

"Is she going to die?" Alice asked Papa.

"No, pet," he said, squeezing her shoulder. But Alice thought he didn't sound too sure.

"We're following the most up-to-date treatment set out in *Dr. Trall's Hydropathic Encyclopedia*," said Mama. "Dr. Trall has never lost a patient to scarlet fever."

Alice bathed Clara's face and throat every few minutes. But no matter what they did, her skin was as hot as ever. Why wasn't the water treatment working? Alice sat with Clara until her eyes hurt and her head drooped. Papa picked her up and tucked her into the daybed

across the room.

On the fourth morning Alice woke with a blinding headache. She tried opening her eyes, but even the dim light from the cabin's one window seemed fearfully bright. Closing her eyes to slits, she rolled over and slipped out of bed. A wave of dizziness slapped her on the head.

"Mama!" she cried.

Mama's arms folded themselves around her and lifted her back into bed. She looked up into Mama's tired face.

"Mama," she whispered. "I can't get sick! I have to tend to Clara!"

"Hush now, darling. Papa and I will manage." Mama said with a sigh.

Alice drifted in and out of sleep. Days went by, maybe weeks; she couldn't tell. Sounds came in waves: Papa's soft voice, the tinkling of water in the basin, baby George's cries, Mama scrubbing dishes in the night, Papa's snores. Sometimes she woke to find Mama or Papa bathing her hot skin with water, and tried to smile. One day she thought she saw Frank and Albert making buckwheat cakes for their supper. They must be better, she thought. Mama was right; the water cure really was the best treatment.

But one afternoon she heard Mama and Papa talking in low, pinched voices.

"It is my own fault," Mama said. "It was pride rather than faith that drove me to visit Nancy so soon. It is my own folly that brought sickness into this house."

"What's done is done," said Papa. "We can only trust our Heavenly Father now."

"I cannot understand it. Dr. Trall writes in his book that he has never lost a patient...."

"Dr. Trall is in New York, Sarah. He has a clean, bright clinic and plenty of good food. He is not a crippled man scraping a living out of the New Brunswick wilderness, pinching out a few grains of corn and barley for his starving children...."

"Now, Joel...."

Alice tried desperately to listen. Which patient was about to be



“lost”? She tried to use her fear as a rope to pull herself back, but soon drifted away again.

The next morning Alice’s headache was gone. She climbed slowly out of bed and stumbled to the far corner where Mama sat slumped beside a figure in the bed. “How is she, Mama?”

“It has been a hand-to-hand struggle with death from the start. The disease went to her ears and she is almost deaf, but she spoke to me once this morning and seems better.”

Alice leaned closer. Clara’s rash had vanished but her hands were moving slowly, scratching her head. Alice watched the little fingers close around a clump of golden hair and pull it out. Clara laid the hair on her chest and lifted her hand to her head again. Mama grasped it gently and pulled it away. Clara’s eyes opened and she stared first at Mama, then at Alice.

“Are you thirsty, Clara?” said Alice.

“No.” The voice was thin but clear.

“You’re going to get better now, aren’t you?” said Mama.

“No.”

Alice leaned forward. The bulges around Clara’s throat and ears were gone, but her eyes looked far away as if she didn’t really see her or Mama at all.

“You have to get better, Clara,” Alice said as a coldness closed around her heart. “Remember our stories about Emily? You’ve got to get better or Emily will be lonesome.”

“No.”

“Come now, Clara, you’re not going to leave us, are you?” asked Mama.

“Yes.”

“No, Clara! I won’t let you die!” Alice grabbed Clara’s hands and shook them.

“Hush now, Alice!” Mama said, drawing her away. “Pay her no mind; she doesn’t know what she’s saying. Her fever is gone and she is certainly getting better now.”

But as Alice watched by Clara’s bedside that day, she grew certain





that Clara was already walking in a different world. Although her eyes stayed open and bright, they didn't seem to see the unfinished wooden walls of the cabin or any of the worried faces that bent over her. Alice gripped her small hand and told her the Emily stories one after another. But even the one about Emily lost in the woods didn't pull Clara back from wherever she was.

Around midnight, Alice woke from a deep sleep to the sound of sobbing. She sat up. It was Mama. She had never heard Mama cry before. She leapt out of bed, shaking all over.

"She's gone." Tears streamed down Mama's face.

Clara's little face was calm, her far-seeing eyes closed. Papa held her still hands in his.

"She looked into a world where there is no sickness, and knew she was going there to stay," sobbed Mama. "Oh, if only I had listened to you, Joel!"

"No!" cried Alice, backing away. She felt as if her chest would burst. She yanked the door open and ran sobbing out into the black night, out into the darkness where the trees tore holes in the web of high cold stars.

The breezes were cool on the hilltop that Mama called her "flower garden." Here were four small graves: baby Jimmy, smothered accidentally; John Edwin, drowned in the pond three summers ago; a nameless girl, born dead. And now, Clara Matilda, June 10, 1871–July 25, 1874. "In the arms of her heavenly father," Papa had written on the little wooden cross.

Alice came here often. She hated the house with its dirty pots and dark corners. She hated the shouts of her brothers. She hated Mama's quick, busy movements.

Poor Emily sat on the grave among the wildflowers, bedraggled now from the rain and dew. Her hair was even more tangled than before.

Alice knelt in the warm grass and drew the skein of corn-silk from her apron pocket. Carefully she smoothed it out across her knee, then reached for Emily. With the doll nestled in her lap, Alice slowly braided

the new silk in with the old. Sunlight glinted on the pale hair and she remembered how Clara's hair always glowed when the sun caught it. Her fingers kept weaving, in and out, bright hair and bright memory, until the wind, the sun, the corn-silk and Clara's hair were one, without end.

### **Historical Note**

*A wave of Health Reform swept across North America between the 1840s and 1870s in reaction to doctors' tendencies to prescribe large doses of alcohol or drugs as cures for largely misunderstood diseases. Some Reformers subscribed to a popular type of alternative medicine called the "water cure," which maintained that pure water could cure almost any disease. These Reformers also believed that women should wear clothing that was loose and practical to permit better circulation. Dr. Russell Thatcher Trall's The Hydropathic Encyclopedia contained information on the water cure and was used by thousands in treating sickness at home. Some Protestant Christians saw the method as "natural" and therefore part of "God's will" while disease was an evil force controlled by the Devil. Thus, more fanatical health reformers saw the struggle against disease as a kind of holy crusade. Although attempts to heal with water failed, a doctor of the day had no better cure for scarlet fever.*

*Joanne Findon's great-grandmother was a water cure fanatic in her youth, and lost two of her youngest children to scarlet fever. She recorded her extreme behaviour in the hope that her children would learn from her mistakes.*

## **Activities**

1. In a group of four, define foreshadowing. Choose one example of foreshadowing to share with the class. Explain what effect the foreshadowing has on the development of the story.
2. Write a character sketch of Clara's mother. Be sure to show how events contribute to the development of her character.
3. What is your opinion of Clara's mother? Make a timeline to show your reaction to her at key events in the plot. Do you think your opinion would be different if you were living at her time, when much less was known about illnesses and medicine in general? Discuss as a class.

*Miners' Houses, Glace Bay*    Lawren Harris



Art Gallery of Ontario



### Focus Your Learning

Examining this visual will help you:

- ask focussed questions to further your understanding
- summarize your personal viewpoint
- compare your views with those of others

## Activities

1. Write four questions you would like to ask a miner from this scene about his daily life.
2. Record your first impression of the mood of this painting. Justify your response with specific references to colour, line, emphasis, and composition.
3. Work in a small group to develop an alternative title for this painting. Be prepared to present your title, and the reasons for it, to your class.



# The Revenge of the Iron Chink

PAUL YEE



by Simon Ng

## Focus Your Learning

Reading this short story will help you:

- connect your understanding of technology with events in the text
- compare your own viewpoints with others

In the old days, all up and down the west coast of the New World, at the mouths of mighty rivers, scores of fish canneries, bigger than barns, sat perched over the water. When the tide went out, the canneries looked like huge caterpillars—long rusty roofs of corrugated tin-covered plank board bodies that stretched over hundreds of stilt-like legs. The smell of salt and fish was everywhere, and the shrill caws of seagulls filled the air.

The canneries stayed empty during the winter, but in the spring crews of Chinese workers would arrive.

They would throw open the creaky doors, brush away the cobwebs and start making thousands of tin cans. When the morning sun cut through the windows and lit the wall of waiting cans, the light would be as blinding as a curtain of diamonds.

Come summer, fishermen would sail forth and fling dark nets out to take the salmon from the sea. Back at the cannery, the Chinese would clean the fish and fill the cans with meat. The cans would be cooked and then shipped off to faraway markets.

Lee Jim was a boss in one such cannery. He had a crew of workers and, because he spoke English, he could translate the owner's orders to the men. When a boatload of fish came in, he could guess the exact number of cans that they would need with just one quick glance. Lee Jim watched that the fresh fish stayed cool and checked that nothing was wasted. When the butchers' knives got dull, he would sharpen them. So, even though Lee Jim was a boss, all the workers respected him.

At the cookhouse, though, Lee Jim ate alone. His workers crowded around tables and played card games late into the night. Lee Jim longed to laugh and joke with them, but he could not. Company rules said that boss men could not mix with the workers.

Every spring, Lee Jim brought his same old crew to the cannery. They knew the work so well that the owner didn't have to watch them. He was a fat little man who wore a tall hat and puffed on cigars. The workers called him Chimney Head. He would walk through the cannery and never look at the men, as if the smell of fish bothered him. He was always hidden inside his office, adding columns of numbers and counting his money.

Then Chimney Head began to change things in the cannery. To speed up the assembly line, he installed conveyor belts. To make the tin cans more quickly, he brought in a machine that whirled and clicked like a clock. Another machine jammed meat into cans as fast as fifty hands. Every year, some new improvement would be introduced.

Lee Jim's workers muttered nervously. They were working as hard as they could, yet Chimney Head was not happy. And each year,



the crew became a little bit smaller because the machines took the men's places.

One busy morning, a brand-new machine was rolled onto the cannery floor. The machine was called the Iron Chink. Great clanking gears and sharp shiny blades spun and flashed in it. It was taller than any man and weighed over two tons. The Iron Chink could go all day and all night without stopping. It did the work of thirty trained butchers.

Chimney Head rubbed his fat hands in great excitement. Now he could can fish faster and more cheaply than ever before. And he was especially happy because he had been invited to send a case of fish to the Queen of England. The gift would display the province's fine salmon, as well as the high quality of the Iron Chink's work. Finally Chimney Head would be known as the fastest canner on the west coast.

Chimney Head stood up on a box and cleared his throat noisily: "I don't need you anymore," he announced to the workers. "Next year I can hire one or two men to run the Iron Chink, and it will do all the work. After tomorrow you can all pack your bags and leave on the next steamer. And you, Lee Jim, you can go, too. I don't need you anymore, either."

That night, the cookhouse was very quiet. The men wondered where they would find jobs. How would their families eat? "If only there was something we could do," they muttered.

Lee Jim sat with them, feeling angry and cheated. Hadn't he worked for Chimney Head for over twenty years? Hadn't he saved the cannery both time and money by being extra careful? And had he ever been sick on the job? No!

The next day the final load of salmon arrived. The workers watched as the Iron Chink gobbled up the fish. The belts whirled, the wheels turned, and the gears zipped as smooth as ocean waves sliding over the sandy beach. The fish flew by and the tin cans were sealed like magic. Lee Jim scurried about as usual to make sure that everything ran smoothly. Finally, the cases were stacked up, and Chimney Head passed out the last pay envelopes.

The steamer sounded its whistle at the dock, and the workers ran to board the ship. Lee Jim was the last to leave.

As Chimney Head came by, Lee Jim held up his hands. Chimney Head saw that they were wrapped in bloody bandages.

“What happened to you, Lee Jim?” he cried.

Lee Jim stood up straight and tall. “I wanted to send a gift to the Queen, too. In two of the tins, she will find my baby fingers! I think she will find them as sweet as any salmon meat we have canned!”

The workers on the ship laughed and cheered from the railing. And before Chimney Head could say anything, Lee Jim had turned and jumped onto the boat.

Chimney Head sputtered in anger. He cursed and stamped his feet and threw his hat into the water, but there was nothing he could do.

As the steamer chugged away, the workers threw their arms around Lee Jim. They punched him playfully and told him, “You showed Chimney Head a thing or two! You’re a brave man! Welcome to the working life, Lee Jim!”

Lee Jim looked around and grinned. Then he beckoned to his workers. “Gather closely,” he whispered. “I have something to show you.”

With his teeth, he tugged at the bandages and began to unwind them. Some of the men moved back as the red colour deepened on the long strips that rolled off Lee Jim’s hands. But when he got to the end, there were his baby fingers, still attached to his hands, as pink and healthy as any man’s!

## Activities

1. With a partner, brainstorm the effects of new technology in the workplace. Why are new machines usually introduced into factories or offices? What sometimes happens once they are operating? Record your findings in a chart showing the advantages and disadvantages of new technology in the workplace.
2. In small groups, discuss Lee Jim’s act of revenge. Do you think it was fair? What did Lee Jim achieve from it? What other steps might he have been able to take to solve his problems? Present your conclusions to the class.

# Frederick Douglass: 1817-1895



Langston Hughes

Douglass was someone who,  
Had he walked with wary foot  
And frightened tread,  
From very indecision  
Might be dead,  
Might have lost his soul,  
But instead decided to be bold  
And capture every street  
On which he set his feet,  
To route each path  
Toward freedom's goal,  
To make each highway  
Choose *his* compass' choice,  
To all the world cried,  
*Hear my voice!...*  
*Oh, to be a beast, a bird,*  
*Anything but a slave!* he said.  
*Who would be free*  
*Themselves must strike*  
*The first blow,* he said.

## Focus Your Learning

Studying these poems will help you:

- summarize the message of the texts
- appreciate poetic techniques
- discuss your opinion in a group
- write a poem

He died in 1895.  
He is not dead.



# Louis Riel

John Robert Colombo

Children, when was  
Louis Riel born,  
asks the teacher.

A thousand years ago, the children answer.  
A hundred years ago, the children answer.  
Last year, the children answer.  
No one knows.

Children, what did  
Louis Riel do,  
asks the teacher.

Won a war, the children answer.  
Lost a war, the children answer.  
No one knows.

Our neighbour had a dog  
called Louis,  
replies one of the children.  
Our neighbour used to beat him up  
and the dog died of hunger  
a year ago.

Now all the children feel sorry  
for Louis.



*Louis Riel  
JRP*

## Activities

1. As a class, discuss what you learn about Frederick Douglass and Louis Riel from these poems. Take notes of all the facts you gather during the discussion.
2. Hughes claims that Douglass “is not dead.” What does he mean by this? Can the same claim be made for Louis Riel? Why or why not? Give your views in a short answer response.
3. Work in small groups to read the two poems aloud. List the ways in which each poet uses language and techniques such as rhythm, rhyme, and repetition. Then discuss how these techniques reinforce the message of the poem. Be prepared to present your group’s conclusions to the class.
4. Write your own poem honouring a famous historical figure of your choice. Before you begin, you will need to research, briefly, the life of your subject. Give your teacher a copy of your research notes and reference documentation together with your poem.

*Louis Riel  
JRP*

# The Universal Soldier

Buffy Sainte-Marie

He's five foot two and he's six feet four,  
he fights with missiles and with spears,  
He's all of thirty-one and he's only seventeen,  
he's been a soldier for a thousand years.

He's a Catholic, a Hindu, an Atheist, a Jain,  
a Buddhist and a Baptist and a Jew,  
And he knows he shouldn't kill and he knows he always will  
kill you for me, my friend, and me for you;

And he's fighting for Canada, he's fighting for France,  
he's fighting for the U.S.A.,  
And he's fighting for the Russians and he's fighting for Japan,  
and he thinks we'll put an end to war that way.

And he's fighting for democracy, he's fighting for the Reds,  
he says it's for the peace of all,  
He's the one who must decide who's to live and who's to die,  
and he never sees the writing on the wall.

## Focus Your Learning

Reading these song lyrics  
will help you:

- express your own opinions on an issue
- identify allusions and explain how they contribute to text
- write a résumé
- determine criteria for evaluating protest songs

But without him how would Hitler have condemned him at Dachau,  
without him Caesar would have stood alone,  
He's the one who gives his body as a weapon of the war,  
and without him all this killing can't go on.

He's the Universal Soldier and he really is to blame,  
his orders come from far away no more,  
They come from him and you and me, and, brothers can't you see,  
This is not the way we put an end to war.

## Activities

1. Work in a small group to list all the evidence in the song that suggests the Universal Soldier is to blame for war. Then make a list of at least three items under the title "This is the way we put an end to war." Post your list on the bulletin board.
2. An allusion is a reference to a specific object, place, person, or event. List some of the allusions in these song lyrics. Why do you think Buffy Sainte-Marie uses allusions to such a broad range of people and places?
3. Write the résumé of the Universal Soldier. Be sure to use résumé format, listing the soldier's skills, past experience, and future goals.
4. Find some other songs of protest and bring them in for your class to hear. As a class, draw up a list of criteria for evaluating protest songs. Then choose the song that you think is most effective, based on these criteria.



# Explorers as seen by the natives

Douglas Fetherling

“Man thrives where angels die of ecstasy  
and pigs die of disgust”

KENNETH REXROTH



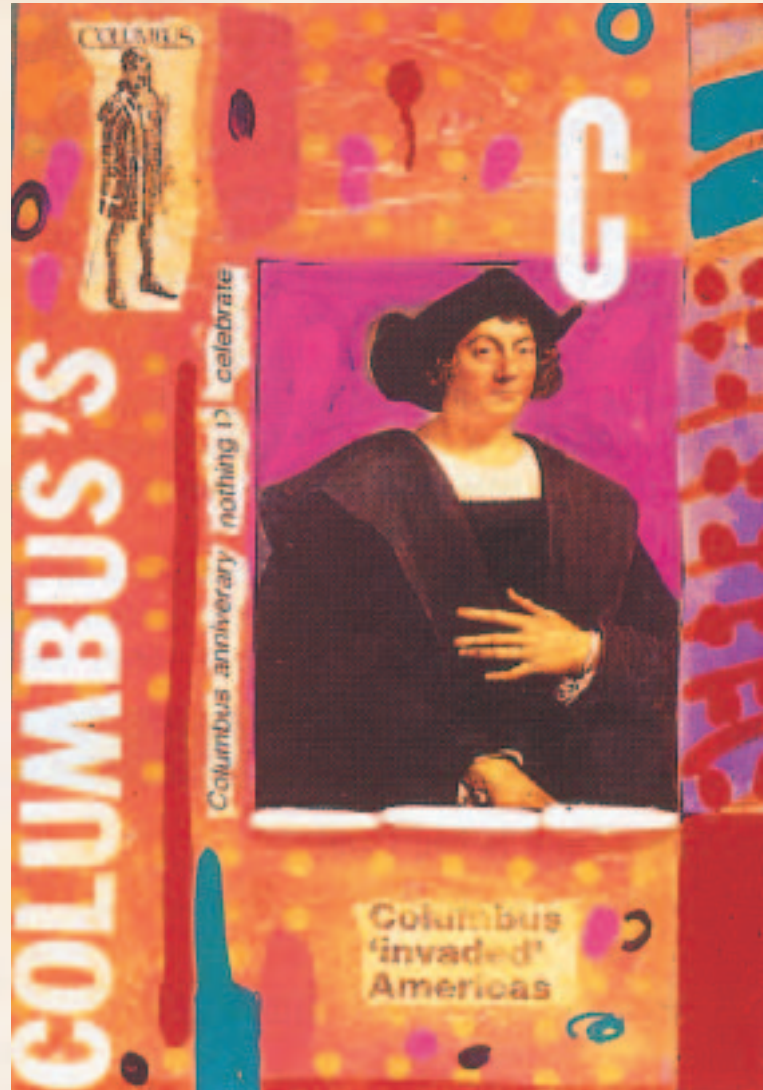
## Focus Your Learning

Studying this poem will help you:

- identify and explain point of view
- identify and explain the use of an epigraph
- write in role



The need to explore  
is the reason they give  
for coming  
with lanterns to push back the dark  
clothes and helmets to keep away the sun  
weapons to kill with delight  
what presumes to kill only for safety  
or food—  
all things explorers use  
to experience without learning  
as they trample through our land  
And we are eager to assist them  
They move too quickly  
to notice life best viewed  
standing still, but push on  
without resistance  
conquering what they have just discovered  
and we have known all along  
We who are not asked,  
who curiously follow  
Soon they will return to  
wherever it is they are from  
talking as though they invented



*Columbus's Indian* by George Littlechild



what we show them now

and encouraging others to come

In truth they invent only new names

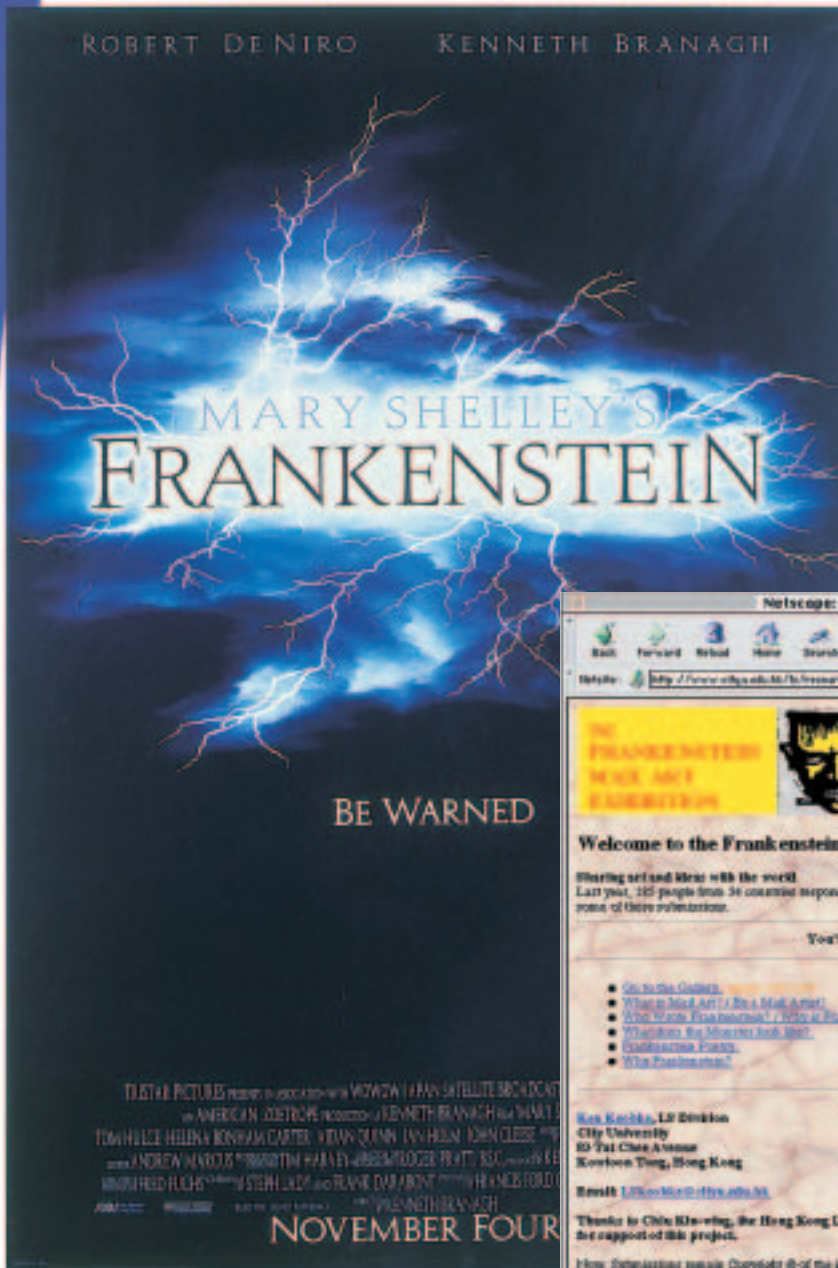
never content with the old ones we use

We who are only too willing to help

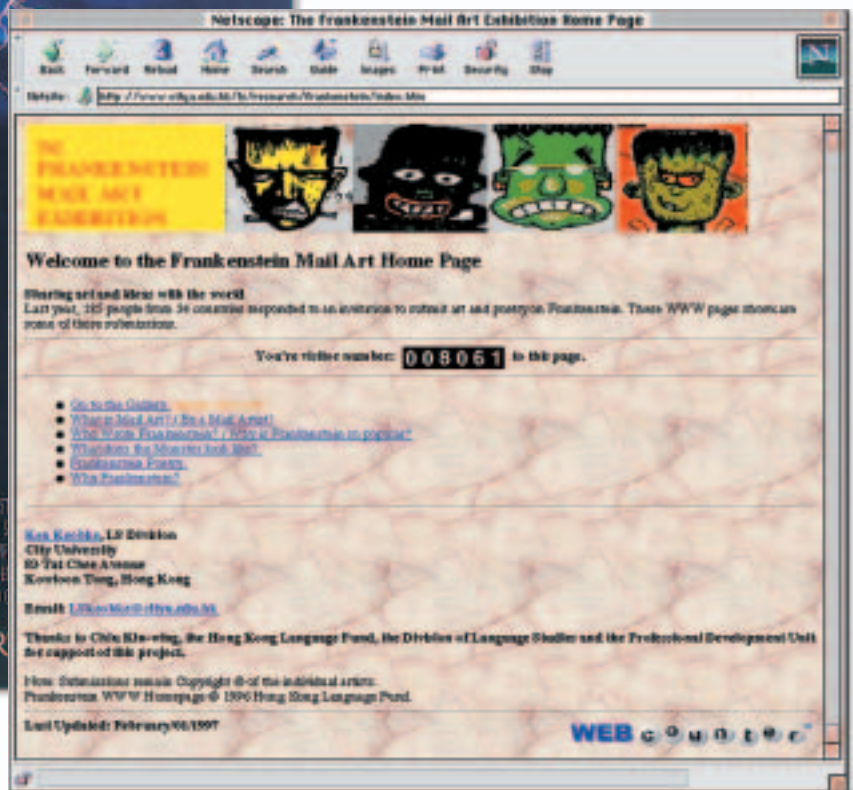
## Activities

1. In a short-answer response, explain who is speaking in this poem and describe the speaker's tone. Use quotations from the poem to support your view.
2. An epigraph is a quotation at the start of a text. As a class, discuss what you think the purpose of the epigraph is. How does its tone compare with the tone of the speaker in the poem? How does the epigraph affect the way you respond to the poem?
3. Make a comparison chart contrasting the values expressed by the explorers with those of the Natives. Then, in the role of an explorer, write a report on your journey. Base your report on the values you have determined in your chart and on the predictions made in the poem.

# Messages Are



The movie poster refers to the movie Frankenstein without ever showing an image of the monster's face. Design your own movie poster about a horror film or book that communicates the horror without using any of the usual horror images (knives, blood, frightening faces).



Columbia Tristar Motion Picture Group



# Everywhere!

Read the description of Frankenstein's monster in Mary Shelley's original novel and draw your interpretation of that description. You may wish to compare your completed work with the images submitted to the Frankenstein Mail Art Exhibit on the Internet.

*Imagination rules  
the world.*

*Napoleon*

Do you agree that "imagination rules the world"? If not, what do you think does? Discuss as a group.

Read the last line of the poem "Frederick Douglass." How does this line apply to William Lyon Mackenzie or Jeanne Mance? Do a bit of research to find out more about one of these individuals.

## **William Lyon Mackenzie 1795–1861**

Born and educated in Dundee, Scotland, this famous radical reformer, writer, and publisher came to Canada in 1820, and at Queenston founded the influential newspaper, *The Colonial Advocate*, in 1824. Later that year he moved the paper to York (Toronto). In 1826, friends of the provincial oligarchy, which he had often attacked, retaliated by destroying his press. Mackenzie, Upper Canada's leading radical, was elected to the provincial parliament in 1828, became Toronto's first mayor in 1834, and was the leader of the ill-fated Rebellion of 1837. He fled to the United States, where he remained until permitted to return in 1849. Mackenzie became a member of the Canadian parliament (1851–1858), although with diminished political influence. He is buried in Toronto.



# Mary Shelley's Frankenstein

RETOLD BY STEVE PARKER



Source: Edward Von Sloan, Universal/MPTV

## Focus Your Learning

Reading this retelling of a historical horror classic will help you:

- examine the plot of a horror tale
- explore the theme of technology

It is a winter day in the late 18th century, and St. Petersburg is thick with snow.

Shadowy figures scurry through the streets, keeping their heads low as the cold northern breeze swirls around them. Among these huddled characters, one man stands tall, laughing at the wind. Wouldn't you, if you had just inherited a fortune?

With this money, Robert Walton was pursuing his dream—to travel to the North Pole. No human feet had ever trod this fabled



place, where the sun never sets and a wondrous power attracts the needle of the navigator's compass. Some believe that snow and frost are banished there, and that the pole is a region of amazing beauty and wonders.

Walton had spent the last six years preparing for this quest, enduring cold, hunger, and other hardships on whaling expeditions in the northern seas. Now he was heading north, to the port of Archangel, to hire a ship and crew. Throughout his journey, he wrote to his sister, Margaret Saville, who was back in England. This is his story—a tale of discovery, obsession, and monstrous fear...

During the month of June, Walton set sail to begin his search for the pole. Fair winds swept his ship safely past the giant icebergs of the northern seas, and his heart beat faster with each passing day. But Walton felt terribly alone—not one of his crew seemed to share his dream.

Two months into the voyage, and hundreds of miles from port, a thick fog descended. Overnight, a sea of ice closed in around the ship, leaving no escape from its icy jaws. By midday, however, the fog began to clear, revealing an astonishing sight. A gigantic human figure drove a dog sled at great speed over the ice. It swept past the ship, then disappeared into the distance. How could this be, so far from land?

The next day, the sailors found another dog sled, its occupant almost frozen to death. He was quickly brought on board, but for days lay weak and silent.

Finally, struggling to speak, the stranger whispered, "I am Victor Frankenstein, and before I die, I must tell you how I came to be in this terrible place..."

Victor told Walton of his happy childhood in Geneva with his caring father and mother. When he was four years old, his parents adopted a baby girl, who became his greatly loved sister, Elizabeth.

As a young boy, Victor thirsted for knowledge, and became obsessed with the search for the secrets of heaven and earth. Deep into the night he would read the works of the alchemists, who aimed to turn iron into gold and to discover the secret of eternal



youth. At school, he became best friends with a fellow student, Henry Clerval.

One night, a huge thunderstorm erupted in the sky. Victor watched from the door of the family house, wondering at the violence of the storm. He saw a huge lightning bolt snake through the sky toward the ground, where it struck an oak tree in the yard. This awesome display of electrical power convinced him that he was wasting his time on the alchemists. He was fifteen years old.

From now on, he would study the secrets of electricity and the physical world.

When Victor turned 17, his parents decided he should go to Ingolstadt University in Germany. But on the day of his departure, his adopted sister Elizabeth caught scarlet fever. Nursed by his mother, she recovered. But his mother contracted the disease herself, and passed away. Victor was heartbroken. “Why are those dear to us taken away,” he cried. “Is there no way to bring them back?”

After his mother’s funeral, Victor left for Ingolstadt. He took an instant dislike to Krempe, his professor of natural philosophy, who hated the alchemists and called their work “nonsense.” Krempe was also a squat and ugly man, and this annoyed Victor. He much preferred his professor of chemistry, Waldman, who was pleasant and kind looking. “The old alchemists may have proved nothing,” Waldman said, “but they showed the way to the heavens, penetrating the tiniest recesses of nature in their quest for knowledge.”

Victor was fascinated by these comments, and as he lay awake one night, he vowed to make the ultimate discovery, life itself!

As the weeks passed, Frankenstein’s rapid progress amazed his professors. He spent every waking hour learning all he could from them, even from Krempe, who offered sensible advice. In his secret quest, Victor became interested in anatomy and physiology—the structure and workings of the human body. What makes a body live?

To solve the mysteries of life, Frankenstein first studied death. In the dead of night, he visited lonely graveyards and dug up bodies, to see how the flesh rotted away and was consumed by worms. Despite

his horror with this work, Victor drove himself on, neglecting his friends, his appearance, and his health.

It was in a sudden and brilliant flash of genius that Victor finally realized the secret of life and how to make it. “But,” said Frankenstein as he told his story to Walton, “I cannot reveal the secret of life. When I have finished, you will know why.”

Driven by obsession, Frankenstein began to build a human body, to which he would give the gift of life.

He knew that many body parts were small and difficult to work on. So he decided to make his creation eight feet tall, as this meant he could work with larger parts. Now when he visited graveyards, he didn’t just look at bodies, he sawed parts off them! Returning with the bloody bags to his attic room, he worked all night, as though in a feverish trance.

For two years, Frankenstein slaved away, his room piled high with strange devices and chemicals. Little by little, he perfected his methods, piece by piece, his creation took shape.

One stormy November night, at one o’clock in the morning, the rain beat against the attic window, and the lightning flashed above.

Frankenstein looked at the huge body, his body tingling with anticipation. Finally, he was ready to do something that only God had done before—create life...

The thunder burst with a terrific crash, and a bolt of lightning struck the roof. Rain and wind swept the attic, blowing out the candles and knocking Victor to the ground. In the darkness, something stirred. The lightning flashed again—and Victor stared into the eyes of his breathing, moving creation. Then, at the moment of his great triumph, he came to his senses.

He had tried to make the monster beautiful, but looking now, he found it to be repulsive. Filled with horror, he ran away to hide in his room. Eventually, he slumped into restless sleep, dreaming terrible nightmares about the monster, his sister Elizabeth, his dead mother, and slithering worms.

He awoke to see the monster standing there, grinning and holding out its hand. Frankenstein escaped and ran as fast as he



could. After a night wandering the streets, he returned to the attic, to find his friend Henry Clerval outside. Frankenstein opened the door. The monster was gone...!

Finally exhausted by his traumatic work, Frankenstein sank into a fever. With Henry's care, he recovered in time to hear happy news of his family in Geneva. "We have adopted another girl, Justine," wrote Elizabeth, "so now you have two sisters!"

All the while, Frankenstein said nothing about his creation. But just when thoughts of the monster were fading, a letter arrived from his father. Victor's brother William had been murdered! The poor boy had been strangled, and the portrait of his mother, which he always wore around his neck, had been stolen.

Frankenstein rushed to Geneva. As he stood on the spot of his brother's murder, Victor felt something behind him. He turned, to see a huge figure lurking in the trees. Was this the monster? And could it have murdered his brother? Victor screamed in rage, but the monster ran off...

Frankenstein reached home to find that his adopted sister Justine had been arrested. The portrait missing from little William's body had been found in her pocket! As she stood in court, Victor suffered a living hell. He knew her to be innocent, but who would believe in his monster? Justine was found guilty, and the day she was hanged, Victor wept tears of regret.

Victor decided to take a break in the lovely mountain scenery of Chamonix, France. He climbed Montanvert for the beautiful view, but as he rested on a rock, a huge figure swept across the icy crags. It was the monster again!

The monster spoke, ignoring Victor's rage. "If you look deep into my soul, you will see that I am good and kind, but looking like this, I am hated and rejected by people. Because of you, I live a cold, miserable life in remote mountains and caves.

"You are my creator, lord and king. If you can carry out just one vital task, I will leave you alone forever.

"But first, hear my tale," said the monster. "After you created me, I lived wild in the forests near Ingolstadt. I learned to eat and drink,



and identify trees and animals. But whenever I approached a village, people drove me away. My only refuge was the outhouse of a cottage.

“Through a hole in the wall I could see and hear a man, Felix, his aged father, and a young woman called Safie. She had come from Turkey, so Felix taught her the local language and customs and told her about history, society, and good and evil. As she learned, so did I. I found some old books and taught myself to read. Watching Felix and Safie, I also learned what love is.

“Among the books was a Bible, and I read how God made Adam—the perfect man. But when I looked at my face in the water, I thought my creator must be the devil himself!

“When I fled from your laboratory, I took a coat and later, I found your notes in the pocket. I knew then,” said the monster, “that you were my father, who made me so hideous that even you could not bear to look at me!

“I approached the old man in the cottage. He was blind, so spoke kindly to me. But when Felix and the others returned, they saw my foul appearance. They beat me with sticks and, for the first time, feelings of hatred filled my heart. I waited until they had gone for a walk, then set fire to the straw I had gathered. In minutes, the cottage was engulfed in flames. I danced in joy as it burned to the ground.

“I learned from your notes that you lived in Geneva. On the way there, I saw a young girl slip and fall into a fast-flowing river. I rescued her, but the only reward I got was a gunshot wound. Nursing my injury, I swore revenge on all mankind.

“I came to Geneva to search for my maker. I hoped that a young child might accept my appearance, but as I came near a boy, he screamed that his father, Mr. Frankenstein, would rescue him. I knew this child must be your relative, and saw an opportunity to get my revenge. In a blind fury, I grabbed his throat and lifted him off the ground. He wriggled in agony, but my powerful hands squeezed the life from his helpless body.

“When I found a locket around the boy’s neck, I took it, and went in search of a hiding place. I eventually came to an empty barn,





where I found a woman asleep. She looked so innocent as she lay there in the hay. So I placed the locket in her dress, knowing she would be blamed for the boy's murder. For the next few days, I haunted the murder spot, but once I knew that you had returned, I came to the mountains, ready with my request." Victor shuddered as Justine's innocence was revealed, but the monster continued, "My wish is this: Create a female monster, as hideous as I am, to be my companion. We will live wild in South America, far from humankind."

After much argument, Frankenstein agreed. The monster left, saying it would watch him constantly. Victor returned to Geneva, where his father suggested that he should marry Elizabeth. He had always loved his adopted sister, so he agreed, but knew he must first complete his gruesome task.

So he travelled to England, collecting parts for the female monster—an arm here, a leg there. Then, heading north, he rented a cottage on the remote Orkney islands. But his nightmare had only just begun...

Frankenstein sweated through days and nights, slicing and stitching the parts that would form the female monster. But his blood ran cold at the thought of this new creation. Would it agree to be the partner of the male monster? If the pair went to South America, could they start a new breed that would destroy humankind?

As Frankenstein sat in his laboratory, he sensed that someone was watching. He looked up, and his eyes met the ghastly face of the monster, pressed against the window. Trembling with passion, Victor ripped apart the half-finished monster. Frankenstein had broken his promise—and the monster would be alone forever. With a blood-curdling howl, it smashed the cottage door with a single blow. Terrified but resolute, Victor refused to continue his task. "If that is your decision," said the monster, "so be it. But remember, I shall be with you on your wedding night."

The next day, Victor got a note from Henry, asking to meet him in Scotland. He set off in his boat, and far from land, threw the female monster's remains into the sea.

With the gentle rocking of the boat, Victor drifted asleep. When he awoke, the breeze had changed direction, and he found himself being blown toward a foreign shore. The moment he landed, he was surrounded by a hostile group of people. One man spoke up, “You are in Ireland, Sir, and I am arresting you for murder.” Murder! Victor was shown the body of a strangled man. As the sheet was drawn back, he gasped in horror—it was his friend, Henry Clerval!

Frankenstein knew his monster had caused the deaths of William, Justine, and now Henry, and he fainted in shock. After two months he lay in a prison bed in the grip of a fever. At his trial, the jury decided that Victor was innocent of Henry’s murder, and he returned to Geneva to await his wedding day. The happiest day of his life?

But the monster would keep his promise. That night, Victor armed himself with pistols to kill the fiend—or be killed. Elizabeth waited in the bedroom. The hours passed by when suddenly, a blood curdling scream filled the air. Victor rushed into the bedroom, to find his beloved Elizabeth on the bed, strangled...

Frankenstein looked up from his dead wife, to see the monster’s grinning face at the window, its once sad features twisted into a mask of evil. Victor fired his pistol, but the shot whistled past the monster’s ear. The beast raced away, laughing as it went, and plunged into the lake.

The sound of the pistol brought servants rushing to Victor’s side, but the monster had vanished. The news of Elizabeth’s death proved too much for the weak heart of Victor’s father, and he died a few days later. Though Victor’s heart was broken, one thought ruled his mind—death to the monster!

The next day, he visited the graves of his murdered family—and there was the hideous ogre, challenging him to follow. The chase had begun.

Victor pursued the creature from the Rhône to the Mediterranean, from the Black Sea to Russia. All the while, it taunted him with messages left on trees, leading him to the icy north. There he would feel the cold, hunger, and loneliness it had endured.



The final message left by the monster included these words: “Prepare! Wrap yourself in furs, for we shall soon enter upon a journey where your sufferings will satisfy my eternal hatred.” A few weeks later, having obtained a sled and dogs, Frankenstein reached a small town on the northern shore of Russia. The night before his arrival, a gigantic monster had terrified the local people, stolen food, and headed out to the ice-covered ocean. Frankenstein followed it for three weeks, consumed with rage. He even sighted the monster, but the ice broke up, and he became stranded on a small iceberg.

“Now that you have heard my story,” said Frankenstein to Walton, “swear to me that you will seek out the monster and kill him.” At that moment, the first mate ran into the cabin, his face a picture of fear. “Captain, if the ice does break, for all our sakes, forget your quest to find the North Pole and sail south instead.” But Walton simply replied, “Never...”

As the days passed, Frankenstein became weaker and weaker. The ice held tight, and the crew again asked that the ship turn south. This time, Frankenstein answered, “Are you so easily turned from your glorious expedition? Be steady to your purposes and firm as a rock. Return as heroes who have fought and conquered, and who do not know what it is to turn their backs on the foe.” Frankenstein spoke with such passion that the crew was silenced. But Walton had learned from Frankenstein the evils that obsession could bring, and gave in to the crew’s demands.

The next evening, after clinging to life for many days, Victor Frankenstein died. Walton had listened to his incredible story—and believed it. Later that night, as he wrote to his sister Margaret, Walton heard what sounded like a human voice in Victor’s cabin.

When he entered the cabin he saw a huge figure crouched over Victor’s body—the monster!

The monster looked at Walton, paused, then turned again toward the lifeless form of its creator, weeping tears of remorse and guilt. Seeing this, fear gave way to anger in Walton’s heart: “How dare you weep, when it you who killed Frankenstein.”

“I have never had sympathy from any man,” replied the monster, “and I do not expect it from you. But it was only my loneliness that drove me to kill the lovely and the helpless. How could Victor marry Elizabeth, yet not give me the same happiness by making a partner for me? But fear not, for I shall leave your vessel and seek the farthest northern point of the world, build a funeral fire, and burn in agony for my terrible sins.”

Then the giant being sprang from the cabin window onto an iceberg near the vessel, and was swept away into the darkness by the icy currents.



### *Historical Note*

*Frankenstein was written by Mary Shelley in 1816, when she was just eighteen years old. The story resulted from a game among Mary and her friends, who were on vacation near Geneva, Switzerland.*

*As the weather was stormy, the friends warmed themselves by a blazing log fire, telling tales of the supernatural. Each agreed to write a story in “playful imitation” of the old ghost stories. Mary was the only one to finish, excited by her awful nightmares. And what a story it was!*

## Activities

1. Create a timeline of the events of the Frankenstein story. Choose one key point on the timeline at which events could have taken a different turn. Make an alternative timeline showing how events would have been different. Post your timelines for the class to view.
2. Mary Shelley wrote this story during the industrial revolution, a time when great advances were being made in technology. With a partner, discuss in what ways Shelley’s story might be a comment on her time. Then prepare your own view of the impact of technology, or any one aspect of technology, in our time. Either write a story or prepare a comic strip or cartoon.



# House Fear

Robert Frost

Always—I tell you this they learned—  
Always at night when they returned  
To the lonely house from far away  
To lamps unlighted and fire gone grey,  
They learned to rattle the lock and key  
To give whatever might chance to be  
Warning and time to be off in flight:  
And preferring the out- to the in-door night,  
They learned to leave the house-door wide  
Until they had lit the lamp inside.

## Focus Your Learning

Reading these poems will help you:

- present a choral reading
- compare and contrast poems
- revise and evaluate your work
- create a piece of artwork interpreting text



*Les Fétiches* by Lois M. Jones, National Museum of American Art, Washington, DC/Art Resource NY





# Spellbound

Emily Brontë

The night is darkening round me,  
The wild winds coldly blow;  
But a tyrant spell has bound me  
And I cannot, cannot go.

The giant trees are bending  
Their bare boughs weighed with snow.  
And the storm is fast descending,  
And yet I cannot go.

Clouds beyond clouds above me,  
Wastes beyond wastes below;  
But nothing drear can move me;  
I will not, cannot go

## Activities

1. In a group, prepare a choral reading of one of these two poems to present to the class.
2. Write a short response of at least three paragraphs, comparing and contrasting these two poems. Explain which of these poems you prefer and why. Use a checklist to revise your own work and to evaluate that of a partner.
3. Create a piece of art in a medium of your choice that communicates the feelings of either poet about the night.

# the day the *War* came to Halifax

JULIAN BELTRAME





### Focus Your Learning

Reading this article will help you:

- use a diagram or model to increase your understanding
- prepare a news report
- make a short speech to celebrate a special occasion

In 1917, during World War I, a disaster occurred in the harbour of Halifax, Nova Scotia. When a French ship carrying highly sensitive explosives collided with a Norwegian ship, the resulting blast rocked the world.

**H**alifax—the doomed ships steamed unwaveringly toward collision, like two trains on the same narrow track.

Or so it seemed to Barbara Orr, gazing out her front window at the morning traffic in the harbour below.

For the six Orr children, Dec. 6, 1917, was a red-letter day. One had come down with measles, so all were excused from school. The view from the front window was unimpeded and, on this fateful morning, a fiery sun painted the harbour in shimmering gold. Barbara could count ships all day.

But there was something odd about these two ships.

One, moving slowly from Barbara's right toward the Bedford basin, at the far end of



the channel, hugged the Dartmouth coast as if crowded out of the channel by bigger ships.

The second, a larger, swifter vessel with the large red letters BELGIAN RELIEF on its white side, was obviously coming from the basin and heading to Halifax harbour proper, and then to open sea. Strangely, it was cutting across the centre of the channel, making straight for the other ship.

From about two kilometres away, it did not seem so much a collision as a love peck. But within seconds, Barbara could see a spiralling ribbon of black smoke rising from the front of the smaller ship and she knew it must have been quite a smack.

“They looked as if they were deliberately trying to run into each other,” the 13-year-old excitedly told her mother, Annie.

It didn’t take much convincing for Barbara and two younger brothers to hound Annie into letting them go down to the shore to watch the fire. A lot of people in Halifax’s working-class north end had a similar notion.

It was shortly after 8:30 a.m. and the sight of the ship, now burning out of control and drifting toward the shore, drew many curious onlookers, including her father, Samuel.

Barbara was so excited about what the morning would offer—fire, men scrambling

to put it out, the ships that were gravitating toward the emergency—that she just had to share it with her friend.

“I’ll come down in a few minutes,” she told her brother.

Barbara does not remember whether she had time to find her friend. She remembers a loud roar, somersaulting in the air, and landing with a jolt more than 30 metres away. She was covered with oil and soot; her face stung with cuts. She felt a searing pain in her foot and saw her tightly laced boot was gone.

Barbara’s first thought was for her home, but she could not move. Her foot, which had been crushed by her tumble, ached with pain.

Slowly, she crawled a few metres so she could see where her home had been, but she saw only a black wall of smoke.

She cried out for help, but everyone was scurrying about, paying no attention to her. It took her an unbearably long time to crawl to her aunt’s home on Gottingen Street.

Barbara doesn’t remember when she was taken to Camp Hill hospital. She remembers being loaded on to the Boutilier fishwagon, used to pick up the wounded. Then everything was fine again.

When Robert Oppenheimer, head of the U.S. Manhattan Project that created the atomic bomb, wanted to visualize what destructive powers would be unleashed by



his new weapon, he studied the devastation of the Halifax explosion.

No better model existed. The explosion was the single greatest man-made detonation in history, not bettered until Oppenheimer's own invention was dropped on Hiroshima.

The destruction, while confined to a smaller area and without the curse of radiation, was similar to Hiroshima.

In all, between 2000 and 3000 people perished, some vanished into thin air so that their deaths, their identities and even the knowledge of their existence remains a mystery today. More than 10 000 were injured, 3000 horribly enough to require extensive hospitalization. About 200 were blinded.

The tragedy would forever change Halifax's topography. More than 12 000 buildings within a 25-km radius were seriously damaged, 1600 destroyed.

It really did seem, as Barbara Orr told her mother, as if the two ships set out to collide or as if fate had decreed Canada would not be spared direct knowledge of the savagery of the European conflict.

A series of coincidences, human error and unfathomable decisions from previously capable and experienced sailors converged in one place and time. The sum of these parts was destruction of a kind few would have guessed possible.

It was unexpected that Capt. Aime Le Medec, the 38-year-old commander of the French freighter *Mont Blanc*, should find himself at the mouth of Halifax harbour on the morning of Dec. 6, 1917.

He had been set to sail for France from New York in late November. But his munitions ship, really a glorified tug on its last sea legs, could muster at most eight



knots and, hence, would have represented a danger to the small convoy setting out from New York.

The convoy would be travelling at about 13 knots, Le Medec was told, but he might be able to hitch on to an escort that would protect the Mont Blanc from marauding German U-boats if he were to join a larger convoy, amassing in Halifax.

The Mont Blanc was singularly in need of protection. Carrying 2300 tonnes of picric acid—a sensitive explosive agent more destructive than TNT—200 tonnes of TNT, 35 tonnes of benzole, and 10 tonnes of gun cotton, it made an alluring target.

And so it was that Le Medec found himself awaiting permission to enter the harbour as a bright sun rose on the starboard side.

What put Norwegian Capt. Haakon From in the harbour that morning was a bit of hard luck. He had been promised 50 tonnes of steam fuel for the Imo's voyage to New York by 3 p.m. the day before. But it was 5:30 p.m. when the fuel arrived, dusk had descended and the harbour was closed for the day.

Fate had set the table, now it was up to man's stupidity, pride, short-sightedness and just plain pig-headedness to play their parts.

At 7:37 a.m., Le Medec was cleared to enter the harbour, telling an inquiring officer it was not necessary to hoist a red flag, signalling the sensitive nature of the

ship's cargo. The order was well within regulations, for a red flag would alert the Germans as well as warn friendly ships.

Still piqued over the unnecessary delay, From did not wait for permission to set off and steamed out of Bedford basin. The Imo was making as much as seven knots when it entered the Narrows, an 800-metre channel connecting the basin with the harbour proper, like the neck of an hourglass.

Le Medec, following harbour procedures, kept the Mont Blanc to the Dartmouth side of the channel when, to his amazement, he spotted the approaching Imo headed straight toward him.

He whistled a sharp blast of warning, and headed closer to shore, to within 300 metres from shore, when the reply came from the Imo. Two blasts, indicating From was altering course putting him even more across Mont Blanc's bow.

Cursing, Le Medec stopped his engines and repeated the single blast signal. Again came Imo's reply, two blasts and full speed ahead.

Suddenly, Le Medec realized there was only one thing left to do, bear left to port. This time the puzzling Imo signalled three blasts, meaning she was reversing her engines. This had the effect of swinging her head starboard and onto the Mont Blanc, ripping into the munition ship's No. 1 hold.

Later, judicial hearings would determine that both captains could have avoided the

collision by recognizing the danger earlier and reversing their course. But once the sequence of actions was initiated, there seemed to be no turning back.

The time it took for the sparks from scraping metal to ignite the benzole, flowing freely on the main deck and onto the unstable lyddite on the ruptured No. 1 hold, could be measured in seconds.

Nor did the horrified Mont Blanc captain take long to measure his response.

“Abandon ship!” he yelled. It was about 8:45 a.m. With the speed of men who knew only distance could save them from certain death, they jumped for the two lifeboats and literally headed for the hills on the Dartmouth shore.

The Mont Blanc, now burning freely, drifted toward and then struck Pier 6 on the Halifax shore, attracting a swarm of spectators, emergency personnel, and other ships in the harbour.

They drew in close for a better look at the unfolding drama, or they may have genuinely wanted to help fight the fire. With no red flag showing, they were tragically unaware of the catastrophe now minutes away.

Lt.-Cmdr James Murray was one of only a handful aware of the danger. As sea transport officer, he had been notified of the Mont Blanc that week and now he was on the deck of the Hilford, not more than a few hundred metres from the burning freighter.

No one knows what Murray thought, for he would not survive the half-hour, but what he did is well known. He was about to become the first of many heroes of the day.

He set the Hilford for Pier 9, where he could send out a general warning from his office, but would place him perilously close to the explosion. And he ordered a sailor to the railway yards.

The first reactions of dispatcher Vince Coleman and chief clerk Bill Lovett, upon hearing the panicked sailor’s dire warning, were to run like heck. But Coleman remembered two trains were due soon from Rockingham and Truro.

“Bill, I know (the danger) but someone’s got to stop those trains,” Lovett recalled the second hero of the pending disaster saying



before Coleman returned to tap out the last message he would ever send.

In the blink of an eye, the Mont Blanc disappeared into a ball of fire. The force of the explosion propelled its half-tonne anchor shaft to the Northwest Arm three kilometres away, and its forward gun barrel melted away into Albrow's Lake, almost two kilometres behind Dartmouth.

The scenes of destruction have been told in hundreds of testimonials, diaries, letters and news articles.

Some talk about headless bodies, or of a severed arm protruding from rubble of wood and brick. Diaries talk of dead bodies lying on the road. Emergency crews cite incidents of having to abandon whole families, burning alive under collapsed homes, because attempting a futile rescue meant ignoring more hopeful cases.

The blast was so great that practically every window in the city was exploded into a windstorm of glass shards, blinding some, tattooing other survivors with specks of blue still visible today. Survivors talk about an earthquake and a tidal wave that drenched them hundreds of metres inland.

As total as the devastation appeared to be from photographs of the period, it also exhibited a fickle side.

One survivor, Millicent Swindells, now 78, was asleep in her upstairs bedroom

when the Mont Blanc blew up. She heard no noise.

"All I know was one moment I was in bed, the next I was standing in the hall," she says.

Her father was also in bed, which overturned on top of him. He emerged with a scratch on his foot. A brother had his back to a window and was peppered with tiny glass cuts.

Her mother and four siblings were in the east side of the house. It was obliterated. They all died.

"I remember going out and one of the kids said, 'Oh, Millie, your eye is out on your cheek.' It had been sucked out by the air concussion and I wasn't aware of it." Millicent later lost the eye.

And there were stories of wondrous miracles, like that of the young unidentified woman on Campbell Road who had been thrown to the street by the blast. A soldier offered her his coat and when she looked down, she saw she was wearing only her corsets. The concussion had sucked away her coat and dress, even her stockings and shoes, but otherwise left her completely untouched.

And there were the stories historians can only guess at.

"I still get calls asking me to help with identities," says Janet Kitz, who has worked on identifying remains of the dead for the Maritime Museum of the Atlantic.

“One woman called because she heard a rumour her two children, whom she never found, were seen on a ship. Seventy years later, she still cannot reconcile herself that they were lost.”

Few lost as much that day as Barbara Orr.

Her father, Samuel, was on his way to work at the paintworks that morning. He never made it. Her mother and the three youngest children were swallowed up by their collapsing home. The other two brothers, watching firefighters trying to put out the flames, were killed when the ship exploded.

In 1920, Barbara presented the Kaye-Grove Church with a magnificent chime of bells in memory of her lost family.

For close to 50 years the bells rang at the church, until the failing tower could no longer hold them.



On June 9, 1985, the 10 bronze bells made their appearance again. With hundreds looking on, Barbara again played the carillon. But this time it was on the crown of Fort Needham, where they had been installed in a new tower that today stands as the only monument to the day the war came to Halifax.

## Activities

1. Either draw a diagram or build a model of Halifax harbour, positioning the two ships as described in the article, and showing how they ultimately collided and caused the explosion.
2. Prepare either a newspaper or radio report of the Halifax explosion. Describe what happened and how people are responding.
3. In the role of Barbara Orr, prepare a one-minute speech to be made on June 9, 1985, after the bells she had donated in memory of her family were installed in the monument to the explosion in Halifax.



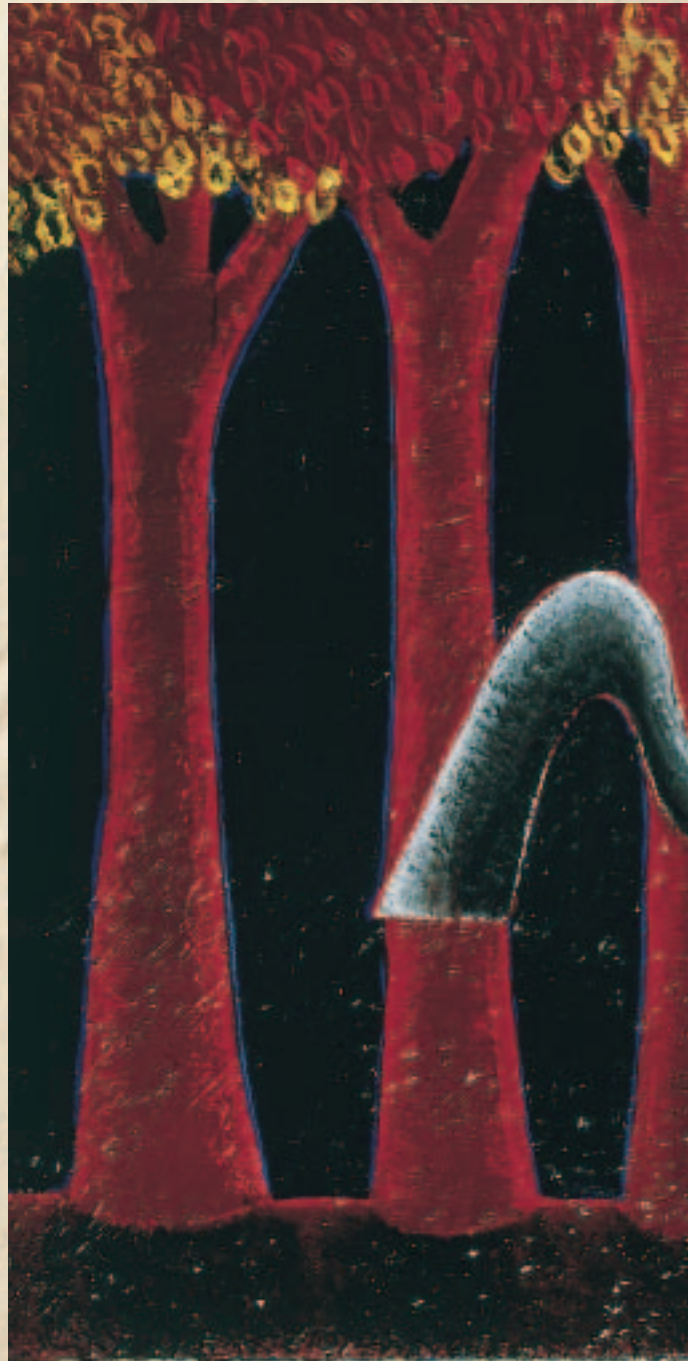
### Focus Your Learning

Studying this image will help you:

- explore the meaning of a visual
- write a story interpreting the visual
- draw on prior knowledge to interpret the visual
- share and compare responses

## Activities

1. What do you imagine this rider is seeing when he looks back? Write a story that places this character in this situation, and describe what he sees.
2. Discuss with a partner any other mythical character, human or animal, that is winged. How does the presence of wings on this rider contribute to the mood of the visual?



The Grand Design, Leeds, England/SuperStock



*A Last Look Back* Celia Washington



# What Do I Remember of the Evacuation?

## Focus Your Learning

Studying this poem will help you:

- draw on previous knowledge to understand a text
- use clues in the text to gather information

Joy Kogawa

What do I remember of the evacuation?  
I remember my father telling Tim and me  
About the mountains and the train  
And the excitement of going on a trip.  
What do I remember of the evacuation?  
I remember my mother weeping  
A blanket around me and my  
Pretending to fall asleep so she would be happy  
Though I was so excited I couldn't sleep  
(I hear there were people herded  
Into the Hastings Park like cattle.  
Families were made to move in two hours  
Abandoning everything, leaving pets  
And possessions at gun point.  
I hear families were broken up  
Men were forced to work. I heard  
It whispered late at night  
That there was suffering) and  
I missed my dolls.







What do I remember of the evacuation?  
I remember Miss Foster and Miss Tucker  
Who still live in Vancouver  
And who did what they could  
And loved the children and who gave me  
A puzzle to play with on the train.  
And I remember the mountains and I was  
Six years old and I swear I saw a giant  
Gulliver of Gulliver's Travels scanning the horizon  
And when I told my mother she believed it too  
And I remember how careful my parents were  
Not to bruise us with bitterness  
And I remember the puzzle of Lorraine Life  
Who said "Don't insult me" when I  
Proudly wrote my name in Japanese  
And Tim flew the Union Jack  
When the war was over but Lorraine  
And her friends spat on us anyway  
And I prayed to God who loves  
All the children in his sight  
That I might be white.

## Activities

1. As a class, discuss what you know about the evacuation and internment of Japanese-Canadians during World War II.
2. Make a T-chart. On the left side of the chart, cite the evidence that shows the child accepts what is happening to her. On the right side of the chart, cite evidence that shows she is being hurt by the events.



# A Teenager's Legacy

ERNST SCHNABEL

Last year in Amsterdam I found an old reel of movie film on which Anne Frank appears. She is seen for only ten seconds and it is an accident that she is there at all.

The film was taken for a wedding in 1941, the year before Anne Frank and seven others went into hiding in their “Secret Annex.” It has a flickering, Chaplinesque quality with people popping suddenly in and out of doorways, the nervous smiles and hurried waves of the departing bride and groom.

Then, for just a moment, the camera seems uncertain where to look. It darts to the right, then to the left, then whisks up a wall, and into view comes a window crowded with people waving after the departing automobiles. The camera swings farther to the left to another window. There a girl stands alone, looking out into space. It is Anne Frank.

## Focus Your Learning

Reading this article will help you:

- use clues in the text as a guide to interpretation
- explain preferences for different media



*Thirteen-year-old Anne Frank wrote the following caption on her photograph: “This is a photo as I would wish myself to look all the time. Then I would maybe have a chance to come to Hollywood.” Anne Frank, October 10, 1942*

Just as the camera is about to pass on, the child moves her head a trifle. Her face flits more into focus, her hair shimmers in the sun. At this moment she discovers the camera, discovers the photographer, discovers us watching seventeen years later, and laughs at all of us, laughs with sudden merriment and surprise and embarrassment all at the same time.

I asked the projectionist to stop the film for a moment so that we could stand up to examine her face more closely. The smile

stood still, just above our heads. But when I walked forward close to the screen the smile ceased to be a smile. The face ceased to be a face, for the canvas screen was granular and the beam of light split into a multitude of tiny shadows, as if it had been scattered on a sandy plain.

Anne Frank, of course, is gone too, but her spirit has remained to stir the conscience of the world. Her remarkable diary has been read in almost every language. I have seen a letter from a teen-aged girl in Japan who says she thinks of Anne's Secret Annex as her second home. And the play based on the diary has been a great success wherever it is produced. German audiences, who invariably greet the final curtain of *The Diary of Anne Frank* in stricken silence, have jammed the theatres in what seems almost a national act of penance.

The known story contained in the diary is a simple one of human relationships, of the poignant maturing of a perceptive girl who is thirteen when her diary begins and only fifteen when it ends. It is a story without violence, though its background is the most dreadful act of violence in the history of man, Hitler's annihilation of six million European Jews.

In the summer of 1942 Anne Frank, her father, her mother, her older sister Margot, and four others were forced into hiding during the Nazi occupation of Holland. Their refuge was a tiny apartment they



*Anne and her father, Otto (centre), go to the wedding of their friends Miep and Jan Gies, Amsterdam, 1941.*

called the Secret Annex, in the back of an Amsterdam office building. For twenty-five months the Franks, the Van Daan family, and later a dentist, Albert Düssel, lived in the Secret Annex, protected from the Gestapo only by a swinging bookcase which masked the entrance to their hiding place and by the heroism of a few Christians who knew they were there. Anne Frank's diary recounts the daily pressures of their cramped existence: the hushed silences when strangers were in the building, the diminishing food supply, the fear of fire from the incessant Allied air raids, the hopes for an early invasion, above all the dread of capture by the pitiless men who were hunting Jews from house to house and sending them to concentration camps. Anne's diary also describes with sharp insight and youthful humour the bickerings,



*Anne Frank, along with her family and four others, lived in the Secret Annex, a tiny apartment in back of an Amsterdam office building, for twenty-five months.*

the wounded prides, the tearful reconciliations of the eight human beings in the Secret Annex. It tells of Anne's wishes for the understanding of her adored father, of her despair at the gulf between her mother and herself, of her tremulous and growing love for young Peter Van Daan.

The actual diary ends with an entry for August 1, 1944, in which Anne Frank, addressing her imaginary friend Kitty, talks

of her impatience with her own unpredictable personality.

Miep and Elli, the heroic young women who had shielded the Franks for two years, found Anne's papers during the week after the police raid on the Secret Annex.

Miep and Elli did not read the papers they had saved. The red-checked diary, the office account books into which it overflowed, the 312 tissue-thin sheets of colored paper filled with Anne's short stories and the beginnings of a novel about a young girl who was to live in freedom, all these were kept in the safe until Otto Frank finally returned to Amsterdam alone. Thus Anne Frank's voice was preserved out of the millions that were silenced. No louder than a child's whisper, it speaks for those millions and has outlasted the raucous shouts of the murderers, soaring above the clamorous voices of passing time.

## Activities

1. The title of this article is "A Teenager's Legacy." Write a biographical paragraph of Anne Frank, describing her legacy. Remember to draw on evidence from the text.
2. The film clip brings Anne to life in a special way for the author of the article. Consider your own differing responses to written reports and visual images by

comparing a newspaper report with a report on the same topic on television. What are the advantages and disadvantages of each medium? Which medium do you find more effective, and why? Share your views with a group, and then be prepared to serve as spokesperson for your group in a discussion with the class.

# One Thousand Cranes



Al Purdy

There is an old Japanese legend  
that making a thousand cranes  
folding them from coloured paper  
allows the maker to have any wish  
come true—at least anything reasonable  
Surely it was not unreasonable  
for a little girl to wish to live  
as Sadako Sasaki did wish  
tho ill of “radiation disease”  
since The Bomb fell on Hiroshima  
Sadako folded 643 paper cranes  
but never reached a thousand  
and died in October 1955  
at the age of 12  
In Hiroshima near ground zero  
of the atomic holocaust  
Japanese schoolchildren across the country  
built a monument to Sadako  
and all those other dead children  
From Hokkaido to far Kyushu  
the children saved their yen  
to build the Statue of the A-Bomb Children  
with Sadako standing on top  
still folding her paper cranes  
as she did in life  
When I visited the statue today  
Sadako was there

## Focus Your Learning

Studying this poem will help you:

- use previous knowledge to understand the text
- focus on a central image and decide on its symbolic meaning
- record and evaluate a reading of the poem

and underneath in a sort of alcove  
thousands and thousands of paper cranes  
folded by the living children of Japan  
For Sadako and all those others  
the dead children of Hiroshima  
The crane legend is very old  
and certainly it isn't true  
that if you fold a thousand cranes  
Kwannon the god of children  
will cool the radiation fever  
And intercede with death for a child  
Perhaps the Japanese schoolchildren  
never believed the legend of a thousand cranes  
but whether they believed it or not  
they acted as if they did  
and built the monument  
—that seems important

## HIROSHIMA



## Activities

1. What is the purpose of a monument? Brainstorm a list of answers to this question. Then write a short paragraph completing this statement: This poem is like a monument because ...
2. Create a web diagram around the word “Cranes.” Include three groups of words. In the first group, write any ideas, feelings, or beliefs Sadako might have had about the cranes. In the second, write any ideas, feelings, or beliefs the children of Japan might have had about the cranes. In the third group, include any ideas, feelings, or beliefs the poet might have had about the cranes. Finally, write a sentence explaining what the cranes in the poem symbolize for you.
3. With a partner, take turns reading the poem aloud. Try to create impact through pacing, volume, and tone of voice. Record your reading, and evaluate your own and your partner’s performances.



## End-of-unit Activities

1. Many accounts in this unit give a personal view of history. Choose one selection and research the background events. Use several different sources, including text books, encyclopedias, electronic sources, and interviews. Make a chart listing the advantages and disadvantages of your sources, including the selection in this anthology. Then retell the events from the selection you have chosen in the style of one of the other sources you have used.
2. Many of the selections in this unit describe some aspect of war and its effects. Using a book of quotations, find a saying that you think epitomizes what war means. Create a collage to illustrate that quotation. You might wish to use images from these selections.
3. Which selection in this unit had the greatest impact on you? Write a persuasive review, recommending this selection to your peers.
4. Which selection in this unit do you feel is most effectively presented by the visual that accompanies it? Discuss your choice with a partner.
5. “The past has valuable lessons to offer about the way we live our lives.” Support this view in a one-minute speech that makes reference to one of the selections in this unit.
6. Several of these selections deal with people who have been denied their rights. Work in a group to make a list of these people and the rights they have lost. Based on your list, write a “Charter of Fundamental Rights” that starts, “Everyone should have the right to ...” Post your Charters for the rest of the school to see.